Illuminate
by jiminieheart

Summary

“If you want to change that, just let me know and I will help you” the black haired boy suddenly said and leaned against the counter.

“What do you mean?” Jimin breathed out, stunned by his words.

“Sex, Jimin, I can teach you”

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What starts as something being totally platonic and sex related, becomes difficult once both boys get closer with each of their meetings.
or Jungkook offers to teach and guide Jimin in sex after Jimin is being made fun of for being a virgin.

You can also read this story in Turkish, Hungarian, Arabic, French and Portuguese.

Notes

Hi! :)

Okay, so first of all, I am the writer of the story “Never Be The Same”. If you were a reader of the story, you will have noticed that I have taken the story down. I have done this because of continuous false accusations of me copying another story. I have repeatedly said that I did not read the other story nor was I inspired by it or copied it.

However, the harassment continued until it started to affect my mental health and took away the enjoyment of writing the story. That is why I decided to take the story down. I'm sorry to everyone who really enjoyed the story and left nice comments for me. :( 

Then I decided to write this story. I changed parts of the concept, but I kept my idea of Jungkook teaching Jimin in sex. I have not taken this idea from anybody else. I have not read any story were Jungkook teaches Jimin in sex so please don't tell me that I have. Please stop sending me hate, too, thank you :(

Parts of this story, like the characterisation or some scenes, will be similar to my previous story "Never Be The Same" as I didn't want to lose all of my already written parts and the overall story line is still similar. I hope you enjoy this story :) <3

Furthermore, I'm sorry about having posted the story like 14 times. I kept getting an error message so I tried to upload it again and again. Turns out the story got posted every single time :') It was a mess to delete all the other uploads again and I lost some kudos and hits, but most unfortunately, I lost your comments :( Sorry that I couldn't reply to you, but thank you so much for your comments even if they are gone now :( 

I hope you enjoy this story. Any wishes or feedback are welcome <3
Prologue

Chapter Summary

Yoongi throws a party in celebration of getting a new job. At said party, Jimin meets Jungkook for the first time. He makes Jimin an offer that shocks the smaller boy.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Jimin pulled his sleeves over his hands as he entered the crowded house, people dancing and screaming around him. Immediately a feeling of insecurity and anxiety overcame him, feeling totally out of place. He pushed his blond – yet almost silver – hair out of his face as he walked past all those people making out or dancing beside him.

The blond boy didn't really like parties. He was shy and wasn't that good at socialising. It had taken some time to warm up to his friends he had now. He felt comfortable with them and loved spending time with them rather than going to these huge parties.

However, today was a big day. Yoongi, one of his friends, had just gotten a job at a big entertainment company as a producer and song writer and he invited a lot of people to celebrate that news, one of them being Jimin. At first, Jimin had hesitated, but it was Yoongi and he always took care and looked after Jimin, like a big brother, so it was only right for Jimin to appear, too. It had taken him a lot of courage actually, to step out of his comfort zone like this. So many people he didn't even know were here, but he tried to focus on his friends solely.

“Hey, finally!” A brown haired boy screamed out and waved at Jimin, trying to make him notice him.

Relief bloomed in the smaller boy as he recognised his best friend, “Tae” He replied and walked over to where he was sitting on a sofa, plastic cup in his hand.

“I really thought you wouldn't come” The taller boy revealed and smiled brightly as he pointed at the seat next to him for Jimin to sit down, which he did.

“It's Yoongi, of course I'm coming” The blond boy sighed and gave a small smile.

“I'm so happy for him, he really wanted that job”

Jemin nodded. Yoongi was very hard working and had dreamed about people hearing his music and he finally got the chance to do that now. The smaller boy was very proud and happy for him. Actually, he even inspired and motivated Jimin to work harder.

“Where is he?” The blond boy wanted to know and scanned the living room, only seeing faces he didn't recognise. Bodies were grinding against each other to the music, some people were making out in the corners of the room and some were playing a game of spin the bottle in a small circle.

“Outside with some of his friends. He asked me where you were” Tae said and smiled lightly before he took a sip of his drink. Now that Jimin stared at his best friend, he noticed that he was dressed really nicely. Slim fitted black pants that always defined his butt, white shirt that was a bit see
through and a big jeans jacket. Taehyung really knew a lot about fashion, no wonder as he was trying to become a model and had an internship at a fashion company. Jimin glanced down on himself. He was dressed pretty ordinarily, as to not attract much attention. Not that anyone would even spare him a glance anyway.

“Should I go say hi?” Jimin asked unsure as he looked at the glass door that leaded to the backyard.

“Go for it. Wait, I will accompany you. There was this cute dude with him that I have never seen before. Gotta figure out who that is” The brown haired boy grinned as he got up, Jimin following him as he swallowed hard. He wasn't sure if he would be able to get a word out with new people around him, especially if they were as good looking as Taehyung was saying.

They walked outside in the backyard where more people were dancing, some smoking illegal substances as Jimin smelled when he walked past them. He coughed as he followed Taehyung who seemed to have already found Yoongi.

“Hyung!” He called out and waved at the other male as they approached him.

Jimin looked up and saw two other people stand next to Yoongi, heart beating faster at the realisation. One of them was only slightly taller than Yoongi, brown hair slightly curled on top of his head and features bright and smiley. The other one, however, was taller than all of them except maybe Taehyung, strong features and no smile on his face. He was staring right at Jimin, making the smaller boy avert his eyes to the ground as he kept walking over to them.

“Jiminnie, finally, glad you came” Yoongi uttered as he patted his head gently.

“Of course, hyung, congratulations. I'm so happy for you” Jimin replied, voice soft and genuine as he gave a slight smile.

“How was work today?”

“Good. Well, quiet” Jimin answered and shrugged his shoulders, Taehyung and Yoongi chuckling like it was a joke just between them.

The other two boys glanced between Yoongi and Jimin, confusion on their face.

“Guys, this is Jimin” Yoongi introduced and pointed at the boy, “And this is Taehyung. Two of my dongsaengs. I have told you about them before”

“Really? I hope only good stuff” Taehyung grinned as he arched an eyebrow up. He stared right at the boy with the bright features and smile on his face.

“This is Hoseok. My dongsaeng I have known for a long time now. He lived in Gwanju for a while, but moved back to Seoul recently.” Yoongi uttered and pointed at the bright boy who waved slightly and let out a happy “Hey” He pointed at the more serious looking one. Jimin risked a glimpse but regret washed over him when he noticed that the boy was already staring at him, quickly averting his eyes again, “This is Jungkook, another dongsaeng of mine. In fact, he's the youngest among all of us, but don't let that fool you, guy could crush you in a fight, right?” Yoongi chuckled as he swatted his arm slightly, the other one – Jungkook as Jimin had just learned – smirking slightly.

“I did martial arts when I was younger, not that much anymore though” The black haired boy talked, Jimin swallowing hard at his low voice. The small boy found himself blushing when he looked at Jungkook, handsome features and muscular body intimidating him.

“Oh, he's from Busan by the way, Jimin-ah. Just like you” Jimin looked up at that, smiling slightly as
he gave a nod and glanced at Jungkook once more who was looking him up and down. Jimin wanted to run away under that intense stare.

“I-I haven't been to Busan in a while” The smaller boy stuttered and looked back to Yoongi who nodded knowingly.

“Well, do you want a drink, Jimin-ah?” Yoongi wanted to know as he pushed his black hair out of his face.

“Uhm, just... I will get myself a coke or something like that”

“Okay, you know where the stuff is.”

Jimin nodded as he looked over at Taehyung, who was still staring seductively at Hoseok and walked closer to him now to have a conversation. The blond boy chuckled slightly as shook his head and made his way over to walk back inside.

The blond boy walked past the other people again and went into the kitchen where he grabbed a plastic cup and opened the fridge to take out the coke. Carefully, to not spill anything, he filled his cup with the drink and put the bottle in the fridge afterwards.

As the smaller boy took a sip and walked over to the living room again, he scanned the room. He choked on his drink as he saw Jungkook staring at him. This was getting creepy now. Why was he looking at Jimin so intensely? Was there something on his face? The smaller boy wiped his sleeve over his cheeks just to make sure.

Quickly, Jimin fixed his eyes on something else, glancing at the people who were playing truth or dare next to him. Suddenly, a girl locked eyes with him and grinned. “Hey, why don't you play with us? We need one more person!”

Jimin looked around to figure out who she meant. However, he was the only one standing there. “M-Me?” He wanted to make sure and pointed at himself.

She nodded and grabbed him by his wrist, pulling him down on the floor next to her.

Oh god, this was not good. Jimin didn't like these games. They were just there to expose or humiliate people. Jimin was the perfect target for that as he was already awkward around people to begin with.

However, it didn't go so bad at first – at least not for Jimin. He wasn't chosen so far – which he was glad about, but had also expected as no one here knew him. Some people had to make out, a girl exposed how often she had given a blowjob and two people were sent off to a room for 20 minutes to do god knows what. Jimin's cheeks were flushed and he just wanted to end the game before anything bad happened.

He decided to just say that he had to go use the restroom after the next round, scared of having to do something he didn't want to.

“You, new kid, what's your name” Someone suddenly said and pointed at him.

“J-Jimin”

“Truth or Dare”

Here it was. Honestly, choosing truth was safer, wasn't it? He didn't want to be dared to go into a room with someone or make out with any of these people who were already so drunk and some of
them probably high.

“Truth”

“Booooring” One girl shouted and the others laughed. Jimin blushed and looked down on the floor.

“Okay, so, how often did a person ever make you come in a row?”

Oh god.

Jumin opened his mouth in shock at the question. What kind of question was that? That was incredibly private and intimate. It was none of their business how often – zero. The answer was zero. The blond boy was still a virgin.

“I-I'm... Zero. I have never... never had sex”

“What about handjobs? Blowjobs?”

The smaller boy shook his head. It was quiet for a moment until everyone bursted out into laughs.

“Oh my god, never? You're a fucking virgin?”

Jumin felt tears swell up in his eyes. Why were they so mean? The smaller boy had his reasons for not having had sex so far. It was personal to him. He did want to change that fact, but there was no one he trusted.

“We can change that right now if you want” One guy said and cocked his eyebrows up, licking his lips in a seductive way.

“Fuck off, Sooyang” A voiced behind Jumin said. The smaller boy looked up and saw none other than Jungkook. Great, he was here to laugh at Jimin, too, “Jimin, get up. Yoongi wants to see you”

Relief went through the boy as he got up, thanking god for being saved from this situation, thanking Jungkook even though he kind of scared him.

The black haired boy placed his hand on his back and they walked away, a shiver running down Jumin's back at the slight touch.

“Don't listen to them” The taller boy said as they walked into the kitchen that was empty.

Jumin wiped away the tears and turned away from Jungkook, not wanting the other male to see him cry, “As if you didn't laugh, as well” The blond boy said, voice shaky.

“Why would I laugh about that? You decide when to have sex. No need to rush things”

“It's not that... It's just that I don't... Argh, I don't know. It's difficult to explain” The blond boy groaned in frustration and turned around again, locking eyes with Jungkook. His eyes were big and brown, the opposite to Jumin's small eyes, “I'm just... tired of people making fun of me for that”

“Don't let their words get to you, Jimin-sssi. They are hormonal teenage kids, they don't do anything other than fuck each other's brains out”

Jumin's cheeks started to heat up at his choice of words. Jungkook stared at him intently, glancing back and forth between his eyes. It seemed as if he wanted to say more, but he didn't.

“I don't know anything about sex” Jumin revealed for whatever reason. He didn't even know the boy,
but he was friends with Yoongi and Yoongi was very selective with who he calls his friend. That must mean that Jungkook is trustworthy and loyal and wouldn't judge him.

“If you want to change that, just let me know and I will help you with that” The black haired boy suddenly said and leaned against the counter. Was he serious? What exactly did he mean? Why did he even suggest that to Jimin?

“What do you mean?” Jimin breathed out, stunned by his words.

“Sex, Jimin-ssi, I can teach you”

With that, he exited the kitchen, leaving behind a very confused and flustered Jimin.

Chapter End Notes

Sooo, I know this is quite short. The next chapters will be longer :)

Why do you think Jungkook made that offer? :) Also, why do you think Jungkook kept watching Jimin? :)

I hope you enjoy the story and aren't too sad that I deleted the other one. Some sex scenes will be similar <3
Jimin talks to Taehyung about Jungkook's offer and makes a decision. Hopefully, it is the right one...

Chapter Notes

Hi :)

I just wanted to thank you all so much for all the love on the first chapter. You were so kind to me and I loved all of your comments <3

Enjoy this chapter :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jimin was literally frozen in his place, not moving nor blinking. He must have misunderstood Jungkook. That was the only explanation... The taller boy didn't even know him. Why did he make that offer?

Letting out a shaky breath, the blond boy pushed his hair back and exited the kitchen. He should go. The small boy was tired anyway and all he had wanted to do was congratulate Yoongi and appear at his party for a short while. However, Jungkook had mentioned that Yoongi wanted to talk to him.

Quickly, Jimin walked past all those other people, back outside into the backyard. He found Yoongi fairly fast. The black haired guy was standing next to some other people, singing a song he didn't know at the top of his lungs. Jimin couldn't help but smile at the image, walking over to his friend to say goodbye.

“Hyung, I'm gonna head home. I'm tired and I want to practice early in the morning” Jimin tried to get his attention. Yoongi shut up immediately and smiled at the other male, nodding slightly.

“Jungkook said you wanted to talk to me?" Confused, Yoongi cocked his head to the side, furrowing his eyebrows. “I haven't seen Jungkook since I introduced you to him and Hoseok”

Opening his mouth in suprise, Jimin let out a small “O-Oh”

Why had he made that up?

Suddenly, it hit him. He had done that to have a reason for taking Jimin with him, away from those laughing people. Something warm bloomed in Jimin's chest at the realisation, making him shudder.

“Glad you were here regardless, Jimin-ah” The man mumbled, seemingly even drunker than earlier as his thick Daegu accent came through. He threw his arm around Jimin and hugged him tightly, “Give Hoseok-ah and Jungkook-ah a chance, they are good kids, trust me on this” The boy almost
whispered before he broke away from the hug, giving Jimin's head a small pat.

“They do seem nice” The blond boy mumbled, smiling faintly.

“Text me when you get home”

“Will do, hyung, and congrats again. Good night”

“Thanks, Jiminie. G’night”

With that, Jimin gave a slight wave before he turned around and walked away. He should probably take Taehyung with him, considering Tae would kill him if Jimin would leave without him or at least without a notice. However, as Jimin found the other boy, he thought that over.

His best friend was still spending time with Hoseok, both sitting cross-legged on the grass, laughing at something. They seemed to get on well even though they only knew each other for like two hours. Taehyung was smiling brightly, a boxed smile – as Jimin called it – and swatted Hoseok's arm. Jimin unconsciously mirrored the smile. He loved seeing his best friend so genuinely happy.

Eventually, he decided to not go over to Taehyung and rather text him on his way home, not wanting to interrupt the moment or whatever conversation they were having. Jimin was sure that Tae would tell him all about it tomorrow anyway.

Finally, the blond boy left the backyard, making his way home.

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“Do you think you can love someone by first sight?” Taehyung uttered, voice soft and genuine as his head layed in Jimin's lap, legs spread on the sofa.

“Is this about Hoseok hyung?” Jimin wanted to know as he arched up an eyebrow.

“Of course, it is. Who else would it be? Dude is a literal angel. I don't just want him to take my body and fuck me senseless, I want him to take my heart all the same.”

Jimin blushed at his choice of words and slapped his arm, Taehyung sucking in a breath at the hit. “Ouch, what was that for? I'm just honest. I don't just want him to take my body and fuck me senseless, I want him to take my heart all the same.”

Jimin blushed at his choice of words and slapped his arm, Taehyung sucking in a breath at the hit. “Ouch, what was that for? I'm just honest. I don't just want him to just fuck me. Well, I do want that as well, but I want to know where he grew up, what his favourite song is, how he likes his eggs in the morning. You know? That deep kind of shit. I want all of it” His best friend clarified as he let out a sigh, still rubbing at his arm.

“You have talked to him for like two hours” Jimin snickered, amused by his best friend.

“So? Time is irrelevant in love, Jimin-ah” Taehyung uttered insulted.

“Love?” The blond boy echoed, amusement in his voice.

“Well, maybe not. I don't know what to call this. It's a crush. A deep crush”

“Why don't you just tell him?” The boy asked and shrugged his shoulders.

Taehyung sat up abruptly, turning around just to be able to look at Jimin shocked. “Are you out of your mind? I can't just tell him! What if he doesn't feel the same? What if I'm just some random dongsaeng of Yoongi hyung's that he thinks he needs to look out for?”

“I don't think that's the case. Well, then again, I don't really know. He seemed very nice so I'm sure
he would be nice to you even if he didn't feel the same way” Jimin tried to reason as he locked eyes with his best friend.

“I don't want him to reject me, Jiminie. That's the thing. I guess I will just have to pull out bigger guns and make him like me, too”

“Like what?”

“Oh, you know, send him signals, try to seduce him in a subtle way, all that stuff. Problem is, guy literally makes me stutter and blush. That never happens to me. You know me. Usually I have an amazing game, can get numbers just like that” Taehyung rambled and snapped his fingers to emphasise, “But with him, I couldn't even ask for his number”

“Maybe Yoongi hyung will give you his number”

The brown haired boy looked at him as if he had just taken all the stars out of the sky. “Jiminie, you are a genius. I will just make some random shit up as to why I need his number. I'm an intern at a fashion company! I will just ask him about his clothes or something, say that I liked what he wore and ask where he got it.” He seemed very keen on getting closer to Hoseok.

The blond boy chuckled at Taehyung's excitement. “You really do like him”

“You have no idea” The other boy whined and literally slumped back down in the sofa, head landing in Jimin’s lap.

“Can I ask you something?” Jimin finally got the courage to speak up, suddenly shy again.

“Sure, what's up?” Tae replied and stared up at him.

“Uhm, do you remember Jungkook from yesterday? Hyung's friend?”

The brown haired boy furrowed his brows, cocking his head to the side as he let last night reminisce in his mind. “Eh, tall, handsome and younger than us?”

Jimin gave a faint nod.

Taehyung widened his eyes and his eyebrows shot up as he smiled brightly. “Oh my god, do you like him?”

Quickly, Jimin shook his head as his cheeks started to heat up. “N-No, why would you say that?”

The other boy pouted as he shrugged his shoulders slightly. “You never really talked to me about anybody you ever liked. As he was very attractive, I just assumed that you might like him a tiny bit because you want to talk about him”

“N-No, that's not, I mean he i-” The blond boy stuttered as he shook his head, “Whatever, that's not why I ask you. Something weird happened last night”

“Oooh, tell me” Taehyung said excited as he clapped his hands.

“Well, yesterday at the party there where some people who were playing Truth or Dare and they asked me to participate” Jimin started, Taehyung's excitement falling immediatley and instead being replaced by concern, “I did and at first it was fine, but then I got picked and I chose truth and they... and they asked me some weird intimate question. They found out that I am a virgin and started laughing.”
“Jimin-ah, don’t listen to-”

“Jungkook was there, too. Well, not in the group that played, but he got there after. I guess he heard what they did and saw them laughing. He made up a reason to pull me away and took me to the kitchen”

“That's actually very nice of him” Taehyung smiled gently.

“He offered me something, Tae.”

“What is it?” The other male asked, concern blooming in him as he saw Jimin's expression, sitting up immediately.

“He offered to teach me in sex”

The smaller boy blushed even deeper as the words had left his mouth. Frankly, Jimin had thought that last night was just a dream and that that particular incident didn't happen. However, he was very sure it did. Could remember the intense stare of Jungkook and his low tone when he said those words so vividly, it couldn't have been just a dream. That actually happened.

“What?” Taehyung screamed out, shocked expression on his face.

“He offered me... well, yeah”

“Oh my god, this is...”

“Do you think he was making fun of me? Do you think he was joking?” Jimin asked, voice unsure. He looked very vulnerable, having been made fun off so often in his life now.

“No, I don't think so, honestly. I mean, I don't know him, but he's friends with Yoongi hyung and he trusts him. He would never let anyone near you who he thinks could potentially harm you in any way, especially as he knows what you have been through.”

“So you think he was genuine? That offer was genuine?”

The brown haired boy bit down on his bottom lip, thinking hard. “I don't see a reason why not. Did it sound sarcastic?”

“No, that's why I was confused. I even asked him to clarify and he just repeated it, explaining what he meant exactly”

“Mhm, well, maybe he is interested in you” Taehyung suggested, locking eyes with Jimin again who immediately blushed at his words.

“I don't think so. He barely spoke a word with me”

“Jimin-ah, you are attractive, see it for what it is. It's not far-fetched to think that he might be infatuated by you.”

“I highly doubt it. And wouldn't he have asked me to go on a date or something? Or try to make a move on me there at the party? Instead, he offered to help and teach me”

Taehyung pursed his lips. “Maybe that's just it. Maybe he wants to help you because he felt bad for you and because you are friends with Yoongi hyung?” His voice became softer.

“That's what I started to assume... Do you think I can trust him?”
The other male sighed, leaning his head on the sofa as he clicked his tongue, considering. “Honestly, yes. As I said, hyung would never let anyone come close to us who he thinks would harm us. He has been friends with Yoongi hyung for a long while. Hoseok hyung told me that they have all known each other for a long while, but they didn't live in Seoul for some time. That's why we never met them before. So, I say, he is immensely trustworthy if Yoongi hyung introduced him to us.”

Jimin bit onto his bottom lip, processing his words. He really wasn't so keen on the idea. How could he trust a stranger? But Yoongi was literally a good people reader, selective with the people he let close and would consider his friend. Jungkook and Hoseok must mean a lot to him and must have gained his trust if he spoke highly of them and introduced them to Jimin and Tae.

“He told me in the backyard that I should give them a chance, that they are nice kids”

“See, what more confirmation do you need? Hyung trusts them so I’m sure we can, too” Taehyung smiled brightly and nodded.

“Wouldn’t that be weird, though?” Jimin mumbled, voice so quiet and soft Tae could barely register his words.

“It's the perfect arrangement, actually, if you ask me. He will literally be like a teacher. No strings attached, no feelings whatsoever. He will just teach you. Also, he will have to be nice to you and if he hurts you, Yoongi hyung or I will beat his ass. Moreover, you can trust him because of Yoongi hyung, so there will already be an established trust bond between you, too, making it easier for you to let yourself fall and trust him with your body, getting comfortable with it.”

The way Tae made it sound, it really seemed like a good idea.

“I know that you want to try it” His best friend uttered, sympathising smile on his face, “You said that you really want to try it especially because of what happened in your childhood. However, you are just too shy to get to know and get close to people and if anyone ever tried to make a move on you, you didn't notice or understand what they were trying to do or you didn't trust them”

Jimin nodded, remembering it all too well whenever he talked with Taehyung about this topic. Especially after all the times the other one got home from one of his one night stands. There were some inner struggles and obstacles the smaller boy had to fight. He thought if he would just finally do this, he could overcome this struggle completely.

At one point, Yoongi and Tae had even offered to sleep with him to help him, knowing what he went through, but Jimin had declined their offer. He had been grateful about their support and their attempt to help him, but Jimin was sure it would be weird between them after that and he really didn't want anything to affect their friendship or brotherhood.

However, this idea seemed so frightening and strange. Jimin really doesn't know what to think of it. Then again, Taehyung makes it sound like such a good idea and the blond boy found himself agreeing more and more with Tae.

“Furthermore, you don't have the fear of making things weird between you two, either. There is not any kind of relationship between you two so there is nothing you can even make weird between you to begin with. Just plain sex, in a teaching manner, with a trust bond and he is attractive. Damn, this literally sounds like the best scenario ever, Jiminie. This is perfect for you. A perfect opportunity”

The smaller boy bit on the inside of his cheek, thinking over Taehyung’s words. He didn't know why, but the more he thought about it, the more he found himself liking the idea and agreeing with it.
“I mean, you could at least try. You don't have to fuck right away. Start with something smaller and just take it step by step. Also, talk to him and clarify what exactly he means. If he was just referring to literal sex, as in your first time, or if this is supposed to be a long term thing where he teaches you several things”

The way Taehyung talked about this, it seemed like he had already figured it all out, understood the idea and everything behind it. It scared the smaller boy a bit, but he was also grateful because it seemed like he could help Jimin out and give him advice.

“You wouldn't... you wouldn't judge me if I did that?” The blond boy whispered and averted his eyes.

There was silence for a moment. Suddenly, Taehyung started chuckling, “Me? Do you really think that? I'm no stranger to casual sex. In fact, I would consider myself quite the expert. It's just sex, Jiminie, I would never judge you about that.”

The smaller boy smiled shyly, grateful for his best friend.

“Thank you”

“Nothing to thank for”

Tae pulled him into a hug, embracing him tightly.

Hey, Jimin-ssi. This is Jungkook, Yoongi hyung’s friend. - Unknown

Jimin has been staring at this message for what feels like an hour now. His heart was beating incredibly fast and his mouth had become dry. Was this real?

He had written and deleted several messages, not knowing what to text back.

Hey, Jungkook. This is Jimin. - Jimin

Wow. He had thought for so long and this is what he ended up with? Wow, Jimin, good work there, buddy. Not like he didn't already know who you are.

The smaller boy hid his face in his hands, cheeks heating up in embarrassment, even if there was nobody to even see him.

Have you thought about my offer? - Jungkook

Jimin bit down on his lip and considered what to write next.

Where did you get my number from? - Jimin

Hyung gave it to me. I hope that's okay – Jungkook

Yeah, that's fine – Jimin

So? - Jungkook

Jimin let out a frustrated sigh. So this was serious, this was real. It was happening right now. What should he do? Oh, what should he do?
All he could think about was his conversation with Taehyung. However, now and then some memories from his childhood lingered in his mind, Jimin quickly shaking his head in hope to get rid of them.

*Yes. - Jimin*

Well, he should probably elaborate that one a bit more.

*I mean, yes, I have thought about it. And yes, I want that. I mean, I want you to teach me – Jimin*

*Good. When are you free? - Jungkook*

Jimin froze as he read over the message, cheeks heating up. Already? He already wanted to meet up?

*Tomorrow night, I have work, but I'm free after – Jimin*

*Good. Is my place fine with you? Or would you prefer yours? - Jungkook*

The blond boy scanned his small living room. Honestly, he would probably feel more comfortable in his own flat, wouldn't he? But he wasn't so keen on the idea of having Jungkook here, only trusting a few people to come into his apartment. Also, if it was at Jungkook's, he could just leave whenever he wanted.

*Yours, please – Jimin*

*Good. I will send you my address. Is 8 fine with you? - Jungkook*

This was so surreal and strange. It seemed so formal, the way they were talking about it.

*Wait. I have some questions – Jimin*

*Go ahead. - Jungkook*

Well, first of all, do you want anything in return? And what exactly do you mean in ‘teaching’? - Jimin

*I mean teaching as in I will show you how sex works and anything that relates to it, whatever you wish to learn. No, I don't want anything in return – Jungkook*

*Why? I mean, why are you doing this – Jimin*

It took a while for his next message to appear.

*Do I need a reason? - Jungkook*

Jimin bit on the inside of his cheeks. Well, he didn't really need one, but Jimin was sure he must have one. Why would anybody just do this for the sake of it?

*I was just curious. No, you don't, sorry – Jimin*

*Do you not feel comfortable with this idea? It was just an offer, don't feel pressured, Jimin-ssi. - Jungkook*

*It's not that. It's just... I don't know what to think about this. I do want to try, though – Jimin*

*Okay, how about, we meet up and you see if you feel comfortable and want to keep going with it? If*
not, that's fine, too – Jungkook

That sounds good. Okay, thank you – Jimin

See you tomorrow then. - Jungkook

Yes, see you tomorrow – Jimin

The small boy let out a breath he didn't even know he had been holding. Tomorrow. This was really going to happen tomorrow.

Even though there was anxiety growing in Jimin, he also felt something else bloom inside of him... Anticipation.

Chapter End Notes

Hey! :)

Sorry, this chapter isn't as long as I wanted it to be. I was so busy these past two days that I didn't have much time to write, but I really wanted to update so I hope you aren't too sad and enjoy this chapter regardless :) I will try to update tomorrow again or after tomorrow. It's going to be their first, well, "lesson" :)
First Lesson

Chapter Summary

Jimin is nervous, yet excited about his first lesson with Jungkook, quite a few things happen.

Chapter Notes

Hi :)

Finally, the chapter is a little bit longer, like I promised :) I hope you enjoy it <3

Just to clarify: Yes, some sex scenes will be similar to the ones from my previous story “Never Be The Same” I have said that at the beginning of the story :) I just don't want these scenes to be wasted because it took me a while to write them and I really like them. I hope you understand <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Jimin raised his hand, but quickly dropped it again, his heart suddenly beating faster. He swallowed as he closed his eyes, taking a deep breath in. He wanted this. He was going to do this. He could do this.

Taking a glance at his phone again to make sure this was the right address, the small boy raised his hand again and rang the bell next to the little label with Jungkook's name on it. He was living in one of the better areas in Seoul, seemingly able to afford to live in a place like this. Jimin hadn't even been scared to come here at night. It was that safe kind of area.

Jimin definitely couldn't afford to live in this area, especially not in one of those expensive apartment buildings with high security like the one Jungkook was living in. No, him and Taehyung were living in a rather smaller and, well, cheaper area of Seoul.

Even though Taehyung was an intern at a fashion company, he didn't make much money there. Jimin did have money, but, well that was another story.

In fact, Taehyung and Jimin were neighbours, having considered to just move in together, but they couldn't find a three-room apartment they could afford or they particularly liked, deciding to just stay living next to each other and hanging out at each other's places whenever.

There was a buzzing noise and suddenly, the door opened. Jimin was sure that there was a camera where Jungkook could watch through to see who was ringing the bell. Nervously, Jimin stepped into the big hallway where the lights turned on immediately.

The walls seemed to be out of marble – a dark one, while he was walking on gray carpet. That surely
hadn't been the best idea, Jimin assumed, as a carpet got dirty quickly and was more difficult to clean than, let's say, stone. However, the perks of it were that it truly looked beautiful. Moreover, it wasn't really dirty and if it was, it was hidden by the dark colour. Jimin also suspected that there was someone who cleaned here often as he was sure this area could afford a service like that.

The blond boy stepped into the elevator and pressed the button with the number five on it, as Jungkook had texted him earlier.

Jimin wondered how the younger man was affording to live in a place like this. Not that it was any of his business, but what job did he have that paid this good? Jungkook was younger than him, so he was like, what, 21 or 22? Was he still studying? At university? Was he working already and that's how he could afford this? Then again, maybe his parents were paying for it? Jimin really had no clue. It hit him once again that he was going to meet up with a stranger. Someone who he had completely close to none information about was going to teach him in sex. It truly was surreal and absurd, wasn't it?

Taking a deep breath, Jimin closed his eyes and tried to calm himself, anxiety getting the best of him.

With a bing the elevator doors opened, revealing a short hallway that lead to only one door.

Wait, Jungkook was the only one living on this floor?

Swallowing hard, the nervous boy walked up to the door and raised his shaky hand to ring the bell, jumping at the sound.

You can do this, you can do this, you can do th-

It didn't take long until the door opened, revealing a tall man standing behind it. Jungkook.

Jimin had almost forgotten how he looked like, handsome appearance making him blush immediately: Black hair that was slightly parted, revealing parts of his forehead, big brown eyes, soft looking pink lips, strong features, defined chin, muscular body. Overall, incredibly handsome. Honestly, Jimin still couldn't believe he was younger than him, looking this mature and there was some kind of... authoritative demeanor he had.

He was wearing a black button up shirt and skinny black jeans. Jimin, on the other hand, was wearing a long sleeved white shirt and some black skinny jeans with his old black converse shoes.

Swallowing hard, the small boy just stared at the younger man.

Oh god, Jimin should probably turn around and run away as quickly as he could. How was he even supposed to talk to the man who looked at him with this intense gaze, intimidating the smaller boy.

This was hyung’s friend. Nothing was going to happen. This was hyung’s friend. Nothing was going to happen. This was-

Interrupting his thoughts, Jungkook stepped to the side, gesturing for Jimin to enter, which he did, knees feeling slightly wobbly. The taller boy shut the door close behind him as Jimin took a look around the room. He assumed this was the living room even though it was almost as big as Jimin's whole apartment. It was huge, the whole wall in front of him being solely out of glass with pretty light gray curtains at either side of the ends of the wall. The floor was out of wood, a dark shade of gray complimenting the room.

There was a piano in front of the big glass wall, pointed towards it. Did Jungkook play the piano? Moreover, there was a big seating area with a gray sofa and two armchairs placed on the right side of
the wall, pointed at a big TV on the wall, a small dresser below the TV. There also seemed to be another hallway leading to, well, Jimin didn't know. Next to Jimin on his left side was a dining table with six chairs, all in gray, too. Jimin saw a pattern. Then, Jimin saw some stairs at the left side of the room, close to the glass wall, leading upstairs.

Wait. Jungkook was living in an apartment with more than one floor? Wow. Jimin couldn't hide his shock, mouth hanging open and eyes widened.

“Take you shoes off, please” Jungkook voiced, startling Jimin. He had forgotten how his voice sounded like, low tone making the boy jump.

“O-oh, of course” His backpack fell to the floor as he bent down swiftly to take off his shoes, pulling them off and placing them next to the door.

As he straightened his back again, he looked directly at Jungkook who had his eyes already fixated on him, making the boy blush and avert his gaze.

How was he supposed to do anything with the boy if he couldn't even look him in the eyes? That's one of Jimin's problems. He had difficulties with getting close to people, was bad at socialising and his shyness always got in the way.

“How did you get here? Was it easy to find?” The taller boy wanted to know as he picked up Jimin's backpack that had fallen down and placed it on one of the chairs at the dining table.

“I-I took the public transportation. Didn't take that long. The area is nice. Yes, it was easy to find” Jimin replied and nodded slightly.

“Don't you have a car?”

Jimin shook his head. “I have my driver's licence, but I don't own a car. I prefer to walk or take the bus. I like Seoul and like to see the city.” The boy rambled, feeling himself get less nervous and more comfortable. Maybe that was what Jungkook intened with his questions, having noticed Jimin's anxiety and wanted to ease him.

“Seoul is a beautiful city indeed”

The smaller boy smiled slightly and gave a faint nod as he pulled his sleeves over his hands, hiding them. Jungkook's eyes followed his motion before he locked eyes with Jimin again. The blond boy felt vulnerable under the intense stare, feeling himself blush once more.

Averting his eyes, he walked over to the big glass wall and looked down at the city. The sun was already down, pretty city lights turned on and illuminating Seoul, emphasising it's beauty.

"Wow" Jimin breathed out, "Beautiful"

"Do you want a drink?” Jungkook asked.

"Just... w-water” Jimin stuttered, "Please" He quickly added.

“I will be right back. Get comfortable”

The smaller boy nodded, not looking in his direction as he heard Jungkook move.

His heart was beating incredibly fast and Jimin was trying to tell it to calm down, begging it to stop making such a fuss. This was fine. It was going well so far, wasn't it? It had only been five minutes
since he arrived, but hey, he hadn't done anything stupid or embarrassing in this time so far, that was a good sign, no?

Jimin let out a shaky breath and kept repeating what Taehyung had told him. This was the perfect scenario for him. He could trust Jungkook as Yoongi trusted him.

The smaller boy walked back over to his backpack and opened it as Jungkook entered the room again, walking straight up to him and handing him a glass of water.

“T-Thank you” The shy boy uttered and took the glass, taking a sip of the cold water immediately.

“You're welcome” The other male replied as he took a sip of his own water, eyes not leaving Jimin.

The shorter boy felt his stare on him and put the glass down on the table, clearing his throat.

"You don't drink alcohol?” Jungkook wanted to know.

"No, not really. I... I have never, actually."

"Never? You are 23 and have never-" He didn't finish his sentence, thinking about something for a moment, his gaze never leaving Jimin. Said boy blushed under the intense stare of the man, averting his eyes, taking his backpack and walking towards the seating area.

How did he know how old Jimin was? Maybe Yoongi had told him.

"Do you?” He asked, finally.

"Drink?” Jungkook clarified, eventually having left his thoughts, "No, not really. Not anymore"

Jimin nodded and pointed at the big sofa, "May I?” He asked and Jungkook raised an eyebrow again.

"Of course” He replied and approached Jimin.

It was silent for a while. The shorter boy stared at the floor and Jungkook’s eyes were fixated on him.

“So, how is this gonna go?” Jimin mumbled, “I mean... how- where do we start?”

Jungkook put his glass down on the table and crossed his arms over his chest, leaning against the wall. “Well, you accepted the offer so I'm assuming there is something you are looking to get out of this?” The man responded, arching up his eyebrows.

Jimin wondered how he looked like when he smiled, not having seen him do it yet once. Would he still look serious or nonchalant as he did now? The smaller boy doubted it, figuring he would look even more beautiful.

“Just... I wanna learn about it, all of it. I want you to teach me” The blond boy revealed, voice soft and genuine.

“Where do you want to start then?”

The smaller boy puffed up his cheeks, considering. Well, he had no idea, literally. Like, none experience at all.

“Wait” Jimin suddenly said and got up abruptly, waddling over to his backpack to take out his
notebook and a pen. Then, he went back over to the sofa and opened his notebook, locking eyes with Jungkook again.

The other male looked taken aback, mouth hanging open and eyes not blinking.

“What are you doing?” Jungkook wanted to know as he got back his composure.

“T-Taking notes, so I don’t forget anything”

For the first time, the taller man smiled. At least, that’s what Jimin thought he saw. He could swear he had seen Jungkook smirk for a second, but as soon as he had seen it, it was gone again. “You don’t have to take notes. In fact, I don’t think you will even have time, when I’m teaching you and we are practicing. If there is something I want you to remember, I will let you know, don’t worry. However, this is all about learning first, Jimin. Don’t do that with your head, let your body think for you, feel for you, okay? Your body will learn how to and later know how to act in certain... situations. It will remember what to do.”

The smaller boy processed his words, nodding eventually. “O-Okay” He shut his notebook and put it down on the small coffee table.

“There are some basic rules I want to set, okay?”

Rules? Jimin found himself nodding even though he wasn’t sure what Jungkook was referring to.

“First of all, the goal is to get you comfortable with sex and guide you into it, make you learn things. I'm gonna be your teacher, I will show you different things and practice with you. If there is anything you want to try, ask me and we can figure out how to realise it. There are certain things I won't do at all, but I will let you know about that at some point. So, do not be scared to ask about or request anything. No need to be uncomfortable. Second rule, no strings attached. Meaning: no feelings, not anything romantic. This ends whenever we decide to, whenever one of us feels uncomfortable or until there is nothing you are curious about anymore, nothing you want to practice anymore. Third rule, no staying over night. We can talk about how long we want each... well, let's call it lesson for now, to be. Of course we might go over or under that time at some point, but I've got stuff to do so I don't have unlimited free time and I'm sure you are busy with other stuff, too. Fourth rule, whenever I initiate something and you don't feel comfortable with it, tell me immediataly. Do not be scared to speak up and don't feel obligated to go through with it. First and for most this about teaching you. Alright. I think that's everything for now. Is there anything you want to add? Of course, we can add more rules over time”

The other boy tried to process all of that information. He was sure he was going to forget all of those rules. Oh, he really wanted to just take his notebook and write them down. But he was sure that he could always just ask Jungkook if he forgot something.

Well, those were all appropriate rules, Jimin figured.

“I'm fine with these. There is nothing I want to add as of now, but I have... I still have a question”

“Go ahead”

“Why are you doing this? I mean, I'm grateful that you are, but I'm just wondering, why?”

Jungkook hesitated, eyes fixated on the smaller male. “I want to help you. That's all. No more questions about that, though. It's not really important, now, is it?”

The shorter boy shook his head slightly, dropping the topic. It was nice that he wanted to help him,
but just why? He didn't even know him that much.

“How experienced are you?” Jimin suddenly blurted out, surprised and embarrassed by his mouth that was quicker than his brain.

Again, a slight smirk. At least, Jimin thought that it was. However, it was gone quickly all the same.

“Well, I do have quite the experience, let’s just leave it at that”

A slight nod by Jimin.

“What about you, though? How much experience do you have?”

“N-Not much” The blond boy admitted, blush creeping up on his cheeks.

"Have you done anything at all?" The other male wanted to know.

Jimin swallowed and shook his head, "No"

"Kissing?"

"Uhm.. yes, I kissed. I mean, I have made out before, yes"

"Kissed or made out?" Jungkook got closer to Jimin, eyes fixed on him.

"Is there a difference?"

There it was again. A faint smirk, that disappeared as quickly as it had appeared. "There is a difference. Kissing, well kissing is just the touch of lips on lips" Jungkook explained, "While making out is more... it involves more. You start touching each other, maybe grind on one another, kiss down to the neck, and so on"

"Oh" Jimin blushed, "Well, then... just kissing."

Something flashed in Jungsokook's eyes and the blond boy averted his gaze, looking down on the floor while unconsciously pulling his sweater over his hands again.

“Okay, noted. Nothing else then? No physical contact whatsoever?”

“N-No, nothing like that”

“Alright. I will remember that. I know where we stand then. As you have no experience at all, it will be difficult for you to request stuff. Of course, you could always google things, but honestly some weird stuff pops up there sometimes and it might scare you away or be a bit disturbing for you. I suggest that I will write some words down of things that I'm experienced in and then I will give you the list so you can have a look at it and decide what of these things you want to try. If you don't know anything, just ask me, okay?"

Jimin thought his words over and nodded eventually, faint smile on his face.

“I will text you the list then so you can have a look at it. Are you free tomorrow? I would suggest our first lesson to be tomorrow then. I'm free around the same time as today”

For a moment, Jimin reconsidered everything. Was this really such a good idea? Until now, there wasn't anything that made him feel uncomfortable. The rules were fine and Jungkook didn't seem mean or rude, was actually respectful. Yes, he didn't smile much and he didn't really seem infatuated
by Jimin, but he didn't have to. He was doing this to help Jimin, probably because he was friends with Yoongi. So, as of right now, Jimin didn't find anything that would speak against this idea.

To some people this whole idea might seem absolutely absurd. Having someone teach you in sex, no strings attached and no feelings involved whatsoever. In fact, some years ago, Jimin would have thought that, too. Would have never imagined to have sex with a person he didn't love or at least like, wanted to never have sex to be exact, then later wanted to but only with someone he loved.

However, that all changed the longer he lived in Seoul, the more he learned that you don't necessarily need to love someone to have sex with them. And no one would judge you for that. At least not where they were living. Casual sex was no taboo, was not uncommon. Many people did it and they weren't judged. Taehyung had casual sex, Yoongi probably, too.

Jimin also learned that first times didn't have to be special. They could be, but they don't have to. At some point, Jimin just felt like he didn't need to make such a big fuss about his first time. The importance of it was just something society created, but Jimin could and should be able to decide how much importance he weighs in his first time – and to him, it didn't need to be special or anything like that.

It just served a certain purpose to him, something intimate and personal, something he hoped would make it possible for him to finally heal.

“Jimin-ssi” The other male interrupted his thoughts. Jimin shook his head and stared at the other male with big eyes.

“Sorry, yes, that's fine with me, too. At yours again?”

“Yes, same time, same place. Look at the list that I will send you later beforehand. Maybe there is something you heard about before and want to try”

The smaller boy got up and grabbed his notebook and pen. “Okay” He stuffed his things into his backpack and closed it, reaching for his shoes to put them on.

“You know your way back?”

Jimin nodded as he had put his shoes on, pulling his backpack over his right shoulder.

“Thank you, Jungkook-ah. I will see you tomorrow then”

“See you tomorrow”

With that, Jimin left, heart still beating as fast as when he had entered, actually excited for tomorrow, yet nervous all the same.

_______

It was the same time and, of course, same place again the next day. Jimin was swinging his legs back and forth on the sofa, waiting for Jungkook to reappear. He was incredibly anxious, but there was also anticipation rising inside of him. It was a weird feeling.

He hadn't even talked to Taehyung yet. After yesterday, he had went home right away and went to bed, too tired to do anything else. When he had woken up this morning he had went straight to practice and then work afterwards. Now, well, now he was here at Jungkook's.

The man had opened the door without a word, walking away into the other hallway and leaving
Jimin alone. The smaller boy had shut the door close and had taken his shoes off, standing there awkwardly and waiting for Jungkook to come back.

He did, eventually, with two glasses of water. Jimin took one of them and thanked him quietly, walking over to the glass wall. It was dark outside again.

“Have you thought over everything again? Still feel comfortable with it?”

The smaller boy had turned around and had given a small nod, faint smile painting his face. Jungkook had nodded and had went back into the hallway, leaving Jimin alone once more who had then taken a seat on the sofa, sitting there with only dimmed lights on.

"Stand up" Jungkook suddenly insisted as he walked back in. The smaller boy looked up with a confused expression, "Please" Jungkook added.

Jimin got up and Jungkook moved closer.

"Did you take a look at the list that I sent you?"

Oh, god, that list. Jimin was blushing at the mere mention of it. He had almost choked on air when he had opened the message from Jungkook earlier and had seen all those words, reading over them and blushing without even knowing what the majority of them meant: Blowjobs, spanking, rimming, choking,...

The list went on and on and on. Jungkook really wasn't lying when he said that he had quite the experience.

"I-I did. I don't know what most of it means though.”

“That's fine. You can ask whenever you wanna try any of these. Other than that, I will suggest and initiate certain things, so we can see what you like and what not. Does that sound good?”

The smaller boy gave a slight nod, already thinking about what was going to happen next. Well, he didn't know what exactly it was, but it was their first real lesson so it must be something, anything. Even though he was anxious, he was excited all the same.

"How about we start with what we talked about yesterday then?"

"K-Kissing?” Jimin stutterted and wet his lips.

The other male nodded and suddenly, he was right in front of Jimin, as close as he's ever been. Jimin could feel the warmth that was radiating from Jungkook.

"May I?” The taller boy whispered and raised his hand. Jimin didn't know what he was asking for, but he was nodding nevertheless.

Slowly, Jungkook placed his hand on Jimin's cheek, which startled the nervous boy for a moment. His breath hitched in his throat and he swallowed hard. Jungkook's hand was soft and warm, it was bigger than his own hand. Well, that wasn't really surprising to Jimin as he had tiny hands and Jungkook was taller than him anyway. As the black haired boy leaned down slowly, he stroked over Jimin's cheek with his thumb gently. Jimin's heart started beating faster and he shut his eyes, wating for Jungkook's lip to meet his own.

He could feel Jungkook's breath on his skin. He smelled like mint. The shorter male could practically feel Jungkook's lips on his, but there was still some tiny space between them. Why wasn't he kissing
him? Jimin's anticipation got the best of him and he let out a small whine, didn't even have time to feel embarrassed about that. He swore he could feel the taller boy smirk against him before he finally felt his lips land on his own.

His breath hitched in his throat as Jungkook's soft lips were pressed on his. They really were as soft as Jimin had imagine. For a moment, they just stayed like that.

Jimin had kissed someone before, but in this moment he seemed to completely have forgotten about what to do next. The younger boy's lips left him for a moment and were pressed against his own lips just a second later. Jimin moved his mouth against his, or at least that's what he tried.

After some moments, the black haired boy broke the kiss and looked down at Jimin, "Try to part your lips a bit, move them against mine" Jimin nodded, wanting to do this right. The man in front of him pressed his lips on his again, moving his hand to the back of Jimin's neck. The smaller boy got up on his tippy toes to move against Jungkook's mouth easier, following his advice and parting his lips slightly.

Jungskook's lips pressed between his, catching his bottom lip and pulling on it slowly. In response, the smaller boy let out a breath and lifted his hands as Jungkook licked slowly over his bottom lip, "Press your tongue against mine" The other male advised in between kisses. Jimin didn't know where to put his hands and just clenched them into fists, leaving them hang in the air.

Their tongues moved against one another, meeting and licking over each other. What had started as a slow kiss became faster and more demanding. Jungkook suddenly pulled at Jimin's bottom lip again, causing the smaller man to let out a whimper and cling onto Jungkook's shirt.

The taller man broke the kiss and looked down at Jimin whose cheeks were flushed, both men were a little out of breath. "Want to stop?"

The blond boy quickly shook his head. He definitely did not want to stop. Kissing felt amazing. Well, kissing Jungkook did. He didn't know if kissing like this itself felt always this good. He didn't really have much comparison.

Jungkook smirked again, this time longer for Jimin to register and really be sure that it actually was a smirk, but it was gone as quickly all the same. He really was an attractive man. So, so handsome, yet there was something beautiful and pure about him when he smiled. Jimin couldn't believe he was kissing him right now, kissing a man this handsome.

The smaller boy had never imagined himself to kiss someone this intimidatingly gorgeous like Jungkook. He was just so shy and self-conscious that it was difficult to even hold a conversation with anyone he found attractive, fearing they wouldn't even spare him a glance or reject him immediately.

Then again, Jimin did become a blushing and stuttering mess when he talked to Jungkook while the other male was looking at him intently. However, the more they talked to each other, the easier it fell Jimin. The blond boy really could call himself lucky as he could have never initiated to get intimate or physical with anybody, especially someone this handsome.

Taehyung had said that, too. That it was a perk that Jungkook was attractive, as well. Frankly, it really was. Maybe it would be easier for Jimin at some point to talk to someone he thought was gorgeous.

"I just.. don't know where to put my hands" The shy boy admitted.
"Put them wherever you feel comfortable. You can put them in the back of my neck, in my hair, on my shoulders, waist, just try different parts" Jungkook suggested. The shorter male nodded and got back on his tippy toes, pursing his lips. Just moments later he felt Jungkook's lips against his again.

The older boy placed his left hand on Jungkook’s chest and grabbed his shirt again while he put his other hand on his shoulder. The black haired boy had one of his hands pressed against the back of Jimin's neck while the other one was holding him close by his waist.

Suddenly, Jungkook turned them around and started pushing Jimin backwards, never breaking the kiss. The smaller boy hit against something with his legs, falling backwards and pulling Jungkook right with him. He let out a squeak but was surprised when he landed softly on top of the sofa. The taller boy was on top of him, but holding his weight up with one arm that was placed next to Jimin's head. The other hand found it's way on the blond boy's cheek again as he pressed his lips on Jimin's once more.

It took a moment for the shorter male to register that Jungkook was holding his whole weight up with one arm alone, as not to crush Jimin. The younger man was well built and seemed fit, but Jimin hadn't expected him to be this strong, holding himself up this effortlessly. Jimin lifted his hand and grabbed the arm that Jungkook was holding himself up with. He could feel his biceps, the smaller boy whimpering slightly.

They made out like this for a while, lips moving against each other and tongues touching. It was only when Jimin noticed something that he broke away from the kiss. He blushed as he looked down on himself, realising what had happened. Jungkook glanced down as well.

Quickly, Jimin pushed Jungkook off of himself and sat up, "S-Sorry" He stuttered and turned away.

"Why are you apologising?" The taller boy asked.

Jimin closed his eyes.

This was his problem. He couldn't say it, though. Not ready to talk about this with Jungkook just yet. That's one of the reasons for his decision, why he wanted this... One of the reasons he was doing this.

"That's what happens when it feels good" The other male informed him.

"I-I know... I just..." He turned to Jungkook again, eyes glassy.

Jungkook studied his face and sat up, as well, thinking about something.

"Do you want to take care of it?" The younger boy suddenly wanted to know.

"Take care of it?" Jimin asked and tilted his head to the side.

"Yes, do you want me to touch you?"

Jungkook seemed to be serious, expression neutral as always. The smaller boy looked back and forth between his eyes, trying to find any kind of sign that he was joking. However, there was no emotion behind his eyes. At least none that Jimin could define right now.

He didn't really show any emotions, ever so far. On top of that, he screamed authority. Nevertheless, kissing Jungkook had felt good... had made him feel... safe.

Jimin blushed and looked away, "I-I..."
"Unless that is too fast? Do you rather want to touch yourself?"

Flustered, the blond boy looked at him again with big shocked eyes. "I-I have... have never..."

Jungkook was the one to look taken aback now, even if it was only for a slight moment, returning to his usual expression right after. "You have never touched yourself? Not once?" Jimin didn't say anything. "So you never got yourself off? Never had an orgasm in your life?"

The smaller boy felt himself blush deeper, biting down on his bottom lip as he shook his head.

It was quiet for a moment. He heard the other male move, watching him sit down against the sofa, "Come here" He said and pointed at the spot in front of him. Jimin hesitated for a moment, but eventually crawled up the sofa. He stopped in front of the black haired boy, locking eyes with him. The taller man grabbed Jimin by the hips and turned him around so Jimin was facing away, sitting in between Jungkook's legs.

"W-what are you... W-what are we doing?" The nervous boy stuttered as he felt his heartbeat quicken again.

"Teaching you how to get yourself off" He simply answered and pulled Jimin against his chest.

The shy boy bit his lip, feeling himself get anxious. He could feel Jungkook right against himself, strong arms holding him closer by the chest. He had to admit that it felt good, but nonetheless he was scared about what was going to happen next. Jungkook seemed to realise.

"Hey, sshh, relax" He said quietly, "You are shaking"

"I-I... I have never done this. I don't know... how... and I feel- I feel bad just... just thinking about it" Jimin finally admitted.

This all was so odd to the poor boy. This man behind him was close to a stranger. He barely knew him, only knew that he was Yoongi's friend and that he trusted him, that Jimin could trust him, too. It was even stranger, though, that Jimin had felt good when he had kissed Jungkook. Had felt safe in his proximity.

Of course the thought of being able to trust Jungkook helped. However, just because he knew he could, didn't mean he fully did just yet. Obviously, Jimin did kind of trust Jungkook, he wouldn't be here if he didn't, and had for some reason felt safe when kissing him. Then again, the trust bond between them wasn't as deep yet, but Jimin felt like it would deepen over time, making it easier to trust Jungkook with his body and let himself fall completely.

It was immensely helpful and comforting to know, however, that he could at least trust him and that Jungkook couldn't or at least wouldn't do him any harm as Yoongi would definitely beat him up for that, always having protected Jimin.

There had been silence for a while and Jimin had been so caught up in his thoughts that Jungkook's voice startled him. "You don't have to feel guilty, Jimin-ssi" He stated. Jimin didn't know why, but for some reason he liked hearing Jungkook say his name, "This is something completely normal. Everyone does it."

"I know, it's just..." The smaller boy did know that. There was just this annoying inner obstacle that he was fighting against, he was trying to overcome. It was just not that easy. Jimin wanted to explain to Jungkook, why he felt the way he did, but he thought that it was too early for that so he shut his mouth and left it at that.
"Don't feel bad for feeling like this, for wanting this. This is natural, Jimin-ssi"

Jimin wet his lips and nodded.

"But I understand if you want to stop. We can leave it at that for today if you want" The taller boy voiced.

"No" Jimin protested and shook his head, "P-Please"

"Okay" The other male whispered and started rubbing Jimin's stomach softly, "Open your pants then"

The older boy started opening his skinny jeans with shaky hands, having difficulty to breathe properly.

"Lift your hips" Jungkook muttered. The smaller boy grabbed Jungkook's thighs as he lifted his hips, the other male pulling his pants down and revealing Jimin's black briefs. He stopped when the pants were just below the blond boy's butt.

Both of the boys could see how hard Jimin was through his underwear. The shorter boy placed his hands above his underwear, trying to cover himself.

"Hey, don't feel ashamed" Jungkook whispered and pulled his arms away, "Again, this is natural, okay?" Jimin nodded. "Do you want me to touch you? Or do you want to touch yourself and I talk you through it?"

The older boy thought about his offer for a moment, but decided to touch himself first, feeling more comfortable about that thought, "I want to touch myself first- I mean, I want you to talk me through it while I touch... myself" Jimin voiced his wish with a shaky voice.

"Okay, take a deep breath for me" Jimin did, "Move your hand into your briefs and grab your dick"

Slowly, the shorter male obeyed, body twitching at the touch. Jimin pulled his hand around himself and let out a shaky breath. Nervously, he grabbed Jungkook's thigh with his other hand again, needing to hold onto something. The taller male placed his head on Jimin's shoulder, his hands not touching the other male though. "Now" He began and Jimin swallowed hard as he could feel Jungkook's breath against his own skin, feel him be so close and know that he was about to watch Jimin get himself off. The blond boy's head started spinning. He felt dizzy.

"Move your hand up and down slowly while keeping your hand wrapped around your dick"

Jimin gasped as he started to move his hand, eyes fluttering shut. It felt... weird, but also really good simultaneously. Curiously, the smaller boy tried to concentrate on the feeling, wanting to figure out whether or not he liked it.

He just kept stroking himself like that for a while because Jungkook didn't say anything else. While Jimin was touching himself, he let out little pants and licked his lips, starting to get lost in the feeling.

"Now rub your thumb over the head" Jungkook instructed, voice a bit huskier. The smaller boy followed what he said and let out a breathy moan, body twitching at the feeling. He threw his head back and gripped Jungkook's thigh harder. "How does it feel?" The taller boy whispered and placed a kiss at the back of Jimin's neck, raising goosebumps on Jimin's skin and a shiver running down his back.

"G-good." The smaller boy mewled with a trembling voice and bucked his hips up, head landing on
Jungkook's shoulder, "So good"

"Go a little faster"

Jimin did and bit down on his bottom lip, trying to contain the sounds he made. He had only just now realised what sounds were leaving his lips, being embarrassed by it.

"Don't bite your lip" Jungkook whispered, "Let me hear you" Jimin immediately stopped biting his lip, his little whimpers filling the room.

The smaller boy kept tugging on his penis, chasing the incredible feeling. Jungkook kept placing small kisses in his neck, Jimin letting out breathy whimpers and whines that he couldn't control. At first, the blond boy had been embarrassed about the idea of Jungkook watching him do this, embarrassed about doing this at all, but all of that was forgotten now.

"J-Jungkook-ah" Jimin cried out and he heard Jungkook curse behind him.

"Are you close?"

"I-I don't know" The older boy admitted, head spinning. Everything felt so good, but also too much at the same time. He didn't know what to do with himself, just got lost in the feeling, "It feels weird, feels like... like peeing"

"Just let go, Jimin-ssi" Jungkook growled in his ear, "Make a mess all over yourself"

Jimin cried out as the feeling overwhelmed him, bursting and expanding through his whole body. The poor boy was shaking violently, letting out little whines over and over again. Jungkook kept holding him through it. It felt like he was floating, he couldn't explain it. It was so good.

He felt his hand get wet, having just come all over himself. His chest quickly rose and fell as he pulled his hand out of his underwear, revealing his sperm on his own hand. He grimaced at the sight and looked back at Jungkook who was looking right back at him, pupils dilated. "Where do I..."

The other male got up and left the room to go and get him a tissue, returning with several only moments later. He cleaned Jimin's hand for him, handing him another one after.

"Clean yourself" He uttered and pointed at his underwear. Jimin did, little whines leaving his lips as the contact with his penis hurt a bit. While he was cleaning himself, Jungkook picked something from the coffee table. From the corner of his eyes, it looked like a smartphone.

"Was that good?" Jungkook wanted to know, not glancing at him though but rather looking at his phone and typing something.

Jimin quickly nodded. "Yes. Thank you. It felt... good"

"As time goes by you will learn more about what you like and learn to touch yourself differently. But for now, you know how to do it, so when you get horny you can get yourself off" Jungkook voiced and stared at him again. He had a thoughtful expression on his face, "What did you do when you were horny? If you were, ever?" The taller boy curiously asked.

The smaller boy felt his cheeks heat up again, "I haven't felt like that often. And if I did, I just took a cold shower"

"Why?" Jungkook wanted to know, "I mean, why did you never touch yourself?"
Jimin averted his gaze and looked down on the floor again, not ready to answer just yet.

"You don't have to answer"

Thankful, the blond boy locked eyes with him again and smiled slightly.

“I will tell you once I'm ready” Jimin mumbled. The other one nodded.

"I have some work to do now. I think this is enough for today.” The taller boy let him know and Jimin put his pants back on, "If you want to meet again, just text me. I would recommend afternoon or night, but we can talk about different times, considering what fits you best, as well. That is, of course, if you even want to go on. Again, no strings attached, just text me so I will know. We could go through the list next time and see what you want to try and what not, figuring out what you like and what your limits are. I will explain what all of it means”

Jimin nodded slightly and got up, suddenly feeling weird. For a moment he had forgotten that this was just... well, a lesson essentially. He wasn't going to hang out with Jungkook after, wasn't going to stay the night. They were only going to spend time together to do this. "Was I... Was my kissing okay?" The blond boy asked shyly, pulling his sweater over his hands and biting down on his lip.

For a moment, Jungkook just looked at him. "Your kissing was good. There is still room to improvement, but you were good"

Jimin smiled at the compliment like a real student, Jungkook studying his face and seemingly thinking about something. Snapping out of it, he shook his head and went over to the door, the other boy following him to put his shoes back on.

“It's quite late now, how are you getting home?” The taller boy asked as the other one tied his shoes and straightened his back again.

“I will take a bus and walk the rest home”

The other male looked down at his phone again. “It's almost 11pm” He let him know, raised an eyebrow and Jimin shrugged slightly with his shoulders.

“That's fine. The bus drives irregularly during night, but I will manage”

The taller boy seemed to think over something, jaw locking slightly. It was as if he wanted to say something, but was trying to hold his tongue.

“Alright. Text me then, when you wanna meet again”

The blond-silver haired boy nodded and walked up to Jungkook. "Thank you for today. I will... text you somewhen during the next days"

For a moment, both men were just staring at each other.

"See you soon then" Jungkook finally uttered and nodded slightly, opening the door.

"See you soon" Jimin muttered quietly, waving weakly before he went out the door, making his way home and oddly feeling a bit empty.

Chapter End Notes
Did you enjoy the chapter? :)

Why do you think Jungkook doesn't tell Jimin a real reason as to why he is doing this? Do you think there even is another reason behind it or do you believe in what Jungkook says? If you think there is another reason then please let me know, I'm really curious! :)

If there is any request you have, you can leave them in the comment section and I will see if I can fit it into the story somehow, but please don't be mad if I can't realise your request :) <3
Something New

Chapter Summary

Taehyung recommends something to Jimin which the other boy cannot stop thinking about... Eventually trying it with Jungkook.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"You did what?" Taehyung screamed as his eyes widened. He had just taken a sip of his iced Americano, coughing a bit as he tried to swallow it.

Jimin blushed as he looked around, thankful that no one seemed to listen or look at them. They were in a small coffee shop, right around the corner of their apartments. Taehyung and him hung out here sometimes. They loved this place because it was never really crowded, was a very cozy place and was obviously very close to where they lived.

"We made out and he showed me how to... get myself off" The blond boy repeated quietly.

The brown haired boy smiled big, excitement shining in his eyes, "Oh my god, how was it? Is he a good kisser? Did he touch you, too?"

Jimin smiled slightly at Taehyung's excitement, "He is kind of... I don't know, but he seems a bit authoritative, like, he hasn't really smiled yet or showed any kind of emotion, at that. I mean, I wasn't expecting that, really, he clarified that there should be no feelings involved. I'm actually glad that we set some rules. And Tae, he is really... I mean, I knew that, but he is so handsome. I keep forgetting that he is younger than me because he really doesn't seem younger. However, when I was with him I felt... safe. I can't explain it. I liked it. And kissing him was... amazing. I didn't want it to stop."

"I mean, I haven't talked to him much and honestly, I have already kind of forgotten how exactly he looks like and how his demeanor is..."

"Handsome, so incredibly handsome, honestly, Tae. Authoritative, mature, a bit intimidating, yet – and that's what I think is odd – he made me feel so safe and comfortable when he kissed me and talked me through... well you know. There is just something about him that did that to me, does that to me. I can't even explain it. I didn't think it would be like this. I thought I would want to stop after our first 'lesson' yet here I am, wanting to meet him again. Is that weird?"

"He sounds hot. And no, It's not weird at all. That is actually a good sign. Means that neither Hyung or I have to beat him up"

They both chuckled slightly.

"How was his place?" The brown haired boy wanted to know and cocked his head to the side.

"Apartment building with high security, two story apartment at that and his living room was basically the size of my whole apartment. It was huge. I liked the way it was decorated, it felt cozy. I'm just wondering how he pays for that, you know? Not that it is any of my business, but he is younger than us and I thought he's still studying, but I didn't want to be nosy and ask him too many questions. He
didn't really want to give me an answer when I asked about why he was doing this to begin with”

“Wow” Tae breathed and opened his mouth at the information, “Rich area?” The smaller boy nodded, “Wow, he really must have some money then. Hyung probably knows more, we could subtly dig a bit at some point. Maybe he just really doesn't have a deeper reason for why he wants to teach you? I really don't know” The boy pursed his lips, thinking, “It is a bit suspicious, though, that he doesn't want to give you an answer to that. However, I don't think you should dig too deep”

The smaller boy nodded. “Well, I won't ask him again. I will just leave it at that. He said he just wants to help me and that's enough for me. It was a good first 'lesson' I would say. Jungkook-ah wasn't mean or rude. Actually, he seems to take this very seriously, having set rules and sticking to them, preparing a list for me that, well…”

“A list?” The other male cocked his head to the side, confusion written on his face.

Jimin blushed at the mere thought about that list and nodded. “Y-Yeah, well he texted me some words of things that he is experienced in and that we could try out, but I don't know what most of it means. However, he said I can just ask him what they mean and we can see which of those things we will do.”

“Wow, he really does take this serious. That's a good thing, though, means you can trust his words. He said he was gonna teach you and he is keeping his word!” The taller boy smiled.

“Yeah, I guess. I just don't know if I can even ask to do these things with him when I figure out what they mean”

Taehyung smirked cheekily and his eyes glistened with amusement. “Oh, trust me, you will. Well, I don't know what exactly those things are, but I'm assuming it's amazing stuff.”

Jimin's blush deepened and he cleared his throat as he took another sip of his drink.

“You could just ask me what they mean, but I don't know everything there is either. I guess, just ask Jungkook if you want to know something or Google can probably help, too. But be careful with that, can lead you to dark places which can be kind of disturbing. The internet can be horrible sometimes”

“Yeah, Jungkook warned me, too” Jimin mumbled, taking a mental note to definitely not google any of that stuff.

“Just ask him then or you can ask me and I will see if I know what it means.”

“Thank you” The smaller boy smiled genuinely.

“I'm happy this seems to be working out and you are comfortable and feel good.” His best friend smiled big and took another sip, but then his smile disappeared, expression on his face as if he wanted to say something.

“What is it, Tae?” Jimin wanted to know, being able to read his best friend like a book. Perks of knowing him for so long, being his soulmate at that.

“Remember our conversation about Hoseok hyung?” The smaller boy nodded, “I asked Yoongi hyung for his number that same night and he gave it to me. Well, we started texting, talked for a while and decided to meet up to get a coffee together. However, he cancelled on me just some hours before we were supposed to meet up.”

His best friend looked heart broken, Jimin feeling just like him at the image of Tae. “Oh, Tae, I'm so
sorry”

“It's fine” He sighed and shrugged his shoulders, “He apologised and said we should meet up tomorrow, promising to pay for whatever I wanted” There it was again, his smile, “I guess he is interested after all then? Well, when he cancelled I was bummed out and really doubted that he has interest, but he wants to meet me now and was insistend on me meeting him tomorrow so I think that is a good sign”

“That is good” Jimin agreed, big smile on his face, and nodded, “I'm happy for you, Tae, that does sound wonderful”

“Yeah, I thought so, too”

They smiled at each other and both took a sip of their drink, Taehyung suddenly sighing again.

"I just really want to suck him off or let him suck me off, preferably at the same time" Taehyung revealed, Jimin the one widening his eyes this time. The taller boy chuckled at Jimin's expression, "What? You're gonna do that, too, with Jungkook, no? I'm sure that is on his list, too. Unless he doesn't do that which would be such a bummer or you don't want it of course, but honestly 10 out of 10 would recommend. Great experience to get your dick sucked, but sucking dick is great all the same. Amazing feeling. That's what I really wanna do with Hyung... God, I couldn't stop thinking about it yesterday, I even dreamed about it, I had to mastur-""}

“Enough!” The blond boy whisper-screamed and put his hand over Tae's mouth who started chuckling.

“Sorry, he is gonna make me crazy, I'm telling you.”

Jimin shook his head at his best friend. Taehyung was very blunt and straightforward, never afraid to state his opinion or whatever went on in his head. The smaller boy really admired him for that. However, sometimes Jimin had to stop his best friend because it got a bit too much for his liking.

You probably wouldn't expect someone as shy as Jimin to have a friend like Tae. Then again, Jimin was really trying to be less shy and more open so he was kind of thankful that Tae was this open, talkative and confident.

“Should I tell him to call me hyung?” The blond boy suddenly asked.

“Jungkook? Why?”

"Well, he doesn't call me hyung just yet, I didn't tell him he could because I don't really know him that well yet?" The shorter man said contemplatively, "Maybe I should allow him to do that... to feel closer to him?"

"I mean, I call Hoseok hyung, too, even though I don't know him that well yet, but he said I could. If it helps you to be more comfortable, why not?" Taehyung took a sip of his iced Americano again, looking at the other one expectant.

"You're right" Jimin confirmed and nodded, "I will tell him next time that he can call me hyung if he wants to" 

"By the way, when are you having your next little 'lesson'?” The taller male wanted to know and raised an eyebrow.

“I haven't texted him about that yet. Actually, we haven't texted at all since our last lesson. I thought I
would ask him later when he is free and would be able to meet.”

Jimin had debated about when to text him and when to meet up next since the minute he had left Jungkook’s apartment. It has been two days since they had spend time in his apartment, so maybe he should text him some time soon.

"Did you talk about what you are going to do?"

“Well, not really. He said I can always just ask or request something, but he suggested that we could go through his list next time.”

“Is there something you wanna do?” His best friend asked, eyebrows arched up.

"No, I... You know I barely know anything.”

Taehyung smirked, “Well...”

“What?"

“Just saying, getting your dick sucked and sucking on some nice dick is an amazing experience”

“Be quiet” Jimin mumbled, but couldn't help and giggle at Taehyung’s bluntness.

"I'm just letting you know, Jiminnie. I'm doing you a favour with my recommendation” The other male voiced and held his hands up in surrender.

The blond boy shook his head at his best friend.

Taehyung smirked cheekily, “Blowjooooob” He then whispered and took the straw into his mouth again, staring at Jimin teasingly.

The smaller boy swatted his arm and both of them started laughing.

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Hey – Jimin

The smaller boy sat down on his sofa, pulling his legs close and placing his head on his knees while staring at his phone display.

Hey – Jungkook

It had been three days since they had last seen each other, where they made out and Jungkook had shown him... well, how to get himself off. The blond boy had thought about when to text him next, for some reason not finding the courage to do so. He had focused on practice and his work, had only talked to Taehyung about this so far.

Honestly, Jimin didn't know if he should even tell Yoongi. Yes, he was his friend- In fact, more like a big brother and he could talk to him about anything, but this... well, this was a bit odd, wasn't it? Considering Jungkook was Yoongi’s friend to begin with and he had just introduced him to Jimin and now they were already having this... kind of student-teacher relationship. The small boy wasn't sure if Yoongi would even want to know about this.

How have you been? - Jimin

He didn't just want to get right to the point, feeling like that would be a bit impolite.
Jungkook

Good, busy, but good. Yourself? - Jungkook

Good, thanks. I miss you-

Jimin read over that again, biting down on his bottom lip. That sounded kind of wrong, kind of... clingy. He didn't even mean it in that sense. Well, at least that's what he told himself. The small boy couldn't explain it. He had not stopped thinking about the last time he had seen Jungkook and what they had done, hadn't been able to stop. Maybe because it had been the first real physical, kind of very intimate contact he had ever gotten. He craved more, was longing for more.

He rewrote the message.

Good, thanks. Are you free tomorrow, maybe? - Jimin

The smaller boy felt his cheeks heat up. He really hoped that Jungkook didn't think he was desperate or something like that. Then again, it had been three days so he had taken some time.

Sure, I'm free from like 8pm for like two hours – Jungkook

Can we meet for... well, you know – Jimin

He felt his blush deepen, hiding his face behind his knees. Jungkook probably thought he was very desperate and the small boy felt really rude for straight up asking him with such bluntness.

Of course. My place again, then – Jungkook

Okay. At 8pm then? - Jimin

Yes – Jungkook

Should I bring something? Do I need something? - Jimin

Is there anything specific you want to do where you assume you need something to? - Jungkook

The shy boy furrowed his brows, contemplating. There wasn't... He had no idea what they should do next. However, Taehyung's remarks came back lingering in his mind. Jimin shook his head and tried to get rid of them.

No... - Jimin

Then no, you don't need anything. Just yourself. - Jungkook

Okay. See you tomorrow :) - Jimin

There came no further message from Jungkook.

The short boy sighed, letting his phone drop next to him on the sofa and falling onto his side while hugging his legs close.

Anxiety and excitement were bubbling inside of him. A faint smile found it's way onto his face.

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The door opened and revealed a seemingly stressed Jungkook who was talking on the phone, gesturing for him to come in, yet not saying anything.
The smaller boy entered the apartment and shut the door close as the other male walked towards the hallway.

“You can go upstairs already” The man told him, glancing at him swiftly and pointing towards those stairs before he disappeared in the hallway. Jimin assumed that it was leading to the kitchen and a bathroom maybe. Well, he really had no idea.

Standing there awkwardly, the shorter boy scanned the room before he took his shoes off. He really didn't know if he should just go upstairs alone. It felt like he would be invading Jungkook's privacy, doing something prohibited, even though the taller man had given him permission.

Slowly, he walked over to the stairs on his tippy toes and stared up. There were lights on upstairs, so Jimin decided to just go for it. Eventually, he walked up.

To his surprise, it was another short yet wide hallway. There were two doors, right across from each other and a big window in front of him. One door was opened while the other one was closed. Jimin assumed he was supposed to go into the room that was opened.

He was a bit surprised that Jungkook just trusted him to walk around in his apartment like this, allowed him to go into his bedroom without being with him. It made the smaller boy smile, his chest swelling up with happiness at that fact.

The room was bigger than Jimin's bedroom. Big windows on the wall, but they were covered by gray curtains. The taller boy really seemed to like that colour. Well, it did look good and Jimin really liked the way his whole apartment was decorated, how everything fit so well together. The smaller boy wondered if Jungkook had coordinated, organised and decorated all of this by himself or if he had let someone do that for him. Anyway, Jimin really liked it, made him feel cozy.

A big king sized bed was placed against the wall on his right with two nightstands on each headside. Then, there was a white rug laying in front of the bed and for some reason, Jimin just wanted to run over to it and lay down as it looked so soft and comfortable. He didn't, though.

On his left side was a big dresser placed against the wall, a large TV hanging above it. Only now Jimin realised that he was actually inside of Jungkook's bedroom and he blushed at the thought about what they were going to do in here. Last time they had stayed downstairs and had only moved as far as to the sofa, but this time... well, this time it was all going to happen here.

Lastly, there was another door near the bed and the small boy assumed that it lead to a bathroom.

It was really bizarre to stand in an apartment like this, at least to Jimin it was. He remembered how shocked he had been when he had first stepped foot into Yoongi's house back then, it being huge. He felt just like that yet again.

The blond boy scanned the room once more and then walked over to the windows, pulling the curtains to the side slightly to look outside. It had started to rain, raindrops falling down from the dark sky and hitting the ground. Jimin had always liked the smell of rain for some reason - He still did.

As he let go of the curtain again, he went over to the bed and let his hand run over the soft blanket. Carefully, he sat down at the edge of the bed and started swinging his legs back and forth, waiting for Jungkook to appear.

He didn't know how long he waited, probably just a couple of minutes, but it felt like hours to the small boy. Jimin fell back down on his back and stared up at the ceiling, closing his eyes. What took him so long? Well, he had been on the phone so something important must be going on.
“Hey, sorry, I had to have that phone call right now.” Jimin suddenly heard Jungkook say and jerked slightly at the sudden noise, sitting up startled immediately.

The taller boy was standing in the doorway, arms crossed over his chest and leaning against the frame.

“I-It's okay” The blond boy assured him stuttering and got up, suddenly feeling rude for just having laid down on his bed without asking for permission, “Sorry, I didn't know where to si-”

“That's fine. Get comfortable” The other male interrupted and let his arms fall, walking into the room and dimming the lights on his way in with a touch on the light switch next to the door.

Jimin swallowed hard and felt his heart beat quicken at the mere sight of Jungkook, feeling flustered right away.

The other male was wearing a long sleeved button up shirt again and some black jeans, Jimin wondered if this was a hint at his profession. Then again, maybe he just liked wearing those kind of shirts. The smaller boy, on the other hand, was wearing a black hoodie and his ripped jeans, shoes already taken off at the door.

“How was your way here?” The taller boy wanted to know and arched up an eyebrow, coming closer slowly.

“G-Good. I... Barely any traffic” Jimin responded, cheeks heating at Jungkook's intense stare. Oh, boy, the smaller male couldn't keep staring at him, had to avert his gaze.

“Have you had a look at the list again? Anything in particular that interested you?” The younger man suddenly asked.

Oh, god. That list was truly something else.

“N-Not... I don't know”

All Jimin could think about were Taehyung's words, his... recommendation. The poor boy couldn't get himself to think about anything else than his best friend's remarks about that particular thing.

“Remember the first rule?” The black haired boy asked.

“Ohm...” Jimin thought for a moment, trying to remember what it was.

“The first rule is that the goal of this is to make you feel comfortable with sex, to guide you into sex and for you to learn about it. We are doing this by me teaching you, us practicing and seeing what you like and what not.”

“Right” The smaller boy nodded.

“So, I want you to feel comfortable. Don't rush into anything and don't do anything you don't want to do, understood?”

Again, a small nod by Jimin.

“Let's take this step by step. We don't have to start with the big stuff, let's go with some smaller stuff first and see if you are comfortable with that and gradually, steadily we will do more and more, okay?”

“O-Okay”
The taller man studied his features, nodding slightly. "Well, then let's have a look at the list and if anything catches your eye, just ask me, okay? Don't feel uncomfortable or embarrassed. No need to"

The older boy nodded slightly, sitting down on the bed again.

"Have you got your phone with you?"

Jimin shook his head and Jungkook pulled out his phone from his pocket, typing something before walking over to him and handing him his phone. Confused, the shorter boy looked up at him with big eyes, taking the phone from him.

"Go ahead" Jungkook encouraged and the other boy looked down at the phone and read right over the first word on that list: *Blowjob*.

The list went on, of course, with words Jimin now had heard of, but still had no clue what they meant, at least not the majority of them.

He kept coming back to the first word, biting down on his bottom lip. The older boy felt Jungkook stare intently at him, making him blush.

"Uhmm"

"Yeah?"

"There is something... something I might want to try" Jimin whispered, voice unsure and shy, he looked so vulnerable.

"Yeah, what is it?"

God, why was this so hard. The shy boy couldn't get himself to say it, looking up at Jungkook and only pointing at the word.

"A blowjob?" Jimin nodded, quickly averting his gaze as the taller one had stared right at him, "Receiving or giving?"

"B-both" The boy replied and bit down on his lip.

Jungkook didn't take his eyes off of him, taking a glimpse at Jimin's full pink lips, "Yes, okay"

"Actually, can we... can we do that today?" The blond boy finally got the courage to ask, looking up at Jungkook with big eyes, voice soft. The taller man seemed surprised for a moment.

Honestly, Jimin couldn't even believe that he had just suggested this. Was he really ready for that? Taehyung seems to love it that much so Jimin thought that it must feel amazing. He really wanted to try.

"Take your pants off then" Jungkook ordered while he opened the buttons on his wrists of his button up shirt and started to roll his sleeves up.

Swallowing hard, Jimin pulled down the zipper of his pants with shaky hands and pushed them down to his ankles, stepping out of them. Jungkook kicked them to the side. "Sit down" He insisted and the smaller boy obeyed, sitting back down on the edge of the bed.

"Relax, take a deep breath for me" The taller boy requested as he got down on his knees, grabbing Jimin by the thighs. The poor boy jerked at the touch, letting out a yelp, "No need to be scared"
Trying to calm himself down, Jimin took a deep breath and nodded as he closed his eyes for a moment, feeling Jungkook spread his legs and move inbetween them. As he opened his eyes again, the younger man was already staring at him.

His thighs were trembling because he was so nervous. Why couldn't he just calm down?

"Breathe in" Jungkook instructed and Jimin did, "Breathe out." He opened his mouth and obeyed, "Repeat."

He kept doing this, while Jungkook kept stroking his thighs up and down, his hands warm and soft against Jimin's skin.

"No one else has ever touched you here?" The black haired boy asked as his hands got closer to Jimin's briefs, his voice noticeably lower.

"N-No" Jimin confirmed, "You are the first one"  

Something flashed in Jungkook's eyes as he said that, a shiver running down Jimin's back. Slowly, the black haired boy started to pull on Jimin's briefs. "Ready?" He asked and when the smaller one nodded and lifted his hips, Jungkook pulled them down to his ankles, taking them off completely. Jimin immediatley covered himself, suddenly feeling shy again.

"Don't" The taller male whispered and grabbed his wrists gently. He pulled them away and placed them back on the bed, revealing Jimin's semi erection. The older boy was a bit embarrassed by that fact. Jungkook had barely touched him, merely had stroked his thighs and here he was already getting hard.

"Pretty" Jungkook commented and Jimin blushed. His penis was average in size. Nervously, the blond boy placed his hands behind himself on the bed and leaned back, his big hoodie falling over and covering his erection.

"Thank you" Jimin muttered quietly and looked down at the other male who wet his lips.

"Have you touched yourself since last time?" The taller man wanted to know, suddenly wrapping his hand around Jimin's penis. The boy's body twitched in response and he let out a whimper, biting down on his bottom lip. He had not been prepared for that contact. It felt odd to know and see that Jungkook was touching him. No one has ever touched Jimin down there. In fact, he hadn't even touched himself in this way before their last encounter. It was a little scary for Jimin and a lot to take in. However, as Jungkook started moving his hand up and down, slightly squeezing when he got to the top and the base, it felt good. Really good.

"No" Jimin moaned and his eyes fluttered shut, "H-Have not"

"Where you not turned on or hard since then?"

The blond boy bit down on his lip, opening his eyes again. He had been hard. It was embarrassing, but Jimin had gotten hard when he had thought about their first lesson. However, he couldn't touch himself. Not because he thought it would be wrong, but just because... he didn't want to, not alone.

"I was" He admitted, "But I didn't... didn't want to" Jimin's voice had become higher in pitch as Jungkook had rubbed his thumb over the head of Jimin's penis, making the smaller boy gasp.

"Why not?" The taller boy was just teasing him at this point. Slowly moving his hand up and down, squeezing the head from time to time and staring right at Jimin. Jungkook could not take his eyes off of Jimin's face.
It was driving the blond boy crazy. His head was spinning and he couldn't seem to think properly, taking his time to register what Jungkook had asked and then taking his time to try and form a sentence.

"D-Didn't... not without you. Didn't want to touch myself alone"

The other male hummed and sped the motion of his hand up.

“I'm gonna suck your dick now, Jimin-ssi, is that okay?”

“Y-Yes” The boy whined, voice high and close to a yelp, his hands clenching into fists in the bedsheets.

Jimin placed his hand over his mouth as he felt Jungkook's breath hit his erection. He was so so close, almost touching him with his lips.

"P-Please" The desperate boy whimpered through his hand.

"What did you say?" Jungkook asked and raised an eyebrow.

Jimin whined. Jungkook was mean. He knew that the other man had heard what he said, that he knew what Jimin wanted.

"Please" The small boy panted again, moving his hand away, "Please, Jungkook-ah"

Jimin's eyes rolled back as he felt Jungkook's wet mouth wrap around his penis, letting out a silent scream, but quickly placing his hand over his mouth again to keep quiet. He let out breathy moans against his hand as Jungkook twirled his tongue around the head and started to take more of him into his mouth while still stroking what didn't fit into his mouth just yet.

The smaller boy's moans got louder, more high pitched and became more frequent the more Jungkook took into his mouth, the taller man bobbing his head up and down.

It was a very intense feeling. Very different from just a hand being wrapped around his erection and stroking it. The poor boy didn't know what to do with himself, getting completely lost in the feeling.

As Jimin looked down at the other male, he let out a whimper, something so obscene about the imagine of his own penis disappearing in Jungkook's mouth.

It didn't take long until Jimin felt that weird feeling again, approaching it quickly, "Jungkook-ah" He cried out through his hand, "I'm gonna- I think I'm gonna-"

The younger man pulled off and quickly kept tugging on his erection, looking straight at Jimin again. The poor boy was drooling all over himself, little whimpers and moans escaping his lips as he had his eyes pressed shut. Jungkook swallowed at the sight.

"Come on, baby, come for me"

That was all it took for the small boy to let go, the pet name doing something to him. Jimin screamed as he came all over Jungkook's hand, the overwhelming pleasure being too much and running through his whole body, making him feel like he was floating all over again. His body was shaking violently as he fell back on the bed, back arching as he tried to close his legs while Jungkook was stroking him through his orgasm.

Jimin whined as it started to hurt, grabbing Jungkook's wrist and begging him to stop. The other male
pulled his hand away and stared at the little boy who was looking so out of it.

"Taehyung was right" Jimin mumbled as he had trouble keeping his eyes open, "Amazing" He whispered and smiled.

For the first time, he heard Jungkook chuckle, or maybe he was imagining that. Frankly, Jimin couldn't tell if he was already sleeping or still awake. He felt... incredible, body still trembling slightly from the aftershock.

He felt Jungkook get up and walk through the door close to the bed, moments later water was being turned on. So it was in fact a bathroom, the boy thought.

Jimin sighed. This has felt way better than when he had touched himself. He didn't know if it was because Jungkook was more experienced or because, well, it was just Jungkook who had touched him.

Slowly, the blond boy sat up again and looked for his briefs, putting them on quickly. He was proud of himself for having done this, that he didn't back out half way through because of the fear and realisation that someone else was touching him and looking at something this private. The more time went by, the more comfortable he felt with Jungkook.

That's what he had hoped for. That he would feel more comfortable over time. Oddly enough, he had felt comfortable and safe in Jungkook's proximity upon their first meeting at his place. Even though he could seem kind of intimidating, there was also another aura radiating from him that had an effect on Jimin, that just pulled him in, pulled him closer. The smaller boy found himself wanting more, not being scared.

Jimin felt safe when he was with him. He didn't judge him or laugh at him because of his inexperience. Well, he hadn't done that even back then at the party and instead had offered to help him. The blond boy was really grateful for that. It felt comforting to know that he could trust him with that, especially because he had the knowledge of Yoongi who would beat Jungkook up if he made fun of him or harmed him in any way.

Jungkook walked back into the room, gaze fixated on Jimin who was playing with his hands.

"So?" He spoke up and the shorter male stared at him, his blond hair being a fluffy mess on top of his head, "Did you like that?"

The small boy nodded quickly. As if Jungkook couldn't have guessed that from the sounds Jimin has made or the way he - well, just came extremely hard. "Yes, I liked it" The boy smiled slightly.

"It's nice to give a blowjob just as it is nice to receive one. However, some people prefer only to give and some people prefer only to receive. It really depends"

"What do you like?" Jimin found the courage to ask, voice soft yet a bit hoarse from the screaming and moaning.

"Both. I think both have their own perks, both can feel amazing and you can always connect it with other things and expand the experience, but I will tell you all about that another time."

Jimin gave a small nod, cheeks flushing at the other's fixated gaze on him.

The younger boy leaned against the wall and crossed his arms over his chest. Biting down on his lip, Jimin stared at him, eyes widening when he saw that Jungkook was... hard.
"Can I-" The blond male breathed, "Can you-" The boy sat up on his knees and cleared his throat, "Teach me how to do that, please"

"How to suck someone off?" Jungkook clarified and raised an eyebrow.

"Yes, how to... yes, how to do that" There it was again. The courage Jimin just had felt faded away under Jungkook's intense gaze on him. His cheeks heated up and the boy looked down once more.

"Are you sure?" The taller one wanted to know and approached Jimin again, sitting down next to him.

"Yes" He assured him and got up from the bed, "I want to, please"

Jimin wanted to learn how to make someone feel the way Jungkook had just made him feel with his mouth. Well, he wanted to make Jungkook feel like that right now. Had an urge to make him feel pleasure, too. Maybe just to learn how to do this, maybe to say thank you, maybe because he just wanted to please him, maybe because he felt bad that Jungkook hadn't come at all at any of their encounters yet while Jimin had come two times already. Maybe especially because this was not only about helping Jimin to get comfortable with sex, but also to teach him and how was he supposed to learn anything without practicing?

The thing is, Jimin didn't really know why he wanted to do this. He just knew that he did.

"On you knees then" The smaller boy dropped on his knees immediately, knees connecting with the soft rug on the floor. It really was as soft as he had imagined. Jungkook opened his pants and pushed them down, Jimin swallowing hard, realisation hitting him of what he was going to do in just a moment.

The taller man never broke their eye contact as he took his pants off, throwing them to the side. Jimin, however, averted his gaze at the intense stare, feeling nervous.

"Have you ever touched another dick?"

The smaller boy blushed and shook his head quickly. He hadn't even touched himself like this before their last encounter, let alone someone else.

Jungkook took Jimin's shaky hand and pulled the boy between his legs. "If you ever want to stop, just stop, okay? Don't feel obligated to do this, don't think you can't stop once you started. If you don't feel comfortable, tell me and we will stop. Don't feel guilty for wanting to stop, either, understood?" The younger boy seemed to already know this fact about Jimin, having read him correct already. Jimin always felt bad or guilty for many reasons, having difficulty saying no. He was grateful that Jungkook has said this, has assured him that he can back down whenever.

With that, the taller one took Jimin's hand again and softly put it over his own briefs. Jimin's breath hitched in his throat and he swallowed as he felt Jungkook's erection below his hand. He was a lot bigger than the shorter boy, that was obvious even through Jungkook's briefs. The blond boy grabbed him through his briefs and wet his lip.

"B-Big" He breathed out and looked up at Jungkook. The black haired man stared back and forth between Jimin's eyes, something flashing in his own again.

Dropping his gaze, Jimin squeezed his penis slightly, the other one letting out a breath. Jimin felt like he did something good, wanted to do that again so Jungkook would make more sounds like that.
"Take them off" The younger one instructed and the smaller male nodded, grabbing the briefs and slowly pulling them down. Jungkook's big penis sprang free, veins defined and head pink, he was already so hard. Jimin wondered if it was because of him, wanted to be the reason for it. He wrapped his hand around him and blushed when he realised that his hand was too tiny to wrap around all of it.

"Whenever you're ready, take the head in your mouth first. Open your mouth as wide as you can and be careful with your teeth. Try to get as much in as you can. Your gag reflex will probably resist and you might start gagging or coughing, just pull off if it's uncomfortable and try again after. Don't forget to breathe through your nose, but always just pull off and take a deep breath if you need more. Take your time. Don't try too hard, do it step by step, understood?"

Jimin nodded and opened his mouth, leaning forward and stopping right above Jungkook's erection. He was scared but also... excited. He really wanted to do well.

Instead of putting him into his mouth, the smaller boy licked over the head first, humming at the taste. Jungkook must have showered not long ago because it tasted like soap. Thinking about it, Jungkook always smelled incredibly good, his cologne lingering in Jimin's mind and nose even after he was gone.

Finally, the blond boy opened his mouth wide and wrapped his lips around the head. For a moment, he just remained like that, trying to get used to the feeling. Slowly, he started moving his head down to fit more into his mouth. Jimin squeezed his eyes shut and grabbed Jungkook's thigh with his hand while the other one was still stroking the part of his erection that didn't fit into his mouth just yet. The small boy tried to twirl his tongue around the head the way Jungkook had done earlier, but it turned out to be difficult. In fact, it was difficult to take more of Jungkook into his mouth, Jimin having to stop every couple of seconds to adjust.

Suddenly, he started gagging and had to pull off, a long streak of spit connecting his mouth and Jungkook's penis. Jimin coughed and wiped the back of his hand over his mouth. He felt the taller one's hand on his head, stroking him slowly. "That was good for the first time. Took a lot into your mouth" He praised and pushed Jimins blond-silver streaks out of his face.

The praise made Jimin determined to try again, wanting Jungkook to feel the same way he did. He took him back into his mouth and moved his head down to where he was before. "Relax your throat" Jungkook advised and Jimin tried to. He really did.

He tried to take more in and Jungkook sucked in a breath. "Fuck, Jimin-ssi, don't force me down. You will hurt yourself. Just do as much as you can fit. There are other times where you can try to deepthroat, okay?" The taller man groaned and stroked his cheek.

Jimin was a little bummed out, really having wanted to try to fit all of him in, but Jungkook was simply too big. He would have to learn how to do that with time, he guessed. For now, he bobbed his head up and down over what could fit into his mouth while stroking the rest with his hand. He was drooling all over Jungkook's penis, which was actually kind of helpful while stroking, but was also making a big mess.

"Just like that" The younger one breathed and leaned back. The only sounds in the room were Jimin's little gags and sucking noises he made when he moved his head up and down, "Fuck, Jimin-ssi, you're doing good"

He loved the praises and quickened his pace. Jungkook wasn't as loud as him, but he didn't expect him to be. He was telling him that it felt good and Jungkook didn't seem like he would lie or fake something just to not hurt someone. He seemed honest so Jimin believed him even if he didn't moan
and whimper like he did. Maybe he just wasn't a person that did. The blond boy just couldn't help himself, having no control over the sounds that left him.

The smaller boy looked up at Jungkook with watery eyes. His jaw was getting sore and so were his knees, but he didn't want to stop. For some reason, he liked the feeling of having Jungkook's penis in his mouth. Jimin wasn't sure if he just liked the feeling of having something in his mouth or because it was Jungkook and he wanted him to feel good.

He was determined to make the taller one feel good, had an urge to make him come just like Jungkook had make him come. The smaller boy sucked harder, bobbing his head even faster.

Jungkook cursed again as he looked down at Jimin. The boy looking so innocent doing something that was the complete opposite. The wet sounds he made didn't help either, everything just being utterly obscene. Jungkook couldn't help himself and grabbed Jimin's hair, "I'm getting close" He warned, "If you don't want me to come in your mouth just pull off now"

Jimin thought about it for a moment. He was curious about how it tasted, wondered if it was good. "You don't have to swallow" The younger male let him know as he cursed again.

The smaller boy sucked hard and bobbed his head up and down two, three more times and Jungkook was coming into his mouth, "Fuck, Jimin" He cursed and threw his head back.

Jimin coughed as it was so much that had spurted into his mouth. He tried to swallow it all, but some of it started running down his lips and chin, falling back onto Jungkook's penis. There was a big mess of sperm and spit over it, Jimin still stroking him through his orgasm, his hand now even dirtier. Quickly, Jimin licked over his penis again, trying to clean it. He didn't know whether or not he liked the taste of it. It didn't taste bad, but Jimin just didn't know if he liked it. Still, he licked at Jungkook's penis until there was no cum left, sitting upright again and looking up at the taller man.

Jungkook was looking at him, staring right at his full lips and chin that still had some cum on them. He lifted his hand and ran his thumb over Jimin's chin and bottom lip, collecting the left sperm and holding his thumb out to Jimin. The smaller boy seemed to understand as he wrapped his lips around Jungkook's thumb and twirled his tongue around it, cleaning it. He pulled off with a pop and smiled shyly.

"Fuck" Jungkook cursed breathy.

Realising what had just happened, Jimin's cheeks flushed and he got up. "Was that... okay?" He asked nervously and grabbed a tissue from the nightstand, cleaning his hand and mouth. He took another one and gave that to Jungkook.

"That was... Yes, that was definitely good for your first time" The taller one uttered and cleared his throat, still staring at Jimin. He was a little surprised by the way the innocent and shy boy had just sucked him off, taking him into his mouth so determined and ready to please, licking up any left over cum. The blond boy was completely oblivious to the fact what kind of an effect he has had on the taller one in that moment.

Jimin smiled slightly and threw the tissue into the trashcan. He felt good. He felt really good. For one because he just had an amazing orgasm, but also because he had made Jungkook feel good, too. He had done that. He was the one who had made him feel like that. Pride swelled in his chest.

The taller man stood up and put his briefs back on.

“Did you like that? Did you like sucking my- giving a blowjob? Did that feel good to you, too?”
The shorter male was a bit embarrassed by that fact, but yes, he had liked this, liked that he had been the one to make him feel like this, to please him like this. Shyly, Jimin nodded as his cheeks flushed.

“Did you like it more than receiving one?” He asked and studied his features. It was fascinating how the smaller boy was this shy and innocent looking again now, almost vulnerable even when he had just sucked his dick with such determination in his eyes.

The blond boy contemplated both options for a moment. He had felt incredible when Jungkook had given him a blowjob, body shaking from head to toe, but there was also something so fascinating and exciting about being the one to make him feel that way and to give a blowjob himself.

“I can't decide” He answered genuinely, voice quiet and a little hoarse from all the screaming, moaning and the blowjob just now.

“Well, you can like both equally, but you might prefer one over the other over time.”

The blond boy nodded as he put his pants back on, Jungkook doing the same. As Jimin was trying to fix his hair, the other male reached for his phone again and stared down at it, letting out a slight sigh.

“I have to do some work now.” He let Jimin know, who nodded and went over to the door, Jungkook following him.

“I have to go now anyways” The smaller one replied as they walked down the stairs. It was probably already close to 10pm.

“How are you getting home?” Jungkook asked as they reached the door and Jimin started to put his shoes on.

“Same as always. I take the bus then I'm gonna walk” The blond boy responded and tied his shoes.

“It's raining though” Jungkook noted even though the other one already knew that.

“That's fine” He shrugged and grabbed his backpack.

The taller one stared at him intently, looking as if he wanted to say something more, but was biting his tongue to not do that.

"Are you free this friday?" Jimin asked quietly.

“I don't know yet. I will text you to let you know”

The blond boy nodded and bit down on his lip, feeling shy again.

"You can call me hyung by the way” He burst out, feeling stupid for suddenly having said that.

Jungkook raised an eyebrow.

"I mean, I-I have noticed how you always call me Jimin-ssi. I think... I just thought you might... well, you can call me hyung if you want to”

The taller man studied his face for a while and then smirked, "Alright, noted" He said and nodded. Jimin returned the smile.

“See you” The blond boy whispered as Jungkook opened the door.
“See you, Jimin-ssi” He heard the younger one utter behind him before he shut the door.

The small boy frowned.

Did he do that on purpose or did he just not want to call him hyung?

Chapter End Notes

Hi :)

The chapter is a little longer again, I hope you enjoyed it :)

Do you think Jimin should just tell Yoongi?

Thanks for all your love for the last chapters, really motivates me <3
Chapter Summary

The group of friends hang out together and some trouble arises.... Later, Jimin and Jungkook meet up alone for their next lesson.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Why can't I get this right?” Jimin mumbled and let out a frustrated sigh as he turned the music off to start all over.

The small boy had been practicing for hours now, trying to come up with a new choreography and perfecting it really was not easy. He was sweating quite a lot, visible drops trailing down his face, hair damp.

You see, Jimin was a dancer. Well, he loved dancing and was passionate about it. He had even graduated from an arts school, focus being in dance – contemporary dancing to be exact. Then again, Jimin found himself liking all kinds of different genres of dancing, each and every kind owning something beautiful. However, he wanted it to be more than just a hobby, wanted and dreamed of it being his profession and something he could live off of.

Right now the blond boy was working at a library and paying his bills with the money he made there, as well as the heritage that was left behind from his grandmother. She had been the only good person in the beginning of Jimin's childhood - an angel, really. Frankly, she had been the only person that had shone a light in his dark childhood – making it bearable to live through each day. She had been so supportive of his dream, even back then, and you could say that Jimin was also doing this for her, always having her in his mind when he danced. You can imagine how heartbroken Jimin had been when she passed away, leaving him all alone, having to fight his battles without her.

The woman had passed everything she had owned onto Jimin: money, furniture, even her house. However, Jimin didn't stay there for long, leaving Busan and moving to Seoul because he-

“Jiminie, don't overwork yourself” A voice interrupted his thoughts, startling the smaller boy as he turned around.

“Tae” He smiled, grabbed his water bottle and brushed his hair out of his face, waving at his best friend.

“I brought you some food” The taller male grinned and held up a plastic bag to show him.

“You're an angel” Jimin commented, walking over to his friend and sitting down on the floor, Tae joining him and sitting down cross-legged. “How did you know that I would be here?”

“Because you are always here” The brown haired boy snickered and pulled out two lunch boxes, handing one to Jimin who's mouth started watering immediately, stomach grumbling. He hadn't eaten anything at all today, forgetting about it this morning and having been so busy all day.

“Thank you, you're the best” The shorter boy told his friend and opened the lunch box. Taehyung
really was an angel, always taking care of Jimin and knowing what he needed without him even having to say anything – a true soulmate indeed.

“I know” Taehyung chuckled and grabbed his chopsticks, picking up a piece of meat with them, “But you can do me a favour in return”

Jimin had just stuffed a lot of rice into his mouth, chewing on his delicious food happily, but as those words had left Taehyung's mouth he stilled his movement, looking up suspiciously at his best friend.

“Okay... Tell me what it is first, though”

“Come hang out with us tomorrow night. Hyung wants to meet up at Jaebum's diner tomorrow. We haven't seen each other since his party. He said he misses us and I should drag you to our hang out. Come on, I'm sure you miss him, too. He probably has a lot of cool stories already about his first couple of days of working at an entertainment company!”

The smaller boy sighed, biting down on his bottom lip. He did miss Yoongi as he hadn't seen him since his party. However, Jaebum's diner wasn't his favourite place in the world. Yes, they had really tasty milkshakes and fries there which Jimin loved, but the owner's son – who was a waiter there - wasn't the nicest person, always staring at the blond boy with a weird expression. Jimin felt like the owner's son – Chen - didn't particularly like him.

Also, and an even more important objection to this idea was that Jimin and Jungkook were going to meet up tomorrow night again. However, this time it was going to be a bit later – at 10pm – due to Jungkook being busy before that.

“I... I don't know. I want to, but I'm already meeting Jungkook tomorrow night at 10pm”

Taehyung smirked teasingly and amusement flashed in his eyes as he nodded slightly. “I see”

“What?”

“Nothing. I'm just... happy for you. You seem to be comfortable with him and excited to see him again”

“What?” Jimin snorted and shook his head in protest, “That's- I mean- Okay, yes I feel more comfortable, but- You don't even-”

Taehyung chuckled at his best friend's attempt to defend himself, being a stuttering and blushing mess. “Don't worry. I was just teasing you. I'm joking. I didn't mean it like that. I'm just happy that you are comfortable around him, that is all”

The smaller boy swallowed and shut his mouth, staring down at his food. Just for the record, yes, he did feel more comfortable around Jungkook, but that's all it was. There was nothing more to it.

“Well, we could meet before that? When are you hanging out?”

“10pm”

“Great. Then we can meet at like 8pm at Jaebum's. Leaves still enough time for you to get there to meet up with him after” The taller boy suggested, raising his eyebrows.

“I guess that could do. Okay, yes”

“Yaay. Great” He smiled bright, his boxed smile.
Jimin returned the smile and picked up a piece of meat to stuff it into his mouth.

“How was your date with Hoseok hyung?” The blond boy wanted to know after they had eaten in silence for a while.

His best friend’s face lit up immediately as he bit down on his bottom lip, happiness glistening in his eyes.

“It was... Just, everything. We just started talking and clicked immediately again just like we did at the party. Oh, Jimin, he is such an amazing and interesting person, I couldn’t stop staring at him and wanting to know more about him. Do you know what? He is a dancer just like you, Jiminie. He has been an underground dancer in Gwanju and has opened his own dance studio here in Seoul now, isn’t that amazing? I asked him to invite me to one of his classes and he promised to do that. You should come with me, Jimin-ah. Maybe you could become part of his dance class, wouldn’t that be cool?”

Jimin opened his mouth in awe. Wow, he really hadn’t imagined Hoseok to be a dancer. He didn’t even know why, had only seen him for brief moments and hadn’t even really had time to paint a picture about him, but for some reason he would have never guessed him to be a dancer. The blond boy really was impressed, wanting to meet and talk to the man now, too.

“That would be awesome. I love watching other people dance and see how they just let their body follow the music, getting lost in their passion. It really is impressive that he has opened his own dance studio, he must be amazing.”

“I will let you know once he invites me” His best friend grinned, “That is all, though, we just spend like the whole afternoon and then he had to leave, but he dropped me off at home. He said we should hang out again, so I guess that is a good sign?” His expression was thoughtful for a moment, then it fell a little, “Do you think this is one-sided? Am I just imagining that he likes me, too, when in reality he just sees me as a dongsaeng?”

“I don’t think so. I think he likes you, too, Tae. How could he not?” Jimin responded and smiled, leaning over to take Taehyung’s hand. “Maybe he just needs some time and wants to go slow? You are Yoongi hyung’s dongsaeng after all so he might just be careful”

“I guess” The other male sighed, chopsticks pushing his food from side to side, “I don’t want him to be careful though. I really wanted to kiss him every time he looked at me, but I just didn’t have the balls.”

“Give him some time. Don’t give up” He encouraged his friend.

“You are right” Taehyung nodded his head and smiled, almost shyly, “I will have to drop more hints then, I guess”

Jimin chuckled, “Careful with that, though, don’t scare the guy with your seductiveness”

The taller boy grinned and swatted his arm.

“I just like him a lot. I mean, we have only properly met like two times, but we have been texting every day and it feels like I know him so well already, you know? It’s odd, but I have never felt this way with anyone ever before.”

“I’m happy for you, Tae, really. I hope it all works out for you two”

They both stared at each other, genuine smiles on their faces, before they continued to eat their food.
Jimin placed his hand on the door handle and opened the door, walking inside the diner. As he scanned the room, he pulled his sleeves over his hands and walked slower. Finally, he found his friends in the booth they were almost always sitting in. However, he was surprised to see four people being there. The smaller boy recognised his both friends, Tae and Yoongi, right away, but there were two other people that he could only see the back of their head off sitting next to them, as well.

Nervously, he walked over to them, Taehyung looking up and waving at him. The other men all looked up as well, turning their heads back to be able to see Jimin.

Oh no.

Jimin froze, almost tripping over air as he saw a familiar face. How could he not have estimated this? Jungkook stared at him intently for a moment, looking the smaller boy up and down before he fixated his eyes on Yoongi, saying something.

The blond boy swallowed hard, heart beating like crazy as he approached them. For a short moment he had considered to just turn around and get out of here as quick as possible, but they had already seen him so it was no use.

“Hey, Jiminie, glad you could make it” Taehyung smiled big, but there was something else in his eyes as he took a glimpse at Jungkook, a silent apology maybe because he hadn't been able to warn him.

“Hey” The smaller boy replied, voice almost as quiet as a whisper as Yoongi scooted over a bit to make room for him.

“Yes, I would've beaten your ass if you were going to leave us hanging, kid” Yoongi joked and ruffled his hair, Jimin smiling slighty as he pushed his hand away, a giggle escaping his mouth.

Jungkook looked up immediataly, staring right at him. The blond boy shut up right away and cleared his throat. He didn't know why he was this nervous, this incredibly anxious. The taller man wasn't that much of a stranger anymore – they had made out and had even given each other a blowjob for god's sake. However, Yoongi didn't know about that and Jimin wasn't sure if he even wanted him to know about it, fearing that he might be mad that he was doing this – this, what should he even call it? A student-teacher kind of thing? - with his friend. Then again, Yoongi didn't seem like a person that would be mad about something like that, considering that him and Tae had even offered to sleep with him, too.

It was just odd to hang out with him like this, without doing anything sexual, outside of their 'lesson'. It was even more odd to see him here at all considering that he told him he would be busy before their meeting – Oh god, that meeting. They would be hanging out after this at Jungkook's again. Won't it be really suspicious when both of them leave together at the same time?

The smaller boy looked over at his best friend. However, he was lost in Hoseok's eyes already as the older one spoke. Tae was the only one who knew what was going on between Jimin and Jungkook and for now, that was for the best.

“Right, should we order then?” Yoongi asked and they nodded.

“Yes, finally, I'm starving” Taehyung voiced and nodded.

The oldest of them lifted his hand and called over the waiter and to Jimin's luck – yes, he really was a
lucky one, wasn't he – it was Chen who came over.

“Hey, Yoongi” He greeted them with a smile as he walked over to them, little notebook in his hand. However, his smile disappeared when his eyes landed on Jimin, said boy biting down on his tongue, having expected such a reaction.

He really didn't know what he had done wrong for Chen to treat him like this.

“Hey, how are you? We would like to order”

“What can I get you?”

“I want a vanilla milkshake and a burger” Yoongi answered and looked at Taehyung.

“I want a burger, too, chocolate milkshake, though” The brown haired boy voiced.

“Same thing for me” Hoseok continued.

“I will take a coke and steak” Jungkook said, Jimin hearing his voice for the first time that day, a shiver running down his back.

Everyone was staring at the blond boy who had his eyes fixated on the black haired boy. Snapping out of it, Jimin shook his head and looked up at Chen. “A strawberry milkshake please and some fries with mayo, no ketchup please”

The waiter wrote all of it down. “Anything else?”

“That's all”

Chen nodded and turned around after, making his way back to the counter where he gave their order along.

“So, hyung, tell us, how has it been there so far?” Taehyung asked, drawing the attention to him.

“Amazing, seriously. They let me just work on my own. They let me have my freedom in my music and don't force me in a certain direction. I am working on a nice fucking song right now. Maybe I will show it to you guys soon. Oh, but what's also amazing is who else is working there. His name is Namjoon. We have both been in the underground rap scene before and he kind of helped me out a bit back then. It was nice to meet him again, talking about our past and shit, and to know that we will work together. Might make some good fucking songs together.” Yoongi revealed, gummy smile appearing on his face. He seemed genuinely excited and happy, the others mirroring his appearance involuntarily, “I invited him today, too, but he was busy already. Don't worry though, I will introduce you to him soon. Really smart and funny kid”

“That sounds great, hyung” Jimin commented, smile big on his face turning his eyes into crescents.

“Kook-ah, thanks for your help by the way, I hope it didn't take too much of your time. I might need your help soon again, would you be up for that?” Yoongi voiced.

Everyone looked at the youngest, the blond boy catching him staring at him and blushing at the realisation. The taller man locked eyes with Yoongi and nodded.

“You're welcome. Sure, hyung, you can always count on me” The boy answered with a faint smile.

“Thanks, kid”
“Hey, Jimin, Taehyung told me you dance, too?” Hoseok suddenly commented.

Now everyone's attention was drawn back to Jimin, the smaller boy squirming in his seat at their stares. “Yes” He answered and nodded, slight smile appearing on his face, “I have graduated in contemporary dance”

“Really?” Hoseok voiced, eyes widened in awe, “That is impressive. It's a difficult genre. You must be damn good in controlling your body”

“And flexible” Taehyung pointed out, everyone looking back at him, “What? He can literally bend his body in half, I have seen it with my own two eyes.” He continued and shrugged his shoulders, Yoongi chuckling slighty and giving his head a little pat. Jimin felt Jungkook stare at him again.

“Yeah, well, I just learned that over time. I have always loved dancing, even as a kid”

“Me too” Hoseok smiled, “There is just something healing about it. I'm more into hip hop and street dance, like some popping, too, but I have a lot of respect for contemporary dance. Amazing art”

“Thank you. Yes, I love contemporary dance, but I respect every kind of dance and would love to try all different kinds” The smaller boy smiled bright, happy to talk about something he loved, especially with someone who loved the same thing.

“I would love for you to come by sometime and show me what you got. I have a dance studio where I teach dance everyday”

“I would absolutely love that. Thank you. Anytime, really”

“Fantastic. I invited Taehyung, too, so you can both tag along”

“Sure” He replied and grinned, looking over at his best friend who was staring at Hoseok with big heart eyes. Oh, Tae, you really did fall head over heels for that guy.

The waiter arrived with their drinks, placing them down in front of each of them. Well, he placed every drink in front of the right person, except for Jimin. Chen just left his milkshake standing in the middle of the table, the blond boy having to reach for it on his own. It wasn't a big deal, but Jimin knew that he did that on purpose – he just wished he knew, why.

As Jimin pulled the straw between his lips, he felt Jungkook's eyes fixated on him, looking up at him involuntarily as he sucked on the straw to take a sip. The taller man wet his lips, gaze rushing down to Jimin's full lips wrapped around the straw. Quickly, the blond boy averted his eyes and let go of the straw immediataly, almost choking at the fast motion of his.

Blushing slightly, the small boy stared over at Taehyung and his eyes widened when he saw how his best friend was sucking on the straw while looking up at Hoseok purposely who was staring right at him, eyebrows arched up and wetting his lips. The older male didn't seem to know what to do with himself and where to look, mesmerised by Taehyung's action. That were the subtle hints the boy had talked about, Jimin assumed.

Giggling quietly, the blond male took another sip

It didn't take long for the rest of their order to arrive. Jimin scanned the room just to see Chen walk over to them with their remaining order.

“There you go” Chen said as he placed down the burgers in front of the others and then the steak in front of Jungkook. However, as he put the fries down in front of Jimin, the smaller male bit down on
his bottom lip. Chen had put ketchup on the fries instead of mayo. Looking up at him and seeing his
sickening smirk, he just knew that he had done that on purpose. Unfortunately, Jimin didn't have the
courage to speak up and say anything, didn't want to make a scene because of some ketchup. He just
really didn't like the taste of ketchup for some reason.

Everyone started eating right away, the shorter male just looking down at his food. Well, everyone
except for Jungkook who was glancing at him, not touching his own food yet.

“Hey, come back” The black haired boy suddenly called out to the waiter, said man turning around
and cocking his head to the side, pointing at himself in a questioning manner, “Yes, who else?”

Chen walked back over to them, the other boys at the table halting their movements with their
burgers in their hands, looking at the scene evolving in front of them.

“What did he order?” Jungkook asked, pointing at Jimin.

Oh no, he had noticed. The other boys seemed to have been too focused on their own food to realise
that Jimin had gotten a wrong order, but Jungkook hadn't. Not only had he noticed the mistake, but
he was standing up for him. The smaller boy really didn't want to make such a big deal out of this.

“It's fine, I can just eat the ones without any ketch-” The blond boy tried to utter as he reached out for
some fries.

“Don’t” Jungkook interrupted sharply, looking back at Chen, “So?”

“Well, he ordered some damn fries which I got him” The waiter responded, annoyed by Jungkook
calling him back.

“That wasn't his full order, try again” Jimin looked at the younger boy. There was something
flashing in his eyes, but Jimin couldn't define what it was, just knew that he would never want that to
be directed at him.

“Ketchup, as you can see” Chen scoffed, pointing at his fries.

“No, asshole, he ordered fries with mayo and you know damn well he did.” Jimin had never heard
Jungkook talk this pissed – it wasn't loud or anything, there was just anger behind it - it was kind of
intimidating.

“It's just some fucking ketchup, what's the deal” The waiter laughed sneeringly.

“The deal is that you know damn well what exactly he ordered and just decided to be a dick and get
him the wrong thing. Treat your costumers with some fucking respect. Now, get your annoying ass
back and bring him some new fries with mayo”

“What if I don't?”

Silence for a moment. Everyone held their breath.

“Don't fucking test me” Jungkook gritted through his teeth, trying to control his anger.

Chen held his hands up in defense, seemingly not wanting to cause a fight – especially not as this
was his father's place – and grabbed the fries to walk back to the kitchen.

Everyone was staring at the black haired boy, the others still holding their burgers in their hands, not
having taken a bite yet. Jungkook just took a sip of his coke as if this all didn't just happen.
“Thank you” Jimin whispered, squirming in his seat, cheeks flushed. This was all a bit embarrassing to him, yet he was thankful that Jungkook had spoken up for him.

It took a moment for Chen to come back, the others having eventually started to eat their food while Jungkook was still not touching his.

Finally, he arrived and dropped the fries in front of Jimin without a care, a couple of them falling out of the box onto the table. “There you go” He said annoyed, looked disgusted at Jimin and turned around while muttering “Fucking annoying bitch” under his breath.

“What the fuck did you say to him?” Jungkook suddenly asked and got up, voice stern.

Oh no.

“What?” Chen asked and turned back around, eyebrow arched up.

“Say it again.” The black haired boy challenged, walking closer.

Jimin swallowed hard. He didn't know what to do and neither seemed the others, all of them just staring at the scene with big shocked eyes.

“Say it again and I swear I will-”

He shut up as he felt a small hand on his arm. Jimin hadn't even realised that he had gotten up and had walked closer to them, placing his hand softly on Jungkook's arm.

“Please, it's okay, don't do this” Jimin pleaded quietly, scanning the room and seeing everyone looking at them.

“It's not okay, Jimin-ssi, he is fucking disrespectful and thinks he can get away with anything, well think again, bastard.”

“Calm down, dude, what is your fucking deal? I wasn't even talking to you” Chen laughed.

“And that makes it okay to say shit like that? Don't fucking think so. Learn to fucking respect your costumers. If you talk to him like this again, believe me, you will regret that”

Chen raised his hands in defense and walked back into the kitchen, not saying another word.

Jungkook waited until he was gone completely and then sat back down at the table, Jimin joining him shortly after.

“Are you okay, Jimin?” Taehyung asked, voice still showing hints of shock.

“Y-Yeah, I'm fine” The smaller boy nodded, looking at Jungkook who took another sip from his coke, “Thank you, Jungkook-ah.”

“I hate people that can't show some decent respect.”

The blond boy nodded. Of course he hadn't just done this because of Jimin. No, he had done this because Chen was just a mean person and Jungkook wanted to put him back into this place – this really wasn't about Jimin.

Nevertheless, the smaller boy felt like Jungkook had protected him, something warm blooming in his chest. However, his subconscious came right back and told him to shut it, that it wasn't about him and that Jungkook would have done this for everyone – Jimin wasn't special.
He took one of his fries and put it into his mouth, the others continuing to eat again as well.

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The night went by with laughter, conversation and more food. After that incident with Chen, the atmosphere had been kind of awkward, but Hoseok had been quick to jump in and start a conversation to change the topic – succeeding perfectly. He really seemed to be good at reading the mood and knew how to change it to the better.

Even Jungkook had talked more, still giving Jimin an intent glance now and then however.

Jimin found himself become more comfortable, talking more and laughing a lot. He really grew to like Hoseok who told them all of these funny stories. The blond boy could really understand why Tae liked him so much.

“I'm telling you, he just turned up there with only his briefs on after he cheated on his girlfriend and she locked him out of their shared apartment” He snickered, the others looking at him in disbelief.

“And he just danced like that?”

“Yes, he just danced like that. To be fair, he did that himself so he has to deal with the consequences, I reckon. Well, one of the other students eventually gave him some sweatpants as he had an extra one with him. I just don't get why he came to class in the first place and didn't try to somehow get his stuff back first”

They all laughed collectively.

“It was funny, though, how he danced like that for the first half hour of the lesson”

Giggling slightly, but feeling a little pity somehow as well, Jimin took a glance down at his phone at the words 'lesson'. It was getting close to when Jungkok and him where supposed to meet at his place.

Where they not going to do that anymore? Maybe they should just rearrange their plans.

As Yoongi started telling a funny story from his past, the small boy clicked on Jungkook's name on his phone to write a message.

Should we not meet later? Should we maybe rearrange our plans? - Jimin

The blond boy locked his phone again as he heard a buzzing noise, presumably Jungkook's phone giving him a notice that he had received a message. The man pulled his phone down, glanced at the display and furrowed his eyebrows, looking up at Jimin.

However, he pretended to not notice his stare, but rather payed attention to Yoongi's story.

Then, his phone vibrated in his hand, startling him. The smaller male unlocked his phone and opened the message.

Why are you texting me? I'm sitting right across from you – Jungkook

Well, I don't want Yoongi to know about this yet. - Jimin

Why? - Jungkook

I don't know... Feels wrong. - Jimin
There is nothing wrong about it, Jimin-ssi. - Jungkook

Just, please, Jungkook-ah, respect my decision. – Jimin

Fine. You still wanna hang out at mine? - Jungkook

Jimin bit down on his bottom lip, cheeks heating up as he felt Jungkook’s gaze on him again.

Yes, please. - Jimin

You wanna leave now? - Jungkook

The smaller boy looked up at the younger one, locking eyes with him. He nodded slightly and swallowed hard, Jungkook studying his face.

Right, just go along with me. - Jungkook

What did he mean-

“Yah, Jimin-ah, stop texting” Yoongi scolded him, making the blond boy jump startled. Quickly locking his phone again, he looked up at his friend, cheeks flushing as he felt like he had been caught doing something he shouldn't be doing.

“S-Sorry”

Yoongi's features softened and he ruffled Jimin's hair in apology as he had just been joking in the first place.

“Anyway, so Namjoon and I had just spat some fire as those guys suddenly broke out into a massive fight and-”

“Sorry, guys, I have to leave now. I got some work to do” Jungkook interrupted and got up, pulling out his wallet. “Sorry, hyung, didn't want to interrupt you”

“It's fine” Yoongi assured him and shook his head, “I know how busy you are. Thanks for coming at all, was nice to hang out as a group, definitely have to do that soon again. I will invite Namjoon next time, you will all love him”

“Sounds great, hyung” The black haired boy voiced and gave a genuine smile as he put down some money on the table.

“Yah, take that back, I'm paying” Yoongi uttered and pointed at his money.

“Hyung, it's fine, I want to-”

“Don't hurt my pride, Kook-ah, I invited you so I'm paying.” He interrupted him.

Jungkook nodded and took his money back. “Thanks, hyung. Text me about that help you said you need and we can work something out”

Yoongi gave him a thumbs up and a slight nod. “Will do. Have a good night”

The black haired boy looked at Jimin now who had been mesmerised by the scene in front of him, confused and trying to make sense of it.

“Does anyone need a ride?”
It was directed at Jimin. The small boy widened his eyes and finally realised what Jungkook was doing. Raising his hand slightly the blond boy got up.

“I should probably leave now, too” Jimin revealed and looked apologetic at Yoongi.

“It is pretty late and I got to be in the studio fairly early, so I should leave soon as well” Yoongi let them know.

“Jungkook-ah, can you drop me off at home, too, after dropping Jimin off? It's not that far from Jimin's and Taehyung's apartment building”

The smaller boy widened his eyes, almost choking on air, but playing it off as a cough while looking at Taehyung who was mirroring his expression. Their apartment building was in a whole other direction than Jungkook's one. It would be quite a detour. Taehyung knew that fact, was the only one who knew about Jungkook and Jimin and also knew that the blond boy didn't want Yoongi to know about it yet.

“Ah, but Jimin-ah, you wanted to go practice, right?” His best friend suddenly voiced, “Hyung, you are here with a car, too, can you drop me and Hoseok hyung off?” Taehyung quickly came to rescue, Jimin letting out a sigh in relief.

“Sure, no problem. Jimin-ah, should I drop you off at your practice studio or are you fine with Jungkook taking you?”

“I-I'm fine with Jungkook dropping me off” The blond boy answered, not looking at the youngest.

“Are you sure you wanna go practice now though? It's pretty late and I don't want you to overwork yourself. I don't want history to repeat itself. Remember what happened when” Yoongi tried to voice his concern.

“I won't overwork myself, hyung.” Jimin interrupted Yoongi, “I promise. Don't worry”

“Okay. Let's go then”

Yoongi placed some money on the table and they all collectively made their way outside, fresh air blowing around them in the dark night.

“I parked over there” Jungkook let them know and pointed into their left direction, thankfully Yoongi told them that he had parked in the opposite direction.

They all said their goodbyes, Jimin hugging Taehyung extra tightly and whispering a small thank you, then Yoongi, Hoseok and Tae left to walk to Yoongi's car, Jimin waving at them with a smile.

As they were out of sight, Jimin let out a little breath he hadn't even notice he had been holding. However, anxiety filled him as he realised that he was all alone with Jungkook now, yet there was another emotion bubbling inside of him, spreading warmth in his chest.

Swallowing hard, he turned around to look at the younger boy who was already starting to make his way to his car, Jimin following him with small steps.

“I will meet you at yours then” The small boy uttered as they had arrived at Jungkook's black Range Rover.

The taller boy stared at him confused. “What do you mean?” He asked as he unlocked the car, lights coming on for a moment in response.
“I will take the bus and meet you at yours” The blond boy clarified, Jungkook just staring at him for a moment.

“Get in the car” He simply told him and opened the door to the driver's seat, getting inside.

Hesitant, Jimin opened the door to the passenger's seat and got into the car as well, shutting the door as he sat down.

The younger boy put his key into the ignition and started the car as the blond boy put his seatbelt on. He placed his shaky hands on his thighs, never having been alone with Jungkook without their lessons being the reason for it. Well, essentially it was the reason now as well.

As he pulled out of the parking spot, Jimin glanced outside the window, seeing the diner flashing by, leaving it behind.

“Thank you” Jimin mumbled as he played with the hem of his jumper – a nervous habit of his.

“Would have been unnecessary for you to take the bus as I'm driving to mine anyway”

The blond boy simply nodded as he looked outside the window again.

It was quiet as the radio wasn't turned on and they didn't talk. The only sound being the car while driving. Jimin looked over at Jungkook again, seeing him hold the steering wheel with only one hand, while the other one was placed on the gear shift. He had rolled the sleeves of his hoodie up, revealing his strong arms and defined veins. Involuntarily, Jimin bit down on his lip and drew his thighs together.

He only noticed now that it was the first time that he saw Jungkook wearing a hoodie instead of his usual button up shirt. Even though Jimin thought that he looked handsome with those shirts on, it was a nice change. Frankly, the taller one looked good in anything he wore, could literally pull off any look, Jimin reckoned.

The blond boy glanced at Jungkook's handsome face, studying his features. He still couldn't get over how intimidatingly gorgeous the man was. Today had been really refreshing as Jimin had seem Jungkook smile and laugh quite often. It had been utterly odd at first, as he was not used to it, but now he just couldn't stop thinking about it, wanting to see the man smile again. He looked so beautiful when he did.

“What?” The taller boy suddenly said, slight amusement in his voice, catching Jimin stare at him.

Averting his gaze quickly, the smaller boy squirmed in his seat as he blushed. “Nothing”

The other male hummed.

“Who was that waiter?” Jungkook asked, the other male taken aback by the question.

“His name is Chen, he's my age” Jimin replied, voice quiet and unsure, not really wanting to think about him right now – or ever at that.

“Where do you know him from?”

The smaller boy sighed, pulling at the hem of his hoodie as he tried to look for words.

“School. We both went to the same arts school. He was in my year, but he wasn't into dance. Frankly, I don't know what he studied there. I saw him every now and then and for some reason he
doesn't seem to particularly like me. I don't know why.”

The other male hummed again.

“Does he treat you like that often?”

The blond boy thought for a moment. “Well, not like this exactly. Often it's just disgusted or annoyed stares, sometimes he takes longer to get my food than for the others, sometimes he purposely doesn't place my order in front of me when he does for the others. It's just small things, but I know that he does that to hurt me” His voice was only a whisper at the end, Jungkook almost not catching his words. The hurt was visible in his voice.

The taller male glanced over at the vulnerable looking boy.

“Did he ever touch you? Did he hurt you physically?” Jungkook's voice had become a bit lower, serious. It seemed as if he tried to control his voice, grabbing the steering wheel only slightly tighter.

“N-No, never physically”

“Do the others know? Hyung?”

“No, they never noticed. I never said anything, though, either. It's just small things and at first I thought he just did them on accident, not purposely. However, it just happened so often that I assumed he does do them on purpose, but I didn't want to make a scene because of it.”

“You should, though, don't let that fucking bastard treat you like that. You have literally done nothing. He should learn to treat his customers with some fucking respect or-”

Jimin had placed his small hand on Jungkook's thigh, trying to calm him. “Please don't get mad because of something like this. It's fine” He pleaded, voice soft.

The younger one looked over at him, expression softening as he studied Jimin's delicate features. He opened his mouth to say something, but shut it right after, shaking his head and looking back on the road.

“It's not fine, though, Jimin-ssi. Don't tell yourself that” Jungkook uttered, voice containted again.

Jimin had placed his small hand on Jungkook's thigh, trying to calm him. “Please don't get mad because of something like this. It's fine” He pleaded, voice soft.

The younger one looked over at him, expression softening as he studied Jimin's delicate features. He opened his mouth to say something, but shut it right after, shaking his head and looking back on the road.

“It's not fine, though, Jimin-ssi. Don't tell yourself that” Jungkook uttered, voice containted again.

The smaller boy nodded slightly, taking his hand away to place it in his own lap.

“Thank you for standing up for me. That was nice”

Jungkook simply nodded, concentrating on driving again.

It was quiet for the rest of the drive.

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They didn't say a word to each other until they entered Jungkook's apartment.

The younger boy turned the lights on and took his shoes off, Jimin following his action. Both placed their shoes next to the door before the taller one walked over to the big glass wall and pressed a button on the wall, curtains closing in response.

“Do you want a drink?” Jungkook asked as he ruffled his own hair.

“No, thank you” The smaller one declined and shook his head, pulling his sleeves over his delicate
hands as he walked further into the room.

“Should we go upstairs then?” The younger male wanted to know as he arched up an eyebrow, waiting for Jimin’s answer.

“Okay” He gave a small nod and walked over to the stairs, the other boy following him.

“Have you got anything in mind in particular that you wanna try today?” Jungkook asked as they arrived upstairs and entered his bedroom, the taller one turning the lights on, dimming them slightly however.

“N-Not really” Jimin admitted and looked down at the floor. His long sleeves covered his petite hands, making him appear even smaller. Well, actually, he did have a look at that famous list again. Some words had caught his interest and he kind of wanted to know what they meant, having an idea about one of their meanings already himself. Then again, he could be totally off with his assumption.

Jungkook didn’t say anything for a moment, just stared at the older boy. “Do you want to go through the list? Do you want to try something, anything in mind?” He asked and went over to the windows to draw the curtains together, hiding them from the world.

"Uhm..." The blond boy walked towards the bed and sat down, feet not quite reaching the floor, "I’m a bit... a bit tired, actually" Jimin let the younger man know, "Can we.... maybe, just make out? I mean, you said there is still room to improve, right? Maybe we could practice a bit more." He suggested, not looking the younger man in the eyes.

"Have you kissed anyone since we last kissed?" The black haired boy asked and walked closer. There it was again, that intense stare that made Jimin nervous, but also... excited.

"N-No" The shorter boy stuttered. He had not kissed anyone since last friday where he had kissed Jungkook for the first time. Of course he hadn’t. For a moment, Jimin wanted to ask him, too, but he held his tongue - knowing better. Certainly, well, at least it was highly possible that Jungkook had kissed someone else since then.

For the first time ever Jimin wondered if Jungkook was taken. He hadn’t even thought about that possibility yet, had not even imagined that. The smaller boy doubted that he was because essentially, the taller one would be cheating on his partner then. Even if this was platonic and only to help Jimin – it was still intimate physical contact.

"Whatever you want to do" Jungkook simply said and looked down at the shorter boy.

"Can we go through the list after that, too? There was something I wanted to ask” These words really didn’t leave his mind. Well, he had wondered about all of those words, but these particular ones made him curious because he had an idea about what one of it meant. He wasn’t sure if he was right and he had been too scared to google it - Taehyung’s and Jungkook’s mentions of seeing some disturbing stuff after googling a couple of words lingering in his mind.

"Sure, you can ask right now, if you want to" The black haired male suggested.

"I-I-“ Jimin cleared his throat and got up, standing right in front of Jungkook, too close for his liking. He could feel the warmth radiating from the taller man and quickly broke the eye contact, walking away slightly to take his phone out of his pocket. When he finally got it, he jumped up, startled as he felt Jungkook stand right behind him, chest almost touching his back.

He unlocked his phone and opened the message with the list. "What is it?" The taller man asked
quietly and turned Jimin around.

"Spanking" The older one eventually mumbled. "I mean, I know what the word means, but I don't really... I thought that hurts, why would someone want that?"

Jungkook looked at him for a moment, studying his face. "Some people enjoy pain. They feel pleasure with or after the pain. It can be used during sex, but also before or after in a punishing way" He explained. Jimin titled his head to the side, trying to understand. "Some people feel humiliated when they get spanked, but they enjoy that, too. Humiliation turns some people on as well, just like pain does"

Jimin bit down on his lip, trying to process the new information. "O-Oh" He said eventually, glancing down again, blush creeping up on his cheeks.

"Is that something you can see yourself liking? Do you think you want to try that or do you not want to do that at all?"

Thinking for a moment, the smaller boy narrowed his eyes. He wanted to be open and try a lot of different ideas, just wanted be comfortable about all of this. Honestly, he didn't know if he would like it, but for some reason he had felt anticipation rise up as Jungkook had explained the meaning behind the word, imagining Jungkook do that to him.

"I don't know" Jimin answered truthfully and looked up at him again. He pushed his hair out of his face and cleared his throat, "I think..." He didn't finish his sentence, leaving it hanging in the air between them.

"If you were to imagine yourself doing this, would you want to receive the spanks or be the one spanking?"

"Receive" The blond boy answered without even thinking about it. Maybe that was a little too fast. Jungkook seemed to think so, as well, as he raised an eyebrow and smirked slightly. It was so slight that it was gone as quick as it had appeared. For some reason, Jimin could not imagine himself spanking Jungkook - or anyone really. Being spanked on the other hand... that was something Jimin might be open to try.

"Okay, how about we set that as a soft limit then, yes?" As Jungkook saw Jimin's confused expression he clarified, "A soft limit is something you don't want to try as of now. That doesn't mean you won't ever want to try it. A hard limit, on the other hand, is something you don't ever want to do and we will never cross that line"

The older boy nodded.

"Alright, then spanning on the soft limit list?"

"Yes, that sounds good" Jimin answered and smiled.

"Next one"

Nervously, he looked down at his phone again, feeling Jungkook's gaze still fixated on him, still standing so close in his proximity.

"It's this one" He uttered and pointed at the word, "Aftercare. I mean, I think I kind of know what the word means? Well, it's pretty self explanatory, I guess. So, you take care of someone after... sex, I assume?" Jimin asked and raised an eyebrow. He looked at Jungkook expectant, hoping to have guessed the meaning correctly.
"Correct. Well, almost. It's mostly common in BDSM or dom and sub play. After a 'scene' the sub, most likely, needs aftercare. However, not exclusively. Sometimes the dom can need aftercare, too." Jimin tried to process the information, but couldn't really make sense of it. Reading Jimin's confused expression and looking into his big, curious eyes, Jungkook continued, "It involves cuddling and talking, anything that helps to return to the real world and make sure both parts are comfortable and good. It's very important."

"Real world?" Jimin asked confused and tilted his head to the side. He didn't really understand that if he was being honest, "So you don't always do that after sex?"

The taller one shook his head, "No, not necessarily. You can, of course, if you want to. It's just more common in BDSM, but that doesn't mean it can only be used there. If you want that, you can always ask for aftercare after whatever we do. Some people just need it after any sexual interaction." Jimin really wanted to ask what BDSM was, what a dom and a sub was, but he was a bit scared and honestly, he had to process what he had learned right now first, his tired brain having difficulty to understand all of it.

"So, after anything we do we can have aftercare?" The small boy asked quietly, voice unsure and shy.

"If that's what you want then we can do that. However, I'm only used to doing it after certain sexual action so if I don't initiate it and you want it in a specific situation just let me know, okay? Don't be afraid to ask, ever, understood?"

Jemin gave a light nod and smiled slightly, "I understand.

"Also, do you remember what I told you last time? About when you feel uncomfortable?"

Jemin nodded again, "Yes, that we can stop whenever I feel uncomfortable. I just have to tell you and we will stop right away"

"Good"

As Jungkook walked back to the bed, Jimin wondered about something. This time, he couldn't stop himself, "What about you?" He voiced and put his phone down, "I mean, what if you get uncomfortable?"

"What do you mean?" The taller one asked and studied his face.

"You will let me know, too, okay?" Jimin said gently and glanced down at the floor again.

There was silence for a moment, Jungkook just staring at Jimin, looking back and forth between his eyes. Suddenly, he smiled even if it was gone as fast as it had appeared, "This is about you, Jiminssi. I want to help you get comfortable in sex and learn about all kinds of it. But yes, there are certain things that I won't do and I will let you know if there is. However, I don't really get uncomfortable in situations like this" Jimin felt his cheeks heat up and he nodded, still not looking at the taller man.

"But thank you" Jungkook said, voice a bit softer. At that, the blond one locked eyes with him again, smiling shyly.

"Come here now" Jungkook insisted softly and held his hand out.

Heart beating faster, Jimin approached him and stopped right in front of him, stomach twisting in excitement. The taller man grabbed Jimin by the hips and slowly ran them down to his thighs, pulling the smaller one forward. The shy boy let out a yelp as Jungkook pulled him on his lap so Jimin was straddling him, his hands holding him by the waist.
Their faces were so close that they could feel each other's breath on their skin. Jimin squeezed his eyes shut and let out a shaky breath as Jungkook's hands started stroking his sides.

"Still nervous?" The black haired boy wanted to know, voice quieter.

Jimin bit down on his lip and nodded, looking down.

Jungkook grabbed his chin gently and forced him to lock eyes with him, "Deep breath for me, come on" He requested and the older boy did, "No need to be nervous, huh? Have done this before" The bigger one whispered and slowly pressed his lips on Jimin's.

The smaller boy clenched his hands into fists as he felt Jungkook's soft lips on his, realising he had missed that feeling. A whimper escaped his lips as they moved their mouths against each other, Jimin placing his hands on Jungkook's shoulders.

"Use your tongue more" Jungkook instructed, Jimin doing as told.

Their lips moved against one another as Jungkook licked with his tongue over Jimin's, making the smaller boy whimper. They kissed like this for a while, pace steady. That was until Jimin became needier and tried to deepen the kiss, moving his lips in a quicker pace. Jungkook squeezed his hips and kissed right back, pulling Jimin impossibly closer.

After some more kisses, Jungkook pulled away, both men having to catch their breath. Jimin's pupils were dilated, pretty full lips red due to the kissing and he looked at Jungkook expectant, wanting to continue.

Jungkook raised his hand and stroked over Jimin's cheek with his thumb. The smaller boy's eyes flutterd shut and he nuzzled against the touch involuntarily, "I want to do something" the taller one suddenly uttered. Jimin opened his eyes and looked at the taller boy expectant.

"You can do whatever you want" The smaller one allowed quietly.

It was bad. Jimin became putty in Jungkook's hands. All there was needed was a mere stare or a simple word from the younger one and Jimin found himself obeying on cue, ready to do anything. It was utterly odd, wasn't it? How Jimin could barely stop himself from blushing or stuttering when he looked at him, but was so needy for his physical attention, getting lost in it completely, not embarrassed at all in these moments.

However, the blond boy thought it was odd as well how different Jungkook somehow became in these moments, too. Wasn't he? Perhaps Jimin just imagined it, but instead of being quite distant or almost ignoring the boy except for some occasional stares like earlier at the diner, he was touching the boy a lot, holding him so close, kissing him with passion rather than just in a teaching manner. It was almost as if they both brought another side out when they were together. Then again, the small boy was most likely just imagining these things.

Something flashed in Jungkook's eyes, pupils dilating. "Don't say that" The taller one warned, tone deeper and huskier as he squeezed Jimin's hips harder, "Won't be able to hold myself back" He continued, voice quieter as he started kissing at Jimin's neck. For some reason Jimin felt like he wasn't supposed to hear that. But before the boy could even register the words and think about them, Jungkook's lips demanded his full attention as he started sucking on Jimin's skin, making the smaller boy let out a breathy moan and grab Jungkook's shoulders harder.

"J-Jungkook-ah" The blond haired boy gasped as Jungkook sucked harder, right on his neck. Jimin pressed his thighs together as it started to hurt a bit, but he didn't want Jungkook to stop. The boy
squeezes his eyes shut and let out little whines as the taller one continued his work on Jimin's neck, only stopping once he was satisfied with what he did, tongue licking over it slowly.

"That's a hickey" The younger male informed him, voice still deeper than usual. In fact, now that Jimin thought about it, Jungkook's voice always seemed to be deeper when they were doing anything sexual. "It's a mark you can give someone by sucking on their skin. The harder you suck, the deeper it will be."

"A-A mark?" Jimin asked and opened his eyes again, feeling a bit dizzy. Jungkook nodded as he traced his thumb over the mark he had left on Jimin's neck, making the smaller boy suck a breath in at the slight pain.

"Yes"

"Will it... go away again?"

Jungkook glanced at the older boy, amusement in his eyes. "Yes, it will go away. Depending on how hard you suck it can take a while, though"

"May I... May I try?" Jimin asked. For some reason, he really wanted to do that on Jungkook, too. Wanted there to be something on his body that Jimin would have done, something to remind him of Jimin - even if it was temporarily. He immediately understood why people did this and liked this.

Jungkook looked back and forth between his eyes, considering for a moment, "Sure" He said eventually, pulling down his hoodie and revealing more skin.

"H-How do I..."

"It's like kissing at first, open mouthed kisses" Jungkook began to explain, "Once you find a spot you like, you start sucking on the skin. You have to suck for a while, the harder you do it, the deeper the hickey will be".

The smaller boy bit down on his lip as he nodded, leaning forward and titling his head to the side. He placed his lips on Jungkook's throat, leaving open mouthed kisses on his skin. His skin smelled so good, Jimin's head started spinning, forgetting for a moment what he had wanted to do. He continued kissing the taller one and stopped eventually at a spot on the right side of his neck.

"Here" He whispered and grabbed Jungkook's shoulders, starting to suck on the skin the way he had told him to do. Jungkook let out a breath as Jimin began to suck harder, wanting to do well.

"Just like that" The younger one breathed and rubbed over Jimin's sides again. The praises made Jimin more determined, the boy sucking even harder. "Okay, baby, enough" Jungkook muttered after a moment and Jimin stopped right away, licking over the spot slowly to ease the pain.

He pulled back and looked at his work. There it was: A small but visible hickey Jimin had just created. He felt pride swell up in his chest and was happy, liking the sight of it on Jungkook's skin.

"Finished" He said proudly.

"Well done" Jungkook praised and grabbed him by the chin again, pressing his lips on Jimin's once more.

They started to make out again, fast and passionate, not getting enough of one another. Jungkook felt how hard the blond one had become and started moving Jimin by the hips.
Said boy whimpered at the feeling, clothed penis rubbing against Jungkook's. The friction felt good, but was barely there and just not enough. Jimin wanted more.

He started to grind against Jungkook carefully, scared that Jungkook didn't want this. "Keep going" The taller one urged inbetween kisses and groaned, crushing Jimin's doubts and the boy began to grind against Jungkook faster. He didn't really know what he was doing, just did what felt good and chased that feeling.

The sounds Jimin made were obscene, small and breathy whines and whimpers that got louder the more the smaller boy was rocking his hips against Jungkook. He needed more, wanted more, but it just wasn't enough.

"J-Jungkook-ah" Jimin moaned and whined, desperately trying to get off on top of Jungkook. "P-Please"

The black haired boy helped Jimin by moving his hips faster while simultaneously moving his own hips upwards to meet Jimin's. Both men were grinding against each other, Jungkook falling back on his back and pulling Jimin with him. They didn't break the kiss as their hips moved against each other, position allowing Jimin to go faster.

"Tell me how it feels" The younger male ordered and pulled away, wanting to look at the desperate boy on top of him. Jimin was out of it already, flushed cheeks, rocking his hips irregularly and grabbing whatever he could get of Jungkook, mewling and moaning incoherent words. Jungkook wondered how it would be to actually fuck the smaller boy. How out of it he would be then, how Jungkook would make him feel so good to make him lose his mind.

The taller boy gripped Jimin's hips harder and stopped his movements, making him whine high in his throat in protest, locking eyes with Jungkook.

"Answer me" He insisted and Jimin actually felt like he was going to cry. He couldn't think straight, didn't know what had happened to him, but all he could think about was Jungkook, Jungkook, Jungkook and how desperately he wanted to come.

"P-Pleeease, feels so good, Jungkook-ah, so good. More, please“ The smaller boy cried out and tried to hump Jungkook once more.

Having mercy, Jungkook started grinding against him again, a scream escaping the older boy's lips. Jimin had been very responsive and loud every time, reacted in an intense way because all of these feelings had overwhelmed him - having felt like this for the first time. Jungkook hadn't been surprised by the way Jimin had felt and reacted.

He was so so out of it at this point, having been hard for a while now and not knowing how to deal with it, while having been touched and kissed for so long. Everything was too much, but also not enough, the feeling overwhelming the smaller boy who had come very quickly the past times. This time, however, he didn't come as quickly as the friction simply wasn't enough.

"Jungkookie, Jungkookie, I want to- please" Jimin bit down on his lip as he tried not to moan too loudly.

The shorter boy rocked his hips harder and quicker, messy rhythm and breathy whines leaving his soft lips. He felt so hot, everything was too much. He didn't know how long he had been grinding against Jungkook now, just knew that he wanted to come so badly.

"Go on, baby, come for me and make a mess" Jungkook whispered in his ear in a low voice.
Jimin hid his face in the crook of Jungkook's neck as the feeling overwhelmed him. He moved his hips three, four more times and suddenly the pleasure burst inside of him, the poor boy crying out Jungkook's name over and over, eyes squeezing shut as he gripped the sheets of the bed next to where they both were laying, body shaking from head to toe. Jimin had come in his pants and whimpered as he started to feel pain due to the sensitivity from continuing to rock his hips against Jungkook, small body trembling from the stimulation.

Jungkook halted his hips and placed a small kiss on his temple. "There you go"

Jimin's chest rose and fell quickly, the boy breathing heavy through his mouth. His body was shaking all over. He was floating again, eyes feeling heavy as he tried to catch his breath. Jungkook caressed his back slowly, making Jimin feel safe and close.

"A-Aftercare" The little boy pleaded and Jungkook nodded, already having guessed it at Jimin's appearance. The last two times Jimin had come, he had only needed a couple of seconds to collect himself and get back down. Jungkook's help hadn't been necessary, Jimin feeling fine just some moments later and had been ready to go on with whatever right after - this time, however, was a bit different, probably because the stimulation had been longer this time, making his orgasm more intense.

He didn't want to leave Jungkook's embrace.

"You did good. Came so well for me"

Jimin smiled slightly and hid his face in the crook of Jungkook's neck again.

"Thank you. You made me feel so good"

"I'm glad" He hummed in response.

They just stayed like this for a while, Jungkook never stopping with stroking Jimin's back, said boy trying to steady his breath. The blond boy concentrated on Jungkook's heartbeat, trying to follow it.

He barely noticed how the taller male pulled out his own phone, typing something for a while and then placing it on the nightstand.

"Jungkook-ah" The small boy whispered after some minutes and lifted his head. Jungkook arched up an eyebrow, waiting for what the boy had to say while brushing Jimin's hair out of his face, rubbing his thumb over his cheek slowly, "Can we... Can we have sex next time? Can we... I want to have my first time"

The taller man hesitated, just studying Jimin's face. Eventually, he responded, "If that's what you want to do, we will do that"

Jimin smiled shyly and gave a nod, putting his head back down on Jungkook's chest.

"Are you feeling better?"

The blond boy knew that it wouldn't be long until the other one was going to ask him to leave now, their little... lesson coming to an end for today soon. However, he really didn't want to get up right now, loving the feeling of being held so close by Jungkook, felt warm and safe in his embrace.

"Yes" The shorter boy nodded eventually as Jungkook stopped stroking his back and sat up, Jimin having to follow him. He gently pushed the small boy off of him and rolled him onto his back, placing a pillow beneath his head for him to rest on. He got up and reached for his phone, the older...
boy following his every move, curious about what he was going to do.

"Are you sure you are okay now?" Jungkook wanted to know as he glanced at the boy on his bed before fixating his gaze on his phone again, a slight sigh leaving his lips.

“Yes, I am. Thank you” The blond boy assured him and sat up, ruffling his own hair and rubbing over his tired eyes. It had been quite a long day and he was quite sleepy, especially after having such an intense orgasm. He just wanted to lay back down in Jungkook's bed and hide himself in the covers, nuzzling his face against the soft pillows and fall asleep with Jungkook's smell lingering in his nose.

However, he couldn't do that. Essentially, because it was part of their rules – Not staying over night. Jungkook must have decided on that rule for a reason and it was probably for the best. The small boy was brought back to reality quite swiftly.

“Sorry, but my father wants to call me. It's gonna be quite a long phone call. If you are sure you are fine, I have to ask you to leave now” The taller one let him know. It was the first time Jungkook had revealed something personal about him.

"Oh" Jimin muttered, "Sorry, yeah, I'm fine, I will leave of course." He assured quietly.

Jungkook seemed to have wanted to say something more, opening his mouth in the process, but closing it shortly after, clearing his throat. “Let's go downstairs then”

Jimin nodded as he got up, following the other male downstairs, not saying a word to each other. Why was he feeling like this so suddenly? Just moments ago he had felt incredible, euphoric and now... all of that was gone.

"Next time will need to be a little longer as it's your first time, so we should pick a day and a time where we both have quite a bit of free time."

"O-Okay, we can just text and decide on the perfect time”

Jungkook nodded as they arrived at his door, glancing at his phone again as Jimin reached for his shoes.

"Do I need to bring anything? Prepare anything?" The blond boy wanted to know as the other male walked over to his bag on the sofa, looking for something.

For a moment, Jungkook seemed to think, but then shook his head, glancing back at Jimin, "No, I will get everything."

"Okay" Jimin whispered and put on his shoes, tying them up.

“Here, take this” The black haired boy suddenly insisted and held his hand out, the smaller one getting back up.

“What's that for?” He asked confused, staring down at the money in Jungkook's hand.

“I called you a taxi” The bigger male responded and reached for Jimin's hand, turning it around and placing the money in his palm, “It's already downstairs”

When did he do that?

“N-No, Jungkook-ah, the bus is just-”
“Take it” He insisted and wrapped Jimin's fingers around the money, “It's late. You shouldn't take the bus this late and walk around, you're looking pretty tired, too”

Something warm was blooming in Jimin's chest again, making his heart jump weirdly. He couldn't define the feeling, but it made him swallow hard and dizzy.

“T-Thank you” He thanked the taller one quietly, voice shy but genuine.

"We will text about the perfect time to meet up then" Jungkook voiced, opening his door. Jimin gave a nod. "See you then."

"See you" The blond boy replied and waved, making his way outside the apartment.

The feeling in his chest didn't leave him.

Chapter End Notes

Hi! :)

This chapter is a little longer than the others so I hope you are fine with the next chapter taking a little more time, maybe three days :)

Furthermore, this is the last chapter with similar scenes from my previous, now deleted story 'Never Be The Same'. From now on, all the chapters will be completely new :)

Thank you so much again for your love on the last chaptes. I really appreciate all of your feedback. <3

What do you think about Jungkook standing up for Jimin? Do you think it is going to be difficult for Jimin to stick to the rules as he showed signs already that it is?
First Try

Chapter Summary

Jimin is ready for his first time. However, things don't really go as planned....

*Warning: This will include homophobia, mental/emotional abuse and manipulation. I did tag those things, but not from the beginning of the story so for anyone who hasn't seen it, this is just another warning. From now on those will be possibly mentioned in further chapters as well. I do not support these things.*

Chapter Notes

Hi! :)

Please read the warning in the summary of the chapter!

Thank you so much for the love on the previous chapters <3

Enjoy this one, it's a little longer again :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jimin reached for the book Taehyung was handing him, taking it in his own hand and placing it back on the shelf. “Did it hurt?” The shorter boy mumbled, not looking the taller boy into the eyes as he grabbed another book. Jimin's cheeks were heating up, but he had wanted to ask Tae for a while now.

“Huh?” Said man asked confused as he placed a book on the shelf, too.

“I mean, you know... your first time” The blond boy whispered, glancing around to make sure no one was listening or looking. Well, they had to be quiet anyway as they were in a library after all and Jimin did not want to get fired for violating one of the rules at his work place.

“Oooh” The boy said, mouth forming a circle. He smiled at the shorter boy, sympathy in his eyes, “Don't worry, I'm sure he will make sure you're ready. If you're scared though, just ask him to finger you open for-”

Taehyung hadn't finished his sentence as Jimin had slapped his arm with the book he was holding.

“Ouch, what was that for?” The boy asked pouting, rubbing at his arm.

“Ssshh!” Was heard loudly through the big room.

“Sorry” Taehyung whispered back at no one in particular, but rolled his eyes after, “Not like no one here talks” He muttered.
“Well, be quieter, though, or you will get me fired. Also, I don't want everyone to know what I'm gonna do soon” Jimin mumbled quietly, blush deepening.

“Rather what will be done to you” Taehyung said cheekily and winked at Jimin, earning just another slap on the arm, “Stop that” Tae whined and rubbed his arm again, trying to soothe the pain. “That's unfair because I can't fight back, you're too small and too cute to fight, would feel like I'm fighting a child”

The small boy opened his mouth, offended by Tae's words, but not really because – could you blame him? Jimin didn't really look intimidating in the slightest.

“Sorry” Taehyung apologised and held up his hands in defense, “I will be quieter now”

“Thanks” Jimin uttered under his breath as he placed another book on the shelf, thinking about what Tae had said, “So if he... if he does that well then it won't hurt?”

“Finger you?” The taller boy wanted to know and raised an eyebrow. Jimin gave a small nod, not locking eyes with the other male as he was embarrassed. He wished he was as confident and open as Taehyung who always shared every detail – sometimes too much for Jimin's liking, but still – without being ashamed, “Well, honestly, it will probably still hurt a bit or be uncomfortable at first, but just tell him to go slow and give you time then it's gonna be fine”

The shorter boy swallowed hard. He was actually really nervous and anxious about their next meet up. Surely, he really wanted to do it, but he couldn't help having these thoughts nonetheless. The blond haired boy had tried to tell himself that his first time wasn't that big of a deal, but he was still a bit scared. However, he thought that Jungkook would help and guide him through it, praying for him to be especially cautious and careful.

“Is his dick huge?” Taehyung wanted to know all of a sudden, Jimin coughing in surprise and widening his eyes. The brown haired boy snickered at the boy's expression, shaking his head, “Right, I just remembered what you told me about sucking him off, so he must be huge.”

“Taehyung, oh my god” Jimin breathed shocked and looked around again.

The taller boy rolled his eyes and brushed his brown hair out of his face. “What? That was a justified question”

Jimin bit down on his lip and turned away, continuing with his work.

“Don't worry” His friend uttered suddenly, tone softer. “It will be fine. He will take care of you and be gentle and if he isn't I will tell Yoongi hyung or Hoseok hyung to beat his ass”

Jimin giggled at that, locking eyes with his best friend again. “Do you think Hoseok hyung knows Jungkook even that well? I mean, Yoongi hyung does, but has Hoseok hyung mentioned anything?”

Taehyung cocked his head to the side, putting a finger on his chin. “I think I told you, didn't I? That they all know each other for a while now, like years back. I never actually asked how they met though. I mean, they do seem pretty close, no?” He shrugged his shoulders, reaching for another book to hand it to the smaller boy.

“But do you think Hoseok hyung and Jungkook-ah are very close?” Jimin voiced his thoughts and grabbed for the book, placing it on the shelf.

“I will ask Hoseok hyung next time” Taehyung stated and gave a nod, determined to find out.
“To beat Jungkook?” Jimin clarified and titled his head to the side.

“No, stupid, whether or not he is close with Jungkook. But whether he is or not and Jungkook hurts you during your first time, I will tell him to beat his ass- or, if he doesn't, I will beat his ass personally” The brown haired boy promised, clenching his hands into fists and pushing them together.

“Don’t” Jimin giggled and shook his head, “He won't hurt me. Well, not intentionally at that, I'm sure about that.”

“Alright.” Taehyung sighed and sat down on the floor. “I'm tired, let's go eat.”

“You have helped me for like ten minutes, only having sorted five books” The shorter boy whispered loudly.

“Yes, and that's very exhausting” Tae let out a breath and yawned. “Also, Hoseok hyung and I texted the whole last night and it got a little steamy so I had to masturbate and I came so fucking-”

He didn't finish his sentence as he had to dodge Jimin's hand that had tried to slap his arm again.

“I said stop that” Taehyung whined and huffed.

“Then stop with what you are doing, too”

“Oh, just wait until Jungkook fucks your brain out, you won't shut up about that I can already tell”

Jimin narrowed his eyes and looked at his friend madly – well, he tried to. To Taehyung Jimin just looked like a small kitten attempting to look intimidating and failing miserably. His fists were clenched and lips were pouting, he looked way too cute.

The shorter boy seemed to realise that, too, as both boys started chuckling right after, bodies falling over.

“Sssshh!” Was heard loudly throughout the room again, both males shutting up immediately, looking at each other with humour in their eyes.

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Where are you? – Jungkook

The blond boy sat down cross-legged on the floor as he read over the message, wiping away the sweat that was trailing down his face.

Practicing. - Jimin

The small male grabbed his towel and wiped it over his face to get rid of the sweat, ruffling his hair after. Honestly, he hadn't even practiced for that long yet, but it was very hot today and he had barely slept so everything was just exhausting him way more than usual.

I wanted to ask whether or not you wanted to meet today? I was able to make some arrangements in my schedule so I am free tonight. - Jungkook

Jimin swallowed hard, looking up and watching himself in the mirror. Without a warning, his heartbeat quickened. Frankly, the blond boy had been nervous yet anticipant when thinking about their next meet up, but they had decided to do it tomorrow. He had not expected it to be today. The spontaneous suggestion made his stomach twist.
It's fine if you want it to be tomorrow, though. - Jungkook

If Jimin was being honest, he wanted nothing more than to go home and finally get that sleep that he had been missing the last days. It's not that he hadn't tried, though. The poor boy had tossed and turned in his bed for the last two days, thoughts not quieting down inside of his head. His soon to happen first time was invading all of his thoughts and it held him back from falling asleep. Moreover, he had not eaten much today, craving that cup of instant noodles that was awaiting him at home – even if it wasn't the most exquisite meal, he really loved the taste of it.

However, the thought of meeting Jungkook again and to do that thing overweight his sleepiness, a new wave of energy blossoming inside of him.

Sure. What time? - Jimin

8pm, at mine? - Jungkook

I will be there. - Jimin

See you later then. - Jungkook

The small boy had already gotten up and packed his stuff, ready to leave. He had to go home quickly as it was already 6pm and he had to take a shower, shave and change into some new and clean clothes. There was no time to be wasted so the blond boy hurried up and exited the practice room swiftly.

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As Jimin entered the apartment, he felt his stomach twist. He was extremely nervous, had not been able to sleep nor eat that day at all because his anxiety had gotten the best of him. The smaller boy tried to maintain a brave face, tried not to let his anxiety take over but that wasn't as easy as he had hoped.

“Hello” Jungkook welcomed him and shut the door close, glancing at Jimin. They locked eyes and the shorter boy let out a breathy whimper at the mere sight of the handsome man he was going to have sex with in just some moments.

This seemed unreal. Was he ready? Jimin didn't know if we was, but he wanted it all the same.

The taller man got closer to him, grabbing the bag that Jimin was still clinging on to, lost in his thoughts. “Jimin-ssi” Jungkook whispered and the blond boy snapped out of it, shaking his head and glancing at the younger man.

“Hello” He stuttered and cleared his throat, voice raspy from not having said much today. Jimin's eyes were puffed and red from having been up all night. He had tossed and moved around in his bed the previous night, desperately trying to find some sleep that did not welcome him. As if on cue, the smaller boy yawned and put his hand in front of his mouth.

While placing Jimin's bag on the sofa, the taller boy arched up an eyebrow, staring at the other male intently. “Tired?” He asked and crossed his arms over his chest.

“N-No” Jimin lied and bit down on his lip, taking his shoes off and then walking past Jungkook and over to the big windows where he looked outside.

“Jimin-ssi”
The smaller boy sighed and pouted. “Well, okay, yes” He admitted quietly and took a glimpse at Jungkook who was still staring at him with strong eyes. “I couldn't sleep” Jimin mumbled and went over to the sofa where he sat down.

“Excited?” The other male wanted to know.

“Y-Yeah” Jimin breathed, “But also nervous” He continued, voice quieter, barely able for Jungkook to register.

There was silence for a moment as Jungkook was just glancing at the smaller boy, studying his features. “Don't be” He uttered eventually, tone softer, “I will be careful”

“It's not that, really” Jimin murmured, but Jungkook didn't hear him as his voice had been too quiet for him to understand this time.

“So you want to go upstairs then?”

Taking a deep breath, the smaller one nodded, hiding his sweaty palms in his long sleeves as he followed the other male upstairs into his bedroom. A smell of freshness and something Jimin could only describe as Jungkook filled his nostrils, making him dizzy. He loved the scent of the other male, it lingered in his nose even long after he was gone.

“I think it's time to introduce you to something. Maybe I should have done it sooner, but I thought I should wait until you have become a bit familiar with sex.” The taller man suddenly explained, Jimin looking up at him again, “A safeword”

“Safeword?” The confused boy echoed and cocked his head to the side.

Jungkook gave a nod as he wet his lips, Jimin's eyes following the movement. The smaller boy swallowed hard and tugged at his sleeves so his petite hands were hidden beneath as he took a seat on the edge of the bed.

“Whenever we do anything at all and you don't feel comfortable or you want to stop, take a break, whatever it is, you can use that and we will stop immediately with whatever it is that you don't like”

Jimin puffed up his cheeks, processing what Jungkook had explained to him. That was something very useful, would actually cause him to feel more comfortable, knowing that he could stop whenever it was too much for him or he didn't feel well.

“What if we are... I mean, what if we are having sex and you are close and I want to stop?” Jimin whispered, averting his gaze.

“You just use the word and we stop” Jungkook immediately answered, voice sure.

“Even if you're close to coming?”

Jungkook furrowed his brows. “Of course, Jimin-ssi. Whatever it is, whenever. You say the word and I will stop with whatever we are doing, understood?”

“D-Do you have one, too?” Jimin wanted to know and locked eyes with the younger again. His voice was soft and unsure.

The taller boy just looked at him for a moment, slight smile creeping up on his face, but leaving as soon as it had appeared. There was something in his eyes left, though, that Jimin thought to be fondness, but maybe that was just his subconscious' wishing. “Well, I usually use the traffic system
with people. Red for stop. Yellow for pause or slow down. Green for continue, keep going.”
Jungkook informed him, “But I don't really use them myself. I will ask you though whenever I feel
there might be something that could bother you or make you feel uncomfortable and when I feel like
you wouldn't speak up, but you are free to use them on your own whenever you need to.”

“Red, yellow, green” Jimin recited and nodded everytime he said a word, “That's easy to remember”
He smiled slightly, “But why not just 'stop'?”

“Well, sometimes people say stop during a, well, scene, but they are just using it in a playful manner
in that moment and don't actually mean it, but if they say red that's the cue to stop immediately. I will
respect that and stop right away, making sure you feel comfortable again.”

Processing the information, even though he still didn't really know what he meant by scene, Jimin
gave a slight nod, narrowing his eyes. Why would someone say stop and not mean it? Then again,
sometimes Jimin said stuff that he didn't really mean, either. And when he thought about it, the past
times he had been aroused, it had been difficult for him to think straight.

“Is that okay?” Jungkook asked, interrupting the shorter boy's thoughts.

Jimin nodded. “Yes” He assured the other male and gave a small smile.

“Good”

They both just looked at each other for a moment, Jimin squirming in his seat at the intense stare of
the younger.

“Have you changed your mind about what you want to do today?” Jungkook asked, voice quieter.

The older boy bit down on his lip and looked up, eyes big as he shook his head, “No, I-I still want it”

Jungkook walked over to the curtains, closing them.

Jimin's stomach dropped. For a moment he had forgotten what was going to happen, having been so
lost in the conversation with Jungkook. Now everything came back crashing down, reality slapping
him in the face. Anticipation rose in Jimin, but so did his anxiety.

All of a sudden, he felt a warm hand softly touch his cheek. The smaller boy jerked at the contact as
he had not noticed Jungkook moving over to him, having been lost in his thoughts again. He looked
up at Jungkook and swallowed hard, the other male rubbing his cheek slowly with his thumb. “Take
a deep breath again for me, Jimin-ssi” Jungkook insisted and Jimin did as he was told.

He felt his chest rise and fall, concentrating on that and the feeling of Jungkook rubbing his cheek
gently. The only thing he listened to was Jungkook who was telling him in a quiet and soft voice to
breathe, over and over again. The smaller boy felt himself relax, being calmed down by the younger
boy. Jimin was grateful that Jungkook didn't push him and was not annoyed by his nervousness,
shyness or anxiety. He was actually kind, helpful and supportive. The thing that surprised Jimin was
not only how good Jungkook was handling him, but that it actually worked. He seemed to know
how to react to Jimin's nervousness and anxiety. That made Jimin feel safe and he was grateful for
that.

“Better?” The taller one uttered as Jimin opened his eyes again, locking them with the other male's.
He gave a small nod and smiled, nuzzling against the touch of Jungkook's hand.

“Thank you”
The black haired boy straightened his back. “Lie back down” He instructed and Jimin fell back on his back, not leaving Jungkook's eyes.

The taller man got on top of him, placing his hands next to Jimin's head. Slowly, he leaned down, moving closer to Jimin's lips. The smaller boy's eyes fluttered shut, a soft breath leaving his full lips.

There it was again. The anticipation. Jungkook just lingered above his lips, not quite touching, yet enough for Jimin to crave more. The smaller boy whined high in his throat, Jungkook smiling against him as he pressed his lips on Jimin's.

The older male let out a sigh at the contact, wrapping his hands around Jungkook's neck and having the courage to pull him closer. Their lips moved against each other, tongues meeting in the middle. The wet sounds of their kisses and their little breaths filled the room, both boys deepening the kiss.

Jungkook moved one of his hands down to Jimin's side, rubbing it slowly. The smaller boy let out a whimper as Jungkook started trailing kisses down his neck, Jimin stretching his neck for Jungkook to have better access.

“It's gone already, your hickey” The younger one murmured, voice huskier.

“G-Give me another one” Jimin breathed out, biting down on his lip as Jungkook started sucking on his skin immediately, right on the same spot his previous hickey had existed. It had only taken three days for it to be fully gone, Jimin being a bit bummed out about how quickly it had disappeared. He didn't know why, but he liked the feeling of having a mark by Jungkook on him. It didn't even need to be visible for others, just for Jimin to know and see that there was. He had wanted to suppress the urge of asking Jungkook to give him another one, but - well, that didn't work out so well now, did it?

The shorter boy whined loudly as Jungkook licked over his work on Jimin's skin, seemingly satisfied with his creation. Jimin wondered if the hickey he had placed on Jungkook was still there, doubting it as the taller male had sucked way harder on Jimin's skin than he had.

Jimin quickly found Jungkook's lips again, capturing them in a kiss. The younger boy slowly grabbed the hem of Jimin's long sleeved shirt, carefully starting to pull it up causing the shorter male to gasp and break the kiss, suddenly feeling scared again.

“Too early?” Jungkook asked, genuine concern in his eyes. It was at times like this, where Jungkook showed genuine emotions, other than his neutral or serious expression, that Jimin felt warmth run through his body. He was grateful for Jungkook's concern, knowing he didn't have to do that.

“I-It's okay” The blond boy muttered, swallowing hard as he sat up a bit, making it easier for Jungkook to pull his shirt off.

As it was off and thrown on the floor by Jungkook, Jimin fell back down on his back, hair falling on his forehead.

Jungkook just stared at Jimin. The smaller boy wasn't as muscular as Jungkook, but he was fit, slight image of abs visible – well, Jimin was a dancer after all, so he didn't especially work out to have abs, but they just developed through his passion of dance.

Then, Jungkook traced his hand over Jimin's stomach slowly, causing the older boy to arch his back and let out a small breath, goosebumps rising on his skin.

“Y-You too” Jimin requested, voice soft and shy.

The taller one spread Jimin's legs and kneeled inbetween them, slowly starting to button down his
shirt. The shorter boy swallowed hard and tried not to moan at the sight of Jungkook. As he reached the last button and his shirt fell open completely, Jimin couldn’t help himself as a small whimper escaped his lips.

A greek god. That’s the only way Jimin could describe Jungkook when the boy threw his shirt on the floor, revealing his upper body: defined abs, v line, strong muscular arms – gosh, he must be immensely strong, Jimin thought – and broad shoulders. Jimin felt even smaller, petite body laying beneath Jungkook’s. Well, Jimin did have abs, too, even if they weren’t as defined as Jungkook’s. He was fit, just not as buff.

“Oh my god... a greek god” The smaller boy breathed out, not even noticing of having said that out loud. It was only when Jungkook smirked down at him that he realised of actually having done it, cheeks heating up and hands moving up to cover his face.

The taller man chuckled, the sound warming Jimin deep within, and grabbed Jimin's wrists, pulling them down again. “You are the one talking” Jungkook muttered, voice soft, and brushed Jimin’s hair out of his face slowly. Jimin didn’t know what he meant by that but before he could ask the other male, said boy pressed his lips on Jimin’s once again.

As they continued to kiss, Jungkook opened Jimin’s jeans, pulling down the zipper slowly. “Hips up” He ordered between kisses and Jimin did what he was told. The taller boy tugged on his trousers until they were off, letting them drop on the floor. He grabbed Jimin by the hips and pushed him up with ease so the shorter boy was closer to the headboard, able to lie his head down on some pillows.

Their lips were attached on one another quickly again, Jungkook now getting rid of his own trousers and throwing them somewhere behind them on the floor. Their was a visible tent in Jimin’s underwear, Jungkook could also feel it against his thigh. Slowly, he started to grind down against Jimin resulting in the older boy letting out little pants and whimpers.

“Ah, J-Jungkook-ah” He mewled and bit down on his lip, eyes fluttering shut.

“I’m gonna take them off now, alright?” The younger boy let him know and locked eyes with him again, ensuring that Jimin had no protest.

Said male took a deep breath and nodded, Jungkook pulling off his briefs and dropping them on the floor behind them.

The taller man just remained like that, kneeling inbetween Jimin’s legs and looking down on him. It was the first time he was seeing the smaller boy completely naked and he was – a vision. Hair lying perfectly on top of his head - some streaks falling into his face, full pink lips parted - leaving out little pants as he was trying to catch his breath from kissing so much, chest rising and falling quickly, hands clenched into little fists, legs spread wide open – revealing his pretty dick and the bottom of his butt, his skin pale and soft as Jungkook ran his hand over Jimin's inner thigh, goosebumps immediately rising, the boy letting out a moan. Jungkook swallowed hard, taking the sight in.

“Pretty” He whispered, voice soft and earnest as he traced his fingertips over Jimin's inner thigh, the boy jerking at the touch and whining high in his throat.

“T-Thank you” Jimin breathed out.

The black haired man licked his lips as he caressed the soft skin of the smaller male. He was completely shaved, everywhere, and his skin smelled like vanilla and strawberry. Jungkook shut his eyes close as he placed a small kiss on Jimin's inner thigh, said boy twitching at the contact.
The other male parted his lips and let out tiny breaths, hands gripping the sheets he was lying on top of the closer Jungkook moved to his penis. The taller boy placed open mouthed kisses on his skin, moving closer and closer to where Jimin needed him the most. Suddenly, Jungkook sucked hard on his skin causing Jimin to gasp and draw his legs together, trying to close them due to the shock and the pain, but Jungkook grabbed his thighs and spread them wide open again, continuing to suck a mark on Jimin's skin.

“A-Ah! J-Jungkook-ah!” Jimin cried out and arched his back, penis twitching as Jungkook licked over his skin, soothing the pain.

Then, the taller man straightened his back again, eying his creation on the soft skin. Satisfied, he traced his thumb over it slowly, loving the way the red mark was a contrast to the pale skin.

“Jungkook... Jungkook” The shy boy whispered, grabby hands reaching out for Jungkook, “Please”

With fondness in his eyes – which Jimin was sure to seeing this time – he leaned down and pressed a small peck on the pink lips of the other male.

“Jimin-ah, I will stretch you open now, okay? I assume you have never done this?” Jungkook informed him, voice soft but sure as he reached for something in the top drawer of the nightstand.

The smaller boy shook his head, “No, never” He confirmed, cheeks heating up at the thought of Jungkook doing this to him.

“Okay, it will feel weird, maybe even hurt a little, but I will stretch you open carefully and slowly” The man assured him and opened the thing he had just grabbed, “I won't be able to fuck you without stretching you open first and I don't want to hurt you. This is lube, that makes it easier and less painful to stretch and fuck you” Jungkook explained and revealed to him what he was holding in his hand.

Jimin was so aroused already, it took a while for him to contemplate what the other male informed him about, but eventually he gave a small nod and cleared his throat, “I trust you” the shy boy whispered honestly, voice gentle.

The blond boy really did. He didn't just say it like that. Frankly, there had already been some kind of trusting bond between them from the get go. The more they saw each other and got intimate, the more established and stronger the bond became. Essentially, well, Jimin didn't really know how it came to this point. He just knew that Jungkook hadn't done anything so far to break his trust, but has been rather careful and caring when it came to their intimate moments. Honestly, he just had that effect on Jimin for god knows what reason. He had something about him that made the smaller boy trust him and let him do whatever he wants, drawing him in and making him long and crave for more.

The taller boy studied his features and then he nodded, sitting down on his knees. “Do you want to stay lying on your back? I think it would be easier for you to lie on your stomach, ass up in the air.”

The blond haired boy considered for a moment. He didn't know which position would be more comfortable and make all of this easier, but eventually he decided to follow Jungkook's recommendation and rolled over on his stomach.

“Fuck” He heard Jungkook breathe out and looked back over his shoulder, curiosity in his eyes. The younger boy was glancing at his butt, hand reaching out and tracing over it with the tips of his fingers, causing goosebumps to rise on his skin. Jimin let out a soft breath and bit down on his lip, head falling back down on the pillows.
“Give me a pillow” Confused, Jimin reached for a pillow next to him and held it out to Jungkook who took it and grabbed Jimin by the hips with his other hand, “Hips up”

The boy obeyed even if he was perplexed and lifted his hips, Jungkook placing the pillow beneath him.

“You will be quite overwhelmed by everything so it's gonna be difficult to stay on your knees for that long. This will be more comfortable” Jungkook reasoned as Jimin put his hips down again, penis touching the soft pillow.

The friction caused Jimin to let out a small moan and he rocked his hips against the pillow, clenching his hands into fists as his eyes fluttered shut, “Sssh, stop, Jiminie”

Jimin whined high in his throat at the way Jungkook called him, halting his hips immediatley.

Jungkook had said his name in an informal way before – which could be considered disrespectful – but frankly, Jimin did not care about that at all. In fact, it actually had an effect on him. The shorter boy couldn't really define what it was exactly, he just knew that it was a positive effect. Hence, he didn't mind being referred to informally by Jungkook.

“Deep breath for me” The boy insisted as his left hand gripped Jimin's buttheek carefully. He pushed it to the side, revealing Jimin's clean shaved pink hole that seemed extremely tight.

“Shit” He cursed in awe and let go of Jimin's butt, squirting some lube on the index finger of his right hand, “Jimin-ssi, can you hold yourself open for me? Do you think you can do that?” Jungkook asked, leaning over Jimin and whispering right in his ear.

“I-I will try” The shorter man murmured, voice small and unsure. His eyes fluttered shut when Jungkook placed a small kiss on his shoulder, getting back into his previous position behind the other male. He was sitting in between Jimin's legs that were parted, but Jimin's butt was big and round, hiding his small hole.

The petite boy grabbed his buttcheeks and parted them, revealing his pink hole once more. “Like t-this?” He asked and placed his cheek on the pillow, breathing becoming more difficult the closer they got to the big moment. Jimin's cheeks were flushed and his head was spinning again. He was aroused, but also so anxious and nervous.

“Perfect” Jungkook praised and rubbed his fingers against one another to warm the lube on them, as to not make it even more uncomfortable for the poor boy, “Ready?”

Jimin bit down on his lip and took a deep breath. It was going to happen. Right now. Well, almost.

“Y-Yes” He murmured.

“Remember the safeword?”

Jimin hesitated, but Jungkook gave him time to think.

“R-Red, yellow, green” He recited eventually.

“Good”

Suddenly, he felt something touch him right on his entrance. The poor boy gasped and squeezed his eyes shut, waiting for Jungkook's finger to enter him. “Colour?” He wanted to know as he started circling Jimin's rim with his finger.
“Green” Jimin responded and then he screamed when Jungkook’s finger entered him.

“A-ah, Jungkook-ah!” He whimpered and bit into the pillow, hands clenching into fists next to his small body.

“Sssh, I know, I know” Jungkook tried to soothe as he pushed his finger in deeper causing Jimin to whine high in his throat and move away from the touch, eyes falling shut.

“It hurts” The older boy whined and screamed again when Jungkook pulled his finger out and pushed it right back inside.

“Does it hurt so bad that you want to stop?” Jungkook wanted to know, movement halting.

The smaller boy parted his lips, trying to catch his breath. He didn't even realise that he had gripped a pillow and was clinging onto it now, face pressed into another pillow and letting out little mewls and whimpers.

“N-No, keep going” Jimin was determined. At this point, he didn't know what the fuss about sex was about. This did not feel as good as people made it out to be, the poor boy thought. This was not something that felt amazing or something to look forward, too. However, Jimin also knew that this was his first time and that he must be incredibly tight. It will take some time for him to be stretched out and for it to feel good.

“Why don’t you play with your cock a little bit, hmm?” Jungkook suggested as he started moving his finger again, “That will distract you from this feeling. Once this starts to feel better and comfortable again, you can stop”

Jimin nodded, letting go of his buttcheek that he had been holding with his right hand and wrapping his tiny hand around his penis that had become softer again. Slowly, he started tugging on it as Jungkook grasped his right buttcheek now to hold him open and continued to stretch him open.

As time went by, it didn't hurt anymore. It still felt weird, but Jungkook could move his finger around without Jimin feeling any kind of pain. Actually, it started to feel good after a while. The way Jungkook moved his finger against his walls, circling his rim when he pulled the finger out, Jimin found himself moaning.

“There you go” The black haired boy muttered and rubbed over Jimin's buttcheek that he was holding, “Feels better?”

The smaller boy nodded quickly as he let out another breathy moan.

“I'm gonna put another finger inside, okay?”

Jimin nuzzled his face against the pillow and hummed. The taller boy stared at the other male for a moment: flushed cheeks, pupils blown wide, hair messy on top of his head, pretty full lips parted. He looked so fucked out already and Jungkook hadn't even really started yet.

The man couldn't take his eyes off of Jimin when he entered another finger alongside the one that was already penetrating him. His face scrunched up in discomfort, but was quickly replaced by pleasure as he let out a high whimper, gripping the bedsheets beneath him.

“Aaah! Oh my god” Jimin cried out and his eyes fluttered shut at the intensity of the feeling. He felt so full, with only two fingers of Jungkook being inside of him. How was his whole penis supposed to fit inside of him?
Slight panic arose in Jimin as he bit his lip. It was quickly forgotten when Jungkook hit something inside of him that caused Jimin to jump and let out a high pitched moan.

“O-Oh my god, what was that?” He cried out and his eyes rolled back, clinging on to the pillow again. The feeling was intense, drawing out breathy loud whines and whimpers from Jimin.

“There it is” Jungkook voiced, “This is your prostate” He informed him and as if to prove a point, he pushed against it hard on purpose causing Jimin's body to twitch and make him scream high pitched again.

“Jungkook-aaaah!” Jimin mewled and felt himself drool all over himself, “Feels sooo good”

“Yeah?” The taller man breathed out and fucked him harder with his fingers, scissoring them slightly to stretch him further open, “Will feel even better with my dick pressed deep inside of you”

Jimin whimpered at the promise, anticipation and arousal rising in his body. His head felt dizzy. There was nothing else he could think about except Jungkook, Jungkook, Jungkook. The black haired boy was lingering in and demanding all of his senses.

“K-Kiss” Jimin pleaded, voice soft and hoarse from the screaming.

“I'm gonna push another one inside of you, yeah?” Jungkook whispered and leaned over Jimin, attaching his lips with the smaller boy’s ones as he gave him a nod. Carefully, he pulled the third finger inside of the shorter boy who gasped inbetween their kiss, making it possible for Jungkook to slip his tongue inside of his mouth.

They kissed as Jungkook kept stretching him open, only breaking apart as Jimin's neck started to ache due to the position. Gently, he pressed his forehead against Jungkook’s, capturing his lips in one last peck before his head fell back down on the pillows.

The taller boy got back into his previous position and pressed right against Jimin's prostate, fingers staying right there, only moving in slight firm circle motions.

Jimin was going to pass out. That's what he thought when the intense feeling overwhelmed him. He felt too sensitive, everything was way too much, yet just not quite enough. His screams were muffled by the pillows and he gripped the sheets harder, knuckles starting to turn white as Jungkook had no mercy on his prostate and kept pushing and rubbing firmly against it.

“Stop!” Jimin screamed, body shaking due to the intense feeling, “Please, I'm gonna come, stop, Jungkook-ah”

Not wanting the smaller boy to come just yet, he pulled his fingers out slowly, wet sounds and Jimin's breathy whines filling the room. His hole was shining with lube, wider than before, and suddenly Jimin felt extremely empty. It was weird. At first he didn't like the feeling of having something inside of him, scared of not being able to fit anything more inside. But now he didn't like the feeling of being empty, wanting to be filled again. He must have gone crazy. The arousal and anxiety must have messed with his head. That was the only explanation, Jimin thought.

“Feels good now, doesn't it? You are very responsive, Jimin-ah. I bet I could make you come without touching your dick, just by playing with your little hole” Jungkook said, tone low and sure.

Jimin blushed, stomach twisting at his words and penis twitching. If Jungkook was going to keep talking like this to him, Jimin wasn't sure if he could hold back his orgasm. It was scary what kind of effect Jungkook had on him. Simple words, stares or touches driving the poor boy wild already.
His body was shaking from the stimulation and sensitivity, small breaths leaving his lips as Jungkook caressed his buttcheeks.

“I will enter you now. Is that okay?” Jungkook wanted to know and the shorter boy heard rustling behind him, presumably Jungkook who took of his briefs.

His heart was beating fast in his chest. He was ready. He really wanted this.

“Y-Yes” Jimin assured him.

“Can you get up on your knees, baby?”

A tiny breath left his lips at the pet name as he got up on his knees, butt up in the air and head staying down on the pillows.

“Like this?”

“Perfect”

Jimin heard something being teared open which he assumed was a condom. His own penis was just hanging in the air, hurting from being stimulated for so long, but still having not found any release. This was going to change fairly soon. Honestly, Jimin was right on the edge, he didn't know how much longer he could suppress the feeling.

The smaller boy felt Jungkook move behind him, his penis being guided and pressed against his entrance. He sucked in a breath and bit down on his lip, gripping the sheets again tightly. Anxiously, he closed his eyes and tried to get ready for the pain.

“Keep taking deep breaths for me, okay?” Jungkook insisted as he pushed the head inside slowly, Jimin whining high in his throat and gripping the sheets even harder, knuckles turning white, “Fuck” Jungkook cursed and grabbed Jimin's hips, “You're so fucking tight, Jiminnie, shit”

It did hurt, but not as bad as he had imagine. Well, that was until Jungkook pushed in deeper, Jimin letting out a silent scream and hiding his face in the pillow. The taller boy halted and gave him time to adjust to the feeling, waiting for Jimin to give him the okay to move deeper.

“O-Okay” The boy said after a while, Jungkook moving deeper carefully again. It wasn't easy for Jungkook to contain himself, the tightness of Jimin's hole feeling heavenly. He had the urge to just fuck into the smaller boy hard, but he didn't want to hurt Jimin, thus maintaining a slow and steady pace.

Once he was finally inside of Jimin wholly, he was gripping his hips so hard he was sure there were going to be bruises left. Jimin was breathing heavy against the pillow, hands still clenched into the bedsheets. His face was hidden in the pillow, body shaking from the stimulation and discomfort.

“Colour?” The taller boy was a bit concerned as Jimin had become fairly quiet, only letting out small breaths rather than his cute little whimpers and whines.

Jimin didn't say anything for a moment, trying to adjust to the feeling of Jungkook's penis being inside of him completely. He felt so full, stretched out and for a second he had thought Jungkook was going to tear his hole apart which – of course – didn't happen. It was slightly painful, but honestly it just felt uncomfortable. However, Jungkook had pushed himself perfectly inside of him, pressing right against his prostate.

“G-Green” He finally replied and moved his head to the side, making it easier to breathe properly.
“Can I move?”

“Go on” Jimin nodded.

The younger boy pulled out of him carefully and trusted back into him slowly but with force. Jimin fell forward a bit, a moan leaving his lips. Jungkook repeated his action, making Jimin whine and bite his lip.

“F-Feels good”

“Yeah? Do you feel full?”

“Mhm” Jimin hummed and bit into the pillow at the force of Jungkook's trust, body rocking forward, “So full. You're so big” He continued, voice soft but hoarse.

“Gosh, Jimin-ah, you're so fucking tight around me” Jungkook groaned and Jimin's chest swelled up in pride, having Jungkook groan and let out little grunts with each trust made him proud. It was all because of him. He was the one making Jungkook feel this good.

The shorter boy clenched around his penis, Jungkook cursing and gripping his hips harder.

“Fuck, baby, so damn tight for me”

The younger boy quickened his pace, the sound of skin slapping on skin echoing in the room as well as Jimin's high pitched moans and Jungkook's groans. The smaller male moved back and forth with the force of Jungkook's trusts, loving the way he pressed against his prostate in the perfect way. He could feel himself getting closer, was sure that he wasn't gonna last much longer.

Eyes pressed shut tightly, he wet his lips. This was actually happening. Jimin was having his first time. Jimin was having sex. He was having sex and it felt good, he was enjoying it – the opposite to what his father had taught him.

Suddenly, Jimin's memories came crashing down, hitting him like a truck...

“Fucking disgusting f***” Jimin heard his father curse as he looked at two men holding hands, walking past them.

The small boy stared up at his father with big eyes, confusion running through them, “What is that, appa?”

His father looked down at him, still disgusted by the way those two men had been holding hands, “People that will go to hell” His father simply said, grabbing Jimin's arm and dragging him home...

Jimin had a friend over, both boys sitting on the floor in Jimin's room and playing with his toy cars. Suddenly, his friend twisted his own hand, trying to show Jimin an impressive move with two of his cars.

“Ouch” He cried out and let both toys fall down on the floor.

“Are you okay?” Jimin voiced out concerned and reached for his friend's hand, “I can make it better” The young boy assured him and blew onto his injury, thinking it would fly away like that, “My eomma always did this when I hurt myself” Jimin explained and the other boy smiled grateful.
“Thank you” He responded happily and grinned, pain already forgotten again.

Jimin placed a kiss in his friend's wrist, the way his mother had always done in a soothing and affectionate manner. All of a sudden, the door burst open, Jimin's father stumbling inside.

His eyes went wide when he saw his son being affectionate towards another boy, storming over to the pair and picking Jimin up by the arm. “Don't do that” He warned, “Boys don't touch other boys like this, do you understand?” His voice was loud and firm, Jimin only being able to nod.

“Who needs sex? You don't need that ever, understand? No one needs that. People go to hell for that” His father slurred and took another sip of his beer, already so drunk but not stopping, “Don't ever do that, Jim. You don't want to go to hell, now, do you?”

Jimin shook his head, not wanting to anger his father and really, he didn't want to go to hell. Then again, he didn't even know what his father was talking about. Too young to understand any of it, but it would leave a scar on the small boy, haunting him even years later....

Jimin hadn't realised that he had started crying. It was only when he felt the wetness on the pillow, his vision being blurry and his lower lip wobbling that he noticed it.

He didn't even really know why he was crying. Was it because of his memories? His father? Couldn't be the sole and only reason... Was the sex too intense? His lack of sleep? Maybe, he should have slept more last night – or at all. The fact is, he really didn't know why he was crying. Everything just seemed to be too much.

The taller boy didn't notice any of it, kept fucking into Jimin in a fast pace, chasing both of their orgasms. The shorter boy's body had become slack. He was only moving due to the force of the thrusts, having completely zero resistance. The crying boy was just lying there, taking it.

His body was shaking, not due to the stimulation but due to his crying. He was full on sobbing at this point, not able to contain his cries anymore. The smaller boy couldn't stop. The mental imagine of his father and his childhood that had scarred him haunting him in this exact moment.

The shorter boy grabbed the pillow and hugged it tightly to his chest, clinging on to it and wailing loudly.

Suddenly, Jungkook halted.

“Jimin-ssi” He called out, voice out of breath.

Jimin didn't answer.

“Jimin-ah, tell me your colour”

Still no answer, just loud and paining cries.

“Jimin-ah” His voice had gotten louder, worried. Eventually, he pulled out of Jimin and turned the boy on his back, revealing his tear drenched face and his uncontrollably rising and falling chest – the poor boy couldn't breathe properly due to his heavy crying. The image made something in Jungkook’s chest pang, concern blooming, “Baby, listen to me”
He leaned over the crying boy, trying to get his attention. They locked eyes, but it was as if Jimin wasn't present – at least not mentally.

“Hey, baby, can you hear me? Did I hurt you? What is wrong?” The taller boy uttered quietly, tone soft as he caressed the shorter boy's cheek, wiping away his tears.

Jimin trying to speak, really wanted to say that it wasn't Jungkook's fault, but only more cries left his lips, the smaller boy rolling onto his side into a ball, hugging his legs closely.

“Jimin-ah, please, tell me, what is wrong? Take a deep breath for me, come on. What did I do? Tell me how I can fix it, I will do whatever” Jungkook's tone was soft and he seemed so concerned and... and scared? Jimin didn't know what it was, but he knew that he didn't want Jungkook to feel like this – especially not because of him.

However, Jimin was having a panic attack and he couldn't stop himself, couldn't fix this just because he wanted to.

Suddenly, Jungkook got up from the bed, placed one hand beneath Jimin's knee and the other under his back, lifting the crying boy up with ease. Jimin clung to his chest immediately, hiding his face on his skin. He didn't know where they were going, only realised it once he heard water being turned on.

“Jimin-ah, I'm gonna pull you under the shower now, okay? This will be cold, but I need you to breathe, you are not breathing properly right now.”

Then, cold water hit him as Jungkook stepped under the shower with Jimin still being held in his arms. The crying boy gasped for air at the shock, air finally filling his lungs again. He was placed down on his feet, knees wobbly. That's why Jungkook was holding him up, hugging him tight against his chest and standing right under the cold water with him.

Carefully, the taller boy brushed the hair out of Jimin's face and made sure he was getting enough air. The water was extremely cold, but Jimin only cared about being able to breathe again. He was still sobbing a bit and started hiccupping, but at least he wasn't full on crying anymore.

They just stood there together, Jimin didn't know how long, just tried to concentrate on the feeling of air filling his lungs and Jungkook's strong arms holding him close.

Eventually, the cold water was too much for the smaller boy, pushing against Jungkook to signal that he wanted to get out. The younger boy turned the shower off and lifted Jimin up again, carrying him outside the shower and grabbing a towel that way lying on the counter. He pulled the towel around Jimin, placing the boy on the floor to dry him.

His chest was still falling and rising quickly, hiccups not seeming to stop, but he felt better. Better than just moments ago.

When Jungkook had finished drying him, he picked up the small boy again and carried him back into the room. He pulled the blanket back and placed Jimin softly down on the bed. The blond boy looked up at him with big apologetic eyes, trying to make him understand how grateful he was and that he was sorry that Jungkook just had to see and experience that.

The taller boy placed a small kiss on his temple, his own body still wet. He tugged Jimin into bed and went back into the bathroom to dry himself.

Jimin didn't like being alone, thoughts beginning to creep back up. He gripped the duvet tightly, almost wanting to call out for Jungkook to come back. As if on cue, said boy walked back into the
The smaller boy pulled the duvet to the side, wanting him to get into the bed, too. Jungkook hesitated for a moment, but as he studied Jimin's face, he moved into the bed next to him, pulling him close to his chest.

Jimin almost wanted to cry at the touch. The softness of it, the warmth that was radiating from him even though he had just been standing beneath a cold shower, Jimin felt safe in his embrace. He didn't want to leave.

“Do you want to talk about what just happened?”

The smaller boy swallowed hard, quickly shaking his head. He was definitely, evidently not ready for that.

“Okay” Jungkook respected and started stroking his hair slowly and gently. “Did I hurt you?”

“No!” The smaller boy quickly protested, voice sounding foreign and hoarse as he had screamed and cried so much. Maybe everything had just been too much. Jimin had not properly slept the previous two nights, nor had he eaten anything at all for the past 30 hours, the memories that had haunted him again and the intense feeling of pleasure and excitement during sex – all of this combined had just overwhelmed the poor boy too much, eventually causing him to break down, “You didn't do anything wrong” The boy assured him and placed his hands over Jungkook's. “Can you just.” His voice broke, “Can you just hold me tight, please” He whispered.

A kiss was placed on his shoulder as Jungkook pulled him even closer, Jimin being able to feel his steady heartbeat. It was soothing – all of this was.

Jimin felt his eyes become heavier. The exhaustion from everything eventually came crashing down. His breathing became steadier, heartbeat falling alongside of Jungkook's.

Finally, the sleep Jimin had so desperately longed for the past two days welcomed him, the smaller boy drifting away into his dreams.

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“Hey, yes, sorry about the short notice”

Jimin opened his eyes at the voice, sleep still heavy in them. The tired boy was confused for a moment, realising he was all alone in the bed, a bed that was not his own. It felt cold, lonely and the small boy found himself be scared for a moment, thinking Jungkook had just left him all alone without a word.

“Yes, that's right”

Relief bloomed in his body at the realisation of Jungkook still being here. The taller boy was talking to someone, presumably on the phone. His voice was quiet, probably as to not wake up Jimin.

The blond boy rubbed at his eyes. How long had he been sleeping? It couldn't have been long as it was still pitch dark outside. Jimin whimpered slightly as he only now noticed the pain in his body: muscles aching, sore throat. He didn't feel that well.

“You have to cancel my next meeting. I can't do the video call with him”

Jimin froze.
“Yes, I was supposed to do that in an hour, but-” He paused, Jimin swallowed hard, “Something came up”

What was happening?

“I know, yes, I know. Just reschedule it, Jin-ssi” Jungkook told the person, “Well, I don't know, say that something important came up. Just don't tell my father. I can't take that video call with Clarke later today so either tell Clarke beforehand or he will show up without me being there”

Jimin's heart began beating faster.

“Stop asking so many questions” Jungkook's voice was firm now, “Please, Jin hyung. Yes, tomorrow is fine. Will do. Thank you. And please, no words to my father. Thanks. Good night”

The blond boy's brain was racing. Had Jungkook just cancelled one of his meetings because of Jimin? Something important about his work? The small boy really wondered what it was exactly that he called his job. He seemed to have to work quite often, was busy even during the night sometimes. As far as Jimin was concerned, that seemed like an intense job.

However, had he actually just done that because of him? No, there was probably another reason for that. Why would he do that? His subconscious was telling him one thing, his brain another. It was confusing.

Jimin wanted to turn around and scan the room, wanted to try looking for Jungkook and see what he was doing. However, he didn't want the other male to know that he was awake and had been listening to his conversation. It was pitch dark so he wasn't sure if he was going to make out Jungkook's figure anyway.

Then, he felt the bed dip down behind him, the blanket being pulled away slightly. Jungkook got back into the bed and moved close to him, pulling him against his chest. Jimin swallowed hard, heart beating like crazy. Earlier, his brain had been too tired and caught up with his anxiety and other thoughts that he hadn't have time to contemplate about what was happening. He was cuddling with Jungkook.

There was nothing sexual about this. This was just pure, soft and comforting. Jimin had never cuddled with anyone. Yes, he has hugged people before or has been held closely for minutes at a time when he had needed it or had cried. But never had he been lying down like this and had cuddled with someone through the night, never had he been snuggled in his sleep. This was new. It was soothing and Jimin loved everything about this.

He didn't want Jungkook to let go, but he knew that eventually he would, at the very last when they were going to get up in the morning. The small boy realised that for once, he didn't want morning to come. He wanted time to stop and just stay like this, safe in Jungkook's embrace, the other male's breath being felt on his neck, soft fingers tracing his skin.

Jimin was so extremely grateful that Jungkook had stayed with him through what had happened during and after sex, that he had known what to do and how to help Jimin rather than just looking at him annoyed or weirded out and leaving Jimin to fix it on his own – or tell him to leave his apartment in this state.

The small boy still didn't fully understand himself why he had started crying hysterically the way he had done. The only explanation being that everything all together had just been too much: His father, his past, his fear, having his first time, the lack of sleep and food. All of it combined had just overwhelmed him.
A single tear rolled down his cheek, landing on the pillow his head was nuzzling against. He didn't want to think about his father, had tried to get rid of the memories of the man who had scarred him so deeply. His dark childhood was something Jimin had tried to forget, at least the stuff that was bad, mostly happening in his first childhood years. It was unfair how the bad memories always came back crashing down and evidently left an impression on the boy when his later childhood and adolescence had been so happy and full of love. Jimin had been showered with love, affection and support after the dark first years of his childhood. He had been such a happy person – he still was.

However, there were struggles he was still fighting that were due to his father and other bad incidents that had happened in his childhood. And even though it had gotten better, he still had to learn to overcome them fully.

“Jimin-ah” Jungkook whispered and pressed his hand on the smaller boy's cheek, feeling the wetness on them and turning his head to the side slightly, “Hey, you're crying”

Swallowing the lump in his throat, Jimin turned over on his back. He hadn't even noticed that he had started crying again. It wasn't as bad as earlier, only some small tears rolling down his cheeks, he wasn't full on sobbing.

Jungkook lifted himself up on his elbow to be able to stare at the boy better, “What's wrong?” He wanted to know, voice soft as he caressed Jimin's cheek.

The blond boy smiled slightly, “I'm just thinking about some stuff” He replied quietly, his voice still sounding foreign to him.

“Were you thinking about that stuff earlier, too?”

Jimin gave a small nod.

“Do you want to talk about it?”

It was weird, but Jimin didn't know if he wanted to talk about it with Jungkook. Even though he felt safe with him and trusted him, he didn't know if he could trust him with this information, sharing something this intimate and private with Jungkook was difficult. It had been difficult to talk with Taehyung and Yoongi about it, but he has known Taehyung for ten years now, Yoongi for six, eventually trusting them – but especially Tae - with his whole life now. He could share anything with his best friend and Yoongi. Jungkook, on the other hand, was still close to a stranger, only having known him for three weeks.

Jimin couldn't explain it. Didn't even understand it himself how he could trust someone this much with his body, but not with that kind of personal information, how he felt safe and good with Jungkook without knowing much about him. Jungkook just had that about him, that effect, he just made him feel that way.

“I-I don't know. It's difficult... I don't know if you would...”

“Would understand you?”

*Would want to hear it, would understand it, yes, all of that. Jungkook wasn't his therapist. He wasn't here to talk about Jimin's past with the boy, wasn't here to fix Jimin. He was just here to teach and guide him into sex.*

“I-I... Yes, It's difficult to talk about.” Jimin admitted and looked down.

“I understand. I won't push you. I just want you to know that talking about it might help and that you
can talk to me. I won’t judge you, okay?”

The smaller boy looked up at Jungkook again and gave a small smile, leaning up to place a soft kiss on his cheek.

Suddenly, Jimin's stomach grumbled loudly, reminding him that he has not eaten in a very long time. He blushed as he pressed down on his tummy, feeling Jungkook smile against him.

“Are you hungry?”

“I... haven't eaten since before yesterday” The small boy admitted, voice unsure and delicate.

“What?” Jungkook uttered shocked and sat up slightly, “Jimin-ssi, why?”

“I was nervous and couldn't bring myself to eat.” He replied and shrugged his shoulders.

The taller boy sat up, turning the light on the nightstand on.

“What are you doing?” Jimin asked as Jungkook reached for his phone. His eyes widened when he realised what Jungkook was up to, “It's fine, Jungkook-ah. Don’t”

The younger boy didn't listen as he put the phone against his ear and waited for someone to pick up.

“Yes, hello, I would like to order some food.”

Jimin opened his mouth, ready to protest again, but the other male raised his hand, shushing him.

“Yes, what's on your recommendation list for today?”

The shorter boy pouted, arms crossing over his chest. He didn't want Jungkook to order food for him, didn't want him to worry about something like this. He could eat later when he went home... However, his stomach thought differently and grumbled loudly in response to the mention of food. Well, he was really hungry after all.

“Thank you. Yes, exactly”

Jimin had been so caught up in his thoughts that he did not hear what Jungkook had ordered, nor had he heard him tell the person his address. The taller boy hung up and placed the phone on the nightstand again. Then, he got up from the bed and walked into the bathroom.

The smaller boy sat up and sighed, a tiny smile creeping up on his face due to Jungkook's kind gesture. Startled, Jimin jumped a bit as he suddenly heard water being turned on. It had been so quiet so the sudden noise had scared him. Well, he should have expected it after all as the taller man had just entered the bathroom.

Thinking about water, Jimin scrunched up his nose as he felt something sticky between his butcheek. The left over lube was still present, has not been showered away under the cold water. He felt dirty and should probably go and wash up, too.

The blond boy tried to get up, but his body ached and he just couldn't bring himself to do it, falling back down and rolling onto his side. He puffed up his cheeks, annoyed by his tired body, and let out a breath.

“Jimin-ah” Jungkook called, head peeking out from the bathroom. Said boy looked up immediately, eyebrows raised in a curious manner, “Do you have clothes with you, clean ones?”
Jimin shook his head. The taller boy nodded and went over to his dresser, pulling out a fresh pair of underwear. Then, he walked back over to Jimin, said boy noticing that he was holding something else in his hand, too.

“I'm gonna clean you now” The younger boy said and moved onto the bed. Jimin glanced at him confused, Jungkook halting his motion immediatley, “Is that okay? Can I touch you?”

*Of course*, Jimin thought, *I would let you do anything*. The boy nodded and the other male parted Jimin's buttcheeks gently, a wet cloth touching him at his entrance. It was warm and Jimin let out a content breath at the touch.

The area was still kind of sensitive. The blond boy bit down on his lip and whimpered slightly as Jungkook cleaned him carefully. It was then that Jimin realised that neither of them had come, being interrupted by Jimin's panic attack. He felt sorry towards Jungkook for getting him worked up and then not finding any release. As he looked down, he realised the taller one was wearing clean briefs now, penis soft again and tugged in them.

He was flipped over onto his back as Jungkook put his clean briefs on for him, Jimin lifting his hips to help him.

“I'm sorry” He apologised softly as he kept watching Jungkook pull his briefs on for him.

The younger man raised his head and looked up at him with arched up eyebrows, “For what?”

“For... stopping before you came”

The black haired boy furrowed his brows as he let go of his briefs that were finally on. Jimin put his hips down on the bed again, still looking at Jungkook. The taller boy studied his features, not saying anything for a while.

“Jimin-ssi, what have I told you earlier? You can stop whenever you want, for whatever reason.” The taller man uttered, voice soft but firm, “You don't ever have to feel bad for stopping or not feeling comfortable, okay? This is not about me. It's about helping you”

“I know” Jimin mumbled, “I just... I thought it felt good for you, too, and I felt guilty for stopping”

“It did feel good, but it's not worth your pain or discomfort, okay? I don't need to always come, do you understand? I want to help and teach you.”

The small boy nodded, locking eyes with the other male again. It was a surreal experience, Jimin must say. A surreal kind of relationship, wasn't it? To teach someone in sex, help them get comfortable with it without there being any kind of feelings involved. It had been difficult for Jimin to wrap his head around this concept and it still kind of was, but he had gotten used to it now, knowing how common it was for people to have casual sex, sleeping with someone they have no feelings for.

This had been Jungkook's offer. For the first time the blond boy wondered how many other people Jungkook had made that offer to, how many other people he might be seeing and sleeping with besides him – not that it was any of Jimin's business as he was in no way entitled to care about that considering that they were not in a committed relationship. No strings attached, right? That's what the taller one had decided.

Suddenly, the older boy thought about the cancellation of Jungkook's meetings again. An urge to ask the other male why he had done it overcame him, but he was too shy to ask, also feeling like it was none of his business.
“Thank you, Jungkook-ah, for... everything.”

In a moment where sudden courage bloomed in Jimin, the boy sat up and captured Jungkook's lips in a kiss. The other male hesitated, but eventually leaned into the touch and kissed right back.

Jungkook gripped Jimin’s hips and pushed him back down on the bed, falling on top of him, never breaking the kiss. The blond boy liked this, just simply kissing without it leading to anything more. He liked the feeling of Jungkook’s lips on his.

They made out like this for a while, only stopping whenever they had to catch their breath or one was trailing kisses down the other one's neck. Jimin let out little pants when Jungkook started nibbling on the skin at his throat and neck, sucking only very lightly.

Suddenly, a bell was ringing, both boys breaking apart and glancing towards the bedroom door. Placing a swift peck on Jimin's lips, Jungkook got up from the bed and walked over to the door, exiting the bedroom to go downstairs.

The blond boy sat up, feeling a bit cold now that he was alone. He stared down at his legs and discovered some red marks on his inner thighs, hickeys that the taller one had placed on his skin. For some reason, Jimin couldn't help but smile, drawing his legs back together and brushing his hair out of his face.

There were some muffled voices downstairs, but the small boy couldn't figure out what they were saying. The food must have arrived, fairly quickly as far as Jimin thought. The restaurant must be quite close to where Jungkook lived, the boy reckoned.

Scanning the room, the male tried to find his shirt, eventually finding it lie close to the dresser. Their clothes were all just scattered across the room, Jimin not knowing for sure what of it belonged to which of them. Biting down on his lip, he contemplated whether or not he should get up and grab his shirt as he was a bit cold and felt quite exposed – which was silly as Jungkook had literally seen him naked already, but the small boy couldn't help this feeling – but on the other hand, his body was aching and he really didn't want to move right now. A sigh escaped him as Jungkook walked back into the room, holding two plastic bags and a big box in his hand.

“That smells so good” Jimin hummed and licked his lips, the scent of the different kinds of dishes filling the room, his stomach grumbling loudly again.

The other man smiled slightly as he placed down the food on the bed. “I don’t know what you like and you were persistend on me not getting anything at all, so I just got a lot of different kinds of meals. It's from a restaurant really close to where I live, amazing food, many choices and great service.”

The blond boy gave a slight nod, smiling at the other as he sat down cross-legged, Jungkook walking into the bathroom. Jimin didn't touch the food, but waited until the taller one returned, now dressed in a black shirt.

“Arms up” The younger male insisted and Jimin obeyed, lifting his arms up. Jungkook pulled a shirt over his head and helped him dress, the shirt covering his upper body and some parts of his thighs. It was a bit big on him, they both realised. Jimin let out a giggle, the taller boy smiling in response, fondness in his eyes. “It's a little too big on you” He pointed out, like it wasn't obvious, the shirt almost falling from his shoulder. However, the blond boy was grateful nonetheless.

It was a bit bizarre to the blond boy how much Jungkook was smiling, how comfortable and not in the slightest bit intimidated he was himself nor nervous in the taller male's presence. All of it just
felt... cozy and safe and pure. Maybe that experience from earlier had done that to them. Maybe it was just because it was pretty late, they were both tired and out of their minds, hungry as well. Maybe it just was a natural consequence of them seeing each other again and again, becoming more intimate with each meeting. The small boy didn't know why, but he liked the feeling, liked this.

The black haired boy just stared at Jimin's delicate figure in his way too big shirt of his, lips slightly parted and trying to take the image in. There was something flashing in his eyes for a moment, but Jimin couldn't catch what it was.

“Thank you” Jimin smiled and blushed a bit under his stare.

Snapping out of it, the younger boy shook his head and sat down on the bed against the headboard, Jimin having to turn around to be able to look at him, food inbetween them.

Then, Jungkook took everything out of the plastic bags and opened the box, revealing a big pizza with extra cheese. As he was uncovering all of the dishes, a whine escaped Jimin at the sight. He was extremely hungry and really couldn't wait any longer.

“Go ahead” The taller one allowed, watching the smaller boy with amusement in his eyes as he grabbed some fried rice immediatealy.

It tasted like heaven. Maybe because it was his first meal in over 32 hours, maybe because they were just that good at cooking at the restaurant. Jimin didn't know why, but it just tasted amazing. There were so many dishes on the bed, the smaller boy's eyes widened. That must be so expensive...

“I'm paying” The younger boy seemed to have read his mind or his expression. He wanted him to enjoy the meal, not worry about the price, “Enjoy it”

“No, I can't let you do that, I will-”

“Jimin-ah, be quiet and eat. I'm paying” Jungkook interrupted, voice stern but there was also amusement behind it.

The shorter boy shut his mouth and continued chewing on the food, “You eat, too. When have you last eaten?” Jimin asked, mouth full with food.

Jungkook smiled at the image, amusement in his eyes. The shorter boy held out his spoon with fried rice to him, wanting him to eat, too. Expectantly, he waited for him to open his mouth. Eventually, the taller one did and Jimin pushed the spoon inside carefully, feeding him some of the delicious food.

“Good, huh?” The blond boy smiled wide and stuffed more food in his mouth. He felt a bit like a pig, stuffing different kinds of foods into his mouth before he had even finished chewing and swallowing his last bite. It was weird, usually Jimin was reserved and shy in front of Jungkook and he was sure he were right now if he wasn't so hungry. Jimin usually ate very slowly and carefully in public or where strangers were present, but with people he knew or just in general when he was alone, he ate without a care in the word. He loved food, he really did.

The taller man was seeing a side of him that he usually didn't, that Jimin didn't show to a lot of people, scared of being judged. Right now, he just couldn't hold himself back, way too hungry to care.

Jungkook didn't seem to mind, though, was just glad the boy was finally eating something. He grabbed some chopsticks and started eating some noodles himself now.
There was silence as they ate, except for the sounds of their spoons and chopsticks touching the plates. It didn't take that long for Jimin to feel full, slowing down with the stuffing. He drank a lot of water and only took a few small more bites.

“Jungkook-ah” Jimin spoke up after a moment, playing with the food on the plate. “Did that count as my first time?” His voice was small and unsure, question sudden. He had thought about this ever since they woke up. His first time had stopped after not too long so he didn't know if it counted, didn't know if he wanted it to. He had always thought he would feel different after having his first time. Taehyung had seemed different. Not a lot, but still. He had been so happy and confident the next day. It was like Taehyung was a walking sunshine, radiating warmth, light, and happiness. Jimin wanted that, too. Had wanted to feel different, too.

“Do you want it to count as your first time?” Jungkook replied with a question, locking eyes with the older male.

Jimin really didn't know if he wanted this to be his first time, didn't know if he wanted to remember his first time going down like this. Frankly, Jimin had always said that his first time wasn't as important, that he didn't care much about it, but in reality, he kind of did. Not much. He didn't make a big fuss about it, but he had wanted to feel like Taehyung. Had wanted to feel different, too, feel that happiness and confidence, too. Right now, he wasn't feeling any of that.

He really didn't want to remember his first time as him crying and breaking down a couple of seconds after Jungkook had entered him, having a full on panic attack. Even if it wasn't important, even if he didn't care that much, he had at least hoped it to be a little like Taehyung had told him.

“I don't know... Honestly, I don't think so” Jimin whispered, “I don't want to remember it as me having a panic attack only some moments after you entered me.”

“Well, first times aren't always as perfect as people make it out to be, and that's fine, too”

“I know, it's just... I don't know if I want to remember it going down like this” The boy replied, voice soft and unsure.

“Then we just don't count it as your first time” Jungkook simply said, shoulders shrugging.

“What should we call it then?”

“An attempt at your first time”

Jimin giggled, the taller boy smiling at the sound and imagine of it. It was the first time he had ever heard Jimin giggle because of something he said.

“I'm sorry it didn't go so well. I know it was supposed to be your first time and-”

“No, please don't apologise. You did nothing wrong. You were so great, Jungkook-ah. Really, you did more than you had to do. Honestly, I'm grateful for how you handled it. Thank you. No need to apologise. It felt so good until, well... you know” Jimin interrupted him, protesting against his remark.

Jungkook gave a nod. “Next time will be easier and better” He paused, “If you want there to be a next time, if you want to try again”

“I do” The blond boy assured, nodding to prove his point, “I just... Yes, I want to try again another time”

Jimin smiled slightly, Jungkook just staring at him. The taller boy seemed to snap out of something as
he shook his head and looked back to the food.

“Are you finished with eating?”

Nodding, Jimin placed his spoon on the plate. “Yes, it was delicious, thank you”

“Next time, eat something beforehand. That's important, I don't want you to pass out or get sick” Jungkook insisted.

“I tried to eat, I just couldn't. Maybe that's one of the reasons I cried...”

Jungkook got up and grabbed the food, starting to clean up a bit while Jimin took a glance at the clock, 3:33 am. “It's pretty late” The smaller boy said in shock.

The younger boy looked back at him, nodding slightly. “I know, that's okay though.” He moved back into the bed, joining Jimin.

“Don't you have to work?” There it was. Jimin just couldn't hold himself back this time, mouth quicker than his brain.

The other male hesitated for a moment. “No, no work for now, at least not anytime soon”

The smaller boy nodded. He didn't want to keep digging so he just left it at that. It really wasn't any of his business anyway. Jimin laid down next to Jungkook and pulled the blanket over them both.

Both men just stayed there on their backs, staring up at the ceiling. They shut their eyes almost simultaneously, the smaller boy placing his petite hand between them.

As their eyes got heavier and sleep started to welcome them, they moved a little closer. Finally, Jimin drifted off into his dreams, but not before feeling Jungkook place his bigger hand on top of his, grasping it softly.

Chapter End Notes

Sooo, what do you think about this chapter?

Do you have a favourite chapter or moment so far? I would love to know! :) 

Love you <3
Just Let Go

Chapter Summary

Jimin seeks comfort in Taehyung as they talk about what happened between him and Jungkook while Jungkook is busy at work. Later, Jimin and Jungkook try to have his first time again... will it go well this time?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

A buzzing noise was heard throughout the room. At first, Jimin thought it was part of his dream, but he quickly realised that it wasn't. His eyes shot open and he sat up quickly, staring over at the nightstand where his phone was vibrating. The blond boy grabbed it in a swift motion and rubbed at his eyes as he stared down at the display.

Hey, are you awake? - Tae

Jiminie, answer meeeeee! - Tae

Jimin-ah, let's meet up! Call or text me back - Tae

Chimchim, are you okay? You don't sleep this long usually... - Tae

Boy, if you don't answer in the next couple of minutes, I'm gonna come over and break your door down! - Tae

With confusion in his eyes, Jimin took a look at the clock. Why was Taehyung making such a fuss? It was only – 3pm. Wait, 3pm? The boy's eyes widened at the realisation. How was it already past noon? He can't remember to have ever slept that long.

Abruptly, he stumbled out of the bed, almost falling at the quick motion. He should probably wake Jungkook up, too. However, as Jimin turned around to glance at the bed, it was empty.

“Jungkook-ah?” The boy called out and searched for the boy, walking into the bathroom that was empty as well.

Had he just left?

The smaller male exited the room and went over to the stairs, looking down into the empty living room. “Jungkook-ah?” He shouted again, but there came no answer back.

Furrowing his eyebrows, Jimin walked back into the bedroom, scanning the room.

Had he actually left? He had left without saying goodbye or waking Jimin? Did he seriously trust him that much to leave him alone in his apartment? When had he left, though? Jimin had not felt him move, must have passed out completely without getting notice of anything else.

Something bloomed in his chest, a feeling that Jimin didn't like, but he couldn't define what it was- or maybe he didn't want to.
Then again, Jimin had expected it, had known that the night would eventually end.

The small boy bit on the inside of his cheek as he looked over at the bed again, suddenly noticing a piece of paper on the nightstand. He walked over to it and picked it up.

*I had to leave. Didn't want to wake you, you looked so peaceful. I left you some money for a taxi. Text me when you want our next time to be.* - Jungkook

So he didn't just leave without a word. Jimin smiled slightly as he looked down at the note. A part of him wanted to arrange their next time immediately, but he should wait. At least, a day or two, no?

The small boy put the note into his bag, leaving the money on the nightstand, and collected his clothes from on top of the dresser – where Jungkook must have placed them - to put them on. He kept Jungkook’s shirt on, just stuffed his old shirt into his backpack before he made the bed and tried to clean all the mess they had made the previous night.

Satisfied with how the room looked, he exited it and jogged down the stairs to put his shoes on, texting Tae on his way to let him know he was alive and well and that they could meet up later.

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“Soooo” Taehyung sang, eyebrow arched up and eyes glistening in a teasing manner, “Your first time, huh? How was it then?”

Jimin bit on the inside of his cheek, shaking his head slightly, “It didn't... Well, it was good at first, but it ended pretty quickly”

“That's okay Jimin. It's your first time, of course you are excited. Don't feel bad for coming quickly” Taehyung swiftly tried to comfort him, reaching his hand out to capture Jimin's in a soothing manner.

“No” The smaller boy responded, “It wasn't that. I... I cried.”

“Oh. Why?” His best friend wanted to know as he cocked his head to the side, confusion visible in his eyes, “Did it feel that good?”

“No, I had a... I don't know, I broke down. I had a panic attack just seconds after he entered me”

“Oh” The brown haired boy looked at him with pity in his eyes, “Why, Jimin-ah?” He asked, but he already seemed to know.

The other boy shrugged his shoulders, lump forming in his throat. He looked away as he felt tears swelling up in his eyes, frustrated with the situation.

“Hey, Jimin-ah, talk to me”

His friend turned the TV off and joined Jimin on the sofa, looking at him concerned.

“I think everything was just too much. I had not slept and I had not eaten, I was so nervous and then... then I just had to think about my father. How unfair is that? In that exact moment, he just had to make me suffer again, even now. I was starting to get better, tried to move on from it and fix that left over scar, but he just won't let me” Jimin sobbed, wiping away the tears that had fallen on his cheeks.

“Some scars take long to heal, Jimin-ah, that's just the way it is” Tae voiced softly, stroking Jimin's hair in a comforting manner, “You just have to keep telling yourself that he was a bad person and
that whatever he said was a lie or his way of trying to manipulate and hurt you. He wanted to hurt you and make you suffer because of your mother. That's what your grandmother told you, too, didn't she? You have to remember that, Jimin-ah. His words hold no weight, his words shouldn't control you like this. I know you don't believe in his words, I know you don't think the way he does. Just keep reminding yourself of that and don't stop fighting. Keep fighting against that voice inside your head, against those memories. One day you will be able to let them go and heal completely.”

The blond boy looked at his best friend – well, you could honestly call him soulmate, or brother – and hugged him tightly as he cried against his shoulder.

“It's so hard” Jimin sobbed, “I'm trying, Tae, I'm really trying but he just won't let me move on. It always comes back. I feel so guilty”

“I know, love, I know” The taller boy whispered and placed a small kiss on his temple, Jimin closing his eyes at the comforting contact.

They have talked about this topic, about Jimin's past, very often. Taehyung was always there for him, always listened to him and gave him advice with whatever was concerning him, same as Yoongi. Frankly, Taehyung and Yoongi were a big part of Jimin getting better, feeling better and trying to move on. However, there were some battles left he must fight on his own it seemed, while being supported by Tae, Yoongi and others from the side line.

“Thank you, Tae”

“Always”

They just remained like that for they didn't know how long, clutched in each other's embrace. Only starting to break apart once Jimin had calmed down, no more tears leaving his eyes.

“I tried to talk about it with Jungkook, but I just couldn't” The smaller boy revealed, voice hoarse.

“At least let him know that it wasn't his fault.”

“I did. I told him he didn't do anything wrong. He said I could talk to him about it whenever I want to, I just don't know if I can. I mean, I don't even know him that well, you know?” The boy said and locked eyes with his best friend again.

“Time is not a factor for trusting bonds, don't you think? I mean, I trusted your fairly quickly, as well. And what you and Jungkook are doing anyway, that involves a lot of trust, too, right?”

The taller boy had a point.

“That's the weird thing. I do trust him with my body, but... I don't know, it's difficult for me to talk about this topic. It took me a while to open up about it with you and Yoongi, too, and you are my bestest friends in the world”

Taehyung smiled slightly and gave a nod. “I understand. You don't have to tell him. Take your time with it. But maybe he would understand you better, if you told him. Not that he has to understand you. He's just helping you with sex. He made that offer to you so you set the pace and it's none of his business why you do things the way you do or why you are the way you are. You decide how close you actually want him to be with you”

Jemin bit down on his bottom lip, nodding slightly. Maybe another reason for Jimin not being able to tell him was that he was scared of Jungkook being weirded out by him, thinking that he was a broken and messed up boy.
“He stayed with me the whole night.” The smaller boy revealed suddenly, voice soft, smiling slightly at the memory involuntarily.

“He did?” Tae asked, eyes wide with surprise.

“Mhm” Jimin hummed and nodded. “After he calmed me down, he cuddled with me and we fell asleep together. We woke up during the night and I heard him cancel a meeting. When I told him I hadn’t eaten yet, he ordered food for us and we ate together. Then, we fell asleep together again. However, when I woke up this morning, he was gone, only leaving a small note for me”

“Holy shit, this is some domestic stuff. This is more than just aftercare, Jimin-ah.”

Jimin felt his cheeks heat up.

“Do you think?”

“Why did he do that, though? Isn’t that one of your rules? So you both violated a rule? What now? I thought you shouldn’t do that? Jungkook even literally cancelled his meeting for you so he voluntarily stayed with you and knowingly fell asleep with you two times at that? Wow.”

“I don’t know if he cancelled it for me”

“Did you hear what he said when he cancelled it?”

“Just that something came up. Could be anything”

Taehyung’s eyebrows shot up. “Jimin-ah, oh my god, of course he cancelled it for you. He stayed with you after cancelling it so obviously you were the reason. The bigger question is, what even is his job that requires him to have a meeting at that hour?”

“A video-call meeting” The blond boy clarified.

Tae’s face lit up as if he had just discovered something amazing. “Maybe because the person doesn’t live in Seoul?”

“What do you mean?” The smaller boy voiced his confusion, head titled to the side.

“Well, no one- I mean, I have never heard of anyone having a meeting at like 3 in the morning. Have you? That would be quite bizarre, don’t you think? So, what if he was supposed to have a meeting with someone that early in the morning because it was day or afternoon for the other person – just in another time zone”

Both boys furrowed their eyebrows contemplatively, faces lighting up just moments after.

“That does sound plausible!” Jimin assured and nodded his head, finally being a step closer to knowing more about Jungkook.

“Have you ever talked to him about his job? Do you know anything about it? I mean, we could probably just ask hyung, but he might find it suspicious, don’t you think?”

The blond boy hummed. “Well, I’ve never really asked him because any time I tried to ask for anything personal, he shut me down completely and either didn’t answer or changed the topic. Remember when I asked about the reason why he was helping me? He didn’t give me a real answer. I think he doesn’t want us to share too much personal information between us because he doesn’t want either of us to catch feelings and keep this... rather professional”
“Hmm, well then we are back at square one, still not knowing much about that mysterious boy.” Tae sighed and pouted slightly.

“We do know that he is from Busan and friends with hyung for a very long time”

“Ooh, yeah, I talked to Hoseok hyung and asked about how long they knew each other. He said their parents know each other, which means that they have been friends with each other since they were children. However, throughout the years they didn't see each other for sometime when one of them had moved to another place, but they always got back together again quickly. They are basically childhood friends, they must know each other quite well and trust each other a lot”

“Wow” Jimin breathed in awe, fascinated by that information. Jungkook knew Yoongi longer than he did. If Jimin was this close to Yoongi, trusting him with his life, and vice versa, Jungkook and Yoongi must have that kind of relationship, too, if not even stronger.

“I should have asked him what Jungkook does for a living” The taller one sighed.

“No!” The shorter boy quickly protested, “Better don't. He might tell Jungkook and I don't want him to think that I'm snooping behind his back. If he wants me to know more about him, he will tell me eventually.”

“Well, we do know that he has been in Busan for a while, as hyung said when he introduced him. Odd, isn't it? Really a coincidence that you are both from there. Do you think you have ever seen him in Busan without even knowing?” The brown haired boy asked, leaning his head against the sofa as he stared at Jimin expectantly, slight smile on his face.

The blond boy furrowed his brows. “I doubt it. I haven't been to Busan in more than 10 years. Hasn't he been there just recently?”

“No, he is born there, no? At least that's what I thought. Who knows, though”

“Still, he could have moved somewhere else right away”

Taehyung shrugged his shoulders. “Was just a thought, could be possible”

Jimin stared at the wall, intent expression on his face. It was very unlikely that Jimin has ever seen Jungkook before. He would have remembered that for sure. Also, Busan wasn't that small so the possibility of them having lived close in their childhood years was very small.

“What's his surname again?” Taehyung asked, interrupting Jimin's thoughts.

“I don't know. I never asked”

The brown haired boy glanced at him, eyebrows raised and expression of disbelief on his face. “You let him stick his dick inside of you and don't even know.”

The shorter male swatted his arm, shutting him up. “Do you know the surnames of all of your hook ups?”

“Well, no, because I only need to scream their first name or something else that I'll tell you about another time, but that's just because they are just that – hook ups. That's different. I usually don't see them after the night whereas you have kind of an established thing there going on with Jungkook, no? How many times have you seen each other now?”

“It's not established. The rule is 'no strings attached'”
“Well, the rules also included 'not staying over night' and we see how that worked out. Clearly, rules can be broken” Tae pointed out and sat up.

“That's different” Jimin argued and shook his head.

“How?”

“Well, I think he just did it out of manners, like, staying with me? Certainly, that was kind of him to not leave me when I was having a mild panic attack, but he just didn't want to be rude, probably, and tell me to leave in that kind of state”

The brown haired boy just stared at him with an unimpressed expression.

“Right, whatever. I don't care why he did what he did. I'm just really glad he did it and stayed with me during that moment”

Jimin smiled again, Taehyung suddenly arching up his eyebrows and shaking his head, “Don't” He warned.

“Don't what?” The smaller boy echoed confused.

“Don't fall for him”

“What?” Jimin voiced, letting out a laugh at the absurdity.

“I'm just warning you now, Jimin-ah. It's not gonna end well”

“I'm not gonna fall for him, don't be absurd. He is just helping me, this is totally platonic” The smaller boy defended himself, clearing his throat, “So, how are things with Hoseok hyung going?”

Taehyung stared at him in disbelief, swatting his arm. “Don't change the topic”

“Ouch” Jimin whined and rubbed his arm where Taehyung had just hit him “I was just wondering. We have been talking about me quite a while now and you never said what happened with you and Hoseok hyung after that night at the diner – which, again, thank you so much for that. To be exact, you never even specifically told me what happened that night”

“You're welcome. Well, nothing much. Hyung dropped me off at our building and then drove Hoseok hyung home.” The brown haired boy shrugged his shoulders.

“And? What else?” Jimin wanted to know.

“Nothing. We just texted at night”

“You said something about steamy? What did you mean by that?” The smaller boy digged and raised an eyebrow.

Taehyung smirked and shook his head. “Do you really wanna know?”

Well, if he was asking that, maybe Jimin shouldn't want to know about this, he assumed.

“Go ahead.”

“Well, we just started with usual texts, like what we are doing, how we are and so on and I sent him a picture of me lying in my bed to answer his question of what I was doing. But, well, I was posing quite seductive, of course, to send some hints, you know?”
Jimin nodded to indicate that he understood. His best friend was really photogenic so he always looked as handsome in pictures as he did in real life.

“He complimented me, saying that I looked beautiful, but I didn't want him to think I'm just beautiful. I wanted him to think that I'm sexy and make him want me, too. I sent him another picture of me being a bit more seductive, sucking on my finger and asking if I was only beautiful.”

“Tae!” Jimin screamed and giggled, Taehyung looking pleased with himself. “What did he say?”

“It took a while for his next message, but eventually he texted back, telling me I was bad.”

“Bad?”

“Yeah, bad for making him feel like that, even earlier in the diner, sucking on my straw the way I did while looking at him. I texted him that I would like to suck on something else, too, so he replied that I was being very bad right now and that I should better stop”

“Oh” The smaller boy mumbled sadly, pity in his eyes, but it was replaced by confusion at Tae's big smirk.

“I told him to make me. Well, then he asked if I was serious and sure about this and I responded with a yes, so he sent me a picture of him, half naked in his bed, and a text telling me to take my clothes off”

“Oh my god” The shorter male squeaked, hand falling over his mouth at Tae's story.

The taller boy snickered at that. “I did what he asked me to and he told me to start playing with myself, teasing myself and how he was going to punish me for being-”


Taehyung giggled. “I warned you”

“Well, I didn't know it was going to go down like this!”

“What did you expect? I told you it was steamy and that I masturbated like-”

“Sssh!” The blond boy interrupted, slapping his arm resulting in Tae to hiss at the pain and rub at his arm again.

“Stop that for fuck's sake”

They both stared at each other madly. However, there was no sincerity behind that and soon they found themselves breaking out in chuckles.

“Sorry, just don't continue with that please”

“Fine. It was just a good night, let's leave it at that. It happened again yesterday, but I don't know what this is between us and what to call it because we haven't like talked about it? It just kind of happened, but we never really mentioned it again after, so I don't really know what's going on. If this is just something platonic or if he actually likes me. But for right now, this is fine by me.”

“I saw the way he was looking at you. He definitely likes you” Jimin assured, smile genuine.

Tae's face lit up, mirroring his smile and pulling him into an embrace.
“Good morning, Mr. Jeon” The secretary welcomed him with a polite smile, bowing as he walked by her.

“Good morning” He replied and bowed back slightly, walking straight to Jin's office.

He knew he was gonna get shit for rearranging the meeting with Clarke – for changing the schedule at all, but especially this shortly before it was supposed to happen. Jungkook just hoped that Jin had kept his word and hadn't told his father, not in the mood to get shit from his father right now either.

The new arranged meeting with Clarke was supposed to be happening soon. He was a possible new investor that they were trying to get signed as well as another business idea to talk about. Jungkook just prayed that he didn't screw that all over by changing the schedule, hoping to be convincing and able to pull out some of his charme. However, Jin had wanted him to come meet him in his office before the meeting starts.

Usually, his father has had all of these kinds of meeting. Jungkook hadn't been necessary or even allowed in those meetings, just some months ago having started to be present in these meetings, just to watch and learn, only recently having started to lead those meetings himself now.

Jeon entertainment was possibly one of the biggest entertainment and management companies in South Korea, for models, actors and singers. His father had started this business a long time ago, built his way up to the top and was now one of the most popular and powerful men in South Korea. It was only right for Jungkook to follow in his foot steps, being the heir of this huge company and eventually going to become the CEO one day. That's what his father wanted. That's how his father had painted his future to be.

Jungkook had known Jin for a long while now, Jin having been an intern at the company at first and quickly becoming friends during that time. Especially because Jin was good at lifting the mood, cracking jokes way too often and just being supportive of Jungkook. They had met back in Busan, some years ago where Jungkook had been for a couple of months to learn more about his father's job and be guided into it. Jin had worked there for a while, but now that the company had expanded to Seoul, a Jeon entertainment company building now standing in the heart of the city, Jin had been promoted to this place. He was now working with Jungkook, handling his schedule, telling him about his fathers plans and wishes and essentially being his left hand. Frankly, the younger male figured that his father had just sent over Jin to keep an eye on Jungkook, knowing that they were friends and that Jin was good at handling Jungkook, but he didn't mind as he really liked Jin and wanted him to be here.

As his father was absent from this particular place, you could say Jungkook had the most power in this building, being the heir of the CEO. However, his father was still the owner of this company and the CEO, so Jungkook still had to listen to his father and couldn't just do and act how ever he pleased. He had to follow his orders and talk to him about business plans and moves, their schedules and so on. It was quite a lot, honestly.

However, Jungkook never sees himself as Jin's boss or above him, essentially or especially because they are friends. Certainly, the black haired boy is also respectful with his hyung, having been raised with manners. Then again, that didn't stop him from teasing Jin or treating him like an equal, their relationship was just like that.

The black haired boy didn't even knock as he walked into Jin's office, going straight for the seat in front of his desk. “Hey, you wanted to see me?” The boy said as he opened the button of his suit jacket and sat down.
“Brat, what have I told you about knocking” Jin scolded him, but there was no heat behind it, instead affection glistening in his eyes.

“Sorry, forgot about that” The younger one lied and smiled, Jin shaking his head but mirroring the smile.

“Just wanted to hang out with you before the meeting” Jin stated and leaned back in his seat, sighing.

The other male raised an eyebrow. “Okay, that is suspicious, what are you up to?”

“Yah, what is that supposed to mean?” Jin uttered firm and looked at him angry, but it was clear that he didn't really mean it. “I haven't properly seen you in a while as you were so busy, in and out of my office so quickly”

“I know, that's not my fault, though. I have meetings to attend, calls to make, just a lot of shit to do. Also, we can hang out later if you want. Yoongi and Hoseok hyung wanna see you again. You have been back in Seoul for quite a while now and you haven't even hung out with us yet”

Jin sighed. “That sounds good, but today is inconvenient. There is another group of employees for the management sector coming in today. Your father is expanding in every sector, a lot more people each. Might have to run you through all of that after the meeting with Clarke”

“Why didn't he tell me sooner?” Jungkook asked, eyebrows furrowed.

“Sorry, that's my fault. He told me a couple of days ago, but it had been so busy that I forgot to tell you.” Jin apologised genuinely.

“It's fine. Just give me a quick run through after Clarke.”

“Will do. Great, so there actually are a few things I wanted to talk to you about”

“Knew it” Jungkook laughed and leaned back in his seat, “What is it?”

“There are more applications for trainees. Your father requested for you to have a look at the profiles and only sent the names of people that are interesting and actually talented over to him so he can have a look at them. I'll invite them to an audition then” Jin pointed at a pile of papers. “I sent you an e-mail with their audition tapes already. I know your schedule is already so damn packed, but your father asked you to because there are too many applications and he can't go through all of them. At least he is trusting you, that is good, as he literally usually wants to do that all by himself, not letting anyone else choose”

“That's only until the audition. He lets other people evaluate those, too”

“Well, but he does have the last say in it all the time”

“Fair enough” He nodded and laughed.

“The kids do all work hard, though. I wish they could all go further and succeed.”

“Kids? Some of them are in their teenage, almost adult age” Jungkook pointed out, raising an eyebrow.

“You know I call almost everyone kid who's younger than me. You are a kid, too, you brat.”

“No wonder when everyone here is younger than you” Jungkook teased and chuckled. Jin stared at him in disbelief.
“Yah, don't make me throw my shoe at your handsome face”

They both laughed and Jungkook raised his hands in defense.

“Sorry, just teasing you, you know that.”

Jungkook took the pile with profiles of trainees and flicked through them. “I'll look through them carefully and let you know by tomorrow or after tomorrow” He voiced absentmindedly, putting the pile on the desk to talk comfortably again.

The other male nodded.

“Alright, you should head to the conference room for the meeting now. We shouldn't leave Clarke hanging again”

They both got up, straightening their suit jackets.

“Did you tell my father?”

“Of course, not” He snorted as they walked towards the door, “I don't want us both to get killed”

They chuckled simultaneously as they walked to the conference room.

“Thanks, Jin hyung”

“No problem. Just don't do that again unless you want me to kick your ass. You better win this thing for us or we are screwed.” The taller male warned as he patted Jungkook's back, “You got this, I believe in you. Give me your phone”

Jungkook smiled, letting out a sigh as he handed him his phone. “You are behaving like my babysitter, aren't you?”

“No, I'm just your hyung and co worker that looks out for you. Don't be distracted by your phone and focus on this meeting”

The younger let out a breath and straightened his back, walking into the conference meeting to get that deal sealt.

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Everyone was applauding as Jungkook walked past them, bowing slightly to thank them as he went over to Jin's office again. It had been a successful meeting, his father was going to be proud.

“Well done” He heard as he entered the office room, Jin smiling proudly at him.

“Thanks, hyung.”

“We should celebrate that, but we have got work to do first”

They both let out a sigh, but nodded as Jungkook took a seat in front of the deks again.

“You received quite a lot of messages” Jin let him know as he pushed his blond hair out of his face, handing Jungkook a sheet of paper with the names of the new employees.

As the black haired boy read over the names to get back on track with everything again, Jin read out his messages.
“Only if you aren't too busy, Kook-ah, thanks' from Yoongi, 'I don't know, call me back later please' from Hoseok, 'When are you free? Could we meet at yours somewhen the next days?' from Jiminie and 'Do you mind-'

“What?” Jungkook interrupted and looked up.

The blond haired boy locked eyes with him. “What? Which one?”

“The third one. Wait, give me my phone”

“When are-” Jin didn't finish his sentence as Jungkook had snatched the phone out of his hand, placing the sheet of paper on the desk to look at the message.

“Who is Jiminie? I assume that's not someone we are working with, is it? Oooh, one of your hook ups?” The older one teased.

“Shut up, hyung” The black haired boy uttered and shook his head, but laughing slightly.

“Then do you like him?” Jin asked in awe, shocked expression on his face.

“What?” He snorted and laughed at the absurdity “No, he's just Yoongi's dongsaeng and friend”

“Ooh, then I'll meet him soon, won't I?”

“I guess. He's very important to hyung”

“Is he nice? Good looking?”

Jungkook furrowed his brows. “He's alright, I guess. He's... yeah, he's beautiful” His voice softened a bit as the image of Jimin appeared in his mind. Clearing his throat, he shook his head and locked eyes with Jin again, “You know you can trust Yoongi hyung when it comes to people”

“Amen to that”

“Well, let's not talk about him, though, let's rather get over this run through”

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“Hey, sorry for mentioning Jiminie. I didn't know that was a sensitive topic” Jin apologised once Jungkook got up to leave.

“His name is Jimin. He's not a sensitive topic. I just don't want to talk about him. It's fine, really”

Jin gave a nod.

“Can I ask you something else?”

Jungkook hesitated, but nodded eventually.

“What was it that came up that you had to cancel the meeting? I don't think you ever cancelled one of your meetings. I mean, except if you were really sick, but even then you were difficult to convince to even cancel it.”

The other man opened his mouth, but no words came out.

“I just... wondered” Jin uttered as Jungkook gave no answer.
“That’s none of your business, hyung. It was important and Clarke was fine with the reschedule. So it doesn't even matter, everything worked out in the end.” Jungkook answered before he could stop himself, wondering why he got so defensive.

“Sorry, I just thought something happened that you might want to talk about. I just worried about you”

Jungkook sighed. “I get that. Thank you, hyung, but there was nothing like that. It was important, but nothing to talk about”

Jin nodded and got up, looking at his watch around his wrist. “I gotta get ready for the employees now. I’ll see you tomorrow then. Let me know about those trainees.”

After, Jungkook gave a small nod and opened the door, “See you tomorrow, hyung” With that, he left the office room.

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Jimin entered the now very familiar apartment and shut the door close behind himself. The taller male handed him some water and excused himself right away, walking into the other hallway as the blond male took off his shoes.

He placed his bag on the sofa, walking over to the big glass wall to look down on the city while taking a sip from the water. Pretty lights were turned on as it was night already, emphasising the beauty of Seoul.

Jimin could still remember it like yesterday when he had first stepped foot into the city, big buildings and heavy streets scaring, but also exciting the small boy. Back then everything had seemed so big and foreign, but now he knew his way around Seoul, knew certain streets and had found certain places he grew to love with all his heart, feeling welcome and cozy. He loved Han River, for example, especially at night. Loved taking walks there or riding a bike, together with Taehyung or Yoongi usually, eating instant noodles and talking about everything but nothing at he same time. He loved those times. He loved this city and was so happy to have moved here, even if back then the change had scared him.

“Sorry about that” The shorter male suddenly heard, jumping up in shock and surprise, causing to spill water all over himself, but thankfully not dropping the cup.

“Oh my god, you scared me” Jimin cried out and placed his hand over his heart which was beating incredibly fast.

“Sorry, I thought you heard me enter the room” Jungkook apologised and smiled slightly as he pointed over to the hallway.

The small boy followed his direction and shook his head.

“I spilled water all over myself” Jimin pouted and placed the cup on the table.

“Your clothes will come off in a moment anyway” The taller boy pointed out, making Jimin blush and avert his gaze.

“Hey” Jungkook welcomed him then and leaned against the wall.

“H-Hey” The blond male stutterted and smiled shyly.
“Are you good? Have you eaten? Have you slept?”

The smaller boy nodded. “Yes, I ate a bit and I was able to sleep, too.”

“Great.”

They just stared at each other, Jimin averting his eyes eventually, not able to lock eyes with Jungkook for too long. The intense stares made his cheeks heat up.

“Do you want to start right away? Should we go upstairs?”

Jimin bit down on his lip and swallowed hard. He did. He really wanted to finally do it. Honestly, though, he was scared of history repeating itself. The poor boy didn't want to have a break down again.

Giving a small nod, they both went upstairs in the taller one's bedroom, heart beating fast in Jimin's chest.

“I'm nervous” He admitted and finally glanced at Jungkook again as the other male sat down on the edge of the bed.

“That's okay. That's totally normal. However, you know the process already now, huh? You know how it feels like”

Jimin nodded as Jungkook held out his hand for him. He didn't even need to say anything and Jimin was already walking over to him, letting Jungkook grip his hips softly.

“I think I'm even more nervous now, though” The blond boy whispered as the other male placed his hands on the back of his thighs and pulled him forward so Jimin sat on his lap again, straddling the taller man.

“Why?”

“Because of what happened. I don't want it to happen again” The boy mumbled, voice soft and unsure. “I don't want to have a break down again”

The younger male lifted his hand and brushed blond streaks of hair out of Jimin's face, looking him deep into the eyes. Slowly, the younger boy caressed his cheek, Jimin involuntarily nuzzling against the touch, “Is there anything I can do to help you so it doesn't happen again?”

The shorter boy let out a shaky breath and pushed his forehead softly against Jungkook's, closing his eyes at the motion. “It wasn't your fault so there really isn't much you can do. It was just everything altogether. It was just too much, I guess.”

Jungkook grabbed his hips and started to rub his hands up and down slowly and softly.

“I-I thought about my father” The blond boy revealed eventually. It felt weird, had been so hard to actually let the words fall out of his mouth, “I thought about my past and what he told me, how he raised and treated me”

The other male halted, tensing slightly. Jimin feared of having said too much, that Jungkook would say that he didn't care.

“Jimin-ah, what exactly did he do to you?” The taller boy wanted to know, voice a bit lower, but it seemed like he tried to control it.
“Just... just everything. The way he always treated me, the way he raised me. It just left a scar, Jungkookie. I don't want him to control my life anymore, but he still lingers in my memory. I want to get rid of it, Jungkook-ah, and I thought for some reason this might help” The smaller boy tried to explain, voice trembling as he sniffed.

“Has he hurt you, Jimin-ah? Physically? Has he hit you or raped you? Did he abuse you?”

So many questions. Jimin took a shaky breath. “Mentally. He abused me verbally and mentally. He manipulated me and just... he wanted me to suffer. I don't want to give him that power anymore. He was a bad person and I don't want to let him control me or my life anymore. I want to move on.”

“Where is your father now?” He wanted to know. Jungkook's jaw locked and he looked pissed, Jimin was intimidated, but he knew that it wasn't directed at him, wasn't because of him. The other male kept caressing his back. However, there was something else flashing in his eyes. For a short moment the smaller boy thought it was guilt that he saw glistening in his eyes, but it was gone so swiftly, replaced by anger again, that he wasn't so sure anymore – probably having misinterpreted it. Jimin hesitated. “Not... I'm not with him anymore. He's nowhere close. He's out of my life”

The taller boy placed a small kiss on his forehead.

“Do not let his words define you, okay? Whatever he told you, whatever is haunting you, let that go and move on from it. Those words mean nothing, don't let them come close to you. He's gone now, so let his words go, too.”

“I-I'm trying” Jimin promised, voice shaky. He really was. Frankly, Jungkook didn't even really know what exactly his father had done in detail, what words or actions there had been that had scarred the blond boy this deeply, but he was still comforting him earnestly.

“Good. You're doing good” He uttered and his voice became gentle again, features turning softer again, too.

Jimin wrapped his arms around Jungkook and hid his face in the curve of his neck, eyes falling shut.

“-If I can't stop these memories from coming back and start crying again, can you... maybe, just distract me? Kiss me or talk to me, whatever. If that's not too much to ask” Jimin pleaded, voice so soft Jungkook held him closer.

“I'll do that”

They remained in that position for a while, trying to find comfort and be ready to move on.

It took a couple of minutes for Jimin to get himself together again, trying to get out of that sad headspace and return to the now. Jungkook waited patiently for him, kept stroking his back and petting his hair. It was like aftercare, the older male thought, but before the actual sex.

“O-Okay, I think I'm good now” Jimin muttered and straightened his back, locking eyes with Jungkook.

The black haired boy wasted no time and attached his lips to the other male's, Jimin letting out a breath in surprise and clenching his hands into little fists. He quickly kissed back, opening his mouth immedialaly to welcome Jungkook's tongue.

Jungkook fell back on his back and pulled Jimin right with him, not breaking apart from each other. Slowly, the smaller one started to rock his hips down against Jungkook the way he had showed him
before. The other boy let out a groan and gripped Jimin's hips tightly, helping him grind down against him.

Jimin let out the most beautiful sounds again, little breathy whimpers and whines escaping his soft lips inbetween kisses. The other male flipped them over, causing Jimin to let out a surprised yelp that was quickly muffled by Jungkook's mouth on his.

Slowly, the taller boy grasped the hem of Jimin's shirt that was still wet with water from when he had spilled it on himself. Carefully, he started to pull it up without breaking the kiss.

Jimin was still nervous and anxious, but not as bad as last time as he kind of knew what was going to happen now step by step. He kind of knew the feeling of something entering him now, too, and could prepare himself for the uncomfortable but then also pleasureable feeling.

“Jungkook-ah” The blond boy moaned as Jungkook broke the kiss to pull off Jimin's shirt, tossing it behind them on the floor. He took off his own shirt, too, letting it fall to the floor next to them. Jimin whimpered at the sight of Jungkook's muscular body, swallowing hard and heart beating faster as he thought about how strong he must be. He looked a bit intimidating, with his abs and his strong muscular arms, could probably crush Jimin's slim figure. However, his features were soft when he smiled, Jimin had noticed, the opposite to his strong body. Then again, when Jungkook looked serious or pissed – which Jimin had seen more than once now and honestly, that was kind of scary, but also... oddly attractive for Jimin didn't know why – it fit right with his strong body.

A greek god. He really was. That's the only thing Jimin could think about when he stared at him. Jungkook was simply the most handsome man he had ever laid his eyes on.

“Jimin-ssi”

“Huh?” The smaller boy said, his thoughts being interrupted. He blushed as Jungkook smirked slightly, seemingly knowing that Jimin had been distracted by his beautiful body and catching him doing it.

“Lift you hips up for me, baby”

Jimin did as he was told immediately, Jungkook pulling off his trousers that he had already opened before which the blond male hadn't even noticed as he had stared at Jungkook's body. Quickly, he took off his own trousers, too, and threw them on the floor as well.

Both in just their briefs now, they continued kissing, Jungkook placing himself inbetween Jimin's spread legs, grinding against him slowly to hear Jimin make those beautiful soft whimpers.

“Have you played with your hole since last time?” The taller boy suddenly asked as he placed open mouthed kisses on his neck, nibbling on his skin lightly.

“N-No” Jimin stutterted, blushing at the mention of that. He hadn't done anything sexual since their attempt at his first time.

“Then I'm gonna have to strecht you open again, yeah? Or do you wanna do it to yourself?”

Jungkook sat up and reached for the bottle of lube he had placed on the nightstand earlier.

“Hmm? Wanna finger yourself open for me?” The black haired boy asked as he traced his fingers over Jimin's inner thigh, the boy jerking at the light touch and letting out a breathy moan.

“N-No, you do it.”
“You like my fingers inside of you? They're long, aren't they? Hit all the right places inside of you, don't they?”

Okay, this was new. Well, Jungkook had said dirty stuff to him before, but this was another level higher. The blond boy blushed and let out a whimper. However, at the twitch of Jimin's penis, he realised he seemed to like it.

“Aren't you going to answer me?”

Jimin opened his mouth to answer but could only gasp as Jungkook suddenly grabbed his penis through his briefs. The smaller boy bucked up his hips against the touch and gripped the sheets beneath him at the sudden contact, clenching his hands into little fists.

“J-Jungkook-ah” The smaller man whimpered and bit down on his lip, trying to contain the sounds.

“I'm gonna take your briefs off now, okay?”

Quickly, the shorter male nodded.

“Do you remember your safewords?” He asked as he pulled down Jimin's briefs, his erection sprang free and a breathy mewl escaped his plump lips.

“Y-Yes”

“Tell me”

“Red for stop, yellow for pause, green for okay” Jimin recited as Jungkook dropped his briefs on the floor, glancing down at the beautiful boy beneath him. His chest was quickly rising and falling, cheeks flushed and eyes closed, his hands gripping the sheets tightly, legs spread wide for Jungkook, skin pale and shaved. Gosh, he really was a vision. Jimin's features were so delicate, fitting perfectly with his petite body.

“Very good” Jungkook praised and traced his finger tips over Jimin's legs. Goosebumps formed on his skin and Jungkook had the urge to just tease the boy, for hours at that, make him let out those beautiful sounds that would turn slowly into cries and begging. His cock twitched at the thought. However, now was not the time for that, “Do you want to lie on your stomach again?”

The shorter boy hummed and rolled over on his stomach, already placing a pillow beneath his hips this time. He couldn't help himself, but just like last time he started to rock himself against the pillow, in search of more friction and chasing his orgasm.

Then, he heard a bottle being opened, presumably Jungkook who had just opened the bottle of lube and was now squirting some of it on his fingers.

“Stop” The younger one ordered as he gripped Jimin's hip with one hand, halting his movement. The other boy let out a frustrated whine high in his throat, but still stilled his motion, “Can you hold yourself open for me again?”

Jimin reached behind himself and parted his buttccheeks, revealing his tight pink hole to Jungkook who groaned at the side.

“If you want to stop, what do you say?” The taller boy wanted to know as Jimin felt his finger against his entrance. He sucked in a breath and bit down on his lip as he placed his cheek on the pillow.
“R-Red” Jimin answered, voice becoming high pitched as Jungkook entered his finger slowly, rubbing the back of his thigh softly with his other hand.

“There you go” He said and Jimin whined high in his throat at the uncomfortable feeling. He bit down on the pillow as Jungkook pulled his finger out again just to push it back inside. It didn't hurt as bad as last time, was only uncomfortable now.

“Feels weird” The smaller boy whimpered as Jungkook kept moving his finger in and out of him.

“I know” Jungkook uttered, “Wanna play with your little cock again?”

Gosh, if Jungkook was going to keep talking like this he would come on the spot. Jimin didn't even know why. The way Jungkook talked to him in an obscene and dirty way made him blush and he shouldn't like it, but for some reason he did, even if he was embarrassed. It did something to the smaller boy. Jungkook had done this previously before and Jimin had always noticed how his penis had twitched at his words, but it only now seemed to really hit him what Jungkook was doing to him.

The blond boy hummed as he let go of his buttcheek and reached for his penis, closing his tiny hand around it and tugging on it slowly.

“I'm gonna enter another one now, okay?”

“O-Okay” Jimin breathed out and his eyes flutterted shut as the other boy pushed another finger inside of him.

“There you go, almost there”

It only felt uncomfortable for a couple more seconds. That was until Jungkook found his prostate, causing Jimin to let out a scream at the sudden touch, hands clenching in the sheets beneath him and hips moving back against the touch involuntarily.

“There it is” Jungkook commented, voice low, as he kept fucking his fingers in and out of Jimin who let out loud moans and whimpers that were muffled by the pillow.

“A-ah, yes, Jungkook-ah!” Jimin cried out as Jungkook entered his third finger and pushed right against his prostate. Slowly, he kept rubbing against it firmly in a circle motion, driving Jimin wild. It was too much, he was too overwhelmed by the feeling and was sure to come any moment now if Jungkook was going to keep going with that, “Stop, please, I'm gonna come if you don't stop” The boy warned and moaned as he let go of his penis.

Jungkook didn't stop, but rubbed faster.

“Jungkook-ah!” The blond male cried out and he was so close, almost coming, but suddenly Jungkook's fingers were gone. Jimin's body was trembling, he was right at the edge. It felt like only one small touch would make him come.

“Jimin-ah, I thought another position might be better for today. Gives you more control of the situation so you can set the pace, yeah? Do you like that idea?” Jungkook suggested as he brushed Jimin's hair out of his face gently, trying to see his face. The boy was breathing heavily, still hadn't let go of the sheets and was drooling over the pillow as he let out little breaths, “Mhm? Does that sound good?” Jungkook asked as he leaned over Jimin, placing a kiss on his shoulder.

The smaller boy had heard him, but he didn't want to move. Jungkook grabbed his hips and lifted him with ease. He turned him around and placed him on the bed as he went to sit against the headboard himself. Jimin just stared at him with a blank expression, eyes blown wide and cheeks
flushed.

Jungkook chuckled as he pulled Jimin over and made him straddle his lap. “Is that okay?” He wanted to ensure.

The shorter boy nodded and placed his hands on Jungkook’s shoulders. “I just don't know... what to do” Jimin admitted.

“Don't worry, I'll help you. You are going to ride me, okay? Remember when you humped against me? Try it like that”

Jimin blushed, but nodded as Jungkook reached for the condom on the nightstand and opened the package, throwing it on the nightstand before pulling the condom over his erection. Then, he grabbed the lube and poured some of it over his penis to make sure it would be easier to enter Jimin.

“Okay, now whenever you are ready”

Jimin swallowed hard as he locked eyes with the other male. Even when he liked the idea of being able to set the pace, this position scared him a bit. This way, Jungkook was constantly looking at him and Jimin was constantly looking at him, too. It was a very intimate position, Jimin thought.

Taking a deep breath, he reached behind himself and wrapped his tiny hand around Jungkook’s hard length as he lifted his hips, placing the head against his entrance.

“Deep breath for me”

Jimin did and then he pushed the head inside carefully while simultaneously lowering his hips a bit. He opened his mouth in a silent scream and squeezed his eyes shut as he was stretched by Jungkook’s penis.

“There you go, you're doing well, Jimin-ah”

The shorter boy whimpered as he kept lowering himself, taking his time to adjust with each part that entered him. Jungkook grabbed his hips tighter the deeper he entered Jimin, but he didn't rush the boy, let him set his own pace.

“Jimin-ah, shit, you're so fucking tight around me” Jungkook cursed and let his head fall back against the wall as Jimin finally sat back down on his lap, penis inside of him completely.

It did feel uncomfortable to be stretched out like this, but Jimin remembered how good it had felt only a couple of seconds after the last time, so he took his time to adjust.

He felt a hand brush his hair out of his face, opening his eyes to stare right at Jungkook who's pupils were dilated, yet there was not only lust but also fondness in his eyes. The taller male waited patiently for the older one to be ready.

“Good?”

The smaller boy hummed and gave a small nod.

“Colour?”

“Green” He assured as Jungkook placed his hands on his butt resulting in Jimin to let out a pant and swallow hard.

“Move whenever you are ready”
The problem was that Jimin didn't really know how he was supposed to move. The taller one had mentioned something about rocking his hips against him the way he had done a couple of days ago so that's what he did.

Carefully, he lifted his hips only slightly and moved forward, just to sit back down a moment later. It felt weird, was stretching him open even more, yet there was pleasure when Jungkook's penis pressed against his walls.

Trying again, he lifted his hips a bit and moved back and forth this time, but sitting back down again right after.

Jungkook was rubbing his thumb over Jimin's butt gently, trying to comfort him and not rush him. That wasn't that easy though. The smaller boy was just so tight around him and whenever he moved in the slightest, the urge to just thrust up into him overcame him, but he controlled it, not wanting to hurt the boy.

“H-Help me” The blond boy pleaded, voice quiet and soft, eyes filled with lust, yet also insecurity.

The taller male moved his hands up to grasp his hips and pulled the boy towards him and pushed him back away again.

“Start like this, maybe try circle motions to see what feels good”

Jimin obeyed and moved his hips back and forth, left and right, but it just didn't feel as good as when Jungkook had touched him or had have the control of the situation. The smaller boy just couldn't find that special spot inside of him.

Letting out a frustrated whine, the blond male lifted his hips and sat back down, a moan escaping him at the motion. That felt better, he thought and tried again, this time quicker.

“There you go” The other male groaned and grasped his hips harder, “Just like that. So tight around me, Jimin-ssi”

Gripping Jungkook tighter by the shoulders, he lifted himself up and dropped back down, suddenly hitting something inside of him that made him scream, hiding his face in the curve of Jungkook's neck quickly.

“Found your prostate, hmm?” The other male murmured in his ear, helping Jimin lift his hips until almost having Jungkook slip out of him, just to drop him back down on his cock, causing the smaller boy to whimper and his body to twitch at the intense feeling of his prostate being stimulated, “Right there?”

The smaller male nodded swiftly and hummed, “Y-Yes, there” His voice broke into a high pitched moan as Jungkok repeated the action, the older boy shaking all over.

“Can you move your hips up and down like this?”

Jimin raised his hips and dropped them back down, quickly repeating the motion again and again while letting out the most beautiful yet obscene noises right against Jungkook's ear.

“Yeah, exactly like this, baby, bounce up and down on my cock”

Whimpering at his words, the shorter male moved faster, bouncing up and down and hitting his prostate every single time. It was the most intense feeling he had ever felt during anything sexual they had done, the feeling was overwhelmingly pleasureable, yet it almost seemed to be too much.
“Shit, if you could see yourself right now” Jungkook growled in his ear as he thrusted up once against Jimin, resulting in said boy to let out a silent scream, body shaking all over as he was close to coming again.

However, his mind had other plans for him as the image of his father appeared again.

_No, no, not now_. He didn't want to think about him, wanted to forget about him. The small boy kept repeating Taehyung's and Jungkook's words in his mind, hoping to be able to make those horrible memories disappear.

“Jimin-ssi”

No answer.

“Hey, Jimin-ah, what's your colour, hmm?” Jimin was hearing his voice, but it was as if he wasn't present, the smaller boy being captured in his mind, locked within his memories and the real world was muffled, “Jiminnie?” The blond boy could feel a soft hand against his cheek, wanted to nuzzle against the touch, but his father was screaming at him inside of his head for how disgusting he was behaving, what a disgrace to his family he was for acting like this.

“No, I'm not” The boy whispered and shook his head, squeezing his eyes shut.

“You're not what? Jimin-ah, babe, don't listen to those words, okay? Do you hear me?”

The caress against his skin was so gentle, Jimin just tried to focus on that.

“Just listen to my voice, focus on me, babe, yeah? He is gone, okay? This is not real. He won't hurt you anymore, not ever again. His words hold no truth, no meaning at all. Whatever he told you, the only purpose was to make you suffer and to manipulate you. There was never a good intention, so don't tell yourself that you have to keep listening to him. He was wrong and you know that. You know that his words hold no weight. They don't have any power anymore. Let them go, just let go of them”

“Let go” Jimin echoed absentmindedly. “He was bad, just wanted to hurt me”

“Exactly. He was wrong with whatever he told you”

“Wrong” The smaller boy repeated and nodded slightly, opening his eyes to stare right at Jungkook who was looking at him concerned. “He was wrong”

The younger one gave a nod while brushing Jimin's hair out of his face and capturing his lips in a soft peck, “Good?”

The blond boy nodded. “T-Thank you, Jungkook-ah”

Closing his arms around Jungkook's neck, the shorter one attached his lips on the younger male's ones and just kissed him gently but deeply, hoping to not be pulled back into his memories but rather distract himself with the soft lips of the taller one.

They remained like that, only kissing, but not moving beside that just yet. Jimin was immensely grateful that Jungkook had helped him, had been able to pull him out of his memories and make him feel better again. It just proved to the smaller boy once again what kind of effect the younger one had on him.

“Do you want to stop?” The taller male wanted to know as he broke the kiss, nose softly nudging his
cheek.

Jimin quickly shook his head, “No”

The black haired one hummed and caressed his hips, “Do you want to change the position?”

Contemplating for a moment, he eventually shook his head again, “No, I want to try it like this again, please”

Nodding, Jungkook wet his lips and pressed a peck on his lips, whispering “Move when you are ready”

Placing his hands on Jungkook’s shoulder again, Jimin lifted his hips slowly and dropped them back down, causing both males to let out a breath. The smaller one just fixated his gaze on Jungkook’s eyes. Looking at them for too long usually made him incredibly nervous and blush immediately, but right now there was something soothing and comforting about it because it made him focus solely on the boy in front of him instead of his horrible memories. There was only Jungkook right now, staring right back at him.

The older boy quickened his pace, in search of that special spot inside of him as he kept bouncing up and down, never breaking eye contact with Jungkook.

“Fuck, you look so beautiful like this, Jiminie” The other male cursed and grasped his hips tighter, helping him move them up and down on his cock. Seeing the small boy fuck himself on his cock was doing things to him. The way he bounced up and down while letting out those high pitched whimpers and whines, desperately chasing both of their releases, was an unreal sight to see, especially considering how shy and reserved the boy usually was. Jimin always looked so innocent, even know, angelic features being the total opposite to the obscene way he was bouncing on his dick.

“T-Thank you” The blond boy whimpered, voice becoming high pitched as he hit his own prostate, body shaking and eyes squeezing shut as he kept bouncing up and down in that exact way to hit his prostate dead on continuously.

His plump pink lips where parted and his eyes pressed shut as he quickened his pace, soft whimpers leaving his mouth, cheeks were flushed and he just looked so fucked out. Frankly, Jungkook just wanted to save that image in his mind. Even more than that, it gave him ideas of what he wanted to do to the smaller boy, thinking about pleasing him for hours to hear those pretty sounds and see his delicate face scrunched up in pleasure, yet never letting him come, keeping him on edge for hours- or making him come multiple times until those pretty sounds turn into cries and begging, the smaller one pleading for him to stop.

“Fuck” Jungkook cursed at those thoughts, an urge to just go ahead and do those things blooming inside of him, but there were other times for that.

“Oh, ah! Oh my god, Jungkook-ah” The smaller boy cried out and hid his face in the curve of the other male’s neck as he kept rocking his body against him. He felt so full, so overwhelmed by the intense feeling of his prostate being hit continuously, “H-Hurts” He whimpered then and slowed down, his thighs aching from bouncing this much for so long. Sure, Jimin was a dancer and was used to exhausting his body for hours, thighs included, but this was a little different, tiring him out after moving like this for a while.

“What hurts, baby?”
“Thighs” The smaller male whined and nibbled on Jungkook's skin at his neck, sucking slightly.

“Want me to help you, hmm? Should I fuck up into you?”

Moaning, Jimin nodded as Jungkook scooted down the bed a bit, placed his feet on the bed and gripped his hips tighter, thrusting up while the smaller one moved his hips down.

“Oh g-god” Jimin screamed and wrapped his hands around the taller one’s neck at the intense force of the thrust and the pleasure that blossomed inside of him. Jungkook fell back on his back causing the blond boy to fall on top of him.

He had enjoyed the sensual pace, had enjoyed to be able to set his own rhythm, but this, oh god, this was something else. Jungkook kept ramming up into him again and again, rough thrusts hitting his prostate dead on with force.

The smaller boy let out a silent scream, hiding his face in the curve of Jungkook's neck while breathy whimpers escaped his soft lips. His body rocked back and forth with the force of the taller one's thrusts, his rhythm relentless.

The younger one closed his arms around the shorter boy's body, pulling him even closer and holding him tight while moving his hips impossibly faster.

“Jungkook-ah, oh my god, yes, please” He whined and squeezed his eyes shut, his erection pressed between their bodies, receiving friction with every move.

“Are you close, Jimin-ah?” The taller one growled and sucked on Jimin's skin at his neck resulting in said boy to whine.

“Y-Yeees” He mewled and nodded quickly, body trembling due to the stimulation and force of the thrusts.

Everything was just too much, the feeling completely overwhelming him. It was too intense, the pleasure on his penis and prostate simultaneously drove him crazy. He could feel himself getting closer and closer, but he was scared of his orgasm, felt like he was going to pass out from the pleasure. He had never felt like this, never had been this overwhelmed during anything sexual they had done. Finally, he understood what the fuss about sex was about. This feeling was incredible.

“W-Wait, slower, please” The blond boy pleaded, opening his eyes as he sat up again.

Jungkook stilled and placed his legs back down on the bed, chest rising and falling quickly as he caught his breath, “Is everything okay?”

Jimin gave a swift nod, placing his hands on Jungkook's chest. “I just want to come like this, please” He whispered and blushed, suddenly shy.

Even though he had enjoyed the rough pace of the other male, he really wanted to come in this way, slow and sensual, for his real first time.

“Whatever you want” He nodded and smiled encouraging as Jimin lifted his hips just to drop them back down.

The blond boy quickly established a pace, bouncing up and down with force, yet not too fast. Searching for his special spot, he simultaneously moved his hips back and forth, a whimper escaping his lips as he found it eventually.
“Doing so good, Jimin-ah” Jungkook praised and rubbed his thighs.

It didn't take long for him to be close to coming again. Locking eyes with Jungkook, the smaller boy caught his lip between his teeth as the feeling began to overwhelm him, hinting at his orgasm being very close.

“C-Close, Jungkook-ah”

“Me too, go on, baby, come for me whenever you are ready”

Jungkook closed his hand around Jimin's erection that had been bouncing up and down while Jimin had moved the whole time, yet had been neglected other than that, causing the blond one to whimper and his body to shake. The taller boy quickly pulled on his cock to help him get over the edge.

“Oh my goood, Jungkook, yes!” He screamed as he felt his orgasm hit him hard, the feeling bursting inside of him and filling his whole body. Sperm spurted out of his hard length, landing on Jungkook's chest as the smaller boy fell forward on top of him, grabbing the sheets beneath them and clenching his hands into little fists.

“Fuck, Jimin-ah!” Jungkook gritted through his teeth as he felt the other male clench around him, finally finding his own release, too, and coming hard.

Jimin's whole body was trembling violently from the aftershock, Jungkook still moving inside of him and stimulating him, thus prolonging his orgasm. It didn't stop, the intense feeling kept hitting him with a new wave after wave.

“J-Jungkook-ah, hurts” Jimin whimpered at the sensitivity.

Carefully, Jungkook pulled out of him, causing the blond boy to feel incredibly empty. He didn't like the feeling, yet having Jungkook inside of him had been too much, as well, the stimulation overwhelming him.

Both boys were breathing rapidly, chests rising and falling quickly as they stayed in their position, neither of them moving an inch. Their sweaty bodies were pressed against each other, but they didn't care. Well, that was until Jimin felt his own cum between them, grimacing at the realisation. However, he really didn't want to move, way too content and relaxed, felt like he was floating again. As if on cue, his eyes became heavy and he was sure that he could just fall asleep like this, on top of Jungkook while the other one was holding him tight. That wish increased as the other male started to trace his fingertips over his back softly. They remained like that fairly long, Jimin feeling like he was so close to falling asleep.

“Jimin-ah, are you here with me, hmm? Are you okay?” The taller one asked eventually, voice still low, yet gentle.

“I'm okay” He assured and nodded, eventually lifting his head to be able to look at the other. “Thank you. I feel really good”

Honestly, he did feel good, incredible really. He finally has had his first time. Wasn't that amazing? The small boy was really happy, yet a little sad as he didn't feel much different. Maybe that was going to happen later after it only really hits him that he has actually done this.

“I'm glad. We gotta clean you though before your cum dries”

Jungkook sat up causing Jimin to do the same. There was cum sticking on both of their stomachs,
Jimin's cum. The taller one pulled his condom off and got up from the bed, walking into the bathroom.

The blond boy fell back down on the bed as he heard water being turned on, looking up at the ceiling. Unconsciously, he was smiling. There was happiness and something else that he couldn't define blooming inside of him.

“Did you enjoy your first time, Jimin-ssi?” Jungkook asked as he entered the bedroom again, startling Jimin. The blond boy locked eyes with him and nodded.

“I did. A lot. Thank you, Jungkook-ah” He smiled as his cheeks flushed. The taller one was wearing fresh briefs already, the other male still being completely bare and feeling exposed.

“You're welcome” The younger one replied as he cleaned Jimin's stomach, getting rid of the cum, “Turn on your side for me” The shorter male rolled onto his side so Jungkook could part his buttclefts and clean the left over lube, Jimin sucking in a breath at the touch, whining high in his throat due to the sensitivity.

“Did you?” Jimin suddenly wanted to know as he rolled back onto his back, Jungkook disappearing into the bathroom for a moment to put the wet cloth away.

“Did I what?” He asked as he walked back in, eyebrows arched up in a curious manner.

“Did you like it? I mean, was that good?” The blond boy clarified, cheeks heating up at the question.

Jungkook only stared at him for a moment, studying his features. “You made me come so yes, you were good. You were riding me a little clumsily and messy at first, but it got better after a while. Of course it depends on what kind of pace you set, so sometimes moving in circular motion is best and sometimes bouncing up and down is better. It's whatever makes you feel good, just move accordingly to that’

The smaller male blushed, but nodded as Jungkook picked up his shirt and briefs for him, handing them to Jimin so he could put them on.

“Thanks” The blond boy uttered and put on his briefs before he sat back down on the bed.

“What pace did you enjoy more? Rough and fast or rather slower?”

Jimin put the shirt over his head and blushed deeper at the question.

“I-I…” He locked eyes with Jungkook, but quickly averted his gaze at the intent stare of the younger one, “Both. I liked it slower for now... but I... but I liked the way you did it a lot, too”

“Noted” The taller boy uttered and hummed.

Suddenly, a thought appeared in Jimin's mind, bringing him back to reality and slapping him in the face. Wasn't this over then now? This thing between them? He has had sex now, so that's it, no?

Catching his lip between his teeth, the smaller boy played with the hem of his shirt.

“What is it?”

Jimin looked up at the other male who seemed to have read his expression.

“Is this over now, then? I mean, this thing between us?” He voiced his thought, for some reason sounding very sad.
Jungkook arched up his eyebrows in surprise. “Do you want it to be over?”

Jimin opened his mouth, but shut it right after. Of course not, his mind screamed at him.

“What makes you say that?” Jungkook interrupted his thoughts as he leaned against the wall, looking at the smaller one intently and curiously.

“I-I don’t know. I just thought... I had sex now, so there isn't anything to learn now, is it?”

The younger one just looked at him for a moment. Suddenly a faint smirk appeared on his face, fondness or amusement glistening in his eyes, Jimin wasn't sure.

“Jimin-ah, believe me, there are many more things to learn. Did you forget the list? Certainly, you don't have to do or learn any of those things, but they are possibilities. Even things you have done already, there is way more to them, ways and tips of how you can improve them. Unless, of course, you don't want to go on. If you want this to end, that is totally fine”

To be fair, Jimin had forgotten about that list, so caught up in his first time and solely focusing on that. Frankly, the mere mention of that list made his stomach twist, yet it excited him because it meant that this wasn't over, that there were more things to learn and discover.

“What will we do then?” The smaller boy asked eventually.

“Whatever you want to do, you're the student” Jungkook responded and shrugged his shoulders, walking towards him, “If you don't know what you want to do though, we could have a look at the list next time and just try something from there, hmm?”

Swallowing hard, Jimin gave a faint nod, not sure what they were going to do from now on. Well, they could practice some things they have previously done, right? Suddenly, Jimin thought about blowjobs again and about how he had wanted to take all of Jungkook's hard on inside of his mouth. The urge to try that overcame him, exciting him. Shooking his head, the small boy drew his thighs together and locked eyes with the taller one again.

“That sounds good.”

"Any more questions?"

"No, we can just text on what to do next time or decide right on the day" He suggested and Jungkook nodded.

There was silence for a moment where they both just looked at each other.

“Right, if you are feeling okay, I have to ask you to leave now. You can't stay today. In fact, last time was a one time thing, an exception. I made the rules for a reason and from now on: no more violation of the rules, no exceptions. I'm not blaming you, we broke the rule together, I just wanted to talk about that. It shouldn't and it won't happen again”

Of course, it had been a one time thing. He had been aware of that, had assumed that because the rules were set for a reason and shouldn't be broken. However, it was odd to hear Jungkook say it, made him realise once more how this was casual - with no feelings whatsoever.

“I know. Won't happen again” The blond boy assured and gave a nod.

He didn't want to break the rules either, knew that it was safer and that they only existed to protect both of them, so this was fine.
“Good”

Jimin got up and picked up his pants from where Jungkook had tossed them earlier and put them on. Then, he ruffled his hair slightly to make it appear somewhat less messier.

“You didn't take the money on the nightstand for a taxi the last time” Jungkook pointed out as they made their way downstairs into the living room.

“I know. I don't like taking your money. I just took the bus, it was day anyway” He replied as he put his shoes on.

“I'll call you a taxi today” Jungkook let him know as he picked up his phone to type something in.

“No, not necessary, really, Jungkook-ah. I don't mind taking the bus”

“It's late though” He just uttered and kept ordering a taxi.

Letting out a sigh, the smaller boy gave up, knowing now that there was no point in arguing with the younger one as he would be persistent.

“There is one not too far from here, will be downstairs pretty quick” The taller male let him know as he placed his phone on the table and went over to his bag to pull out his wallet.

“No” Jimin protested and shook his head, “Please, Junkook-ah, I feel bad when you pay for the taxi. I decided to come here. I really don't mind taking the bus”

“And I don't mind calling you a taxi and paying for it. It's late”

“So what?” The blond boy countered and raised an eyebrow.

“So I don't want you to walk around late at night” He revealed and handed him the money.

“Why?” Jimin breathed and locked eyes with him.

The taller one looked back and forth between his eyes.

“Because” He simply answered and gripped his hand to turn it over and place the money in his palm, closing Jimin's fist around it.

“Thank you, Jungkook-ah” The smaller one muttered and put the money in his pocket as he grabbed his backpack, pulling it over his right shoulder, “And really, genuinely, thank you for today. It was better than I imagined and hoped it would be” He revealed, voice soft and genuine.

Jungkook had been careful, respectful and patient with him. More than that, he had been able to free him from his horrible memories inside of his mind, had been able to pull him back to reality.

Everything that Jimin had hoped for – for having sex to show and prove to him that his father had been wrong, that it wasn't anything he was going to go to hell for, but that it was beautiful instead, for it to help him heal – steps of that had been achieved and Jimin couldn't be happier.

“I'm glad to hear that, Jimin-ssi.” There was a slight smile on his face, but it was gone quickly all the same.

“We'll text about next time then?” Jimin asked as Jungkook opened the door.

“Yes” He confirmed as the smaller one stepped outside, “Good night, Jimin-ssi.”
“Good night, Jungkook-ah”

They looked at each other for a moment. Eventually, Jungkook shook his head as if he had snapped out of a trance and Jimin turned around to leave, hearing the door shut behind him.

He left with a smile on his face and a warm feeling blossoming inside of his chest, making him feel all bubbly inside.

Chapter End Notes

Finally a little more insight on what Jungkook does :)

This chapter was a little longer again. :) I hope that makes up for my updates being a little irregular the next couple of days as I’m gonna be really busy. Sorry about that, but I hope you can understand :) <3

Thanks for all the love on the last chapters. I loved reading about what your favourite moments in the story are so far. <3

What do you think they are going to try next? :) If you have any kind of wishes, you can leave them in the comments and I will see whether I can include them in the story somehow. Please don’t be mad if it takes a while though or they won’t appear :) <3
A Change

Chapter Summary

Taehyung suggests a change for Jimin, but that doesn't really go as planned... Later, Jungkook helps Jimin with a little problem he has.

Chapter Notes

Hi!

I'm really sorry for not being able to post that frequently anymore. I'm very busy right now, but I will still try to update as often as possible. It's only gonna be this irregular for the next two weeks approximately, then you will get a chapter very frequently again. Hopefully, you can understand :)

Thanks for all the love and your understanding <3 Enjoy the chapter :)

“Tae, are you sure this is right?” Jimin mumbled concerned as the taller one picked up the instructions and read over them again.

“It's not so difficult, is it? I just have to spread the hair dye all over and let it rest for a while. Done” His best friend responded nonchalantly and shrugged his shoulders, dropping the instructions on the floor again and grabbing the bottle with the hair dye.

“Tae!” The smaller one cried out in disbelief and tried to look back, but Taehyung turned his head back around.

“Don't move so much or I'll drop some of the hair dye and hyung is going to kill us both” Taehyung warned.

As if on cue, Yoongi walked right inside of the living room. “Damn right I will. You better not drop any of that shit on my floor” The black haired boy scolded and crossed his arms over his chest, “Why are you doing this shit in my house again?”

“Because your house has more space and your restroom has an actual bathtub which is easier to use when you only want to rinse out your hair” Taehyung reasoned and fixated his towel on top of his head. They had previously already bleached Taehyung's hair. Well, his best friend had done that himself as he didn't let anyone else touch his hair. Jimin on the other hand had only ever dyed his hair in a hair salon, by professionals to be exact. This time, however, Taehyung had volunteered or rather begged him to dye his hair for him.

“And why are you doing this shit at all?”

To be fair, that was a justified question as Jimin had only ever dyed his hair blond and stayed with that colour for like a year now. Him and Taehyung had both decided to dye their hair when they had
graduated from their arts school, figuring that it was going to be a new step in their life and demanded a change in their appearance as well. Jimin had chosen blond while his best friend had went for brown.

This time, however... well, Tae had suggested it.

“You look different, Minnie” He commented as he studied his face, “You look all happy again and you haven't stopped smiling ever since I saw you today”

Jimin blushed at that and smiled shyly, yet their was still happiness glistening in his eyes. Taehyung mirrored his expression and tilted his head to the side, smile growing and eyes shining with fondness.

“I guess your first time was successful then?”

The blond boy nodded at that, catching his bottom lip between his teeth and locking eyes with his best friend again. “It was... better than I had imagined. I liked it a lot. For some reason, I just can't stop smiling when I think about it”

The brown haired boy looked at him with affection in his eyes, happy that his best friend has had such a beautiful experience while knowing how anxious he had been.

“Well, that's good to hear. Means that I don't have to beat up Jungkook” His best friend joked and cracked his knuckles, both boys chuckling.

“No, silly, you don't have to do that. To be fair, Jungkook would probably crush you anyway” He snickered.

Taehyung opened his mouth and placed his hand over his heart, staring at his best friend as if he had offended him. “Excuse me? Have you ever heard about adrenaline that arises inside of your body when it comes to protecting or saving your loved ones? Boy, the adrenaline would make me knock him out if he ever hurt you”

They just stared at each other for a moment, but both broke out into chuckles shortly after. “Thank you, Taetae, that you would do something like that for me. Jungkook is really strong. I have seen his body” The shorter male muttered, voice becoming quieter at the end as the image of Jungkook's naked body appeared inside of his head, making him blush immediataly.

“What, are you saying I'm weak? If you keep insulting me like this, I might reconsider protecting your ass.” He huffed and crossed his arms over his chest, but there was no heat behind it, amusement glistening in his eyes, “Don't come at me with your strength kink”

At that, Jimin opened his mouth in shock and swatted his arm. “I don't even have- whatever that is” Taehyung rubbed over his arm and stared at him unimpressed, shaking his head, “Believe me, you do have a strength kink. Your eyes give you away, Jimin-ah. I saw your expression when you mentioned how strong he is, the way you blushed. That is definitely something that gets you goi-”

“Be quiet” Jimin mumbled and swatted his arm again, however Tae dodging his hand this time and looking pleased with that.

“What? I'm just letting you know. There is nothing wrong with that. He is pretty muscular and hot. I would let him fuck me up against a wall, too, if I was you”

“Oh my god, Tae!” He screamed and his eyes widened at his best friend's words, said boy just
sneering at the cute reaction of Jimin, “I don't even know if he is actually that strong.” The smaller boy mumbled.

“Do you think that boy is weak? Have you seen his arms? I'm telling you, that boy can lift you with ease.” Well, that fact was true as Jimin thought about it. He had lifted Jimin plenty of times, had been able to move him around however he pleased so effortlessly. The blond boy swallowed hard at the thought. Maybe there was a little truth to Taehyung's words then... However, Jimin had not even known that something like that existed, only finding out about it now. He reckoned that there were all kinds of names for things people liked in sex.

“What even is a kink?” The smaller one asked eventually and cocked his head to the side in a curious manner.

“Hasn't Jungkook talked about that with you?” His best friend responded surprised and arched up his eyebrows. Jimin shook his head. “A kink is... just a fetish, I guess. Well, a sexual taste I would rather say. Something that you might enjoy during sex, but not all people necessarily do.”

“How do I find out if I have a kink?”

Taehyung pursed his lips, thinking for a moment, “I guess you just have to try it out. You will definitely know if there is something you like or not like. I mean, how did you realise you have a strength kink?”

“I do not have a strength kink!” Jimin protested and shook his head quickly, pouting at his best friend who just chuckled in response.

“Well, you have that list from Jungkook, don't you? There must be many kinks on there, too, so just try some things from there and you will see whether or not you have that kink” The brown haired boy advised, “Oh, and for the record: you do have a strength kink. Just see it as it is. It's fine, Jimin, don't be ashamed by that. Many people, if not everyone has kinks and that's totally fine. I have a fair share of kinks myself, too.”

“So it's not... weird if I have something like that?” He asked, voice soft and unsure.

“No, of course not” Taehyung quickly assured. “That's not weird at all, Jimin-ah.”

Smiling shyly, Jimin nodded faintly and cleared his throat. “Thanks, Tae.”

“You're welcome, Minnie” He grinned and leaned against the sofa, just staring at his best friend, “You know what? This calls for a change”

“A change?”

His best friend hummed and sat back up again.

“You are no longer a virgin, that's a big part and step in your life. You are not only no virgin anymore, but you are also on your way to healing completely now that you know that sex isn't something you are not allowed to do yourself or something that doesn't feel good. This is a big deal, Jimin-ah.” Taehyung explained and smiled brightly, “So, as something in your life changed, a big part at that, and you are feeling a little different, too, don't you think that calls for a change in your appearance, as well?”

“My appearance?” The smaller boy echoed and titled his head to the side, already having an idea of what his best friend was referring to.
Excitedly, Tae nodded and his smile grew bigger, “Yes, a new hair colour. I’m gonna join you, too, now that I’m making progress in that Hoseok hyung case, I’m longing for a change in my hair colour as well!”

Jimin giggled and shook his head, “What hair colours are you thinking about?”

“Well, I don’t know yet. We can still decide later. The best thing, though, is that I’m going to do it” He grinned.

“What?” The shorter one uttered in shock.

“Don’t worry, it will be fine” He snickered and threw his arm around his best friend.

Well, and that's how they found themselves here now in Yoongi's living room, dyeing their hair.

“Because it's time for a change up, hyung.” Taehyung simply answered as he squirted some of the hair dye on Jimin's head.

“You do look different, Jimin-ah” Yoongi pointed out and titled his head to the side, “I don't know what it is, but I have noticed it ever since you walked into my house”

Jimin blushed a little at that and smiled shyly, “Thanks, hyung. I do feel a little different, a tiny bit”

The older boy smiled affectionate at him and nodded slightly, “Just don't drop any of that shit on my floor” He warned again as he walked into the kitchen, Namjoon suddenly entering the living room, too.

“Still going?” The taller boy asked as he brushed his dark blond hair out of his face and watched the scene in front of him. Jimin was placed on a chair near the sofa and a towel was wrapped around his shoulders so that the hair dye wouldn't make his clothes dirty in case anything would drop down. The other boy was standing behind him and rubbing his hand through Jimin's hair to spread the hair dye, biting on his tongue in a concentrated manner.

“Well, I am done. Now it's Jimin's turn” Taehyung replied and smiled as Namjoon walked over to them to get a closer look.

They had met earlier for the first time as they had somewhat surprised Yoongi and had just invited themselves into his house without telling him beforehand or asking for permission at that. To be fair, Yoongi always had his door open for them and welcomed them in his home so it wasn't that big of a deal. However, Yoongi had actually been working – technically he still was – with Namjoon on a song. Yoongi had a small studio in his basement where he worked on songs sometimes and both boys had decided to work here rather than the company today.

As Yoongi had introduced Namjoon to them it had seemed as if they had known each other for years – well, they did, but you could really see that just by them talking about each other. The black haired boy had talked about him in such an affectionate way, convicting the feeling that they were really close, that Namjoon was very special to him and that he adored him, too. Yoongi had told them about old times, when they were still both in underground rap, just like he had talked about his time with Namjoon back at the diner – now they were able to picture a face with those stories. Namjoon really was an amazing and impressive person, as Jimin learned through all of the stories they both shared with him and Taehyung – laughing now and then, but looking very sad sometimes, too, when they talked about how much they struggled or the day they moved apart because Namjoon went back to Ilsan because his mother became sick – she was fine now, thankfully. Overall, both boys immediately found themselves become comfortable with the taller boy and grew to like him quickly.
“Did you shake the bottle before you started?”

“Of course” Taehyung assured and squirted some more hair dye on Jimin's head to spread it around.

“It looks very light, doesn't it? Like orange-y” Namjoon commented and titled his head to the side as Yoongi walked back inside the living room with a water bottle inside of his hand.

“What?!” Jimin screamed shocked and tried to turn around again, but Taehyung turned his head right back.

“Stop moving. It just looks like this now. The colour is going to rest on your head for a while and it will change colour later. Don't worry” His best friend tried to calm him, Jimin swallowing hard, but trusting his friend.

“How many times have you done this before, Tae?” Jimin wanted to know, “I mean, besides that time just earlier. I mean on other people”

“Oh, well then, uhm, zero”

“Tae!” The small boy cried out and pouted, scared about how his hair was going to turn out.

“Chill. This isn't so hard. It will be fine. I just have to spread some of this hair dye which I am almost done with now, then we let it rest and later we will rinse it out with water. As easy as that and boom, you have your new hair, a beautiful hazel colour”

“Are you sure about that?” Namjoon suddenly asked, “This does not say hazel” He snickered.

“Oh my god!” Yoongi laughed and came over, Taehyung halting his action and following his gaze.

“What are you talking about? I bought hazel hair dye for Jiminie” His best friend uttered, voice sure.

Yoongi and Namjoon started laughing at Taehyung's expression as said boy swallowed hard, “Oh shit” He then muttered.

“What?!” Jimin cried out and wanted to turn around, but Tae stopped him by placing his hand on his head.

“Jimin, I need you to be very calm right now. I'm really sorry, but don't freak out.” Taehyung warned him cautiously, his voice giving away that he was a little scared, Jimin's heart beating faster, “It's fine, really, it's not that bad. It's actually going to be a very-”

“What colour is it?” The now frightened boy interrupted.

“Orange” Taehyung whispered.

The other boy's broke out into laughter again and fell down on the sofa while Jimin's jaw dropped.

This was not real. This was definitely not real. How could this have happened?

“W-What?”

“I'm sure it will look really nice. It's just an unusual colour, but it will suit you just fine, right boys?”

They shut up immediataly and got back up, clearing their throats. “Yes, of course” Yoongi assured and walked over so Jimin could see him. As he studied the smaller boy's expression and saw his concern, Yoongi's features softened immediataly, “You will look gorgeous as always, Jimin-ah”
“Exactly” Taehyung agreed as he squirted some more hair dye on his head.

“Tae!” The shorter boy screamed out.

“What? Should I just leave it unfinished now? The damage is already done so I might as well finish it so you don’t walk around with some blond dots on your head”

The other two boys were trying to control their laughter now, Jimin pouting. He could not believe what was happening. He had just wanted to dye his hair - in a hazel colour to be exact. Certainly, it probably would have been better to let a professional do this. Then again, the colour might still turn out good – it's just the wrong one.

“I don't even know how this happened. I'm sure I picked up a hazel hair dye…” Taehyung mumbled, “I guess I must have picked the one beside that or something like that. To be fair, my boss had just called me at that moment so I was a little distracted”

The smaller boy sighed, shutting his eyes close and shaking his head. This was unreal. Maybe it was just a dream?

Then again, as they had said, it might not even look so bad.

“We can just dye it again in a couple of days if you don't like it” His best friend suggested.

“You're right”

The other boys broke out into snickering again, Jimin involuntarily joining them as this was just an absurd situation, something he had not even imagine to happen.

This was his fate now, wasn't it?

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“It does look good” Yoongi commented after Taehyung had rubbed over Jimin's head with a towel to dry his hair.

“Oh my god, I actually love it” His best friend breathed out in awe. He was now blond himself, having blowdried and styled his hair already. It actually fit him really well, especially as he had kept his eyebrows in a dark colour and they were somewhat emphasised. He just looked incredibly good with that hair, well, he always did.

“You're just saying that because you made the mistake” Jimin mumbled, insecure as he locked eyes with his best friend.

“No, Jiminie, it actually suits you really well” Yoongi assured and looked at him in awe as well, a little shocked, if he was being honest, how good he looked with that colour.

“It really does” Namjoon confirmed and showed him a thumbs up.

“I'm not shitting you, Minnie. You look gorgeous” Taehyung complimented and turned him around so he could look at himself in the mirror, “It's not blowdried or styled yet, but even now it already looks so good on you. I actually adore the colour on you”

The smaller boy stared at himself, mouth opening in shock. He pushed his hand through his hair as it looked unreal when he glanced at himself in the mirror, like he could just get rid of the colour with his hand. It didn't go away though. Of course, it didn't. His fair fell back down and it was still orange
indeed.

“Oh” He breathed and the others snickered at his reaction.

“Are you mad? Do you not like it?”

Contemplating for a moment, the shorter one furrowed his brows. It was definitely weird to see himself like this and would take time to get used to, but he didn't hate it. In fact, he felt like he would grow to like it over time.

“I'm not mad. I don't hate it, but it will take some time to get used to this” Jimin admitted and smiled slightly, “Thanks, Tae, even though you got the wrong colour.”

“Well, it is a big change in your appearance matching with a big change in your life”

They both chuckled and Jimin nodded faintly.

“Right, I'm hungry now, let's get some food” Yoongi suggested as they all exited the restroom to go downstairs.

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Hey, are you busy today? - Jungkook

The small boy sat down on his bed, drying his hair with the towel after the shower he had taken as he read over the message.

Just came home from practicing. - Jimin

You seem to practice quite a lot. - Jungkook

I want to get better. - Jimin

It took a while for the other one to text back.

Don't overwork yourself. - Jungkook

I won't. Promise. - Jimin

Good. So, you want to meet up? - Jungkook

The older one catched his bottom lip between his teeth as he thought about that question for a moment. To be honest, Jimin would have to get up pretty early in the morning as he had promised Somi to help her with the new delivery of books they were going to get at the library tomorrow. However, he really wanted to see Jungkook as they hadn't met up in like three days.

I have to get up early in the morning. - Jimin

I understand. - Jungkook

Jimin's considerate and smart side of the brain had won over his longing to meet up with Jungkook. He should feel proud of himself for doing what would be considered right, but he was pouting a little as he wished the other side had won.

We could just text for a little and decide what we should do at our next meet up? - Jungkook
The smaller boy bit down on his bottom lip as he fell back down on the bed, head landing softly on top of his pillows.

Okay. - Jimin

You have had a little time to think about what you want to do. Is there anything on your mind? - Jungkook

The orange haired boy blushed even though the other male could not even see him. Yes, there were some things, but he was too embarrassed to admit that.

Not really... - Jimin

Would you prefer to practice some things you are already familiar with or learn some new stuff? - Jungkook

Sighing frustrated, Jimin kicked his legs. He should just be honest. This was based on trust and how was Jungkook supposed to help him if he didn't talk to him. Frankly, this was easier because he couldn't actually see the other one and feel his intent stare on himself.

There is something I want to try again, but I also want to learn new things. – Jimin

Yeah? What is it? - Jungkook

Giving a blowjob. – Jimin

Letting out a squeak, the boy dropped his phone on the bed and hid his face in his hands, blush deepening. He felt his phone vibrate, indicating that Jungkook had texted back. Carefully, he picked it up again and opened the message.

Yeah? Wanna suck on my dick again? - Jungkook

Oh god. Jimin felt his penis twitch, cheeks heating up even more at that. Was he brave enough to answer that?

Yes. Please – Jimin

Want to try to deepthroat me, hmm? - Jungkook

Deepthroat? - Jimin

When you take my dick all the way down your throat. That's what you want to try, right? - Jungkook

Swallowing hard, Jimin felt his penis harden at Jungkook's words. That was actually something he wanted to try.

Did you like the feeling of having something in your mouth? - Jungkook

You. I liked having you in my mouth. – Jimin

The small boy looked down at his crotch, a visible tent there, however his attention was brought back to his phone as it vibrated in his hand.

Fuck, okay, yes, we can definitely try that again next time. - Jungkook

Now, his erection started to hurt a bit as it called for attention. Jimin bit down on his bottom lip.
Jungkook-ah, hurts :( - Jimin

What hurts? - Jungkook

My... down there – Jimin

He felt silly for not even being able to write the actual word, but it was embarrassing to admit.

Your dick? Did I make you hard? - Jungkook

Yes. - Jimin

Where are you now? - Jungkook

My bed. I'm lying in my bed. - Jimin

His breathing became a bit more uneven as he whined at the pain in his pants.

Have you played with yourself ever since I showed you how to do that? - Jungkook

No, I haven't. - Jimin

Do you have lube with you? - Jungkook

Why was he asking that? Nevertheless, Jimin didn't have any lube. They had only ever needed that at his first time. He didn't need that for himself alone, did he?

No, I don't have lube. - Jimin

Do you want to get rid of that pain in your pants, hmm? Want to practice how to play with yourself? - Jungkook

Yes, please :( - Jimin

Take of your pants for me then, baby – Jungkook

The smaller boy swallowed hard as he put down his phone and pulled down his pants and kicked them down the bed.

Done. - Jimin

Can you tell me your colour, baby? - Jungkook

Green. Green. Green. - Jimin

Anticipation and arousal bloomed inside of the orange haired boy. He didn't know what was going too happen, but it excited him all the same.

I want you to trace your fingers over your stomach now, slowly closer to your crotch, but only teasing – Jungkook

Jimin obeyed, running his fingers over his stomach down to his crotch just to trace them back up, arousal increasing as he let out a breath. However, it only made him more desperate and didn't release any of the pain. God, he wished Jungkook was here to touch him.

More, please, hurts more now :( - Jimin
Pull down your underwear, don't touch your cock just yet – Jungkook

The shorter male placed his phone down again and pulled down his underwear, his erection springing free against his stomach. He let out a content sigh as he kicked his underwear down the bed.

Okay, they are off. - Jimin

Close your hand around your pretty dick now and move your hand up and down very slowly while squeezing – Jungkook

The orange haired boy did as he was told and whimpered, body twitching at the touch. He almost dropped his phone, but gladly didn't, and squeezed his eyes shut. Slowly, he moved his hand up while squeezing, rubbing his thumb over the slit where pre-cum had already started to leak out.

Feels good? - Jungkook

Yes, but not enough : ( - Jimin

Move your hand a little faster – Jungkook

Jimin obeyed and sped up his movement, moaning at the touch and thus biting down on his bottom lip. He didn't want any of his neighbours to hear him – especially not Tae.

Are your nipples sensitive? - Jungkook

I don't know. I never really touched them. - Jimin

Okay, don't touch them then. I want to try that out next time. – Jungkook

The smaller boy whined at his words and wet his lips, wanting nothing more than for Jungkook to be the one to touch him right now. He squeezed his eyes shut and tried to imagine that Jungkook was the one doing this to him now. Suddenly, he thought about Taehyung's remarks about him having a strength kink. Involuntarily, he imagined Jungkook to take him up against a wall, holding him up against it and thrusting inside of him.

“Oh god, Jungkook-ah” Jimin mewled.

I wish you were touching me right now – Jimin

I wish I could hear you right now – Jungkook

Jimin caught his lip between his teeth, a sudden wave of courage hitting him.

Call me – Jimin

Are you sure? – Jungkook

Yes, please, wanna hear your voice, too. – Jimin

Not even seconds later Jungkook was calling him, for the first time ever at that. Jimin picked up immediately and placed the phone against his ear.

“J-Jungkook-ah” He breathed and whined high in his throat as he rubbed over the slit again, collecting more pre-cum on his thumb.
“Fuck, Jimin-ah.” The other male cursed as the first thing he heard was his own name being moaned by the cute boy, “Put me on speaker so you don't have to worry about your phone”

Jimin obeyed and placed his phone down next to him on a pillow.

“Can you still hear me?” The smaller boy wanted to know, voice soft.

“Shit, yes, perfectly fine” Merely hearing the low voice of the other male alone was doing things to him already.

“Feels so good” Jimin whimpered and quickened his pace, hips bucking up into the touch, “I wish it was you”

“You, wish it was my hand tugging on your pretty dick?”

The smaller boy whined, eyes squeezing shut.

“Answer me, baby”

“Y-Yes, please”

“Would you fuck up into my hand? Hmm? That's what you wanna do?”

He could feel his orgasm approaching him, Jungkook's words so dirty, yet doing things to him and increasing his arousal.

“Y-Yes, want that. Want you”

“You're naughtier than I had thought at the beginning, Jiminnie”

Said boy whined at his words, bucking his hips up again.

“N-No, I'm good, right?” He sniffed, the feeling of everything overwhelming him. It all felt like it wasn't real, like it was a dream. He didn't even know what he was saying, didn't know for sure what Jungkook was saying. The poor boy was way too aroused to understand everything fully.

“Fuck, yes, Jimin-ah, you are good. My good boy”

Suddenly, he came without a warning, cum spurting out of his hard length all over his stomach, some shooting up to his chest. His whole body was shaking as he cried out Jungkook's name again and again.

“There you go, came all over yourself for me, hmm?”

Jimin whined as his body was still trembling violently as he stroke himself through his orgasm until it hurt, whimpering at the pain and quickly pulling his hand away, his penis dropping on his stomach again, a wet sound filling the room for a moment as it hit the puddle of cum.

“Jiminnie?”

“Jungkook-ah” The orange haired boy whispered and picked up the phone, putting him off speaker again and placing the phone against his ear, “Jungkook-ah” He whispered softly again, “I came”

The other male chuckled. “I heard that” He commented, Jimin blushing. He just hoped his neighbours didn't hear him, “Sounded so pretty for me.”
Jimin smiled at that while his blush deepened.

“Thank you, Jungkook-ah”

“No more pain then?”

“No, no more pain”

“Okay, I'll let you get your sleep then now. We are still meeting tomorrow night then?”

“Yes, please”

“Alright. See you tomorrow then. Go-”

“Wait. What about you?” Jimin interrupted and rolled onto his side.

“What do you mean?”

“You didn't come...” The smaller boy mumbled.

“Don't worry about me. I'll take care of it. You sleep now. I'll see you tomorrow. Good night”

“Good night, Jungkook”

The other one ended the call before Jimin had finished his sentence.

He glanced down at his phone, still smiling and a content sigh leaving his lips.
Strong

Chapter Summary

Taehyung and Jimin visit Hoseok's dance class where an opportunity arises. Later, Jungkook and Jimin see if there is any truth to Taehyung's assumption...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“And one, two, three, stop” Hoseok instructed while showing a different step of the choreography each time, “Again” The students followed his movements while Hoseok watched them in the mirror, looking for mistakes.

“He looks so hot, doesn't he?” Taehyung whispered and sighed, leaning his head on Jimin's shoulder. They were both sitting on the floor in the back, watching the dance class be taught a new choreography by their friend.

The small boy snickered, “Tae, you always say that, no matter what he does”

“That's because he always looks hot. How is that fair? He walks around like that, hurting my heart like this.” His best friend uttered dramatically and shook his head.

“He makes you happy, though”

“He does. He really does. Last night he invited me over to his place and cooked for me, I sucked him off after dinner and he did the same to me. Such a magical moment, I promise you”

“Tae!” The orange haired boy whispered and swatted his arm, “What if someone hears you?”

“They won't. And if they do, they will know to better stay away from hyung because I am already sucking his cock” The blond boy responded determined and looked at the people dancing in front of them with narrowed eyes even though they were not even paying attention to the two boys in the back.

Jimin shook his head and chuckled, amused by his best friend, yet fondness glistening in his eyes. He just adored Taehyung a lot.

“Dongha, would you actually pay attention to the choreography?” Hoseok scolded, Jimin and Taehyung looking up to the boy he was referring to. They caught him looking at them, but he averted his gaze to glance at Hoseok, giving a bow in apology.

“Sorry, won't happen again”

“From the start again. Three, two, one”

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“See you on thursday, guys” Hoseok waved goodbye to his students with a bright smile on his face, the opposite to his somewhat serious and concentrated expression while teaching.
Jimin and Taehyung got up as the boy who got scolded earlier walked past them. The boy was as tall as Tae, had dark brown hair and hazel eyes as well as a strong body.

“Nice hair colour” He commented and smirked at Jimin while checking him out, “Unusal colour, but you look gorgeous with it”

“T-Thanks” The small boy stutterted in response, just staring at the boy who glanced back at him and winked before exiting the practice room.

“Oh my god” Taehyung squeaked and nudged him excitedly, Jimin still a little perplexed, “Your hair colour is gorgeous, I told you. It's even attracting attention. Oh my god, did you see how he looked at you? He was already checking you out earlier, Jimin-ah.”

“I don't want someone to be attracted to me solely because of my hair colour” The orange haired boy mumbled.

“Jimin-ah, he thinks you are hot. He just needed a reason to talk to you. You do have an unusual hair colour, so that was his way to smoothly compliment your beauty. I mean, did you see his expression? The boy was full on flirting with you!” Tae jumped up and down, more excited than Jimin. Well, probably because the small boy disagreed with that statement.

“He was just being nice, Tae”

“Oh my god. How are you still this oblivious? I cannot believe you. People have been trying to make a move on you for years now and you never even realised it. He was full on flirting with you, Jimin-ah.”

“People have not been trying to make a move on me for years. No one ever really looked at me in that way” The orange haired one protested, shaking his head.

His best friend sighed and grabbed his chin softly. “That's just your innocent eyes not seeing it for what it is - Or it's due to your insecurity and fear you had. Jimin-ah, you are gorgeous.”

Jimin averted his gaze, biting down on his bottom lip. He had never thought of himself as particularly beautiful or handsome. Frankly, he didn't think he was ugly either as he believed that every person was somewhat beautiful in their own way. However, he was just... somewhere in the middle. Nothing special.

“Thank you, Taehyung.” He thanked and smiled faintly.

“You're welcome, Minnie. Okay, so here is the pla-”

“Jimin-ah, are you ready then?” Hoseok interrupted Tae and caught their attention, both boys looking over to him. He was leaning against the big mirror wall, arms crossed in front of his chest, “I would love to see you dance. Taehyung-ah mentioned something about you looking for a dance class.”

“I-I do” Jimin confirmed and nodded, “I don't know if I would fit in your class, though.”

“We do different kinds of genres. Hip hop, street, popping, so on – I'm sure you have slight experience in some of them. A contemporary dancer like you will know how to control his body and I'm sure you would bring new colour to my crew and might even bring some inspiration from modern dance into our choreography. I'm all open for that” He smiled and waved Jimin over.

“However, I do understand if my style is not for you at all. That's totally fine”
Quickly shaking his head, the small boy walked over. “No, I am interested in your style and your class. You dance really well and you are a good teacher. I just thought I should mention and warn you that I’m not as experienced in those styles of dancing”

“That's fine. Would you be up to do some freestyle dancing? I want to see how your body reacts and moves to music without anything you studied and remembered beforehand. However, you could show me a choreography of yours after that, too, if you'd like”

Swallowing hard, the orange haired boy gave a faint nod. “O-Okay”

He took off his jacket as Hoseok picked up his phone to put on some music. After he handed his jacket to Tae, he stretched his legs and arms, bending over once and straightening his back afterwards again.

Honestly, Jimin was a little nervous. Taehyung had seen him dance plenty of times already, but Hoseok has never and Hoseok was actually experienced in dance, was a teacher to be exact and the thought of Hoseok disapproving of his dancing scared him a little.

Suddenly, music filled the room – a song Jimin didn't know. He had picked a soft, quiet song, one that caused Jimin to close his eyes and just feel and listen. All of his nervousness had disappeared, replaced by passion. Without having to think, Jimin started to move his body to the music.

That's how it was with him and music – him and dance, his passion. He just became another person when he danced, wasn't shy anymore. Certainly, he became just fully focused and absorbed by his passion, blurring out everything else. There was only the music and his body, moving to the rhythm and feeling the music coming natural to him. It was similar to what Jungkook had told him about sex – that he shouldn't think with his head, but with his body and to feel rather than to think.

He didn't know for how long he danced, the song being over eventually and silence filling the room. The small boy opened his eyes and his gaze landed right on Hoseok who was looking back at him with a blank expression, not giving away any of his thoughts or emotions.

Then, his face lit up in a smile. “You're in – if you want to. However, I won't be nice on you just because I know you and you're Yoongi's dongsaeng. I'll treat you like every other student and point out mistakes if you make them. I can be a little strict sometimes, but that's only because I see how much potential each of the students have and I know that they can do better. I adore my students”

Jimin opened his mouth in shock – not having expected to get this offer by Hoseok. He had tried to get into a dance class for so long now, had been unsuccessful in finding a good one that sparked his interest. This wasn't just a dance class, this was a dance crew. Not everyone could come here, Hoseok chose the people himself. They all seemed very close and it would be a little difficult for Jimin at first to fit in, but at least he knew Hoseok. This is what he had wanted, a dance class where the people are close with each other.

“Seriously?” He looked over at his best friend who was smiling brightly at him.

“Yes, seriously. You have to apply formally with an application sheet and all that, but that's just the paper stuff. You are in, there is a spot in my team if you want it. You really have potential, Jimin-ssi. The way you move comes so natural, it looks effortlessly. I would love for you to join me”

“Yes, I- Oh my god, yes, I would love that” The small boy beamed and nodded quickly.

“Great. I give classes every two days, but you are free to use this practice room or any other in the building any day once you joined.”
Jimin opened his mouth in shock. These practice rooms were so much bigger and better than the one he had been using this far. This one was so modern, had a nice music equipment, a huge mirror wall and actual windows to let in the beautiful sunlight as well as some fresh air. The orange haired boy couldn't believe this.

“Thank you, hyung” Jimin breathed and bowed.

Hoseok chuckled and ruffled through his hair. “No need to bow, Jimin-ah. Now, let's get some food. I'm hungry after class”

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“No need to apologise” The black haired boy assured as he took the shirt and walked into his bathroom to put it away.

Jimin started to swing his legs back and forth on the bed, involuntarily thinking about the moment Jungkook had opened the door and laid his eyes on him just some minutes ago.

The door swung open, revealing the taller boy who suddenly froze in his place for a moment, lips parting in shock as he studied Jimin's appearance, but his expression was quickly back to his old usual one – not giving away much emotion. Jungkook was really hard to read.

"Your hair" The younger one commented and cleared his throat as Jimin entered the apartment, the smaller boy blushing a little.

"Y-Yeah, well, it was supposed to be hazel, but Tae bought the wrong one and only realised after it wa-”

“Looks good” Jungkook interrupted after he had shut the door, locking eyes with the smaller one, “Will have to get used to it, but it suits you”

“T-Thank you” The orange haired boy muttered and blushed deeper as he averted his gaze, shy after the compliment and the intent stare of the other male.

Jimin was smiling unconsciously again, happy for some reason that Jungkook liked the colour, too.

“Should we go through the list then?” The black haired boy suggested as he walked back into the room, leaning against the wall as he pulled out his phone, “We could just go down the list really and every time I mention a word, we can sort them in a list that you want to try and in a list that you don't want to to try. We might not go through all of them, but some so we have an idea of what to do and what not”

The orange haired boy considered that option for a moment and nodded eventually. Suddenly, Jungkook furrowed his brows and looked back up from his phone.

“Actually, I want to ask you something first. Jimin-ssi, do you know what a kink is?”

Jimin's cheeks heated up at that question. Well, thanks to Taehyung, he did now.

“Y-Yes, Taehyung explained to me what that is a couple of days ago” The shy boy answered truthfully, Jungkook studying his face intently.
“Do you think you have any? Is there anything that we have done or that you have heard of, seen somewhere, that you think might be one of your kinks?”

Oh god. There it was. Maybe, well maybe Jimin might have a little... strength kink. Frankly, he wasn't so sure if he actually did have that kink, but he had not been able to get that image Taehyung had planted inside of his mind out of his head. Perhaps, there was truth to it. However, the problem was: is Jimin really brave enough to admit that to Jungkook? To share that information with him?

“I-I...” The blushing boy tried to utter, but shut his mouth after, averting his gaze.

“Jimin-ah” Jungkook voiced softly to get his attention, “This is a safe place for you to let yourself fall without having to worry about anyone judging you. I want you to learn about and be able to try and discover different things in order to see what you like and what not. So, whatever it might be – if there is – you can be honest with me. I need to know what you might want to try so we can actually realise it. Do not feel ashamed. Ever.”

Jimin let out a shaky breath, catching his lip between his teeth. Slowly, he glanced at the taller man again who was already staring at him, gaze fixated on his face.

“I-I... Well, I'm not actually sure. Taehyung said... Taehyung mentioned that I might have a... s-strength kink” The shorter male finally revealed, voice becoming quieter with each word, barely able for Jungkook to register, yet he did.

“A strength kink?” The younger one echoed, not laughing at Jimin like a tiny part in him had feared. In fact, Jungkook's expression didn't change at all, still looking at him curiously. However, as Jimin kept staring at him he saw his eyes darkening, pupils dilating slightly, “There are definitely ways in which we can realise that to see if there is any truth to it.”

The smaller boy swallowed hard at his words and averted his gaze.

“Hey, don't feel embarrassed about that, Jimin-ah. A lot of people have kinks. There is nothing to be ashamed about. It's totally natural.”

Jimin looked up again, expression still full of insecurity. “D-Do you? I mean, do you have kinks?”

The other one just stared at him for a moment until a smirk appeared on his face, “Have you seen the list, Jimin-ah?” He asked and raised an eyebrow, a small laugh escaping his lips that warmed Jimin's heart.

“You like all of these things?” The shorter one breathed in awe and, honestly, a little shock.

“Well, no. I have experience with all of these things, but I don't particularly enjoy all of them – not that I don't like to do them at all, just wouldn't call them a kink. However, there are definitely kinks of mine on there, too” Jungkook explained.

“O-Oh” Jimin nodded. He really wanted to know what the taller one's kinks were, but he didn't have the courage to ask.

“Any more you think you might have?” The younger male then wanted to know as he leaned back against the wall.

The smaller one narrowed his eyes as he thought for a moment. Honestly, he couldn't think of anything else. Well, he hadn't even known that he had a strength kink until Taehyung had mentioned it to him. Was the urge to give someone a blowjob considered a kink? Oh god, why was he thinking about that? He had also not been able to stop thinking about giving Jungkook another blowjob.
Frankly, he didn’t know why, but the thought did just not leave his mind.

“I-I don’t think so” He answered eventually, voice soft and unsure.

Jungkook only stared at him for a moment before he approached him slowly.

“Jimin-ah, I have noticed some things where you and your body reacted in a certain way, implying that you definitely like what I did or seemed to enjoy it.” The shorter male swallowed hard as Jungkook halted right in front of him, Jimin having to lean his head back a little to be able to stare up at the man.

“O-Oh? W-What are they?” Did he want to know? He wasn't so sure...

“For one, you reacted a certain way when I praised you. You were especially responsive last night when I called you a good boy.” The taller male uttered, voice a little lower, and grasped Jimin's chin softly, “Isn't that true? Do you think you like being called a good boy? Your body was very responsive to that, in fact, every time I praised you.”

It was as if a truck hit him. Reflecting on all those times Jungkook had praised him, the orange haired boy realised that it certainly did have an effect on him every single time. Frankly, he had wanted to be praised more, it had made him determined to do good – to do better. And last night just took the cake as he actually came right after Jungkook had called him a good boy. How had he been this oblivious the whole time? Then again, Jimin had no idea about kinks – barely had any experience in anything sexual to begin with – thus it wasn't easy for him to figure things like this out himself, the strength kink just being another example.

“I do. I think I do like that” The small boy answered, voice quiet and shy as he locked eyes with the taller one again who was stroking his thumb over Jimin's chin slowly, still holding it gently.

Jungkook hummed at his response, something flashing in his eyes as they darkened a litte. “Is there anything else you especially liked? Doesn't have to be a kink necessarily, you might not think that it is one to begin with, but just an action or behaviour that affected you?”

Now, there were a lot of things that Jimin had enjoyed when he thought about it. The problem was that the boy was way too shy to say all of that out loud, a little embarrassed.

“Whatever it is, you can trust me. No need to be ashamed. Could be small things, too. I mean, I have noticed how your body reacted at certain times so I definitely have an idea about what you like already, but I could have read you wrong and I don't want to do anything that you don't like at all”

Jimin swallowed hard and nodded, taking a shaky breath.

“N-Names. I like... like when you called me... well, pet names”

“Baby?”

The small boy blushed at the pet name and nodded, trying to avert his gaze, but Jungkook pulled his chin back up to lock eyes with him again.

“I had figured that.” He smirked slightly, “I'll definitely keep doing that then. We can try other names, too, and if you don't like them you just tell me and I won't use them”

“O-Okay”

“Next one”
The stare of the taller one was so intent, so fixated and interested on what Jimin was going to say and how his expression was going to change when the words left his mouth, it made Jimin nervous, yet grateful that Jungkook was listening to him patiently.

“Uhm... I... No, it's embarrassing” Jimin mumbled and closed his petite hand around Jungkook's wrist to pull it away in order to be able to look away.

“Don't be embarrassed, Jimin-ah. Whatever it is, I won't judge you. You're probably just thinking that it's something unusual, but it might just be the most harmless thing there is. Strength kink, pet names, praise kink those are all pretty soft if you ask me, so really, no need to be ashamed or embarrassed.”

“This one is... I shouldn't like it” The shorter one mumbled as he felt Jungkook softly grasp his chin again and forced him to look up at him gently.

“Why?” The black haired boy asked as he furrowed his brows.

“It's... The way you talk to me sometimes. I like it when you talk to me in a certain way. At first, I didn't even realise what kind of an effect it had on me, but it really does. It's so different from my usual personality so it's just confusing on why my body likes it” He revealed, voice insecure, almost vulnerable as he stated his concern.

“You are referring to me talking dirty to you, right? When I tell you what to do?”

The smaller boy nodded, shaky breath leaving his lips.

“I've figured that already, too. You obeyed immediately every time and let out those cute little noises when I talked dirty to you.” Jungkook let him know and stroked over his chin with his thumb again, “Jimin-ah, there is nothing wrong with this. In fact, the person you are when you are aroused or when you are having sex might be a little different than the person you usually are. You might be completely different in real life - outside - than you are when you have sex or are turned on, you might behave different in bed. What I'm trying to say is that the things you like when you have sex might not be things you enjoy in your usual life. Not only is that influenced by your natural behaviour and being, but it can also be influenced by your mood. Do you understand what I'm trying to say?”

The small boy tried to process the information, “I g-guess”

“Let me give you an explanation. Remember when I talked to you about humiliation? Some people like to be humiliated during sex. However, outside of the bedroom, in their usual everyday life, they might not want to be humiliated at all. Do you understand what I'm trying to say? I know all of this is very new to you, Jimin-ah, but just know that this happens to many people. It takes time to get used to the idea of you still being you, but liking completely different things considering where you are, what you are doing and who you are with. In fact, it is due to a lot of factors. I have mentioned your mood and natural behaviour already, but it can also be influenced by trust. Certainly, if you trust someone, it is easier for you to let yourself fall.”

The orange haired one titled his head to the side as he tried to make sense of the information.

“I think I understand now.” Jimin uttered, but then there was concern on his face again, “So... it's not weird if I like it even if it's the opposite to my personality?”

“No, it's not weird, Jimin-ssi.” The taller one assured and smiled faintly as he caressed Jimin's cheek with his thumb, “You are very... well, you are an innocent and pure person by nature. That is
convicted during anything sexual we have done, too. Certainly, you are still similar to your usual self, somewhat at least. You behave, well, submissive by nature – in a lot of ways”

The smaller one titled his head to the side. That was true, he figured, as he thought it over. That's just who he was. Jimin was a very shy and reserved person, didn’t have a lot of experience so you could consider him innocent.

“Submissive” He echoed and Jungkook nodded as his pupils dilated a little, lust flashing in his eyes. The older male wasn't sure how to feel about that word. However, he certainly already obeyed to whatever Jungkook requested from him, became putty in his hands with a mere stare, so there might be a little truth to that after all, too.

“Is there anything else that comes to your head?” Jungkook interrupted his thoughts, the shorter boy looking up at him again.

“Not right now, no” He shook his head as the other one moved his thumb closer to his mouth, suddenly running it over his bottom lip slowly, resulting in Jimin to unconsciously part his lips immediately.

“Alright. If you don't have anything you want to try right now, I would suggest us to see if there is any truth to you having a strength kink, hmm?” The taller boy suggested and arched up an eyebrow, voice already lower and lust flashing in his eyes as he stared at Jimin's plump pink lips. Jungkook had the urge to just push his thumb inside and watch him suck on his finger- no, even better, to push his dick between those pretty lips and slowly fuck into his mouth.

“O-Okay” Jimin answered and nodded faintly, swallowing hard as Jungkook dropped his hand and went over to the nightstand to get something.

“Clothes off then, baby”

Letting out a shaky breath, Jimin got up, causing his sleeves to fall over his petite hands and hide them. The delicate features in his face were giving away his slight nervousness as he didn't know what was going to happen next, yet there was anticipation all the same.

The shorter boy took off his jeans and went over to put them on the sofa. Carefully, he gripped the hem of his long sleeved shirt, but was hesitant to pull it up, catching his lip between his teeth.

“You can leave your shirt on if you feel more comfortable.” He heard Jungkook say, voice gentle, and locked eyes with him, “However, I have seen you naked before and there is nothing you need to be ashamed of. Honestly, Jimin-ah, you are beautiful” The smaller boy studied his face and tried to look for something that would give away that he wasn’t being truthful, that he didn't actually mean that – yet there was only sincerity behind his eyes. There was something blooming in his chest, slowly filling his whole body with warmth as he blushed a little.

“T-Thank you”

“Come here” The younger boy muttered as he held out his hand for him, Jimin walking over to him immediately, “I assume we will have to stretch you open again? Have you played with your hole since last time?”

“N-No” Jimin shook his head as he blushed deeper. Was he supposed to do that? Did people do that? The shorter boy was a little confused, yet as he thought it over it did make sense for people to do that as it essentially was just another way of masturbating, right? Frankly, when Jungkook had stretched him open it had felt good even with only his fingers being inside of him.
“Take off your briefs then and lie down on your back”

The smaller boy stared at him with big eyes for a moment, but got up eventually to pull down his briefs and step out of them. Perhaps Jimin should ask what they were going to do, but he was so excited that he honestly didn't care – just wanted Jungkook to touch him and would be fine with anything.

Jimin laid down on his back, head landing on the soft pillows as he pulled down the hem of his shirt to cover his penis. Jungkook's eyes travelled down the body of the little boy on his bed and he wet his lips as he joined him on the bed, sitting down on his knees and gripping Jimin's ankles softly to push them forward and to the side in order to spread his legs.

The orange haired boy gasped and his body twitched a little as he felt Jungkook move inbetween his spread legs, feeling exposed as his penis and parts of his butt were on full display.

A shiver ran down Jimin's back as he saw Jungkook look at him with dark eyes, hands slowly caressing his inner thighs causing his legs to twitch at the soft touch and goosebumps to rise on his skin.

“Jimin-ah, do you want to try it yourself today? Hmm? Want to try to stretch yourself open for me?”

The shorter one whimpered at his words, swallowing hard. Honestly, he wanted nothing more than for Jungkook to touch him – everywhere. Then again, he was a little curious about how it felt if he would do that to himself.

“I-I'm not sure how” He whispered, voice unsure as his heart started to beat faster.

“I'll help you” The black haired man assured as he grabbed the lube from the nightstand, “Could you move up your hips a little”

Jimin did, revealing his tight pink hole to Jungkook who cursed at the sight. The taller one grasped his wrist softly and pulled him up a little, squirting lube on his index finger a moment later. It felt cold and sticky on his finger, Jimin grimacing a little.

“Very carefully move your finger down to your rim now. Don't rush, you need to relax and slowly push in whenever you feel ready”

His heart was beating hard in his chest as he swallowed and moved his hand down to his hole, placing his finger against his entrance. Honestly, it was a little embarrassing to have Jungkook watch him do this, yet as he saw Jungkook's face, how focused and attentive – almost mesmerised – he was, excitement bubbled inside of him.

Biting down on his bottom lip, Jimin pushed his finger inside carefully and slowly, hole opening up a little and welcoming his finger. The smaller boy parted his lips, little soft breaths leaving them as he pushed his finger in completely, feeling the softness of his walls.

“There you go. Well done” Jungkook praised and traced his fingertips over Jimin's inner thigh gently, “Finger yourself now. Pull your finger out and push it back in. While doing that, move your finger from side to side also in order to stretch yourself open.”

“O-Okay” The orange haired boy whispered as he pulled out his finger and pushed it back in, still feeling a little uncomfortable. He repeated the motion a couple of times while letting out soft whimpers, searching for that special spot inside of him, yet his finger was too short to reach it, he assumed.
“’nother one” Jimin breathed and bit down on his lip.

“More lube first” The taller one squirted lube over his middle and index finger that Jimin held out to him. The other boy didn't waste any time and pushed them back inside, hissing a little as his hole opened up more to be able to fit two fingers inside. Carefully, he pushed them inside completely, adjusting to the fullness for a moment, only little breaths leaving his lips.

Slowly, he pulled them out and pushed them back in, whining high in his throat at the feeling of being so full. He kept moving his fingers in and out of his hole, still searching for that special spot inside of him, scissoring his fingers from time to time the way Jungkook had done the previous times to stretch hims open.

“Fuck” Jungkook cursed as Jimin sped up his movement, wet sounds of the motion of his fingers and his little whimpers filling the room. The smaller boy wet his lips and looked at Jungkook, catching his penis harden, a tent visible in his crotch area. His own penis twitched at that image and he let out a whine.

“Jungkook-ah” Jimin mewled and his eyes flutterted shut. It felt good, just not as good as when Jungkook had done it to him.

“Your fingers are too short, aren't they? Can't reach your prostate, no?”

The shorter male whined at his words as he nodded, blushing as he saw Jungkook's fixated gaze on him.

“Need more. Need you” He whimpered as his hand started to ache.

“One more. Come on, for me. Need you to be stretched a little more, baby”

Whining, Jimin pulled out his fingers and held them out to the other one who squirted some more lube on his ring finger, the orange haired man taking a deep breath before he pushed all three fingers inside of him slowly, a loud squealch filling the room at which both of their dicks twitched, Jungkook cursing again.

“Keep going, baby”

“Ah, ah, Jungkook” The boy cried out as he pushed them inside fully, a silent scream leaving him as he squeezed his eyes shut, body shaking. He wasterd no time and pulled his fingers out just to push them back in, gasping at the feeling. He felt so full, head starting to spin, yet it just didn't feel as good as when Jungkook had done it. The intense pleasure was nowhere to be found.

“Please, can you, Jungkook-ah, please help” He sniffed and pulled his fingers out, placing his hands behind himself and leaning back on them, pushing his hips in Jungkook's direction.

“Want my fingers inside of you?” The taller one smirked as he squirted lube on three of his fingers right away, keen on helping the other male out as he looked so desperate and cute begging for help. It gave him an idea about how the smaller one would look when he begged for so many other things – dick twitching at all the possibilities they would hopefully get to at one point or another.

“Y-Yes, please” Jimin quickly nodded as he felt Jungkook's fingers against his entrance, circling it teasingly. “P-Please- aaah!” The shorter one tried to beg, but started moaning as Jungkook thrusted his fingers inside of him without a warning. “Jungkook!” He whimpered high pitched as he felt so full again, Jungkook's long fingers filling him so nicely, touching all the right places. Arousal bloomed inside of him, penis hardening as Jungkook started to move his fingers in and out of him.
As expected, it didn't take long for the taller one to find his prostate, Jimin's whole body trembling and a scream leaving him at the touch. “Ah, oh my god!” The orange haired one cried out and shuddered, falling back on his back, head landing softly on the pillow.

“Ah, there it is” Jungkook commented, amusement in his voice as he pushed right against it.

“Jungkook-ah!” The smaller boy moaned and his eyes fluttered shut at the intense feeling. There it was. That feeling that drove him crazy, that made him forget who he was and made him dizzy, Jungkook filling all of his senses and making him crave and long for more.

“This is what you were looking for, weren't you?” The other one interrupted his thoughts as he moved his fingers in slow firm circle motions against his prostate, drawing out those cute little whimpers and whines from the smaller one.

Jimin could only nod as he kept whimpering, body shaking as he unconsciously tried to close his legs at the intense feeling.

“No, keep them spread, baby” The younger one ordered as he pushed against his inner thigh so Jimin would spread his legs again, which he did immediataly.

Jungkook pulled his fingers out and circled his rim, Jimin whining high in his throat as he felt so empty. The taller boy chuckled as he pushed his fingers back inside, right against his prostate and kept rubbing against it quickly.

A silent scream escaped Jimin as he clenched his hands into little fists while grasping the bedsheets. The overwhelming feeling bloomed inside of him, signaling that his orgasm was very close. His penis was leaking pre-cum on his stomach, a little puddle forming. That's how far he was gone already – way too aroused to think straight at this point.

“Your dick is leaking so much, baby” Jungkook commented, voice low as he pressed his thumb against the head of Jimin's penis, squeezing out more pre-cum. “That's because I keep pressing against your prostate, increases the pre-cum that leaks out of your dick.”

Jimin's body twitched and he yelped at the touch, feeling like he was almost coming already. It got worse when Jungkook took the head between his index finger and thumb and squeezed the head so more pre-cum would leak from the slit while he kept rubbing against his prostate.

“Jungkook-ah!” Jimin screamed as his eyes rolled back inside his head, body trembling due to the intensity of the feeling. Lifting his shaky hand, the orange haired boy wrapped it around Jungkook's wrist that was playing with his hard length and tried to move it away. “P-Please” He whimpered, “Not there or I will come”

Jungkook didn't stop, however, contemplating over something for a moment. He kept rubbing against his prostate fast while playing with Jimin's dick. The smaller boy screamed and arched his back, almost over the edge to his orgasm.

Eventually, Jungkook had mercy and moved his hand away. He had thought about making Jimin come and then have him come again later, but he wasn't sure if the other one would be able to do that so he had to keep that thought in mind for another time. He definitely was going to have Jimin have multiple orgasms and watch him fall apart even more than this at one point. If he looked like this – breathing rapidly, eyes shut, full soft lips parted and leaving the cutest little whimpers, cheeks flushed and hands clenched into little fists – after playing with his hole and dick for a little bit alone, how was he going to look after having had three orgasms and still being stimulated? The poor boy would be so fucked out, crying and begging for Jungkook to stop. God, his dick twitched at the mere thought.
He couldn't wait to do that.

Jimin's chest was rising and falling quickly as he stretched his legs out, still having them spread, yet too tired to keep his knees up. “Jungkook-ah” He whispered as he came down from the edge he had almost crossed. It felt weird as he had been so close to his release, but now there was no stimulation at all and he came back down, calming a little, yet still hungry for Jungkook's touch and finding his release.

“Are you okay?” Jungkook asked as he got up from the bed, opening his pants and pulling them down.

“Mhm” The smaller one hummed and nodded a little as he sat up, head still dizzy.

“I'm going to fuck you now, Jimin-ah” The younger one told him as he rolled a condom over his big erection, Jimin swallowing hard at the sight – the urge to drop down on his knees and suck on it filling him. Quickly, he shook his head. Now was not the time for that.

Jimin locked eyes with him, titling his head to the side. “O-Okay”

The taller one stepped out of his briefs and squirted some lube on his erection, spreading it around.

“How?” The orange haired boy asked as Jungkook tossed the lube on the bed.

“Stand up”

Immediataly obeying, Jimin got up from the bed, legs wobbly as he fell forward a litte – thankfully saved by Jungkook who moved his strong arm around him to catch him.

“Careful”

“S-Sorry”

The younger boy brushed Jimin's hair out of his face and ran his thumb over his cheek softly, the other one nuzzling his face against the touch. Slowly, Jungkook leaned down and captured his lips in a kiss, surprising the smaller boy as he had not expected the kiss. In fact, they hadn't kissed at all today, Jimin welcoming the soft lips of the taller one immediataly.

While they continued to kiss, Jungkook turned them around and pushed Jimin a little, both starting to walk back. As the taller one pressed his tongue into his mouth, Jimin whimpered and suddenly hit against a wall, a yelp leaving his lips.

“What's your safeword?” Jungkook asked as he broke the kiss, placing his hands on the back of Jimin's thighs and suddenly lifting him with ease, the other one squeaking and quickly gripping his shoulders. The younger boy wrapped Jimin's legs around his waist and pushed him up against the wall, the smaller one gasping as their erections pressed against each other.

“Red for stop, yellow for pause and g-green for okay” The orange haired boy barely got out, too overwhelmed by the fact that Jungkook was holding him up against the wall – exactly like he had been dreaming about the past days. Oh god.

“Very good” He praised and took an arm away to close it around his own penis, essentially only holding Jimin up with one arm now, the smaller boy whimpering at that realisation.

“Am I not too heavy?” Jimin asked concerned.
“You weigh like nothing” Jungkook assured as he pressed the head of his hard on against Jimin's entrance, said boy's eyes fluttering shut as he bit down on his bottom lip. However, the other one didn't push his erection inside, only circled it around his entrance, basically only teasing the poor boy.

“J-Jungkook-ah, please” He whimpered and wrapped his arms around Jungkook's neck as he pressed his forehead gently against his.

“What do you want?” The taller one asked, slight smirk on his face. Jimin could honestly cry at this point. The other male knew exactly what he wanted and was just teasing him.

“You” The orange haired boy whispered and hid his face in the curve of Jungkook's neck.

“I'm right here, Jimin-ah” He simply replied, amusement in his voice as he moved his dick up and down between Jimin's buttcheeks, pushing the head inside his entrance only very slightly every now and then just to be gone a second later.

“P-Please” Jimin whined against his ear, letting out little pants as he was way too aroused and excited, “You know what I want. I want you, Jungkook-ah, please.” He sniffed.

Without a warning he rammed his hard on inside of Jimin, causing said boy to scream high pitched and quickly hide his face in the curve of Jungkook's neck, squeezing his eyes shut at the intense feeling of being filled again.

“T-Thank you” The small boy whimpered and Jungkook groaned as he felt him clench around him.

“I'll never get over how tight you are” The younger one growled as he pulled out, almost until he slipped out completely, only to thrust back inside of Jimin slowly but with force, resulting in the boy in his arms to rock back against the wall.

“Jungkoo-ah” Jimin mewled and lifted his head to look into the other's eyes. They were full of desire, staring right back at him, “F-Feels so good”

The taller one smirked as he thrusted hard back inside of him, repeating the motion again and again, causing Jimin to move back and forth with each movement of his. Instead of holding Jimin up bis his thighs, the younger boy placed his hands on Jimin's butt now, grasping his cheeks and pushing Jimin against himself.

The shorter boy could not believe that Jungkook was holding him up against the wall while thrusting this relentlessly in and out of him. His stamina was impressive, his strength, too. The smaller one whimpered as he saw Jungkook's biceps, penis twitching at the sight.

“Oh god!” Jimin suddenly cried out as he felt Jungkook hit his prostate dead on continuously with each thrust now, rhythm relentless. The taller boy rocked Jimin by his butt against himself while ramming inside of him to reach deeper, hitting that special spot perfectly.

Jimin's whole body was shaking at the intensity of the feeling. His head was spinning and he could not think about anything else other than Jungkook: how strong he was, how good he looked and how amazing he made Jimin feel.

In a moment where courage – or honestly, his aroused mind was a little different from his usual brain as it did and said things the boy usually probably wouldn't - the older boy moved one of his hands down unconsciously and gripped the hem of Jungkook's shirt to pull it up a bit, exposing his defined abs. A whimper escaped his full lips at the sight, feeling Jungkook smirk against his cheek.
“Want to take it off?” He growled against Jimin's ear and nibbled on his earlobe, causing the other one to gasp.

“Mmhm” The small boy hummed and whined as Jungkook halted his movement while he pushed Jimin against the wall harder so he wasn't going to fall as he let go with both hands.

“Go on”

Wasting no time, Jimin pulled his shirt up and over his head, dropping it to the floor as Jungkook grasped his buttcheeks again.

“Better?” The taller one smirked and arched up an eyebrow.

Jimin blushed, but nodded as he fixated his gaze on his upper body, whimpering at the sight. However, as Jungkook thrusted against him again, his eyes fluttered shut as the beautiful intense feeling inside of him took over once more.

“Right there, Jungkook-ah, it feels so good” He whimpered high pitched and gripped his shoulders again.

“Yeah? Exactly how you wanted it, right? Wanted me to fuck you up against a wall, hold your little body up alone and fuck you senseless, hmm?”

The orange haired male blushed deeper at his words, whine leaving his lips as he nodded. The younger one moved one of his hands below Jimin's shirt and ran it up and down his stomach, causing goosebumps to rise on his skin and Jimin to arch his back against the touch, a shiver running down his back.

“What do you say when you want to stop?” Jungkook asked, a little out of breath, sweat visible on his face and chest.

“R-Red” The smaller boy answered and suddenly there was a finger tracing over his left nipple resulting in Jimin to yelp and jump at the touch.

“You will use it whenever you want me to stop, okay?” The younger one wanted to make sure as he rubbed over Jimin's nipple, feeling it harden beneath his thumb.

“Mhm” He hummed and his penis twitched as Jungkook kept rubbing over his nipple. Frankly, Jimin was a little confused by the touch, but even more surprised by how his body reacted to it, penis twitching and arousal increasing inside of him.

Little pants left his mouth as Jungkook thrusted in him slowly, but forcefully, focused on playing with Jimin's nipple now. Carefully, he grasped the hem of Jimin's shirt and pulled it up a little, exposing his hardened nub and cursing at the sight.

“Can you hold your shirt up for me, baby?”

The smaller one obeyed immediataly and grabbed his own shirt, lifting it a little more so his nipples were exposed to Jungkook who wet his lips and suddenly leaned down, licking over his left nipple.

“A-ah” Jimin breathed, body shaking at the surprising touch - he definitely had not expected this. However, he had to admit that it felt incredibly good, his whole body shuddering as Jungkook kept licking over his hardened nub, twirling his tongue around to draw out those cute little whimpers from Jimin.
“So sensitive and responsive for me” He growled against his skin and thrusted harder and faster inside of Jimin again, hitting his prostate dead on while continuing to rub his thumb over Jimin's nipple.

There were too many sensations – Jimin couldn't focus. It was all just a big puddle of intense feelings that were crashing over him. The poor boy couldn't stop whimpering, body just wouldn't stop shaking and his little cock just didn't stop leaking pre-cum, trailing down his length. It all just became too much.

“Jungkook-ah! Please, I-I'm close” The small boy cried out and hid his face in the curve of Jungkook's neck.

“Yeah? Are you gonna make a big mess for me, baby?”

Jimin whined at his words and nodded, so close to the edge and almost, just almost crossing it.

“Go on, be a good boy and come for me, baby”

Squeezing his eyes shut, he felt his orgasm hit him hard, feeling overwhelming him and bursting inside of him, filling him wholly. His whole body was trembling violently due to the sensation, cum spurting out of his penis between them, making a mess over both of them.

“Fuck, Jimin-ah, you feel so good around me.” Jungkook cursed and kept thrusting inside of him, prolonging Jimin's orgasm, causing wave after wave of the overwhelming feeling to hit him. Jimin collapsed against him, body going slack in his arms and breathing heavily.

“Aaaah!” He cried out as his penis kept leaking cum and his body continued to shake. “Hurts” The poor boy whimpered. How close was Jungkook? Was he going to come soon? Jimin didn't want him to come inside of him – well, he did, but he wanted something else even more.

“Were so good for me, baby, such a good boy”

“Jungkook-ah, stop, please, wanna...” Was he brave enough to say it? “Wanna... suck you off” He blushed as the words left his mouth. Jungkook halted immediataly, breathing heavily.

“Are you sure?”

Quickly nodding, he lifted his head to lock eyes with him.

“Wanna try again, please” The smaller boy mumbled and averted his gaze as he felt Jungkook's intense stare on him.

“I'm not gonna last much longer, though” Jungkook warned and walked over to the bed to sit down, Jimin straddling his lap in the process. Carefully, the shorter male lifted his hips, the other's erection slipping out of him and slapping against Jungkook's thigh, wet sound filling the room for a moment.

“Are you really sure?” He wanted to make sure again and brushed Jimin's hair out of his face gently, caressing his cheek with his thumb.

The small boy nodded quickly, excited and anticipant to finally do what he had thought about the last couple of days – honestly, ever since he had done it the first time.

“On your knees then” Jungkook told him, voice low and the eager boy got up just to drop down on his knees a moment later, gently touching the soft rug beneath him, ready to please.

The black haired one pulled of the condom and tossed it on the nighstand, placing his hands behind
himself on the bed and leaning back, eyes fixated on the small boy between his legs.

“Do you remember what to do?”

Quickly nodding, Jimin lifted his petite hand to wrap it around Jungkook’s hard length, cheeks heating up as it didn’t close around the whole erection. The taller boy let out a breath in response, watching the orange haired one lean over his dick and stick his tongue out to lick over the slit, tasting the pre-cum.

“Shit, Jimin-ah” Jungkook cursed and leaned his head back into his neck.

For some reason, Jimin really liked the taste, twirling his tongue around the slit to collect more of it, swallowing it curiously. His heart was beating fast in his chest as he opened his mouth further to take the head into his mouth, wrapping his plump lips around it and sucking slightly.

Determined, he took more of his length into his mouth, trying to relax his throat as the heavy head pressed against his tongue. Slowly, he kept stroking over the part that didn't fit in his mouth just yet with his hand while the other hand was grasping Jungkook’s thigh for support.

“Relax, Jimin-ah, don’t force it down too quickly” Jungkook warned and cursed a moment later as Jimin sucked on his hard on while he bobbed his head down to fit more of Jungkook inside of his mouth.

He wasn't going to give up this time. The determined and eager boy really wanted to do well this time and fit all of him inside of his mouth, up until the base. However, that wasn't as easy as he had hoped, gag reflex rejecting a moment later and he had to pull off, coughing as a long streak of spit connected the hard length with his mouth.

“Careful, baby” The taller boy warned softly and wiped away the spit from his chin, caressing his cheek a second later.

“I want to fit all of you inside of me” Jimin found himself whining, even a pout appearing on his face as he fixated his eyes on the heavy length in his hand.

“This is only your second time, Jimin-ah. It takes a lot of practice to train your gag reflex not to reject. There are ways to force me down your throat, but that is painful and I definitely won't hurt you”

As he felt Jungkook stroke his thumb over his cheek, his pout increased. Why was this so difficult?

“Stop pouting” Jungkook uttered softly and lifted Jimin's chin up in order to lock eyes with him. There was a slight smile on his face. “You'll be able to deepthroat one day, Jimin-ah. It just takes time”

“Okay” The small boy mumbled.

“Do you want to stop?”

“No” Jimin protested quickly as he started stroking Jungkook's erection again, moving his hand up and down while squeezing softly, “Want to continue” He voiced before he leaned forward to wrap his lips around the head again, sucking slightly and twirling his tongue over the slit to taste the pre-cum.

“Jimin-ah, shit, your mouth” Jungkook cursed as Jimin pushed down his head to fit more of his hard on into his mouth, squeezing his eyes shut as he felt his gag reflex reject, however he didn't pull off
this time, but remained in the position as he started coughing and sputtering around the length, drooling all over the erection and his own hand. He felt his throat relax, opening up a bit more to fit another part of the hard length into his mouth, halting to adjust for a moment. The eager boy was breathing heavily through his nose, feeling himself become dizzy, jaw starting to ache a little, but he didn't want to stop, “So good for me, Jiminie, such a good boy”

Jimin whined around his erection and bobbed his head up and down, more spit trailing down the length. Wet and obscene sucking sounds filled the room as Jimin continued to move his head up and down, gurgling now and then, Jungkook cursing at the noises. The small boy’s jaw really started to ache after a while, eyes becoming watery as he forced more and more down his throat, so eager to please.

“Jimin-ah” Jungkook groaned and Jimin stared up at him, locking eyes with the taller one who cursed at the sight of the little boy below him. His hair was all messy on top of his head – his orange hair that Jungkook would have to get used to, yet the boy looked as gorgeous as always – his soft plump lips were wrapped around his dick, looking so sinful, yet his delicate features were so angelic, his eyes were watering and he just seemed so eager and determined to please the taller man. It took all of his self control to not fuck into that pretty mouth of Jimin's. Jungkook was saving the image of the smaller boy like this inside of his head, didn't want to forget it.

Jimin felt Jungkook's penis twitch inside of his mouth, indicating that he was very close. He sped up his movement, causing Jungkook to curse and growl his name.

“Jimin-ah, I'm close.” He warned and Jimin hummed as he pulled off, stroking the hard length faster.

“Was that better? Was I good?” The small boy on his knees wanted to know, looking up at the younger one, voice soft yet a little hoarse from the sucking.

“Shit, yes, Jiminie, always my good boy. Took so much of me into your pretty mouth, baby”

Smiling a little, Jimin licked over the head, twirling his tongue around the slit to taste more pre-cum. As he was just about to wrap his lips around the head, cum spurted out of Jungkook's length and hit Jimin in the face as the taller one cursed, only some of it landing on his tongue as he had just opened his mouth. Squeaking, the little boy shut his eyes close as it had startled him.

“Fuck, Jiminie” The younger boy cursed and breathed heavily, Jimin carefully opening his eyes again to stare up at him, “Sorry, Jimin-ah” Jungkook apologised as he ran his thumb over Jimin's cheek to collect the cum. He was about to lean over and grab a tissue, but Jimin grasped his wrist and pulled his hand towards himself, wrapping his lips around Jungkook's thumb to lick the cum off.

Jungkook opened his mouth, mesmerised as the innocent boy in front of him licked his thumb clean and then leaned over his dick again to lick it clean from any cum as well. He would probably never get over the fact how innocent and angelic looking the boy was while doing these obscene things, not even realising what kind of an effect he had on the taller boy.

Jimin blushed as Jungkook kept looking at him intently, seemingly lost in his thoughts. Eventually, he averted his own gaze and got up, knees wobbly and a little sore as he almost collapsed, but thankfully Jungkook was there to grip his hips and pull him onto his lap softly.

“That was very good, Jimin-ah.” The taller boy praised and Jimin's blush deepened, yet he smiled a little.

“Thank you” However, a pout appeared on his face again as he played with the hem of his shirt, “But I didn't fit all of you inside of me”
“You don’t have to do that” Jungkook assured as he brushed Jimin’s orange streaks out of his face, thumb stroking over his cheek, “It felt good the way you just did it. I came because of you, Jimin-ssi. If you really want to try though, you can practice and one day you’ll be able to fit all of me down your throat, hmm?” Jimin nodded slightly, “Stop pouting now” Suddenly, Jungkook tickled his side, the smaller boy breaking out into a giggle immediately, eyes turning into little crescents.

“Stop” Jimin whined while laughing, trying to swat Jungkook’s hand away, but he was only snickering.

“You look pretty when you smile” He uttered softly, barely loud enough for Jimin to register, yet he did, blushing at the words.

Jungkook halted his movement and cleared his throat.

“Let’s clean you up” The taller boy suggested and pushed Jimin off of him softly, getting up and walking into the bathroom. The orange haired male started swinging his legs back and forth while waiting for the other one to return.

“What made you decide to change your hair colour?” Jungkook suddenly wanted to know as he walked back into the room, now wearing a fresh pair of briefs while carrying a wet cloth to clean Jimin with.

“Uhm, well, Taehyung suggested a change. He dyed his hair, too, but blond. Actually, mine was supposed to be hazel, but Taehyung bought the wrong one” The smaller boy explained, giggling a little at the end.

Jungkook hummed as Jimin rolled over onto his side, the taller one parting his buttcheeks to clean him up, area still sensitive as the warm cloth brushed against his entrance.

“Jimin-ah, how do you feel about sex toys?”

“S-Sex toys?” He echoed and tilted his head to the side, sitting up straight again as Jungkook went back into the bathroom to put the cloth away.

“Yes, do you know what those are? I don’t want to rush anything, you set the pace, I’m just trying to see what possibilities we have and what knowledge you have.” The younger boy explained as he walked back into the room, leaning against the wall as he crossed his arms over his chest.

“Well, I guess they are toys one uses during sex?” Jimin reasoned, a smirk appearing on Jungkook’s face, amusement glistening in his eyes.

“Yes, there are a lot of different kinds of sex toys. Would you ever consider to use one? Or have me use one on you?” Jungkook asked and arched up and eyebrow.

“M-Maybe... I don’t really know exactly what they do, but...” He left the remaining sentence hanging in the air. To be fair, Jimin trusted Jungkook a lot so whatever he suggested for them to do was most likely going to be fine with Jimin – even more than that, was surely going to make him feel good.

“Let’s set it as a soft limit then?”

Jimin nodded, fine with that idea.

“Any idea or wish on what to do next time?”

The smaller boy contemplated for a moment. Honestly, his head was still a little dizzy so it was
difficult for him to think at all, just wanted to lie down and hide under the soft covers, nuzzle his face against the pillow and fall asleep while the smell of Jungkook lingers in his nose.

Certainly, his wish of Jungkook taking him up against a wall has been granted and proven that there was truth to his strength kink. The small boy really didn't know why he liked that so much, liked that Jungkook was so much bigger and stronger than him, could lift him up with ease or move him around however he pleased, effortless to manhandle Jimin.

As well as that, he had been able to practice to deepthroat Jungkook which had also lingered in his mind for a long time now. Really, there wasn't anything new he could think of that he wanted to try. Surely, he would have to go through the list and find something on there.

“No, not really” The older one answered eventually, shaking his head slightly as Jungkook picked up his clothes and handed them to Jimin who took them while thanking him quietly.

“We might just decide on the day or you could let me know through text if you want anything.” The taller boy suggested and opened his nightstand to take out a bottle of lube as Jimin pulled the zipper of his pants up. “Here, this is for you”

Jimin hesitated, only staring from the bottle up to Jungkook's eyes and back down. “For what?”

“For you. In case you wanna play with yourself or I might give you a little homework”

“H-Homework?” The orange haired one echoed and blushed as he locked eyes with the other one.

“It would save some time if you stretched yourself open before coming here, but of course, you don't have to do that if you don't want to. Still, you might want to play with your little hole sometimes” Jungkook smirked, Jimin blushing deeper as he swallowed hard.

“I like it more when you... when you do it” He admitted, voice soft and barely able for Jungkook to register, yet he did.

“Mhm, like it more when I play with your hole?” The taller one uttered, grabbing Jimin's chin softly as the boy nodded. “Okay, but still, take it. That might change when you get a little desperate at home and just want to touch yourself.”

“T-Thank you” He muttered and took the lube, knowing already that he wasn't going to use it. Frankly, he didn't know why, but when he touched himself it just didn't make him feel as good as when Jungkook touched him. Certainly, that was due to the fact that Jungkook had more experience and more skill in what he did. Yes, definitely, that must be the reason. Surely, there was no other explanation for that.

“You're welcome”

Jungkook grabbed his phone and typed something while walking into the bathroom as Jimin tried to fix his hair on top of his head to make it appear somewhat less messier.

“Are you okay? Any more questions?” The younger boy asked as he walked back into the bedroom, now wearing a blach shirt and some sweatpants.

“I'm okay. No more questions”

“Let's go downstairs then”

They both exited the room and went downstairs where Jimin put on his shoes.
“I have somebody waiting downstairs for you to drive you home”

Jimin halted his movement, locking eyes with the taller one, titling his head to the side in a confused and surprised manner.

“Oh? Who?”

“A person that works for me. A personal driver” He answered and placed his phone on the table. “So we don't have to call a taxi everytime where I don't know who those people are and won't have to wait until it arrives”

“A personal driver?” Jimin echoed, mouth opening in shock and eyes widening. Okay, what exactly was his job? What did he need a personal driver for?

“Yes, he is trustworthy so I know you'll get home safely.” The younger boy explained, suddenly biting his tongue like he had said too much, clearing his throat, “Right, have you got everything?”

Jimin nodded, still shocked – honestly even that shocked that he wasn't able to protest. How could he protest to go with Jungkook's driver when he still hadn't even fully fathomed that fact, his tired brain not being any help.

“I don't know him though” He muttered eventually as Jungkook opened the door.

“I trust him. You can trust him, too. I'll make sure you get home safely.”

They only stared at each other for a moment, Jimin nodding eventually and stepping outside the apartment.

“Good night, Jungkook-ah”

“Good night, Jimin-ssi”

Chapter End Notes

Did you like the chapter? :) What do you think about Dongha? Do you think he could play a bigger role in the story?

Thank you so much for all the love on the previous chapters <3

I'll be back to more frequent updates soon :)

Love you <3
Chapter Summary

Taehyung plants a wish in Jimin's head that he can't get rid of, eventually asking Jungkook to try it. However, things don't really go as planned...

Chapter Notes

Hi! :)

Thank you so much for all the love and for your patience <3 I'm sorry that it takes a little longer for the chapters, but my busy schedule is almost over and I'm excited to be able to post more frequently again then :)

Hopefully, you will enjoy this chapter :)

“A personal driver?” Taehyung echoed, eyes widening at the information Jimin just shared with him as they continued walking. “What does he need a fucking driver for? I'm so curious about his job”

“I don't know” The orange haired boy shrugged and sighed, “I didn't ask him because I was so tired. The personal driver was really nice, though. Well, we didn't talk that much, but he was friendly and waited until I was inside the building.”

“This is some next level shit. He's making sure you get home safely by letting his personal driver get you home? Wow”

Jimin smiled faintly as they crossed the street. They were on their way to Hoseok's dance class. Well, Jimin was essentially, but Taehyung accompanied him because he wanted to see Hoseok again.

“Let's go grab a coffee” His best friend suggested as they walked past a small coffe shop, halting their steps.

“Okay” The smaller boy agreed and they entered the shop.

Suddenly, Jimin's phone vibrated inside of his pocket and he pulled it out. “I'll order already. The usual?” Taehyung asked as he saw Jimin looking down on his phone.

“Yes, thank you”

I'm free saturday night. – Jungkook

The message read, being an answer to Jimin's previous question regarding when Jungkook would be able to meet up next.
I'm free, too, that night. At yours? - Jimin

Yes, 8 pm? - Jungkook

Okay, see you then :) - Jimin

See you. - Jungkook

Something was blossoming inside of Jimin’s chest, expanding and filling his whole upper body with warmth. Was that excitement to see the taller one again? He really couldn't define the feeling.

“Why are you smiling?” Taehyung interrupted his thoughts, startling the smaller boy. Quickly, he put his phone back into his pocket and locked eyes with the taller one.

“J-Just... because”

“Hmm, let me guess, Jungkook texted you?” His best friend assumed, smug smirk appearing on his face as he arched up and eyebrow and handed him his iced Americano.

“W-Why would you think that?” Jimin mumbled, blush creeping up on his cheeks as he took the cup and put the straw between his lips to suck on the drink.

“So I was right” The blond boy chuckled as they exited the coffee shop and continued to walk to the dance studio. It was a beautiful day, the sun was shining and it wasn't too warm – just right that they wouldn't sweat too much, but could still walk around without a jacket.

“Whatever” The small boy muttered, causing his best friend to snicker again as he threw an arm around Jimin.

“I'm just teasing you. I'm happy you enjoy your little... lessons. What did you do last night?” Tae wanted to know as he titled his head to the side in a curious manner.

Jimin's blush deepened as he looked around, people walking past them yet not paying much attention to them.

“Well... stuff” The shy boy simply answered and shrugged his shoulders, too embarrassed and ashamed to share the information about how desperate and eager he had wanted to give Jungkook a blowjob and how said boy had taken him up against a wall roughly, yet sensually. The thoughts alone made the smaller boy swallow hard, remembering the way Jungkook had touched him, had invaded all of his senses and leave Jimin crave and long for more. He really became putty in his hands. Oh god, what was Jungkook doing to him?

“Mhm, and what kind of stuff?”

“We... we now know that there is truth to your assumption of me having a strength kink” Jimin whispered.

“He fucked you up against a wall?” Taehyung almost yelled, shock and surprise visible on his face as he stilled his steps.

Jimin almost tripped over his own two feet as the words had left his best friends mouth, quickly turning around and looking at him in horror.

“Tae!” He cried out as people had stared at them weirdly, cheeks heating up as he swatted his best friends arm.
“Sorry” Tae apologised, yet snickered a little as they continued walking, “I was just very surprised. Oh my god, that sounds so fucking hot.”

The orange haired boy glanced down at the ground while walking, too embarrassed to look up again.

“Hey, sorry, Minnie” The taller boy apologised and placed his hand on Jimin’s shoulder, squeezing lightly, “Please, I didn’t mean to say it that loudly”

“It’s okay” Jimin sighed, “They don’t know me anyway and they might not even have heard it”

Taehyung smiled apologetic and ruffled through Jimin's hair.

“Well, let me tell you a story about my night.”

“Please, don't” The small boy whispered, but Taehyung didn't hear him and went on with his story.

“I'm telling you that last night was the hottest sex I’ve ever had in my entire life” His best friend stated as they reached the dance studio. Jimin opened the door and they entered. “Hyung tied up my hands behind my back, blindfolded me and then fucked me hard from behind, spanking me every now and then. I'm telling you, I've never had that kind of an intense orgasm. I came so hard I almost wanted to cry.”

“Tae!” Jimin screamed out again as his best friend had shared too much information with him.

“What? I need to talk to someone about this. Honestly, sex with him makes me wonder if I ever even had sex before. It's like a whole different word. He makes me come so hard everytime.”

“I don't want to know these things about Hoseok hyung, especially as he is my teacher now” The shorter male whined as they walked up the stairs, yet the story had made him a little curious. Being tied up? Blindfolded? Spanking? Jimin had asked Jungkook before what exactly spanking was and why people would want that. Well, and here was his best friend getting pleasure from exactly that. Somehow, he found himself wonder how it felt like, if he would like that, too.

“I'm just sharing useful information with you. This shit feels incredible. Like, you can only focus on the feeling of him being inside of you because you can littlerally not do anything else but lie there and take it. At first I didn't think I would like it because I love touching him, but when we did it and my senses where solely invaded by him- it was just pure pleasure. Even spanking. I mean, I have been spanked before, but it never felt that good. Shit made me come so hard”

Jimin swallowed hard as he processed the information his best friend shared with him. The thought of his hands being tied up so he couldn't touch- couldn't move them, scared the smaller boy a little bit, yet the way Taehyung talked about it made him extremely curious. How would it feel like to just lie there and take whatever Jungkook would give him, whatever he would want to do to Jimin? The shorter male would be completely at his mercy – well, frankly, he already was – and would only be able to focus on Jungkook and his touch. The taller one could do anything to him and Jimin would just let him. Anticipation and excitement bloomed inside of him at the thought.

“Does spanking really feel good?”

He could still remember Jungkook explaining to him what exactly spanking was and why people liked it. Even back then he had felt a little excited at the thought of Jungkook doing that to him, yet he had been hesitant and reluctant – fearing that he might not like that at all because essentially, it did kind of hurt, didn't it?

“Well, depends, I guess. As I said, I have been spanked before, but not really, only like one slap on
the butt while fucking. It hurt only for a moment, but I was more focused on the sex so I didn't really care. This time, however, was totally different. He spanked me repeatedly and I don't know why, but the pain kind of felt good? I can't explain it and I don't even know why, I just know that there was so much pleasure when he did that. I figure you just gotta try it out to see if you like it’ His best friend stated and shrugged his shoulders slightly as they entered the practice room, Hoseok greeting them with a big smile on his face.

Jimin imagined his hands being tied behind his back while Jungkook thrusted in and out of him, telling him what a good boy he was.

*Oh god.* Great. Now he probably wasn't going to be able to stop thinking about this...

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“You have good control over your body” Jimin heard a low voice comment and turned around, eyes landing on the boy that had complimented his hair the last time. The boy was already staring at him, smile on his face.

“O-oh, thank you” The smaller boy uttered and smiled faintly, blushing a little at the compliment. “I still have a little trouble following the steps, though.”

Jimin glanced at the mirror and saw Taehyung in the reflection. He was standing next to Hoseok, yet he was watching the smaller boy talk to the stranger with an excited expression and a big smile on his face.

“You're doing pretty good if you'd ask me. However, if you ever need it, I could help you out and go through the steps with you” The boy suggested, smiling at Jimin. The shorter male swallowed hard and returned the smile.

“O-oh. That's nice. Thank you.”

“I'm Dongha, by the way, in case you don't remember” He introduced himself once more and frankly, Jimin had actually forgotten his name. The taller boy held out his hand and Jimin glanced at it for a moment before putting his smaller one in his and shaking his hand.

“Jimin” The orange haired one smiled.

“Jimin” Dongha echoed, smirking as the name rolled of his tongue. “Cute name fitting for a cute boy”

The smaller one blushed at the words and pulled his hand away, averting his gaze while he smiled shyly. His heart started to beat a little faster. Was this flirting? Was Taehyung right? Jimin genuinely had no idea what was happening right now. Honestly, he just figured that the brown haired boy was being nice to him, but the way he was staring at him made him think otherwise. There was something glistening in his eyes and the tone of his voice was rather suggestive.

“Thanks” He muttered which caused the taller one to chuckle.

“Adorable” Dongha snickered and Jimin locked eyes with him again. “Let me know whenever you want to meet so I can help you with the steps or... for whatever other reason” The taller boy winked at him before he turned around and exited the room, leaving behind a rather baffled Jimin.

“What did he say?” Taehyung was suddenly there, right up in his face and bouncing up and down excitedly, startling the smaller boy.
“He just complimented the control I have over my body and offered to help me whenever I'm in need of help to learn the steps or... or for any other reason”

The blond boy smiled brightly and swatted his arm. “See, I told you he was flirting with you. What else did he say?”

“Nothing.” Jimin answered and shrugged his shoulders, “Just that my name was cute and fitting for... for a cute boy”

“Oh my god, this is getting better and better.” His best friend grinned and clapped his hands together. “You basically have a date now, Minnie”

Jimin rolled his eyes at the taller one, “I do not have a date now. He only offered me his help. That's not a date”

“It could be. He was definitely suggesting that it could be. Jimin-ah, come on, he was flirting with you. He has interest in you so why don't you see where this could go? Even if it only ends up being a friendship. It could very well be something more as he definitely is attracted to you. I saw his face. He didn't take away his eyes from you for even one second. Unless, of course, you are not interested at all. He is hot, though, isn't he? And he seems nice” The blond one reasoned.

The smaller boy caught his bottom lip between his teeth, contemplating. “Well, he is attractive, but I don't even know him so I can't really say whether I'm interested. He did seem nice so far, too, so... so I don't know. If I need help, I might ask him about his offer”

His best friend smirked smugly, nodding at the words, “Sounds perfect”

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Where are you? - Jimin

The small boy caught his bottom lip between his teeth as he looked up from his phone to glance at the closed front door to Jungkook’s apartment. He had been waiting for some minutes now, ringing the bell and knocking repeatedly, yet there was no answer. Jimin assumed that he wasn't home because even if he was on the phone or doing something else at home he must have heard the knocks or at least the bell ring?

Maybe he had forgotten about their meet up? A small part in his brain brought that fear up, making him feel insecure.

Suddenly, the elevator doors opened, revealing a Jungkook that was a little out of breath as he approached Jimin.

“Sorry, Jimin-ssi. I got caught up during work and then was stuck in traffic on my way here” He apologised as he opened the door, Jimin seeing now for the first time that you had to open it with a password lock next to the door, “I thought I would still make it on time. I hope you didn't wait too long.”

They entered the apartment and Jungkook shut the door close. “No, it's fine. Don't worry. I understand” The shorter male assured and gave a faint smile, taking his shoes off.

“Is it okay for you to wait a little longer?” The black haired boy wanted to know as he signaled Jimin to follow him upstairs, “I need to take a shower”

Jimin nodded, even though he had the urge to say that Jungkook didn't even smell bad, in fact, his
cologne was already filling Jimin's senses again, making him dizzy. There was just something about his smell that affected Jimin in a way he couldn't explain. The mixture of his cologne and something that he could only describe as Jungkook caused his heart to beat faster and filled him with warmth. Frankly, the small boy had no idea why, assumed that the reason was that he associated the smell with Jungkook and... - No, that wasn't the reason. Jimin shook his head, not wanting to continue that thought.

“It's fine. I'll wait” The orange haired boy assured as they entered the bedroom, Jungkook dropping his bag on the floor and approaching the bathroom while opening his tie.

“If you want to start already, go ahead. Lube is in the top drawer of the nightstand” Jungkook let him know, slight smirk on his face as he pointed to the nightstand.

The shorter boy blushed and averted his gaze, nodding slightly. “I-I'll just wait”

“I won't take long” The taller one promised as he entered the bathroom, water being turned on a moment later.

Jimin's blush deepened as he realised that Jungkook hadn't even shut the door close, was in there now, taking his clothes off and stepping into the shower, water running down his strong body. The smaller male swallowed hard as he sat down on the bed, drawing his legs together as he felt his penis twitch. Swiftly, he shook his head. He shouldn't think about that.

He fell back down on his back, gently landing on the soft bedsheets as he stared up at the ceiling. Shutting his eyes, he let out a content sigh, stretching his arms out next to his petite body.

Possibilities of what they could do today were running through his head, yet always coming back to the image that Taehyung had planted inside of his mind. Honestly, he should tell his best friend to stop talking about his sex life and suggesting things, planting these ideas in the smaller boy's mind where he couldn't stop them!

Frankly, Jimin had never imagined or thought about things like this before meeting Jungkook. Certainly, he had thought about having sex before, but there had never been a person he had imagined himself to do that with. Jungkook was illuminating that side in him, made him crave and long for his touch, made him want to do all of these things with the taller one.

Unconsciously, he placed his hands above his head and put one wrist above the other, imagining to be tied up like this. A soft breath escaped his lips as he imagined Jungkook to kiss him slowly, trailing kisses down his body – everywhere on his skin, sucking and nibbling lightly every now and then. Jimin let out a whimper as he then imagined Jungkook to thrust into him, fast pace as Jimin would just lie there and take it.

“Jungkook-ah” The orange haired boy mewled as he felt his penis harden, drawing his legs together. Involuntarily, he moved his hand down to his crotch area, slipping it inside of his pants and closing it around his erection. His body twitched at the touch, whine escaping him as he ran his thumb over the slit.

The now aroused boy totally forgot about his surroundings, that he wasn't alone, that he was in Jungkook's bed and said boy would walk in any second now.

While playing with himself and being so caught up in his dreams, Jimin didn't even hear the water being turned off, didn't even notice Jungkook walk back inside the room.

“J-Jungkook-ah” The older one whimpered and arched his back, hips bucking up into the touch. It
was frustrating how touching himself never felt as good as when jungkook touched him.

“Mhm, I thought you wanted to wait, baby?” Jimin suddenly heard a voice say, startling him as he pulled his hand out of his pants, sitting up immediately and blushing.

“I-I..” He glanced at the taller boy who was approaching him, only having a towel wrapped around his waist, eyes darkened as he wet his lips.

“What were you thinking about?” The black haired boy wanted to know, voice low as his fresh smell filled Jimin's nostrils, eyes fluttering shut when he felt Jungkook's soft hand grab his chin gently.

“Y-You” The shy boy admitted, voice quiet and soft.

The taller boy hummed as he ran his thumb over Jimin's bottom lip. “What was I doing to you, hmm?”

Jimin swallowed hard as a shaky breath left his mouth. Nervously, he locked eyes with the other male, not able to say the words.

“You can trust me, remember? I won't judge you, whatever it is. This is a safe place for you, Jimin-ah.”

“I... I was... My hands were tied up and you were... touching me. Everywhere.” His voice had become quieter with each word, blush deepening.

For a moment, Jungkook did look a bit taken aback – even though Jimin might just have interpreted that wrongly - but was back to his attentive expression a second later. Instead, there was lust flashing in his eyes now as they darkened, hinting at him liking that thought as well.

“Would you want to try that?” The taller boy asked as he brushed Jimin's hair out his face.

Jimin's heart skipped a beat, then beating faster against his chest. Honestly, it did take a lot of trust to do something like this as Jimin was going to be tied up, essentially- no, definitely not able to move his hands and Jungkook would be able to do whatever he wanted to the smaller boy. Was he ready for that? It was a step further, needed a little more trust, yet Jimin found himself trusting the younger one so much at this point that the fear vanished as he locked eyes with the taller boy.

“I-I do... but I'm a little scared” He admitted and caught his bottom lip between his teeth.

Jungkook glanced at his lips, but then up again at his eyes. “I understand. It does take some trust to let someone tie your hands up and being at their mercy. In your head those things always sound hot and good, but realising them can be a little scary.” The younger boy stated, voice softer again, “I would never do anything to hurt you, though. If there is any moment you want to stop, you just use your safe word and I will immediately free you and make sure you are alright.”

The smaller boy let out a shaky breath. Taehyung had made it sound like such a good idea, such an incredible feeling to just being able to lie there and feel, feel all of the other person and only being able to focus on them solely, invading all of their senses.

“I-I want to try it, please” He eventually uttered, locking eyes with the other one again.

“Tell me your safe words again, baby” Jungkook demanded softly as he lifted Jimin to his feet.

“R-Red for stop, yellow for pause and green for g-go” The shy boy recited and Jungkook hummed
before disappearing in the bathroom.

The orange haired boy just stood there, not knowing what he was supposed to do so he just waited. It only took a moment for Jungkook to reappear, now dressed in a pair of briefs and holding something in his hand that looked like a tie to Jimin.

“Only your hands, right?” He wanted to make sure as he stillled in front of Jimin, hand softly pressed against his cheek causing Jimin to unconsciously nuzzle against the touch.

“Yes, only my hands” The older boy nodded as Jungkook grabbed the hem of his shirt, Jimin gasping and biting down on his lip.

“Okay?”

Jimin gave a faint nod as the black haired one leaned down to press his soft lips against his own, kissing him gently which made the smaller boy's eyes flutter shut as he clenched his hands into little fists, welcoming the soft kiss – longing for it.

Slowly, Jungkook pulled up the shirt and broke the kiss to pull it off completely, dropping it to the floor before capturing Jimin's lips in another kiss. Jimin wrapped his arms around Jungkook's neck and got up on his tippy toes to be able to move his lips against the other one's better as Jungkook started opening his pants, pulling them down slowly. Breaking the kiss again, the taller one pulled down the pants to his ankles so Jimin could step out of them, leaning on the younger boy as not to fall over.

Jungkook grabbed his hips gently and attached his lips to Jimin's once more as he moved them back, the smaller boy hitting against the bed and falling back down, pulling Jungkook with him. The black haired boy quickly placed his hands next to Jimin's head as to not crush the smaller one, pushing himself up to stand back up.

“Any specific way you want it?” The younger boy asked as he gripped Jimin by the hips and pulled him up with ease to place him down softly on the bed, head now landing on the pillows.

“L-Like this” He stuttered softly and placed one wrist above the other while Jungkook grabbed the tie. Then, the taller boy got back on the bed and spread Jimin's legs to sit on his knees inbetween them.

“Colour?” Jungkook wanted to make sure as he arched up an eyebrow while pulling the tie around his wrists.

“Green” Jimin breathed as Jungkook tied his wrists together.

“Too tight? Does it hurt?”

Jimin pulled against it, not able to move his hands much. His heart started beating faster at the realisation, yet anticipation blooming inside of him. “I-It's okay” He assured, voice quiet and soft as Jungkook's eyes darkened.

“Whenever I do something you don't like or that makes you feel uncomfortable, you use your safe words immediately, understood?”

The small boy nodded slightly, biting down on his lips as Jungkook pulled on his briefs without a warning. Jimin yelped at the touch, watching the younger one toss them to the floor as he grabbed his tied up hands and placed them above his head.
“These are going to stay here, okay? No touching yourself.”

The nervous boy gave a small nod.

“Answer me, baby, need to hear your voice” The taller one uttered and grabbed his chin softly.

Jimin cleared his throat. “O-Okay, I won't touch myself”

“Good boy” Jungkook smirked, the orange haired boy whimpering as his penis twitched. He felt his breathing become more uneven, too excited and nervous for what was going to happen. The shorter male was lying there, fully naked and exposed while his hands were tied above his head. He was fully at Jungkook's mercy, just lying there for him to do whatever he wanted to him.

Frankly, thinking about their first lesson, this was a huge difference. Back then, even though Jimin had been able to touch himself while Jungkook was looking at him, it was only due to the fact that the taller one had been sitting behind him and Jimin forgetting or blurring out once in a while that Jungkook was watching him. Since then a lot of time had passed and he had made some progress in feeling more comfortable. The older one had never imagined to do something like this and not feel uncomfortable. Certainly, he was a little nervous and slightly embarrassed, yet there was no discomfort about it, rather excitement and slight arousal.

“Did you play with yourself earlier on purpose?” Jungkook wanted to know as he closed his hand around Jimin's erection, squeezing it lightly and the stroking his hand up and down teasingly, “Wanted me to catch you touch yourself like that, hmm? How often have you played with yourself since last time?”

Jimin's body twitched at the sudden touch, soft pant escaping his parted lips as he arched his back. “I-I don't like to touch myself without you” He admitted as Jungkook ran his thumb over the slit, causing Jimin to whine high pitched and buck his hips up.

“Stay down” The taller boy ordered and pushed his hips down again, Jimin whining, yet obeying. “Why don't you like playing with your little dick without me?”

“N-Not the same. Doesn't feel that good”

Jungkook hummed as he leaned over to open the top drawer of the nightstand, picking out a bottle of lube. “Only I can make you feel this good, can't I?” The younger one muttered as he let go of Jimin's hard length, letting it drop back on his stomach. “Answer me, kitten”

The smaller boy gasped at the pet name, eyes fluttering shut. It was really hard not to pull his hands down and just touch himself. Jimin clenched his hands into little fists as he bucked up his hips, asking to be touched again.

“What did I say, baby? Stay down. Stop moving” Jungkook scolded and pushed his hips down firmly, causing Jimin to whine.

“Jungkook-ah, please, more, yes, only you can make me feel this good”

The black haired boy grabbed his ankles and pushed them back so Jimin would bend his knees. Then he spread his legs further before pulling his hips up slightly to expose the tight pink hole of the smaller boy.

“If you are good, I'll touch you, easy as that. Understood?”

Jimin nodded quickly. “Y-Yes” He then answered swiftly as gestures hadn't seemed to be enough
this far, Jungkook telling him to use his voice every time he only nodded.

It was a little different from how Jungkook was usually treating him during anything sexual they had done. Of course, he had always had the control and somewhat told him what to do, but this was different. Jimin couldn't really explain it, just knew that it somehow aroused him even though it made him more desperate all the same.

Suddenly, there was a wet finger against his entrance, causing Jimin to gasp and his body to twitch. The older boy had been so caught up in his thoughts that he hadn't realised what Jungkook had been doing.

“Jungkook-ah” Jimin moaned high pitched as Jungkook pushed his index finger inside of the smaller boy's hole. It was a slow pace at first the boy moved his finger in and out, but he increased his pace quickly and moved his finger around to stretch Jimin's hole. The smaller boy's eyes fluttered shut as he bit down on his bottom lip.

“Open your pretty eyes for me, kitten”

Whimpering, Jimin obeyed and opened his eyes, staring directly at the other male as said boy pushed another finger inside of his hole. A silent scream left him at the fullness and he grasped the pillow with his fists, clutching onto it.

“Oh, oh, Jungkoo-ah!” The small boy cried out as he felt Jungkook’s fingers press directly at his prostate, stimulating him in an intense way. Unconsciously, Jimin moved his hips against the touch, longing for more.

“Kitten, what did I ask you to do?” Jungkook asked, voice stern as he halted his motion.

“S-Sorry” Jimin apologised genuinely, voice soft as he still his movement and locked eyes with the taller one, “Won't do it again”

“If you keep disobeying, I'll have to punish you, baby” The younger boy warned as he rubbed against Jimin's prostate again, drawing out those cute little whimpers from the boy.

Jimin was trying his hardest not to move, to lie there completely still and only focus on the feeling of Jungkook touching him. However, all he wanted to do was touch Jungkook, too, was to move his hips against Jungkook's fingers in order for them to reach deeper, but he just wasn't allowed to and he wanted to be a good boy for Jungkook.

The taller man was rubbing against his prostate in firm circle motions while wrapping his other hand around the head of Jimin's erection, squeezing hard to see some pre-cum leak out.

“Ah, ah, Jungkook-ah” The older boy whimpered and his body started to shake due to the intense stimulation on his prostate. The taller boy just didn't stop, kept going in the same pace for a while, several long minutes, everything just became so overwhelming. Involuntarily, he bucked his hips up against Jungkook's hand, while simultaneously trying to get away from his other hand.

Suddenly, Jungkook stilled.

“Baby, you have disobeyed me repeatedly now. I thought you were my good boy, hmm? Good boys don't behave like this. You were very bad and bad boys need to get punished” The taller one sighed, disappointment visible in his voice.

“I'm sorry” Jimin sniffed, hurt by Jungkook's words as he had not wanted to disobey him. He wanted to be a good boy for the taller one, but it was just very difficult, all those sensations on his body just a
little too much and frankly, overwhelming him.

The younger man lifted him up and made him sit up before sitting down at the edge of the bed himself. “Come here”

Hesitating, Jimin only looked at the taller one for a moment, feeling so bad as the disappointment in Jungkook's voice echoed inside of his head. Eventually, he crawled over to the taller boy and was gripped by his hips again.

“I'm going to punish you now, kitten” Jungkook told him sternly as he manhandled Jimin over his lap on his stomach, ass up in the air. “That's what happens to naughty boys like you.”

Jimin's heart sank as he felt his body shake, vision becoming blurry and only realising a moment later that tears had swelled up in his eyes.

“I'm going to spank you now, baby.” The taller one informed him as he placed his warm hand on Jimin's left butt cheek gently, squeezing softly.

The smaller boy clenched his hands into little fists and his bottom lip started to wobble as he continued to think about how disappointed Jungkook was by him. He really had tried to be good and obey, but his body just didn't want to listen to his brain! It really wasn't his fault. Tears were streaming down his face.

“You are going to count for me, okay?”

The orange haired boy across his lap didn't answer.

“Answer me, kitten” The younger boy ordered and tapped against his buttcheek lightly with his index and ring finger.

“I'm sorry” Jimin sniffed, voice breaking.

There was silence for a moment.

“Baby, tell me your colour” Jungkook ordered, voice a little softer.

He didn't want Jungkook to be even more disappointed in him.

“G-Green” The small boy lied, shaky breath leaving his parted lips as more tears streamed down his face.

Silence for a moment.

“Baby, don't lie to me. Tell me your real colour. I have told you that you can stop whenever you want. I won't ever be mad at you for that”

Swallowing, he squeezed his eyes shut, “Y-Yellow” He sobbed.

Softly, Jungkook gripped him by the hips and lifted him up, turning him around so the little boy would straddle his lap. As he saw the tear drenched face of the smaller boy and heard the hiccups and sobs that were muffled by Jimin pressing his face into the bedsheets before, something pang in his chest.

“Hey, hey, little one” He uttered softly and grabbed Jimin's face with both hands gently, wiping away the tears and stroking his thumb over his cheeks fondly, “What did I do wrong? Please, tell me, I'm so sorry, but I need you to tell me what it is so I can make it better” The younger boy whispered.
“I-I don't w-want t-to d-disappoint you. I'm s-sorry for moving” The smaller boy on his lap sobbed, hiccupps not stopping.

“Jimin-ah, listen to me, I'm not actually disappointed in you. I would never be disappointed in you, especially not because of something like this. You were so good for me, such a good boy” The taller boy assured and pressed his lips against Jimin's forehead, then kissing away his tears.

“W-Why am I punished then?” Jimin sniffed and kept on hiccupping, tears still streaming down his face.

“Shit, little one, please don’t cry. I hate seeing you cry like this. I'm sorry, so sorry. When you asked me to tie your hands up, I assumed you wanted me to be a little rougher. As you mentioned a BDSM element, I thought you were somewhat familiar with it and had read or heard about it. I'm so sorry.” The black haired boy apologised genuinely, nudging his nose against Jimin's cheek before placing a soft peck on his cheek. “I'm not disappointed in you, Jimin-ah. This was... a role. Remember how we talked about you being a little different in bed than you are usually? Essentially, this is like that. Let me explain it a little more, but let's get you some aftercare first”

Jungkook grabbed a blanket and wrapped it around the smaller boy, opening the tie around his wrists and dropping it on the bed next to them before lifting Jimin up and lying him down on the bed, curled up in the blanket and head landing on the soft pillow. The younger boy joined him on the bed and laid down next to him, Jimin immediataly rolling onto his side and wrapping and arm around Jungkook's stomach, head nuzzling in the curve of his neck. The smaller boy was needy for cuddles right now, for any soft touch essentially.

The taller man caressed his back softly, feeling so sorry for having caused Jimin to use a safeword. Even if it wasn't red just yet, he had still done something that hurt the smaller boy or made him uncomfortable in the least. It also worried him how desperately Jimin wanted to please, to be good that he didn't want to use the safeword, presumably thinking that he would disappoint the younger boy. There was a pang in his chest again.

“Jimin-ah, there is something called BDSM. Do you know what that is? We have briefly talked about it before. Do you remember that?”

The orange haired boy furrowed his eyebrows as he tried to remember. Wasn't that in the context of aftercare? He could faintly remember Jungkook explaining how it was mostly used in BDSM. Also, he had talked about a 'scene' when he had mentioned these topics to him. However, Jimin still didn't know what that was.

“I remember you mentioning it” The smaller boy answered, voice a little hoarse.

“Oh-hh-hh-ke. W-well, t-this might be a lITTLE much and I honestly hadn't planned to initiate this or talk about this with you just yet, b-but rather wanted to wait a little longer. H-h-h-however, w-w-when you requested to be tied up, I assumed you know about it. I g-guess, I was w-wrong. You d-d-don't know w-what that i-is, d-do you?”

He shook his head as Jungkook wet his lips, Jimin's eyes following the motion.

“Alright. Well, BDSM is a variety of sexual practices and roleplaying. It involves bondage – as in tying someone up for example – discipline, dominance, submission, sadism and masochism. I know these are a lot of new terms and it's probably overwhelming you a little to hear and learn all of this now, but we won't get into those words just yet. I j-just wanted you to know what that is. Essentially, I had assumed – as you mentioned an element of BDSM – that you are somewhat familiar with and had wanted to try it out. Y-you see, spanking can be part of discipline and as we had mentioned spanking before and set it as one of your soft limits, I wanted to push you to your limit and see
whether or not you would like it. I figured that was what you had wanted to initiate with asking me to be tied up, but I have misunderstood you. I'm so sorry, little one”

Jimin lifted his head and locked eyes with Jungkook, seeing how there was sincerity behind his eyes pulled on his heart strings. The taller boy looked actually apologetic and concerned, like he feared that he had hurt the smaller boy.

“It's okay, Jungkook-ah.” He assured and pressed a peck against his cheek. “I was just very sad because I thought you were serious and were disappointed in me. I didn't know that you didn't really mean that. It's still a little confusing if I'm being honest”

“I have mentioned how you can be different during sex than how you are usually, that's mostly natural for everyone. However, roleplaying – especially in BDSM – is a little different than that. Those things involve a lot of trust and should not be treated lightly. Safewords, limits and aftercare are very important. Essentially, anything involving BDSM happens in a scene, so the activity – not necessarily only sexual – happens during that scene. You could say you take on a role during that time because the way the dominant part treats the submissive part in the scene and the whole dynamic is not how they treat each other outside of the scene and that is not necessarily the dynamic of their relationship– at least that's not supposed to happen. Outside of that scene, both are equal and the submissive person might not be that submissive after all during their everyday life. During that scene, many other elements can be involved, like spanking for discipline or bondage. You see, there are many possibilities. I was the dominant part who takes the lead and the control right now and you were the more submissive part who obeys essentially, wants to please and rather enjoys to be taken care of. However, the way I treated you just now was part of a role, a scene. I would never treat you like this outside and I'm not actually disappointed in you. Do you understand what I'm trying to say?” He continued to explain.

Jimin tried to process all of that information, a little overwhelmed as he felt like he was introduced to a whole new world he hadn't even known existed. Who would have thought that there is so much to sex? All these terms and kinks where a little much for him, barely able to fathom all of that information.

“I-I think I do. I didn't know that tying your hands up belong to that kind of... huge world”

Jungkook smiled slightly. “There are many, many things people like during sex, you would be surprised. Bondage is an element of BDSM, but you don't necessarily have to do everything that is involved in BDSM. If you only like to try bondage then we can do that without any of the other stuff. It doesn't have to happen during a scene either. You just let me know what you want and how you want me to treat you”

“I didn't-... I liked how you treated me at first. I don't know why, but I like when you tell me what to do” The smaller boy admitted, not able to lock eyes with the other as he hid his face against Jungkook’s chest. “I just didn't like you being disappointed in me, but I think I understand now how that was only a dominant role and you didn't actually mean it”

“Yes, I'm a little more dominant by nature and you are a little more submissive by nature so we kind of fall naturally in those roles, even if it's not during scenes, but anything sexual we do, we have both indicated signs of those roles as it comes somewhat natural to us”

That was true. Jungkook had treated him a little more dominant right from the start, had taken the lead and guided him, somehow controlled the situation. He had never forced Jimin to do anything, but the boy himself had fallen naturally into that role of obeying him, liking when Jungkook told him what to do and had been ready to please.
“However, even if we include elements of BDSM, we don't have to do that during scenes, yet I would suggest us to discuss beforehand how you want to be treated and what your hard limits are when we do anything sexual again. Is that okay?”

The smaller boy nodded as he placed his chin on Jungkook's chest to lock eyes with the other male. The black haired one lifted his hand and brushed Jimin's hair out of his face, said boy's eyes fluttering shut as the other one caressed his cheek.

“Did I hurt you, little one?” The voice was so soft, barely loud enough for Jimin to register.

Warmth spread in Jimin's chest at the pet name, heart beating a little faster. As the orange haired boy opened his eyes to look at the other male, his heart sank as he saw the genuine concern and maybe even guilt glistening in Jungkook's eyes.

“I never meant to do that. I'm so sorry for misunderstanding your wish and getting carried away. I feel horrible for letting that happen as that never was my intention. I just want you to learn and feel good.”

His words pulled on Jimin's heart strings, especially as his expression gave away how he felt as well. “Not physically. It did... it did hurt emotionally. I guess, I fell into the submissive role you explained and I just wanted to do well and be good and... and when you told me I wasn't good that hurt me” The shorter male revealed, finally understanding the part about roles. Certainly, he was reserved and shy by nature and maybe even a little submissive sometimes, but the way he felt during sex, the way he behaved when he was aroused was still a little different from his usual persona. Frankly, during those times, the arousal took over and guided Jimin's actions. He fell into a more submissive role, not able to think straight and only really able to listen to Jungkook's voice and follow his lead. It finally all made sense to the smaller boy why he behaved the way he did during their sexual encounters and why it was okay that his behaviour then was a more extreme form from his usual behaviour. “I know now that you didn't actually mean that, though”

Jungkook, on the other hand, was strong, confident and a little more dominant by nature. The orange haired boy now understood that when he was aroused, he fell into a more dominant role. Essentially, his dominant side increased during their sexual encounters. Both of them fell into those roles quite naturally during their lessons without really realising it.

“Jimin-ah, why didn't you use your safe word when I asked you?” The taller boy interrupted his thoughts, Jimin staring at him again.

“I...” He hesitated, “I didn't want to disappoint you even more” The shorter male mumbled and averted his gaze.

“I...” Jungkook sighed and grabbed his chin softly, forcing him to lock eyes with the other one. “Please use them whenever you really need them. I understand that sometimes you want to push yourself to your limits, many people do that, but you evidently were hurt and didn't have any enjoyment during that time and as soon as you feel even slightly uncomfortable or don't like something I do, you can- no, you have to use them, okay? I don't want this to happen again where I'm so close to crossing a major limit of yours.”

Jimin bit down on his lip, feeling guilty for not having used it immediately when he should have. “I'm sorry” He whispered.

“No need to apologise. I'm not mad. I know this is all fairly new to you, I just want you to remember this. This is important, okay? Don't ever think you can't use them. I'll always ask you about your colour throughout, but even when I don't ask, you can use them, okay, little one?”
The smaller boy gave a nod and placed his head down against Jungkook's chest again, feeling his even heartbeat. “Okay” He whispered.

Then, Jimin sat up a little and swung a leg over Jungkook's waist, straddling the taller one. Jungkook looked up at him with raised eyebrows as the orange haired boy pulled the blanket that Jungkook had wrapped around him earlier over both of them as he laid down on the younger one, placing his head on Jungkook’s chest once more.

Jungkook wrapped his arms around the boy on top of him, tracing his fingertips over Jimin's back gently where goosebumps formed immediately. The shorter male shut his eyes close, the touch being so soothing and comforting, making him all sleepy. He needed this right now. Even though he had calmed down a little already, understanding that Jungkook wasn't actually mad or disappointed in him, it had still all been a little much for the smaller one.

Carefully, Jimin lifted his delicate hand and brushed it through Jungkook's hair, the taller one halting his own motion as Jimin started to play softly with his hair. Jungkook tensed a little, causing Jimin to think that he had crossed a line.

“Sorry” The older one apologised and wanted to take his hand away, yet Jungkook stopped him.

“No, it's... keep going. It's fine” The taller boy assured, voice quiet.

Jimin continued playing with Jungkook's hair gently, scratching at his scalp softly every now and then while the other one continued caressing his back.

“Can we try again next time?” Jimin asked after a long moment of silence and just their soft breathing while they continued cuddling.

“What exactly?”

“Ohm... well, tying my hands together?”

“Oh, I thought we would cross that off the list, but of course.” Jungkook assured as they locked eyes.

“No, I liked that part. It's just... difficult not to move.”

“There are other possibilities that would restrict you even more. Tying your hands behind your back or even tying your hands to the bed. They are a bit more extreme as you really cannot move your arms at all then so I understand if you don't want to try that just yet – or ever. However, they are possibilities.” The taller one explained, Jimin swallowing.

His hands being tied to the bed? That was even more scarier as he really would not be able to move them then at all. Then again, somehow that thought excited him a little bit.

“W-We could try... I don't know much about bondage, but... but I would like to learn” The shorter boy revealed, voice soft and shy. There was just something about this that excited him. He couldn't really describe it, didn't fully fathom it himself. Frankly, he just really wanted to see what that felt like- to just be able to feel and focus solely on Jungkook and whatever he wanted to do to him.

The younger one's eyes darkened a little as he nodded. “Okay, we can do that, of course. You really like the idea of being tied up, hmm?”

Jimin blushed at his words, nodding faintly. “I-I don't know why... Taehyung told me about it and about how good it felt and earlier it really did, but I want to try it more. I just want to... want you to do whatever you want to me while I can only lie there and feel what you give me”
The taller boy swallowed, cursing under his breath. “Jimin-ah, don't say that. I won't be able to hold myself back if you let me do whatever I want to you” Jungkook muttered, lifting his hand and placing it against Jimin's cheek softly, said boy nuzzling against the touch as Jungkook ran his thumb over Jimin's bottom lip.

“That's what I want to try, please” Jimin uttered softly and wet his lip, tongue touching Jungkook's thumb in the process. Said boys eyes glanced down at his full lips, so pink and plump and inviting.

“Okay, we'll do whatever you want” Jungkook voiced quietly while nodding and dropped his hand again, placing it on Jimin's back to continue to caress him there.

The smaller one laid his head against Jungkook's chest again and let out a soft breath as the other one's hand trailed down his back, slowly stroking over his butt. Unconsciously, Jimin moved back against the touch, asking for more.

“Is this okay?” Jungkook wanted to ensure, not entirely sure how Jimin felt about being touched like this right now.

Jimin hummed and nodded before Jungkook squeezed his right buttock slightly. Involuntarily, the smaller one rocked his hips forward, his semi hard penis brushing against Jungkook's stomach and creating some friction that caused him to gasp.

“You're still a little hard, hmm? Want me to help you get rid of that, little one?”

The older one definitely loved that pet name, warmth filling his chest every time he heard it. He nodded as he slowly rocked his hips forward.

“Can I play with your little hole, kitten?”

Gasping at the question, Jimin nodded again as Jungkook grabbed the lube. A moment later, Jimin heard the bottle be opened, the other one presumably squirting some lube on his fingers now.

“Jungkook-ah” He whimpered and hid his face in the curve of said boy's neck as Jungkook had pulled one buttock to the side and was now circling his entrance with three wet fingers.

“Won't tease you” The taller one promised and pushed all three fingers inside of his hole carefully and slowly, all of them slipping inside with a loud squealch, yet fitting immediately as Jungkook had played with his hole earlier already.

The older one clenched his hands into little fists and squeezed his eyes shut while his hips moved back against the touch, little whimpers leaving his soft lips.

“Good?”

“Mhm” Jimin hummed and nodded as Jungkook pulled his fingers out just to push them back inside a moment later, causing Jimin's body to rock forward and his penis to brush against Jungkook's stomach again. “Jungkook-ah” The shorter male moaned and bit down on his bottom lip.

It didn't take long for Jungkook to find his prostate, yet he didn't rub on it as firmly and roughly as usual, but was a little gentler with his touch. In fact, there wasn't any roughness to his touch at all. It was slow and soft, his fingers moving quite lazily, yet skillful in all the right places.

Actually, all of this was rather soft. Jungkook was tracing his finger tips over Jimin's back gently while fingering his hole, whispering how good he was. Jimin loved how sensual and kind of... well, yes, pure it was. Despite this still being something sexual, the smaller boy felt so soft, all of this was
rather soothing and kind of gentle, very intimate.

Don't get him wrong. Jimin loved the way Jungkook usually treated him, too, loved when he was a little rougher like when he had taken him up against a wall or how he had treated him earlier. He loved and enjoyed all of that as well, but there was just something about this... being so sensual and soft that it warmed his heart as Jungkook thrust his fingers inside of his hole gently.

“Such a good boy, kitten, so good for me” He whispered and pressed a kiss against his temple, the smaller boy's body starting to shake as he felt himself come closer to the edge.

Honestly, he felt like crying at the softness of it all. Loved how he felt so small and taken care of. The older one realised that maybe that was a reason why he liked so many things he did during sex. He had a strength kink because he loved how much bigger Jungkook was and that he could take care of him. It was similar with why he wanted to be tied up- because Jungkook would take care of him and make him feel so small. Frankly, he didn't know why he liked feeling small and taken care of, he just did. He loved this feeling. Loved being praised and being looked after.

It didn't take much longer of Jungkook pressing his fingers against Jimin's prostate until the smaller boy felt his orgasm approach him.

“Jungkook-ah” He mewled and rocked his hips forward slowly, “I-I'm close, please”

“Go on, little one, come for me” Jungkook whispered and rubbed against his prostate fast, but gently as Jimin bit down on the taller one's shoulder, his own body trembling from the stimulation as he felt that overwhelming feeling burst inside of him, coming hard.

“Jungkook, Jungkook-ah” Jimin whimpered and kept rocking his hips back and forth, Jungkook continuing to thrust his fingers in and out of his hole to prolong his orgasm.

“So good, baby, came so good for me” The taller boy praised and slowed his pace, Jimin collapsing against him, breathing heavily.

“H-Hurts” The shorter male whispered so Jungkook pulled out his fingers carefully, circling his rim one last time before pulling his hand away and stroking his buttcheek with his other hand softly.

“There you go, did so well, kitten”

Jimin was floating again, felt so relaxed and calm. His body was still shaking from the aftershock, eyes fluttering shut as he became sleepy.

“Did that feel good?”

The orange haired boy nodded quickly.

“I like when you take care of me and when you make me... feel small. I think I understand now why I like some of the kinks that I like.” He admitted, voice soft.

Jungkook hummed as he traced his fingertips over his back again. He stared down at the boy in his arms, face looking so peaceful and angelic as he had his eyes shut and his soft breaths hit Jungkook's neck.

“Jimin-ah, don't fall asleep” He chuckled.

“m not” The smaller boy mumbled and yawned. “I'm still awake, see”
“We gotta clean you up” The younger one uttered and tried to get up.

“Noo” Jimin whined and pushed them down again, clutching onto Jungkook and hiding his face in the curve of his neck. “Cuddles”

“Cuddles after cleaning you up, little one.”

The shorter one pouted as Jungkook sat up, pushing Jimin off of him softly, smiling a little at Jimin's expression before pressing a peck on his forehead. Then, he got up from the bed and walked into bathroom.

Jimin was still a little dizzy, felt like there had been happening so much today. Honestly, today was kind of like a rollercoaster. From all of that intense, rough stimulation at the beginning to him crying to Jungkook and him having an informative conversation to them cuddling to Jungkook making him come in such a soft way. It felt like an eternity had passed when it was only two hours. To be honest, every time they met up time seemed to stop because so much happened between them and it felt like they spend so much time together when it wasn't actually that much time that had passed.

Frankly, they have known each other for a while now – over a month. However, they still barely knew anything about each other. Then again, it was probably better that way. To be fair, there was the rule that said 'no feelings involved' and perhaps it was better if they didn't know more about each other so that would be assured. Then again, were there really no feelings at all? If-

“Do you want a fresh pair of briefs?” Jungkook interrupted his thoughts, startling the smaller boy.

“Uh, yes, thank you”

The other one disappeared again and walked back into the room a moment later, now wearing a black shirt and sweatpants while carrying a fresh pair of briefs and a wet cloth. Jimin rolled onto his side immediataly this time, already knowing the process by now.

Jungkook cleaned him carefully between his buttcheeks, the shorter male hissing at the touch in his sensitive area, and then wiped away the cum on his stomach. Then, he helped Jimin into the fresh pair of briefs before walking into the bathroom to put the cloth away.

The older boy laid back down on the bed and pulled the blanket over himself, hiding beneath the covers. Letting out a content sigh, he shut his eyes close as he started to feel sleepy again.

“Jimin-ah” He heard Jungkook call for him, yet his voice was a little muffled, seemed far away, “Don't fall asleep, little one”

“Won't” The shorter one mumbled as the younger boy pulled up the blanket a little bit to reveal Jimin's head.

“You know you can't stay” Jungkook reminded him, voice soft as he brushed Jimin's hair out of his face.

Pouting a little, he nodded, wanting nothing more than for Jungkook to join him in the bed and cuddle him, holding him so close and caressing his back gently with his warm hands.

“No pouting. You know the rules, little one”

“I'm sleepy” The smaller boy whispered.

Jungkook let out a sigh, ruffling Jimin's hair slightly before his hand was gone and so was the
warmth radiating from him. The older one opened his eyes to catch Jungkook pick up his clothes, placing them on the bed and then picking up his phone.

The shorter one pouted again as he sat up, reaching for his clothes to put them on. As he pulled his shirt over his head, Jungkook was still typing something on his phone. After he was dressed, he sat up on his knees, letting out a sigh.

The taller boy looked up and placed his phone on the nightstand, walking over to Jimin. “No more cuddles?” Jungkook asked and raised an eyebrow.

“No” Jimin sighed and shook his head, “I would just fall asleep if we did that”

“Next time, we'll try again what didn't work out that well today, yes? I'll tie your hands together and we'll go from there, okay? If you change your mind, just let me know”

The older boy swallowed and nodded, cheeks heating up a little bit as Jungkook placed his hand against his cheek and rubbed his thumb over it softly.

“Can you... Will you be like that again?” The smaller boy whispered, voice barely loud enough for Jungkook to register his words, yet he did.

“Like I was when you were tied up? The way I treated you?” Jungkook clarified, eyebrows arched up in a curious manner.

Jimin could only nod, a little embarrassed by the request.

“I can be a little more dominant, if you want that. However, if I go too far, you have to use your safeword, okay? We'll discuss this a little more next time.”

The shorter male gave a small nod, catching his bottom lip between his teeth as he felt excitement and anticipation bloom inside of him. Yet, his eyes felt heavy and he clenched his hands into little fists, rubbing over his tired eyes.

“I'm sleepy” He mumbled and Jungkook chuckled, surprising the smaller boy by placing a soft kiss against his forehead.

“Cute” The black haired one whispered, barely loud enough for Jimin to hear. The older one blushed a little and averted his gaze, Jungkook clearing his throat. “Let's go downstairs”

Jimin got up from the bed and followed Jungkook downstairs where he put on his shoes. However, Jungkook did the same, confusing the smaller one.

“Are you leaving, too?”

“I'll bring you down” Jungkook answered as he opened the door.

The orange haired boy only looked at him perplexed, blinking once before snapping out of it and stepping out of the apartment.

“Why?”

“Because you are tired”

Furrowing his eyebrows, Jimin followed Jungkook into the elevator.

“I'm not that tired” He mumbled and shrugged his shoulders, Jungkook looking at him unimpressed
as he pressed the button to the ground floor.

“You look like you would fall asleep while standing” The black haired one pointed out as the elevator door closed, locking them inside the small room.

Nervously, Jimin pulled his sleeves over his petite hands, looking down at the floor, eyes still heavy and almost shutting involuntarily.

“Thank you” Jimin mumbled.

It was quiet between them. Neither of them said a word, Jimin staring down at the floor, only glancing at Jungkook who was leaning against the wall every now and then, arms crossed over his chest. Maybe Jimin should have told him about his hair, a fluffy mess on top of his head due to Jimin playing with it earlier.

A giggle escaped the smaller boy at the sight, Jungkook locking eyes with him, arching up his eyebrows, “What's so funny?” He asked and smiled a little at the image of Jimin’s face, eyes turned into small crescents and the sweet sound of his giggles escaping his soft lips.

“Your hair”

Jungkook narrowed his eyes and brushed his hand through his hair.

“You still look handsome. Always do” Jimin assured, voice becoming softer with each word, blushing a little as the words had left his mouth.

The taller one only stared at him, studying his features. Jimin quickly averted his gaze, the stare of the other one too intent for the shorter male.

“I-” Jungkook shut up as the bell rang and signaled that they had reached their desired floor. The elevator doors opened and they both stepped outside of it, walking straight to the front door.

The younger boy opened the door and gestured for Jimin to go first, the smaller boy thanking him while exiting the building. A fresh wave of air hit him, wind blowing his hair out of his face as his gaze landed on the black Range Rover that had driven him home last time, as well. Jungkook’s personal driver was already waiting in front of the car, bowing at the sight of the two boys which they both mirrored.

“Goodnight, Jungkook-ah. Thank you for making sure I get home” Jimin thanked him, smiling faintly as he played with the hem of his shirt.

“Goodnight, Jimin-ah.”

They stared at each other for a moment longer, but then Jimin turned around and walked over to the car, Jungkook’s personal driver greeting him while opening the car door for him.

“Thank you” The shorter male uttered as he climbed inside the car, the door being shut close by the personal driver before he walked around the car to sit down in the driver’s seat, turning on the ignition a moment later.

Jimin looked outside the window and saw that Jungkook had already left, the car pulling out of the parking spot and driving away.
Hands Tied

Chapter Summary

The group hangs out at Yoongi’s house and things get quite interesting... Later, Jimin and Jungkook try again what didn't work out that well last time.

Chapter Notes

Hi :) 

Thank you so much for all the love on the last chapters <3 Your sweet messages and encouragements really motivated me and made me happy, thank you a lot :) <3

I'm really sorry for not having updated in almost a week, but I hope this long chapter makes up for it and you can forgive me <3

Hopefully, you enjoy the chapter :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The orange haired boy lifted his hand and rang the bell next to the broad door. It didn't take long until the door swung open, revealing a smiley Tae behind it, carrying a bowl of popcorn.

“Hey, finally” The taller boy greeted him and stepped to the side in order for Jimin to be able to enter the house, “I was close to texting you”

“Somi had to leave early because she didn't feel so well so I stayed a little longer at work” Jimin explained as Taehyung shut the door close. There were muffled voices coming from the living room, too many for Jimin to register every single one of them and define who they are.

“It's alright. We didn't start the movie yet” His best friend let him know as Jimin took off his shoes, both making their way into the living room after.

The shorter male froze in his place. There was a fort built out of many blankets, pulled over two arm chairs and filled with even more duvets and many many pillows – looking extremely soft and cozy.

“Look who's here” Taehyung called out as he walked over to the blanket fort and sat down in it, placing himself on the soft pillows. Everyone looked up and over to Jimin.

The orange haired boy swallowed hard as he saw the whole group stare at him. They were all there – Yoongi, of course as it was his house, Namjoon, Hoseok, Taehyung, Jungkook and a boy Jimin had never seen before.

“Jimin-ah, we thought you wouldn't make it.” Yoongi grinned.

“Almost started the movie without you” Hoseok continued, stuffing some popcorn in his mouth.
“Sorry” Jimin apologised and walked over to them, pulling down the sleeves of his hoodie to cover his petite hands, “Had to stay longer at work”

He felt Jungkook glance at him. Eventually, he couldn't fight against the urge and locked eyes with the taller boy, blushing a little under the stare, yet smiling faintly. The black haired boy kept his straight face, Jimin averting his gaze to look at the boy he hadn't met before.

“Hey, I'm Jin” The tall boy introduced himself, brushing his blond hair out of his face as he held out his hand to Jimin. Said boy looked at it for a moment before he placed his own hand in Jin's and shook it.

“Jimin. Nice to meet you”

“You, too” The boy smiled as they let go of each other, “You can call me hyung, if you want to”

The orange haired one nodded and mirrored his smile. Frankly, he didn't really know where Jin knew the others from, but Jimin didn't want to be too nosy right now. Perhaps he would ask them later about how they knew each other as he was curious about that. Jimin was sure that Taehyung hasn't met Jin before either. Maybe it was another of Yoongi's childhood friends.

“What is going on here?” Jimin chuckled as he pointed at the blanket fort.

“I built that” Taehyung grinned proudly as Jimin sat down next to him, inbetween Hoseok and him now.

“Yah, I helped you” Hoseok reminded him and nudged Tae's arm. His best friend snickered and nodded.

“True, he did. Yoongi hyung tried as well, but he's not very good at it”

“Yah, stop insulting me now. You have been telling me that shit for the last half hour now” Yoongi scolded as they all laughed.

“Can we start the movie now. I don't want to wait any longer” Taehyung muttered impatiently and grabbed the remote control to start the movie.

They were all sitting pretty close to each other, arms touching arms. The blanket fort was big, but they were seven people so there wasn't much room to move around a lot. The order was Namjoon, Yoongi, Jungkook, Taehyung, Jimin, Hoseok and Jin.

“Can someone turn the lights off?” Tae asked as he stuffed some popcorn into his mouth. Jin got up and went over to turn the lights off, room falling dark and only the TV being the sole source of light.

Just as Jin sat back down, Taehyung got up slightly and moved over Jimin, pushing him to the side so he would make room. “What are you doing?” The orange haired boy mumbled as Taehyung pushed him further, causing him to touch arms with Jungkook as his best friend sat down next to Hoseok.

“Want to sit next to hyung” The blond one whispered, Jimin blushing as he was pressed against Jungkook while his best friend tried to get comfortable in his seat, continuing to push Jimin without realising it.

“S-Sorry” He muttered, swallowing as he felt the warmth radiating from the taller boy.

“Nothing to be sorry for” Jungkook assured, yet he didn't look at him, but fixated his gaze on the
Hoseok threw his arm around Taehyung’s shoulders and pulled him closer, his best friend placing his head on Hoseok’s shoulder as they watched the movie. However, Jimin couldn't concentrate on the movie for whatever reason. He kept on playing with his sleeves and nibbling on his bottom lip as he tried to focus on something else other than being this close to Jungkook.

Wasn't it weird? He had done way more intimate stuff with Jungkook, but for some reason sitting this close to the taller boy felt... odd? Maybe because it was an encounter and surroundings that were so different from their usual meetings. Frankly, the only time they ever really met or hung out was in Jungkook's apartment, his bedroom to be exact. Those times were different from this one. They had a specific purpose and Jimin knew what it was. Right now, however, he had no idea how to behave. Should he pretend like he didn't really know Jungkook – which was kind of true, as he really did not know much about the boy – or should he act like they are friends, that they are close? He really had no clue. Especially as Yoongi’s presence made him even more nervous, considering that he didn't want the boy to know about him and Jungkook. Ultimately, it was probably better to be cautious and don't give away any signs that they might know each other a little better than the others would assume.

Jungkook's proximity made his heart beat faster. Calm down, Jimin thought and shook his head, this is fine. Yoongi won't find out about anything and you are simply sitting next to Jungkook – nothing will happen.

However, all Jimin could think about were the things the taller boy had done to him in the bedroom and was going to do to him in the future. No one – except Tae – knew about that. None of them had any idea about their little lessons and that they knew each other's bodies and personalities more than they gave away. They thought that the last time they had been in the same room was the diner.

The smaller boy felt like this was all a big secret. His own little secret that only a few collected people knew about. It wasn't anything he had to share with anyone. This was something rather intimate and personal and was no one else's business, yet he couldn't help but feel guilty for not telling Yoongi who was just as important to him as Tae and who had always been there for him. It felt unfair to share all of this with Taehyung, but not say a word about it to Yoongi. It's just that Jimin wasn't ready. He knew that Jungkook and Yoongi's bond went back to their childhood and the smaller boy was a little scared about what Yoongi would say and feel when he knew what Jimin was doing with one of his best friends.

The orange haired one glanced down at his lap, catching his bottom lip between his teeth as the guilt bloomed inside of him. Certainly, he was going to tell Yoongi eventually. Just... not now, not yet.

Suddenly, Jimin's phone rang, startling the smaller boy.

“Who didn't turn his phone off?” Taehyung wanted to know as he narrowed his eyes in anger, yet there was no real heat behind it.

“Sorry” Jimin apologised as he pulled the phone out of his pocket and glanced down at the display. It was only a message that he had received.

“Who is it?” Tae asked, curiosity ringing in his voice. The others looked at Jimin as well.

“It's just a message from...” The smaller one furrowed his eyebrows, “I don't know. I haven't saved the number”

He clicked on the message.
Hey, it's Dongha. I hope it's okay that I text your privately and not in the group chat :)

“Dongha?” His best friend chuckled and stuffed popcorn in his mouth.

“Dongha? Our Dongha?” Hoseok clarified and arched up an eyebrow.

“Yes, from the dance class” Jimin confirmed and nodded, looking back down on his phone. The dance class had a group chat that the students and Hoseok were all part of, yet Jimin still hadn't saved all of their individual numbers. Why did Dongha text him?

“They're having a date” Taehyung grinned smugly and moved his eyebrows up and down in a suggestive manner.

“A date?” A voice echoed, Jimin only realising a moment later that it was Jungkook who had spoken.

“Yes, a date” Tae confirmed and gave a nod.

“It's not a date” The smaller boy quickly replied and shook his head, “He's just being nice”

“Yeah, yeah, right, it's not like he didn't keep checking you out or whatever” His best friend uttered unimpressed and rolled his eyes.

“Dongha?” Hoseok snickered, “I saw him looking at you a couple of times, too. The boy seemed a little distracted”

“See! Oh my god, thank you, hyung, finally! I told you, Jimin-ah, he keeps full on flirting with you” Tae pointed out and locked eyes with him.

“Can we actually watch the movie now?” Yoongi sighed, “It's great to hear about your love life, Jiminie, but I can't understand a single word of the movie”

“Sorry” Jimin mumbled and smiled slightly, “It's not my love life, though.”

“It'll be” Taehyung whispered and winked at him, nudging him slightly.

The orange haired one shook his head, but smiled all the same as he looked down at his phone.

That's fine :) - Jimin

He texted back eventually. Maybe Dongha just wanted to make sure that Jimin saves his number? Perhaps he wants to text with him or ask him something? He really had no idea.

Jungkook hadn't said another word since then, somehow slightly tensed next to him. The taller one had his gaze fixated on the TV and for some reason Jimin felt like something was off, but he just didn't know what it was.

The night went on rather quietly. There was silence except for the sounds from the TV or the occasional noise of the popcorn moving in the bowl when one of them reached for it. As they were approximately half way through the movie, Taehyung kept moving next to Jimin and caused the smaller boy to be pushed further against Jungkook.

“S-Sorry” He mumbled yet again. This time, the taller boy didn't reply anything, but continued glaring at the TV.

If Jimin didn't know any better he would assume that Jungkook was annoyed or maybe angry.
However, he couldn't find a reason for him to have this sudden mood change. Perhaps the boy just really wanted to focus on the movie.

It was another fifteen minutes later when the taller boy next to Jimin got up. The orange haired one followed him with his eyes and saw him walk into the kitchen. Nibbling on his bottom lip, Jimin looked over at Yoongi and saw that he'd fallen asleep. A sympathetic smile kept up on his face. The older one had texted them about the song Namjoon and him have been working on all night. They had been hit by a sudden wave of inspiration and new ideas just kept on coming that they didn't want to take a break, causing them to work without any rest, not having slept at all. It really didn't surprise him to see Namjoon be asleep as well, mouth wide open as he snored quietly.

Jin was the only one who was actually really paying attention to the movie, the other two next to Jimin cuddling. “Where do you know the group from?” The smaller boy asked quietly, not wanting to wake up the older ones beside him. His curiosity had won eventually.

The blond boy looked over at him and smiled big. “I've known Jungkook-ah for a long while now, some years to be exact. Same with Yoongi-ah and Hoseok-ah. I know them through my work, but only really became friends with them through Jungkook.”

“Where do you know Jungkook from?” Jimin wanted to know and tilted his head to the side.

“Work”

The orange haired one's eyes went wide. Work? Was this the moment he was going to find out what it was that Jungkook called his work? Then again, did he want to know? Well, he did. He definitely did, but he wanted it to be Jungkook who told him. It felt wrong to snoop around behind his back and receive the information in this way instead of the man sharing it with Jimin himself.

Jimin looked over to the kitchen, realising that Jungkook still hadn't returned.

Carefully, Jimin got up as well and walked over into the kitchen where he saw Jungkook fill up a cup with water. Nervously, he pulled his sleeves over his delicate hands before he brushed his hair out of his face.

“Hey” Jimin made himself notice and smiled faintly as Jungkook looked up at him.

“Hey” He replied, voice nonchalant as he took a sip from his water.

The air between them felt weird. Jimin didn't like it. It was as if there were unspoken words between them, yet Jimin had no idea what they were.

“Is everything okay?” The smaller boy wanted to know, voice soft and quiet as he went over to take out a glass from the cupboard.

“Sure. Why are you asking?”

“I don't know. I felt... Nevermind” Jimin answered, but didn't continue his thought, shaking his head as he filled the glass with water. “I thought I did something wrong” He eventually mumbled.

“Why would you think that?” Jungkook asked and raised up an eyebrow.

“You... behave different. I thought I did something that caused it”

There was silence for a moment. The taller one studied his features, intent stare making Jimin blush as he had to avert his gaze.
“I don’t behave different. I’m usually like this. I was just wondering...” He paused as he tried to look for the right words, “Whether or not you would want to stop our lessons”

“Why?” The smaller boy asked, shock and surprise visible in his voice.

“If you are seeing someone and it starts to get serious, I’d assume that you wouldn’t want to continue with... this” Jungkook explained, face still as unreadable as always, yet there was an emotion flashing in his eyes that Jimin couldn’t define.

“It’s not that. I don’t even know him that well. We just know each other through the dance class and he offered me some help. It isn’t... it isn’t like that. I don’t want to stop this” Jimin clarified, face becoming quieter with each word. Why would Jungkook think that? Yes, right, if Jimin was actually going to date someone he would stop this thing he has going of with Jungkook, of course he would, yet there wasn’t anything to stop this for. Dongha was nice, but they weren’t dating, have barely spoken to each other.

“Okay. Good” The taller boy interrupted his thoughts and nodded.

They only looked at each other for a moment. However, Jimin had to break eye contact eventually and cleared his throat, becoming way to nervous under Jungkook’s glare.

“I’ll go back” Jimin voiced and walked past Jungkook. Suddenly, said boy gripped his wrist and pulled him back.

“Does he annoy you? His flirting? Does it make you uncomfortable?” The taller boy asked, voice a little lower as he stared down at Jimin, their bodies so close to each other that Jimin could feel his warmth.

The smaller boy swallowed hard. “N-No, he doesn’t even flirt with me” Jimin responded as a shiver ran down his back caused by Jungkook’s stare and his soft touch on Jimin’s wrist. “He’s just nice.”

“Not everyone is just nice. There might be more to it” He warned, Jimin not entirely sure what he meant by that. “If he bothers you, let me know” The black haired one uttered and brushed Jimin’s orange streaks of hair out of his face, fingertips softly touching Jimin’s skin, causing his heart to flutter.

“O-Okay”

For a moment, Jimin was completely distracted and forgot about his surroundings. There was only Jungkook and him, standing this close to each other, feeling each other’s warmth and Jungkook’s touch so gentle on his skin.

“Are you free tomorrow night, Jimin-ah?”

“Mhm” Jimin hummed and nodded in response.

“Do you want to realise your wish from last time? Hmm? Wanna be tied up?” Jungkook asked, voice a little huskier as he smirked slightly.

The smaller boy almost, just almost, whimpered, yet he was able to hold it back. His stomach twisted and he swallowed hard, blush creeping up on his cheeks as he could only nod.

“Yeah?”

“Y-Yes, please” He breathed, penis twitching at the mere thought about tomorrow night. This wasn’t
good. Not good at all. Especially considering where they were: They were in Yoongi's house with all of their friends being in the living room. It definitely was not the right time for this. “I-I should go back” Jimin was able to mumble, trying to suppress the part of his brain that just wanted Jungkook to touch him right now, that didn't want to wait until tomorrow and was already craving and loving for the man in front of him. The shorter male shook his head, no, this had to stop, focus.

Jungkook dropped his hand as Jimin turned around and made his way back into the living room, a little flustered as he sat back down in the blanket fort.

“You alright?” Taehyung mumbled, eyes heavy as he titled his head to the side to be able to look at Jimin.

“Mhm” The boy hummed in response and crossed his arms over his chest, fixating his eyes on the TV to try and think about anything else but Jungkook's touch and what he was going to do to him tomorrow. This was bad. How did he always do that? Why did he have that effect on him?

As if on cue, the black haired boy walked back into the living room and took his seat next to Jimin, who let out a soft breath before catching his bottom lip between his teeth.

“I'm cold” Taehyung whined, voice giving away that he was tired as he snuggled closer to Hoseok. Jungkook reached for a blanket and put it over Taehyung and Hoseok which surprised Jimin and Tae, both boys staring at the taller boy with big shocked eyes, yet he didn't seem to notice. “Thank you” His best friend whispered as he pulled the blanket over him and Hoseok, up to their necks and laid his head on Hoseok's shoulder.

The youngest looked over at Jin and saw that he had fallen asleep as well. In fact, it seemed that him and Jimin were the only ones still fully awake. The movie wasn't that interesting, but it wasn't one you would fall asleep to. Then again, they've all had a very busy day so it came to no one's surprise that they would fall asleep in this comfortable atmosphere.

“Can you put this over Jin hyung” Jungkook requested and handed him a blanket. The smaller boy got up slightly and carefully put the blanket over Jin, trying not to wake the man. As he succeeded, he sat back down and caught Jungkook pulling a blanket over Namjoon and Jin as well. Lastly, he put one blanket over Jimin's lower body.

“Thank you” The orange haired boy whispered and smiled slightly.

There were no blankets left except for the ones they were all sitting and lying on. As both of them continued to watch the movie, Jimin put the blanket over Jungkook's lower body as well in order for them to share the duvet.

The taller boy looked at him, eyebrows arched up. “I-I thought you might... you might be cold, too” A smile appeared on Jungkook's face for a moment – Jimin was barely able to catch it as it was dark except for the dimmed lights from the TV, yet he did see it - but it was gone as quickly as it had appeared. “Thank you, Jimin-ah”

It was after some minutes when it happened. Well, nothing really extraordinary happened, but there was a kissing scene in the movie and for some reason, Jimin felt really awkward to watch the passionate scene next to Jungkook. Averting his gaze, the smaller boy cleared his throat.

“What's wrong?” The taller boy asked, seemingly having noticed Jimin's discomfort.

“N-Nothing” He murmured and felt his cheeks heat up.

“Are you embarrassed because of the scene?” Jungkook wanted to know, amusement visible in his
“Nooo” Jimin huffed and crossed his arms over his chest. “I'm not”

The younger one chuckled, the sound warming Jimin deep within. “Cute” He whispered.

“Shut up” The shorter male murmured and pouted.

“Oh? Feisty today, then, yes?” Jungkook commented, “Mhm, we'll see about that tomorrow night, won't we?”

The smaller one almost choked on air, coughing at Jungkook's remark and his blush deepening. Did he just fathom that correctly? He didn't misunderstand the other boy, did he?

“I'm kidding, Jimin-ah” The taller one snickered as he saw Jimin's shocked and somewhat scared expression.

Jimin swallowed hard.

“Oh, but it seems that you like that?”

The shorter boy followed Jungkook's gaze to his own lap, a small tent visible beneath the blanket. _Oh god_. Jimin quickly put his hands over his crotch, cheeks flushing. The mere mention of tomorrow was exciting him. He was way too far gone.

“All these things I'm going to do to you...” Jungkook uttered, voice becoming lower as he leaned closer to Jimin, his breath hitting against Jimin's neck.

The orange haired boy whimpered as he drew his legs together. Frankly, this felt like a dream, like it wasn't actually real. This couldn't be happening. Not here. Not now. In Yoongi's house at that for god's sake!

Jimin's heart started beating fast against his chest, but Jungkook was suddenly gone, had straightened his back and was glaring at the TV again to watch the movie.

The older male almost whimpered again, but bit down on his bottom lip to keep quiet. Jungkook was mean. He knew, he just must know what kind of effect he had on the smaller boy and saying these things, evoking these thoughts in Jimin really didn't help.

“Jungkook-ah” Jimin whispered and looked at the taller one with big eyes, “Jungkook-ah” He repeated and tugged on Jungkook's shirt.

“Hm? What is it?” The younger one arched up an eyebrow, amusement glistening in his eyes as he stared at Jimin.

“P-Please” Honestly, Jimin didn't really know what he was asking for.

“Please, what? What do you need?”

“Y-You” The smaller boy breathed and closed his eyes.

Jungkook hummed. “Need help with your little problem down there?”

Quickly nodding, Jimin let out a whine as he opened his eyes again. The other one hesitated, seemingly contemplating over something. Then, Jungkook looked at the others again to make sure that they were sleeping. “Come here” He ordered quietly and spread his legs, pointing at the spot
Jimin hesitated, blinking as he stared at where Jungkook was pointing at. Then, he got up slightly and moved over inbetween Jungkook's legs, his back touching Jungkook's stomach and chest, butt close to his crotch area. The taller boy fixed the blanket over both of them before placing his hands on Jimin's stomach.

“Want to touch yourself or-”

“You” Jimin interrupted, Jungkook chuckling slightly at his urgency, the smaller boy feeling his chest vibrate against his back.

“Okay” The younger boy whispered as he lifted Jimin's shirt slightly and rubbed his soft hand over Jimin's stomach gently, fingertips tracing his skin as he moved his hand down to Jimin's pants.

The smaller one gasped as Jungkook opened his pants, pulled down the zipper and placed his head on Jimin's shoulder.

“Get comfortable” Jungkook muttered and Jimin tried to relax, leaning back against Jungkook as he grabbed his thighs gently, chest rising and falling quickly. “This is an exception, okay? I won't touch you outside of the lessons”

“O-Okay” The orange haired one breathed and nodded.

The taller boy slipped his hand into Jimin's underwear and grabbed his erection, the shorter one twitching at the touch. “Jungkook-ah” He whimpered as he bucked his hips up.

“Sshh, I got you”

Jungkook started to tug on his penis, moving his hand up and down slowly while squeezing every now and then, causing Jimin's eyes to flutter shut. It was a heavenly feeling to finally be touched by the younger boy. Even though their last meeting hasn't been that long ago, Jimin found himself longing for his touch almost right after he leaves every single time. There was just something about the taller boy that had that effect on him that he couldn't describe, couldn't even understand it himself. Jungkook was just intoxicating. That's how Jimin felt right now. He felt intoxicated.

“So naughty, aren't you? Getting all hard next to your friends” Jungkook murmured in his ear, voice husky and teasing as he sped up his motion, thumb running over the slit to collect some precum.

Jimin whined at his words, hips bucking up as he leaned his head back on Jungkook's shoulder, grabbing his thighs tighter.

“B-Because of you” The older boy whined and bit down on his lip, trying not to be too loud.

“Mhm, got you all worked up, didn't I? Made you think about what I'm gonna do to you tomorrow, didn't I?” The taller one whispered against his ear, smirking against his skin.

“Y-Yes” Jimin whimpered and nodded quickly. “Ah, Jungkook-ah” He moaned as said boy squeezed the head of his hard length, precum leaking out.

“Sshh, baby, you gotta be quiet. Don't want to wake the others, do you?”

The shorter male quickly shook his head. Certainly, he did not want any of them to wake up and hear or see what was going on right now. Honestly, the smaller boy didn't even know what to think about this. He felt naughty for doing this, felt like he shouldn't be doing this, yet he couldn't stop
himself. The poor boy was way too aroused and too far gone to stop now.

Jungkook traced his fingertips over Jimin's stomach, up to his chest and suddenly he pinched his nipple, causing the smaller boy to yelp and his body to twitch.

“Sssh, kitten”

Jimin whimpered at the pet name and all of the sensations on his body, Jungkook continuing to jerk him off while now simultaneously playing with his nipple, everything becoming a little overwhelming again.

“J-Jungkook-ah” He cried out, body shaking.

“Aren't you my good boy, baby? Gotta be quiet or you'll wake the others, hm? Do I have to stuff your mouth with something to keep you quiet?”

The older one gasped at the words, penis twitching in Jungkook's hands which made the man chuckle.

“You would like that, wouldn't you? Having your mouth filled with something to keep you quiet, right? My good boy, aren't you?”

“Y-Yes, I'm your good boy” Jimin whispered and nodded, Jungkook cursing behind him as he sped up his movement.

A silent scream left Jimin and he quickly put his hand over his mouth to muffle his sounds, squirming in his seat as Jungkook kept rubbing his thumb over the head of Jimin's hard length while playing with his nipple.

“There you go, your cute little whimpers are just for me to hear” The taller one muttered.

Grabbing Jungkook's thighs harder, Jimin bucked his hips up involuntarily, his body longing for more, moving against the touch of the younger one.

“Such a good boy for me, baby”

Jimin's little whimpers and whines were muffled by his own hand, his head starting to feel dizzy as he felt his orgasm approach. The poor boy couldn't stop squirming in his seat, body wouldn't stop shaking as he breathed heavily through his nose.

“Are you close, kitten? Go on, be a good boy and come for me” Jungkook growled.

He shut his eyes close as the intense feeling overwhelmed him and burst inside of him, running through his whole body. The smaller boy arched his back and kicked his legs as he came all over Jungkook's hand, whimpering his name again and again, yet it was barely audible as it was muffled by his hand.

“There you go” The younger boy whispered and rubbed over his stomach gently as he kept tugging on his penis to prolong his orgasm. Jimin's whole body was trembling due to the stimulation, his eyes rolling back as the sensitivity got too much. “Such a good boy”

The shorter male grasped Jungkook's wrist, signaling that he wanted him to stop. The black haired boy slowed his motion and rubbed his thumb over the slit a last time before pulling his hand out, Jimin's cum visible on his fingers.
Jimin collapsed against Jungkook, breathing heavily as his chest rose and fell quickly. Then, the younger one lifted his fingers up to Jimin's mouth, said boy parting his lips without having to be told, almost subconsciously. Jungkook pushed two of his fingers inside of Jimin's mouth, the smaller boy wrapping his lips around them and twirling his tongue around in order to clean Jungkook's fingers. Frankly, it was weird to taste himself. Then again, he didn't really care, was way too relaxed and content right now.

“Better now?” Jungkook whispered, Jimin only humming as he kept sucking on Jungkook's fingers. The taller boy looked around and checked whether they had woken any of the others. Jimin's cute little whimpers were always welcome to Jungkook, yet maybe it wasn't the best idea to do that in front of all the others. Frankly, he hadn't thought that Jimin would actually want this, right next to his friends. Either he was just way too aroused to care or there was a little exhibitionism kink the small one had they could discover a little more. All of these things he was unveiling of Jimin and figuring out, seeing another part of him, another layer was really-

“I'm sleepy” The orange haired boy murmured and shut his eyes close, Jungkook dropping his hand on his lap and continuing to trace his fingertips over Jimin's stomach.

“Then sleep”

The shorter male felt Jungkook's chest rise and fall steadily against his back, could feel his breath against his neck and felt so warm and safe in his strong embrace. He didn't want to leave this spot. Feeling relaxed and cared for, Jimin felt himself drift away into his dreams where a black haired boy with beautiful brown eyes welcomed him.

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It didn't come to his surprise that Jungkook wasn't there when he woke up later that night. In fact, only Yoongi, Taehyung and him were still there, the others having left already as they had to get up early in the morning.

“We all passed out” His best friend commented and giggled as he started to fold the blankets in order to clean up the living room.

“Yeah, but we should definitely repeat this. I liked us all spending time together.” Jimin told them.

“Sure thing” Yoongi agreed as he picked up the almost empty bowls of popcorn.

“Jin seemed very kind” Jimin pointed out as he helped clean up the room, picking up some pillows and placing them on the sofa.

“He is. He really is a good person. I've known him for quite a while and I'm really happy that he's back in Seoul. You will grow to love him quickly, trust me.” The oldest one of them assured, smiling as he talked about the boy. If Yoongi was saying this, you could definitely trust him. He was good at reading people and as previously mentioned, was cautious and selective with who he called his friend.

“I believe you” Jimin grinned, eyes turning into little crescents.

It was when he squatted down to pick up a blanket that his underwear rubbed against his penis and he realised how sticky it was. Blushing slightly, Jimin remembered what had happened before he had fallen asleep in Jungkook's arms. Oh god. Hopefully, none of them have noticed anything or have seen Jimin be asleep in Jungkook's embrace. What had he been thinking? Frankly, the aroused part of him had taken over again and controlled his thoughts and action, Jimin unable to resist or fight
against it. He had been lost in Jungkook’s touch and the heavenly feeling, not able to think clearly.

Honestly, it had been nice to fall asleep like this, being held by Jungkook and feel him be so close, smell his scent that somehow made Jimin feel intoxicated. Certainly, he shouldn’t feel like this and he knew that, but he simply couldn’t help it. It made him reminisce about his first time he had shared with Jungkook, when they had fallen asleep in his bed, the taller boy cuddling him and comforting him with soft words. Jimin felt his heart flutter at the memory.

“-you and Jungkook” Yoongi interrupted his thoughts, yet Jimin only catching half of his sentence.

The orange haired boy’s heart skipped a beat, slight panic rising inside of him. “W-What?” He coughed and swallowed hard.

“I said, I guess only you stayed up and watched the movie until the end. You and Jungkook” The oldest one repeated, slightly confused by Jimin's behaviour.

“Oh” The smaller one breathed out relieved and nodded, “I-I guess. I fell asleep pretty soon as well though”

“Jungkook had just started to leave when I woke up” Yoongi then let them know. “I assume he hasn’t fallen asleep then”

Jimin hadn’t even noticed Jungkook get up behind him, must have been passed out completely. Frankly, Jimin wasn’t a heavy sleeper, yet when it came to Jungkook and falling asleep in his arms, the shorter male always slept so deeply and felt refreshed afterwards. Usually, Jimin woke up once or twice during the night because- well, he didn’t really know why. For some reason, he was never able to sleep through, but something always woke him up during the night. It was refreshing to just be asleep and not be disrupted by something, felt different and new.

“I guess so” Jimin nodded as Yoongi went on to clean up.

“Next time” Taehyung whispered in his ear, “Maybe do your little sessions in another room where you are alone”

The smaller boy froze, blushing deeply at the words of his best friend.

“Oh no.”

“W-What are you talking about?” Jimin stuttered.

Tae chuckled and smiled at him sympathetically. “I'm all for being open about sex and trying different things and I guess if you have a thing for doing it in public, do you, but maybe not next to all of your friends” He snickered.

Jimin wanted the ground to open up and swallow him whole. This could not be real. This was so embarrassing.

“I-I...”

“Don’t be embarrassed. I don’t think any of the others noticed. I just heard your whimper and being your best friend and soulmate I thought you didn't feel well so I woke up from that, but it turns out that you were far from not feeling well. The sounds you were making were implying that you felt immense pleasure. He is really that fucking good, isn’t he? No wonder you continue this thing with him” Tae smirked smugly and nudged his arm.

“I-I... We just...”
“I should have assumed that you were one to whine and whimper during sex. I never really thought
about it, but oh you really must be loud when he's giving it to you”

“Tae, shut up, oh my god” Jimin whined, embarrassed and ashamed that his best friend had heard all
of that.

Taehyung only chuckled as he ruffled through Jimin's orange hair. “Don't be embarrassed. I'm loud
during sex, too, Hoseok has to gag me sometimes so I shut up”

“Tae!” Jimin squeaked and shook his head, Yoongi looking up and glancing at them with arched up
eyebrows. They only smiled at the oldest one innocently who stared at them for a moment longer
before continuing to clean up. “Please don't ever tell anyone about this” The small boy pleaded.

“Why would you even assume that? Of course I'm not going to tell anyone about this ever. You're
my best friend.” The blond one assured and smiled sympathetically.

“Thank you” Jimin whispered and smiled faintly, cheeks still hot due to the embarrassment he feels.

“But it's still funny. Ah, Jungkook-ah” Taehyung suddenly moaned, imitating Jimin in one of his
most vulnerable moments.

“Taehyung!” The small boy whisper-yelled and swatted his arm. Frankly, he already knew that Tae
was never going to let this go and was going to continue to tease him about this. However, he
couldn't help but giggle for some reason.

“Sorry, okay, I'll stop.” Tae promised and cleared his throat, serious expression on his face as Jimin
shook his head in amusement.

They continued to clean up the room together. Yoongi picked up some trash and went over into the
kitchen to throw it away. The perfect opportunity for Taehyung to tease his best friend some more, at
least that's what he thought.

“Ah, yes, Jungkook-ah” Tae imitated him exaggeratedly.

Jimin threw a pillow at him as they both chuckled. “Shut up, Tae, what if hyung hears you?”

His best friend shrugged his shoulders as he snickered. “I'm pretty sure he has heard me and Hoseok
before”

“What? Where?”

“His restroom a couple of days ago. I visited hyung and Namjoon hyung and Hoseok hyung were
here, too. Well, it didn't take long of me making some subtle suggestions until Hoseok hyung pulled
me into the restroom and let me ride him. When we were finished and went back to the others, they
looked at us slightly shocked so I'm pretty sure they have heard us” The blond boy shared with him
and chuckled yet again.

“Oh my god” Jimin breathed. If Yoongi ever caught or heard him do anything like this he would feel
so ashamed and embarrassed, even more than he is now by the fact that Taehyung has heard him.

“It's not that big of a deal, Minnie. I won't tell anyone about this. It's not a bad thing if you make
sounds during sex. Some people just can't control it, me and you included” His best friend tried to
comfort as he saw Jimin's concerned expression. Certainly, he loved teasing his best friend from time
to time, but he would never do anything purposely that would hurt or bring discomfort to Jimin. “I
won't mention it again if you really feel uncomfortable about this. Just know that I don't think of your
differently or anything like this. I'm just like you”

The orange haired boy smiled gratefully and gave a small nod. “Thank you, Tae”

His best friend mirrored his smile and they continued to clean up, Taehyung not imitating him anymore.

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Jimin's heart was beating fast in his chest as he swung his legs back and forth. He was sitting on the edge of the bed, watching the taller boy move around. Jungkook was currently pulling the curtains together and then walked over to the light switch to dim the lights.

“We have to talk about yesterday” The black haired boy then said, approaching Jimin.

“W-Why?” The smaller boy wanted to know, titling his head to the side.

“Yesterday shouldn't have happened the way it did. That won't happen again, okay? I won't touch you outside of our lessons. I want to make that a rule. No touching in any sexual manner outside of my apartment or if you ever want to meet at yours, your apartment. We won't have sex outside of our scheduled meet ups.”

The shorter male looked down at his lap, nodding slightly. “S-Sorry”

“No” Jungkook shook his head and grabbed Jimin's chin softly, lifting his head. “Don't apologise for that. It was just as much my fault as it was yours. After you told... I got... I was... I shouldn't have let it happen. I contributed to it, too. I got you worked up and I decided to touch you, you didn't force me. We both are at fault just the same”

“Okay. It won't happen again” Jimin repeated and gave a nod.

They looked at each other for a moment.

“Taehyung heard me” The orange haired one whispered, blush creeping up on his cheeks.

“He did?” Jungkook arched up his eyebrows, Jimin nodding slightly, “Well, to be fair, you do make quite some cute noises. No wonder that woke him up.” The taller boy commented and ran his thumb over Jimin's bottom lip, “Another reason why I won't touch you outside again. Can't let anyone else hear those cute sounds, can we? Moreover, you said yourself that you don't want anyone to find out about this”

Jimin swallowed hard and nodded. Thankfully, Taehyung hasn't mentioned anything about that incident again so far and Jimin just prayed that his best friend was going to forget about it.

“I bought you some presents” The younger one interrupted his thoughts and dropped his hand, walking over to a bag that was placed on the nightstand, “We don't have to use any of this, but considering that you want to be tied up today and asked me to do whatever I want to you, I have prepared some things. Of course, that is, if you still want this? Have you changed your mind about what you want to do today?”

Swallowing hard, Jimin shook his head, cheeks heating up a little more as Jungkook picked up the bag and went over to him.

“I know this is a soft limit of yours so of course we don't have to use this. Do not feel pressured or obligated to say yes to this at all, okay?” The taller one wanted him to know as he raised up his
Jimin gave a faint nod as Jungkook pulled something out of the bag that was shaped like a penis. The smaller boy's eyes widened at the sight of the sex toy. Frankly, he didn't know exactly what it was or what it was for, but there wasn't much to imagine as it was pretty clear what this was used for.

It wasn't as big as Jungkook's penis, slightly smaller, and in a beige colour. “Do you know what this is?”

The shy boy shook his head, blush deepening as he averted his gaze.

“I figured. Well, this is a dildo. It's a sex toy. It's shaped like a penis as you can see and is used for penetration.”

He put it down on the bed and rummaged in the bag some more to pick something else out. It was another dildo, Jimin assumed, as it looked similar, yet it was a little smaller.

“This is a vibrator.” Jungkook told him.

“Oh, what's the difference?”

“This one vibrates. It has different stages for the intensity of the vibrations.” The black haired boy pressed something on the bottom of the vibrator and suddenly, there was a buzzing noise in the room.

“O-Oh” The shorter one breathed and swallowed hard.

“I know that you said that sex toys are a soft limit so we really don't have to use them at all if you don't feel comfortable. However, if you want to try them out, we can definitely do that.”

The taller one placed the vibrator down on the bed next to the dildo and placed the now empty bag down on the nightstand.

Jimin's heart was beating fast in his chest and he could feel himself become more nervous with each second, breathing becoming more difficult.

“How do you want to be tied up?” Jungkook wanted to know and arched up his eyebrows, reaching for a black tie.

“I-I...” Honestly, Jimin wasn't sure. He had felt comfortable with only his hands being tied up and his movement not being restricted completely, yet there was something exciting about the thought of not being able to move his arms at all. “Can you tie my hands up? Completely so I can't move them at all?” He asked, voice soft and unsure.

Jungkook blinked, cursing under his breath as he nodded. “Stand up”

Jimin obeyed immediately and got up on his feet. The taller boy pressed a peck on his lips as he reached for the hem of Jimin's shirt and lifted it.

“Deep breath for me. Don't be nervous.” Jungkook instructed, voice soft as he stroked his thumb over Jimin's cheek gently.

The smaller one nodded and took a deep breath as Jungkook pulled the shirt over his head and tossed it on the floor. Then, he pushed Jimin back softly, causing the orange haired boy to fall on the bed and gasp.
“You asked me to be a little more dominant last time, remember? Do you still feel that way? Do you still want that?”

Panting, Jimin gave a slight nod as he wet his lips.

“Okay. Before we start we have to talk about some things. First of all, I'm going to push you to your limits today. You might feel like it's too much and might want me to stop. Whenever that's the case, you have to use your safeword, okay? That's the second thing to remember. You use your safeword whenever you really need it. If you think you can keep going, you don't have to use it, but whenever you feel like you can't take anymore or you just simply want to stop, you have to use the safeword, understood?” Jimin gave a small nod, “I need to hear your pretty voice, baby. Promise me that you'll do it. I don't want last time to repeat. I won't be disappointed or angry if you use it. I want you to feel safe and comfortable.”

“O-Okay. I promise, I'll use it when I need to, Jungkook-ah”

“Good”

The black haired boy lifted Jimin by his hips and placed him down on the bed gently, a little higher so his head would lie on the soft pillows.

“Arms up”

Letting out a shaky breath, Jimin lifted his arms above his head as Jungkook pulled the tie around his wrists and then tied his hands to the headboard.

“Is that okay? Too tight?”

Jimin pulled against the restraints and whimpered as he realised that he couldn't move his arms down at all. The only thing he could do was clench his hands into little fists. There was no way to cover himself up or resist in any way with his arms. His heart started to beat fast against his chest, breathing uneven as he locked eyes with Jungkook.

“Hey, are you okay? Is this okay? We don't have to do it like this. We don't have to do this at all if you're scared” The taller one assured softly as he placed his hand against Jimin's cheek and stroked his thumb over his cheek.

“I-I'm just nervous and a little scared” Jimin admitted, voice soft and the anxiety visible.

“I understand. We don't have to do this, baby, but you can trust me. I won't do anything that you don't want. Just say red and I'll free you immediately, no matter what I'm doing in that moment.”

The thing is, Jimin did trust him. A lot. However, there was a part of his brain, a voice inside of his head that was still a little scared about this. But he knew that Jungkook would never intentionally hurt him.

“I want to try it like this, please”

Jungkook nodded, “Okay”

He straightened his back and opened his own pants, pulling them down to his ankles and stepping out of them. Jimin swallowed hard, squirming a little as the younger one opened his pants now as well and pulled them down until they were off, tossing them to the side.

“Sex toys, yes or no?” Jungkook wanted to know as he gripped Jimin's briefs.
“H-Have you ever used sex toys?”

“On myself? No. On others? Yes” The taller one answered as he pulled down Jimin's briefs and let them drop on the floor, the small boy now completely naked on his bed, fully exposed.

“Y-You can use them if you want to. I'll tell you if I don't like it” Jimin murmured as Jungkook traced his fingertips over his inner thigh. His skin was shaved and so, so soft against Jungkook's touch. The pale skin of the older one was inviting, caused Jungkook to want to leave marks everywhere.

“Alright. Remember, I can be a little different from now on, maybe even a little mean, but I don't actually mean that, okay? What do you say if you want to pause?” The taller boy wanted to know as he gripped Jimin's ankles in order to spread his legs, sitting down on his knees intbetween them. Jungkook was only wearing black briefs and a black shirt, Jimin feeling so much more exposed due to that.

“Y-Yellow”

“And if you want to stop?” He asked as he reached for the bottle of lube from the nightstand.

“Red” Jimin breathed and wet his lips.

“Good boy”

The smaller one whimpered at the name, penis twitching slightly causing Jungkook to smirk. Then, Jungkook placed the lube down on the bed next to himself and caressed Jimin's soft inner thigh some more.

“May I leave marks on you?” Jungkook asked, voice quiet and low as he glared at the pale skin of Jimin's thighs.

“Mhm” Jimin hummed and nodded, the other boy not wasting another moment and leaning down in order to press his soft lips against Jimin's skin of his inner thigh. He placed a small kiss there before he started sucking on the skin, Jimin's leg twitching as he gasped. “J-Jungkook-ah” He whimpered as said boy sucked a little harder on his skin, grabbing Jimin's thighs with his strong hands to keep them spread wide open.

The black haired one licked over his creation on Jimin's skin, soothing the pain as he titled his head to the other side to repeat the process in order to leave another mark on Jimin's right inner thigh.

“A-ah” The smaller boy moaned and arched his back, his leg twitching and trying to close involuntarily. However, Jungkook tightened his grasp on his thigh in order for his legs to stay spread.

As Jungkook was satisfied with the mark he created, he licked over it before straightening his back. Admiring his own work on Jimin's skin, he ran his thumb over one of the marks gently, Jimin hissing slightly.

“Jimin-ah, I'm going to edge you today for several times” The taller boy then informed him, locking eyes with Jimin who seemed already dazed, eyes blown wide and plump lips parted.

“E-Edge?” He echoed and titled his head to the side.

“Yes, I'm going to pleasure you until you are almost coming, just for me to stop and let you come down again. I'm going to repeat that a couple of times” Jungkook explained and wet his lips, his eyes darker now and pupils dilated. There was definitely lust flashing in his eyes.
“W-Will you allow me to come at all?” The shorter male whispered.

Jungkook smirked as he started caressing Jimin's inner thigh again, “Of course, baby. I'll make you come so hard, trust me”

Letting out a shaky breath, the orange haired boy nodded, trying to calm down and prepare for what was going to happen. His head was already spinning slightly, only due to the fact that Jungkook has kissed and sucked on his inner thighs, leaving the boy whimper and long for more. Curiously, he tried to move his arms down, but that obviously didn't work out and instead his wrists hurt a little as he pulled harder.

Jungkook noticed and looked up at him, eyes softening a little. “Hey, little one, does it hurt? Should I loose them a little?”

Shaking his head, Jimin clenched his hands into little fists, “No, just... I'm really nervous. I don't know why” He admitted, voice soft and unsure.

“That's okay. Do you want me to make you come immediataly? I don't have to edge you if you don't like that idea” The black haired one assured.

“No, I-I want..” Jimin paused. Even though he already knew that it was going to be frustrating to be so close to his release, but then being denied his orgasm, the way Jungkook's eyes had darkened at the mention and the promise of him making Jimin come hard caused the shorter male to find himself agree to this idea. His curiosity got the best of him, excitement bubbling inside of him as he imagined what Jungkook was going to do to him. “I want this. I'm just really nervous”

Jungkook hummed as he kept on caressing his skin softly, goosebumps forming everywhere his fingertips traced over Jimin's skin.

“Can you... Can we kiss for a while? I think... I think that might help me relax” The smaller boy admitted, voice shy as he averted his gaze.

The younger one hesitated, but nodded eventually as he smiled faintly. Then, he leaned over and placed his hands next to Jimin's head, glancing down at the shy boy beneath himself before capturing his lips in a kiss.

Jimin gasped as he felt Jungkook's soft lips on his own, heart fluttering at the touch and something blossoming inside of his chest, the feeling expanding and filling his whole upper body with warmth. Unconsciously, he clenched his hands into little fists as he moved his mouth against Jungkook’s. It didn't take long until the younger boy pushed his tongue inside of Jimin's mouth, licking over his tongue and deepening the kiss.

The older one whimpered as they moved their lips a little faster, Jimin tasting the mint on Jungkook's tongue and finding himself crave for more, long for more. Involuntarily, his hands kept on clenching and unclenching, Jimin now realising how desperately he wanted to touch Jungkook's neck or arms or hair or just- anything, anywhere- as he kept on pulling on the restraints. The poor boy just wanted to be able to touch the boy above him.

Jimin's penis twitched between them both as Jungkook licked over his tongue while he lifted one of his arms, the hand trailing down Jimin's stomach as the taller boy was only holding himself up with one arm now, effortlessly at that. When Jungkook closed his hand around Jimin's penis, said boy broke the kiss and let out a gasp as his legs jerked.

“Okay?” Jungkook whispered against his mouth.
The shorter male gave a slight nod, moaning as Jungkook squeezed his penis and moved his hand up and down slowly. Pressing his lips against Jimin's once more, Jungkook continued to stroke his penis, feeling it harden in his hand.

“Jungkook-ah” Jimin mewled against his mouth, eyes fluttering shut as Jungkook squeezed the head of his hard length once more, pulling his hand away and letting it drop back down on Jimin's stomach with a small slapping noise that caused the shorter boy to gasp.

Placing one last peck on Jimin's lips, the taller boy straightened his back and ran his hands over Jimin's thighs softly.

“I'm going to play with your little hole now, kitten. Is that okay?”

Jimin whimpered at the pet name and nodded quickly, legs spreading further and hips moving up a little almost subconsciously. Jungkook smirked slightly at the desperation and urgency of the small boy in front of him as he reached for the lube.

The orange haired one let out a shaky breath as he watched Jungkook squirt some lube on his index finger. “Gotta start from one finger, don't I? Or have you played with your little hole alone, hmm?”

“N-No, I haven't” Jimin answered, voice a little hoarse as he shook his head.

Junkook hummed as he circled Jimin's entrance with his wet finger, the smaller boy twitching at the sudden touch. “Baby, tell me your safewords once more”

“R-red for stop, yellow for pause and green for go.”

“Good boy. What's your colour now?”

“Green”

The taller boy pushed his finger inside without a warning, causing Jimin's mouth to open in a silent scream. His hands clenched into little fists as Jungkook pushed his finger inside completely, just to pull it back out, repeating the motion slowly.

“Always so tight, aren't you, kitten?”

Jimin's eyes fluttered shut as Jungkook sped up his movement, moving his finger from side to side simultaneously to stretch his hole a little more. When he felt like it was stretched a little wider, he pulled his finger out and squirted some more lube on his middle finger.

“P-Please” The shorter boy whispered as Jungkook circled his rim with both fingers, yet not entering them. “Please, Jungkook-ah”

Jungkook pushed both of his fingers inside, a loud squealch filling the room at the motion. Jimin's walls felt so soft and tight around his fingers as he moved them in and out, loving the cute little whimpers that escaped the smaller boy's lips.

It didn't take long for Jungkook to find Jimin's prostate, if the way his whole body twitched at the touch or his eyes rolled back into his head were any kind of indication of that. “Oh my god” He cried out and pulled against the restraints, eyes fluttering shut as the younger one rubbed against his special spot quickly, causing his penis to twitch and leak out some precum that trailed down on his stomach.

“Already leaking, kitten” Jungkook commented as he scissored his fingers to stretch the little boy beneath him some more, said boy's body trembling due to the stimulation.
“Kook-ah, feels so good” Jimin whimpered and spread his legs further, asking for more.

Well, that was new. Jungkook halted for a moment, not sure what to think about the nickname as he felt something weird bloom inside of his chest. Yet when he heard Jimin whine in protest due to the lack of stimulation, he simply shook his head and pulled his fingers out in order to squirt some more lube on his ring finger.

Not wasting another moment, he pushed all three fingers inside of the smaller boy, Jimin's mouth agape in a silent scream as his legs twitched. He found it difficult to breathe now, chest rising and falling quickly as Jungkook pushed his fingers in and out of his hole, a loud squealch filling the room every time at the motion as well as Jimin's cute little whimpers and whines.

“Always so responsive for me, aren't you, baby?” The younger boy uttered as he rubbed against Jimin's prostate in firm circle motions, causing Jimin to whine loudly which emphasised his statement, “Always make the cutest sounds for me, don't you?”

Jimin gasped and his eyes fluttered shut as Jungkook didn't stop his abuse on his prostate, the feeling becoming too intense and overwhelming him as his penis kept on twitching and dribbling more precum on his stomach, a little puddle already having formed by now.

“J-Jungkook-ah, why, please, I was so close” The orange haired boy whined and lifted his hips from the bed, pushing them closer to Jungkook, asking to be touched again.

The feeling was odd. The intensity of his almost orgasm started to ebb down, the shorter male being further away from his release again as he felt himself calm down a little. Yet, he was still longing for Jungkook's touch, wanted more, wanted to come.

“I know. That's why I stopped.” The black haired boy told him as he pushed Jimin's hips down firmly, “These stay here, baby, okay?”

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“I know. That's why I stopped.” The black haired boy told him as he pushed Jimin's hips down firmly, “These stay here, baby, okay?”

“Y-Yes” Jimin answered even though he already knew that this wasn't going to work out as planned. The smaller boy just couldn't keep still, always squirmed around and his whole body trembled on it's own. He had no control over that!

“Is it okay if I use this one now, little one?” Jungkook wanted to know as he lifted one of the penis shaped like things. The shorter male was way too aroused and out of his mind to know which one it was at this point.

“O-Okay, yes.”

“Your colour, kitten, I need to know your colour”

As he waited for Jimin to answer, he squirted some lube over the penis shaped thing, being quite generous with the amount before he stared at the little boy again, still waiting for an answer. However, Jimin was mesmerised by the thing he was holding, glancing at it with big innocent eyes.

“Jimin-ah, baby, your colour?” Jungkook repeated and caressed his inner thigh softly to get Jimin's
attention.

“G-Green. It's green”

The taller boy looked at him for a moment, studying his features.

“I promise. It’s green” Jimin assured, figuring that Jungkook hadn't trusted his answer, which was... well, justified. He shouldn't have lied last time about his real colour and he just hoped that Jungkook was going to trust him. Yet, there was something comforting about him really wanting to make sure that Jimin was actually comfortable. The thought made his heart flutter.

“Okay. Deep breath for me, baby”

Jimin obeyed as he felt the thing be placed against his entrance. He held his breath when Jungkook pushed it inside carefully and slowly, letting Jimin adjust to the size and waiting for his hole to widen a little further.

The smaller boy moaned high-pitched and arched his back, hands clenching into fists. It felt a little different from an actual penis. It was still hard, however, it wasn't as warm as an actual erection. Jimin didn't know what to think about this just yet. He loved the feeling of having an actual penis-well, Jungkook's penis inside of him, being filled and stretched by him. And that was really the only comparison he had. There had never been anything else inside of him except Jungkook and his own tiny fingers.

“How does it feel?” Jungkook interrupted his thoughts.

“W-Weird” Jimin murmured and let out a moan as the thing was pressed against his prostate.

The black haired one hummed. “Will feel better in just a moment”

Suddenly, the thing inside of him started vibrating, causing Jimin to yelp and his body to twitch as he hadn't expected that. “Ah-ah, Jungkook-ah, what...” He whimpered high-pitched as the thing – well, he knew now that it was the vibrator – vibrated inside of him, right against his prostate.

“This is the lowest setting” The taller one told him as he moved the toy around, pulling it out just to push it back inside against Jimin's prostate, loving the way his body trembled and the cute little whines that he let out.

“T-There is more?” Jimin breathed out.

Jungkook smirked as he put it on a higher setting, the vibrations inside of Jimin's hole increasing, being way more intense than the previous one. His mouth opened in a silent scream as he tried to pull his hips away from the touch, not able to handle the intensity of the stimulation. Frankly, he couldn't describe this feeling. It was overwhelming. However, he didn't know whether it was way too much and he wanted it to stop or if he wanted more. The arousal has messed up his head again and now he couldn't think clear.

“This will get you to the edge in no time” The younger boy promised as he pressed the toy against Jimin's prostate harder, causing said boy's erection to twitch and leak more precum on his stomach, joining the little puddle. The feeling was odd. It was almost as if he was already coming, that's how intense the feeling was. Unfortunately, Jimin couldn't stop his body from shaking all over, couldn't prevent his hips from bucking up. “It's okay, kitten, you can squirm all you want, make a fuss however you want. You are such a good boy for me” Jungkook assured as he had noticed the smaller boy squirm around.
It really didn't take long until Jimin was close to his release again. The feeling was so overwhelming, he couldn't help but cry out Jungkook's name repeatedly as he arched his back, legs spreading further. “K-Kook-ah!” He almost screamed and squeezed his eyes shut.

However, the vibrator was pulled out in a swift motion, leaving him empty and on edge with no vibrations, no stimulation.

His body was still shaking as he opened his eyes to look at Jungkook who wet his lips at the sight of the shorter male on his bed: Hair a fluffy mess on his head, cheeks flushed, soft lips parted and the cutest little whines escaping them, hands clenched into fists above his head and tied to the headboard, his chest rising and falling quickly. A true vision.

Jimin whined and bucked his hips up, frustrated that his release was being denied once more. Desperately, he pulled on the restraints and kicked his legs as he felt tears swell up in his eyes.

“Jungkook-ah, please” He begged and looked at the taller boy with big watery eyes. “Touch me”

The younger one could only stare at Jimin, blinking as he saved the sight in front of him in his mind. He was too mesmerised by his beauty, by his desperation that he had caused himself. Frankly, he wanted to see Jimin beg more, wanted him to feel even more desperate until he cried and asked Jungkook to fuck him hard, just so he could watch him fall apart in his arms and come incredibly hard all over himself, making a big mess.

“I'm mean, aren't I?” Jungkook whispered as he leaned over to brush Jimin's hair out of his face, caressing his cheek softly with his thumb, “Getting you so close to your release and then not letting you come. You're such a good boy, baby, being so good for me.”

“Please” Jimin sniffed. “Kook-ah” His voice broke as he bucked his hips up, rubbing his penis against Jungkook's bulge. The taller one groaned at the movement and straightened his back again.

Jimin appeared dazed, out of it to be exact. His eyes were blown wide and he just looked like a desperate mess. Jungkook wanted to see if he could push him just a little further.

He picked up the vibrator again and turned it on the highest setting.

“What's your colour, kitten?”

“G-Green” Jimin sniffed. “Green, I promise”

The black haired boy hummed before he put the vibrator against Jimin's hard length, causing the smaller one to scream out and his body to twitch. Jungkook pressed the vibrator harder against his length, right against the head.

This was another kind of intensity. He really wasn't going to last much longer, the smaller boy realised. Jimin couldn't stop shaking as he pulled against the restraints, kicking his legs involuntarily as he squeezed his eyes shut.

“I'm close, Jungkook-ah, please!” Jimin sobbed and only realised a moment later that some tears were streaming down his face. Wait, did it hurt? Should he ask Jungkook to stop? Frankly, he wasn't sure. It didn't really hurt, if Jimin was being honest. It was just intense and overwhelming. He couldn't explain why he cried, but he knew that he definitely didn't want to stop, especially as he was this close to finally coming.

“Sssh, it's okay, kitten, kick around all you want, squirm around as much as you want.” Jungkook uttered as he caressed his hip softly while moving the vibrator up and down Jimin's length.
Jimin threw his head back and arched his back, drawing his legs together in order to close them, yet Jungkook tapped with his hand firmly against his inner thigh, “Keep them spread, little one”

The orange haired boy whined and obeyed, opening his mouth in a silent scream and clenching his hands into fists as he felt his orgasm approach and-

The vibrator was gone and so was the stimulation. Frustrated, Jimin cried out and kicked his legs, shaking his head as he opened his eyes to look at the taller one. “Kooook-ah” He sobbed as more tears streamed down his face, “Please, please, I can't take more of this”

“Sssh” Jungkook cooed and leaned over, wiping away the tears on his face gently after having placed the vibrator down on the bed. “Can you tell me your colour, baby?”

Swallowing, Jimin let out a shaky breath, “G-Green. It's green, but please, Jungkook-ah, make me come. N-Need you inside of me”

Jungkook arched up his eyebrows, “Want my dick to fill you up and make you come, don't you, baby?”

“Mhm” Jimin hummed and nodded quickly. “Please” His voice broke.

“Okay, kitten, I'll fuck you now”

The black haired boy took off his briefs and picked a condom out from the top drawer of the nightstand. Jimin could just lie there and watch him pull the condom over his hard, big length. The shorter male whimpered at the sight and felt his penis twitch as well as his hole clench at the thought of Jungkook thrusting into him in just a moment.

As Jungkook kneeled in between Jimin's spread legs, he gripped his ankles and lifted his legs up, pushing them back and bending his knees, almost bending Jimin in half, knees almost touching Jimin's head. “Shit, you really are fucking flexible.” The taller one cursed and felt his penis twitch, “Is this okay? Does it hurt?”

“It's okay” Jimin assured, wanting nothing more than for Jungkook to finally fill him. He felt so incredibly desperate and aroused. Frankly, he didn't know what to do with himself, couldn't think clear. His head was dizzy and he felt intoxicated. Intoxicated by Jungkook who was invading all of his senses.

Jungkook grabbed his own length and pushed the head inside of Jimin's hole carefully, slipping inside with ease as his hole was already stretched quite wide. He groaned as he felt the tightness around his dick. “Fuck, Jiminie”

The smaller boy squeezed his eyes shut at the feeling of being filled and stretched out this much. His arms started to ache from the position they were in, wrists feeling a little sore as well, yet he didn't even care. The only thing he could focus on was Jungkook.

“Okay?” Jungkook breathed out as he was inside of the shorter one completely, letting him adjust to the size for a moment.

“Mhm, please, move, Kook-ah” The orange haired boy begged and bucked his hips up.

“I got you, baby”

The taller boy pulled out of the older one just to thrust back into him slowly, yet with force, causing Jimin to rock backwards with the motion.
“So tight around me, kitten”

“Jungkook-ah, please” Jimin whimpered as Jungkook kept thrusting into him with force, resulting in Jimin to move back and forth with the movement.

“What do you need, baby? Want me to fuck you faster?”

“Please don’t stop- Oh my god!” The smaller boy begged, but moaned high-pitched as he felt Jungkook hit against his prostate.

The black haired one grabbed Jimin by the back of his knees to keep them spread as he sped up his movement, eyes fixated on Jimin’s face to see it scrunch up in pleasure. The boy truly was a beauty.

“Open your pretty eyes for me, little one” Jungkook ordered softly as he rammed harder into Jimin's hole, rhythm relentless now.

Jimin's eyes fluttered open and he stared at the boy above him, getting lost in his eyes. The feeling was amazing, intense and overwhelming. It was the fourth time he was being brought close to his release. However, this time, he just hoped and prayed that Jungkook would have mercy and let him finally come.

“Jungkook-ah, it's so good, you're so big” He whined as he felt his penis dribble more precum on his stomach. Certainly, he felt really messy with all of that precum on his stomach, yet he didn't mind it, could only concentrate on the gorgeous man above him.

“Yeah? Only I can make you feel like this, can't I? No one else has ever made you feel like this. Only me, baby”

“Y-Yes, only you, Kook-ah” Jimin cried out as his prostate was hit dead on and he felt his orgasm approach quickly. “Junkook-ah, I-I'm so close, pleeease, don't stop”

“You were such a good boy for me, kitten. Such a good boy. Go on and come for me, make a big mess all over yourself”

Jimin squeezed his eyes shut and clenched his hands into little fists, tears streaming down his cheeks as he kept on begging for Jungkook to keep going and to let him come. “Please, please, please, don't stop, don't stop” He sobbed, voice high-pitched.

“T won't, baby, were such a good boy”

That was all it took for Jimin as he felt the feeling overwhelm him, burst inside of him and run through his whole body. It literally felt like an explosion inside of him, the most intense orgasm he has ever felt as he screamed out in pleasure, body shaking due to the stimulation as sperm shot out of his penis, a huge amount making an even bigger mess on his stomach, some of it shooting up to his chest.

More tears were streaming down his face as he kept on sobbing Jungkook's name again and again, legs kicking as the intense feeling didn't stop, but instead increased the longer Jungkook kept thrusting inside of him.

Jimin clenched around the taller boy and it didn't take much longer for him to find his release, too, groaning out Jimin's name as he came inside of him.

The smaller boy continued to sob as wave after wave of the intense feeling hit him, the oversensitivity being too much eventually. His body was trembling violently from the aftershock,
more cum dribbling out of his penis.

“H-Hurts” The poor boy sobbed, feeling like he was floating again. It was a weird headspace he was in. One part of him felt like he was floating and like all of this was a dream while another part was begging for soft touches, for cuddles and warmth.

“Were such a good boy, little one” Jungkook praised as he pulled out of the orange haired boy, letting go of his legs carefully and placing them back down on the bed. Quickly, he got up from the bed and hurried into the bathroom to get a wet cloth, Jimin still sobbing on the bed. “Hey, baby, are you okay? Can you tell me your colour?”

“Green” The small boy sniffed as Jungkook cleaned his hole carefully of the remaining lube and his stomach of the left over cum, simply tossing the cloth on the nightstand after that before he opened the tie around Jimin's wrists. His hands dropped down on the bed, the shorter male realising now how sore they were, how sore his body felt.

“Was that too much? Did I got too far? You did so well for me, baby. Came so hard, didn't you?” Jungkook asked as he caressed Jimin's cheeks softly, locking eyes with the older one. Yet, he saw how glassy his eyes were and realised fairly quickly that Jimin was not actually fully present right now. The orgasm must have been incredibly intense.

Jungkook picked up the sex toys and the lube, placing them down on the nightstand before joining Jimin on the bed, turning him over to his side and pulling him close to his chest as he pulled a blanket over both of them.

“Hey, little one, can you hear me? Are you okay?” The taller boy whispered against his ear as he brushed his hand through Jimin's hair, stroking over it gently.

“Mhm” Jimin hummed, not sobbing any longer, but still feeling all bubbly inside. It was a feeling he couldn't describe, didn't even fathom it himself.

“Do your wrists hurt?” The younger one wanted to know as he lifted Jimin's right arm, inspecting his wrist that was slightly reddenned. “Might have to use something softer next time if you want to do that ever again” He commented as he placed a soft kiss against the flushed skin.

Jimin turned around so he could look at the taller one. Jungkook stared at him curiously, but didn't say anything as Jimin hid his face in the curve of his neck and clutched onto him, hugging him close. The taller boy wrapped his arms around his small body without a word, holding him tight and caressing his back softly.

“Were such a good boy” He whispered in Jimin's ear.

The older one felt his eyes fall shut, heavy and tired as they were. However, he knew that he wasn't allowed to fall asleep. No, that was against the rules.

They remained in that position for quite a while, just being held close in each other's soft embrace, chests rising and falling in the same steady rhythm. Jungkook continued to trace his fingertips over Jimin's back gently.

“T-Thank you, Jungkook-ah. Made me feel so good” Jimin uttered, voice soft and quiet.

“Did you like that, Jimin-ah?”

Jimin contemplated over that question for a moment. Even though it was incredibly frustrating to be pushed so close to the edge, but not being allowed to cross it, it has definitely been worth in the end
as he has had his most intense orgasm ever.

“Y-Yes, but I don't think I can do this all the time” He answered eventually, Jungkook chuckling at his response, his chest vibrating as the sound of his laugh made Jimin feel warmth within his chest.

“I understand. It is quite frustrating, but it's pretty worth it in the end, isn't it? Came so much for me, baby, looked so pretty when you came like that.”

Jimin blushed at his words, but smiled slightly. However, he hid his face in the curve of Junkook's neck, hence the boy couldn't see any of that. “T-Thank you” His voice was muffled due to him pressing his face against Jungkook's skin.

“Was the sex toy okay?”

“Y-Yes” Jimin almost wanted to whimper as he reminisced about the feeling of the vibrator inside of him, the feeling so overwhelming and nothing he has ever felt before.

“You can take them home with you if you want. In case you wanna play with yourself, hmm, little one?”

The shorter male swallowed hard as he felt himself blush deeper, hiding his face further against Junkook's skin. “N-No, thank you. I won't use them on my own”

“Mhm, only want me to use them on you?” Jungkook asked, voice a little lower as he tilted his head to the side. Yet, he couldn't see Jimin as he was still hiding his face.

“Y-Yes”

“Okay. Whatever you want”

There was silence again. Nothing but their steady breathing filling the room as Jungkook kept on caressing his back, the touch so soft Jimin never wanted to leave his embrace again.

“Are you feeling better? Are you okay?”

A pout appeared on Jimin's face as he knew what this meant. It was time for him to leave.

“I'm better, thank you. I'm good now” He assured as he sat up, leaving Jungkook's soft embrace. “I should get ready to leave”

They looked at each other and there was something glistening in Jungkook's eyes that Jimin couldn't define. For a moment it seemed like the younger one wanted to say something, yet he didn't.

They both got up from the bed, Jimin almost stumbling over as his legs were a little shaky. “Careful” Jungkook whispered as he pulled an arm around Jimin, pushing him back down on the bed gently, “I'll get your clothes”

After Jungkook has picked up all the clothes that were scattered around the room, he helped Jimin put them on.

“Thank you” Jimin smiled faintly after he had zipped up his pants.

Jungkook studied his features before putting on his own clothes. When they were both dressed, they went downstairs where Jimin put his shoes on.

“Oh” The orange haired boy noticed that he had left his phone upstairs in the bedroom, “I left my
phone in your bedroom”

“I'll go and get it”

The taller boy jogged upstairs as Jimin continued to tie his shoes. It didn't take long for Jungkook to come back down again, yet there seemed to be a change in his mood. He was back to his usual unreadable expression, but it appeared more serious, like something was bothering him maybe. Something was off putting about the air between them now.

“Thank you” Jimin uttered as Jungkook handed him the phone.

“My driver is waiting for you downstairs.” He commented nonchalant as he opened the door.

“Okay, thank you, Jungkook-ah.” The small boy whispered as he stepped out of the apartment, turning around to lock eyes with the taller one. “Goodnight”

The black haired one stared at him, something flashing in his eyes that Jimin really couldn't define, yet he felt uneasy about it.

“Goodnight, Jimin-ssi.”

He shut the door close, leaving a slightly baffled Jimin to walk down the hallway to the elevator, stepping inside of it and pressing the bottom to the ground floor. Was he just imagining this? Maybe he was interpreting this wrongly or misunderstanding his mood or the situation? Frankly, there was no reason for him to have this sudden mood change, was there? He has been caring and nice just moments ago, but now he seemed rather cold and distant. Perhaps he had a lot of work to do, yet even when there was work, he never reacted like this.

Jimin looked down on his phone to check the time, however he noticed a pop-up message on his display.

Are you free tomorrow night? We could hang out? Might say yes to my offer? - Dongha

The smaller boy furrowed his eyebrows. There was a thought blossoming inside of his mind, yet that was too far-fetched and most likely not what has happened at all. It couldn't be the reason. There was no way.

Shaking his head, the orange haired one looked back down on the message, deciding to reply.

Maybe after tomorrow? I do have some questions about the new choreography – Jimin

Jimin caught his bottom lip between his teeth as he pressed send. This wasn't a date... right? Dongha just wanted to help him and was being nice. There was nothing more to it.

The elevator doors opened and Jimin stepped out of it, not able to stop thinking about the possible reason for Jungkook's mood change.

Chapter End Notes

So, that was a little longer chapter :) I hope that makes up for me not having been able to post in almost a week :(
Jungook knows about Dongha now! How do you believe he feels about him? Does he not care at all or... maybe he does?

Did you enjoy the group spending time together? Should there be more scenes like that? I like when they are all hanging out together :)

Thanks for all the love again <3
Chapter Summary

Dongha and Jimin hang out together and an incident happens that makes Jimin realise some things... Then, Jimin gets a little homework from Jungkook before their next meet up... During their next meet up, things get quite interesting and maybe a little too much...

Chapter Notes

Helloooo lovely readers :)

Thank you so much for all the love on the previous chapters :) I love reading your comments and get to know what your ideas and feelings are! :) Also, thank you very much for your encouraging comments. They really motivate me to continue writing and warm my heart <3

It's a long chapter again :) I hope you enjoy it! :) See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jimin sat down on the floor cross-legged, reaching for his phone as he let out a sigh. Currently, he was waiting for Dongha to arrive as they were supposed to meet in the dance practice room to work on the choreography together. However, the orange haired boy had arrived a little earlier and was now waiting for the taller one to arrive.

For some odd reason, he felt kind of nervous. Frankly, he didn't really know why as this was not a date at all. They simply wanted to practice together and get to know each other a little more. There was nothing more to it.

The small male glanced down at his phone and noticed that he had received a message from his best friend.

Hey, wanna hang out? – Tae

I'm going to practice with Dongha, remember? But we can hang out afterwards if you want to :) - Jimin

Ooooh, right, I forgot. Have fun then ;) I'll pick you up afterwards and we can grab some dinner – Tae

Sounds great. See you later :) - Jimin

Later. :) Don't do anything I wouldn't do ;) - Tae

Jimin furrowed his eyebrows. What was that supposed to mean? Obviously, he wouldn't do anything else but talk and practice with Dongha.
As if on cue, Dongha entered the practice room, a little out of breath and carrying a plastic bag in his right hand. The smell of food instantly hit Jimin's senses, mouth watering. He hadn't eaten since this morning.

Dongha was wearing a black shirt and some black sweatpants, a beanie pulled over his head that emphasised his handsome features of his face. He smiled at Jimin as he sat down on the floor in front of him, dropping the plastic bag in between them. “Hey, sorry, I hope you didn't have to wait too long.”

“No, not at all” Jimin assured and smiled genuinely, locking eyes with the taller one.

“I brought us some food. I thought we could eat before we start. Unless, of course, you aren't hungry at all and want to start right away” The brown haired boy suggested as he pulled out two lunch boxes and handed one over to Jimin, “For you”

“You didn't have to, I-”

“Take it” Dongha insisted with a smile, leaving no room for protest as Jimin took the lunch box.

“Thank you” The smaller boy whispered, blushing a little.

Dongha looked at him for a moment longer, something flashing in his eyes as another smile appeared on his face.

They opened their boxes and gripped their chopsticks almost simultaneously, starting to eat immediately. Jimin's eyes fluttered shut as he chewed on the delicious meat. “Good?”

“Mhm” Jimin hummed and opened his eyes again, smiling brightly which caused his eyes to turn into little crescents.

Dongha chuckled as he continued eating.

“How long have you been dancing for?” The taller boy wanted to know after they had eaten in silence for a while.

“Well, I think I loved dancing ever since I was a child. My grandmother had some videos of me dancing, well, rather just me moving my body to the music in a way I thought looked good” Jimin giggled as he reminisced about those times, “She always filmed me whenever I started dancing and really encouraged me to pursue that dream. So, I pretty much knew from a young age that this is what I wanted to do.”

“You surely majored in dance, didn't you?”

“Mhm” Jimin smiled and nodded, “I did contemporary dance. I love it a lot. The style hyung does is interesting to me, too, I'm really growing to love it much more with each lesson.”

“The way you move your body is really fascinating” Dongha commented, the smaller boy's smile growing at the compliment, “You have good control over your body and watching you dance is really... It draws you in completely and it's difficult to look away. You have something special about you”

Jimin's cheeks heated up as he glanced down at the food, “T-Thank you”

“I really mean it” The taller one emphasised, Jimin staring up at him again, smile on his face.
“What about you? How long have you been dancing for?”

“Actually, I didn't start dancing until I was like 15 or 16. It's not that I didn’t like it before, I just never really thought about doing it. There was a talent show at our school and my class wanted to perform a dance together, I learned then that I was quite good at it and developed my love for it from there”

“Wow. That's really interesting. You dance amazing” Jimin complimented the brown haired boy who smiled back at him.

“Thank you”

They looked at each other for a moment longer until Jimin averted his gaze and cleared his throat, “Should we...”

“Yeah, let's start” Dongha agreed and they both got up on their feet.

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They have been practicing for almost an hour now, Dongha spending most of his time watching Jimin practice and giving him advice. However, the way his eyes darkened every time Jimin bend over or simply moved his body to the music, was rather suggestive.

“No, I think it's something more like this” The taller boy shook his head and approached Jimin after he had shown the next part of the choregraphy, “May I?” Jimin nodded, not even knowing what Dongha was asking for. Then, he turned Jimin around and gripped his hips, placing his head on Jimin's shoulder as he moved his hips to the music, “One, two, three” The brown haired one counted as Jimin moved his feet accordingly. He swallowed hard as he felt his heart beat faster, nervous due to the close proximity of Dongha.

“L-Like this?” Jimin whispered, looking to the side in order to try to be able to stare at Dongha.

“Mhm” Dongha hummed, voice a little lower as they locked eyes, “Just like this” The smaller boy let out a shaky breath and wet his lips, Dongha's gaze rushing down at the motion and glancing at his plump, soft lips.

“So soft” He whispered and turned Jimin around, the orange haired one gasping, “So pretty” Suddenly, he leaned down as he placed his hand against Jimin's cheek, pressing his lips on Jimin's without a warning. At first, Jimin just froze in his place, eyes widening as he had not expected the kiss. His first instinct was to push the man away, yet his lips were already gone a moment later, trailing down kisses on his neck.

“D-Dongha” Jimin stuttered as the taller boy pushed him against the wall.

“So beautiful, you and the way you dance.” Dongha whispered, “Your skin is so damn soft” He then groaned as he started sucking on Jimin's skin at this neck, causing Jimin to gasp and clench his hands into little fists.

“D-Dongha, I don't think-” The shorter male pushed him away by his chest, trying to stop him.

The taller boy let go immediately and took a step back, “Sorry, I...” He seemed shocked by his own behaviour, looking at Jimin with apologetic eyes, “I'm really sorry. I got carried away and I thought... I shouldn't have done this.”
“No, it's... It's just... too early. I don't feel comfortable about that just yet. I...”

Taehyung must have been right. Dongha did seem to like him, right? Well, he had kissed him so he was interested to say the least. How had Jimin been this oblivious? Perhaps Dongha had wanted this to be a date? Jimin really didn't know, was still too shocked by the kiss to process all of this.

“I understand. I'm sorry. I shouldn't have kissed you without saying anything first. It's just something so interesting and endearing about you, I couldn't help myself.”

The smaller boy really didn't know what to say, tried to make sense of the situation, yet he really couldn't.

“I-I should go. Thanks for the food and your help. I'll see you in class” Jimin uttered and grabbed his bag, exiting the practice room quickly without another word, just wanting to get away.

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“He did what now?” Tae screamed out in shock and clasped his hand over his mouth, looking around the coffee shop as some people had glanced at them, “Sorry” He apologised and smiled faintly.

“He kissed me. I think he gave me a hickey, too” Jimin repeated and titled his head to the side as he stretched his neck a little to reveal it to his best friend, “Is there?”

“Oh, shit, yes there is” The blond boy breathed out as he found the red mark on Jimin's skin. “Did he force you to anything?”

“No” Jimin quickly assured, “He kissed me, but backed off as soon as I pushed him away.”

“Hmm, well I knew that he was interested in you, his eyes and the comments he made gave that away. He just tried to pull a move on you and probably wanted to see if you feel the same. I don't think he meant any evil with this”

“No, of course not. I don't think he had any bad intention. I just... He said that there is something interesting and endearing about me and that he couldn't help himself. I'm not mad at him for doing this, just very shocked and surprised because I hadn't expected it at all. I don't know if I like him in that way. I wanted us to became friends first”

“Just tell him that. Tell him that you aren't mad at him and that the pace he chose is too fast for you. Just let him know that you want to become his friend first and see where it goes from there.” His best friend suggested.

“The thing is, I don't know if I want it to go anywhere from that. I don't want to make him believe or send a signal that there is going to be more if I'm not sure about that yet”

“Just talk to him. Communication works wonders. Talk it out with him and let him know that you want to be friends first and that you don't know whether there will ever be something more than that between you two” Taehyung advised and smiled sympathetically at him, “However, do you not want to give it a try at all? He's incredibly good-looking and from what you said, very supportive and kind.”

Jimin sighed and shrugged his shoulders, playing with the straw of his drink, “He is nice. He is gorgeous, too, but...”

“But?” Taehyung echoed as the orange haired boy didn't finish his sentence, “Is it because of
Jungkook?”

The smaller boy looked up immediately, eyes widening, “W-What? Why would you say that? No, the thing between me and Jungkook is completely platonic. Whenever either of us want to stop, the thing is over”

“Well, does any of you want to stop?” His best friend asked and arched up his eyebrows, staring at Jimin with suspicion.

“N-Not now, no” The shorter male answered and shook his head. Jungkook was not the reason for Jimin's hesitation. The boy simply wasn't sure how he felt about Dongha just yet. The kiss was definitely too soon for Jimin and he really wanted to be his friend first before anything else happened between them. Then again, he probably should give Dongha a chance, shouldn't he? He was the first boy that had shown real interest in Jimin – well, the first one he noticed to clarify. According to Taehyung there have been boys showing interest in Jimin before, yet the smaller boy too oblivious to notice that – thus Jimin should see where this goes, if it goes somewhere at all.

“You are going to stop, though, aren't you?” The blond boy interrupted his thoughts.

“Of course. Eventually, we are going to end the thing between us.” Jimin assured and nodded. Then, the smaller boy furrowed his eyebrows, biting down on his bottom lip. “Do you think... should I end it when I'm becoming friends with Dongha?”

Taehyung pursed his lips and titled his head to the side, contemplating for a moment, “Honestly, no. If you just want to become friends first then the thing with Jungkook is not going to affect that friendship. However, as soon as- or rather if you start to get closer to Dongha and see yourself starting to date him, you should probably end it because otherwise that would be unfair to Dongha”

“You're right. Thank you, Tae”

“Speaking of Jungkook, how are things going? Any plans on what to do next?”

Jimin shook his head, “Not really. Well we still have that list to go through, I guess”

His best friend nodded, eyes lighting up a moment later.

“Has he rimmed you yet?” Tae wanted to know, arching up his eyebrows as he took a sip from his drink.

“R-Rimmed?” The shorter male echoed confused, faintly remembering the word from somewhere.

“Oh my god, he hasn't? You're going to be in heaven. Trust me, that shit feels amazing.” The blond boy promised.

“Well, what is it?”

“Hmm, I'll let Jungkook explain that to you” He chuckled, “If he's good at it, you might even come from only that. 10 out of 10 would recommend.”

Jimin averted his gaze as his blush deepened. What was rimming? Should he trust Taehyung? Frankly, all the things he has told him about yet had felt incredibly good. However, Jimin has tried to tell himself to not let Taehyung plant all these ideas inside of his head because he wasn't going to be able to stop them.

Then again, he already knew that it wasn't going to work out like that and he wasn't going to stop
Jimin still hadn't quite processed the kiss from Dongha. It felt quite unreal if he was being honest. Should he just ignore it and go on with his life like it hadn't happened? Treat Dongha at dance practice like nothing has happened? Frankly, he wasn't determined about what to do now.

The thing is, he liked Dongha. As a person he seemed very kind and supportive and the longer Jimin thought about it, the more he could see them both become friends. Yet, was that what Dongha really wanted? He wasn't sure.

To be fair, Taehyung was right. Jimin should just text him and talk about everything to fix the issue. He should explain himself and let Dongha explain himself instead of just running away from it. Yes, he should definitely text Dongha and let him know about his thoughts.

Suddenly, Jimin's phone vibrated, startling the smaller one and interrupting his thoughts. He picked it up and opened the message he had received.

Jimin-ssi – Jungkook

The smaller boy sat down on his bed as he read over the message, eyebrows furrowed.

Yes? - Jimin

How are you, Jimin-ssi? How was your day? Are you good? - Jungkook

Involuntarily, a smile appeared on Jimin's face as he felt something bloom inside of his chest. That meant that Jungkook wasn't mad at him, right? If he was, ever. Maybe the man really was just tired that day and had a lot of stuff to do.

Relief washed over Jimin as he felt his heart flutter.

I'm good, thank you :) How are you? - Jimin

I'm fine. Do you have some time right now? To text? - Jungkook

Swallowing hard, Jimin laid down on the bed, head falling on the soft pillows as he looked up at his phone.

Yes, I do have time. - Jimin

Good. I want to give you a little homework, Jimin-ssi – Jungkook

The orange haired one furrowed his eyes, confused by the word.

Homework? - Jimin

Yes. I want you to play with yourself. - Jungkook

The older one gasped at the request, blush creeping up on his cheeks even though Jungkook couldn't even see him.

Now? - Jimin

No, doesn't have to be now. You can play with yourself whenever you want. However, I would like it
to be prior to our next meeting. For that, I wanted to suggest tomorrow night as our next meet up, that is if you are free and want to? - Jungkook

Jimin let out a shaky breath.

I'm free tomorrow night. That sounds great. Why do you want me to... play with myself, though? - Jimin

The smaller boy was a little baffled by the request. Why did Jungkook want that?

Right now, I feel like you are very dependant on me for your own pleasure. I don't mind that. I don't mind giving you pleasure. However, you told me repeatedly that you don't like touching yourself without me. I don't want you to think that you can't pleasure yourself without me. I don't want you to rely solely on someone else when it comes to your own pleasure, especially talking about masturbation. I would like for you to be in a mindset and learn that you can touch yourself and feel pleasure, too. It might not feel as good as when someone else touches you, but I don't want you to be unable to receive any kind of pleasure from your own touch. Do you understand what I'm trying to say? - Jungkook

Jimin read over the words two times, processing their meaning. Certainly, he did understand what Jungkook was trying to say. To be fair, he was right. Jimin did still have trouble with the idea of touching himself. Yes, it didn't feel as good as when Jungkook touched him, however, the shorter male didn't even want to touch himself at all if the other one wasn't present in some way. That's where the problem lies. When all of this ends one day, Jimin would have trouble with receiving pleasure as Jungkook wouldn't be there to give it to him. He shouldn't be too dependant on the taller boy.

I understand, Jungkook-ah. - Jimin

Good. I want you to play with your little hole. Can you do that for me, little one? You still have the lube don't you? - Jungkook

The orange haired male looked over at his nightstand and pulled open the top drawer, revealing a bottle of lube that he picked out. He only stared at it for a moment, swallowing hard.

I do have it, but... I don't think I can do it alone... - Jimin

His heart was beating fast in his chest. It was odd, wasn't it? That he didn't want to touch himself without Jungkook. This definitely was a problem. He shouldn't be this dependant.

I don't want to force you to anything, Jimin-ah. It's your body and your decision after all. If you feel uncomfortable doing it, then you don't have to do it. I just think it would be beneficial for you as you would learn more about your own body and how to touch yourself without having to rely on someone else. I'm still going to touch you and pleasure you, obviously, but I don't want you to be completely dependant on someone else for your own pleasure. - Jungkook

Jimin caught his bottom lip between his teeth. He understood what the taller boy meant, yet Jimin was still hesitant. Frankly, he didn't even know why. He could at least try, couldn't he?

Okay. I'll try it, Jungkook-ah. - Jimin

Good. We'll see each other tomorrow night then? Anything you want to try? - Jungkook

The first thing that came to his mind was 'rimming'. Oh no. Stupid Tae! Well, no, Taehyung wasn't stupid, but he shouldn't keep giving Jimin all of these ideas. They just didn't leave his head!
Uhm... Jungkook-ah, what is rimming? - Jimin

Rimming? You must have had another look at the list then, right? - Jungkook

Uhm... yes – Jimin

Jimin was not going to tell him that Taehyung has told him about this word. Then again, he faintly remembers having read it on the list as well, hence it wasn't a lie.

I think it's better to explain that to you in person. Anything else? - Jungkook

No. I don't know what to do... - Jimin

I'll think of something and we can talk about it tomorrow – Jungkook

Okay, Jungkook-ah. Good night – Jimin

Good night, Jimin-ah – Jungkook

The smaller boy put his phone down and let out a sigh, glancing at the bottle of lube. Nibbling on his bottom lip, he gripped the bottle and turned it over in his hand, inspecting it.

Right, he might as well try now.

Slowly, he pulled down his pants and briefs, kicking them down the bed. Frankly, he was a little nervous as he has never done this without Jungkook's instructions. What was he supposed to do? Just squirt some of it over his finger and put it inside?

Letting out a shaky breath, he spread his legs and tried to remember how Jungkook always did it. Then, he opened the bottle of lube and squirted some of it over his index finger. With a trembling hand, he reached down and lifted his hips slightly as he circled his entrance. A hiss escaped him as his cold, wet finger touched his rim.

“You can do this” Jimin whispered as he pushed the finger inside carefully, letting out a whine as it felt uncomfortable. Quickly, he pulled the finger out again, sighing frustrated and glancing at his phone.

He wiped his finger over his shirt as he reached for his phone.

Help me, Jungkook-ah :( - Jimin

It didn't take long for the younger to reply.

With what? - Jungkook

I want to play with myself, but it feels uncomfortable :( How do I do this? - Jimin

You have to relax first, Jimin-ah. Take a deep breath for me. Then, close your eyes and think about something that makes you feel good, that turns you on. Don't play with yourself just because I told you, but because you feel like doing it. You need to be comfortable and aroused. - Jungkook

Jimin bit down on his bottom lip, dropping his phone on the bed as he reached for the lube again. He squirted some of it over his index finger once more before pushing the finger against his entrance carefully, thrusting it inside slowly.

The orange haired boy shut his eyes close and tried to think of something that would arouse him, yet
he couldn't. Unfortunately, he could only focus on the discomfort he was causing himself by pushing the finger inside further. It didn't feel good at all. Carefully, he moved his finger around and tried to stretch himself, causing him to gasp as it hurt a little.

Frustrated, he pulled out his finger again and wiped it over his shirt. Quickly, he picked up his phone.

_Jungkook-ah, help me, please :( It doesn't feel good. :( Why won't you help me? - Jimin_

_I want you to learn to play with yourself all on your own. - Jungkook_

_But I can't :( Can't you talk to me... Can I call you? Please? - Jimin_

_I'm at work right now, little one. I can't call you. I won't talk you through it because that would make you rely on me again, baby. How about you try playing with your little dick first? That'll get you aroused, hm? - Jungkook_

The smaller boy pouted as he dropped his phone again. Then, he obeyed and closed his hand around his penis, moving his hand up and down slowly while squeezing every now and then. He shut his eyes close and tried to think of something that would arouse him. All he could think about was Jungkook. The way he always touched Jimin with skill, the way he could make Jimin long and crave for more of his touch, the way he kissed him, the way he could lift Jimin up against a wall and thrust into him, the way he pleased him like no one else ever did. There was only Jungkook inside of his head. His big brown eyes when they looked at Jimin with lust, yet something else flashing in them that the smaller one couldn't define, but was desperate to find out.

“Jungkook-ah” Jimin mewed and sped up his hand, imagining Jungkook to thrust into him fast, praising him and telling him what a good boy he was. He stroked himself to hardness, the mere thought about Jungkook taking him in any kind of way and calling him a good boy already had him leaking out some precum.

Catching his bottom lip between his teeth, he pulled his hand away and let his erection drop down on his stomach with a slapping noise, reaching for the lube to squirt some of it over his index finger. This time, he kept stroking his hard length while pushing a finger inside of his hole, hoping not to feel any discomfort.

Suprisingly, that did actually work. The shorter male focused on the pleasure he caused himself by tugging on his erection while moving the finger from side to side, hence totally ignoring the discomfort.

Jimin continued to touch himself like this, playing with his erection while thrusting the finger in and out of himself, eventually slipping a second finger inside of himself. Unconsciously, he let out the cutest little whimpers, but tried to keep quiet by biting down on his bottom lip.

The smaller boy tried to find his prostate desperately, kept on pushing his fingers in different directions, yet he simply couldn't reach it. A frustrated sigh escaped him as he bucked his hips against the touch. His fingers just weren't long enough.

“J-Jungkook-ah” Jimin moaned as he imagined the taller boy to pin him down and ram into him hard and fast, penis twitching inside of his hand at that thought.

Carefully, he slipped a third finger inside of himself that caused his mouth to open in a silent scream. The stretch felt oddly good, being filled that much arousing him more. Yet, he found himself wishing that it was Jungkook instead again.
The oranger haired one's eyes fluttered shut as he sped up his movements, feeling his orgasm approach. His hips kept bucking up and down, not sure which touch to follow.

“Ah, ah, Kook-ah” The smaller boy cried out as he felt the feeling burst inside of him, toes curling and legs shaking from the stimulation. It was nowhere close to any orgasm Jungkook personally has caused him, yet Jimin felt satisfied, as he stroked himself through it. Sperm splattering over his stomach instead of his shirt that he thankfully had pulled up to his chest. Even though it was already ruined by the lube he had smeared over it. He arched his back and moaned out Jungkook's name one last time before pulling his fingers out of himself and letting his penis drop down on his stomach with a slapping noise.

For a moment, he just lied there and stared up at the ceiling. That could have went better, yet he was proud of himself for having made himself come without anyone helping him, without Jungkook helping him. Frankly, he still had to practice some more as he didn't know his body that well yet. To be fair, Jungkook knew his body better than him, knew what kind of touch brought him pleasure and what aroused him. Jimin still had to learn all of that about himself, too.

The smaller boy reached for a tissue and cleaned his fingers up. As he was about to clean his stomach up, he halted. Instead, he picked up his phone.

Jungkook-ah – Jimin

He waited for a moment, chest rising and falling quickly. It didn't take long for Jungkook to text back.

Yes? - Jungkook

I'm done... I made myself come – Jimin

Very good, Jimin-ssi. – Jungkook

The shorter male bit down on his bottom lip. For some reason, a wave of courage took over him. Frankly, it must be the arousal that was still messing with his head because usually Jimin would never even consider doing what he was about to do. The thing is, he was probably still in a mindset where he just wanted to be good.

Yes? I'm a good boy? - Jimin

It took a little longer for Jungkook to text back. The phrase 'Jungkook is typing' appearing and disappearing two times until he finally answered.

Yes, baby, my good boy. Did it feel good? Did you come a lot? – Jungkook

I made a big mess thinking about you... - Jimin

Did you, baby? - Jungkook

Yes... - Jimin

And then, he took a picture of his lower body, revealing his spread pale legs, his penis that was just starting to soften and the mess on his exposed stomach. Biting down on his lip, he pressed send.

However, as soon as he had pressed send, he started to regret his decision. The headspace of just wanting to be good ebbing down. What was he doing? What was he thinking? He couldn't just send that picture to Jungkook! That was rude and violating! What if Jungkook didn't want to see that?
Why did he think this was a good idea? What if he got mad at Jimin now? What if he was going to end everything now?

Panic started to rise in him as he felt himself blush. This was so wrong. He shouldn't have done this.

The phone in his hand vibrated, indicating that he had received a message. Jimin was scared to open it if he was being honest, yet he did, hand trembling a little.

_Shit, Jiminie, you can't send me stuff like this. I'm at work. You can't make me all hard with your cute little body, giving me ideas about what I'm going to do to you tomorrow..._ - Jungkook

Jimin's heart started beating faster, slight relief washing over him.

_Sorry... I'm a good boy._ - Jimin

_Fuck, stop, Jimin-ah. Good boy's don't get me all hard at work._ - Jungkook

_Sorry. :( I wanna be good. I'll take a shower now._ – Jimin

_Go on. I'll see you tomorrow. Good night, little one_ – Jungkook

Jimin smiled, biting down on his bottom lip. For some reason, he felt pride swell up in his chest at the realisation of having caused Jungkook to get hard. Just because of him.

_Good night, Jungkook-ah_ – Jimin

The smaller boy dropped his phone down on the bed and got up, totally forgetting about the fact that he had wanted to text Dongha as he walked into his bathroom to take a shower.

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Jungkook put on a shirt as Jimin sat down on the edge of the bed. The taller boy had just taken a shower before he had opened the door and invite Jimin inside, the orange haired one having blushed at the sight of Jungkook who had been half naked when opening the door.

“What do you want to do today?” The black haired boy wanted to know.

Honestly, Jimin couldn't look Jungkook in the eye, too embarrassed of what he had done yesterday. How did a part of his brain think it was a good idea to send a naked picture of himself to Jungkook? The shorter male felt incredibly naughty for that. To be honest, even guilty because what if Jungkook had not want to see that at all? He hadn't been able to think clear in that moment, had been way too caught up in wanting to be good for Jungkook.

“Sorry about yesterday...” Jimin murmured, staring down at the floor.

“For what?” Jungkook wanted to know as he got close, grabbing his chin softly and forcing the orange haired one to lock eyes with him.

“T-The picture. I shouldn't have done that. I-I'm sorry”

The taller one studied his face for a moment.

“Jimin-ah, it is your body. You are free to do with it whatever you want. Whom to and if you send anyone a picture of your body is up to you. However, I want to remind you that there will be people you can't trust that might do things with those pictures that you don't want them to do, do you understand? In no way do I want to tell you what to do with your body or your pictures, but please
only do that with people you trust, okay, little one?”

“I-I do trust you”

“I know you do, baby, and you can. I just want you to know that”

“So you aren't mad?” Jimin asked, voice quiet and unsure as he bit down on his bottom lip. Jungkook’s eyes rushed down to his lips before he stared at Jimin’s eyes again.

“Mad? No, why would I?”

The smaller boy shrugged his shoulders. “I-I thought you might be mad because I'd crossed a line or you didn't want to see it.”

“Jimin-ah, do you regret sending it?”

His cheeks flushed as he averted his gaze, “I-I don't know. I don't even know why I sent it. I guess I just wanted to show you that I did actually make myself come. That I-I'm a good boy. Like some sort of proof? But thinking about that now... it's really stupid.” Jimin whined and hid his face in his hands.

“Hey, little one” Jungkook uttered softly and grasped his wrists in order to pull his hands away from his face, “It's not stupid, but you don't ever have to prove anything to me. I know you are my good boy, Jimin-ah. I trust you. However, you don't always have to be good. Don't strive for perfection or total submission. You're still you. It's still your body.” He voiced with a soft tone, “Do you want me to delete it? I can do that if you want. What makes you regret it? The fact that you sent it at all? Or that you sent it to me? Hm, what is it?”

“I-I don't know...” The smaller boy whispered as he felt tears swell up in his eyes.

There was silence for a moment.

“I liked the picture, if that's what you are worried about. You got me all hard at work with your picture, made me think about everything I want to do to you today” Junkook revealed, voice lower as Jimin locked eyes with him again.

Swallowing hard, he looked back and forth between Jungkook's eyes, searching for something that would give away that he was lying, exaggerating in some way. Yet, there was only sincerity in his eyes.

“R-Really?” The orange haired one breathed.

“Yes, really. However, I can still delete it if you want that, if you feel more comfortable about that.” The taller boy assured and placed his hand against Jimin's cheek, rubbing his thumb over it softly.

“I-I trust you” Jimin uttered, voice soft and genuine, “But...”

“But you still want me to delete it? I totally understand. I'll do that” Jungkook promised and gave a small nod as he picked up his phone and presumably deleted the picture of Jimin's naked body. “All done”

“Thank you” Jimin whispered, smiling faintly as he pulled his sleeves over his petite hands in order to hide them.

They stared at each other for a moment longer until Jimin had to avert his gaze eventually. “Do you
feel better now? All good?” The black haired boy whispered and brushed Jimin's hair out of his face. Jimin only hummed, giving a faint nod.

“Should we go on then? Is that okay?”

“Yes” The shorter boy assured.

“So, you asked me about rimming, didn't you? Are you still curious about what that is?”

Looking up, Jimin gave a nervous nod.

“Okay. Well, it's when someone uses their tongue against the anal rim of another person in order to give them sexual pleasure. Some people call it eating out, too. Essentially, you lick at and suck on the hole, pushing your tongue inside every now and then.”

The smaller boy's eyes widened, swallowing hard at the information. “O-Oh”

“It does sound very scary, I know, and you might wonder if that feels good at all, but I guess you won't know before you try it”

“Do you like it?”

Jungkook titled his head to the side, contemplating, “Honestly, receiving it is not really for me. I'm more of a giver when it comes to rimming. I love watching people fall apart when I do it”

Swallowing hard, Jimin gave a small nod. “O-Oh”

“Is that something you want to try?” The taller boy wanted to know, eyebrows arched up.

“M-Maybe” Certainly, Jimin was very curious about how this felt like as he could not imagine anything that he could compare it to. Furthermore, Taehyung seemed to really love this and ’til now, he had always been able to trust his best friend.

“Okay. Here is what I planned for today, Jimin-ssi. Do you know what overstimulation means?” The younger one asked as he brushed Jimin's orange streaks out of his face.

“Uhm...” Overstimulation? To be honest, Jimin somehow had an idea of what it meant and he wasn't sure if he liked that, “Is it when you keep being stimulated after having come?”

“Correct. It's the opposite to what I did to you last time. Instead of denying you to come, I'm going to make you come repeatedly in a row.”

Jimin swallowed hard, thinking about all the times Jungkook had thrusted into him after he had come and the way it had hurt him, had been way too sensitive.

“O-Oh that sounds... scary”

“I'm really curious about how many times I can make you come. However, we don't have to do that, if you don't want to. Then again, perhaps you want to find out, too. You might like the feeling”

The smaller boy caught his bottom lip between his teeth. Was he going to like that? To be fair, he was a little curious about whether he would be able to come again after having an orgasm. Suddenly, he reminisced about the night of the party at Yoongi's where someone had asked him that exact question during truth or dare: How many times in a row someone has ever made him come. People did seem to enjoy that then, no?
“O-Okay. We can try that” Jimin found himself whisper, Jungkook raising his eyebrows.

“Are you sure?”

The shorter male gave a slight nod.

“Take your clothes off then”

Jimin pulled his shirt over his head slowly while Jungkook walked over to the curtains to pull them together in order to close them. Then, he went over to the light switch in order to dim the lights as Jimin opened his pants and pushed them down to his ankles, stepping out of them a moment later.

Oddly enough, he still felt a little nervous being this exposed in front of Jungkook. However, there was no reason to now, was there? They have seen each other naked so often now and the taller boy has never judged his body, but instead complimented him.

“Is there any position you want to do it in? Do you want to sit on my face, baby?”

Jimin gasped at the suggestion, coughing as he saw Jungkook smirk a little. “S-Sit on your face?”

The orange haired boy echoed as Jungkook grabbed his chin gently, lifting his head in order for them to lock eyes.

“Yes. You can sit on my face while I'm rimming you. Gives your more control over the situation.”

The shorter male felt his cheeks heat up, shaking his head slightly. “I-I don't think... How would you be able to breathe?”

Jungkook chuckled as he rubbed his thumb over Jimin's cheek softly, “Don't worry. I'll be able to breathe.”

“I... That sounds really scary if I'm being honest” Jimin mumbled and bit down on his bottom lip, “Maybe I just lie down on the bed?”

“Okay. Whatever you want, little one. I think lying on your stomach would be the most comfortable position”

Jimin gave a small nod as he crawled up the bed, lying down on his back and placing his head on the soft pillows as he felt his heart beat faster in his chest. The taller boy joined him on the bed, spreading Jimin's legs and kneeling down inbetween them.

“Don't be nervous” Jungkook uttered and caressed his inner thighs softly, locking eyes with the boy beneath him and trying to comfort him. “It won't hurt. I'm pretty certain that you'll love the feeling.”

The smaller boy found himself nodding as he let out a shaky breath.

“Can you tell me your safewords again, kitten? Just in case”

“R-Red for stop, yellow for pause and green for go” He recited as Jungkook leaned over him, staring down at the orange haired boy with gentle eyes.

“Good boy.”

Jimin smiled slightly as Jungkook's eyes trailed over his exposed body, saving the sight beneath him yet again. Honestly, he couldn't get over how beautiful the smaller boy was. Truly, truly a beauty.

When his eyes trailed back up, he kept on caressing his inner thighs in order to relax Jimin.
However, he stilled his motion as soon as his eyes landed on the shorter male's neck. Furrowing his eyebrows, he grabbed Jimin's chin softly and pulled it to the side, exposing more of his neck.

There was an almost faded red mark on Jimin's neck, a hickey.

“D-Dongha” The orange haired boy breathed as he saw emotion flash in Jungkook's eyes while staring at his neck. It was one that he couldn't define, yet it didn't seem like a positive one.

Jungkook stared at it for a moment longer, not saying a word as he ran his thumb over the mark slowly.

“He did that to you?” The taller boy asked, voice a little lower as he locked eyes with Jimin again.

Jimin swallowed hard, giving a slight nod as he fidgeted in his position. Honestly, he felt a little uneasy under Jungkook's stare. It made him very nervous, even more than usually.

“H-He kissed me. Then he did that...”

“Did you... did you want that? Did you like that?” The black haired one wanted to know as he averted his gaze, dropping his hand to his side again.

Honestly, no. No, Jimin didn't particularly like that. Then again, he didn't really know how to feel about the kiss. It was all very confusing and new to the smaller boy. Shouldn't he have felt at least something during the kiss? Kissing Jungkook felt different... just thinking about the black haired boy's soft lips on his made his heart flutter, made his lips tingle. Nothing like this was present when he thought about Dongha kissing him. Was something wrong with Jimin?

“No, I didn't want it. He just kissed me out of nowhere” Jimin whispered, Jungkook's eyes rushing up to his once more.

“And this? Did he ask you before he did that to you?” The taller boy wanted to know, eyes narrowed as he pointed at the red mark on his neck.

“N-No, he didn't ask me.”

Jungkook's jaw locked as soon as the words had left his mouth, eyes darkening a little.

“Jimin-ah, if that fucking bastard does that to you ever again, I want you to tell me immediately. This is your body, okay? He can't just go around and leave marks on anyone's body without their permission.”

“I-It's temporary... I should have-”

“No” Jungkook interrupted and shook his head, “That's not what you're going to do. Don't you dare try to take any of the blame on yourself. He fucked up. It doesn't matter that it's temporary, you still have to deal with it on your body. That fucking Donwa bastard has no right to touch you in any way without your permission. I don't want you to think that it's okay for you to be treated like this”

“Please don't be mad” Jimin whimpered, a little scared as he saw how pissed Jungkook got, chest rising and falling quickly, hands clenched into fists and eyes in a dark colour. The smaller boy lifted his hand and placed it against Jungkook's cheek, rubbing over it softly the way the taller one always did to comfort him.

Jungkook's eyes softened immediately, “I'm not mad at you, little one. You did nothing wrong. I'm mad at him for doing that shit to you. Making the first move and kissing someone to see if they like
you is one thing, but he should have noticed your discomfort or at least wait until you kiss back. What he shouldn't have done is leave a fucking hickey on you without asking you if you're fine with that."

“I pushed him away. He stopped when I did that” The orange haired boy assured, still rubbing over Jungkook's cheek.

“He better fucking did. If he hadn't, I wouldn't want to be him right now”

Honestly, Jimin didn't even want to know what he meant by that.

Jungkook leaned down and placed a peck on his forehead, “If Doweon ever pulls some shit like that again and you don't feel comfortable with it, I want you to call me”

Why? Why did he want that? However, all Jimin could do was nod.

“No, baby, I need to hear your pretty voice”

“I'll tell you when he does something like this again” Jimin uttered softly.

“Or anyone.” Jungkook added, straightening his back again.

“Or anyone” The shorter male echoed.

They only looked at each other for a moment, emotion glistening in Jungkook's eyes that Jimin wished he could define, yet he couldn't.

“It's Dongha by the way” The smaller boy found himself clarify.

“What?” Jungkook asked and arched up his eyebrows.

“His name”

Silence for a moment.

“I don't fucking care” The other one muttered.

Jimin couldn't help but chuckle at that, eyes turning into little crescents. The taller boy smiled at the sight, fondess flashing in his eyes as he broke out into a chuckle as well. Their laughs died down some moments later, only smiles remaining on their faces as they stared at each other.

Jungkook was the first to break eye contact, clearing his throat as he sat back on his knees.

“Okay, baby, turn around on your stomach for me and place a pillow beneath your hips”

The orange haired boy obeyed, slight nervousness arising in him as he grabbed a pillow and placed it beneath his crotch area, carefully lying down on the soft bed and head placed on the fluffy pillows.

“L-Like this?” The shorter male whispered and spread his legs.

“Shit, yes perfect” Jungkook cursed under his breath as he placed a soft hand on Jimin's butt, pulling it to the side in order to reveal his pink, shaved hole. It didn't appear as tight as usual, due to the fact that Jimin played with himself last night. The skin was so soft beneath Jungkook's touch, so pale, his butt big and round, frankly just so pretty. Jungkook couldn't wait to see Jimin fall apart beneath his tongue. “Played so well with your hole last night, didn't you? Were so good for me. Good boys deserve rewards, don't they?”
Jungkook's voice let a shiver run down Jimin's back, goosebumps rising everywhere the black haired boy's fingertips traced his skin. Jimin's penis twitched as he felt Jungkook move behind him, presumably leaning down as he could feel his breath hit his buttocks a moment later.

“What's your colour, kitten?” The man wanted to know as he parted Jimin's buttocks, getting a good look at his pretty hole. Jungkook couldn't help but place a kiss on Jimin's inner thigh, the skin just so inviting. It was a bummer that the marks he had left on Jimin's body were already gone. Jungkook continued to trail soft kisses up his thigh, loving the way Jimin was already whimpering for him, legs starting to shake. The smaller boy always smelled so good, a mix between strawberry, vanilla and something he could only describe as Jimin filling his nostrils. The scent was intoxicating.

“Little one, answer me” Jungkook ordered softly as he tapped against his thigh gently.

Jimin's leg twitched, a shaky breath leaving his lips as he grabbed a pillow. “G-Green”

The taller one hummed as he lifted his head and leaned closer to Jimin's entrance. Involuntarily, Jimin squeezed his eyes shut, clinging onto the pillow harder as he spread his legs further. He was excited, yet nervous for what was about to happen.

The first lick came without a warning, Jimin yelping at the touch and body twitching. His eyes fluttered open as Jungkook chuckled slightly, the vibrations of his laugh being felt by Jimin.

“J-Jungkook-ah” He mewled as Jungkook licked over his hole once more, grasping the pillow tighter.

Honestly, there was nothing he could compare this feeling to. It felt odd to know that there was a tongue right on his rim, yet for some reason, jolts of pleasure ran through him everytime Jungkook licked over his rim.

The younger boy gripped his buttocks tighter and parted them a little further as he moved his tongue from side to side over the rim, circling it every now and then, just loving the cute little noises that escaped the smaller boy beneath him.

“Ah, Jungkook-ah” Jimin cried out, legs shaking as his eyes fluttered shut. The orange haired boy grasped the bed sheets and clenched his hands into little fists, not even realising what cute little whimpers and whines were leaving his mouth.

Never would he have imagined rimming to feel like this. Frankly, he didn't even understand why it did feel this good. There was nothing he could explain this with to feel as intense and incredible as it did.

Suddenly, Jungkook pushed his tongue inside of his entrance, Jimin crying out at the feeling of the taller one's tongue entering him. Jungkook pushed his tongue inside and moved it around, some drool running down Jimin's crack and probably making a mess on both of them.

The shorter male couldn't help but move his hips back against the touch unconsciously, asking for more. Jungkook gave it to him by licking over his hole fast, sucking on it every now and then.

“Kook-ah” Jimin whimpered and pushed his face into the pillow in order to muffle the sounds he was making. Seriously, he should try and learn how to control them. It was a little embarrassing how he couldn't control all the cute little noises he made.

“No, baby” Jungkook protested, pulling back slightly which caused Jimin to whine, “Let me hear those pretty noises”

Jimin obeyed and tilted his head to the side again, immediately moaning as Jungkook's tongue was
back on his rim. The smaller boy really wondered if he was able to come from this alone. Was that possible? The feeling was incredible and intense, yet it somehow didn't feel like it was enough.

Then again, his hard length was already leaking precum, making a mess over the pillow beneath himself. Maybe Jungkook would let him play with himself simultaneously?

“Kook-ah, Kook-ah, please” Jimin whimpered and reached down inbetween him and the pillow, closing his hand around his erection, “Can I?”

“No, kitten” The taller one uttered, voice a little husky as he grabbed Jimin's wrist and pulled it away from his dick, “No touching. You're going to come untouched, just from my tongue alone”

The smaller boy almost cried at that, “I don't think I can” He whined, moving his hips to create some friction on his erection. As good as Jungkook made him feel, it just wasn't enough. He wouldn't be able to come from it alone.

“Stop” Jungkook ordered and stilled his movement, “Do I have to tie you up, baby? I thought you were my good boy, no?”

“I-I am” The shorter male whispered, voice breaking, “I am, I promise. I won't touch myself”

“Good boy”

Jimin's penis twitched as he put his hand back to his side, slight pout appearing on his face as he placed his head back on the pillows. The other one didn't waste any time and was back on his entrance quickly, licking over it firmly.

The smaller boy honestly didn't know how long that went on for. It felt like an hour where he was just lying there, clutching on the pillow, hands turned into little fists, cheeks flushed, lips parted and letting out whimpers and whines while he was drooling all over himself, body trembling as he was squirming in his position from side to side.

“Pleaaase” Jimin cried out, tears swelling up in his eyes, head feeling dizzy. The taller boy hasn't stopped in so long, kept pleasuring him with his tongue for what felt like an eternity. In reality, it most likely wasn't even that long that he was lying there and taking what Jungkook gave him, yet it felt like that. Frankly, the feeling was overwhelming. It was pleasure that was intense and steady, yet never quite felt like it was enough to make him come.

“You're being so good, kitten. You're such a good boy, aren't you?” Jungkook praised before he continued to suck on Jimin's entrance.

“Kook-ah!” The shorter boy cried, not knowing how much more he could take of this. He just wanted to come, oh please, please. “Please, I...” He couldn't even finish his sentence, started to squirm around as he squeezed his eyes shut.

The overwhelming feeling became more and more intense, gradually rising and starting to make Jimin believe that maybe he could actually come from only this.

“Are you going to make a big mess for me, baby? Aren't you going to come for me like a good boy?” The black haired boy uttered and caressed his butt cheek softly before licking over his entrance again.

“I-I want to, I want to be good. Please” The orange haired boy whined.

There was the urge to just hump the pillow, to rock against it fast in order to finally find his release,
yet Jungkook had said no, had told him that he should keep still if he wanted to be a good boy. Jimin was good so he wasn't going to disobey.

His head was spinning, drool was running down his chin as he bit onto the pillow. Honestly, his body was starting to ache from being in this position, he didn't want to imagine what Jungkook must feel like.

It only took a couple more licks until Jimin felt that familiar feeling bloom inside of him, legs shaking and stomach twisting, “Jungkook-ah!” The shorter boy cried out, his orgasm so close now, “Jungkook-ah, please, I'm close”

“Go on, baby”

Jimin squeezed his eyes shut and clenched his hands into fists as the overwhelming feeling washed over him. Sperm spurted out of his erection all over the pillow as Jungkook kept licking over his hole. Honestly, the feeling was incredibly intense. The stimulation had been quite slow and steady, gradually increasing until it burst in the end. Jimin's eyes rolled back into his head while his body was trembling violently.

The taller boy didn't stop, licked him through his orgasm which caused Jimin to kick his legs at the sensitivity. “N-No” Jimin whined because Jungkook didn't stop, but licked faster, more cum leaking out of his penis, “No!” He cried out and pushed his face into the pillow, grabbing behind himself to grasp Jungkook's hair, pulling on it slightly while trying to get away from the touch.

The black haired one did seem to have mercy because he pulled back, breathing heavily as he straightened his back, “Fuck, Jimin, came so good for me. Make the cutest and prettiest noises for me, don't you?”

Jimin hummed as he gave a slight now, body still shaking.

“Baby, what's your colour?”

It was a little difficult to think clear right now. Jimin's head was still spinning and his body felt slack, just lying there. He was too tired to move.

“G-Green”

Jungkook grabbed him by the hips and turned him over on his back, Jimin whining at the movement.

“Hey, are you okay? Took that so well, were so good, kitten” The taller one praised as he pushed Jimin's hair out of his face, staring at him. His cheeks were flushed, lips parted and letting out little pants, some drool was on his chin, to conclude, the boy seemed dazed. Well, Jungkook wasn't one to talk. His own spit was all over Jimin's butt and hole, as well as his own face.

Jimin seemed to notice that, too. The black haired boy has made him feel so good, has been in that most likely uncomfortable position for so long just to pleasure Jimin. He wanted to give that back to him, wanted him to feel good, too.

“Thank you, Jungkook-ah. Made me feel so good”

“I'm glad. Did you like that?”

“Mhm” Jimin hummed and nodded, eyes almost falling shut as they felt so heavy. “Do you want me to do that to you, too?”
Jungkook arched up his eyebrows, seeming a little surprised, “As I said before, receiving isn't really for me when it comes to rimming. I'm more of a giver. However, if you really, really want to try what it's like, I would let you do that”

“I don't want to do anything that doesn't make you feel good” Jimin mumbled as he shook his head, “Want you to feel pleasure, too”

“I get pleasure from watching you fall apart the way you do, baby. Always look so pretty, make the cutest little sounds, makes me want to pleasure you even more”

Jimin blushed a little as he felt Jungkook rub his thumb over his cheek. Suddenly, he had an idea.

“Well, I could... I would like to give you a blowjob again” The smaller boy uttered, looking up at Jungkook with big, innocent eyes. He felt more awake now again, the urge to pleasure the other one causing a new wave of energy to hit him.

“Oh no.

Jimin could only stare at it with big eyes as Jungkook approached him again, sitting down at the edge of the bed next to him.

“Do you think you can do that for me, baby? I want you to come again with the vibrator up your pretty hole while you suck me off.” Jungkook let him know, voice low as he opened the bottle of lube, “Come here”

The older one hesitated, yet crawled over to him eventually.

“Over my lap”

Heart beating fast in his chest, Jimin bent over Jungkook's laps, ass up while he placed his head titled on the soft bedsheets. “Like this?”

“Yes, just like this”

Jimin could hear him squirt some lube over the vibrator. Even though he was a little scared because he had just come moments ago and knew that it was probably going to hurt a little, he found himself be anticipant as well. Both feelings were blooming inside of him, not sure which one was having the upper hand.

“Your hole is already stretched out so well because you played with yourself yesterday, didn't you? It's going to fit right inside of you, kitten.”

The younger one parted his butcheekes and pushed the vibrator against his entrance that was still shiny with Jungkook's spit.

“Can you tell me your colour, little one?”

Letting out a shaky breath, Jimin uttered a small “Green”
Carefully, Jungkook pushed the vibrator inside of Jimin's hole. The smaller one had expected it to hurt a little or to feel some kind of discomfort, yet the vibrator fit right inside effortlessly, his hole opening up right away.

“Kook-ah” Jimin whimpered, squirming a little as Jungkook pushed the vibrator right against Jimin's prostate.

“I know” Jungkook cooed as he caressed his buttcheek softly, “Almost done”

Suddenly, there was a buzzing noise as the toy inside of him started to vibrate. Jimin yelped, body twitching at the feeling. It was already intense and overwhelming from the beginning, hurt a little bit if he was being honest. His penis had no time to soften, but was brought back to full hardness as the vibrator kept buzzing right against his prostate.

Honestly, it didn't feel as bad as he had expected. Maybe that was caused by the fact that a little time had passed between his prior stimulation and this one. “Jungkook-ah” The orange haired one whined as he was lifted up by Jungkook softly and turned around so he could straddle the taller boy.

“Colour, baby?” Jungkook asked as he brushed Jimin's hair out of his face, his eyes watery.

It took a moment for him to answer. “Green” He uttered eventually, mouth opening in a silent scream after as he squirmed in Jungkook's lap.

“On your knees then, kitten”

Jimin got up on wobbly legs, Jungkook keeping a hand on the vibrator so it wouldn't slip out. The smaller boy dropped down on the soft rug, Jungkook pulling off his briefs and tossing them to the side before spreading his legs.

“Can we-” Jimin tried to ask, yet could only moan high pitched as he sat down on his knees between Jungkook's legs, the vibrator pushed right against his prostate again, “Can we put it on a lower setting, please”

“Baby, it's already the lowest setting” The black haired boy told him as he grabbed his chin softly, “Is it too much, hm? Do you want to stop?”

The shorter boy hesitated, yet found himself shake his head, “No, I want to try this”

“Okay, baby. Remember, you have your safewords when needed”

Jimin gave a slight nod as he glanced at Jungkook's hard penis, big and veiny. The orange haired one's mouth started watering as he closed a hand around the erection, Jungkook letting out a breath in response.

The smaller one didn't waste another moment and leaned over the hard length, wrapping his lips around the head and twirling his tongue around, licking over the slit to taste some precum. He kept whimpering around the penis in his mouth as he sank down, taking more of it into his mouth while stroking over what couldn't fit between his lips just yet.

“So good, baby, so good for me” Jungkook praised and positioned his hands on the bed behind himself, leaning back on them while staring down at the angelic looking boy with his dick in his mouth.

The shorter one seemed determined, sinking down further on his dick, yet only so far as he started to gag and had to pull off, coughing and spluttering as a streak of spit connected his mouth to
Jungkook's dick.

“Careful, baby, don't force it down” The black haired boy warned and caressed his cheek softly.

Jimin tried to focus on anything else but the vibrator inside of him. It was intense to have jolts of pleasure run through him like this while having just come moments ago and trying to concentrate on giving a blowjob now. Frankly, he still felt dizzy, yet the arousal had taken over and controlled his action.

The orange haired boy quickly took Jungkook's penis back into his mouth as the vibrator pressed against his prostate, whimpering high-pitched while sinking down on Jungkook's erection. This time, Jimin didn't pull off even though he started gagging and spluttering around Jungkook's penis in his mouth the further he sank down.

Jungkook cursed under his breath at the image. Watching the angelic looking boy take his dick into his mouth with this much determination was incredibly hot and something he still had to wrap his head around. As he watched Jimin whine and drool around his dick, body twitching due to the stimulation on his prostate and watery eyes looking up at him he felt himself come close to his orgasm fast. There was something so obscene about the innocence Jimin represented, yet what he was currently doing being the complete opposite. Honestly, Jimin was a vision. Such a beauty.

While Jungkook watched Jimin approach his own orgasm as well, having a hard time trying to concentrate on sucking dick while his hips were rocking up and down with the vibrator inside of him, he wished he had bought a vibrator with a remote. Gosh, the way the smaller boy would yelp and squirm on his knees every time Jungkook would put it on a higher setting, watching him fall apart and come hard all over himself with a dick inside of his mouth. The taller boy cursed under his breath once more, dick twitching at the thought.

The smaller boy was drooling all over Jungkook's erection, making a big mess while bobbing his head up and down as he was moving his hips around unconsciously in chase of his orgasm. The cutest little noises were leaving his lips as well as obscene gurgling and sucking sounds that made Jungkook curse once more.

“You're being such a good boy, Jimin-ah, are taking me so well”

Jimin whimpered at the praise, taking more of Jungkook inside of his mouth. If Jimin was correct, then there wasn't much left now of Jungkook's erection that wasn't between his lips just yet. He felt pride swell up in his chest, proud of being so close to finally fitting all of Jungkook inside of his mouth.

“Fuck, Jimin-ah, your mouth feels so good, always so good”

The shorter male felt his penis twitch, the vibrations and praises starting to overwhelm him as he felt his orgasm approach. “Kook-ah” He warned, voice a little hoarse, “I'm close”

“Go on, come for me, baby, were so good”

The smaller boy squeezed his eyes shut, only stroking Jungkook fast now as he felt the feeling burst inside of him. His whole body was trembling as cum shot out of his hard length, splattering over the side of the bed and the rug beneath him. “Jungkook-ah!” He screamed out, the orgasm washing over him too intense as tears formed in his eyes. Jimin's mouth was opened in a silent scream as he clenched his other hand into a fist.

Jungkook could only stare at the sight in front of him: Jimin's cute nose was scrunch up, tears were
visible at the side of his eyes, cheeks were flushed, eyes squeezed shut, he was still trying to stroke Jungkook with his tiny hand that couldn't wrap around all of his length while the vibrator was prolonging his own orgasm.

“Fuck, Jiminie” Jungkook cursed as he felt his own orgasm wash over him, Jimin quickly wrapping his lips around the head to catch the cum that shot out. The taller boy clenched his hands into fists as he threw his head back, coming inside of Jimin's mouth who was still whining and whimpering from the overstimulation on his prostate while swallowing all of his cum and licking his dick clean.

When Jimin pulled off it looked like he was about to faint, eyes heavy and glassy, body still shaking from the stimulation as tears were streaming down his face. Jungkook picked up the smaller boy and made him straddle his lap, brushing his hair out of his face and locking eyes with him.

“Out, out” Jimin whined and grabbed behind himself, trying to pull the vibrator out of his hole, everything being too oversensitive.

“Were so good for me, baby, such a good body” Jungkook praised, a little out of breath as he reached behind Jimin and gripped the end of the vibrator, moving it from side to side which caused Jimin to cry out and clutch onto him, grabbing Jungkook's shirt and clenching his hands into fists.

“No, no, please” The orange haired boy whimpered and tried to move away from the touch.

“Sssh, it's okay” Jungkook whispered and placed a kiss on his temple as he pulled out the toy slowly, circling his rim one last time before turning it off and letting it drop on the soft rug. Jimin hid his face in the curve of Jungkook's neck, breathing heavily as his chest rose and fell quickly.

The older one was dazed, out of it to be exact. He didn't even notice Jungkook reach for the lube, squirting some of it over his index and middle finger. That was until he felt the fingers on his entrance, circling his rim.

Jimin tensed, shaking his head as he clinged onto Jungkook's shirt. “No” He whimpered as Jungkook pushed both fingers inside of his hole, easily slipping in.

The smaller boy's mouth opened in a silent scream as Jungkook pushed his fingers right against his prostate, wrapping his other arm around Jimin's back and holding him tight.

“Played with yourself so well yesterday, didn't you? The vibrator and my fingers could slip inside so easily. My good boy, aren't you?” Jungkook whispered right against his ear as he pulled his fingers out, just to push them back inside with force, hitting right against Jimin's prostate.

The smaller boy yelped, moving his hips away from the touch as Jungkook started to rub right against his prostate in firm circle motions, not giving his penis a chance to soften but instead he found himself leak precum – or was it cum at this point? Jimin had no idea as the stimulation right now felt as if he was already or still having an orgasm – all over both of them.

“No! Jungkook-ah” Jimin cried out, squirming on Jungkook's lap and biting down on his shoulder.

“Sssh, baby, I know. Do you think you can come one more time for me, hm? Do you think you can do that? Look so pretty when you come, always make the cutest noises and faces.”

Tears streamed down his face as Jungkook continued to thrust his fingers in and out of his hole fast, rubbing at his prostate every now and then. It was too much. He couldn't take it. It didn't particularly hurt, it just felt like way too much to handle, way to overwhelming and oversensitive.

“No, no, I can't” The shorter boy sobbed and shook his head, still squirming in Jungkook's lap and
now grabbing behind himself in order to push Jungkook's hand away. Yet, The taller boy gripped his wrist and pulled it away, holding it firmly with his hand while thrusting his fingers faster.

“I know you can, baby. Only one more. Were such a good boy for me, weren't you? Made such a mess for me already. Will you make another mess for me, hm? Always such a messy boy, aren't you?”

Jimin couldn't take it. It was too overwhelming, he was leaking so much precum over them both, his penis didn't stop twitching, body didn't stop shaking and whines and whimpers didn't stop leaving his parted lips.

“Jungkook-ah” Jimin cried out and hid his face in the curve of Jungkook's neck.

“Baby, you can use your safeword if you want to stop, yes? Just say yellow or red and I'll stop, okay” Jungkook assured, caressing his back softly with one hand while the other one kept rubbing over Jimin's prostate.

The smaller boy squeezed his eyes shut. The thing is, he didn't know if he wanted him to actually stop. It was weird. The feeling was overwhelming and intense, but it was a feeling where Jimin couldn't tell if he wanted to stop it or if he wanted it to continue to see what happens. Frankly, he was curious how it would feel to come a third time in a row.

“Do you want to use your safeword?” The younger one asked, not entirely sure if Jimin just actually didn't want to use it or if he just didn't want to disappoint Jungkook – which was silly because Jungkook would never be disappointed in him, especially not because of something like this.

Jimin shook his head.

“I need to hear your pretty voice, kitten”

“No” The orange haired one answered, voice breaking.

“Okay” Jungkook whispered and placed a peck on his temple before thrusting his fingers a little faster, rubbing at Jimin's prostate a little firmer. He couldn't get enough of the cute little noises Jimin made, loved how he was squirming around on his lap. “So good for me, baby, aren't you?”

“Kook-ah, c-close” Jimin moaned high-pitched as he felt his orgasm approach - at least that's what he thought. Certainly, he couldn't tell anymore, everything just feeling overwhelming already.

Well, that was until his orgasm actually hit him. He definitely knew then that it was happening, the feeling so intense Jimin collapsed against Jungkook, penis only twitching but no more cum spurting out, body trembling violently as he whined right against Jungkook's ear, clinging onto his shirt.

Jungkook went slack in Jungkook's arms, the taller boy thrusting him through his orgasm, “There you go, little one, such a good boy” Finally, he halted his movement and pulled out his fingers, wrapping his arms around the boy on his lap who was panting against him, still shaking all over. “Sssh, it's okay”

They were both dirty with cum, spit and sweat. That wasn't new as they were always covered in some sperm, yet this time was a little different. Jimin had come three times, making a mess on the bed, themselves and on the floor. Jungkook and him had spit all over each other from pleasuring one another. And sweat – well, that was really no surprise, was it? Jimin didn't know what time it was, but it felt like they have been going at it for a very long time tonight.

“Are you okay, little one? Can you tell me your colour?”
Jimin was so sleepy. His body felt sore and exhausted, yet somehow content at the same time. It was an odd feeling, yet one he grew to like.

“Green”

Jungkook hummed as he caressed his back softly, “Made such a mess, didn't you, baby?”

Jimin blushed, nodding slightly as he hid his face in the curve of Jungkook’s neck, “S-Sorry. I made your bed and floor dirty”

The taller boy chuckled, “Baby, don't apologise. I know how messy you can get by now. It's not a big deal. I'll clean it up later. First, we need to clean you up now”

The orange haired boy wanted to protest, didn't want to move an inch right now, yet Jungkook lifted him up with ease and got up on his feet. Jimin wrapped his legs around Jungkook’s hips, closing his arms around his neck as he walked into the bathroom.

“We're both quite dirty” Jungkook pointed out as he turned the shower on. He placed Jimin down on the counter softly, the smaller boy hissing as his butt came in contact with the cold surface.

Then, Jungkook pulled his shirt over his head, letting it drop to the floor as he turned around to the shower, setting the water to the perfect temperature. Jimin couldn't help but stare at the handsome man in front of him. Still mesmerised and shocked by how gorgeous Jungkook was. Honestly, how could a human being be this beautiful? A greek god, wasn't he?

Jimin wet his lips just as Jungkook turned back around, catching him stare at his naked body. A smirk appeared on the taller one's face as he approached Jimin, the smaller boy swallowing hard and blushing under his stare, “What?” Jungkook asked as he spread Jimin's legs and stood inbetween them, stroking over his thighs softly.

“N-Nothing” Jimin stuttered, averting his gaze as his blush deepened, “You're just... gorgeous. So gorgeous”

Jungkook blinked, studying Jimin's features as something glistened in his eyes.

“So are you, Jimin-ah. So damn beautiful” Jungkook whispered, lifting his hand in order to caress the smaller one's cheek, Jimin nuzzling against the touch involuntarily.

Suddenly, there was a phone ringing. Jimin looked up, knowing immediataly that it was Jungkook's because his own was put on vibrations only. Jungkook glanced at the door, yet didn't leave to take the call – even though Jimin had expected him to. It was his work most likely, wasn't it? Not that Jimin would mind. This was only platonic, almost business-like you could say. Jungkook could take a call whenever he wanted to, yet there was something blossoming inside of Jimin when he realised that Jungkook wasn't going to take the call.

The taller boy smiled slighty at him, dropped his hand a moment later and lifted Jimin up with ease and carrying him into the shower. This was new. They have never done this. Well, except for that one time where Jimin had a slight panic attack, yet that didn't really count because the purpose of that was to stop his panic attack whereas this... well, this was for them to clean up the mess they have created. Usually, they used a wet cloth to clean each other up so where was the change coming from? Why did Jungkook decide to change that and instead full on shower?

Jungkook stepped under the warm water that hit both of them, Jimin gasping at the suddenness. It felt nice against his skin, wasn't too hot. The orange haired one was placed down on his feet as Jungkook reached for his shampoo bottle, squirting some of it over his hand.
“Is this okay or do you want to do it yourself?”

This was... well, Jimin couldn't explain it. Frankly, it was a little odd, wasn't it? The whole situation? Well, maybe not, yet Jimin couldn't help but feel like it was. There was something so intimate about showering together, wasn't there? However, it was silly to think of it like this as they have done way more intimate stuff already – just minutes ago to be exact.

“Y-You can” Jimin uttered, water still splattering down on both of them.

Jungkook lifted his hands and brushed them through Jimin's hair, massaging the shampoo into his hair. It felt nice. Really nice and comforting for some reason. The taller boy cleaned up his head, not looking into Jimin's eyes, but instead focusing on his task, concentrated expression on his face. Jimin smiled at that, something adorable about his expression.

When Jungkook was satisfied, he reached for his shower gel and squirted some of it over his hands, rubbing them together before starting to clean Jimin's shoulders, down to his arms and then back up to his chest, under his arms, down to his stomach – which then caused Jimin to break out into giggles because he was ticklish.

There was fondness in Jungkook's eyes as he chuckled, the sound warming Jimin deep within as Jungkook turned him around. “Is this okay?” The black haired one wanted to make sure as he parted his butcheeks. Jimin nodded as Jungkook cleaned his butt, rubbing over his hole carefully in order to clean him. “Clean your dick on your own if you feel more comfortable about that” Jimin reached for the shower gel and squirted some of it over his hand, the scent reminding him of Jungkook immediately – obviously – as he started to clean his crotch area, while Jungkook took care of his thighs.

When they were done, Jungkook turned the smaller boy around once more, said boy now reaching for the shampoo bottle. Jungkook followed his action as Jimin squirted some of it over his hands, placing the bottle back down before getting up on his tippy toes and brushing his hands through Jungkook's hair.

The taller boy seemed a little surprised as he felt and watched Jimin massage the shampoo into his hair, scratching over his scalp softly every now and then. Jungkook's eyes fell shut, something oddly comforting and soft about the touch. As he opened his eyes again, his gaze landed on Jimin's face. His nose was scrunched up and his tongue sticking out slightly in a concentrating manner. Involuntarily, Jungkook found himself smiling at the sight. He leaned down a little to make it easier for Jimin, the smaller one halting for a moment and thanking him quietly.

Jungkook reached for the shower gel and started to clean the rest of his own body while Jimin was still massaging his head, determined on doing a good job it seemed like. They both finished almost simultaneously, the water washing away any of the left over shampoo and shower gel. Both of them were now clean again, free from any sweat, sperm or saliva.

The black haired one turned the water off, stepping out of the shower first and picking up a towel that he wrapped around Jimin a moment later, lifting him up with ease and carrying him out the shower in order to place him down on the counter again.

Suddenly, there was a phone ringing again, yet Jungkook didn't make any move to take the call this time either.

Jimin started to dry himself with the towel, his heart making weird skips inside of his chest and warmth filling his whole body, causing him to feel all bubbly inside. He didn't know what that was. Didn't know what it meant. All he knew was that he was grateful for this and that it felt... good.
Really good, not having to leave right away after their sexual encounter or aftercare.

The younger boy wrapped a towel around himself, drying his body and then ruffling his towel over his head in order to dry his hair. Jimin mirrored his action, doing the same to his own hair. When they were both finished, they looked at each other and snickered, both now having a fluffy mess on top of their head – well, it wasn't much of a difference to how their hair previously looked.

Jungkook opened a drawer and pulled out two fresh pairs of briefs, putting one on himself before helping Jimin in the other. Then, he lifted Jimin up again and carried him back into the bedroom, the smaller boy unable to stop smiling as he placed his head on Jungkook's shoulder. He was softly dropped on the bed before Jungkook walked around the room and picked up their scattered clothes.

“Do you need cuddles?” The black haired boy wanted to know as he placed their clothes down on the bed, voice soft and curious as he arched up his eyebrows.

Honestly, Jimin wanted to scream yes, wanted Jungkook to cuddle him and fall asleep in his bed – he was way too sleepy right now to go home. However, he knew that that wasn't going to happen. It was one of the rules, wasn't it? Then again, Jungkook never showered with him before in order to clean him up so if that changed... maybe there were other changes as well? Yet, Jimin didn't have any idea why Jungkook changed this part of their meet up, had no clue where that came from. And to be fair, the cleaning up part was not an official rule, hence their could be adjustments. The official rules, on the other hand, well, that was another story. They should not be violated.

“No” The smaller boy breathed, eyes heavy, ‘I'm fine. Also, I'm pretty sure I would fall asleep when we cuddle” He uttered as he put on his shirt.

Jungkook stared at him for a moment longer before nodding and walking back into the bathroom while Jimin put on the rest of his clothes. The younger one walked back into the bedroom a moment later, now dressed in sweatpants and a white shirt.

“I should probably clean up the mess I made” Jimin pointed out as he got up on his feet.

“No, don’t worry about that. I'll take care of it later. You don't have to worry about that, considering I was the one who caused it” Jungkook protested, smirking a little at the end.

Jimin blushed slightly under his stare and cleared his throat, “W-Well then-”

“Jimin-ah, was today okay? Was it too much? You didn't use your safewords, but it seemed like you were pretty close” Jungkook interrupted him.

“Uhm, well...” Frankly, it had all been very intense and overwhelming, but not something he would use his safeword for, “It was very intense and... and a lot. It was right at the limit I would say. I don't think I would have been able to take another one and I don't think I can do this every time” The smaller one admitted, voice soft and unsure.

Jungkook nodded, “Fair enough. It's very exhausting, but you did so well. I didn't go too far then? What about the rimming?” The taller one wanted to know as he leaned against the wall.

“No, you didn't go too far” Jimin assured, pulling his sleeves over his petite hands, “I... It... That felt really, really good. I didn't think that it would feel this good. However, it was a little frustrating because it felt like it wasn't enough, but...”

“But it was enough in the end, made you come very hard, didn't it?” Jungkook finished his sentence.

Swallowing hard, Jimin nodded.
Then, there was a phone ringing once again. However, neither this time did Jungkook take the call, but kept his eyes fixated on Jimin.

“Okay. We’ll talk about what to do next time then. Let's go downstairs. It's very late already” The younger boy pushed himself off the wall and they both made their way downstairs. “My driver is downstairs and probably waiting already.” Jungkook let him know as Jimin put on his shoes.

“Okay, thank you, Jungkook-ah”

When his shoes were tied, he straightened his back and reached for his backpack, throwing it over one shoulder.

“And Jimin-ssi, don't forget what I told you about that damn Dowheon guy”

Jimin smiled, shaking his head, “Dongha. His name is Dongha” The shorter male couldn't help but chuckle. Was it really that difficult to remember his name? Maybe Jungkook didn't care enough to remember or he did that on purpose, Jimin really couldn't tell.

“Right, whatever. Just remember, okay? Whenever, wherever, just call me when he does some shit like that again - or anyone really”

The smaller boy nodded, smiling faintly. They stared at each other for a moment longer, looking back and forth between each other's eyes, before Jungkook opened the door.

The moment Jimin stepped out of the apartment, the elevator doors opened, revealing a beautiful girl approximately their age with blond hair approach them in fast steps, her high heels clicking on the floor with each step.

“I called you for like ten times and you didn't fucking pick up?” She almost screamed angrily.

“Seoyun?” Jungkook uttered confused, yet stepped aside to let the girl inside of his apartment.

Jimin could only stare at the situation, slightly baffled as Jungkook glanced at him one last time before the girl shut the door close. “You don't pick up my calls for that? Did you fuck him or what?”

The shorter boy swallowed hard, ouch. Who was that girl? Where did Jungkook know her from?

Jimin shook his head. That was really none of his business. He could still hear their muffled voices as they were talking to each other, yet it felt wrong to keep standing here and eavesdrop.

The orange haired boy stepped into the elevator and pressed the botton for the ground floor, stomach twisting as he felt a weird emotion inside of his chest, the euphoria and happiness he had felt just moments ago completely gone.

Nibbling on his bottom lip, he pulled out his phone.

*Good night, Jungkook-ah – Jimin*

It felt weird to not having said that to the taller one, felt incomplete somehow. That's why he at least wanted to text him.

The elevator doors opened and Jimin stepped out, leaving the building and being hit by the fresh night air, Jungkook's driver already waiting for him and greeting him with a slight bow that Jimin returned.

He made his way over to the car and climbed inside, thanking the driver. Jimin looked down at the
message and finally pressed send.

There didn't come any reply that night.

Chapter End Notes

Sooo... who do you think that is?

Dongha has made a move! Do you think he shouldn't have done that or do you think it's good that Jimin now knows what he actually wants?

Thank you again for all the love <3
Dongha and Jimin finally talk about what happened, settling their issues. Then, the group of friends wants to hang out together, yet not everyone makes it... Later, Jungkook and Jimin try a soft limit of the smaller boy.

Hiii :)

Thank you so much for all the love on the last chapters <3 I loved your feedback, requests and guesses on what happens next :) Your comments always encourage and motivate me, thank you so much <3

I really wanted to update yesterday, but I didn't feel so well :( However, I'm finally able to post a new chapter today and it's a very long one, I hope you enjoy it :)
the South Korea Dance Championship where teams from all over South Korea performed and competed, the winners not only earning a massive money price, yet also moving on to the World Dance Championship where they represented their country. The price for the first winner wasn't only the honor of winning for their country, but also a huge money price and – which was probably the most jaw dropping thing of all – a promised contract with a major entertainment company in your country.

It felt unreal.

Suddenly, the silence was gone and they were all jumping around, some screaming and crying as they fell into each other's arms, hugging each other tightly. Jimin ran up to Hoseok with big, shocked, yet so, so happy eyes as he pulled his friend into a hug.

“Hyung, how did you...” The smaller boy couldn't even finish his sentence, feeling way too bubbly inside as it somehow felt like he was his dream of becoming a professional dancer this much closer.

“Guys, I know it's all happy and exciting, but we've still got a lot of work to do. I wanted to ask you first before applying, yet the deadline was sooner this year so I had to send our video in before it's too late. If any of you don't want to participate, let me know right now. However, this is a major opportunity and not everyone is even allowed to perform there and gets a spot in the competition. We have to work incredibly hard. The competition is no joke. We only have a couple of weeks left” Hoseok reminded them as he let go of Jimin.

They all nodded, still flustering in their positions as they simply couldn't believe that this was real. They just wanted to scream out in euphoria, jump around in joy and honestly, maybe even cry a little bit.

Hoseok chuckled, shaking his head, “Okay, guys, go drink some water now. The break will be a little longer so you can calm down. I want you all to use that energy in your dancing after the break”

Jimin let out a shaky breath, walking over to his bag to pull out his phone and his water bottle. With trembling hands, the smaller boy unlocked his phone and clicked on his picture gallery, searching for that special photo. When he found it, he clicked on the picture and smiled down at it.

It was a picture of his grandmother, holding Jimin up and letting him feel like he was flying, arms spread wide as if he was actually a bird. They were both smiling brightly, Jimin could swear he still heard her laugh now whenever he looked at the picture. The small boy didn't even realise the tears that were swelling up in his eyes, only noticed them once one dropped down on his phone display.

They weren't sad tears, no not even remotely. What Jimin was feeling right now was... was... god, he couldn't even explain it. There was happiness, joy, euphoria, shock, a little denial because how was this actually possible? He remembered watching the annual championship back then with his grandmother when he visited her. Jimin had always joked that he would go there one day, too, his grandmother smiling at him genuinely and telling him she couldn't wait to see her little star on the TV.

“I'm doing it, Halmeoni, you'll be able to see me on the TV” Jimin whispered while running his thumb over the picture on his phone.

“Hey, Jimin-ah” A voice suddenly interrupted Jimin, startling the small boy and causing him to almost drop his phone, yet he was able to catch it and pull it close to his chest. Quickly wiping away his tears, he took a deep breath while looking up the voice.

Dongha.
“Hey, is it okay if I sit down?” The taller boy wanted to know as he pointed at the spot in front of Jimin.

The orange haired boy studied his face for a moment before he gave a nod, crossing his legs as he locked his phone and put it into his bag again. As Dongha sat down in front of him, Jimin reached for his water bottle and opened it in order to take a sip.

“Was that your family?” Dongha wanted to know as he pointed at the bag where Jimin had just put his phone in. His voice seemed so soft, vulnerable, almost as if he was afraid to say something wrong. Somehow, his eyes still appeared apologetic.

“Mhm, my-my grandmother” Jimin answered quietly and gave a small nod, smiling faintly.

The brown haired boy mirrored his nod and cleared his throat, pulling on his shoe ties which appeared to be a nervous habit or something he did in order to comfort himself. The boy in front of him seemed very nervous for some reason.

“So, uhm, about last time...” He finally started, glancing up at Jimin's eyes, but averting his gaze again a moment later, “I wanted to apologise.” Dongha uttered, locking eyes with Jimin.

The shorter male placed his water bottle down and fixated his gaze on the boy in front of him.

“In the moment, I didn't realise how fucked up it was what I did. You know, I think you are very attractive and I love watching you dance. I just wanted to get to know you better and everytime you talk to me, there is just something so endearing about you that draws me in and makes me want to listen to you speak forever. It was so easy to talk to you, to dance with you. It made me feel like I already knew you for so long. Reminiscing about everything, I don't know what came over me that thought it was a good idea to do that to you. I should have asked you and not straight up touch you without your permission. The thing is, I'm bad at skinship and stuff like that. I don't know when it's okay to initiate a kiss and when to go further. My previous partners liked me initiating the situation, they wanted me to be like this and for some odd reason I thought you would like that, too. However, I know that that's wrong. I just saw your skin and something inside of me screamed to leave a hickey on you – which is totally fucked up.”

There are things that are not justifiable, if you ask Jimin. There a things that you just can't excuse, yet this wasn't one of them in this particular situation. Jimin saw how genuine Dongha was and he actually understood that his behaviour was wrong.

“I know that you didn't have any bad intention. Actually, I didn't know that you felt this way about me if I'm being honest. If I did, I would have told you from the beginning that... that I would like for us to be friends first. If I had done that, you probably wouldn't have done what you did” Jimin reasoned and shrugged his shoulders slightly.

Dongha swallowed hard, eyes dropping on the floor as he bit down on his bottom lip, “I should have talked to you first. I'm sorry. I won't ever do that to you again, I promise. I hope you aren't mad at me, even if you have every right to”

“No, I'm not mad” The smaller boy assured and shook his head, “I'm really not. I was just very shocked about it and I wanted to talk to you, too, because you actually seem very kind and this one mistake doesn't make you a bad person. I still want to get to know you. However, as friends first, you know?”

“I understand” Dongha nodded and smiled, staring at Jimin again, “I would love that, too”
Jimin returned his smile, eyes turning into little crescents, “Great”

They looked at each other for a moment longer, smiles remaining on their faces.

“Alright, let’s get back to work” Hoseok called and clapped his hands together.

Both of them glanced over at their dance teacher, sharing one last glance before getting up on their feet to continue with their dance practice.

For some reason, Jimin felt like this was ought to be good. He might have found a new friend.

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Jimin placed his lower arms on the railing of the bridge as he stared down at Han River, a breeze of air brushing his hair out of his face. It was night, the moon shining bright in the sky and creating a beautiful mirrored light illustration on the water, a little distorted, yet clearly picturing the moon.

There was something so comforting and nice about just standing here, listening to the water move and the muffled noises created by other people talking around him. The air was a little colder than during the day, sending a shiver down Jimin's back, yet it didn't make him freeze, was just refreshing.

His group of friends was supposed to meet up here today to hang out. Taehyung had suggested it in their group chat that he had created as well. All of them had agreed to meet at Han River, Jimin the first one to arrive tonight. It was nice to spend time together as a whole group again, something having felt so nice and comforting the last time they'd all hung out – like they have known each other their whole life already, then again, essentially some of them did. They had tried to meet earlier, but it was difficult to find a time that worked for all of their schedules, yet tonight was supposed to be the day!

Suddenly, Jimin's phone vibrated in his pocket, indicating that he had received a message. The shorter boy pulled it out and opened the message.

*Hey, sorry, I can't make it tonight, Minnie :( - Tae*

Jimin pouted as he read over the words.

*Everything okay? - Jimin*

*Yes, just some stuff that came up, sorry, Jimin-ah – Tae*

*It's okay, I'll let the others know – Jimin*

*Thanks, I love you – Tae*

*I love you, too – Jimin*

The orange haired boy let out a sigh, a little bummed out as it seemed like they weren't going to hang out as a whole group tonight. Then again, it had been quite unlikely, especially now when everyone was extremely busy. Yoongi and Namjoon were working on someone's album, Hoseok was trying to figure out a choreography for the competition, Taehyung was the personal assistant of his boss at the fashion company he was working at now, well and Jungkook and Jin... honestly, Jimin didn't know what exactly they did, just understood that they were immensely busy all the time.

Jimin was just about to put his phone back into his pocket when he received another message.
Hey, sorry, kid, but Namjoon-ah and I can't make it tonight. A file of the song we were working on the whole day is just gone and we're trying to get it back somehow – Yoongi

Oh, okay, hyung. I hope you find it! I'll let the others know :) - Jimin

Thanks, Jimin-ah – Yoongi

The shorter boy bit down on his bottom lip as he stared at the water again, putting his phone back into his pocket. Well this didn't work out as good then now, did it?

Jimin turned around and walked over to the green grass, taking a seat there and pulling his knees up to his chest. Then, he placed his head on top of his knees while wrapping his arms around his legs. People were having a walk around him, talking to each other, some holding hands, some making their way home.

“Hey, Jimin-ssi” The smaller boy suddenly heard a voice greet him.

Jimin knew immediately who it was.

The orange haired one looked up at Jungkook who was dressed in all black, his heart skipping a beat. The taller boy stared at him, studying his face before he sat down next to him in the grass.

“Hey” Jimin replied, voice soft and quiet.

“Jin hyung and Hoseok hyung won't be able to make it.”

Well, he had expected Hoseok not to find time. Honestly, he was working so hard on the new choreography, Jimin felt incredibly sorry, yet was also so proud and impressed by his friend. He just wished that he could help him somehow. Perhaps he could ask him if he wanted any help tomorrow.

“Oh” The smaller boy breathed, only realising a moment later what that meant.

None of the other's were coming. It was just the two of them tonight.

“O-Oh” Jimin whispered as he felt himself blush, “Well, Tae, Yoongi hyung and Namjoon hyung won't come either, they're all busy.”

Jungkook nodded, pulling his legs up as well as he placed his hands in the grass behind him and leaned back on them.

The shorter male swallowed hard, somehow feeling a little awkward to spend time alone with Jungkook if it wasn't concerning their lessons. His heart was beating fast in his chest as he pulled his sleeves over his petite hands.

“It's nice, isn't it?” The taller boy interrupted his thoughts as he laid down on his back in the grass, staring up at the sky.

“Han River? Yes, it's one of my favourite places” Jimin agreed as he mirrored Jungkook's position and laid down on his back in the grass next to him, “I like coming here. Especially at night. There is something so comforting about it”

“Yeah, I agree. I haven't been here in a while because I hadn't have much time, but there was a time when I came here almost everyday” Jungkook revealed as they both looked up at the sky.

The stars were shining brightly, the moon so pretty and almost completely full. Wind was blowing around them softly, brushing their hair out of their faces and sending a shiver down Jimin's back.
“When I moved to Seoul, this was one of the first places I visited” Jimin shared, voice small and soft as a smile appeared on his face, reminiscing about that time.

He could see Jungkook tilt his head to the side, looking at him.

“Why did you move to Seoul?” The black haired boy wanted to know.

The smaller boy tensed a little, yet he was taken aback by the question as it felt like Jungkook had never really asked him about his past.

“It's... it's a long story.”

Jungkook opened his mouth and appeared to want to say something, yet he shut it again and stared back up at the sky.

“I'll tell you one day” Jimin found himself promise, voice so soft and quiet Jungkook was barely able to hear him, yet he did.

“You know, moving here was quite scary. It's a big city, everyone is a stranger and the overall atmosphere is somewhat different from back in Busan. However, sometimes we have to take changes even if they are scary because in the end, they're better for us”

Jimin thought over his words for a moment, nodding eventually, “I agree”

Then, it silence settled between them. It wasn't an awkward silence, actually, but rather quite comforting. They remained lying on the grass while staring up at the pretty sky, listening to the sounds of the water and the muffled voices around them.

“When I was younger, I wanted to be an astronaut. I always wanted to go up to the stars and see what it's like, experience what it feels like to look down at what we call our world.”

Jungkook titled his head to the side again, staring at Jimin.

“What made you change your mind? I mean, why did you want to become a dancer then?”

The smaller boy bit down on his bottom lip, eyebrows furrowing as he tried to look for word.

“I always loved dancing, from a very young age actually. There has always been something that connects me to music and dance and I pretty much knew from a young age that it was something that I wanted to do for my whole life” Jimin revealed, the taller boy looking back up at the sky as he was listening, “However, my father wasn't as keen on the idea and didn't support me at all. There was no way of me receiving dance lessons because he would never let me. It was very difficult, actually, to have a dream, but not be supported by your father at all”

“I know how that feels like” The orange haired boy heard Jungkook whisper. Jimin looked over at him, yet Jungkook didn't elaborate and the smaller boy didn't want to ask him about something that might make him uncomfortable or sad.

“My grandmother, on the other hand, always supported me and every time I visited her, we danced together and she told me that I would be the world's best dancer one day” Jimin chuckled, bright smile on his face as he remembered those times, “Yet, when I went back home I had to oppress that part of me. Even though I knew that dancing was what I wanted to do, I tried to look for something else that I could do instead if this wasn't going to work out. I have always been fascinated by space, so I guess it was only right for me to want to become an astronaut. However, my dream for dance was always bigger. It's my passion, you know?”
The black haired boy looked over at him yet again, “I'm sorry” He uttered, Jimin tilting his head to the side as well to lock eyes with him, “You should have gotten all the support in the world” Finally, Jungkook had received a little more insight on what Jimin's father had been like, how Jimin had been treated in his past to be hurt and scarred by his childhood the way he is. However, the younger one was pretty certain that this wasn't the only thing his father had done to him.

Jimin smiled, his heart fluttering at Jungkook's words.

“Thank you. It did get better eventually, when I moved to Seoul. I didn't take professional dance lessons for quite some time, though, until I was 13 or 14 maybe. Around that time I really knew that this was what I loved to do, what was supposed to become my passion and hopefully my profession one day. I went to an arts school with Taehyung where I majored in dance and graduated from there, too. That's where I met Yoongi hyung, too. Well, meeting him was actually rather... well, it happened under weird circumstances. Honestly, he kind of saved me. It was a day when I was practicing alone, way past classes were over and I didn't sleep or eat much. I overworked myself and fainted, totally blacked out. Only later did I wake up in a hospital with a boy by my side I have never seen before. It was Yoongi hyung. He had seen me in the practice room and had called an ambulance, staying by my side when I was brought to the hospital. I found out that he'd already met Taehyung and ever since that incident where he saved me, he watched over Tae and me like a big brother, supporting us in any way he could.”

“He told me about that, actually” Jungkook revealed, Jimin's eyes going wide in surprise at that information.

“He did?”

“Yes” The taller boy simply answered and nodded, looking back up at the sky. Jimin did the same, a little baffled by that information. Jungkook and Yoongi talked about him?

“Well, my dream is to become a professional dancer and teach other people how to dance or...or dance on big stages. Something like that... I'm far from that however. I still need to learn and improve a lot. One day, maybe, my dream will come true” The shorter one continued, voice soft and quiet as another smile appeared on his face.

“I would... love to see you dance one day” Jungkook told him, voice genuine.

Jimin glanced at him, eyes wide, “Really?”

“Yes, really”

A blush appeared on Jimin's cheeks as he averted his gaze, eyes trailing back up to the sky. That definitely wasn't something he had expected. Besides their little lessons, Jungkook never really showed interest in him, actually almost ignoring him outside of them and being a little distant and cold sometimes.

Silence settled between them again. So many thoughts were racing through his head: Did Yoongi and Jungkook talk about Jimin a lot? If so, what were they saying? Hopefully not implying anything about the thing that was going on between him and Jimin... Why was Jungkook suddenly somehow interested in his past and wanted to see him dance? What did Jungkook mean when he said he knew how it felt like to not be supported by your father? Then Jungkook must feel that, too, yet what exactly was it that his father wasn't supporting him in? And who – for godness sake – was that girl that had appeared after their last meeting? Wait, what did that have to do with anything? Why was Jimin thinking about that now?
Right, frankly, he hadn't stopped thinking about that at all the past days, way too curious about who she was and where she knew Jungkook from. Yet, that was definitely none of his business. She might just be a friend... or not. Perhaps she was another person he was sleeping with? Whatever she was, a friend or anything more, that didn't concern Jimin at all...

Was Jungkook even bisexual? Jimin shook his head. Honestly, Jungkook's sexuality wasn't any of Jimin's business.

Suddenly, a thought appeared in his mind... was she his girlfriend maybe? She had seemed mad when she saw Jimin and had implied that Jimin and Jungkook had slept with each other. Oh no, was she actually dating Jungkook?

Jimin's heart skipped a beat, beating fast against his chest a moment later. Panic started to rise in him, the fear of having caused an argument or even worse a break-up between Jungkook and his girlfriend blooming inside of him.

“Jungkook-ah” The small boy found himself whisper.

“Mhm” Jungkook hummed.

“May I ask you a question? It's rather... personal. You don't have to answer, of course”

The taller boy hesitated, yet answered “Go ahead” eventually.

Jimin cleared his throat, pulling on the hem of his long-sleeved shirt, a nervous habit of his.

“The girl from last time-”

“Seoyun?” Jungkook interrupted.

“Y-Yes. Is she... I mean... Are you two dating? I know, that's none of my business, but I don't know if I can keep going, knowing that you have a girlfriend that might not- no surely won't like you sleeping with me and I don't want to ca-”

“Jimin-ssi” The black haired boy interrupted, titling his head to the side again in order to be able to look at Jimin, “She's not my girlfriend, no”

“Oh”

Who was she then?

However, Jimin didn't want to keep digging, at least satisfied with knowing that he hadn't caused an argument or break-up. Yet, the wish to know who she was and what she meant to Jungkook lingered in his mind.

Utterly annoying, to be honest. Jimin didn't want to keep thinking about her, didn't want this to concern him, but it did. For some odd reason it did.

“Oh, that's good.” The smaller boy uttered, but realised a moment later how that sounded like, “I-I mean, not that it's good that she isn't your girlfriend, I just mean it's good that I'm not doing anything with you that would make her mad or cause a break-up or anything and I.”

“Jimin-ah” Jungkook chuckled and shook his head, “It's okay. I understood what you meant and how you meant it, don't worry”

“O-Okay”
However, the thought that Jungkook might be sleeping with her, too, kept lingering in his mind. A weird feeling was spreading in his chest, his heart dropping. It wasn't a pleasant feeling, he didn't like it at all, yet he didn't know what it was, couldn't define it. Honestly, Jungkook and him weren't in a committed relationship, thus he could do whatever he wanted. So why... why did it bother the smaller boy so much? Why was there this weird feeling blossoming inside of him when he remembered how beautiful she was and what Jungkook and her might be doing behind closed doors?

Letting out a shaky breath, the orange haired boy pulled his sleeves over his delicate hands, hiding them as he caught his bottom lip between his teeth.

Should he just ask Jungkook so he would know, so his mind could be free again and he had some answers and clarity? Yet, it didn't seem like a good idea. He didn't want Jungkook to be annoyed by him or think of him as being too nosy. Jimin had to remind himself once more that the thing between him and Jungkook was casual and platonic, another person Jungkook was seeing shouldn't bother or concern him at all.

*So why did it?*

Then again, she really might just be a friend. Yes, she's probably just a friend of Jungkook. Jimin kept repeating that sentence in his head, hoping that he would believe it in the end.

“Should we go take a walk?” Jungkook suggested, interrupting Jimin's thoughts.

The smaller boy looked at him, only noticing now that Jungkook was sitting up and staring down at him, eyebrows arched up.

“Okay” Jimin agreed and they both got up to their feet.

They started walking on the path next to the railing, passing people who were still sitting in the grass or standing against the railing.

Somehow, it was nice to spend time with Jungkook just like this – without it leading to anything sexual. Yet, it felt odd all the same because he wasn't used to it.

“Have you eaten yet?” The taller boy interrupted his thoughts yet again.

The orange haired one glanced at him, shaking his head, “No, not since this morning”

“Jimin-ssi, it's not good for you to barely eat anything” Jungkook sighed.

“It's just that I'm so busy with work and practicing that I forget to eat sometimes” Jimin mumbled and averted his gaze.

The black haired one walked over to a stand that was selling food.

When Jimin looked up again, Jungkook was already ordering some of the food. “No” The older one murmured as he walked over to the other one.

“I'm not that hungry” Jimin lied while Jungkook pulled out his wallet.

The smaller boy saw the food the man was selling and felt his mouth water, way too hungry to see any of this right now. He was selling spicy rice cakes as well as korean egg toasts, Jimin's stomach grumbling at the sight.
“Keep the change” Jungkook said politely as he handed the man some money.

“No, Jungkook-ah” The older boy protested and grabbed his arm, shaking his head, “Stop paying for me. Let me pay the food”

“It’s fine, Jiminie.” The taller one assured as the man gave him two cups of spicy rice cakes and two korean egg toasts, Jungkook handing him one of each.

Jimin crossed his arms over his chest, pouting. It was a nice gesture of Jungkook, yet it felt wrong for him to pay for his food again.

“Please” The younger one uttered, “Take it”

The shorter male sighed, taking the food in his hands as a slight smile appeared on his face, “Thanks, Jungkook-ah. I’ll pay next time”

They continued walking while eating their food, sharing some stories about memories they have and incidents that happened with their other friends – Jimin completely having forgotten about Seoyun, caught in this moment right now. Jimin told him a funny story about Taehyung’s and his school time which ended with them almost dying – not really, but Tae had always exaggerated causing Jimin to start to believe that it had actually happened that way.

“I’m serious, he chased Tae and me down the campus for like an hour, promising to strangle Taehyung” Jimin giggled as he remembered that day.

“Taehyung shouldn’t have provoked him” Jungkook smiled at the image of Jimin's laugh and shook his head, “He does seem like a troublemaker”

“Fair enough” Jimin chuckled and nodded, “He is. He really is. He has gotten us in loads of trouble, but Yoongi hyung was often there to save us”

“Hyung has saved my ass quite often, too. I did stupid shit when I was younger. I once got into a huge ass fight and it got very ugly. Without hyung, I would’ve probably gotten arrested which would’ve been quite shit – especially considering my father’s reaction”

“Did you get hurt?” The smaller boy found himself ask, voice quiet and soft.

Jungkook looked over to him, studying his face, “A bit. I got this scar from the fight” The taller boy revealed, pointing to the faded scar on his left cheek.

Jimin stilled in his steps, staring up at the younger one. Honestly, Jimin had noticed the scar before, yet it never really stood out causing him to somehow forget that it was there. The shorter male lifted his hand and traced his finger over the scar softly, not even noticing himself doing that. It was almost a subconscious action of his.

The taller boy blinked, eyes fixated on the man in front of him who was caressing his cheek so softly, inspecting the scar on his body.

“It reminds me of some stupid shit I did back then. However, honestly, I wouldn’t have done it any other way”

“Why did you get into that fight?” Jimin whispered as he locked eyes with the other man again, hand still lingering against his cheek.

“The boy deserved it, had seen it coming for a long time. There was a lot of shit piling up.”
Jimin studied his features, shaking his head a little. What did he mean by that? What had the boy done to him – or someone else, maybe – that made him want to beat the hell out of him? Frankly, violence was something Jimin didn't like nor supported at all. There were always other answers and ways to solve a problem, weren't there?

“You shouldn't get into fights, Jungkook-ah”

“I don't. Not anymore. That's my past and I have to live with it. It was different back then and so was I. Now, I don't think violence is always the right answer, yet in some situations it has to be used, defending someone who's in need being one of them.”

They kept staring into each other's eyes, Jimin seeing emotion flash behind Jungkook's ones. The taller boy was sharing a lot of himself tonight, about his past and thoughts. It was nice to know that he was trusting Jimin like this.

Clearing his throat, Jungkook titled his head to the side, continuing to walk again. Jimin remained in his position for a moment longer before he joined Jungkook.

“I almost got into a fight once, too.” The smaller boy then revealed as they tossed away their empty cups into a trash can.

“Did you?” Jungkook asked and raised his eyebrows in a surprised manner.

“Well, not voluntarily. These boys wanted to fight us for no reason – really. I think they simply didn't like us. I was so scared because I'd never fought before and I didn't know how to, but thankfully Yoongi hyung was there to stop the fight. He was very well respected among the students and quite known because he was already producing songs and many students looked up to him”

“So you've never been into a fight?”

“No, never. I don't want to, either” Jimin shook his head.

“Do you know how to defend yourself? In case anyone attacks you?”

The smaller boy swallowed, shaking his head.

Jungkook halted, turning to him and spreading his arms, “You don't? What would you do if I were to attack you right now? Show me”

“S-Show you?” The shorter male echoed, eyebrows arched up and eyes wide at the request.

“Yes, show me” The younger one nodded.

“But I don't know what I would do. I don't want to hit you” Jimin murmured and shook his head. He couldn't just hit Jungkook.

“Just show me what you would do, Jimin-ssi. Imagine I wasn't me, but someone else who would want to harm you. What would you do in the situation – except for trying to get away or call the police” Jungkook elaborated, adding the end of his sentence after having seen Jimin open his mouth to say something. Jimin shut his mouth close and pouted, the taller one smiling slightly, “Go on”

“Well...” Jimin uttered and got up to him. Suddenly, he lifted his hand and just slapped Jungkook across the face, a slapping noise being heard between them.

The taller boy looked taken aback, rubbing his own hand over his cheek, “I didn't actually mean hit...”
me” Jungkook mumbled, Jimin's eyes widening at that.

“Oh my god, I'm so sorry” The orange haired one apologised genuinely, expression of horror appearing on his face. He had misunderstood Jungkook's request!

Jimin wrapped his arms around Jungkook and hugged him tight, pressing his face against his strong chest while squeezing his eyes shut.

“I'm sorry, I didn't meant to hurt you” Jimin apologised again, actual tears swelling up in his eyes because of how sorry he felt. Hurting someone was something Jimin never wanted to do, especially not someone he knew and liked.

“It's okay. It didn't actually hurt, Jimin-ssi” Jungkook assured and caressed his back as he felt Jimin shake against him, “Hey, it's okay, really, Jimin-ah. It didn't hurt. It's all good. I should have explained what I meant”

“Sorry” The poor boy sniffed and looked up at Jungkook.

“It's okay, little one” The taller boy whispered and brushed his hair out of Jimin's face.

Jimin's heart fluttered at the pet name, yet he froze when he heard it. It was the first time Jungkook ever used a pet name out of their lessons – except for that one time at Yoongi's. Usually, they were only used in Jungkook's bedroom, shortly after, during or before their sexual encounters, but never completely outside of one of these situations.

“All good” Jungkook chuckled as he caressed Jimin's cheek, “I'm not mad or hurt”

“Don't laugh, it's not funny. I thought I'd hurt you” Jimin whined and pouted which caused Jungkook just to snicker yet again as Jimin was just way too adorable.

“You didn't, Jiminnie. It's all good”

“Oh okay” Jimin breathed.

The smaller boy let go of Jungkook, pulling his sleeves over his delicate hands, “Well, I don't know what I would do to defend myself”

“I'll have to teach you sometime then. It's important to know how to defend yourself, Jimin-ssi. There are horrible people out there who will try to hurt you, thinking you won't be able to defend yourself.”

“Can't I just kick them?” Jimin mumbled and showed Jungkook a weird looking and very weak kick which caused Jungkook to laugh again, shaking his head.

“You're silly and adorable.” The younger one whispered as he ruffled through Jimin's hair.

Jimin smiled faintly and blushed as the taller boy started walking again, Jimin following him quickly.

They talked a little more as it got later and darker, more people around them leaving to go home, probably. It got a little chillier, too, Jimin realising that it had been a bad idea not to take a jacket with him. The poor boy started shivering, wrapping his arms around himself in hope of giving himself some warmth.

“I guess it's just like that sometimes” Jungkook finished and looked over at Jimin who was rubbing his palms over his arms, shivering a little. Without a word, the taller boy took his jacket off and placed it over Jimin's shoulders.
"No, it's okay, you'll freeze n-

"I'm not cold." The younger one interrupted as he wrapped the jacket that was a little big on Jimin around the boy.

The smaller boy blushed at the gesture, smiling faintly, “Thank you, Jungkook-ah”

They kept walking while chatting about their lives, sharing stories about their past – mostly Jimin who had many funny stories to share about his, Yoongi's and Tae's school life. It was nice, so nice to talk this comfortably with Jungkook, getting to know him a little more even though he never shared too much information about himself, just enough for Jimin to have an idea of what more there was to him, yet leave him long for more.

However, Jimin still had no clue what Jungkook's job was, how exactly he became friends with Yoongi, what his relationship with his parents was like, where he grew up, when he moved to Seoul – there was still so much left unsaid, so much information the taller one didn't share with him. Yet, he seemed to be opening up more and Jimin didn't want to ruin that by pushing or digging, but rather wanted to wait for Jungkook to feel comfortable with sharing these personal things about him.

Did this mean anything? No, not really. Besides them having that thing going on between them, they were still in the same group of friends so it wasn't reprehensible for them to get to know each other a little more. So what? They might become friends, too.

“Oooh, look, they are selling cotton candy!” Jimin awed and pointed at the little stand.

“Do you like cotton candy?” Jungkook wanted to know as he followed the direction Jimin was pointing at.

“Yes, my grandmother bought me cotton candy a lot of times when we were out.”

The taller boy went over to the stand and bought one stick of cotton candy, Jimin having no time to protest because the man was gone so quickly and appeared in front of him a moment later. “Here”

Blinking, Jimin stared at the candy in Jungkook's hand, “Jungkook-ah, stop buying me food.” He whined, “Thank you” The shorter male added as he saw Jungkook's gaze. The other one was very persistend and not one you could argue much with.

“It's quite late. We should probably head home soon. Did you get here by public transportation?”

“Mhm” Jimin hummed as he pulled off some cotton candy and placed it in his mouth, feeling it melt in his mouth and tasting the sweetness of it.

“Well, let's walk this way then. I have parked over there somewhere. I'll drop you off”

“You don't have to”

“I know, but I want to”

Jimin nodded slightly, “Okay, thank you”

They walked over to the parking spot, actually not having to walk for too long as the place was fairly close. Jimin had lifted the cotton candy in front of Jungkook's face and asked him to try it, too. The taller boy had hesitated, but had pulled something off in the end and had tried it as well.

“It's quite good” Jungkook commented after swallowing the candy.
“Mhm” Jimin hummed and grinned, finishing the rest of the candy and tossing away the now empty stick into a trash can as Jungkook unlocked his car, opening the door to the passenger seat for the smaller boy. “Thank you” Jimin whispered at the gesture, cheeks heating up only slightly as he climbed into the passenger seat of Jungkook's black Range Rover.

The taller boy shut the door and walked over to the driver's seat, getting into the car a moment later as well. “Seatbelt” Jungkook reminded him as he put his key into the ignition, the car buzzing to live a moment later.

“Oh, yes” Jimin murmured as he put on his seatbelt while Jungkook pulled out of the parking spot.

“Hoseok hyung said something about a dance competition?” The younger one broke the silence after they have been driving for a while.

Jimin averted his gaze from the window and glanced at the other one, giving a nod, “Yes, we're competing in the Seoul Dance Championship in a couple of weeks.” The orange haired boy answered, bright smile on his face. Frankly, it still felt unreal, too good to be true, “He's working really hard right now in order to come up with a good choreography”

“Mhm, he's a very hard worker, a perfectionist. I have always admired his determination when it comes to improving. You have that, too, actually”

The older boy looked over at him again, titling his head to the side, “I do? I mean... I guess. I'm always trying to improve. But isn't everyone?”

“No, not everyone. Some people find a version of themselves that they are satisfied with and some people always want to become a better version of themselves, no matter if they are currently satisfied with it or not. You appear to be a perfectionist when it comes to dance, just like hyung. It's admirable, impressive actually. However, you should be careful with that. Health comes first and should be your priority. It's okay to be satisfied with your creation and no to strive for perfection all the time because it can cause you to be too hard on yourself when you really shouldn't be’

Jimin pulled on the hem of his shirt, processing Jungkook's words. Honestly, there was so much truth to them. When it came to dance, Jimin was never completely satisfied with what he did, but always wanted to practice more, improve more in order for it to be perfect. That mindset has caused him many sleepless nights, to starve, overworking himself to the point of him fainting. Certainly, he should be more careful. Yet, it wasn't easy to just change this mindset over night.

“You need to eat more, need to sleep more and learn when to take breaks.” Jungkook interrupted his thoughts.

“I... I do all of that”

“Not enough. You only do that when you're reminded to do them” The taller boy protested, voice a little sterner.

“How do you know?” Jimin countered, eyebrows furrowed.

“Hyung told me. I have noticed it myself, too, however. Listen, it's your life and your body, but you need to be healthy if you want to pursue your dream. Take breaks when they are needed, learn when it's okay to stop and please, Jimin-ah, eat more than once a day”

“I'm trying. It's just that I forget sometimes. I'm so busy...” The older one mumbled, looking down at
his lap.

“I know you are, Jimin-ssi, but-”

“I’ll try harder. I promise” Jimin interrupted him, the younger boy locking eyes with him for a moment, observing his features before fixating his gaze back on the road.

“Good”

Then, silence settled between them again. Jimin's gaze travelled back to the window, watching the beautiful scenery pass them even though he was barely able to make anything out as it was quite dark. When they were on busier streets, there were still quite a lot of people walking around, yet when they passed smaller streets, there was no one outside anymore.

It didn't take that long for them to arrive at Jimin's apartment building, Jungkook coming to a halt right next to the entrance, turning off the ignition.

Both boys were looking straight ahead, somehow letting the night reminisce.

“Thank you, Jungkook-ah.” The smaller was the one to break the silence eventually, “For tonight, and for driving me home. I was sad that the other's couldn't make it, but it was nice, actually, with just... just you”

“It was” Jungkook breathed and nodded, smiling slightly which Jimin returned.

They stared at each other for a moment too long.

Jimin didn't want to go right now if he was being honest, didn't want to leave the handsome man just like that right now. The urge of knowing when he was going to see him again blossomed inside of the older boy.

“Are you... Are you free tomorrow night?” Jimin found himself asking.

The taller boy arched up his eyebrows, “For a lesson?”

“Mhm” The shorter male confirmed and gave a faint nod.

“Is there something you wanna do?” Jungkook wanted to know, leaning against the seat and a smirk appearing on his face.

Jimin gulped, cheeks heating up at the thought.

Actually, there was.

The orange haired boy honestly hadn't been able to stop thinking about it for days now, it always reappearing in his mind whenever he had taken a peek on the list. The thing is, he knew what it was and he knew that Taehyung liked it and now... well, now he wanted to find out whether or not he liked it, too.

“S-Spanking”

The black haired one's eyes widened a little, expression of surprise visible on his face, yet only for a moment before his usual expression returned, “Spanking? Are you sure?”

“Mhm” Jimin hummed, blush deepening, “Is that bad?”
“No, not at all. I'm just surprised because it was one of your soft limits, but that's what they are for. It's a limit for you that I'm not allowed to cross in a certain moment, yet not saying that you won't ever want to do that. I just didn't expect it to be this soon. Then again, sex toys had been one of your soft limits as well and we have tried that, too” The taller one assured, “Well, do you still want to be the one who gets spanked or be the one spanking?”

“I want to be spanked by... you” The smaller boy whispered, Jungkook's eyes darkening immediately.

“Okay, I can do that. Anything else?” Jungkook uttered, voice a little lower.

“Uhm... no, I don't think so” Jimin answered, shaking his head.

“Okay. We can do that tomorrow. It's going to be a little later than usually, though, is that okay for you? I mean later as in like 10pm. Is that fine?”

“That's okay”

The shorter male felt the excitement, yet slight nervousness, blossom inside of him at the thought of tomorrow. How was it going to feel like?

“Well, I-” The younger boy wanted to say, yet paused when they heard his phone ring. Jungkook furrowed his eyebrows, pulling out his phone and looking down on the display. Jimin could barely make out the name of the person who was calling, yet he did, that weird feeling rising in his chest again when he read the name. Seoyun. The taller boy stared at his phone for a moment longer before he picked up the call, placing his phone against his ear, “I'm going to be home soon. I'm in the car right now. We can talk later”

Jimin averted his gaze, heart dropping a little.

“Yes, okay, bye”

Jungkook hung up and put his phone back into his pants, clearing his throat.

“Sorry, she would have called ten tim-”

“It's fine” The smaller boy interrupted, voice sounding a little hurt even though he hadn't intended for it to do that.

The black haired boy studied his face, looking back and forth between his eyes. It was as if he wanted to say something, yet he didn't.

“I'll go upstairs then. Thanks again for everything. See you tomorrow, Jungkook-ah” Jimin whispered and opened the door, placing one foot down on the street.

“Wait, Jimin-ah”

The smaller boy halted, swallowing hard before he looked back at Jungkook.

“My jacket” Jungkook reminded him and pointed at his jacket.

“Oh” Jimin murmured and looked down on himself. Then, he took of the jacket and handed it over to Jungkook, “Thank you again”

“Jimin-ah, are you okay?” The younger one wanted to know, concern flashing in his eyes, tone a little softer.
“Of course, why wouldn't I?”

“I don't know. I just wanted to make sure.” Jungkook uttered and observing the boy a little longer, “Tonight was nice. I'll see you tomorrow. Good night, Jimin-ah”

“Good night”

Then, he shut the door close with a faint smile and stepped over to his building, noticing how Jungkook only started to leave once he was inside of it.

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“Are you going to go somewhere?” Jimin wondered after he had taken off his shoes and had observed the living room, pointing at the suitcase that was placed next to the sofa.

“Uh, no” The taller boy answered, clearing his throat as they made their way up the stairs to his bedroom.

Jimin pulled his eyebrows together, but didn't ask another question about it, figuring it was none of his business why a suitcase was standing in the center of his living room.

As they arrived upstairs, the orange haired boy noticed how the door across from Jungkook's bedroom was opened for the first time ever when he was present, yet the younger one shut it before Jimin could peek inside to know what was behind there.

“Before we start, we need to talk over some important things” Jungkook told him as he went over to the windows in order to pull them close. The shorter male only hummed as he sat down on the edge of the bed, swinging his legs back and forth as he pulled his sleeves over his delicate hands.

Out of nervousness, his palms were getting quite sweaty because there was something lingering in his mind, something he wanted to do tonight that he hadn't told Jungkook about yet. If Jimin was being honest, it was a request he hadn't expected himself to even want, yet for some odd reason he did. The remaining question was, however, was he brave enough to ask Jungkook?

“Jimin-ah” The black haired boy repeated, startling the smaller boy who had been caught up in his thoughts. Looking up, Jimin blushed slightly as he felt Jungkook's intent stare on him, big brown eyes completely fixated on him, “Are you okay?” Jungkook asked and arched up his eyebrows, voice gentle as he approached Jimin.

“Yes, just nervous” Jimin answered, voice just above a whisper.

“Did you change your mind? We don't have to do that today, if you don't feel comfortable, Jimin-ah”

The shorter boy gulped, staring down at his lap as he played with the hem of his hoodie, “No, it's... I still want it. I don't know why, but I do. I'm just really nervous”

Jungkook observed the little boy, looking back and forth between his eyes before brushing his hair out of his face, Jimin's eyes fluttering shut as he felt Jungkook's thumb caress his cheekbone in a gentle way.

“I understand. It is scary to give away the control and let yourself fall completely. That's why we have to talk about some stuff first.” Jungkook murmured and continued stroking over Jimin's cheek, “Jimin-ah, safewords, limits, trust and aftercare are extremely important especially when it comes to things like this. Whenever pain is involved both parts should be even more cautious. First of all: safewords. You know them already and you know when to use them. I want you to use them
whenever necessary. Secondly: limits. I won't cross any of your limits so is there a number of spanks you don't want to go over?”

The orange haired one blinked, trying to think. How was he supposed to know how many he could take? Jimin has never been spanked before, thus he didn't actually know how it felt like and how much it hurt.

“I-I don't know. I don't know how bad it hurts” He answered eventually, voice soft and unsure as he stared back up at Jungkook.

“Right. Well, it's different for everyone. Some can take up to thirty or over and some can't even take five. I guess it depends on the force of the spanks as well, obviously. Okay, then I'll have to take you for your word. I'll stop when I think you've had enough or you use your safeword, is that okay?”

Jimin swallowed hard, but found himself nodding. He trusted that Jungkook knew him and his body by now. The taller boy was pretty good at knowing how much he could take, the last time being proof of that. Even though Jimin had thought he couldn't take anymore, Jungkook had proved him wrong and gifted him yet another intense orgasm.

“I need to hear your pretty voice, baby. I need to hear you say it” The younger boy insisted and grabbed his chin softly, forcing Jimin to lock eyes with him.

“Yes, that's okay” Jimin assured and wet his lips, Jungkook's gaze rushing down at the motion, but looking back up at his eyes a moment later.

“Third thing is trust. This is extremely important, Jimin-ah. If I'm going to spank you and you don't use your safeword, I have to trust that you can actually take what I'm doing to you, do you understand? If you don't tell me that it's too much, I might not stop on my own. Please, Jimin-ah, please actually use them when you need them. I won't ever be disappointed in you when you can't take anymore and want to stop.”

“Okay. I promise, I'll use them when needed. You can trust me, Kook-ah”

Jimin could swear he had seen a smile appear on Jungkook's face at the nickname, an emotion glistening in his eyes when the name had left Jimin's mouth, yet both of them were gone as quickly as they had appeared, leaving Jimin wondering if he had only imagined them.

“Lastly, aftercare. We've had aftercare before, but I have been thinking over how I've been handling your aftercare the past times. You've never said anything or complained which left me guessing that you were fine with the way I did it. However, it might just be you not knowing whether or not you actually need more. I'm going to take care of you afterwards, but if you need any special treatment or feel like you desire any other treatment in order for you to come back down, just let me know, okay, Jimin-ah? I know we have done intense things in the past, but spanking can be very extreme as it involves not only pleasure, but also pain”

The smaller boy processed his words, titling his head to the side. To be fair, Jimin loved Jungkook's aftercare, loved the way he cuddled him after their sex. Then again, he had always wanted their cuddles to last longer, yet knowing that they weren't needed for him to come back down, but wanted them for his personal need and desire, just to be close to the other one and feel taken care of... Jimin knew that was bad. Certainly, he shouldn't want to stay in Jungkook's embrace longer than needed, should he? What did that imply?

“I-I like the way you do it. It's enough for me to calm down and feel comfortable”
“That's good to hear, yet that might be different after you've been spanked by me, Jimin-ah” The younger boy pointed out and ran his thumb over Jimin's bottom lip, “It might hurt a lot, little one. After the first hit, I'll stop and ask you if you want to continue, okay? You might not actually like the feeling of it at all so let me know right away, yes?”

“Okay, I'll do that” Jimin assured and gave a slight nod, Jungkook dropping his hand in order to start to bottom down his shirt. The older one gulped at the sight, cheeks heating up as he averted his gaze.

“How do you want it? Do you want to get on your hands and knees for me? Or should I bend you over my lap? What do you prefer?”

Jimin's heartbeat quickened, breathing becoming a little difficult as he felt his chest rise and fall quickly. Frankly, he didn't want it like this, didn't want to start with that right away.

“W-Wait”

The taller boy halted immediately, halfway done with buttoning down his shirt, yet stilling as soon as he had heard Jimin's voice. Jungkook fixated his gaze on him, eyebrows arched up as he stared into Jimin's beautiful brown eyes, “What's wrong?”

“I-I... There is something else I wanted to ask you.”

“What is it?”

“It's... I would like to try something else. I have been thinking about it ever since you did it to me.” Jimin responded, voice so quiet Jungkook was barely able to hear him, yet he did.

“What exactly is it?”

“I-I want to tie your hands up, too... and...”

“And ride me?” Jungkook finished his sentence, eyes wide and darkening immediately as he wet his lips, “Really?”

“Mhm” The shorter male hummed as his blush deepened, “I have been thinking about it ever since you tied me to the bed, but I have tried to forget about it, yet I... can't. I understand if you don't want it. I-It's okay if you say no.”

“You want to see how it is to have the control?” The taller boy murmured, voice lower as he grabbed Jimin's chin softly. Honestly, it wasn't even really a question, but more of a statement. Perhaps that was even true. Jimin had never really had the full control during anything sexual they did, but had always slipped into a more submissive position naturally. The orange haired boy wondered what it felt like to be in control once, “Okay. I don't mind that.”

“R-Really?” Jimin breathed, locking eyes with the other boy again as he felt relief wash over him. He had expected Jungkook to reject his request, which would have been completely fine, yet a voice inside of his head had made him believe that Jungkook would laugh in his face for what an absurd request it was. Obviously, Jimin shouldn't listen to this voice. The black haired boy never judged him, but was always respectful and supportive, making him feel comfortable and safe with whatever they do.

“Yes, really” Jungkook reassured as a slight smirk appeared on his face caused by Jimin's adorable expression. The smaller boy was staring at him with big innocent eyes, cheeks flushed and bottom lip caught between his teeth – which Jungkook would gladly do for him now, his lips so damn inviting – just appearing to be the most softest thing while requesting something so dirty. Frankly, it was cute
how Jimin was embarrassed by his request and couldn't believe that Jungkook had agreed, considering how they have done way more obscene shit already. “You can ride me all you want and I'll give you a nice spanking after, okay?”

How could Jungkook talk about this so easily? The words were falling from his lips as if he was talking about the weather or asking Jimin if he had eaten already. Certainly, it was very fascinating, but odd all the same. Yet, Jimin wished that he could be a little more like that, too.

“O-Okay”

“Can you take your clothes off for me, baby? I'll go get a tie”

Gulping, Jimin gave a small nod as he got up on his feet while Jungkook walked into the bedroom. With shaky hands, Jimin grasped the hem of his hoodie and tugged it up, pulling the clothing over his head and tossing it over on the sofa with care. Then, he zipped down his pants and pulled them down to his ankles, stepping out of them before walking over to the sofa and dropping them next to his hoodie.

Letting out a trembling beath, the smaller boy walked back over to the bed right when Jungkook entered the bedroom again, only wearing his trousers now, button shirt left behind in the bathroom.

After Jungkook dropped the tie on the bed, he grabbed Jimin's hips and pulled him closer, the shorter male gasping at the suddenness of the touch.

“We gotta stretch you open first, don't we?” The taller boy commented, voice low as he brushed streaks of Jimin's hair out of his face, smirking slightly.

As soon as the word left Jungkook's mouth, Jimin found himself blush, averting his gaze. “N-No”

“No?” Jungkook echoed, eyebrows arched up as he gripped Jimin's chin and forced him to look up at him.

“I-I... I don't need to be stretched” The smaller boy mumbled, blush deepening as he gulped. Jimin just hoped that Jungkook was understanding what he was trying to get across.

“Yeah? Such a good boy, aren't you? How many fingers were you able to fit in your little hole, hm? How many fingers did you fuck yourself with?” Jungkook muttered right against his ear, voice low and his hot breath tickling against Jimin's skin. A shiver ran down Jimin's back as his eyes fluttered shut, Jungkook pressing his lips against the smaller one's skin gently.
“Three” The older one whimpered, hands clenching into fists as he felt Jungkook suck on his skin very lightly.

“May I?” Jungkook whispered.

Jimin nodded quickly, not even caring what exactly the younger one was asking for. Yes, Jimin knew that was bad. Frankly, he should at least wonder about what Jungkook was asking to do to him, but honestly, Jimin would let him do anything at this point. A mere stare, touch or word caused Jimin to be putty in Jungkook's hands, left Jimin crave and long for more.

“No, little one, need to hear your voice”

“Y-Yes, you can”

The taller boy hummed before he sucked on his skin hard, causing Jimin to gasp at the slight pain. It didn't take long for Jimin to realise that Jungkook was leaving a hickey right there where Dongha had previously left his one on Jimin's skin – that one now completely gone. The orange haired boy wondered whether or not Jungkook knew that, too – knew that it was the exact spot that he had found Dongha's hickey on Jimin before. It might just be a coincidence, yet the way Jungkook had previously inspected the hickey by the other man might imply something else.

“Ah” Jimin whimpered and caught his bottom lip between his teeth, Jungkook finishing off his creation and licking over it gently in order to soothe the pain.

The black haired boy trailed kisses up his neck until he reached his mouth, capturing Jimin's lips in a kiss that startled the smaller boy, yet he found himself kissing back right away. Jungkook pushed his tongue into Jimin's mouth and licked over his one while grabbing his hips and turning them around.

Jimin was too focused on the soft lips of the younger one to notice that Jungkook was sitting down on the bed while pulling Jimin onto his lap, the smaller boy straddling his lap while never breaking the kiss. They remained like that for quite some moments, just making out, lips and tongues moving fast against each other.

The shorter boy lifted his hands and wrapped his arms around Jungkook's neck, wanting to deepen the kiss while rocking his hips against Jungkook in order to create some friction on both of their crotches, yet the other one detached his lips from his and stilled Jimin by his hips, both boys a little breathless now, “Eager today, aren't we?” Jungkook teased and arched up an eyebrow causing the orange haired one to blush at the comment.

Jungkook chuckled and nuzzled his nose against Jimin's cheek. “I'm kidding, baby. I can't wait for you to ride my dick, either. Got me all hard already.”

A shiver ran down Jimin's back as he buried his face in Jungkook’s neck, feeling his penis twitch at his words. Every time Jungkook said something like that, implied in some way that Jimin had an effect on him and could make him hard or come, there was pride swelling in his chest. He loved to pleasure Jungkook, loved being able to make him feel good the way Jungkook always did for him as well.

“Jungkook-ah” Jimin whined against his skin and rocked his hips forward once, Jungkook humming.

“I know, baby, you can ride me in just a moment. However, first of all, I have to show you how to tie my hands, okay?”

The smaller boy was a little impatient after their making out, yet he didn't want to hurt Jungkook by tying his hands together in a wrong or painful way so this was definitely more important right now.
Jimin lifted his head while Jungkook grabbed the tie. “Can you give me your wrists, baby” The taller boy requested, the pet name causing Jimin’s heart to flutter yet again. It always did that whenever Jungkook used one of his pet names, his stupid heart.

The orange haired one lifted his hands in front of Jungkook who gripped his wrists softly and placed one above the other, “This is how the hands have to be placed for it to be secure and not hurt too much. Then, you pull the fabric around the wrists and leave a little room in between, don’t do it too tightly or the fabric will cut into the skin and might disturb the blood circulation to the fingers. So far, slight reddened wrists seem to be inevitable, yet the looser the fabric, the less marks on the wrists. However, leaves you more room to move around your wrists, too. It really depends on what the person you are tying up the hands of wants”

The shorter boy comprehended all of that information, nodding after thinking over it twice because he really didn’t want to mess up. This was very important, thus he had been listening carefully and intently.

“Do you wanna try now?”

Jimin hesitated, glancing at the black tie in Jungkook’s hands, but found himself nodding eventually. The younger one handed him the fabric and pushed him off of his lap softly in order to settle down on the bed in a lying position, head placed on the pillows.

The orange haired boy blinked, eyes roaming over Jungkook’s exposed upper body. Jimin gulped at the sight, muscles incredibly defined, his abs never seemed to be ending and then the v-line that lead to his crotch. The shorter male was barely able to suppress a whimper as he crawled over to the other one, swinging his leg over Jungkook in order to straddle him.

Only now did Jimin really comprehend the fact that he was going to have sex with Jungkook like this. What if he hurt Jungkook by tying his hands together in the wrong way? Moreover, the position was a little intimidating because Jungkook was going to watch him the whole time, was going to look up at him pleasing them both, essentially Jimin being the one to do all the work this time. Yet, it wasn’t the first time they were having sex in such an exposing way. Jimin couldn’t help but feel slight nervousness blossom inside of him.

“A-Arms up” Jimin whispered, Jungkook smiling at the request as he lifted his arms above his head, wrists placed over each other the way Jimin had just done. The older boy leaned forward and wrapped the tie around Jungkook’s wrists with shaky hands which didn’t go unnoticed by the taller boy.

“Hey, are you okay? Don’t be nervous, baby” Jungkook uttered, voice gentle as his eyes softened. Did the thought of Jimin riding him and fucking himself on his dick turn him on? Yes. Could he not wait to feel the tightness of the smaller boy around his dick as he bounced up and down? Yes. However, all of that flew out of the window as soon as he saw the nervousness on Jimin’s face. There was no way he wanted any of this if Jimin would feel the slightest bit of discomfort. Jimin wore his heart on his sleeve, Jungkook able to read him like a book. The shorter boy couldn’t really hide his emotions, his eyes and expression always giving him away. So, if there was even the chance of Jimin not liking this idea anymore, then he didn’t want any of it either, “Do you want to do it differently? Or not at all, maybe?”

“N-No, it’s fine. I just... I don’t want to hurt you” Jimin mumbled as he tied the fabric around Jungkook’s wrists, leaving quite a lot of room for him to move them around. Jungkook’s eyes softened and there was an emotion flashing in them that Jimin wished he could define, yet he couldn’t.
“Don’t worry, you won’t hurt me, little one. You can tie it a little tighter”

Letting out a shaky breath, Jimin opened the knot and pulled the fabric a little tighter, tying it with less space in between than before.

“O-Okay? Now to the headboard?”

“Yes, exactly”

Gulping, Jimin took the remaining part of the fabric and tied it around the headboard, leaving no chance for Jungkook to pull his arms down now. To be honest, the shorter male couldn’t help but wonder if Jungkook would be able to simply pull on the tie hard and free himself because he was so strong.

“Good boy, baby. Did so well” Jungkook praised and interrupted Jimin's thoughts. The orange haired one swallowed hard and gave a faint smile.

“Is that okay? Does it hurt?” He wanted to make sure and placed his hands on Jungkook's broad chest.

“It's okay, kitten. Well done”

“Uhm... if you... if you want me to stop, use the safeword, okay? I'll untie you then” Jimin whispered, a smile appearing on Jungkook's face.

“Okay” Jungkook breathed, fondness in his eyes.

They stared at each other a moment longer, Jimin not entirely sure what to do now. Yes, he had wanted to try and take control, but that wasn’t as easy actually.

“Should I just...”

“You can do whatever you want, baby. Condoms and lube are in the top drawer of the nightstand. You don't have to stretch yourself anymore because you've already played with your hole. However, if you want to make sure you can fuck yourself on your fingers first. It's all up to you”

Jimin's cheeks heated up as he opened the top drawer and pulled out a bottle of lube and a condom, placing them on the bed beside him before scooting down on Jungkook's body a little. The smaller boy let his eyes roam over Jungkook's strong upper body, hand almost moving subconsciously as he started to trace his fingertips over his skin, running along his defined abs and feeling his strong muscles beneath them.

A whimper escaped Jimin as he felt Jungkook’s penis twitch beneath himself, the hard bulge rubbing against his butt.

“May I?” Jimin asked as he played with the hem of Jungkook's trousers.

“Of course, baby” The taller boy replied, voice still steady.

The older boy zipped down his trousers and pulled them off, letting them drop on the floor next to the bed before he gripped the hem of Jungkook's briefs. Carefully, he tugged them down as well, the big hard length of Jungkook springing free right after. Jimin whined at the sight, the veins defined and the tip inviting. There was just something about Jungkook’s penis that awoke the urge to lick and suck on his hard length inside of Jimin.
Jimin's impatience increased at the sight of Jungkook's erection, causing him to take off his own briefs quickly and toss them on the floor as well. Then, he opened the condom and placed it against Jungkook's tip, “Just... like this?”

“Yes, just roll it over”

The smaller boy rolled the condom down over Jungkook's erection, a breath escaping his lips as he felt the hard length in his petite hand.

“Squirt lube over my dick, baby, so it won't hurt” Jungkook instructed as Jimin reached for the lube.

Frankly, yes, Jimin had played with himself last night, yet he wasn't so sure if Jungkook was going to fit inside of him with ease. However, even though he was a little worried, he just wanted to feel the taller boy inside of him.

Jimin opened the bottle and squeezed a good amount of lube over Jungkook's penis, watching it trail down his length. The taller boy hissed at the coldness, Jimin apologising softly as he closed his hand around the erection in order to spread the lube around.

“Jimin-ah” Jungkook breathed and bucked his hips up.

The smaller boy lifted his hips as he dropped the bottle on the bed next to them, reaching behind himself with the hand that was wet with lube. Then, Jimin rubbed his hand over his little hole, spreading the remaining lube around in order for the penetration to be easier and hurt less.

“Don't be too eager, kitten” The taller boy murmured as Jimin wrapped his hand around Jungkook's erection and placed the tip against his entrance, “Take your time. I don't want you to hurt yourself”

“Okay” Jimin whispered and he pushed the head against his hole while sinking down on it simultaneously, feeling his hole open up and the tip slipping inside with little resistance. Certainly, it did hurt a tiny bit, but actually not a lot due to the stretching last night, “Ah, Kook” The shorter boy whined, eyes fluttering shut as he adjusted to the size inside of him.

“Fuck, Jiminie” Jungkook cursed and leaned his head back, wanting nothing more than to fuck up into the smaller boy on top of him. However, Jimin wanted to take the control right now and he definitely didn't want to hurt the little boy either, but rather wanted him to take his time to adjust.

“Jungkook-ah, oh my god” The orange haired boy moaned as he sank down further, the stretch feeling so nice and sending jolts of pleasure through his body. The feeling of Jungkook filling him so well always amazed and aroused Jimin.

It didn't take long for Jimin to fit all of Jungkook's erection inside of his hole, eventually sitting back down on his lap and placing his hands on Jungkook's chest in order to lean on them. His head was already feeling dizzy from being filled this well alone. It was difficult for him to breathe right now, chest rising and falling quickly as he adjusted to the feeling. Honestly, he just wanted to move his hips right now, but he knew that he had to wait a little longer or it would hurt quite a lot.

“Fit all of me inside of you, don't you, kitten? Such a good boy” The younger one praised, his chest rising and falling quickly beneath Jimin's hands as well. As soon as Jimin had heard the praise, his penis had twitched involuntarily, yet again proof of how much he liked being praised.

“I-I'm gonna move now” Jimin announced and locked eyes with Jungkook.

“Go on, baby”
Letting out a shaky breath, Jimin lifted his hips just to drop them back down a moment after. The cutest little whine escaped his lips as he hit his prostate right away, startling him a bit. “Jungkook-ah” He mewed and repeated the action, eyes fluttering shut as he hit the special spot yet again.

Jimin quickened his pace a little, moving his hips up and down faster as he perfectly hit his prostate every single time, the cutest whines and whimpers leaving his parted lips.

The taller boy cursed at the sight and noises, his hands trying to move down unconsciously in order to touch Jimin. Shit, he thought, as he realised he couldn't – which, well, obviously he couldn't. He remembered fairly quickly why he had never done this before. It was a pain in the ass, but Jimin had looked so adorable when he had requested it and Jungkook just wanted Jimin to able to try all kinds of things – this being one of them.

However, it wasn't as easy as he had thought it would be. Watching the cute little boy bounce up and down on his cock looking like this pretty angel doing something so obscene was driving him wild alone, but being restrained from touching him was even worse – no the worst - , his fair and soft skin so inviting to just be grabbed, his big round ass slapping against Jungkook's skin with a loud slapping noise and the younger one just wanted to touch. Don't get him started on Jimin's face, so pretty, so beautiful – always, always so beautiful. His lips were parted and leaving the most adorable whimpers that were like music to Jungkook's ears by now, a sweet melody that was somehow cute yet also turned him on, his cheeks were flushed in a pretty pink, his eyes were so big and glossy, causing him to appear dazed again which he probably was to be honest. Jimin always became so fucked out so quickly, incoherent words leaving his lips now as he was bouncing up and down on Jungkook's cock even faster, his little dick moving around with the movement as well, but being neglected other than that. The smaller boy bit down on his bottom lip, they were already so red due to their previous kissing and Jungkook just wanted to press his lips onto them while fucking up into the orange haired boy, but he couldn't. God, it was frustrating.

“Jimin-ah, fuck, you look so beautiful, baby, so pretty how you bounce on my dick”

“Y-Yes? Aaah, Jungkook-ah” The shorter boy cried out and squeezed his eyes shut, wanting to quicken his pace, now moving around frantically, chasing both of their orgasms.

“Shit, baby” The younger boy cursed and threw his head back, Jimin moving up so far until Jungkook’s dick was almost slipping out, but dropping back down fast again, repeating the motion again and again. Involuntarily, Jungkook pulled on his restraints again, the desire to touch the pretty boy increasing.

“Jungkook-ah” Jimin whimpered some moments later and decreased his pace, slowing down the movement of his hips, barely moving now. It was as if he almost, almost wanted to tease Jungkook.

“Jimin-ah, fuck, don't tease me” The taller boy groaned as he bucked up his hips.

“’m not” The smaller one whined and shook his head, thighs shaking as he moved his hips back and forth sloppily, “H-Hurts, my thighs hurt”

“Untie me, little one. Untie me and I'll fuck you, hm? Don't you want that?” Jungkook suggested, just wanting to be able to touch Jimin.

The orange haired boy stilled his movement, blinking as he locked eyes with Jungkook. The taller boy could recognise it right away, the headspace he was in yet again. It took time for Jimin to register his words, arousal and desperation blooming inside of the older one. He was so out of it already, had been right from the get go when he had hit his prostate from the start. It was impressive how long he had actually been able to bounce on Jungkook's dick before his thighs got too sore. However, now
Jungkook had to help him, now Jimin's needy state required his full attention.

“Y-Yes” The poor boy whined and nodded quickly, leaning over in order to untie the fabric. The next thing happened fairly quickly. As soon as Jungkook's hands were untied, they rushed to Jimin's hips, grabbing them firmly. The black haired boy spun them around, pinning Jimin into his bed and grasping the back of his knees in order to bend the boy beneath him in half. His dick never slipped out of the smaller boy at the action.

Jimin could barely register what was happening before Jungkook pulled out of him and slammed back into him, a loud moan escaping Jimin at the motion, the taller boy hitting him so deeply, right against his prostate.

“Jungkook-ah!” The older boy cried out as Jungkook started to thrust into him hard and fast, Jimin rocking back and forth at the force of them, skin slapping against skin due to the relentless rhythm, causing loud slapping noises to fill the room as well as Jimin's loud whines and mewls, “K-Kook-ah, oh my god! Right theeere” Jimin cried out and arched his back, eyes rolling back into his head.

The younger one wet his lips, leaning down in order to press his lips on Jimin's, “Don't come” He whispered against them before attaching his lips on Jimin's again.

The orange haired boy whined, feeling his orgasm approach way too fast, building and building in the pit of his stomach. Frankly, he wasn't going to be able to hold back if Jungkook was going to keep this pace.

“I-I can't, Junkook-ah” Jimin warned, squeezing his eyes shut as he opened his mouth in a silent scream.

“No, kitten, don't come yet” Jungkook growled and wrapped his hand around the base of Jimin's hard length which caused Jimin to scream out, the feeling so, so weird and foreign because it had felt like he was already coming, but it was somehow... denied? It felt like he just couldn't cross the edge.

“N-No!” The smaller boy screamed out, squirming around on the bed and bucking his hips up, “P-Please, please, Kook-ah!” He cried out, tears forming in his eyes for a reason he couldn't describe because honestly, he didn't understand it himself. Jimin figured there were tears because it was frustrating, the feeling of having your orgasm completely denied. His body reacted on its own to the frustration of the situation, causing tears to swell in his eyes.

“Sssh, baby, you're doing so good. My good boy.” Jungkook praised, his pace still steady and relentless while denying Jimin his orgasm.

“N-No, pleaaase, Kook!” Jimin whined and gripped Jungkook's wrist, trying to pull his arm away as he squirmed around on the bed while clenching the bedsheets with his other hand. It was torture. Well, it felt like torture. The abuse on Jimin's prostate was relentless, yet his release was impossible due to Jungkook's hand. It hurt, he just wanted to come.

Surprisingly, the shorter male was able to pull Jungkook's hand away, eyes rolling back into his head as the feeling finally burst inside of him, Jimin screaming out Jungkook's name as he came inbetween them. His body was trembling violently, back arching up and legs kicking a little as wave after wave hit him, the feeling so intense after being denied for several minutes.

Jimin clenched around Jungkook, causing said boy to curse and find his own release. He kept thrusting into Jimin, fucking them both through their intense orgasms as he filled the condom with his cum, feeling Jimin's legs shake beneath his hands from the oversensitivity. Jungkook slowed his pace, thrusting into the little boy only two, three more times before he pulled out and collapsed on
Both of them were out of breath and sweaty, Jimin's legs dropping back down on the bed. His body was still full on shaking, the orgasm so intense he couldn't move an inch, just wanted to lie here and fall asleep.

“I told you not to come, baby.” Jungkook growled against his ear as he pushed himself up, staring down at the smaller boy, “You misbehaved, Jimin-ah, that's not what good boys do”

Gulping, Jimin nodded, knowing what was going to come next. The way Jungkook was looking at him with dark eyes, the way he was talking to him with a low voice, almost intimidatingly and threatening, should probably scare Jimin or make him at least worry, but why was there mostly excitement and heat in the pit of his stomach? Was that... right?

“I-I'm sorry”

“You know what happens to bad boys, don't you?” The younger one asked as he sat up, pulling the condom off and dropping it on the floor before he sat down on the edge of the bed.

“T-They get punished?” Hadn't Jungkook said that back then when he had wanted to spank him? That time when Jimin had thought Jungkook was actually disappointed by him. Just like he was acting right now. However, this time, Jimin knew that this act wasn't genuine. Jungkook wasn't actually angry or disappointed by him.

“Correct. Come here” Jungkook pointed to his lap, Jimin sitting up and crawling over, heartbeat quickening as he laid down over Jungkook's lap, ass up in the air.

Jimin's ass was so round, the flesh so fair, Jungkook wanted to paint it in a pretty rose colour. Softly, he gripped one of Jimin's butcheeks, giving it a firm squeeze that caused Jimin to gasp. The orange haired boy pressed his face into the bed and gripped the bedsheets, clenching his hands into fists.

“Kitten, can you tell me your colour?”

Swallowing hard, Jimin cleared his throat, “Green”

“Okay. I'm going to spank you now, Jimin-ah. If you don't like it, call out red right away, understood?”

Jimin nodded quickly.

“No, baby, need to hear your pretty voice” Jungkook shook his head as he tapped two fingers against Jimin's upper thigh firmly, causing Jimin's leg to twitch.

“Y-Yes, I understand”

“Good boy. Deep breath for me” The younger one ordered as he kept caressing Jimin's butcheek softly.

The shorter male obeyed, taking a deep breath, but holding his breath a moment later when Jungkook's hand was suddenly gone. Squeezing his eyes shut, Jimin waited for the first blow. Was it going to hurt a lot? Was it going to hurt at all? Well, obviously it w-

*Swoosh.*

Jimin's breath hitched in his throat, body moving forward slightly at the first spank. The pain was
definitely there, but it was light and gone so quickly, replaced by something else... but what was it?

Jungkook rubbed over the skin where he had just spanked him, trying to soothe the pain. “Okay, little one? Do you want to stop?” His voice was so soft, so comforting. Jimin knew he could stop right now and that would be completely fine with Jungkook. The taller boy would pick him up and give him the promised cuddles, yet Jimin wanted more. For some reason he wanted more.

“N-No, again”

The younger one cursed under his breath, lifting his hand yet again.

Jimin couldn't help but hold his breath again, waiting for the next blow.

_Swoosh._

It came a lot quicker than the first one, hurt a little more as well even though it was the other cheek this time. There wasn't that much force behind Jungkook's slaps and both of them knew that. It was Jimin's first time and Jungkook was considerate, of course. However, they weren't light either. There was definitely pain felt in Jimin's butt. Yet, the pleasure that spread afterwards filled his whole body.

_Swoosh._

Jimin yelped at that one, having not expected it at all. His body rocked forward, penis rubbing against Jungkook's leg and creating some friction. His penis had gotten soft already, but was still very much sensitive against any touch.

_Swoosh._

Jimin whined high-pitched, hiding his face in the bed.

“Doing so good, baby, such a good boy taking your punishment” Jungkook praised and caressed his buttcheks that had a little pinkish colour now.

_Swoosh._

“Ah” The orange haired one breathed out, eyes squeezing shut as first the pain, but then the pleasure ran through his body. Honestly, Jimin had no idea why this felt the way it did. When Taehyung had told him about how pleasureable this felt, he had doubted it quite a bit. Yet, here he was now, experiencing it first hand.

Did that mean he liked pain? Did he like being disciplined? What exactly did th-

_Swoosh._

“Oh, Kook-ah” Jimin mewled, this one being harder than the others. Both of them stilled as they felt Jimin's penis twitch against Jungkook's leg.

The smaller boy's cheeks were already flushed due to the slight embarrassment of being spanked by Jungkook, yet his blush deepened when he realised how his body reacted and how he was actually enjoying this... punishment. There was something wrong with him, wasn't there?

“Mhm, you like this, don't you?” Jungkook commented, tapping his hand against Jimin's butt firmly, causing Jimin to squirm around on his lap.

_Swoosh._
“Stop moving” The taller boy scolded, Jimin whimpering at the order. He didn't mean to move, his body did that on his own.

*Swoosh.*

Jimin's body rocked forward, his penis at full hardness as it rubbed against Jungkook's leg. He simply couldn't help but rut against it, searching desperately for some more friction.

“Baby, what did I tell you?”

“S-Sorry, please, Ko-aaah!” Jimin cried out high-pitched as Jungkook spanked him yet again mid sentence.

Involuntarily, Jimin's hands rushed to his butt, trying to protect it from any more spanks which was contradicting to what his body felt. It was as if his brain and body were telling him two different things. His brain was screaming at him to stop this, protect him from any more pain, yet his penis was twitching every time, actually leaking some precum now and enjoying the pain – or the pleasure. It was odd and very confusing, if Jimin was being honest.

“Kitten is leaking all over my leg, isn't he?” Jungkook pointed out as he pushed Jimin's hands away, giving him another spank.

The smaller boy's hands flew to his butt again, trying to protect it, yet Jungkook simply grabbed his wrists firmly and pulled them away, holding them in his grip tightly.

“Stop disobeying, baby”

*Swoosh. Swoosh. Swoosh.*

“Aaah!” Jimin cried out, legs kicking as he squirmed around more on Jungkook's lap, body trying to get away from the touch now.

“Sssh, little one, what's your colour?”

It took a moment for Jimin to catch his breath and to find his voice, so so out of it at this point. There was pain, but it was pleasure too, his penis was sensitive, yet the friction against it felt so good and overwhelming. Everything was just somehow contradicting and Jimin didn't know what to do. Yet, he definitely knew that he didn't want to stop this.

“G-Green” He answered, voice breaking, noticing the tears on his face only a moment later.

There was a moment of silence, Jungkook stilling.

“Baby, hey, are you sure? Are you okay?” The taller boy asked, voice softer again, concern visible. That was so incredibly comforting to know. The fact that Jungkook still wanted to make sure that he was okay meant a lot to him.

“Y-Yes. Green, I'm sure”

“Okay, baby. Only two more, I promise. Did so well for me, baby, such a good boy. You can squirm around, hump my leg all you want and if you want to come, go on, little one.”

“T-Thank you”

Letting out a shaky breath, Jimin pressed his face into the bedsheets again, Jungkook caressing his buttcbeeks that were in a pretty pink colour now, contrasting to his fair skin.
“Kook-ah” Jimin whimpered as his body rocked forward, squirming around in his lap a bit as he rubbed his penis against Jungkook’s leg.

Suddenly, the younger one parted his buttcheeks, revealing his stretched pink hole that was shining with lube. The taller boy spat right on his hole, Jimin gasping at the action, penis twitching at the obscenity. Jungkook pressed his index finger against the rim, Jimin yelping at the touch. While the taller one circled his entrance with his finger, Jimin continued to hump Jungkook's leg, feeling so desperate to find another release. Without a warning, Jungkook pushed two of his fingers inside of Jimin's hole without any resistance.

The shorter male opened his mouth in a silent scream as Jungkook thrusted his fingers in and out of him in a fast pace, jolts of pleasure running through his body. Jimin tried to concentrate on the stimulation on his penis and in his hole, yet there was the nervousness of when the last spank was going to hit him blooming inside of him.

Jimin's orgasm was building in the pit of his stomach, the older one squirming around in Jungkook's lap as the feeling increased steadily. Suddenly, Jungkook's fingers were gone and instead, he spanked Jimin right across his hole.

“Jungkook-ah!” The poor boy screamed out in ecstasy, sperm spurting out of his penis on Jungkook's leg as Jimin continued humping it, legs kicking as his orgasm hit him. His body was shaking violently and tears were running down his face. A mantra of Jungkook's name was leaving his plump parted lips, drool all over his chin.

Eventually, it all became too much, too sensitive and Jimin had to still his hips, lifting them slightly so his penis wouldn't be pressed against Jungkook's leg any longer.

Jimin's eyes felt heavy, his body feeling so sore, especially his butt. The poor boy was exhausted, just wanted to fall asleep.

“Hey, little one” He could hear Jungkook whisper as he caressed his back softly, trying to get Jimin's attention, yet it felt like Jimin wasn't actually present, was floating, was somewhere else. His breathing was uneven and his body still full on trembling as he simply laid there.

Carefully, Jungkook picked up the smaller boy gently and made him straddle his lap, Jimin almost collapsing against him right away. The taller boy secured his position by gripping his hips softly, locking eyes with Jimin.

“Hey, baby, you did so well for me. You were such a good boy for me, weren't you?” Jungkook praised as he brushed Jimin's hair out of his sweaty forehead, Jimin's eyes fluttering shut at the touch.

“Y-Yes? Your good boy?” The smaller boy whispered, voice so soft and vulnerable Jungkook smiled as he pressed a peck against his nose.

“Yes, my good boy” He reassured and connected their lips in a little kiss.

The younger one wiped away Jimin's tears, heart dropping a little as the memory of the last time Jimin had cried in this position after being told he would be spanked appeared in his mind, yet he knew this time was different. Jimin cried when he was oversensitive, when it all became too much. These weren't tears that he cried because of fear or pain.

“Jimin-ah, I have some ointment for your butt. I'll rub it onto your buttccheeks, okay? It'll soothe the pain”
The smaller boy nodded even though Jungkook wasn't entirely sure he had understood what he had said. Yet, he scooted up the bed with Jimin on his lap and reached for the bag on his nightstand where he had provided some stuff already. Jungkook picked out the bottle of ointment and placed it next to them on the bed. Then, he picked out some tissues and cleaned himself from Jimin's cum.

“I'll clean your hole, okay?”

Jimin nodded faintly, eyes glossy and wide as they followed Jungkook's movement. The smaller boy actually looked like a kitten right now, the taller boy couldn't take his eyes away. Frankly, he always did look like one, hence why Jungkook had started to call him by that pet name. Jimin was just beautiful and adorable.

Clearing his throat, Jungkook shook his head and carefully gripped Jimin's right buttcheek, causing said boy to hiss and bury his face in Jungkook's neck.

“Ssh, I know” Jungkook cooed as he wiped the tissue over Jimin's hole gently in order to clean it from any remaining lube. They were going to shower in a moment anyway, but aftercare came first and Jungkook didn't want any of the lube or cum to dry on Jimin's skin when they were cuddling.

The younger one tossed the tissues on the floor without a care before he picked up the ointment, opening it and scooping some of it up with two fingers. Carefully, he laid down on the bed, pulling Jimin down with him who placed his head on Jungkook's chest, hands clenched into little fists.

“It's going to be cold” The taller boy warned as he pressed his fingers against Jimin's buttcheek, said boy whining at the contact and squeezing his eyes shut, “I know, baby, you're doing so good” Jungkook whispered against his ear, caressing his back while rubbing the ointment over his buttcheeks, spreading it around.

The substance felt weird against Jimin's skin, yet it was somehow soothing. Jungkook repeated the treatment on his other buttcheek, being very careful and gentle while doing so.

“All done, baby”

“T-Thank you” Jimin whispered, voice a little hoarse.

Jungkook hummed as he wrapped his arms around the smaller boy on top of him, embracing him tightly. Jimin's heart fluttered at the gesture, feeling so safe in Jungkook's arms as the younger one started to draw shapes on his back.

Jimin listened to Jungkook's heartbeat, something so comforting and soothing about being able to feel it so close to him. Goosebumps formed on his skin wherever Jungkook's fingertips traced on it. The smaller boy could fall asleep like this, feeling the warmth that was radiating from him, smelling his scent that caused Jimin to feel... cozy and safe.

The orange haired boy could feel himself come down from the headspace, could feel himself calm down again. Being close to Jungkook, simply be cuddled in a soft way by him caused that.

The actual pain was only felt now by Jimin. While being spanked and stimulated on his penis simultaneously, the pleasure was somehow blurring out the pain, yet when he was coming down from that headspace now – no other distraction, no more pleasure and no adrenaline left – it all came crashing down. His butt was quite sore and Jimin was sure he was going to feel the pain even tomorrow.

“I-It hurts” The smaller boy murmured and looked up at Jungkook with big eyes.
“I know, little one, I know it does. Did I got too far?” Jungkook whispered, voice soft as he caressed Jimin's cheek, the shorter male nuzzling against the touch.

“No, you didn't go too far. It didn't hurt a lot while you were doing it, just now” The older one tried to explain, Jungkook humming as he gave a nod.

“So you enjoyed it? Would you want to do it again?”

Swallowing, Jimin contemplated over it for a moment.

“I did enjoy it, I don't know why, but it's very intense. I don't want to do it all the time, but I would like to do it again sometime”

Jungkook smiled and gave a nod as he rubbed his thumb over Jimin's cheekbone.

"Is it weird that I like it? I don't even know what I like about it...” Jimin asked, voice becoming quieter with each word.

"It's not weird, Jimin-ah. Many people like this, for whole different reasons. Some enjoy the pain, some enjoy the humiliation, some enjoy the discipline, there are a lot of reasons. If you don't know why you like it, that's fine, too. You don't have to justify yourself or justify what you like. If you like it that's fine and I'll gladly do that to you, if you want it."

“How is it for you? Do you enjoy spanking?” The smaller boy wondered as he tilted his head to the side.

The younger one thought over it, eventually shrugging slightly, “I enjoy watching you fall apart, watching you let yourself drop into that headspace and put all of your trust in me. I like pleasuring you so if spanking gives you pleasure, then yes. However, if it only hurts you and makes you feel uncomfortable, then no, I don't enjoy it”

Jimin processed his words, thinking about them for a moment. For some odd reason his heart fluttered at the information. The reason whether or not Jungkook enjoyed this was... Jimin. Whether or not Jimin felt pleasure during the spanking determined if Jungkook enjoyed doing it to him.

“Oh” Jimin whispered as he placed his cheek against Jungkook's chest again, listening to his heartbeat.

The smaller boy started to draw shapes over Jungkook's chest now, the taller boy noticing it and glancing down at him, observing the way Jimin was softly touching him. It must be difficult for Jungkook, too, right? To act this dominantly and hurt someone purposely because they ask you to do that. Jimin wanted to comfort him, too. It surely wasn't easy on him either.

“Did you like having your hands tied up?” The older boy wanted to know, voice quiet as he lifted his hand and started playing with Jungkook's hair.

The taller boy's eyes fell shut at the soft touch, Jimin scratching over his scalp softly every now and then.

“Kook-ah?”

“Sorry, what?”

“Did you like having your hands tied up?” Jimin repeated, eyebrows arched up in a curious manner.
“Hell no” Jungkook laughed and shook his head, “What a pain in the ass, honestly.”

“Did it hurt?” Jimin asked concerned, gripping Jungkook's arm softly and inspecting his wrist. It was only the slightest bit redened, probably gone by tomorrow already.

“No, it didn't hurt.” The younger one assured softly, grabbing Jimin's chin gently and forcing him to lock eyes with him right as Jimin lifted Jungkook's hand and placed a kiss against his redened flesh. Emotion flashed in Jungkook's eyes at the gesture, yet Jimin wasn't able to recognise what it was, “Thank you.” He breathed.

They both smiled faintly, looking back and forth between each other's eyes. Jimin wet his lips, Jungkook's gaze rushing down at the motion. There was just something so inviting about Jimin's full lips, Jungkook couldn't help himself and leaned forward, connecting their lips in a gentle kiss.

Jimin's breath hitched in his throat, having not expected the kiss, yet welcoming it all the same. The shorter boy kissed right back, both boys moving their lips against each other so gently as if they wanted to say something with the kiss, yet not knowing what it was. It wasn't about lust, wasn't about easing each other into having sex a moment later. No, this was different.

There was still passion behind their kisses, but the pace was slow and sensual rather than fast and hot. With each touch of their lips, Jimin's heart fluttered, something blossoming in his stomach and spreading through his whole body. That happened so often now, didn't it? That weird feeling, that odd thing his heart did whenever Jungkook looked at him, touched him, kissed him or talked to him, sending electricity through his body, filling him with warmth and comfort.

What was that? What was going on with his body whenever Jungkook was near?

The taller boy licked over his bottom lip slowly, Jimin parting his lips immediately and pressing his tongue against Jungkook's slowly, both boys letting out a soft breath at the touch. Jungkook gripped his hips a little tighter, yet the pace of their kiss stayed the same.

Jimin had no idea how long they remained like this, the smaller one sitting on top of Jungkook while they kissed so slowly and softly, the younger boy continuing to caress Jimin's back while the shorter male kept drawing shapes over his chest, feeling goosebumps rise beneath his touch.

Eventually, they broke away from the kiss, both a little breathless as Jungkook pressed another peck on his lips, then leaving a small kiss on his nose and lastly, placing a little kiss on his forehead, Jimin smiling at the gesture as his eyes fluttered shut.

When he opened them again, Jungkook was already staring at him, eyes fixated on his face, taking in every detail. Jimin felt himself blush under the intent stare, yet this time he didn't avert his gaze. Jungkook looked back and forth between his eyes and there was something glistening in his eyes that Jimin wished he could define, yet he couldn't.

Jungkook opened his mouth, trying to say something, but shut it again.

“Jimin-ah” He then breathed, smiling faintly, “I-”

Suddenly, a phone rang. Both boys immediately knew which one it was and honestly, Jimin had an idea of who it was as well. He couldn't help but wonder if he was right, if it was actually Seoyun who was calling. Certainly, he could be completely off. It might be his family, friends or someone from work. There were so many people who would- You see, Jimin was desperately trying to make up other scenarios, yet how many people would call him at midnight? It was so late, the possibility of people calling him was slim, only a few selected people would call someone this late at night.
Seoyun had done it before so the chances of this being her, too, were high if you asked Jimin.

Jungkook shook his head, clearing his throat as he averted his gaze.

“Sorry, let me turn that off and then we'll shower, okay?”

“We don’t have to” Jimin found himself whisper when Jungkook pushed him off of him softly, getting up to grab his phone.

“Why not?” The younger one wanted to know, eyebrows pulled together as he declined the call.

“If you have other things to do, I can just take a wet cloth and-”

“I don’t. No, Jimin-ah.” Jungkook interrupted and shook his head, “Come on” Then, he picked up the smaller boy with ease and wrapped Jimin's legs around his waist, holding him by his upper thighs as he walked into the bathroom, Jimin burying his face in his neck, smelling his comforting scent.

Carefully, Jungkook wanted to set Jimin down on the counter, yet Jimin hissed at the pain of his butt coming in contact with the surface, wrapping his arms around Jungkook's neck tighter.

“Shit, sorry, baby” Jungkook apologised genuinely, wanting to pick up the boy again.

“I-it's okay. The coldness actually feels kind of soothing” Jimin murmured, both of them chuckling.

“I'll turn the water on” The younger one uttered as he brushed Jimin's streaks of hair out of his face.

Suddenly, there was a phone ringing again.

“For god's fucking sake” Jungkook groaned through clenched teeth, clearly annoyed now.

“Why don't you just pick up so the person will stop calling?” Jimin suggested, voice soft.

“Are you sure?”

The smaller boy nodded as he watched Jungkook walk over to the shower, turning the water on and setting it to a comfortable temperature.

“Why don’t you start already? I'll be right back” Jungkook placed a peck on his lips before he exited the bathroom, Jimin hopping down from the counter and whining as he stood on wobbly legs. His whole body still felt incredibly sore.

Carefully, he stepped into the shower, the warm water hitting him, causing him to gasp. Actually, the water felt nice against his body, especially after such an exhausting day. Should Jimin wait now? Well, it was a waste of water to just stand here.

Jimin grabbed the shampoo and squeezed some of it on his hands, placing the bottle back down and massaging his hair a moment after. The shorter male looked over at the door, but Jungkook hadn't appeared yet. Biting down on his bottom lip, Jimin reached for the shower gel and squirted some of it on his hands. The smell reminded him of Jungkook, his eyes fluttering shut at the familiar and comforting scent. Jimin knew that it was odd... was it? Maybe it wasn't. You see, Jimin was connecting the scent of Jungkook with... comfort and, and safety and something that made him feel close and... almost at home? Honestly, he couldn't explain it, just knew that the scent always lingered in his nose even hours after having seen Jungkook, the simple smell could evoke so many feelings in Jimin, it was a little strange perhaps.

While Jimin cleaned his body of any sweat, cum and lube, he kept his gaze fixated on the door, yet
Jungkook didn't appear. The shorter male hissed as he cleaned his butt, the touch causing a little pain, yet it had to be done. Lastly, he carefully washed his hole, letting the water wash away any remaining soap or dirt.

When he was finished, he leaned from one foot to the other, considering. Should he just wait here? But he was cleaned now so what was the point? Catching his bottom lip between his teeth, the smaller boy turned the water off, stepping out of the shower a moment later and gripping a towel from the counter.

Jimin could hear Jungkook's muffled voice from his bedroom. Even though he couldn't understand what he was saying, the taller boy sounded somehow annoyed or even angry. Gulping, Jimin dried himself, worrying a little about what was causing Jungkook's mood to be like this.

The older boy wrapped the towel around himself after having dried himself and waddled into the bedroom, observing how Jungkook was pacing around, dressed in briefs now, and seemingly not pleased with whatever he was being told.

“Then why the fuck did you fly her here?!” The taller boy almost yelled, startling Jimin.

Carefully, he picked up his briefs from the floor and put them on, walking over to the sofa after and picking his clothes up. Suddenly, Jungkook turned around, gaze landing on the smaller boy who was putting on his clothes already. The black haired boy's eyes widened as he approached Jimin.

“Ji-” He halted mid-sentence, Jimin turning around to look at him as he pulled the hoodie over his head, “Hang on, give me a minute.” Jungkook pulled the phone away from his ear, “Sorry, it's not gonna take much longer, I-”

“It's fine, Jungkook” Jimin assured, not sure why his voice didn't cooperate and broke, making it appear as if he was hurt – which he... wasn't, obviously.

“Give me two minutes, Jimin-ah and I'll – I said give me a minute, for fuck's sake” Jungkook first talked to him softly, but then his voice sounded completely different as he talked to the person on the phone with an angry tone.

“It's fine, Jungkook-ah. I get it, it's important” Jimin smiled faintly, but Jungkook could see right through it. The smaller boy started walking towards the door, but Jungkook quickly went after him, grabbing his wrist and pulling him back gently.

“Wait, please, Jimin-ah, It's not gonna take much longer. I can't just hang up, I-” There was emotion flashing in Jungkook's eyes and Jimin wished he knew what it was, yet he didn't.

“Jungkook-ah, it's okay, really. I'll get going” Jimin assured yet again, voice trembling a little and giving away how vulnerable he felt. Why, you wonder? Well, Jimin had no clue. The taller boy was having a conversation with someone who was clearly important- more important than him. That shouldn't bother him. And it didn't... right? There was nothing to be hurt about for Jungkook to take this call while they were still spending time together, especially as he had suggested it. Then again, had he actually thought that Jungkook would take the call? Maybe. Had he thought that the call would take this long? Not at all.
“Jimin-ah, fucking wait” Jungkook followed him outside of the bedroom, yet Jimin didn't want to, didn't want Jungkook to see how much this was bothering him because it shouldn't. It was stupid and silly, but Jimin couldn't just stop it, neither control it.

“I'm not being rude, I said give me a fucking minute, I'll be right back” The younger one said through clenched teeth as he talked to the person on the phone. Both boys were walking down the stairs now, fast steps. Jimin just wanted to get away while Jungkook was trying to stop him, “Jimin-ah, what's wrong, please talk to me”

“Nothing is wrong. I promise. It's stupid, it's nothing, really. I just think it's better for me to go” The smaller boy assured.

“What if I don't want yo-”

Jungkook halted as the front door suddenly opened, a faintly familiar person stepping into the apartment. Jimin's heart dropped, stomach twisting as he saw Seoyun walk inside with several boutique shopping bags in her hands, stilling as she laid eyes on the scene in front of her.

“Oh my fucking god, you've got to be kidding me” Jungkook breathed in disbelief, slightly annoyed as well.

“Hello” She grinned as she stepped inside, dropping the shopping bags on the floor as Jimin just gulped and made his way to the door. She hadn't closed it, probably expected Jimin to leave which he was going to do now anyway.

“No, wait, Ji-”

“What's going on?” Seoyun asked, amusement in her voice as Jimin picked up his shoes, not even putting them on.

“Bye, Jungkook-ah” The smaller boy uttered and exited the apartment, shutting the door close behind him as he hurried to the elevator, thankfully already at the right floor. He stepped inside and pressed the button for the ground floor.

Letting out a shaky breath, Jimin shut his eyes close. It felt as if he was going to throw up, he felt genuinely sick. Why? Why did he feel like this?

While the elevator was moving, the orange haired boy put on his shoes, tying them weirdly, somehow forgetting how you do that as his head was spinning.

Finally, the elevator doors opened, Jimin stepping out and hurrying to the front door in order to leave the building. A fresh breeze of air hit him and it felt like he was finally able to breathe again. He took a deep breath, body shaking a little as he looked around.

Beomsoo – Jungkook's driver – was waiting in front of his car and Jimin just knew that Jungkook must have texted him just now because he was holding a phone in his hand.

Swallowing hard, Jimin walked over to the man who bowed politely at him, the smaller boy mirroring the action as Beomsoo opened the door for him.

“Mr. Jeon wants me to tell you that he's going to call you later” Beomsoo revealed once they were both seated in the car.

The orange haired one looked down on his lap as they pulled out of the parking spot. Why didn't he text him and tell him that himself?
“It's late. I'll probably be asleep, but... thank you”

Beomsoo smiled sympathetically at him, seemingly noticing that something was off, yet he thankfully didn't mention anything about it.

Jungkook did call him an hour later when Jimin was lying in his bed.

Yet, Jimin didn't pick up.

Chapter End Notes

Oh no, poor Jimin :(  

Dongha and Jimin cleared up the misunderstanding and hopefully, they can try and become friends now... right? :)  

What do you think Seoyun is doing there at Jungkook’s apartment? Who was Jungkook on the phone with?

I'll try to update as soon as possible <3
Safe Haven

Chapter Summary

The group of friends hangs out, but Jimin doesn't join them, leaving Jungkook wonder why... Unexpectedly, the orange haired boy appears in front of someone's door in the middle of the night, seeking for comfort.

Chapter Notes

Hiii, thank you so much for the incredible love on the last chapter <3 I loved all of your comments and your feeback :) 

One of my readers, @UberCheeseballs thank you so much again, drew some fanart for my story and I loved it so much that I wanted to share it with you! :) She's really talented and I think she portrayed Jimin and Jungkook really well :) I would love for you to check it out, if you are interested :) https://www.deviantart.com/happilettuce/art/illuminate-758248753

I hope you enjoy this chapter :) 

Jungkook rang the bell, dropping his hand a moment later as he waited for someone to open the door. He took a quick glance at the watch on his wrists, noticing that he was a bit late, yet figuring that they wouldn't mind.

The door swung open, revealing a smaller black haired boy who grinned at the sight of him, “Jungkook-ah, you made it” Yoongi smiled and stepped to the side, making room for Jungkook to enter.

The younger one simply hummed as he entered the house, taking his shoes off a moment later while Yoongi shut the door close.

“Is it the pizza?” Someone yelled from the living room, sounding very much like Jin.

“No, it's Jungkook-ah” Yoongi called back.

There was silence for a moment.

“Well, did he bring the pizza? Some other food?” Jin shouted right before Yoongi and Jungkook entered the living room.

“No, I didn't bring any damn food” Jungkook answered, smiling as he shook his head.

The taller boy scanned the room, noticing fairly quickly that one person was missing. Clearing his throat, he sat down on the sofa next to Jin. “Hey” He greeted the group.
“Hey” They all replied almost in harmony.

Jungkook had to bite his tongue in order for him to be quiet, figuring it would be odd to ask right away where Jimin was and if he was still coming. The thing is, Jimin hadn't even responded in their group chat, hadn't answered Jungkook’s call or his text either. Don't get him wrong, the black haired boy wasn't worried or anything. He could care less, honestly. It was just weird.

They haven't talked at all since that night. Since Jimin just stormed out of his apartment, appearing to be hurt by something. Jungkook had tried to stop him, yet the smaller boy was too stubborn and persistend on leaving, there had been no way of stopping him.

Whatever. It didn't bother him. Whatever Jimin was doing, whereever he was, who cares. Jungkook definitely didn't. They weren't even in a relationship, not even dating or anything like that...

Was he safe? Was he home? Was he- Stop, Jungkook thought and shook his head. Why was his brain not coorperating, but instead wondering about things he didn't want to care about? Fucking annoying.

“Stop that, you're eating all of the snacks already” Jin scolded and snatched the bag of crisps from Tae's hand who looked at the oldest with disbelief in his eyes.

“Hyung, I'm hungry!” Tae whined and reached for the bag, yet Jin shook his head and placed it on the sofa next to him.

“The snacks are for the movie” Jin reminded him, voice soft as he smiled.

“You've been eating the whole damn time before Jungkook arrived, I-” Taehyung accused him, voice still full of disbelief, yet slight anger as well. Obviously, it wasn't serious as their little argument was just concerning food. Then again, both of the boys were pretty passionate when it came to their food.

“Shut up, oh my god. You've been fighting about these fucking snacks for like half an hour now. The food will be delivered soon, don't worry. Let's choose the movie now” Yoongi interrupted their little fight, sighing as he rolled his eyes at his two friends, “Hey, kid, do you want a drink?” The black haired boy asked and nudged Jungkook.

The youngest looked up at his friend with arched eyebrows, still a little caught up in his thoughts and barely noticing his surroundings, “Uh, yes, a coke please”

“Sure thing” Yoongi assured as he left into the kitchen.

Jungkook pulled out his phone while the others were trying to decide on what movie to watch. Namjoon and Taehyung were keen on watching a scary movie, yet Jin and Hoseok were refusing to watch anything that would leave them hide under the blankets by the end of the night. Jungkook really didn't care about what movie they were going to watch.

Instead, he clicked on a certain person's name in his contact list, the messages between them opening up. Unconsciously, Jungkook's leg started moving up and down as he considered texting the smaller boy.

Then again, it was probably utterly useless. Why would Jimin answer him now when he hadn't even replied in their group chat?

It was odd, honestly. The thing that Jungkook was feeling right now. It had been four days since he had last seen Jimin. That wasn't anything out of the ordinary. There have been times where they
haven't seen each other in a couple of days when both of their schedules just didn't allow them to meet up for another lesson, yet this was different. They have never quite left on bad terms, have they? If they have then Jungkook hadn't noticed it, but this time he did. This time he knew that there was something off and... he didn't like that. It did bother him... a bit. A tiny, tiny bit.

It wasn't weird to wonder whether Jimin was alright, considering how he had just stormed out of his apartment some nights ago. Then again, he was probably just busy with practicing.

*Hey, are you coming today?* - Jungkook

The taller boy stared down at the message he had just send Jimin.

“Jungkook-ah, hey, are you okay?” A voice interrupted his thought, the black haired boy only realising a moment later that it was Yoongi.

“Yes, sure” The younger one assured as Yoongi handed him the glass of coke, “Thanks, hyung”

Yoongi observed him a moment longer, but simply nodded before he sat down on the sofa on the opposite end next to Namjoon. Taehyung and Hoseok were the only ones sitting on the floor, having placed some blankets on the rug and sitting against the sofa while staring at the TV.

When they were just about to start the movie, the doorbell rang yet again. Jungkook looked up immediately, body twitching and indicating that he had wanted to get up quickly – which was true, yet he didn't want to make it obvious.

Clearing his throat, he got up on his feet and walked over to the door.

“It's probably the delivery guy, there is some money for a tip on the counter” Yoongi told him as Jungkook placed his hand on the doorknob, twisting it and opening the door.

It was the delivery guy as the others had expected. Jungkook let out a sigh unconsciously, taking the money from the counter and handing it to the man in front of him.

“Hey” The guy greeted as he handed him the food and took the money, “Thank you”

“Hey, thanks. Good night” Jungkook uttered as he took the four boxes of pizza and an extra plastic bag which he assumed carried some chicken as the smell hit his nose.

“Good night”

Jungkook kicked the door shut with his foot before he walked back into the living room. The others had already started the movie, Jungkook placing two boxes of the pizza on the floor while handing the other two Jin.

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It was a little later in the night, darkness filling the room, the light from the TV being the sole source of light. They had eaten most of their food already, only a couple of pieces of the pizza left, the chicken being completely gone.

The black haired boy had checked his phone several times, yet there was no message from Jimin. Frankly, he didn't expect him to turn up at all anymore. Where was he? Why didn't he reply?

Jungkook barely paid attention to the movie, but rather just stared at the TV blankly, noticing how Namjoon and Jin started snoring beside him. That was probably never going to change. It seemed as
if they always fell asleep during their hang outs, especially during an atmosphere like this one – a
dark and cozy room, a movie that wasn't scary but rather boring if you'd ask Jungkook – so it came
to no one's surprise that some of them fell asleep.

The taller boy got up and picked up the pizza boxes, carrying them into the kitchen where he tossed
away the empty ones. Jungkook set the other two that still had some pieces left down on the counter
before looking for some plates.

“Are you hiding the pizza?” A voice startled him, Jungkook turning around and realising that it was
Taehyung who had entered the kitchen.

“No, just wanted to clean up a bit. I'll bring them back in a minute” The younger one assured.

Taehyung placed his arms on the counter and leaned on them, scanning the pizza.

“Hey, can I ask you something?” Jungkook found himself ask as Taehyung picked up a piece of
pizza, taking a bite.

The older one arched up his eyebrows and nodded while chewing on the food.

“Isn't Jimin coming today?”

The other one stilled, swallowing the food in his mouth down as he tilted his head to the side.

“No, he won't come today. He always spends this day alone. I try to suggest other things, like this
hang out, that would distract him and keep his mind off of the meaning of this day, yet he never
wants to. I respect that so I don't bother him any longer. I always spend the next day with him to
make up for it.” Taehyung explained and took another bite.

The black haired boy furrowed his brows, trying to make sense of what Taehyung was sharing with
him.

“What do you mean? What is today?”

“His father's birthday” Taehyung answered nonchalant, almost as if Jungkook should know that fact.

Wait. What?

“I think you have to elaborate a bit more. Where exactly is he? Why won't he come today?”

Tae sighed, dropping the piece of pizza down on a plate.

“I had excepted Jimin to not join us today because it's his father's birthday. Jimin always wants to
spend this time by himself, refuses me to stay by his side. I don't know why, but I don't question it
and respect his wish. I know he won't do some stupid shit and I always check up on him at the start
of the day, somewhere during the midday and then at night to make sure that he's okay”

“So he answers your texts? Your calls? Where is he right now?” The black haired boy wanted to
know, clearing his throat as he noticed the way Taehyung looked at him with suspicion, probably
confused by his urgency. Jungkook started placing the pieces of pizza down on the plates as if this
conversation didn't concern him that much, while he was actually listening intently.

“I don't know” Taehyung sighed as he walked over to the cupboard and picked out a glass, “The last
time I texted him he was on his way to the graveyard. I doubt he's still there now, but that's the last
place I know he went to”
Jungkook froze, almost dropping the piece in his hand as the words left Taehyung's mouth. The other one didn't notice Jungkook's reaction, but simply filled his glass with some coke.

“What do you mean? Why would he go to the graveyard?” The younger one found himself ask, voice a little deeper. Frankly, Jungkook already knew by now, but he wanted Taehyung to say it, wanted to know that he was actually right with his assumption.

“Oh, you didn't know?” Taehyung asked and raised his eyebrows, eyes slightly widened, “His father died when he was young. For some reason, Jimin goes to the graveyard here in Seoul every year because his father is buried in Busan and Jimin doesn't go back there anymore, too many bad memories he connects with that place”

Holy shit. It all made sense now. That's what Jimin meant back then when he said his father is no longer with him. Jungkook had assumed his father was still living in Busan, not... not dead.

“At first, I never really understood why he goes to the graveyard because what his father did to him is just... horrible. He made Jimin suffer so, so much. For everything, really. Whatever it was, he blamed it on Jimin right from the moment his mother died. His father was the only parent he had left, yet the man just hurt him.” Taehyung shared with him, sadness in his eyes as he talked about the past of his best friend, “You see, Jimin is good at upholding a facade. When he smiles, it appears to be genuine and he looks happy, but there is something else hidden behind that smile: A broken boy with a scarred childhood and family issues.”

The blond boy took a sip of his drink, staring out of the window and not even sparing Jungkook a glance. He seemed to be caught up in his thoughts, thinking about everything his best friend went through.

“It was difficult for him to be happy again after everything he's been through, especially after his grandmother died as well. Jimin was all on his own then, a small boy alone in Seoul who suddenly became an orphan. He lived in an orphanage for a couple of years. The people there were nice to him, they were treating him better than his father did and actually cared about him. However, it didn't replace an actual family, the warmth of people loving you. Jimin was never adopted. Most people want younger children when they adopt them, Jimin was nine when he became an orphan and was already quite mature for his age because he had to learn to be somehow independent and responsible quickly, his father not really caring much for him. Jimin hadn't been able to depend much on his father. Of course, there had been his grandmother, but he didn't see her every day. I met him when we were 10 years old. The orphanage was right down my street and the children played outside on the streets all the time. We got scolded quite a lot, but it was always fun. We clicked from the start, he actually went to my school then, too. I guess right from the first couple of days I spent with him was when I knew it. That's when I knew he was going to be my bestest friend in the world. There was just something about him. I became his family, I never left his side.”

Jungkook was frozen in his place, was trying to process all of that information while Taehyung just continued talking, appearing to be in a trance himself and just letting his heart speak.

“Jimin wanted to move out of the orphanage eventually and they let him. He wanted to be independent and not rely on anyone any longer. That's why he refused to live with me and my parents when I offered it. He just never wants to be a liability to anyone – I guess his father gave him the impression that he was, even though he's so far from that. My parents love him, too, and had agreed right away when I asked them, yet he refused. I respected that, though. I understood why he made the decisions he did. Well, it was only right for me to at least move into the apartment next to his when I became an adult and we've been neighbours ever since. We're basically attached by the hip.” Taehyung continued, chuckling at the end, “I'm his family now, you know?” His eyes
appeared to be glassy, emotion flashing in them.

The black haired boy swallowed hard, head a little dizzy due to all of that information.

“When he moved to Seoul, he was at least finally able to take professional dance classes and pursue his dream freely. We both applied for the same arts school and got in. It wasn't long until we met Yoongi hyung who took us under his wing. When hyung met us, he pretty much promised to care for us from the start. I still remember his words and the way he said them: 'I'll look out for you guys, I'm your brother now' And he really held that promise, still does.”

Taehyung smiled at the memory, still glancing out of the window, yet suddenly, his expression broke and changed into one of horror.

“Oh my god, I shouldn't have told you all of this. Forget about everything I've just said” The blond boy muttered, voice full of disbelief as he clasped his hands over his mouth, seemingly wishing he could take back the words.

Jungkook wasn't even reacting. Was still just standing there, frozen in his place as he was trying to process all of what he's just been told. There was so much to digest, so much he hadn't known about Jimin.

“Why did he move to Seoul though? Doesn't he have family left in Busan?” Jungkook then asked, eyebrows furrowed. “Why won't he go back to Busan?”

Taehyung hesitated, appearing to consider whether or not he should answer. He had shared so much already even though he hadn't intended to do that. To be fair, Taehyung loved talking and when he was talking about something that was close to his heart, it was difficult for him to stop.

The blond boy sighed, figuring there was essentially no point in trying to keep any information now, having shared so much already.

“He doesn't. At least not any he knows of. There had only been his father and his grandmother. His father told him that there was no one else, but Jimin was never entirely sure if that was true. Yet, there was no way of finding out. Jimin moved to Seoul with his grandmother because she wanted him to be able to have a better life and because she knew how much trauma the place in Busan caused him, but she died shortly after.” Taehyung answered, “I don't know why he won't go back to Busan, but I guess it's because of all the bad memories. Frankly, there is nothing holding him there either. There is no family left and the only person who had lived there that had loved him was his grandmother.”

Jungkook gave a slight nod, brows pulled together. How could that be? How was it possible for Jimin to have no other relatives? That was incredibly unlikely. There must be other people left in his family...

“Why does he go to a graveyard though? Why does he mourn for that bastard?”

“Yah, don't talk about his father like that” Taehyung scolded him, both boys looking at each other with angered expression, “But you're right, he was.”

“So you're allowed to say shit like that?” Jungkook asked and arched up his eyebrows.

“I'm his best friend, basically his brother so yes, I am”

“And I'm.” The taller boy paused, shutting his mouth as he narrowed his eyes. Right, he was nothing to Jimin. Were they considered friends? Maybe. Yet, not even close friends, “Whatever. I just know
that he hurt Jimin so that already makes him a fucking asshole. Why would he mourn his death, especially even now?

“You know how Jimin is, don't you? That's just the kind of person he is. He always tries to find good in people. That's why it was so difficult to make him understand that his father was a bad person and intentionally treated him like shit to make him suffer, saying all these things and twisting his words, manipulating him. He completely fucked him over by verbally and emotionally abusing him. Jimin didn't even comprehend completely what his father was doing to him back then, but it still left a scar on him today. It's just... we can only try to help him heal. Of course we can support him, but it's something he mostly has to fight on his own because it's all in his mind. I just know that he appears to be in a good place right now. He was actually on a good path, especially with you. I just hope this day won't fuck that over and cause him to backtrack, you know?” Taehyung uttered, voice quiet, “Jimin just can't help it. He's a nice person, a good person. Jimin always just wants to be good and I think he believes that his father would think of him as being disrespectful if he doesn't mourn his death in some way. I don't know, that's just my assumption.”

Frankly, Jungkook couldn't agree more. Jimin was just... an angel. There was so much good in his heart. Jimin was just a nice and kind person, always wanting to please everyone. Obviously, that wasn't possible and of course, he shouldn't have to do that. Sometimes, he needs to put himself as a priority.

Jimin deserved so much better. How could he be this angelic even after all the shit he's been through? How had his father even dared to treat him like this? How fucked up do you have to be to treat someone as good-hearted and sweet as Jimin like absolute trash? Jungkook clenched his hands into fists, anger rising.

Honestly, it was good that he was dead, Jungkook didn't know what he would have done to him if he wasn't.

“Don't tell him that I told you all of this, please. I don't want him to be mad at me” Taehyung interrupted his thoughts, Jungkook locking eyes with him.

“No, of course. Don't worry, I won't say anything”

Taehyung smiled faintly and gave a small nod.

“Don't hurt him, okay?” The blond boy suddenly uttered, voice just above a whisper, so soft.

“What?”

“Don't hurt Jimin, please”

Jungkook blinked, opening his mouth, but shutting it right after.

“Whatever you two are doing, just... be careful. You should end it before any of you catch feelings”

“I won't catch feelings, don't worry. We just fuck, that's all.”

“What if Jimin catches feelings? What if he already has?”

Jungkook hesitated, thinking over his words. No, there was no way. Why would anyone fall for him?

“He won't, don't worry. If he does, that's his fault, I told him from the start that there shouldn't be any feelings involved”
Taehyung snorted, shaking his head as he picked up a piece of pizza, “That shit never works out, trust me. At least one part always catches feelings. That's just how it is”

“Well, not this time. How do you even know about us?”

The older one rolled his eyes, “I'm his best friend, of course I know about this. I suggested him to go for it because he was hesitant at first. Better not make me regret it”

“Don't worry, we're fine. There is nothing more going on”

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Jungkook was pacing around in his living room, dialing the number that an old friend of his had sent him, “Finally” He uttered under his breath.

It took a while for the man to pick up the call, eventually greeting with a “Hello, Jeon”

“Hello, Baek”

“You haven't called in quite a while. What can I do for you this late at night? What have you done? What do I need to do?”

“I didn't do anything. I need to ask you for a favour, though. I'm paying, obviously.”

“Of course, Jeon, what is it?”

The black haired boy almost tripped over some damn high heels that were lying in the way, cursing under his breath as he kicked them back to the front door.

“I need some information about someone. I need you to find out more about Park Jimin. He's born in Busan, in 1995. I want you to find out whether or not he still has family and where they are if he does. Moreover, find out who his father was and what happened to his mother. Don't you dare follow him though, don't even go close to him, I swear if you do, Baek, I'll-”

“Don't worry” Baek interrupted him, the older man laughing slightly, “We won't touch him, won't even go close, I promise. We'll deliver as you wish, it might take some time, but I'll keep you updated.”

“And don't tell my father about any of this”

“Oh? Who is that boy?”

The taller boy hesitated, slight regret blooming inside of him for having shared Jimin's name with this man. Yet, Baek had never crossed him or his father. He was a shady man, but he was loyal to their family. He wouldn't dare to touch Jimin.

“None of your business, Baek. I swear if I find out you were even in the same area as him, I'll-”

“Jeon, calm down” Baek snickered which annoyed Jungkook quite a bit, “Nothing will happen to him. I'll make sure to only receive the information and deliver it to you”

“Thank you. I'll pay as soon as I get the information from you. Delete the number after this. You know how to contact me”

“Of course. Goodbye”
“Bye”

Jungkook hung up, deleting the number immediately and any proof of him having called the number. Honestly, he hadn't done this in a while.

Suddenly, someone rang the doorbell.

The black haired boy frowned, sighing as he tossed his phone on the sofa. He already knew who it was, figuring she had forgotten the password or something. Grabbing the doorknob, he pulled the door open with another sigh, “How many times do I have to-”

He froze at the sight of the smaller boy standing in front of him.

Jimin looked up, tears visible on his face and eyes glassy. His cheeks were flushed, indicating that he'd been outside in the cold for a while, body shivering a little. During nights it was a bit chillier outside these days, especially considering how Jimin was only wearing a thin long-sleeved shirt. How long must he have been outside then? Where had he been this whole day?

“Jimin?” Jungkook finally uttered, the shorter male looking back and forth between his eyes, yet not saying anything. Frankly, Jungkook wasn't sure if he was just imagining this or if Jimin's presence was actually real, “Jimin-ah?”

“Jungkook-ah” The orange haired boy finally whispered, voice so broken and vulnerable. It appeared that Jimin had been crying for quite some time, “M-May I... Can I come in?”

The taller boy hesitated, yet nodded eventually, stepping to the side in order for Jimin to be able to enter his apartment. The older one walked inside with small, hesitant steps. Almost as if he wasn't sure whether or not he actually should.

Jimin scanned the room, noticing how there were dresses spread on the sofa, high-heels placed next to Jungkook's shoes at the door. His heart dropped at the sight of them, realising how he might be interrupting something right now. It had been a bad idea to begin with. It was very late at night, he couldn't just turn up at Jungkook's door spontaneously and expect him to have time for him, or expect him to even want to see Jimin.

“Oh, you're busy right now. I-I'm sorry, I didn't meant to annoy you. I will leave.” The orange haired boy muttered quickly, turning around and making his way out, yet being held back by Jungkook's gentle hand around his wrist.

“Don't go” Jungkook whispered, pulling him back and shutting the door, “Please, tell me what's wrong. What are you doing here?”

Jimin stared at the wall, breathing becoming more difficult as he felt new tears swell up in his eyes. It was so difficult to explain, so hard to share the whole story about his childhood and why a simple birthday was hurting this much. Jimin wasn't sure if he could do that right now, didn't know if he wanted to talk at all right now.

Frankly, Jimin didn't even exactly know what he was doing here. He didn't know what he wanted here and why his body had decided to walk here on it's own.

Well, that was a lie.

He knew it. He knew why he was here, why his body had wanted to come here. Jimin was longing for Jungkook, for his touch. Whenever he was with Jungkook, Jimin felt safe and cared about. There was just something about Jungkook that could calm him, could bring him comfort and that's what he
He needed Jungkook.

The black haired boy stared at the back of Jimin's head, not entirely sure what to do right now. Carefully, he placed his hand on Jimin's shoulder and turned the boy around. There was a pang in his chest at the sight of Jimin's face. His eyes were glassy, tears streaming down his face, bottom lip wobbly as he tried to hold back further tears, tried to not break apart. Jimin just looked hurt and vulnerable. That actually caused something to sting in Jungkook's chest.

“Jimin-ah, what is-”

“I need you” Jimin uttered, voice breaking as he got closer and wrapped his arms around Jungkook's neck. The younger one didn't even hesitate for a moment, but picked Jimin up with ease by his upper thighs, letting him close his legs around his waist.

The smaller boy buried his face in Jungkook's neck as he started crying, the black haired one making his way to the stairs and then up into his bedroom. When he entered his room, he kicked the door close with his foot before walking towards his bed, Jimin shaking in his arms as he continued crying.

Carefully, he sat down on his bed and made Jimin straddle his lap, “Hey, little one, what happened, what do you need?” Jungkook whispered against his ear, caressing his back softly as he tried to comfort the boy in his lap.

“You, I need you” Jimin murmured, voice just above a whisper as he hugged Jungkook tighter.

“Did someone hurt you? Who hurt you, baby?” The taller one wanted to know.

Jimin lifted his head and sat back a bit in order to the able to lock eyes with Jungkook, “I don't want to talk right now” The smaller boy uttered and shook his head, wiping away his tears.

“What do you want, little one? Tell me and I will do it. Whatever it is” Jungkook promised as he placed his hand against Jimin's cheek, rubbing his thumb over it softly. The way Jimin looked right now, so fragile and hurt, there was nothing Jungkook wouldn't do in order for Jimin to be happy again, nothing he wouldn't do for the orange haired boy to feel better and smile again. That pretty eye smile. The one that pulled on his heart strings every single time. Right now, Jimin's appearance was pulling on his heart strings as well, but for a whole other reason. One he didn't want. No, he didn't want Jimin to be sad, ever.

The smaller boy grabbed his hands and placed them on his stomach, “Touch me” He breathed and leaned forward, pressing his soft lips on Jungkook's, “Please, touch me, Jungkook-ah”

Jungkook didn't kiss him back, was taken aback by his request. Jimin rocked his hips forward, letting out a soft breath, but the younger one gripped his hips and stilled his movements, “Jimin-ah-”

“Please, Kook-ah, I need you. Need you to touch me”

The black haired boy hesitated, not sure what to do now. Jimin looked so helpless, so desperate, so vulnerable and he was asking Jungkook out of all people for help. Almost as if he was the one to bring him comfort, as if he was the one he needed right now. No one else. Only him.

“Jimin-ah, I... I don't think-”

“I need you, Kook-ah. Please, touch me”
This wasn't going to end well. Jimin was hurt because of his father, the day was bringing back too many bad memories which caused Jimin to feel sad and suffer. He was trying to look for comfort, trying to fix this state, yet he was trying to do that with sex.

“Baby, listen to me, okay? Sex doesn't solve your problems. It won't. It will only distract you for so long, but whatever is hurting you right now will still be there after you have sex. You can't run away from your problem, but you have to face it, whatever it is. We can talk about whatever is hurting you, little one.”

“N-No” Jimin protested, tears swelling up in his eyes yet again at the realisation that Jungkook wasn't going to help him, “P-Please, I-I need you so bad, Jungkook-ah. You promised you'll help me, whatever it is. I need to be close to you, we can talk afterwards. I promise, I promise I will tell you everything afterwards.” The smaller boy cried and leaned forward, pressing his full lips against Jungkook's, begging him to touch him.

Jungkook grabbed his thighs a little firmer, realising that Jimin needed him right now, needed his touch and needed him to comfort him. There was no way for him to deny Jimin anything right now. The promise of the older one that they would talk about what was hurting him was enough for Jungkook to be content with this, to be able to go on with whatever Jimin wanted.

“Okay, little one, I'm right here”

“Touch me” Jimin begged and pressed his lips against Jungkook's again, the taller one kissing back this time.

“Where?”

“Everywhere, just... please”

The older boy closed his arms around Jungkook's neck as they moved their lips against each other, the kiss so slow and soft as if they didn't want to hurt each other. Jimin didn't know what was going to happen nor what this meant. All he knew was that this was what he needed. Jungkook. Only he could comfort him right now.

Slowly, Jungkook grasped the hem of Jimin's shirt, “May I?” Jimin nodded swiftly, the other one pulling up his shirt and tossing it on the floor, “You're freezing, how long have you been outside?” The taller boy wanted to know, eyes wide as he traced his fingertips over Jimin's cold skin, sending a shiver down Jimin's back, goosebumps forming on his skin wherever Jungkook touched him.

“I-I don't know. A couple of hours” Jimin answered, voice just above a whisper.

Jungkook stared at him intently, eyes looking back and forth between his. It was as if he was trying to look for answers, yet Jimin didn't know what they were.

Then, the younger boy leaned forward and attached their lips in another soft kiss, hugging the boy impossibly closer. Jimin kissed right back, rocking his hips forward slightly which caused both of them to let out a breath, grabbing each other tighter.

“K-Kook-ah” The shorter male whispered against Jungkook's lips and tugged on his shirt. Jungkook broke apart from the kiss and pulled the shirt over his head, tossing it to the side without a care.

Softly, he picked Jimin up and set him down on the bed next to him, leaning over him and pressing his lips on Jimin's in a gentle kiss as he zipped down his pants. Jimin gasped, lifting his hips in order to make it easier for Jungkook to pull them down. The taller boy tugged them down to his ankles and dropped them on the floor, pulling his own sweatpants off right away as well.
Now both boys were only dressed in their briefs. Jimin's chest was rising and falling quickly, grabby hands reaching for Jungkook who smiled as he got on top of Jimin, placing his hands next to his head in order to hold himself up.

“Kiss me, please” Jimin begged, voice so quiet that Jungkook barely heard him, yet he did. The black haired boy leaned down and connected their lips, licking over Jimin's bottom lip so softly, asking for entrance. The smaller boy parted his lips, a pant escaping him as they moved their mouths against each other, Jungkook's tongue licking over his slowly.

It was so soft, so pure. Jungkook was touching him almost as if he was scared of hurting the fragile boy beneath him, hands roaming over Jimin's body so carefully and gently. His touch was intoxicating, Jimin felt himself slip away from the sadness. There was nothing else but Jungkook. He forgot about everything else completely. The taller boy was invading all of his senses, demanding his full attention - which he got, always. There was just something about Jungkook that could do that to him. A mere stare, touch or word from Jungkook was affecting Jimin in a way the older boy couldn't explain. Genuinely, Jimin didn't even fathom it himself. There was nothing else he could do, but feel. He was only able to focus on the handsome man above him.

Jungkook brought him comfort, made him feel safe and protected. No one else has ever made him feel like this. Of course, he knew he had friends that looked out for him – Yoongi and Taehyung were always there for him – Yoongi and Taehyung were always there for him, had saved him so much as well, yet this was different, so different. Jungkook made him feel like there was nothing bad out there in the world, like there was nothing that could ever hurt him, if Jungkook was close to him. The taller boy illuminated so many layers in him, this being one of them. Was that odd? Probably. Yet, it is what it is. Jimin couldn't explain it, couldn't understand it, all he knew was that Jungkook brought him comfort.

“Jungkook-ah” Jimin gasped as he felt the younger boy rock his hips against his crotch slowly, the friction causing him to bite down on his bottom lip.

“Jimin-ah, tell me what you want” Jungkook whispered against his ear before he started trailing gentle kisses down his neck, a soft breath leaving Jimin's lips.

“Y-You, I want you, Kook-ah” The smaller boy whimpered, bucking his hips up in order to create more friction against their penises. Jungkook gripped his hips and stilled his movement.

“Jimin-ah, do you want to have sex? Do you want me to fuck you?” The younger one asked, voice low, yet somehow soft as he lifted his head in order to lock eyes with Jimin. Said boy didn't even hesitate, but nodded quickly, a whine leaving him involuntarily, “No, baby, I need to hear you say it”

“Yes, please, have sex with me, Jungkook-ah” Jimin replied, eyes so wide, so innocent when he requested that. Jungkook was still holding him by his hips, spinning both of them around gently so Jimin was on top now. The shorter male straddled his lap and leaned down, pressing his lips on Jungkook’s in another soft kiss.

Not breaking apart from the kiss, Jungkook lifted his hand and pulled the top drawer of the nightstand open, roaming around in it as he searched for the lube. Eventually having found it, he picked it out of the drawer and shut it close again, dropping the bottle of lube next to them on the bed. The taller boy wrapped his arms around Jimin's petite body, pulling him closer and finally feeling his skin heat up.

“P-Please” Jimin begged as he rocked his hips forward.

“Sssh, I got you, angel”
Jimin's heart fluttered at the pet name, a whimper escaping him as he attached his lips on Jungkook's while said boy traced his fingertips over his back in a gentle way, travelling down to his briefs and eventually playing with the waistband.

“It’s okay” Jimin assured, having felt Jungkook’s hesitation. The black haired one tugged on his briefs and pulled them down over his butt, Jimin pulling them down the rest of the way and tossing them on the floor. Jungkook wasted no time and lifted his own hips, tugging down his briefs and tossing them to the side before Jimin straddled his lap again.

The smaller boy was desperate, was touching any part of skin of Jungkook he could get, just wanted to feel the warm skin beneath his hands. Jungkook's touch on his body was so soft, just what he needed right now. The younger boy didn't stop caressing his back as they made out, Jimin rocking his hips back and forth until both of their penises were hard.

“J-Jungkook-ah” Jimin moaned and pressed his forehead against Jungkook’s, eyes fluttering shut, “Please, now”

“Oh, baby, I have to prep you first, gotta make sure you're stretched” The taller boy uttered as he swept Jimin's hair back, thumb rubbing over his cheekbone softly as he picked up the lube with his other hand.

“No” Jimin whined and shook his head, burying his face in Jungkook’s neck, “Please, just- I don't need to be stretched. I have played with myself two days ago”

Jungkook's dick twitched, cursing, but he shook his head, “Baby, I don't think you're still going to be stretched wide enough, let me just-”

“Noo” The smaller boy whined, “Please”

The younger one sighed, rubbing over Jimin's back as he opened the bottle of lube and squeezed some of it over his index finger. Carefully, he pressed the finger against Jimin's hole and circled his rim. The orange haired one was stretched quite a bit, yet not enough for Jungkook's dick to slip in without any resistance. Slowly, he pushed the finger inside with ease, causing Jimin to gasp as he clenched his hands into little fists and hid his face in the curve of Jungkook's neck.

“Little one, it's going to hurt if I don't stretch you properly” Jungkook tried to make him understand as he moved his finger around. He could definitely fit another one inside with ease, but a third one and especially his dick would require a little more stretching.

“Jungkook-ah, please, I need to feel you inside of me. I can't wait any longer” Jimin sniffed and shook his head. The taller boy sighed, he couldn't force Jimin to let him fuck his hole with his fingers first, yet Jungkook didn't want to hurt him either.

“You have to be extremely careful. We have to use a lot of lube and you have to take your time to adjust” The black haired boy instructed as he sat up, Jimin having to follow his movement and sitting up as well. Jungkook scooted up the bed with Jimin on his lap and rested his back against the headboard before he reached over and opened the top drawer.

“No” Jimin stopped him and gripped his wrist, “Can we... Is it okay, if we do it without a condom? I've only ever had sex with you. Unless you... unless you...” The shorter male paused, leaving the rest of the sentence hang in the air.

Jimin had always wondered how it felt like to have Jungkook inside of him without a condom. Was there even any difference? There must be.
Jungkook stared back and forth between his eyes, gaze intent as he contemplated over the request, “I'm clean” He assured, “I haven't fucked anyone else since I started fucking you”

For some odd reason, Jimin's heart fluttered at that information, a little smile appearing on his face as he felt himself blush.

The taller boy dropped the condom back into the top drawer and grabbed his erection, squirting a good amount of lube over it which caused him to let out a groan. Just as he was about to spread it around, Jimin closed his delicate hand around his hard length and moved it up and down. The younger one let out a breath as Jimin squeezed his dick, leaning his head back against the wall.

Then, Jimin lifted his hips and pressed the tip of Jungkook's erection against his entrance. His heart was beating fast in his chest as he pushed the head inside, mouth opening in a silent scream as he felt his hole open up, yet not without any resistance. It hurt a bit, thus why Jimin had to halt pretty soon, breathing heavily as he tried to adjust.

“So good, baby, you're doing good” Jungkook whispered against his ear, caressing his back as he felt Jimin sink down further.

“K-Kook-ah” The smaller boy whimpered, eyes squeezing shut as he pressed his forehead against Jungkook's. His hole was widening up a bit more, the stretch feeling uncomfortable, yet after a while there were jolts of pleasure at the familiar fullness of Jungkook's erection inside of him, “Mhhm”

“Almost done, little one, you're doing such a good job, taking me so well” The black haired boy praised and pressed a kiss against his temple, Jimin only whimpering as he sank down further.

The more of Jungkook was penetrating him, the more it felt like his hole was being torn apart. The odd thing is, Jimin didn't care. He needed Jungkook to be inside of him right now. He wanted this, wanted to be close to Jungkook. There was just something so comforting about being this intimate with someone, being connected with someone in such a vulnerable way that it filled Jimin with warmth and something else he couldn't define, nor explain.

“Ah, ah, Jungkook” Jimin mewled and buried his face in Jungkook's neck as said boy grabbed his hips. There was only a small part left that wasn't filling Jimin just yet. Honestly, it was difficult for Jungkook not to fuck up into the smaller boy, but he was able to control his own desire and wait for Jimin to adjust to his size. Hurting Jimin was something he definitely didn't want to do. The orange haired boy was taking him so well, even though he has been barely stretched. Jungkook had thought it would take a little longer, yet Jimin was quite determined and adjusted to his size fairly quickly. The younger one just hoped that Jimin wasn't in too much pain. Then again, he was already moaning against Jungkook's ear, indicating that he was feeling quite some pleasure. That realisation calmed Jungkook.

“Kook-ah” Jimin whispered as he sank down further on Jungkook's hard length, finally sitting back down on his lap. The taller boy's erection was now fully settled inside of him, filling him up completely. The feeling was genuinely incredible. Jimin hadn't expected it to be this different from feeling the condom around Jungkook's hard length. He figured that a major reason for it to feel this good was that he felt even closer to Jungkook right now and that's exactly what he needed.

“Did so well, baby, fit all of me inside of you” The younger one uttered and attached their lips in a soft kiss, their lips moving against each other slowly and gently while Jimin adjusted to Jungkook's full size inside of him.

Jimin's head was already spinning, he was panting between their kisses as he felt everything so much more and clearer. It was as if his senses were cleared, completely invaded by Jungkook. All he could
feel, taste and smell was Jungkook. That familiar scent that was so intoxicating, lingering in his nose even hours after. It was embarrassing but the scent of Jungkook alone could calm him, Jimin had been missing the scent of the taller boy so badly. Frankly, he had just missed Jungkook, if he was being honest. His touch, his stare, his lips, just... his presence. Simply his presence alone had been missed by Jimin. The touch of the black haired boy felt hot against his skin, was sending sparks through his body, his kiss so soft and slow, causing his heart to flutter.

“C-Can I move?” The orange haired one whispered between kisses.

“Go ahead, if you're ready” Jungkook answered and nudged Jimin's cheek with his nose before connecting their lips in yet another kiss.

Slowly, Jimin raised his hips, dropping them back down a moment later. Today, he didn't want to go fast, didn't want it to be hard and rough. No, tonight he needed it to be slow and sensual, as soft as it could be.

Jungkook let out a breath while Jimin moved his hips up and down, never breaking their kiss. The smaller boy was moving slowly on top of him, the movement of his hips precise, but soft somehow. The black haired boy had known from the start that this is what Jimin had been looking for tonight. Jimin was seeking for reassurance, for comfort and softness. The younger boy wasn't sure if he was able to deliver that, yet he was going to try.

The two boys continued kissing, only ever breaking apart to catch their breath, Jungkook trailing soft kisses down his neck every now and then while Jimin kept riding him gently, hips moving up and down.

Jungkook couldn't stop touching Jimin, everywhere. His hands were roaming over Jimin's back, tracing over his skin softly and feeling goosebumps rise beneath his fingertips. However, his hands always came back to Jimin's lovely hips, his thin waist that he grabbed with his hands in order to help him move up and down.

The taller boy couldn't take his eyes off of Jimin either, the boy so beautiful, always so beautiful. His beauty was captivating. His pretty brown orbs were staring back at him, pupils dilated and an emotion glistening inside of them that Jungkook didn't know, couldn't define. Jimin's cheeks were flushed, this time not due to the cold, but most likely due to the heat of their close proximity and their movements, his pretty full lips were parted and letting out the most adorable little sounds that Jungkook caught with his own mouth as he pressed his lips on Jimin's again.

Overall, it was fairly quiet in the room for their standards. Usually, the bedroom was filled with Jungkook's groans and his obscene words, ordering Jimin around, whispering dirty words in his ear and telling him what a good boy he was. Jimin's cries and whines, the sound of their skin slapping against each other usually louder, as well. Yet, not tonight. Tonight everything was way purer, softer. Jimin was still whimpering, but they were quieter whimpers that were muffled by Jungkook's kisses. The taller boy wasn't talking dirty to him, either, was just holding him close and kissing him gently.

Jimin loved this. Needed this. Jungkook was making him feel good, comforted him. The way he was holding Jimin close made him feel safe and protected. The smaller boy never wanted this moment to stop. Obviously, he knew that it would end eventually, but he was allowed to dream, wasn't he? To dream about falling asleep in Jungkook's strong embrace while the younger boy was holding him close, drawing shapes over his back softly and promising to protect him.

Jimin's heart fluttered at the thought.
“You’re doing so well, angel” Jungkook whispered against his ear, helping Jimin move his hips a little faster by lifting him by the waist and sinking him back down on his dick.

The overwhelming heat was building in the pit of their stomachs, indicating that their orgasms were approaching almost simultaneously. However, that didn’t cause them to change their position or pace.

There was no urgency behind their movement, no desire to finally come. They were taking their time, touching each other’s bodies while moving against each other. Jimin was reminded of his first time that he shared with Jungkook, but it was different somehow. It was even purer than that, it was even more intimate than that because they were way closer now, having known each other for much longer now since back then.

A thought crept up in Jimin’s mind, making him wonder if... It was almost as if they were making love, wasn’t it? The way they were treating each other so softly, how they were having sex in such a pure way. There was still lust and desire, there always was, yet it was more about being close to each other right now, was more about spending Jimin comfort than anything else. Was this making love? No, that was utterly absurd. How was that possible, if there weren’t even feelings involved? Neither of them loved the other one, this whole thing was platonic. There was no love. Not even an emotion that came close to it.

“Jungkook-ah” The shorter male breathed against Jungkook’s lips, eyes fluttering shut as the taller one’s erection brushed against his prostate, the feeling intense.

“Are you close?” Jungkook wanted to know, sweeping Jimin’s hair back from his sweaty forehead, placing a little kiss right there almost subconsciously. Jimin’s eyes fluttered shut at the gentle touch, hips still moving in the same steady pace as he was panting against Jungkook’s mouth.

“Mhm, yes” Jimin hummed and gave a nod, both boys breathless due to their movement and their making out. Yet, they couldn’t get enough, pressing their lips against each other once more. The taller boy tasted like mint while Jimin tasted like strawberry, both tastes being mixed together everytime their tongues met.

The smaller boy had forgotten what day it was, what meaning this day held and why he had come here in the first place. All because of Jungkook. The younger boy had actually been able to distract him from his trauma and comfort him without even realising it himself.

Jimin clenched his hands into little fists, moaning into their kiss and having to break apart as the heat expanded in the pit of his stomach. The orange haired boy pressed his forehead against Jungkook’s as he caught his bottom lip between his teeth, eyes squeezing shut. Jungkook pressed his lips against Jimin’s cheek where he placed some small open-mouthed kisses while helping Jimin bounce on his dick, feeling his own release approach quickly.

“Jimin-ah” He breathed against Jimin’s skin, eyes falling shut as Jimin buried his face in Jungkook’s neck. The black haired boy hugged Jimin tighter, placing his head on Jimin’s shoulder while the smaller boy was whimpering against his skin. Wanting to help Jimin find his release quicker, Jungkook reached down inbetween them and closed his hand around Jimin’s dick, yet said boy shook his head and whined, grabbing Jungkook’s wrist.

“I-I want to come just from- from you being inside of me, please”

“Okay, baby” The taller boy whispered as he pressed a kiss against his temple, taking his hand away and grasping Jimin’s hips instead.

The smaller boy was so tight around him. It was a whole other sensation to fuck someone without a
condom. Jungkook hadn't done that in a long, long while. To prevent himself from catching any diseases condoms were a necessity, yet this felt so much better. The younger one could feel the softness and tightness of Jimin's hole so much better like this, it was incredible.

“Kook-ah, I'm-I'm close” Jimin warned, grabbing the headboard behind Jungkook tightly as he felt his orgasm approach.

“Go ahead, baby”

The feeling overwhelmed him, bursting inside of him and filling his whole being. Jimin's body was shaking, sperm spurting out of his penis in between them as he whimpered Jungkook's name repeatedly against his ear, hot breath hitting Jungkook's skin. The orange haired boy squeezed his eyes shut at the intensity, wave after wave hitting him as he rode Jungkook through his orgasm.

It didn't take long for Jungkook to come after that, the way Jimin was clenching around him making it impossible not to come. The taller boy threw his head back as he found his own release, cum spurting inside of Jimin which caused the smaller boy to yelp, having never actually felt the wetness of the sperm hit his walls, “Jimin-ah” Jungkook breathed as Jimin placed soft kisses against his neck, riding him through his orgasm, the younger one helping him by lifting him at the hips.

Both boys were breathing heavily, sweaty bodies sticking together as Jimin collapsed against him, stilling his movements.

Jimin's head was spinning, body feeling relaxed and relieved. It was as if a burden had been lifted from his shoulders. All Jimin wanted to do was fall asleep right now, eyes so heavy after an exhausting day. To be fair, Jimin hadn't slept well in a couple of days. Especially last night it had been impossible for him to fall asleep. It was unfair how his father was still able to have an effect like this on his life, was still messing with him like this. Jimin had suffered the whole day today because of the guilt and pain he had felt.

Frankly, he had spend the day a lot with thinking, thinking about his father and what he had done to him. Jimin knew that he had always done it on purpose, wanted him to suffer and blamed him for everything that happened in their lives. His father had manipulated him and wanted him to become fragile, vulnerable and self-conscious. Jimin had learned all of that later in his life, had finally realised that his father had been a bad person. It hurt to think about him, to think about all of the suffering and trauma he had caused Jimin.

The smaller boy had spend the whole day crying, reminiscing about how his father had treated him. Yet, questions remained in Jimin's head. Why had he treated Jimin like this? Why had he decided to have a child if he wasn't going to love it? Had Jimin been unwanted? Even then, his father had decided to keep him, so what had Jimin done that had caused his father to essentially hate him? Jimin just didn't understand that, had spend the whole day trying to figure out what had made his father treat him like this. While trying to find a reason, he had been brought back to his childhood and had remembered memories he had tried to forget which had caused even more pain.

The whole day had just been horrible, filled with yet more suffering. It was so unfair how his father was still affecting him like this. It was even more unfair how Jimin felt guilty for thinking like this about his father. It was his father's birthday and he was thinking about how horrible and mean he'd been when he should probably mourn his death like a good son - which, he had actually done at first. He had cried quite a bit about why his father had left him, too, yet he had cried even more about why his father had treated him the way did and why he hadn't loved him.

To be fair, could you really blame Jimin for not praising his father on his birthday? The smaller boy had tried really hard to think about something good that his father had done for him, something that
had proved his love for Jimin, but there was nothing that came to his mind. The only thing that could be considered a nice gesture was that his father had let him live in his house and had given him some food. However, his father had mostly been drunk during his childhood which had left Jimin trying to find some leftover food in their house or eat enough during lunch in school so he wouldn't starve for the rest of the day. Of course, his grandmother had been there to feed him often, too, the angel that she was, but it-

“Hey, Jimin-ah” Jungkook whispered, caressing his back softly and nudging him with his nose. The shorter male twitched, startled by the sudden voice. He had been so caught up in his thoughts, not realising that Jungkook had called out his name repeatedly. The younger one cupped his face and attached their lips in a sweet kiss, almost as if to wake Jimin from his horrible thoughts yet again.

Jimin was feeling so many emotions simultaneously, not even noticing himself that there were tears rolling down his cheeks. It wasn't until Jungkook kissed them away and whispered “baby, why are you crying?” that he realised he was.

“I-I don't now. It's just a lot” The shorter male mumured, eyes falling shut as he connected their lips in another soft kiss. Jimin didn't want to move, felt too exhausted by everything that had happened today. Frankly, the older boy just wanted to sleep right now.

“We gotta clean you now, little one” Jungkook muttered against his ear, pulling his softening penis out of Jimin's hole carefully, the other one whining at the sensation. There was cum leaking out of his hole immediately, another whimper leaving Jimin's parted lips at the feeling. His sperm dripped down Jimin's thighs, making a mess over both of them.

“I don't want to move” Jimin admitted, clutching onto Jungkook as he hid his face in the curve of his neck.

“I don't want the cum to dry inside of you, baby. Come on” The taller one whispered, voice soft as he brushed Jimin's hair out of his face. Jungkook lifted Jimin up with ease, hugging him tightly to his body as he got up from the bed.

Jimin buried his face in Jungkook's neck, eyes heavy and falling shut while the younger one carried him into the bathroom. The next thing happened fairly blurry for Jimin as it felt like he was already asleep in Jungkook's strong embrace. He remembered Jungkook stepping into the shower with him, warm water hitting them both and causing Jimin to gasp. The black haired boy set Jimin down on his feet, holding him close because Jimin almost collapsed on his wobbly feet. Jungkook cleaned him softly with the shampoo and the shower gel, hands roaming over Jimin's body so gently, getting rid of any dirt. There was still cum leaking out of Jimin, now easier due to the position he was in.

Jungkook cleaned his sensitive hole very carefully, Jimin hiding his face in his strong chest as he whimpered, “Sssh, it's okay, almost done” The younger boy whispered against his temple, placing a small kiss there before continuing to clean him.

The orange haired one really wanted to help, wanted to clean Jungkook, too, yet he felt way too weak. All he wanted to do right now was run back into Jungkook's bed, hide under the covers and fall asleep with the gorgeous man next to him.

Jimin glanced up, eyes staring into Jungkook's big brown orbs. His eyes were so beautiful, so mesmerising. Honestly, everything about him was. The smaller boy still couldn't believe how a man could be this handsome, this effortlessly beautiful. Jungkook locked eyes with him, catching Jimin stare at him with his mouth agape as if Jungkook was some kind of piece of art – which, to be fair, Jimin wouldn't doubt if he was. A smirk appeared on Jungkook's face, Jimin blushing and averting his eyes, face pressing into Jungkook's chest again which caused the taller man to chuckle. Jimin's heart warmed at the sound of it, something so wonderful about hearing Jungkook laugh.
“Cute” Jungkook snickered and ruffled through Jimin's wet hair, finally done with cleaning himself now, too.

The older one smiled faintly at his comment, blush deepening. They stood there under the water, letting it fall down on them and wash away all the dirt and soap, both boys completely clean now. The smell was nice, comforting. Jimin loved it.

Jungkook turned the water off, picking Jimin up who wrapped his legs and arms around the taller boy. He stepped out of the shower with the older boy in his arms and walked over to the counter where he set Jimin down gently.

The black haired boy reached for a towel and threw it over Jimin which caused said boy to giggle as he was hidden beneath the towel. Jimin heard Jungkook laugh as he pulled down the towel, revealing Jimin's pouting face. Something weird happened in Jungkook's chest at the sight, causing him to lean down and press a soft peck against Jimin's pouting lips subconsciously, “Sorry, angel”

Jimin's heart fluttered at the petname, cheeks heating up yet again while the younger one rubbed the towel over his body in order to dry him. When he was satisfied, he dried himself before tossing the towel on the floor. The smaller boy followed his movements with his eyes, observed how Jungkook opened the drawer and picked out two fresh pairs of briefs, one of which he helped Jimin into, the other one he slipped on himself.

“Let's go back into bed” Jungkook uttered and picked up Jimin once again. The smaller one wrapped himself around the younger boy and hid his face in the curve of Jungkook's neck.

The shower had been refreshing. Jimin somehow felt even better now, felt like all of the exhaustion of the day, all of the suffering and crying he had to endure today had been washed away by Jungkook. However, he also felt sleepier and wished he could fall asleep right now.

This moment was different. This wasn't one of their lessons. They hadn't decided to meet up today and have sex. Jimin had come here spontaneously, so... what exactly was this? What was supposed to happen now? What was going to happen now?

Jungkook set him down on the bed gently, lifting the blanket and tucking Jimin in. Then, he straightened his back and appeared to want to go somewhere, but Jimin's body reacted almost involuntarily as he wrapped his petite hand around Jungkook's wrist, pulling him back, “Stay” He whispered, eyes wide and pleading.

The expression and the voice of the smaller boy pulled on Jungkook's heart strings, a sympathetic smile appearing on his face as he leaned down and pressed a kiss against his forehead, “I'll be right back, I promise, little one”

His wrist slipped from Jimin's grip as he walked away, Jimin's heartbeat quickening at the fear of the taller boy leaving him. Jungkook picked up his phone, yet as he glanced at Jimin once more, there was a pang in his chest. There seemed to be actual fear in his eyes, pain that was flashing in them. Jungkook swallowed hard, reminiscing about the exact same look he had seen on Jimin's face just some days prior when the boy had stormed out of his house. Yet, this time, it was even worse.

The black haired boy turned his phone off, tossing it on the nightstand before he pulled the blanket to the side and joined Jimin on the bed. The older one clung onto him almost immediately, face buried in his neck as he wrapped his delicate arms around Jungkook's body.

“I'm right here, I won't leave” Jungkook assured, arms closing around the smaller boy as he started drawing shapes over his back softly.
“Promise?” Jimin whispered.

“I promise” The younger one reassured and pressed his lips against Jimin's temple.

Jungkook could feel Jimin's quick heartbeat, didn't know why it was beating so fast, but hoped that his close proximity would somehow calm the orange haired boy. His breathing became more even, the soft air of it hitting Jungkook's skin and causing little goosebumps to rise there.

It only took a couple of minutes of Jungkook's soft caress on Jimin's back to relax in his arms, chest rising and falling more steadily now, almost in harmony with Jungkook's. It was almost as if their hearts were beating the same beat.

“I-I'm sleepy” Jimin mumbled, eyes falling shut at the gentle touch from the taller man. It was so comforting to stay in his embrace, feeling the warmth that was radiating from Jungkook's body and listening to his steady heartbeat that was somehow relaxing.

The black haired boy grabbed his chin softly, lifting his head in order to have a better look at him. Jimin's eyes were shut, lips pouting and cheeks flushed as he was basically falling asleep. Jungkook couldn't help but smile at the image of the beautiful boy. Jimin was just adorable, wasn't he?

Not being able to hold himself back, Jungkook leaned down and captured Jimin's plump lips in a small kiss, tasting the sweetness on them. Honestly, Jungkook couldn't get enough, could spend days kissing Jimin's soft lips, could spend years staring at his beautiful face. Jimin almost purred at the kiss, eyes still shut and a frown appearing on his face as he pursed his lips, asking for more kisses.

Jungkook chuckled at the cute action and pressed another peck against his lips, “Kitten” He breathed, causing Jimin to blush as he tried to hide his face, but Jungkook gripped his chin again and lifted his head, “You promised me to talk, baby”

“Later” Jimin murmured, eyes still shut as he yawned, “I promise, later, but I'm sleepy and I-” His voice got quieter with each word, the smaller male eventually leaving the rest of the sentence hang in the air as his head became slack and fell on Jungkook's shoulder, soft breaths leaving his slightly parted lips.

The taller male smiled, turning Jimin around carefully on his side and pulling him against his chest. He wrapped his arms around the older boy, holding him tight as he placed his head on Jimin's shoulder, “Then sleep, little one” He whispered, knowing that Jimin wasn't even hearing him anymore. Softly, he started to draw shapes over Jimin's stomach, feeling himself slowly falling asleep as well.

Jungkook knew that this was bad, that he shouldn't let this happen.

Yet, while holding Jimin's soft and small body close, feeling his steady heartbeat and listening to his little breaths – Jungkook couldn't care less in this moment.

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It felt cold, somehow. There was no more warmth against Jimin's back, no soft skin touching his own. He was no longer being held in a strong embrace. Jimin's eyes opened, panic rising as he realised that he was all alone.

It took a moment for him to remember what had happened and where he was. It didn't take long for him to feel that burden of the day again, to be reminded of why he had come here.

Jumin noticed the darkness of the room, figuring that it must still be night or early morning. Where
was Jungkook?

“J-Jungkook-ah” Jimin called out, voice still full of sleep as he rolled onto his other side.

Relief bloomed inside of him as his gaze landed on the taller boy walking out of the bathroom and reentering the bedroom, “Yes?” He uttered as he approached Jimin, halting in front of the bed, but not lying back down next to the orange haired boy.

“I... I thought you were gone”

Jungkook studied his face, hand reaching out and brushing orange streaks of Jimin's hair out of his face, “I'm right here, baby”

The smaller boy smiled slightly, eyes fluttering shut as Jungkook stroked his cheekbone gently.

“Are you thirsty or hungry? I brought you some water and cookies. Sorry, I don't have much food at home”

Jimin's smile deepened as he sat up a bit, “Thank you” The orange haired boy uttered as Jungkook opened the water bottle and handed it to him. Then, Jimin finally took a sip, feeling the cold fluid flow down his throat. It was refreshing.

The bed dipped down next to him as Jungkook joined him back on the bed with the cookies in his hands. He opened the packaging and handed Jimin the cookies, said boy taking one while thanking him. Jungkook picked a cookie himself and they both ate them in silence, backs against the headboard as they stared at the wall across them.

Jimin knew what was coming. He had promised Jungkook to talk, yet he didn't even know where to start. It was a difficult topic to begin with, but so much harder to share it with Jungkook for some reason. Maybe because he was scared of being judged by the taller boy. Perhaps he feared that Jungkook was going to think of him as being weird or broken. Then again, that was a silly and stupid thing to think. The black haired boy has never done anything that even implied that he judged Jimin. There was nothing he had done to break his trust.

Jungkook placed another cookie in his palm before putting them back on the nighstand. Jimin ate that one as well, observing how Jungkook scooted down the bed and laid back down, “Come here” He then ordered softly and pointed to his chest. The smaller boy took another sip of the water before he placed down the bottle on the nighstand. Hesitating, he stared at Jungkook's chest, but straddled his lap eventually and placed his head down on Jungkook's body.

The black haired one closed his arms around the older boy on top of him and traced his fingertips over his back softly, goosebumps rising beneath his skin. Jimin did the same to him, drawing shapes over his chest with his fingertips – caressing Jungkook, yet somehow doing it as well because it was comforting to do.

“I won't force you, Jimin-ah. I understand if you don't feel ready, but talking about your problems helps. Just the fact that you don't have to live alone with it any longer can be a major support and make it easier to deal with whatever is hurting you.”

The smaller boy swallowed, a shaky breath leaving his lips. Perhaps it was stupid, but it simply wasn't easy for Jimin to talk about this. There was so much trauma he had to endure during his childhood that was still haunting him today – it was difficult to talk about that with people because it brought back those memories. It was almost as if Jimin was reliving all of these things, especially on his father's birthday. It was as if he was brought back 15 years. Then again, talking about it with
Taehyung and Yoongi had actually lifted some of the burden off of Jimin, had helped him in some way. Finally, he had not lived alone with it any longer, but had found friends who supported him. Maybe, telling Jungkook would help him, too, would make all of this easier.

Thinking about it, Jungkook had actually already helped him. Sex with him had proved his father wrong yet again, had shown Jimin that he wasn't going to go to hell for having sex, that it actually did feel good and was something beautiful. Just reminiscing about some hours ago caused a warm sensation to spread in his chest. The moment had been so pure, so beautiful. How could that be something that Jimin shouldn't do? Something he would never enjoy? Jungkook had shown him that his father had just manipulated him once more.

“I don't even know where to start, if I'm being honest. It's... a lot, I guess.”

“Start wherever you feel comfortable with.”

Gulping, Jimin let out another shaky breath, “Today, or... well, now probably already yesterday was my father's birthday. I told you about him before. He's one of the reasons I have never been really intimate with anyone because he gave me the impression that it was wrong and that I shouldn't do something like that. In fact, nothing I ever did was something he encouraged. Everything I did was wrong to him. He blamed me for everything that happened to us, blamed me for my mother's death, for him not getting a job. My father even blamed me for not being able to buy any more beer because he didn't have any more money. You see, my father just always gave me the impression that I wasn't loved and that caused me to become self-conscious, insecure and vulnerable in many aspects. I never felt loved by him, never did he show me any kind of affection. My grandmother, on the other hand, always showered me with love so at least I had her, but I couldn't see her every day so my childhood was mostly split between my father essentially hating and manipulating me and my angelic grandmother who supported and loved me in every way she could. She was the only light I had in the darkness of my childhood. The thing is, I never knew my mother. She died when I was very young, one or two years old, I'm not exactly sure. My father never wanted to talk about it, or her. Yet, he was quick to blame me for her death. He was the only parent I had left, but... he never treated me like he loved me. I just... I just keep wondering why he treated me the way he did. Why didn't he love me? What did I do wrong for him to want me to suffer like this?” Jimin shared, voice breaking at the end, tears swelling up in his eyes.

The smaller boy could feel Jungkook tense beneath him, his grip around him becoming a little tighter as he pressed a kiss against his cheek, “He was a fucked up alcoholic, Jimin-ah, that's why. You're not the reason for his behaviour. He was incapable of loving, incapable of showing you affection, not because of something you did, but because he simply didn't know how to. Your father was a piece of shit who dealt with his problems by letting his moods out on you. He was a horrible person who wanted other's to suffer because he didn't want to suffer alone. And no, Jimin-ah, there was nothing you could have done to help him or prevent his behaviour” Jungkook uttered, voice a little firmer yet Jimin knew that it wasn't because of him. The taller boy had added the last sentence when he saw Jimin open his mouth to say something, knowing already how we was going to blame himself again, wishing that he could have done something different, “You were a child. You're not supposed to fix the fucking issues of your father. You were supposed to play outside with your friends, spend time with a family that loved you and not be treated like shit. You are the sweetest person I know and you deserve so much more than what you get.”

Jimin's heart fluttered, processing Jungkook's words.

“I just can't help but feel guilty. Every year on his birthday I just keep thinking about whether I could have done something different in order for him to change, in order for him to love me. Every year I cry because he left me all alone, because he never loved me. I can't help that, Kook-ah. I just feel
"No, Jimin-ah, no, stop" Jungkook murmured, grabbing his chin softly and lifting his head, locking eyes with the smaller boy. His eyes were so watery, more tears rolling down his face as he stared at Jungkook, "Don't do that to yourself. Let go of that. Everything he did, he did that to hurt you. He is the bad person, not you. Don't give him any more power over your life. He is gone. He should have felt guilty for treating his own son like shit when you are the sweetest and kindest person ever. You did nothing wrong, okay? You are not the reason for his behaviour, it was himself. Your father was fucked up and couldn't fix that. There was nothing you, a small child, could have done to prevent that. Don't feel guilty, you have no reason to."

Jimin shut his eyes, contemplating over Jungkook's words. He was right, wasn't he? Jimin had been a child, what was he supposed to do back then? Frankly, he hadn't even known for quite some years that there was something wrong with his father, had thought that every parent was like that. It was all a very confusing time because his grandmother had treated him with so much love, leaving him wonder if his father shouldn't love him like that, too. The smaller boy had never actually thought that his father had have some own issues himself that he hadn't known how to fix, Jimin had always blamed himself instead. Perhaps Jungkook was right. Maybe his father had suffered himself and had been incapable of loving him. Perhaps Jimin wasn't the reason for his behaviour, for his lack of showing Jimin love. Maybe Jimin had no reason to blame himself any longer.

The older boy looked back and forth between Jungkook's eyes, emotion flashing behind them, yet Jimin couldn't define what it was. Slowly, he leaned forward and pressed his lips against Jungkook's in a soft kiss.

"Thank you" He breathed as he pulled back, "Thank you for saying that. I never really thought about that. I just thought I was the problem. The thing is, even though he treated me the way he did, I don't consider myself to be unhappy. At least not today. Yes, I did suffer quite a lot, but my grandmother had showed me what feeling loved by a parent felt like. I was devastated when my grandmother died, yet I knew that she didn't suffer. She didn't die because she was sick, but she died peacefully in her sleep. It hurt a lot, actually, because I was all alone then, but I met Tae quite quickly and we became friends fairly fast, too. Later, Tae and hyung showed me what feeling loved by friends felt like. They helped me to be happy again. After my father's death, most of my life has been filled with happy memories, memories filled with laughter and love through friends. There had been some struggles as well, every person has their own struggles through life, yet I never had one as painful as my father's lack of affection again." Jimin whispered, eyebrows furrowing a moment later, "Maybe you're right. Maybe my father was simply incapable of love. Yet, I wish I knew for sure why he treated me the way he did." He continued, "However, what I wish even more is to know what kind of person my mother was and how she looked like" The orange haired boy murmured, sad smile on his face as he rested his chin on his arms that he had placed over Jungkook's chest.

"Are there no pictures of her?" Jungkook wanted to know, thumb caressing Jimin's cheek softly.

"No" The older one responded, shaking his head, "At least my father never showed me any. As I said before, he never wanted to talk about her either, so I have no idea what kind of person she was"
been lucky that she chose him”

“I bet he was.” The younger boy smiled, “However, she also must have been quite clumsy because there is no way you are this clumsy by yourself”

Jimin opened his mouth, appearing to be offended, “I’m not that clumsy” The orange haired boy pouted, frowning as he shook his head.

“You always stumble over your own two feet and Beomsoo told me that you almost fall out of the car every single time he drives you home”

“Why would Beomsoo tell you this and expose me?” Jimin whined, eyes wide in shock, “And to be fair, that's not my fault. That's usually after... well, after you...” His voice got quieter, cheeks heating up when he saw how Jungkook raised his eyebrows, smug smirk on his face.

“When I fuck you, I know” He laughed and hugged Jimin tighter, “I was just kidding, you're not... that clumsy”

“I'm really not” Jimin mumbled, Jungkook still laughing and pressing a kiss against his temple.

“Stop pouting, baby, I was just messing with you”

The smaller boy furrowed his eyebrows, but broke out into laughter when Jungkook started tickling him at his sides, “That's unfair, stop” He giggled and squirmed around on top of the black haired boy, trying to make him stop by grabbing his wrists, yet not succeeding.

“Only if you stop pouting”

“I will, I promise, just—”

The younger boy stilled, smiling at Jimin with fondess in his eyes, the smaller boy's giggles dying down, his eye smile disappearing slowly, “I hate seeing you cry, watching you laugh is so much better. I love seeing your pretty smile”

Jimin blushed and hid his face in the curve of Jungkook's neck, heart fluttering at his words. The black haired one started drawing shapes over his back again, silence settling between them.

It was as if another burden had been lifted from Jimin's chest. Jungkook had made him feel so much better, had brought him comfort and had caused him to see his childhood issues from another perspective. Maybe he would be able to get over it completely now.

“Don't you have any family in Busan left? I get that you had your father and your grandmother, your mother being dead before you were able to know her, but is there no one else? Really no one?”

Jimin lifted his head, contemplating for a moment, “No, not that I know of. My father said there is no other family that I have, that we have only each other and my grandmother. However, it wouldn't be the first lie he told me so I don't know if there is anyone else. Yet, I think my grandmother would have told me if there were and she never said anything either. So I guess there really is no one else. Taehyung and hyung became my family. They took care of me.”

The smaller boy hummed, frowning as Jimin placed his head back down on his chest. While continuing to caress the older one's back, he couldn't help but wonder how that was possible. There must be more to that.

“Would you ever go back to Busan?”
The orange haired boy tensed, gulping at the thought of going back, “I-I don't know. There isn't really anything that I would go back there for. My house holds bad memories so I wouldn't go back there, ever. I mean, my grandmother's house is still there. She passed her house onto me, but I never lived there because I didn't want to go back to Busan. I haven't thought about going back in years. Who knows... maybe I would do that someday, if I'm ready.”

“I would accompany you.” Jungkook suddenly suggested, both boys stilling, “I mean... if you'd want that. I could go with you so you don't have to go there on your own”

Jimin studied his face, searching for something that would give away that he was joking, yet he appeared to be genuine. There was something glistening in Jungkook’s eyes that Jimin wished he could define, but he couldn't. A smile appeared on Jimin's face, nodding slightly, “Thank you, that's... that's nice of you”

They stared at each other for a moment longer. Both boys leaned forward almost simultaneously and connected their lips in a gentle kiss. Jimin's heart fluttered at the soft touch, lips parting as they moved slowly against Jungkook's.

The taller boy gripped his chin softly as they kissed, Jimin placing his hand in the back of Jungkook’s neck and playing with his hair. Their lips moved against each other as if they perfectly fit together, knowing how to touch other, almost like puzzle pieces. Their bodies were like that, too. Jimin’s small body fit perfectly against Jungkook’s bigger one, like... like it was meant to- No. No, it wasn't.

They broke apart form their kiss, catching their breath as Jimin nuzzled against Jungkook’s hand on his cheek.

“We should sleep some more” The younger one uttered, Jimin humming at the welcoming suggestion. His eyes still felt heavy, body still exhausted due to the tiring day. Frankly, they hadn't even slept long so it was no surprise that they were still very tired.

The shorter male rested his head on Jungkook’s chest, hand still caught in his hair and playing with it, scratching over his scalp gently every now and then. The other boy was still tracing his fingertips over Jimin's back softly, drawing shapes that Jimin couldn't define. His other arm was wrapped around Jimin and holding him tight.

Their hearts were beating steadily, in harmony, chests rising and falling simultaneously. It was comforting. This position, Jungkook's soft touch, all of this. Everything about this made Jimin feel safe and procted, made him feel cared about and brought him comfort.

Even though Jimin still had no idea why his body had decided to turn up at Jungkook's door out of all people this night, he was glad that he had come here. His body had acted subconsciously, yet it had been the right decision.

Jungkook had been able to bring him comfort, to pull him out of that sad state and uplift him instead. Right now, Jimin felt good and content and that was all thanks to the gorgeous man beneath him.

The taller boy let out a soft breath whenever Jimin scratched over his scalp softly, indicating that he enjoyed the gentle touch. Jimin wondered if he was touched this softly usually, if other people he had slept with had treated him the same – considering how he had looked almost shocked when Jimin had done it for the first time.

Both boy’s eyes fluttered shut, the sleep they were longing for approaching them. Before Jimin finally drifted away into his dreams, he couldn't help but think about something.
Jimin never understood people in movies who claimed a person could change their mood right away, could comfort and calm them by the simplest thing. Jimin never believed that a person could make you feel... so safe and protected.

However... now he finally did. Now he understood what all those people meant. Jimin finally realised that they were right. He also realised one more thing.

Jungkook was giving him something that no one else has ever been able to illuminate in him. Not his father, not his grandmother, not his best friends either. Yet, Jimin didn't know what exactly it was. It was something he had never felt before, something he couldn't define. However, he finally realised one thing when he thought about the black haired boy that was holding him close.

Jungkook was his safe haven.

Chapter End Notes

Soooooo, that happened.

What will be the aftermath of that night? Will there be consequences for breaking the same rule twice? What do you think will happen next? :)}
Trouble

Chapter Summary

The aftermath of Jungkook's and Jimin's previous night... Will they be closer or has it pulled them even further apart?
Then, the group of friends hangs out in a club... Trouble seems to be inevitable...

Chapter Notes

Hii, readers! :)

Thank you so much for the love on the last chapter <3 I am so, so happy and entirely grateful for how much love this story is getting. <3 We just hit 1000 kudos, thank you so much! <3 I couldn't believe it, when I saw it! :o

I hope you enjoy this chapter, it's a long one :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jimin felt warmth on his cheek. His eyes fluttered open, blinded by the sunlight which caused him to squeeze his eyes shut once again. Slowly, he rolled onto his back, stretching his limbs as he opened his eyes and blinked a couple of times until he wasn't blinded by the light any longer, vision not blurry anymore either.

The smaller boy could hear muffled voices from somewhere, realising in that exact moment that he wasn't in his own apartment. Abruptly, Jimin sat up, scanning the room and noticing where he was, all alone.

Jungkook's bedroom.

His heartbeat quickened at the realisation, memories from last night creeping up in his mind. Jimin had appeared in front of Jungkook's door last night spontaneously, had have sex with Jungkook and had stayed with him over night.

Last night had been... a weird night. It was almost as if Jimin and Jungkook had lived in a bubble. Both of them had totally forgotten about everything else, about their lives, about their surroundings. It had only been the two of them. The world had almost stopped in that moment.

However, reality came crashing back down now. Had they not broken two rules alltogether? Jimin had stayed over night, they had touched outside of their lessons. Those were two rules that they had broken together. They shouldn't have done that, yet it was almost as if neither of them had realised it in that moment because it had been just the two of them, isolated from the rest of the world. They hadn't needed anyone else, but they hadn't thought about the consequences either.

What had Jimin thought would happen? Why had he come here in the first place?
Well, because he had seeked for comfort.

Then again, was this worth it? Frankly, Jungkook had been able to comfort him last night, had made him feel safe and protected, but all of that could fall to ashes if the consequence of their actions was that Jungkook would call off that thing they have going on. He had warned Jimin before, but the older boy had still come here without telling him beforehand.

It was Jimin's fault, if everything was going to fall apart now. He had made the decision last night to come here.

However, he would have made the same decision again. Jungkook had been the only person who was able to bring him comfort last night. The only person who could make Jimin feel the way he did.

Maybe it wasn't going to be so bad. Perhaps they could talk about everything and come to the conclusion that it had been... a mistake, an accident, and that it wouldn't happen again. Yet, Jimin's heart hurt at that thought. No, it hadn't been a mistake nor an accident. Not to him at least. Last night had been beautiful and he would do it again in a heartbeat.

What did that imply? What did it mean that Jimin had liked being touched by Jungkook outside of their lessons? What did it mean that Jimin had loved falling asleep next to Jungkook? What did it mean that his heart fluttered everytime the taller boy merely looked at him?

However, what consequences would this night bring? Had he ruined everything with his selfish act? Yet, Jimin just hadn't been able to stop himself. To be fair, Jungkook hadn't told him to leave, either, so wasn't it both of their faults then?

Then again, Jungkook probably only let him stay last night because Jimin had been crying and it would have been cruel to kick him out... right? There was no other reason... was there?

Jimin could swear he was getting a headache from all these thoughts, head starting to spin the more the voices in his head continued their discussion. Honestly, the best thing to do right now would be to simply talk to the black haired boy and figure out what happened last night and where they would go from here.

The smaller boy noticed a clean shirt that was placed on the bed next to him, figuring that Jungkook had put it there for him to slip on. Jimin picked it up and pulled it over his head, realising how it was way too big on him. The orange haired one assumed that it was probably a baggy shirt on Jungkook to begin with, but then so much bigger on his slim body.

Jimin stumbled out of the bed, almost falling, yet able to keep his balance. His cheeks heated up as he remembered Jungkook teasing him for how clumsy he was. It was a good thing the black haired boy hadn't been here to see that because more teasing would have been inevitable then.

The shirt covered his butt and reached down 'til the middle of his thigh, that's how long it was on him. Jimin chuckled at the size of the shirt as he tip-toed out of the room. His steps were hesitant as the voices got louder, the smaller boy noticing that they were coming from downstairs. The door to the room across from him was shut again – which didn't surprise him because it always seemed to be.

Gulping, Jimin walked down the hallway, the voices becoming louder with each step. Even though he couldn't fully understand them, the tones implied that the people were angry, that they were fighting. The orange haired one could make out a female and a male voice, realising the male voice belonged to Jungkook.

“I didn't fucking do that! For god's fucking sake, how many times do I have to tell you!” Jungkook
yelled, Jimin finally at the top of the stairs and able to look down into the living room.

Seoyun. The female voice belonged to Seoyun. Jungkook and her were standing across from each other, some space in between them as they glared at one another with angry eyes.

Jimin had totally forgotten about her existence yesterday. Had forgotten about the fact that he had stormed out of Jungkook's apartment partly because the taller boy had been on the phone, but also because Seoyun had appeared in his flat and Jimin felt uneasy in her proximity. Frankly, he didn't like being confronted with her because she made him feel uncomfortable. To be honest, Jimin didn't even know why. He didn't even know her, yet she had been rude towards him at every of their encounters without Jimin doing anything.

Then again, if she actually was dating Jungkook, it wouldn't be a surprise if she got mad at seeing Jimin here in his apartment. However, Jungkook had assured him that she wasn't his girlfriend.

So who was she? Why was she here?

“Yes, you fucking did! You changed the password last night and locked me out so you could fuck him, didn't you? I tried to call you, but you turned your damn phone off!”

Jimin swallowed hard, eyes widening as he realised he was part of their argument. Why did she get mad at Jungkook for-

Wait.

Did she live here? Did she live here with Jungkook?

It was as if Jimin was hit by a truck. It all made sense now. That's why there had been a suitcase, that's why there had been dresses and high-heels scattered around over the living room. Those belonged to Seoyun. She lived here with Jungkook.

“We didn't-”

“Why was he in your fucking bed then? Why was he half naked in your bed if you didn't fuck him last night? I don't think you go around cuddling random dudes. That's definitely not you, Jungkook” She screamed, interrupting Jungkook.

“That's totally past the point! The point is that I didn't change the damn password, you simply forgot it. Why would I change it and set it back this morning? That's so fucking stupid.”

“Well, I don't know. Perhaps because you didn't want me to see him! Maybe because you wanted to fuck him wh-”

“Shut up, Seoyun-ah, do you even listen to yourself? That's fucking ridiculous”

Jimin's head felt dizzy, heartbeat quickening as he gripped the banister.

Why was she getting so angry? Why did she live here with Jungkook? They must be in some kind of relationship, she definitely wasn't just a hook up.

“It's not ridiculous. You know-” Suddenly, she paused.

Jimin looked down again, noticing how she had caught him observe them from the top of the stairs. His heart stopped, cheeks flushing as Jungkook's gaze followed her's. As soon as his eyes landed on Jimin, his expression softened.

The smaller boy turned around and hurried back into the bedroom, almost stumbling over his own two feet as he rushed inside. He felt like he was going to throw up. Genuinely, he felt sick to the
The orange haired boy picked up his clothes from the sofa and put them on, so many thoughts running through his mind. It felt like his head was going to explode. His hands were shaking, making it difficult to pull the clothes on. Jimin almost stumbled again while trying to get into his pants.

“Jimin-ah” A voice suddenly uttered, Jimin freezing when he heard it, the tone so soft.

“I'm leaving” Jimin announced as he zipped up his pants, not sparing Jungkook a glance. This situation was so wrong, was so confusing. Jimin didn't know what to think, didn't know why he felt the way he did right now. It hurt, but Jimin didn't entirely know what hurt and why it did. All he knew was that if Jungkook was in a relationship with someone else, he definitely didn't want to be the reason for their break-up or arguments. No, Jimin didn't want to be any part of a mess like that.

“Why? You don't have to go, we can-”

“I should leave. It's better that way” The shorter male interrupted him, turning around walking past him.

“No, wait, Jimin-ah, don't go” The younger one asked, wrapping his hand around Jimin's wrist and pulling him back, “We can talk about everything”

Jimin pulled his hand away with force, taking a step back, “Did you lie to me?” The orange haired boy wanted to know, voice accusing, yet somehow vulnerable.

“About what?” Jungkook wanted to know, frowning as he looked back and forth between Jimin's eyes. He was trying to read the boy, but he wasn't succeeding.

“About Seoyun being your girlfriend?”

The taller boy opened his mouth, but shut it again, seemingly taken aback by that question.

Jimin's heart sank at his reaction, his chest stinging as he turned around and walked away.

“Jimin-ah, wait, it's- it's complicated. She's not my girlfriend though” Jungkook assured, going after him and pulling him back by his shoulder softly. The black haired boy turned Jimin back around so they could face each other.

“Are you sure? Why is she angry then? Why does she... I mean...” It wasn't any of his business, honestly, it wasn't, but Jimin couldn't help and wonder, “Why does she live here then?”

The younger boy blinked, thinking over his words as he brushed his hair back, “I don’t think that's any of your business, Jimin-ah. You and I aren't in a relationship so why do you care?”

Ouch. Another pang in Jimin's chest. The smaller boy shook his head and hurried down the stairs, Jungkook right behind him.

“Wait, Jimin-ah, I didn't mean it like that.” The taller boy assured as he followed Jimin downstairs into the living room. Seoyun must have left because she was nowhere to be seen, “I'm sorry, please”

“No, you're right, it isn't any of my business,” Jimin mumbled, picking up his shoes, but Jungkook snatched them out of his hands and hid them behind his back, startling Jimin.

“Please, Jimin-ah, stop running away. She's not my girlfriend, I promise you. Let's sit down and talk about this. We should talk about last night, too”
Jimin gulped, stomach twisting at the mention of last night. Well, what did that night mean now, considering how a girl was living in this apartment together with Jungkook? There was no way they weren't in some kind of relationship or at least dated. Why would Jungkook let her live here if she wasn't close to him in that way?

“I want to leave. This is stupid, I shouldn't have... we shouldn't have... You clearly are in some kind of relationship with Seoyun and that's fine. It's your life, Jungkook-ah, but leave me out of that. I don't want to be the reason for your break-up or anything like that’

“Jimin-ah, I promise you that she's not my girlfriend. We aren't dating either. It's just... it's complicated. I can't tell you more about it.”

The smaller boy looked back and forth between his eyes, contemplating over his words. Well, maybe they weren't dating, but why was she here then?

“Then who is she?” Jimin found himself whisper.

“She's... No, Jimin-ah, stop asking me about her—”

“Jungkook-ah, the fucking flush isn't working anymore” A female voice interrupted Jungkook. It was Seoyun. Of course it was. Both of them knew it, yet they didn't spare her a glance, but remained looking at each other.

“I want to leave, please” Jimin murmured, an emotion flashing in his eyes that Jungkook couldn't define, yet he wasn't sure if he wanted to either.

Figuring there was no use in trying to make him stay, Jungkook handed him his shoes. The black haired boy couldn't force him to stay.

Jemin put on his shoes, feeling both Seoyun and Jungkook observe his movements.

“Well, then leave. You should go” Jungkook suddenly uttered.

The shorter male stared up at him, shocked by his abrupt change in demeanor. A moment ago he was asking Jimin to stay, yet now he wanted him to leave.

“Goodbye” Jimin whispered and opened the door, not looking back as he hurried outside, chest feeling heavy.

Both boys were oblivious and stupid, not able to resolve and fix their issues that day either.

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Jimin had spend the next days with practicing. He tried not to think about Jungkook while completely focusing on practicing for the dance championship. That was important to him and could make opportunities concerning his future possible. He definitely didn't want to mess that up or get distracted from that by worrying about Jungkook too much.

Yet, he couldn't help but think about the tall gorgeous man every now and then. It hadn't taken long for Jimin to consider that he had overreacted, but wasn't his worry justified? If Jungkook was actually somehow dating Seoyun, then Jimin was caught right in the middle and was causing arguments between them. That's not something Jimin wants to do, ever.

He knew that they would have to talk about everything eventually, but he wasn't sure if he was ready for that. Frankly, Jimin didn't want to end the thing between him and Jungkook, yet he worried that
the younger boy would do that after they have broken two rules again.

“Yuri, lift your chin up higher” Hoseok instructed and pointed at said girl, pulling Jimin out of his thoughts. The smaller boy shook his head as he brought his attention back to Hoseok in front of the group, “From the start again”

Everyone sighed, stretching their limbs while Hoseok started the song from the beginning. The brown haired boy had become even stricter, was catching every mistake and every flaw. His eye for detail had become even more defined. There was nothing getting unnoticed by him. He fixed every tiny step that bothered him and made them dance from the start any time one of them made a mistake. It was tiring, so incredibly tiring, yet they all knew that it was going to be worth it in the end.

“Dongha, fix your expression. I need you all to look fierce during this part. Be powerful, strong. I want to see you all do that, right now. Give it your all”

They all nodded, getting back into their position and fixing their expressions as the music started. Their bodies moved in sync to the melody, the beat carrying their steps and movements of their arms. It was tiring to give it their all after hours of practicing, their heavy breathing being heard by them even over the sound of the music, sweat dripping down their faces and their clothes wet. They were exhausted, but they continued with powerful movements, being watched by Hoseok's serious eyes.

It went on and on, for several hours that day. They went over the same choreography so many times, fixing every flaw that Hoseok caught until he was satisfied. Frankly, they all needed a break, but time was running out and they weren't even halfway through the choreography so far. The next couple of weeks were going to be very tiring. Yet, all Jimin could think about was standing on that huge stage and dancing in front of so many people. Of course, Jimin was shy and it was a little intimidating to dance in front of so many people, but when the orange haired boy danced, there was only him and the music. It was so natural for him to dance that he blurred out his surroundings, his movements almost flowing with the music. There definitely was nervousness, but anticipation all the same. He couldn't wait to stand on that stage and be his dream a little closer.

“All right, let's call it a day. Well done, guys. I'm proud of you for pulling through. Same time tomorrow.” Hoseok announced, out of breath himself as he started clapping. Jimin and the others mirrored his actions, clapping while encouraging each other for working hard today.

After actual practice, Hoseok had talked to them about their choreography, had explained what went well and what didn't look as good as he had imagined and what might need some readjustment. That wasn't anything out of the ordinary. Sometimes, parts of the choreography that one person plans on their own, doesn't look as good when the whole group does it or simply doesn't fit to the overall mood. There was no reason to panic about that. They were going to work on that and fix it.

The smaller boy felt like he was going to collapse, muscles aching, shirt drenched in sweat. He wiped the back of his hand over his forehead while walking over to his bag. Dongha was already waiting there, handing him his bottle of water with a smile.

“Thanks” Jimin smiled breathlessly as he took the bottle and drank from it right away.

“Well, that was intense” Dongha chuckled, Jimin joining him and nodding.

“It was” He agreed.

“Should we go grab some dinner together?” The brown haired boy asked, eyebrows arched up as he smiled at Jimin.
They have done that the previous days. After practice, they had spend time together, eating together and coming down from their intense practice. It was actually very comforting and relaxing, just spending time with Dongha like that and getting to know him a little better – without any other intention besides hanging out together as friends. Dongha was kind and actually very funny. Jimin liked spending time with the taller boy. There was no doubt in his mind that they would become even closer friends in the future.

“I would love to” Jimin smiled, “But I'm already meeting another friend of mine. I'm sorry.” He apologised, tilting his head to the side.

Dongha only mirrored his smile and waved his apology away, “Don't worry. It's all good. Should I drop you off somewhere?”

“No, not necessary. He's actually picking me up. Thank you for offering, though” The smaller boy thanked him.

“Good night. I'll see you tomorrow” Dongha said goodbye as be pulled Jimin into a hug.

“Good night” Jimin responded as they pulled away from their embrace.

They waved at each other with smiles on their faces before Dongha exited the practice room. Jimin dropped his hand and walked over to Hoseok.

“Hyung” He called as he approached the brown haired boy, “Tae is coming to pick me up. We want to get some dinner. Do you want to join us?”

The brown haired boy smiled, but shook his head, “Sorry, Jimin-ah, I'm going to watch over the choreography again and fix the parts that I don't see as fitting any longer”

Jimin caught his bottom lip between his teeth, shaking his head as he felt his heart sink, “Hyung, don't overwork yourself. You can work on it tomorrow.” Jimin suggested, tugging on his shirt as he pouted. Hoseok was already working so hard. It didn't seem like he was taking any breaks at all. Honestly, it was a little frightening of how much he was actually working. Taehyung had already complained about that to Jimin, pouting when he told him about how Hoseok hadn't been able to see him for a day. Actually, his best friend had begged him to accompany him during dance practice just so he could be closer to Hoseok and spend more time with him, yet Hoseok had send him away, his reasoning being that Tae was distracting him – which, honestly, had flattered Tae and had probably caused him to forgive Hoseok for his lack of time.

“No” Hoseok sighed as he shook his head, “I have to have the new parts ready by tomorrow so I can teach them to you”

“Well, I could help you, hyung” The orange haired boy suggested, shrugging his shoulders.

“That's sweet, Jimin-ah, but-” Hoseok smiled genuinely as he patted Jimin's head, yet paused when a voice interrupted him.

“Hellooo my two favourite people in the world” Taehyung greeted as he entered the practice room.

“Two?” Hoseok and Jimin echoed in unison, grinning when they realised they did.

“Well, yes” Tae chuckled as he walked up to Hoseok, pressing a peck on his lips to greet the brown haired boy, “My boyfriend and my best friend”

“Boyfriend?” Jimin repeated, eyes wide as he looked back and forth between his two friends. Tae
grinned as he hid his face in Hoseok's chest, the other one chuckling as he pulled the boy closer.

“Yes, boyfriend.”

“Since when?” The orange haired boy wondered, bright smile appearing on his face at the information. Taehyung had not said a word about that. Of course, Jimin could understand that he didn't want to share something like this over text with him, but they had seen each other in person just two days ago so why hadn't he mentioned anything back then?

Then again, if Jimin was being honest, the signs have been there for so long already. Taehyung had shared with him how they didn't just hang out to have sex any longer, but that they went on actual dates, had sleepovers at each other's places without any sex at all, but simply fell asleep in each other's arms. Thinking about it, they might have been dating for a while now without any of their other friends knowing.

“I guess we've been kind of dating for a while now, but we haven't actually made it official until a couple of days ago. We didn't know how to tell you all and just now it simply fell from my lips kind of naturally” Taehyung admitted, slight blush creeping up on his cheeks as he felt Hoseok's loving stare on him.

Jimin wanted to squeak in that moment. He was so happy and excited for his friend, couldn't contain his joy at all as he threw his arms around his best friend and hugged him tightly, “I'm so happy for both of you” The smaller boy told them, grinning as he felt Tae hug him back.

“Thank you. I'm excited, too.” The blond boy whispered as they pulled away.

Jimin pulled Hoseok into a hug as well, the taller boy closing his arms around him with a chuckle, “Thanks, Jimin-ah”

“Do you think... Do you think hyung will mind that? I haven't told Yoongi hyung anything about us” Taehyung suddenly wondered, voice soft and unsure as he locked eyes with Jimin.

“Actually, he does know about us.”

“He does?” Tae questioned, eyes wide as he stared at his – boyfriend. That was new to Jimin, he couldn't help but smile at the term.

“Well, we were kind of obvious. We were always around each other and everytime we all spend time together we were attached by the hip and cuddling. There is no way he doesn't know it.” The older one reasoned, shrugging his shoulders, but smirking after, “Besides, I have asked him before I got serious with you” Sunshine.

Sunshine. Jimin's heart fluttered at the pet name even though it wasn't even directed at him. This whole situation was so surprising, but so, so cute. Jimin couldn't handle how adorable they were.

There was emotion flashing in Taehyung's eyes, fondness and something else Jimin didn't know, but it made his chest feel all bubbly when he saw how Tae looked at Hoseok with that stare. It was very sweet.
“Aww, hyung” Tae whispered and pulled Hoseok into a hug, placing a small kiss against his cheek.

Hoseok pressed a peck on his head while hugging him closer, both of their eyes falling shut and Jimin felt himself blush at the intimate and cute moment his friends shared.

“I'm happy for you, really.”

They both grinned at Jimin, thanking him.

“Wait, what did hyung say when you told him about us?”

Hoseok's smile grew. “Well, as I expected he already figured. He noticed some hints here and there, but didn't want to assume anything without one of us telling him for sure. He was happy for us, but he also promised to beat my ass if I hurt you.” The older boy chuckled, Jimin and Tae joining him.

“Now, you guys go eat dinner, it's already quite late. I'll call you later, Tae” Hoseok ordered as he ruffled through Tae's hair.

“Wait, no, you're coming with us” The blond boy pouted, “Come on, you've worked so hard today. I'll treat you”

“No, Tae, I can't, it's-” Hoseok paused at Taehyung's expression: He was pouting even more, eyes wide and pleading as he clasped his hands together in a praying gesture.

“Pleaaaaase”

“Stop doing that, you know I can't st-”

Tae whined, tugging on Hoseok's shirt with pleading eyes.

“Fine” He sighed, his boyfriend hugging him happily as soon as he gave in.

Jemin chuckled and shook his head, walking over to his bag and picking it up.

“Hyung, the new choreography doesn't have to be ready by tomorrow. There are other things we can fix first” The orange haired boy assured as Hoseok picked up all of his stuff.

“Yeah, I guess that's true. Let's go then”

Once they got everything, the exited the practice room and made their way to one of their favourite restaurants.

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“I'll be right back” Hoseok excused himself and got up to his feet, walking over to the restrooms and leaving Jimin and Taehyung to themselves.

“So” Tae uttered, placing his elbows on the table and resting his chin on his intertwined hands, “What's going on?”

Jemin frowned, placing his chopsticks on the table as he tilted his head to the side, “What do you mean?”

“Well, you've seemed weird a couple of days ago already, but you didn't want to talk about it. However, you might want to talk about it now”
The smaller boy bit down on his bottom lip, gulping, “It's just practice. It's tiring” Jimin brushed it off, shaking his head as he picked up his chopsticks again.

“I know that, but there seems to be something else bothering you. Did something happen... between you and Jungkook?”

Jimin's head shot up, locking eyes with his best friend as he arched up his eyebrows, “What makes you say that?”

“I don't know. I was just wondering” Tae shrugged his shoulders, lifting his hands a moment after in a defensive manner, “Sorry, I didn't mean to assume anything.”

The orange haired boy sighed, body going slack as he played with the food on his plate, “No, you're right. Something did happen, but now I'm wondering if I'm just overreacting?”

“Well, what is it?” His best friend wanted to know, cocking his head to the side.

“There is this girl that appeared in front of Jungkook's apartment a while ago. Her name is Seoyun. She has been at his place a couple of times now and I... and I think he's dating her because she seems to be living there.”

Taehyung's eyes widened, “Wait, what?”

“I saw a suitcase there, a few dresses and some high-heels in his apartment. I'm pretty sure those belong to her. Moreover, she accused him of locking her out of the apartment. Why would she say that if she isn't living there? She definitely has the password to his apartment.”

“Minnie, you do know that you and Jungkook are only fucking, right? His goal was to teach and guide you, to make you comfortable. You two aren't da-”

“I know” Jimin interrupted his best friend, irritated by his accusation of him seeing his relationship to Jungkook as anything else but platonic, “I just don't want to be caught in the middle of their relationship. If he's dating her, that's fine, but he should leave me out of that because I don't want to be the reason for their break-up”

“Hmm, well, can I be honest with you? Why would he lie about dating her? He doesn't even owe you a justification as you two aren't dating, yet he still answered your question. He wasn't obligated to do that, but he still did it. I don't think he would lie about that. And frankly, hasn't he proven himself to be trustworthy? He has treated you with respect and care so far, hasn't he? I do believe that you can trust him. So if he promises you that he doesn't date you then I'm pretty certain that you can take him by his word” Taehyung pointed out, smiling sympathetically as he shrugged his shoulders.

The shorter male bit on the inside of his cheeks, processing his best friend's words, “So you think I overreacted? I stormed out of his apartment because I felt... I don't know why I did that”

The blond boy pursed his lips, contemplating, but shaking his head eventually, “I don't think you overreacted. You should have sat down and talked about your issues instead of running away, but I understand your perspective, too. You don't want to cause any fight in a relationship, yet I do believe that you can trust him when he tells you he isn't dating her. I'm curious about who she is, too, and why she would live with him, but I don't think that's any of our business. Again, you aren't dating
him so he isn't obligated to tell you about that”

Taehyung was good... Jimin sighed as he looked down on his food. Right, maybe he had handled that situation not in the best possible way. Jungkook had assured him that he wasn't in a relationship so Jimin should simply believe that and take him for his word.

“You're right, I guess. It's just that I-” Jimin paused when he realised that Hoseok was coming back. It wasn't that he didn't want Hoseok to know more about his personal life, yet he knew how close Jungkook and Hoseok were and even though he trusted Hoseok quite a bit, there was still a little doubt left about whether he would share any of this with Jungkook. Moreover, this information was a little more intimate because no one- really none of their other friends except Taehyung- knew about that thing between Jimin and Jungkook and right now, Jimin wanted it to stay that way.

Then again, Yoongi had reacted so well and supportive when finding out about Hoseok and Taehyung. Didn't that imply that he wouldn't be mad at Jimin, if he found out that there was something going on between Jungkook and him? Yet, that was a whole other story. You couldn't really compare that thing to Hoseok and Tae's relationship. That were two completely different worlds. One was build on affection, fondness and maybe even love whereas their's was build on an offer of being taught in sex, with no feelings whatsoever. Of course, there was still trust and respect and maybe even a little affection, but that's about it. There were no other feelings involved. 

...Right?

“I'm back. What were you guys chatting about?” Hoseok wanted to know as he sat back down next to Tae.

Jimin averted his gaze, clearing his throat as he continued eating his food which was rather cold by now, yet still delicious.

“Just... some random stuff.” His best friends answered, “You know, I-” All of their phones vibrated simultaneously on the table, indicating that they'd all gotten a message. It was very likely that one of their friends had texted them in their group chat, considering how they had all gotten a message.

“Should we... check that?” Tae suggested.

All of them picked up their phones and opened the message.

*Kijung is playing mine and Namjoon's song in his club this friday. You're all coming – Yoongi*

Jimin gulped. Partys and clubs weren't really his thing, flashbacks from the last party creeping up in his mind. However, this was a big moment for their friends. There was no way he couldn't go and support them. Also, maybe this would be the time they could all hang out together again.

*Jungkook would be there*, a voice inside of his head reminded him. Of course, he would. Why was his stomach all bubbly inside at the thought? Yet, there was nervousness all the same. The last time they had seen each other the black haired boy had asked him to leave his apartment after their argument. Obviously, he had been angered by Jimin's behaviour which Jimin could kind of understand now. It was frustrating to tell someone the truth and have them not believe you.

The smaller boy bit down on his bottom lip, feeling guilty for having accused Jungkook even though said boy had promised him that there wasn't anything going on between Seoyun and him. Hopefully, the taller boy would forgive him and they would finally be able to resolve all of these issues and see where they go from there because frankly, Jimin had been missing Jungkook these past days.

However, Jimin had never been to a club and he wasn't so sure if everything was going to go well
friday...

If Jimin had only known how justified his fear was because he definitely wasn't ready for the storm that was heading his way.

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The orange haired boy followed Taehyung inside the club, pulling the sleeves of his denim jacket over his petite hands in order to hide them, a nervous habit of his. Jimin gulped once he didn't just feel the vibrations of the bass anymore, but the loud music was ringing in his ears as soon as they stepped a foot inside the building. The place was crowded, so many people gathered around them, dancing, drinking, talking and some of them even making out. Jimin was aware of how his palms became sweatier, stomach twisting as he gripped onto Taehyung's shirt so he wouldn't lose him in the crowd.

To be honest, Jimin felt a little out of place. He never went to a club, didn't even entirely know how to behave in one. Seriously, he had taken so long to pick out an outfit, but decided on something casual in the end as always because that's what he felt comfortable in. He was wearing his skinny black jeans, a white long-sleeved shirt, a denim jacket and his favourite black converse. At least he had done something different with his hair this time. Well, Tae had done that for him actually, had slightly waved his hair and brushed it back so Jimin's forehead was partly revealed. “You look gorgeous, Minnie” He had commented once he was done, Jimin only smiling because this hairstyle was something he would have to get used to.

They walked past a bar that actually wasn't as crowded. However, they were looking for their friends so they didn't stop, but continued walking somewhere further in the back. The dance floor was the most crowded place of the club, people grinding on each other as they moved their bodies to a song that Jimin didn't know.

“It's so loud” Jimin shouted over the music, yet Tae didn't understand him, proving his statement.

Finally, the smaller boy caught sight of his friends, all sitting in a booth. There were sofas and tables in the back of the club for people to sit and take a break from dancing. It looked rather comfy if you'd ask Jimin. Frankly, Jimin already knew that he wasn't going to dance much today. All he came here for was to support his friends and listen to their song being played. After that, he would sprint out of here and head home. This was definitely not a place for him.

“Hey, kids!” Yoongi greeted them, already a little tipsy it seemed as he waved them over. It was a little quieter around here so you were actually able to kind of have a conversation.

Tae suddenly rushed forward and swung his arms around Hoseok, pressing his lips on his as the older boy caught him. Jimin was left standing there and watching the scene, smiling at his two friends. It was actually funny to watch the reaction of the other ones. Namjoon's and Jin's mouths were agape, indicating that they had no idea what was happening right now and that they didn't know anything about their relationship. Jimin couldn't help but giggle, knowing fully well how that felt because he had reacted to the news just like them.

“When did that happen?” Jin asked pointing to the lovely couple, yet Jimin didn't hear any part of the following conversation as his gaze landed on Jungkook.

The black haired boy looked stunning, dressed in all black, hair parted in the middle and revealing parts of his forehead. Jimin felt his heart flutter at the mere sight of the gorgeous man.

Jungkook didn't seem fazed by Tae's and Hoseok's kiss at all, but was more interested in... Seoyun.
Jimin's heart sank.

Why was she here? What was she doing here? In the span of a moment Jimin's mind was racing, so many thoughts running through his head. Clearly, she was important to Jungkook, considering how he brought her here to this important night of his friends. The shorter male tried to keep his composure and not seem fazed by her being here at all, even though it was going to be difficult.

“Jimin-ah!” Yoongi called out with a grin.

Jungkook's head shot up at the mention of his name, gaze falling on Jimin right away. Immediately, there was a change in his expression, an emotion flashing in his eyes that Jimin couldn't define. The smaller boy averted his gaze, swallowing hard as he walked over to Yoongi and pulled him into a hug. Out of the corner of his eyes, Jimin could still see Jungkook watch him, making him nervous.

“Hey, hyung, great to see you” Jimin greeted him, the older one holding him tight before they pulled apart.

The orange haired boy greeted everyone else as well, giving all of them a hug except for Jungkook and Seoyun. Hesitantly, Jimin stared at them for a moment before he simply waved at them, blushing slightly as he sat down next to Taehyung – far away from Jungkook.

Conversation started to evolve around him, yet Jimin was almost blurring everything else out. He was trapped in his thoughts, mood down after seeing Seoyun together with Jungkook. Frankly, it shouldn't bother him. The taller boy had assured him that they weren't together and Jimin had thought that they would be able to fix their issues today. However, Jimin couldn't help but wonder whether Jungkook might have lied to him. Evidently, Jimin was not going to be able to talk with Jungkook one on one about what happened between them, if Seoyun was here, too.

This whole thing was a mess. Jimin caught his bottom lip between his teeth as he leaned back against the soft sofa. He was somewhat picking up parts of the conversation his friends were having, jumping from talking about Hoseok and Tae's relationship to their jobs to the song that was going to be played later. Jimin tried to engage in the conversation, but everytime he opened his mouth, he shut it right after.

It made him feel uneasy to see Seoyun here. Jimin simply didn't understand why Jungkook had invited her. Wasn't this supposed to be just the seven of them? The orange haired boy couldn't even look over at the two of them, didn't want to watch them or affect his own mood even more.

“Minnie, let's go get some drinks.” Taehyung interrupted his thoughts, smiling at him as he held out his hand for the smaller boy.

“Yeah, you don't have anything yet. The bar is over there. Oh, could you bring me another Gin & Tonic, please?” Namjoon asked with a wide smile on his face, dimples showing.

“But I'm right here” Jin joked, breaking out into laughter alone while everyone just looked at him unimpressed.

“Jin, no.... Please, stop with these. You've been doing these jokes for like twenty minutes now” Namjoon sighed, but Jimin could swear there was a slight smile on his face as he shook his head, staring at Jin who simply shrugged his shoulders.

“They're funny” Jin mumbled which caused all of them to snicker.

“Come on, Minnie” Tae urged with a smile. The orange haired boy took his hand and got up on his feet, almost stumbling over the little table in front of them as he tried to get away from the sofa.
Jimin and Tae couldn't help but giggle as the taller boy pulled his arm around the shorter male's waist in order to catch him.

"Careful" Someone warned. Jimin didn't turn around for confirmation, but he could swear the voice belonged to Jungkook. Yet, considering how he hadn't even greeted Jimin and had appeared rather cold in his proximity, that evidently seemed to be a false assumption. Jimin might have just imagined the voice. Seriously, that wouldn't even surprise him, considering how much Jimin longed for hearing Jungkook's voice again.

"I'm talking, hello?" A female voice reminded someone, tone annoyed and Jimin recognised that it belonged to Seoyun right away.

The smaller boy looked back over his shoulder, catching Jungkook watch him walk away, intent stare fixated on him. Swiftly, Jimin averted his gaze, heartbeat quickening at the realisation of Jungkook observing his movements. Shaking his head, the orange haired boy followed Tae over to the bar.

“What can I get you two?” The bartender asked as soon as they arrived at the bar, smile appearing on his face. The man was tall and broad, probably just slightly older than them.

“One Gin & Tonic and one Margarita please” Tae ordered, returning the smile and pulling out some money.

Jimin pursed his lips, thinking about what to get. Clearly, he wasn't going to get any alcoholic drink. No, he had never drunk anything alcoholic and he didn't plan on doing that today. Then again, he didn't know why he never really tried alcohol. Probably because there never really had been an opportunity or occasion for that where Jimin had felt comfortable with it. Jimin didn't go to clubs, rarely went to any parties. The smaller boy shook his head, “Just a coke with ice please” Jimin ordered, slight smile on his face. Both of the boys sat down on the bar stools as they waited for their drinks.

“What's going on, Minnie?” Tae wanted to know, nudging against his arm slightly.

“Huh?” Jimin locked eyes with him, averting his gaze from Jungkook. The shorter male couldn't help but stare at the black haired boy every now and then. Thankfully, Jungkook hadn't caught him stare.

“I see you looking over at him. Haven't you guys talked yet?” His best friend asked, eyebrows arched up.

Well, there went his composure, didn't it. You could read Jimin like a book and it was annoying. Then again, to be fair, Tae was his soulmate, hence there was literally no way of hiding anything from him. Thus, just because the blond boy figured that something was off, didn't mean that the others would, too.

“No, we haven't” Jimin sighed, shaking his head, “I thought I would be able to talk to him today, but... well, you see who's here”

Taehyung turned around, having a glimpse at Seoyun before he looked back at Jimin, “That's her? She's pretty”

“Taaaeee” Jimin whined, pout appearing on his face.

“What? Oh, well.. I mean, she's not that pretty.” Tae quickly redeemed himself, clearing his throat, “However, even if she was, that doesn't mean anything. He told you that they are not dating, why
don't you believe him?"

“Well, why did he bring her here then, I don't.” The smaller boy paused as he watched the bartender walk back over to where they were sitting.

“Are you guys from that table over there?” The bartender wanted to know once he placed their drinks on the counter.

“Yes” The blond boy confirmed and gave a small nod, “Why?”

“That's on the house today. The owner is friends with one of you guys and informed me that your drinks are free tonight” The man replied.

“Oh, thank you, that's great” Taehyung grinned as he took a sip of his drink.

The bartender smiled at them one last time before he went over to some other guy who wanted to order. Tae was about to get up, yet Jimin grabbed his wrist and pulled him back in his seat, “Wait, please, I'm not done. I don't want to talk about this over there.”

There was empathy in his best friend's eyes as he sat back down and placed his hand on Jimin's shoulder, “Jimin-ah, I think you're reading too much into it. May I ask you something?”

The smaller boy swallowed hard, a little scared of the question, yet he found himself nod, “Are you sure that you don't have feelings for him?”

Jimin's eyes widened as he started coughing, almost choking on his own salvia. “W-What? No, that's ridiculous” He laughed as he shook his head.

“Well, I'm just wondering because the thought of Jungkook being in a relationship seems to hurt you” The blond boy reasoned, shrugging his shoulders as he stared at his best friend with a sympathetic smile.

“No, Tae, it's not because I have feelings for him. I'm hurt because I think he lied to me about dating her. I'm angered at the thought of him potentially cheating on his girlfriend. Wouldn't you mind that, too? I don't want to be the reason for their break-up”

“To be fair, first of all, he told you he's not dating her. Second of all, if he is in fact cheating on her, that's not your fault nor your problem. He's the bad guy in that case, not you” Tae argued as he took another sip.

“I don't want to be caught in the middle, though. I wouldn't be able to go on with this knowing how much it hurt his girlfriend if she found out” The shorter male uttered, the loud music ringing in his ears. It was difficult to hold a conversation here, yet he simply didn't want to talk about this with all the others around and he needed to talk about this now. To be fair, he could still hear Tae fairly well so it wasn't really an issue.

“Well... Again, I think you should trust his words. They're not dating. Period.”

Jimin caught his bottom lip between his teeth as his gaze rushed over to Jungkook. Swiftly, he swatted Tae's arm and pointed at them, “Look at them”

His best friend turned around and followed the direction he was pointing at. Jungkook and Seoyun were having a conversation, the girl having wrapped her arm around Jungkook's shoulder as she talked to him.
“They’re just talking, Minnie”

“Don’t you see how close they are?” Jimin argued, shaking his head.

“They might just know each other very well and are comfortable in each other’s close proximity. Who knows, he might be fucking her, too.”

Jimin gulped, trying not to think about that.

“I don’t think so. Their bond seems deeper. She’s living with him and she got mad when I was in his apartment.”

Jungkook and Seoyun started laughing simultaneously. Jimin could hear the sound of Jungkook’s chuckle in his mind, even though it wasn’t actually audible from over here. Wasn’t it horrible how it still warmed his heart? Simply watching Jungkook laugh filled him with a weird emotion.

“What if they are related? You know, like siblings or maybe cousins or something?”

“Again, she got mad when I was in his apartment and was angered by the thought of me sleeping with him. I don’t think she would do that, if they were simply related”

Suddenly, Jungkook leaned up and whispered something in her ear, wrapping an arm around her waist at the action. The girl giggled and swatted his arm as they pulled away, a smirk on Jungkook’s face.

Jimin could swear he felt something break in his chest at the sight.

“Oh, uhm... well, maybe they aren’t related” Tae backtracked, clearing his throat as he turned around to face Jimin.

The smaller boy's mouth was agape, a stinging in his chest that he didn't understand.

It hurt. It hurt a lot to see Jungkook like this with someone else. Yet, Jimin didn't know why. He had never felt this emotion before. No, never. Only ever with Jungkook. It hurt so bad in his chest the more he watched the black haired boy engage with Seoyun.

“Stop looking at them” Tae demanded, voice soft as he tugged on Jimin's arm.

Jimin averted his gaze, glancing down at the counter, chest rising and falling quickly as it became a little difficult to breathe.

“Minnie? You okay?”

What was this? This... this feeling? And why did it hurt so bad?

“I... Yeah, I'm just...”

“Come on, let’s go back to the others, huh?” His best friend suggested, nudging his arm slightly.

The smaller boy frowned, so many thoughts running through his mind. Jungkook must have lied to him. There was no way there wasn't anything going on between them.

“Are you alright?” The bartender suddenly interrupted his thoughts, appearing in front of them again.

Jimin looked up, a sudden wave of courage – or honestly, rather stupidness – overcoming him, “C-Can I have some alcohol?”
The bartender smirked, a slight chuckle leaving his lips, “Of course, you can, but you gotta be a little more specific”

“Stop, Minnie, no” Tae protested, grabbing his arm and shaking his head, “Don't do this because of him. That's not going to end well. You've never-”

“I want to because I want to try how alcohol tastes like.” The orange haired boy argued, not sure if he was trying to convince himself or his best friend.

“Minnie-”

“I'm not a child anymore, Tae”

His best friend let go of his arm, sighing as he gave a faint nod, “I know you aren't, Jimin-ah. I just don't want you to do anything stupid because you're hurt right now”

“I'm not hurt” The shorter male huffed, knowing fully well that that was a lie.

“So? What can I get you?” The bartender interrupted their argument.

“Don't give him anything too strong. It's his first time drinking anything alcoholic” The blond boy asked, Jimin rolling his eyes.

“I... Yeah, I don't even know what the options are” Jimin mumbled.

“I'm going back to the others. Hyung is probably waiting for his drink. Don't do anything stupid” Tae placed a kiss against his temple before he took his drinks and went back to the table.

The shorter male followed his movements before he glanced back at the bartender who was patiently waiting for him to order with a smile on his face.

“How about I just mix a little alcohol into your coke, hmm? Nothing too strong, sweety”

“That's... that would be nice, thank you” Jimin thanked him, voice soft as he smiled faintly, completely ignoring the pet name.

The bartender picked up his glass of coke and turned around to the bottles of alcohol standing around. Jimin couldn't see what he mixed in there, was honestly a little distracted by the person two seats next to him. Out of the corner of his eyes Jimin could see the guy staring at him which made him feel a little uneasy. Unconsciously, the smaller boy pulled his sleeves over his delicate hands.

“There you go” The bartender grinned as he placed the drink in front of Jimin.

“Thank you” The orange haired boy murmured as he stared at the drink.

Frankly, he shouldn't think about this for too long because he would probably change his mind in just a moment. Swiftly, he picked up the glass and placed it against his plump lips, taking a sip.

The cold fluid ran down his throat, burning only slightly as he swallowed it down. Involuntarily, Jimin scrunches up his face at the taste. It still tasted like coke, yet there was definitely something else in there, something a little bitter. To be honest, Jimin wasn't sure whether or not he liked it.

He could hear the bartender chuckle at his expression, “Cute” He laughed before he went over to another guest who wanted to order. Jimin could feel his cheeks heat up at the comment, taking another sip so he could find out whether or not he liked the taste.
The second one tasted just the same, the coke hitting him first before there was a rather bitter aftertaste. It burned only slightly in his throat, but overall, Jimin didn't hate it. In fact, he finished his whole drink right there, scrunching up his face at the taste and letting out a breath as he placed the glass back down on the counter.

There wasn't any chance. To be honest, Jimin had thought he would feel different after drinking alcohol. Shouldn't he? Yoongi and Tae were always different when they drank. Jimin didn't feel drunk at all, didn't even feel tipsy – whatever that felt like. To be fair, Jimin couldn't entirely judge whether or not he was drunk because he never has been and didn't know how that felt like, yet he didn't notice any difference at all so he surely wasn't drunk.

“Another one?” The bartender asked once he approached him.

“Uhm... actually, do you have something a little sweeter?” The shorter male wanted to know, titling his head to the side.

“Sure, I can give you something sweeter, babe”

He picked up the glass and turned back around in order to prepare another drink for him, Jimin catching the pet name this time and feeling his blush deepen at the realisation. However, the man was probably just being nice and friendly, considering how Jimin just had his first ever drink.

“There you go. It's a little stronger, but it's also sweet. Gotta be careful with that. Tastes so sweet that you won't even notice that you're getting drunk from it. And when you do, it's already too late”

Gulping, Jimin picked up the glass. The fluid was in a rather red-ish colour, the scent actually very sweet. Jimin was certain that he could smell something strawberry-like in there.

“Thank you” The smaller boy uttered before he got up from his seat and walked back over to his friends.

The orange haired boy tried his best to not glance over at Jungkook. You can imagine the pride that swelled up in his chest when he sat down back on the sofa next to Taehyung without having taken a glimpse at the black haired boy. Perhaps he should just ignore the taller boy for the rest of the night in order to prevent his heart from stinging for some odd reason.

“I thought you got lost somewhere” Yoongi commented as soon as Jimin sat back down, smile on his face as he ruffled through Jimin's hair, “Nice hair, looks good on you”

“Thank you” Jimin smiled faintly, cheeks flushing up as he noticed the whole group looking at him.

“I did that!” Tae announced proudly, the others praising his work and then complimenting Jimin for how good it looked on him.

“Thank you” The shorter male murmured as he took a sip from his drink, cheeks flushing up even more as he caught Jungkook looking at him. Quickly averting his gaze, Jimin swallowed down the fluid in his mouth, tastebuds tingling at the sweet sensation in his mouth. The bartender hadn't lied at all. There was no more bitterness, but only a sweet taste in his mouth. However, his throat still burned a little, causing him to scrunch up his face. It wasn't that bad, though.

Frankly, Jimin really liked this taste and preferred it to the previous one. He couldn't help but take another sip, then another and then another one. When he wanted to take one more, he realised that his glass was already empty.

“This tastes really good” Jimin commented, holding up his glass.
“What did you have?” Tae asked, furrowing his eyebrows.

“I don't know, but it was good. The bartender mixed it for me”

The blond boy seemed a little concerned once he noticed how Jimin's eyes changed. He was definitely getting tipsy after two drinks. However, Jimin appeared to be fine so far.

“I'll get another one” The orange haired boy announced, getting up on his feet, head spinning a little. Alright, now he did feel a little different. Yet, there couldn't have been much alcohol in this one, could there? It had tasted way too sweet for that.

“Are you sure?” His best friend asked, concern now visible on his face as he observed Jimin walking past him towards the bar.

“Yep” Jimin simply uttered as he approached the bartender with a smile, “Could I have another one of those, please? But in a bigger glass?”

“Tastes good, doesn't it?” The bartender chuckled, Jimin humming as he gave a faint nod, “Coming right up”

This time, Jimin didn't sit down, but remained standing against the counter. The guy from earlier was still sitting here, eyes fixated on Jimin again. The smaller boy cleared his throat, but tried not to pay attention to the man.

“There you go” The bartender returned a moment later with a bigger glass, the red-ish liquid in it causing Jimin's mouth to water.

“Thank you” The orange haired boy smiled as he picked up the glass, taking his straw between his lips as he took a sip.

His eyes fluttered shut at the delicious taste, a content sigh leaving his lips as he opened his eyes again and walked back to his friends.

“Does anyone wanna try?” Jimin asked once he sat back down, holding the glass out.

“Yes, me” Tae announced as he pulled the straw between his lips, taking a sip.

His eyes widened as soon as he swallowed the liquid, “Shit, Jimin-ah, do you even taste the amount of alcohol in there? He mixed that himself, didn't he? It's a Strawberry Daiquiri, but hell stronger. Of course, you don't taste the shit amount of alcohol in there, considering how you have no clue how it tastes like”

Jimin only shrugged his shoulders, for some odd reason not particularly caring about that nor was he even remotely concerned. He simply took back his drink and took another sip from the sweet liquid. It tasted so good, made his insides feel all funny. Honestly, he felt his bad mood vanish and instead he felt rather happy and all bubbly.

Taehyung sighed, but took a sip of his own drink, getting tipsier my the minute himself.

They continued chatting about random things as the night went on, Jin cracking some jokes every now and then.

It didn't take long for them to be rather tipsy, both of them giggling at whatever any of the other's said. Frankly, Jimin kind of liked this feeling. He felt all bubbly and joyful, not sad or hurt at all anymore. It was actually almost like floating, like he wasn't even fully himself anymore.
“Guuuuys, let's dance” The blond boy suggested, getting up on his feet.

“Yeeeee'sss” Jimin agreed, standing up, too, but stumbling over his feet slightly. The smaller boy didn't even notice the lisp he had suddenly evolved. However, the others did, snickering at the adorableness of their friend, “Let's goo” The orange haired boy took off his denim jacket and tossed it on the sofa, the heat of the room getting to him. It was rather warm inside the club, his cheeks already flushed due to that.

“I'm good, you two go have fun” Jin declined, waving. Namjoon and Yoongi were having a conversation and Jimin didn't want to look at Jungkook or ask him whether he wanted to join them. Instead, he followed Tae and Hoseok – whom his best friend had just pulled out of his seat – to the dance floor.

Earlier, this place had seemed kind of scary to Jimin, had appeared way too crowdy and Jimin had been determined to stay far away from it, yet now that all had changed. Actually, he was excited to try this – try dancing in a club with many people around him. Without the alcohol he probably would have never even thought about doing something like this, yet here he was now.

Once they reached the dance floor, they started moving their bodies to the fast rhythm of the song immediately. Jimin was no stranger to dancing so this came quite naturally to him. The orange haired boy shut his eyes close and let himself be carried by the music, enjoying this moment. Honestly, he just felt free right now. It felt so good to just let loose tonight. He couldn't help but smile brightly as he continued dancing.

The smaller boy opened his eyes again, moving his hips from side to side as he glanced over to the bar. As if the universe enjoyed mocking and torturing him, his gaze landed on Jungkook who was staring right back at him. The black haired boy was leaning against the counter, eyes fixated on how Jimin was moving. Jimin could swear that there was a slight smile on Jungkook's face as he watched Jimin dance. Usually, Jimin would feel shy under his intent stare, especially in a moment like this, yet for some reason he didn't. That was probably due to the alcohol running through his body.

The people next to him were dancing quite close in his proximity, Jimin could feel their movements against his body, could feel someone's breath hit his neck.

It seemed like Jungkook was angry about something, eyebrows pulled together in a frown, posture slightly tensed as he observed Jimin and the people around him.

Jimin noticed how Hoseok and Tae were literally grinding against each other next to him – the sight causing Jimin to giggle for some reason. Suddenly, there was a man coming up next to him, dancing right in front of him with a smile on his face. The act surprised Jimin for a moment, but he couldn't help but chuckle as they danced together.

After spinning around, Jimin's gaze rushed back to the bar. The smaller boy froze, smile disappearing from his face once he noticed that Jungkook wasn't there any longer.

Where had he gone so suddenly?

Why did Jimin care?

“Do you come here often?” The boy in front of him shouted over the music, yet Jimin didn't pay him any attention but scanned the room, trying to find Jungkook.

“Sorry, I...” The smaller boy excused him as his body walked over to the bar almost subconsciously. It was as if it wasn't even listening to his brain, but moving on it's own. Just like his body had done
on the day he had appeared in front of Jungkook's apartment spontaneously. Frankly, he shouldn't trust his body when it did that. That never seemed to end well.

As he arrived at the bar, Jimin looked around, eyes travelling back to their table.

His heart sank when he saw the black haired boy talk to Seoyun again. It was as if all the energy from just moments ago was sucked out of him, body going limp as he sat back down on one of the bar stools.

“Hey, babe, do you want another drink?” The bartender asked, startling Jimin who was still staring at Jungkook.

“Uhm... yeah, thank you” Jimin barely smiled, glancing up at the taller man for a moment before looking down on the counter.

Why did this bother him so much? Jimin genuinely didn't understand why seeing the black haired boy with Seoyun was doing these things to his chest? Why did he care? Okay, yes, if Jungkook had lied to him about dating her, that would hurt him, too, and that would be horrible as it would break his trust essentially. However, Jimin knew that... he knew that he wasn't feeling this because he feared that Jungkook had lied to him. No, there was something else going on, but he didn't know what it was, had never felt like this before.

“There you go” The bartender handed him the drink.

“Thank you”

The smaller boy put the straw between his lips as he let his eyes drift back over to their table. It was embarrassing, but there was relief blossoming inside of him when he noticed that Seoyun wasn't there. Instead, there was a man sitting next to Jungkook. They were obviously talking, yet they were both staring at Jimin which caused him to avert his gaze quickly, cheeks heating up at the realisation.

Jungkook couldn't take his eyes off of Jimin.

“You're looking at him as if you have seen him naked” Junseoo remarked, snickering as he nudged Jungkook's arm.

“That's because I have” Jungkook found himself utter, eyes still fixated on the orange haired boy at the bar. Frankly, he didn't know why he had just said that. Maybe because he knew what kind of person Junseoo was and he didn't want him to make a move on Jimin. Honestly, he didn't know why.

“No shit! Really? You had sex with him?”

“Still... am. We have a casual thing going on, long story.”

“You sure it's casual? He doesn't look at you like it's just casual” Junseoo pointed out. Jimin looked up in that exact moment, eyes big and emotion flashing in them as he stared at Jungkook. However, he broke their eye contact way too quickly, glancing back to the dance floor, his cheeks flushing as he took a sip from his drink.

“Shut up, that's all it is. We just fuck. There is nothing more to it” Jungkook replied, eyes narrowed as he took a glimpse at Junseoo next to him.

“I thought you aren't a fan of soft fucking? Heard you like it rougher”
He snorted. “I don't do soft shit usually at hook ups except for aftercare”

“He looks way too gentle to like it rough, though.” The other one snickered, “But I guess it's the soft looking one's that always like it hard and fast, don't they?” Junseoo commented, voice low as he wet his lips. Jungkook clenched his fists, jaw locking as he saw the way Junseoo was eyeing Jimin.

“He's...”

“Is he good at sucking dick? Gosh, with those lips he must be” Junseoo commented, Jungkook feeling himself tense at the way he was speaking about Jimin, “So you were soft with him then, weren't you?”

Jungkook halted. “Maybe... He was still a virgin of course I'm not gonna fuck his brain out right away”

“You have a soft spot for him, don't you? I can see it in your eyes. You are gentle with him when he needs it, stop lying”

“Why do you care?” Jungkook asked, frowning as he looked at Junseoo.

“I'm just wondering. I didn't know you were into softer shit. So, if that thing between you two is casual, would you mind me fucking him?”

The black haired boy almost froze, “What?”

“I would love to fuck his brain out. Is he into bondage? Spanking? Gosh, what I would do to him... Just tie him up and watch him cry while I fuck his-”

“Shut the fuck up” Jungkook warned through clenched teeth, eventually having enough of his bullshit.


“I said, shut the fuck up before I beat you up so hard that you won't even be able to beat your own meat to the thought of him” The black haired boy threatened, staring at Junseoo with dark eyes.

“Why are you getting all defensive? We're just joking around, aren't we? I thought it's casual, so I'm sure we can share him, can't we?” Junseoo suggested, sickening and honestly disgusting smirk on his face.

“He's not a fucking object, bastard, and I won't let you speak like this about him” Jungkook spat through clenched teeth, getting up on his feet.

Jemin was watching the scene evolve from the bar. Honestly, he didn't really know what was going on. The two men had talked for some minutes now, eyes fixated on Jimin and then on each other. It hadn't taken long for Jungkook to suddenly appear rather pissed off, fists clenched and jaw locked. Now, he was even getting up on his feet and was facing the other man.

It was a little frightening, if Jimin was being honest. The other man didn't seem to take any of this serious, was only laughing and smirking, but Jimin knew Jungkook, knew this expression by now. The taller boy was seriously ready to beat the other one up right now. Flashbacks from their night at Han River appeared in Jimin's mind. The black haired boy had told him about all of the fights that he has had when he was younger. One of them being the reason for the scar on his face. The taller boy had assured him that he didn't get into fights anymore, yet he had also revealed that he thought violence was necessary in some situations. Hopefully, a fight wasn't going to break out right now.
Suddenly, the other man got up, too, expression on his face changed into one of anger. Jimin stood up right away, placing his glass on the counter as the urge to help Jungkook overcame him. He didn't want the younger one to get into a fight, yet he was scared to get in front of that bigger boy as well.

While he was considering on what to do next, he saw Seoyun appear next to them. She placed her hands on both of their shoulders, saying something to them. Obviously, Jimin didn't hear what it was that she said from were he was, yet it seemed to work because the other man turned around and walked away.

Relief bloomed inside of Jimin, yet was replaced by a stinging in his chest a moment later. Seoyun had leaned up to Jungkook and had placed a kiss on his cheek. The smaller boy averted his gaze, stomach twisting. His head was literally spinning from all of the alcohol, combined with the pain he just felt – it was not a good combination.

*Oh no.* He literally felt sick, like he was going to throw up.

“Where are the toilets?” Jimin was able to get out, the bartender pointing to a hallway next to the table area. The orange haired boy hurried over there, clasping a hand over his mouth as he felt vomit come up. Swiftly, he entered the restroom, freezing in his spot once his gaze fell on two of his friends.

Namjoon and Jin were making out against a wall, hands all over each other as they moved their lips against one another. They halted as they heard the door fall shut, both looking over at Jimin.

It had only been a moment of surprise that had prevented his puke-session, yet there it was again. Jimin rushed into a stall and fell to his knees as he leaned over the toilet seat. He was puking right away, hadn't even been able to shut the door as he was throwing up into the toilet.

Strangled and gagging noises were coming from the stall, Namjoon and Jin sharing a glance before they went over to the stall.

“Jimin-ah?” Namjoon uttered, voice so soft as they got closer.

“Hey, kid, are you alright? First time drinking alcohol?” Jin asked as he kneeled down behind Jimin, stroking over his back gently while the orange haired boy was still throwing up. His throat was burning, knees feeling sore and his whole body simply felt all hot. Frankly, Jimin just wanted to go home right now. Yet, Jin's touch was kind of comforting.

“I think Tae mentioned something about this being his first time” Namjoon confirmed, “He drank quite a bit as well. I'll go and get him some water” Jimin heard some rustling, then footsteps, the door falling shut a moment later.

“It's going to be fine, that can happen sometimes” Jin tried to comfort him, still rubbing over his back softly.

Genuinely, the smaller boy felt pathetic in that exact moment, kneeling there on the floor with vomit on his chin, sweat dripping down his face as he continued throwing up. There were tears swelling up in his eyes, Jimin not entirely sure if that was due to him throwing up or... or because of what he saw before he ran into the restroom.

Finally, it felt like there wasn't another load coming, Jimin breathing heavily as he sat up. His body was shaking as he collapsed against the wall, head leaning against it. He heard some rustling. A moment later Jin was wiping away the vomit from his chin with some toilet paper, gentle with his touch as he cleaned the smaller boy.
“It’s okay, you'll feel better.” The blond haired boy uttered with a sympathetic smile as he brushed Jimin's hair out of his face.

The smaller boy only stared at him, breathing heavily through his mouth as his eyes fell shut. Honestly, Jimin had no clue how much alcohol he had actually drunk at this point. However, it must have been quite a lot because he didn't feel good at all, not really like himself.

There was a creaking noise, indicating that the door had been opened. Namjoon appeared in front of them a moment later, holding a glass of water, “Couldn't find a bottle, but this will do” He smiled faintly as he handed Jin the glass.

The older one placed the glass against Jimin’s lips and helped him drink from it, the cold liquid flowing down Jimin's throat, somehow refreshing and washing away the burn in his throat.

“Thank you” Jimin whispered once he had taken a couple of sips.

The blond haired one handed Namjoon the glass back, taking something else from him instead, “Here, take this.”

It was a gum. Jimin wanted to laugh for some odd reason, probably because his mind was messed up right now, as he took the gum and put it in his mouth, chewing on it. It was mint flavoured and Jimin hated himself for thinking about Jungkook's lips immediataly.

The orange haired boy looked back and forth between his friends while Jin wiped away a tear that was rolling down Jimin's cheek, “Are you two a thing now, too?” Jimin wanted to know, voice so quiet and a little hoarse.

The other two shared a glance, smiling and maybe even blushing a little, “Uhm... no, we aren't dating.” Jin answered and shook his head.

“Yet” Namjoon added, smile growing on both of their faces, a slight laugh escaping both of their lips as they shared a sweet glance.

Jimin couldn't help but smile as well, feeling genuinely happy for his friends.

“Come on, let's get you off this dirty floor” Jin muttered as he got back up, gripping Jimin's hands in the process and helping him up on his feet. The smaller boy's head started spinning immediately, yet Jin was there to help him keep his balance. Namjoon flushed the toilet, the disgusting smell of Jimin's vomit vanishing slowly.

“It's a little weird that you threw up already, though” Namjoon pointed out as they helped Jimin over to the sinks where he could wash his hands and mouth, “Considering how it's only been like two hours since you took your first drink. Usually, the aftermath of alcohol hits you a little later than that. Maybe something else got your stomach stick.”

“Perhaps his body just reacts differently. It's his first time after all” Jin remarked, shrugging his shoulders while Jimin washed his hands.

“Thankfully the floor isn't too disgusting in here” Namjoon uttered as he swatted the dust from Jimin's pants.

The orange haired boy felt like he had two older brothers that were taking care of him right now, or... that this would be how parents would take care of their children when they were drunk for the first time. Frankly, Jimin didn't have much experience in that, but it made his heart flutter at the realisation of how caring Namjoon and Jin were treating him. A smile appeared on his face at that thought.
Perhaps they would feel like family one day, too. To be honest, Jimin was pretty certain that they would.

“Are you feeling a little better now?”

“Mhm” Jimin hummed and gave a slight nod, “Sorry for interrupting your... well-”

“It's fine, don't worry. This is a public place, we should have known that someone would come in eventually” Namjoon interrupted him, waving his concern off as he shook his head.

“Yeah, exactly, no need to apologise” Jin agreed and ruffled through Jimin's hair, “Let's go out of here”

They all exited the restroom, the music ringing in their ears again, instead of just the vibrations of it being felt by them. The older ones started walking back towards their table, yet Jimin didn't follow them. They halted once they noticed that, turning around in order to face Jimin with their eyebrows raised.

“Aren't you coming back with us?”

Jimin bit down on his bottom lip, considering for a moment. He glanced over, saw how Seoyun was still right next to Jungkook. The blond haired girl was talking to him about something, arm wrapped around his neck, yet Jungkook didn't seem interested. The taller boy was scanning the room, eyes narrowed as he looked around in a subtle way. Then again, Jimin was pretty certain that he was just imagining Jungkook not enjoying the close proximity of Seoyun. Most likely, that was just his desire fighting through.

“No, thank you. I think I'm going back over to the bar” Jimin replied, pointing in said direction.

Namjoon cocked his head to the side, taking a step closer as he let out a sigh, “Jimin-ah, I know you're an adult, but... just be careful, okay? Don't get too wasted”

Jimin only gave a faint nod as he waved, walking back over to the bar. It wasn't that he wanted to drink a lot more alcohol, but just that he didn't want to go back over there where Jungkook currently was. It was just going to bring his mood down even more.

As he arrived back at the bar, he took a seat on one of the stools. The bartender came over to him immediately, greeting him with a smile, “Are you okay? You didn't seem that good when you rushed over to the restroom”

“Oh, uhm, yeah, I'm fine. I just felt a little sick. I'm better now. Can I get another drink?”

“Sure, what can I get you?”

“One of those you mixed me earlier, please, but a little less alcohol if possible” Jimin ordered, smile on his face.

“Coming right up”

The smaller boy couldn't help himself, but took a glimpse back at his group of friends. His eyes landed on Jungkook who was already staring at him. Jimin's heartbeat quickened as he averted his gaze.

Gulping, Jimin looked down on the counter, shaking his head. It was probably just a coincidence that they stared at each other in the exact same moment. That didn't mean that Jungkook had been staring
Almost involuntarily, the orange haired boy glanced over one last time, confirming how Jungkook's gaze was still fixated on him even though Seoyun was talking to him. Or maybe... he wasn't focused on him, but on someone beside him?

The shorter male looked to his side, stomach twisting when he recognised the guy from earlier sitting three seats away from him. It was the one who had been staring at him previously when Jimin had been sitting here and for some reason, Jimin felt like he had seen him somewhere else before, yet he didn't know where.

The man smiled at him, a shiver running down Jimin's back because the smirk was somehow frightening. The orange haired boy couldn't explain it, but the man made him feel uneasy.

"There you go" The bartender placed the drink in front of Jimin with a smile.

"Thank you" The smaller boy murmured, faint smile on his face as he took the straw between his lips and took a sip.

Jimin pulled his sleeves over his delicate hands when he noticed out of the corner of his eyes how the guy next to him was still glancing at him with intent eyes. The shorter male squirmed in his seat as he continued drinking.

Suddenly, the bartender placed another drink down in front of Jimin.

"I didn't order this" The orange haired one told him, shaking his head as he pointed at the glass that had a transparent liquid in it.

"Oh, I know, it's from the guy there" The bartender replied, smiling as he pointed to the – oh, the universe must really hate Jimin today – guy that was making him feel a little uneasy. To be fair, Jimin didn't like judging people, especially if he didn't even know them. However, the smaller boy couldn't explain what it was about this man, but his heart screamed at him to not interact with him at all. It was as if his heart knew something he didn't, like it was warning him.

The next thing caused Jimin's heartbeat to quicken, the man getting up from his seat and approaching Jimin. The bartender left and went over to another guest who wanted to order, leaving Jimin screaming internally at him to come back. The orange haired boy could feel his heart beat fast against his chest as the tall man halted right behind him.

"Is this seat taken?" He wanted to know, his voice somehow suggestive, tone low. Another shiver ran down Jimin's back as he looked at the man. His eyes were dark and small, black hair very short. He was very tall and broad, intimidating Jimin who felt even smaller in his presence.

"N-No, but-"

The man sat down without even letting Jimin finish his sentence. The shorter male swallowed hard as the man placed his own drink down on the counter, "This is for you, I thought you might like something a little stronger, huh? Get this party really started"

"Oh, uh... thank you, b-but I'm good. I have my own drink" Jimin mumbled, too nervous to look into the taller man's eyes. He simply continued drinking the sweet liquid through his straw.

"I see. Well, you don't have to drink it, but it's very good. What are you having?" The black haired man wanted to know, leaning a little closer which startled Jimin.
The shorter male pulled the straw from his lips, gulping as he glanced at the man who was smirking at him. He was staring right at Jimin's lips as he wet his own. There was something flashing in his eyes and Jimin wanted so bad to be wrong, but he was sure that it was lust.

“I-I don't know. The bartender mixed it for me. It tastes like strawberry”

“Mind if I have a sip?”

Jimin was literally frozen in his place, couldn't even answer as the man took the glass and put the straw between his lips, taking a sip.

“Mhm, it's sweet” He commented, smirking as he pushed the drink back in front of Jimin, “I should have guessed that someone as cute as you would want something sweeter.” His voice was so... intimidating for some reason. The shorter male just wanted to leave, or have him leave.

The orange haired boy cleared his throat, smiling faintly as he stared back down at the counter.

“So, what is someone like you doing here? You look way too gentle to be in a place like this.”

“I... I'm here with my friends” Jimin answered, taking a glimpse at the man who raised his eyebrows.

“I see. Why are you sitting all by yourself, though? A guy like you shouldn't be all alone, don't you think? How about I take you somewhere else and I show you a little more fun, huh, babe?” The man suggested, lifting his hand as he tried to place it against Jimin's cheek. The smaller boy turned his head to the side, uncomfortable by the situation, “Babe, don't be rude-“

Suddenly, someone grabbed his wrist, pulling it away from Jimin, “Leave him alone, Junseoo” The orange haired boy wanted to cry as he recognised the voice, relief and something else blooming inside of him when he looked up.

Jungkook.

“Jeon, don't you see that we're busy right now” The man – who Jimin now had learned was named Junseoo – sighed as he glared at Jungkook with annoyance in his eyes.

“I don't fucking care. Stop annoying him and go somewhere else” Jungkook ordered, voice low and intimidating. Jimin stared at him and noticed how his jaw locked, how he clenched his fists and how there was genuine anger on his face.

“This isn't any of your business, Jeon, we're just having some fun, don't we, babe?”

Jungkook glanced at the smaller one, saw the genuine fear on Jimin's face, something pulling on his heart strings and that was all it took for him to snap.

“Get the fuck away from him, Junseoo. I'm not going to tell you again” The younger one warned through clenched teeth.

“Why can't he tell me that himself then, huh?” Junseoo argued, getting angrier himself the more Jungkook interfered in his attempt to pick up Jimin.

“Well, he can, but he's just way to nice to tell your annoying ass to fuck off” Jungkook countered, eyes narrowing.

Suddenly, Junseoo got up, stretching his neck as he got closer to Jungkook. He was slightly bigger than Jungkook, a little broader, too. Jimin felt his heart pound fast against his chest, he could even
hear it in his ears. Clearly, this wasn't going to end well and Jimin was scared, very much so.

“Stop getting in the way, Jeon, he didn't as for you help” Junseoo spat as he pushed against Jungkook's shoulder slightly.

“Touch me one more time and I swear-”

“What are you gonna do?” The bigger one laughed and suddenly raised his fist.

Jimin couldn't even comprehend what happened next, didn't even remember getting up from his seat and rushing in front of Jungkook. All he could think about was that he didn't want Jungkook to be hurt, wanted to protect him. “Stop!” The smaller boy yelled as he squeezed his eyes shut, waiting for the hit, yet there didn't come one.

Junseoo had halted, his hand dropping. Jimin could feel Jungkook's chest against his back, could feel his quick heartbeat. The touch alone, the close proximity to the taller boy alone was sending sparks through his body. It was odd, yet fascinating as well.

Slowly, Jimin opened his eyes again, noticing how Junseoo was staring at him with a smirk on his face, “Get out of the way, babe, your face is way too pretty. We don't want anything to happen to it, do we?” Junseoo warned as he grabbed Jimin's chin firmly, causing the orange haired one to whimper in fear.

The next things happened fairly quickly. Jungkook grabbed Junseoo's wrist and pushed Jimin to the side gently.

“Don't you fucking dare touch him ever again” Jungkook spat as he suddenly punched Junseoo right in the face, causing said boy to fall back at the force. There were screams around them, people gathering around them to see what was happening.

Jimin hadn't even realised that he had stumbled over his own two feet, falling to the floor and looking up at the scene. He was literally frozen in his place as he watched them fight, fists hitting each other, Jungkook receiving a punch to the face as well.

“No!” Jimin screamed in fear.

“Our song is going to be played right now, yeeeeees!” Yoongi's and Namjoon's drunk voices were suddenly heard inside of the club, loudly over the speakers. They were probably talking into a microphone. A new song started playing, the music filling the room, yet Jimin was way too focused on what was happening right in front of him.

Jungkook and Junseoo were going at it, hitting each other with force behind their punches. The bigger one fell down after a particularly stronger punch from Jungkook, his body coming in contact with the floor. Jimin's eyes were wide, mouth agape as he was seriously frozen in his place. The orange haired boy wanted to help, but he genuinely couldn't move.

Jungkook was about to sit on top of Junseoo and beat him up like that, however, they were being pulled apart by some sort of security guys, “You go this way and you this or you'll both get kicked out!” One of them threatened as they shoved them into opposite directions.

“I swear, if you even get close to Jimin again-” Jungkook yelled as he was being pulled away, yet the man told him to shut up.

Jimin was still lying on the floor, shocked by what had just happened. The smaller boy blinked, head spinning as he tried to make sense of what had went on just a moment ago. This couldn't be real.
This was such an odd situation, such a weird and horrible day. Everything seemed to be going wrong tonight.

The shorter male was shaking. He felt like he was going to collapse as he eventually got up. His feet were wobbly, his head dizzy as he leaned on the counter for balance.

Was this all just a bad dream?

The smaller boy scanned the room, trying to find Jungkook. It wasn't difficult to find him, their whole group of friends gathered around him. However, once Jimin saw Seoyun walk up to Jungkook, he decided to leave. He couldn't take anymore of this.

This night had sucked so much life out of him, he felt exhausted and just wanted to go home. Perhaps, he just needed a little fresh air, though. It was probably for the best in that moment to leave the building and decide then and there what to do next. Maybe he would feel better after some refreshing air.

Jimin turned around and started to walk away, yet that didn't work out as planned either.

“Where are you going?” A voice wanted to know, a hand grabbing his arm and pulling him back.

The orange haired boy knew immediately who it was. Of course, he did. How couldn't he recognise Jungkook's voice at this point?

“I don't know, somewhere, I need fresh air” Jimin answered, not making eyecontact as he brushed Jungkook's hand off.

“Don't go anywhere right now” The black haired boy ordered softly as he pushed Jimin against the wall, placing one arm against the wall next to his head so he wouldn't leave.

The smaller boy gasped for air, heartbeat quickening as he stared up into Jungkook's beautiful brown orbs.

“I don't know where Junseoo is and I don't want him to go anywhere near you” The taller boy reasoned, gripping Jimin's hip gently.

“Let me go, you said you wouldn't get into fights anymore, but here you are” Jimin hissed as he pushed the hand on his hips away.

“I thought you don't drink alcohol, Jimin-ah” Jungkook stated as he brushed Jimin's strands of hair out of his face.

“Stop trying to change the topic and why do you even care?” The smaller boy asked as he swatted his hand away.

The black haired boy looked back and forth between his eyes, emotion flashing in them that Jimin wished he knew, yet he didn't.

“I also told you that sometimes it's necessary, if you want to protect someone” Jungkook responded, voice quiet and soft.

The shorter male gulped, looking back and forth between Jungkook's eyes. His heart fluttered, sparks running through his body just because the taller boy was this close to him.

Finally, Jimin thought, finally Jungkook was in his close proximity again. Finally he was able to
smell his comforting scent again, was able to have his attention without anyone else around, was able to look at the gorgeous man without having the fear of being caught.

There were bruises on his face - blood, too. These were bruises that Jungkook had gotten because of him, because he had wanted to protect Jimin.

“Your face” The smaller boy whispered, his hand reaching up almost subconsciously as he touched Jungkook’s cheek softly.

The black haired one hissed at the pain, grabbing his wrist gently as he nuzzled against his touch, “Jimin-ah” He breathed.

“Why did you do this?” Jimin found himself ask, voice barely above a whisper, so soft.

“He is a bastard and deserved it.” The taller one answered, anger in his voice, yet replaced by softness a moment later, “Jimin-ah, I'm not gonna let anyone lay a finger on you and hurt you”

Jimin's heart skipped a beat, head spinning as his eyes fluttered shut. A shaky breath escaped his lips. The alcohol was not doing him any good, was making him all sleepy in one moment and all hyper the next. It was all very confusing and exhausting.

“It hurts” Jimin murmured, voice quiet.

“What hurts, baby?” Jungkook whispered, placing his hand against Jimin’s cheek, the orange haired boy nuzzling against the soft touch that he had missed so much. The pet name made his heart flutter.

“My head”

“Do you want to go home?”

Honestly, that was probably a good idea. It would prevent anything else happening tonight that could potentially hurt either of them even more.

“Yes, please” He breathed and gave a faint nod.

“Okay, let's get you out of here”

The black haired one took his hand, intertwining their hands. Jimin couldn't help but smile, trying to ignore the sparks he swore he felt. His hand was so much smaller in Jungkook's, yet they seemed to fit just perfectly.

Jungkook pulled him out of the club, a fresh breeze of air hitting them. It was as if he was finally able to breathe again. Jungkook didn't let go of Jimin's hand. Not until they arrived at his black Range Rover, the younger one opening the door to the passenger seat and helping Jimin inside.

As soon as the smaller boy sat down on the soft cushion, his eyes became heavy, head leaning against the cold window.

With the thought of the night finally coming to a silent and gentle end, Jimin drifted away into his sleep.

If only he had known that the night was far from over, another storm heading his way.

Chapter End Notes
Sorry to leave you on kind of a cliffhanger... :( I'll try to update as soon as I can! ^^

Finally some Namjin! ^^
Hoseok and Tae are finally together, yaay :)

I know you all want to know more about Seoyun and you definitely will! There will be answers to your questions, I just don't want to give away everything just yet, so it might take a while to be revealed in the story! ^^ I hope you can understand and forgive me for that <3

What do you think will happen next? What storm could be coming now? ^^

See you in the next chapter <3
There was softness against Jimin's head. The fabric beneath his cheek appeared to be a pillow or something similar. However, what was felt even more by the orange haired boy was the pain in his head, the alcohol that was still running through his body.

“Mhm” Jimin grumbled, eyes fluttering open.

It took a moment for the smaller boy to realise where he was. It took even longer for him to realise what had happened before he got here.

Jimin was in his own apartment. In his own living room. On his own sofa. The lights were dimmed, the main source of light coming from his kitchen that was connected to the living room.

Suddenly, there was the sound of water running. The shorter male blinked, making out a figure standing in his kitchen and filling a glass with water at his sink. Jimin blinked again, making sure that he wasn't imagining the person in his apartment.

As the person turned around, Jimin's heart almost stopped.

*Jungkook.*

Of course, it was. He had been the last person Jimin had seen before he fell asleep in Jungkook's car.

“Hey, you're awake” The black haired boy noted as he approached Jimin. Jungkook was pressing something against his face while carrying a glass of water with his other hand. It appeared to be a bag of something small maybe. Jimin wasn't entirely sure as his vision was a little messed up and the light was dimmed at the moment.

“Y-Yes” Jimin replied, voice a little hoarse as he sat up.
Jungkook smiled faintly as he took a seat on the sofa next to Jimin, handing him the water as he pressed the small bag in his hand against his upper lip.

“I hope it's okay that I'm using this. I didn't know what else to use and I found this bag of peas in your freezer.” The taller boy uttered, Jimin taking a sip of water that felt refreshing against his dry throat.

It was in that moment when Jimin remembered what had happened. They had been at a club and a boy had made Jimin uncomfortable, having caused Jungkook to step in and literally beat the hell out of the other guy. It had been a rather frightening moment, if Jimin was completely honest.

Placing the glass down on the table, Jimin frowned. The smaller boy observed Jungkook, eyes roaming over his face as he wet his lip. Without thinking about it much, the orange haired one got up on his knees and moved closer to Jungkook, straddling his lap.

“I'm sorry” He whispered as he placed his hand over Jungkook's that was still pressing the bag of peas against his face. Jimin brushed Jungkook's hand away gently, having a better look at the bruises on his face. Seriously, Jimin wanted to cry when he saw them, “He hurt you a lot, didn't he?” The shorter male asked, voice just above a whisper as he felt tears swell up in his eyes. It hurt him to the core to know that Jungkook was in pain because of him, just because he had wanted to protect the smaller boy.

“No, Jimin-ah, hey, it's okay. It will heal, don't worry. It's just a little bruised, but it will be fine.” Jungkook assured, voice soft as he lifted his hand and placed it against Jimin's cheek, caressing the skin gently. The orange haired one couldn't help but nuzzle against the soft touch, having missed it so much.

“Thank you for protecting me” Jimin uttered as he stared at Jungkook with big eyes, lifting his hand almost subconsciously as he traced his fingertips over Jungkook's bruises as softly as he could. Oddly enough, there was something so fascinating about seeing these bruises on his skin. Weren't they evidence of how... of how Jungkook cared about him? Jimin almost wanted to shake his head at the thought. He would have done that for everyone, wouldn't he? Jungkook was a decent person and respecting others seemed to be important to him. It wasn't far-fetched to think that Jungkook would do this for literally anyone else, too. Yet, the smaller boy wanted to believe that Jungkook cared, wanted to believe that he was even the slightest bit important to him, “I wish I could have protected you, too”

There was a faint smile on Jungkook's face as the black haired boy gripped Jimin's wrist, pressing a soft kiss against his knuckles, “I saw how you stood up for me, putting yourself right in the middle of us. You were ready to take that hit for me, little one. I...” He paused, seemingly thinking over his words. There was emotion flashing in Jungkook's eyes, but it appeared that he didn't know how to say what he tried to say, or maybe he didn't want to say it. Jimin wasn't entirely sure, “You're brave, Jimin-ah, and I know that you wanted to protect me, but I wouldn't be able to live with the thought of you getting hurt from something that was supposed to hurt me. I don't... I don't want to see you hurt, little one”

Jimin's heart fluttered at the pet name. Oh, how much he had missed that, too. The smaller boy smiled, averting his gaze as he felt his cheeks heat up. He took the bag of peas out of Jungkook's hand and pressed it against his cheek, the younger boy hissing at the touch.

“Sorry” Jimin murmured genuinely.

“It's fine” Jungkook assured, giving his hip a little squeeze.
The shorter male couldn't stop thinking about how Jungkook risked his own health for him, how he stood up for Jimin when the smaller boy couldn't, how he followed Jimin after everything that went down instead of... instead of Seoyun.

Jimin's heart clenched at the thought of her. There was something so painful happening in his chest when he saw her or thought of her. Clearly, that couldn't be healthy.

The taller boy had his eyes fixated on Jimin, not taking them away for even one second. It was almost as if he was mesmerised by the smaller boy.

“You looked pretty tonight” Jungkook stated, voice quiet as he brushed Jimin's hair out of his face. The orange haired boy dropped his hand, blush deepening as he smiled faintly, “Well, you always do”

“T-Thank you” He whispered, looking back and forth between Jungkook's eyes to search for anything that would give away that he wasn't genuine, that he was joking, yet there was only sincerity in his gorgeous brown orbs.

“Yet, others in that club thought so, too” The black haired boy muttered, hands grabbing Jimin's hips as he pulled him a little closer, “I didn't like how those guys were dancing that close to you” Jungkook whispered in his ear, causing a shiver to run down the smaller boy's back. Jimin gulped, letting out a shaky breath, “Did any of them touch you?”

“N-No” Jimin assured, grasping Jungkook's shoulders.

The taller boy hummed as he leaned back again, hands leaving Jimin's hips. Suddenly, Jimin felt cold without Jungkook's hands touching him, without the younger one being in his close proximity.

Seoyun. What about Seoyun?, Jimin thought. Jimin couldn't help but think about how she had been close to Jungkook the whole night, too. The shorter male hadn't liked that either. However, Jungkook was here with him now, not with Seoyun. With him. Only with him.

They only stared into each other's eyes, not saying anything for a while.

In a moment of courage, Jimin leaned forward and pressed his lips against Jungkook's, the younger boy hissing at the slight pain as Jimin brushed over the bruise on his upper lip.

The black haired boy grabbed his waist, squeezing tightly, yet not kissing back. Jimin pulled away, just to press another open-mouthed kiss against his lips, wrapping his arms around Jungkook's neck and rocking his hips forward.

“Jimin-ah” Jungkook breathed out, turning his head to the side. The smaller boy trailed kisses down his neck, soft, as if they would heal Jungkook from the pain he was feeling.

“Touch me” Jimin whispered, lifting his head to stare at Jungkook. The younger one looked back and forth between his eyes, not saying anything though. The shorter male simply attached their lips in another kiss, “Please” He whimpered, rocking his hips forward.

“Jimin-ah, we shouldn't-”

“Why?” The orange haired one murmured, catching Jungkook's bottom lip between his own lips and pulling on it slightly. The taller boy let out a breath, his grip on Jimin's waist getting firmer as said boy moved his hips down hard against his crotch area. Jimin could feel Jungkook's penis twitch beneath his body, a groan escaping the man.
“Baby, you're drunk, I'm not going to touch you tonight. You don't know what you want”

Jimin looked at him, shaking his head as he got up from his lap. The older one zipped down his pants, Jungkook almost mesmerised by his movement as Jimin tugged down his pants. “Jimin-ah, don't” The smaller boy almost stumbled over his own two feet as he got out of his pants, yet thankfully Jungkook was there to help him keep his balance by grasping his hips gently and pulling him back on his lap.

“Don't do this, Jimin-ah, you don't know what you want right now” The younger one whispered and shook his head, brushing Jimin's hair out of his face.

“I do. I want you, Jungkook-ah” The shorter male assured, rocking his hips against Jungkook while leaving soft kisses over his neck.

“Shit, Jimin-ah, no, stop, you're making this difficult” Jungkook groaned as he tried to halt Jimin's movement, the older one yet too persistent and continuing to move on top of him. Jimin could feel Jungkook's penis harden beneath him, wanted nothing more than for the black haired one to touch him right now.

“Then just stop thinking, Jungkook-ah. You were the one telling me to feel instead of thinking, weren't you? Just feel, Kook-ah” Jimin whispered against his lips as he pressed another kiss on them.

“I can't, Jimin-ah. I won't be able to let you go, if I touch you tonight” The taller boy whispered, voice so quiet that Jimin barely heard him. He did, however, but Jimin's drunk mind didn't comprehend his words, even though it should have, even though it would have eased him into what was coming.

“Please, fuck me, Kook-ah”

Jungkook cursed, halting as he swallowed hard. This was new. Sober Jimin never cursed, didn't use words like this at all. It was just another piece of evidence that underlined Jungkook's statement about Jimin being drunk and not entirely knowing what he wanted right now. The smaller boy clearly didn't feel like himself right now. There was no way Jungkook was going to fuck him tonight. Frankly, Jungkook wouldn't be able to look at himself in the mirror, if he did that.

“No, baby, stop.”

“Isn't this what we do? We just fuck, right?” Jimin muttered, voice sounding almost vulnerable, “That's all we do, so fuck me”

“Stop, Jimin-ah, what are you saying?” Jungkook stilled his hips, voice stern as he looked into Jimin's eyes. However, the smaller boy averted his gaze and moved away from him, scooting over to the side of the sofa and pulling his legs up to his chest.

“Jimin-ah-”

“Am I not attractive enough? Are you disgusted by me? Why won't you touch me outside of the lesson? Am I just a project of yours?”

“What?” The black haired boy asked, voice loud and shocked, “Why would you say that? Of course, you're attractive. How could you even think that I'm disgusted by you?”

“Then why won't you have sex with me? That's what we do, right? We just fuck and leave. Isn't that
why you're here?” Jimin yelled, voice giving away that he was hurt. The taller boy was looking at him in utter shock, completely flabergasted by Jimin's sudden behaviour. However, he knew- or rather he... he hoped that it was due to the alcohol in his system.

“No, of course not. I wanted to bring you home, Jimin-ah. I wanted to make sure that you are okay. What do you even mean?” Jungkook answered, frowning as he studied Jimin's face. He was trying to make sense of situation, but he didn't understand what was going on inside of Jimin's mind.

“You treat me like I'm not there! You ignore me when the others are around. We literally only have sex. That's the only time I seem to exist for you!” The smaller boy revealed, voice shaking, but loud.

“That's what you wanted though. You don't want anyone to know about us fucking and I respected that. That's why I distance myself.” The black haired one answered, pointing at Jimin.

“I didn't mean for you to treat me like literal air! I just wanted us to be careful around the others!”

“Jimin-ah, what did you expect? I told you that we would fuck only. You knew that from the beginning. I just wanted to help you. You didn't want the others to know and I respected that so I acted accordingly. What else do you want?”

Jimin got up from the sofa, almost stumbling again, but holding out his arms as he tried to keep his balance. Jungkook's body twitched up, indicating that he had wanted to help Jimin, yet that's not what Jimin wanted right now.

“I don't know what I expected! I surely didn't want you to ignore me though!” The smaller boy yelled back.

“Well, I'm not able to read your fucking mind. You don't even know what you want!”

“Oh, and what about you!” Jimin shouted, leaning forward as he threw his hands in the air, “One minute you tell me that you don't want other boys to touch me and the next you say that you don't want to kiss me, so what do you want!?”

Silence settled between them, both just staring at each other, Jimin's chest rising and falling quickly, breathing heavily while the other boy tried to keep his composure and stay calm. The black haired boy knew that Jimin didn't mean what he said... right? It was only the alcohol talking... wasn't it?

“I don't know, Jimin-ah” Jungkook finally answered, voice just above a whisper, “I don't know what I want, but I know that I didn't want to see you leave that day and I know that I don't want to see you hurt either.”

Clenching his jaw, the orange haired one picked up the bag of peas and threw them right at Jungkook with force, “See! That's what I mean! You don't even know what you want either!”

“Stop, Jimin-ah!” The taller boy shouted as he was merely able to dodge the flying object.

Jimin picked up a box of tissues and threw it at Jungkook as well, the taller boy dodging that, too, “One minute you kiss me and the next you don't talk to me and then you get mad at other people for kissing me or getting close to me and I just-” The shorter male had thrown several other objects at Jungkook while shouting, including a pillow, his own pants and the remote control.

“Stop, throwing shit at me, Jimin-ah!” The younger one yelled as he got up to his feet.

“Make me!” Jimin challenged as he picked up another pillow.
They stared at each other for a moment, both angry, both of their chests falling and rising quickly.

Then, Jungkook walked up to him with fast steps, picking him up with ease and pushing him against the wall. Without a word, he attached their lips in a kiss, Jimin's breath hitching in his throat as he placed his hand in the back of Jungkook's neck, kissing right back.

Their lips moved against each other hungrily, tongues meeting in the middle and licking over one another. The black haired one was holding him up with his strong arms, hands gripping Jimin's upper thighs as he pressed the smaller boy against the wall.

“Kook-ah” Jimin whimpered as said boy rocked his hips forward against Jimin, creating friction against both of their penises, “Off, off” He whined as he tugged on Jungkook's shirt.

“Go ahead” The taller boy whispered against his lips as he connected their lips in another kiss. Jimin started buttoning down Jungkook's shirt while the other one kept thrusting his hips forward against Jimin's, causing said boy to moan in between their kisses.

As Jimin was halfway done with buttoning down Jungkook's shirt, one sleeve falling down his shoulder already and exposing parts of his broad upper chest, the younger one broke away from the kiss, setting Jimin back down on his feet as he turned away.

“We can't keep doing this. I won't be able to... We can't keep doing this.” Jungkook decided, catching his breath as he wiped his hand over his face, shaking his head. There was silence for a moment before he added, “Especially not tonight when you are drunk. You don't know what you want right now, Jimin-ah. You were angry at me just hours ago. You need reassurance right now, that's why you want me to fuck you. I told you that using sex to fix your problems isn't going to work out long-term.”

Frowning, Jimin shook his head as he walked around Jungkook in order to lock eyes with him again, “No, I just want to have sex with you. Not because... not because of reassurance or anything like that” The shorter male argued. Yet, was he trying to convince Jungkook or himself? Did he actually just want sex right now because he needed reassurance? Did he want Jungkook to have sex with him because he had ignored him the whole day and Jimin needed his attention? Was that really the reason?

The older one wasn't sure. His head was spinning, the voices inside of his head having a discussion about why he behaved the way he did. Frankly, Jimin wanted Jungkook to touch him, but simply because he liked being touched by him, right? To be fair, he always longed for that.

“Why would you assume that?” Jimin wanted to know, pulling his brows together as he watched Jungkook button up his shirt.

Jungkook stared at him intently, studying his face, “Jimin-ah, if you were sober right now, do you actually think you would want me to touch you? Do you actually think you would have asked me to fuck you?” The younger one argued, yet Jimin saw emotion flashing in his eyes and he felt like there was something else causing his change in behaviour. There was something he wasn't fully telling Jimin.

And Jimin just knew that it was Seoyun. Jimin didn't want his assumption to be right, but there was something telling him that he was. Seoyun was the reason Jungkook was rejecting him, was the reason Jungkook was behaving differently. However, Jimin simply couldn't help it and banished the thought from his mind, didn't want to think about her at all right now.

Blinking, Jimin gulped. Yes, his brain screamed at him, or was that his heart maybe? To be fair, Jimin
was too drunk to figure that out right now. However, he knew that deep down, he always longed for Jungkook's touch. Genuinely, he wanted Jungkook to touch him every day.

“I...”

The taller boy smiled faintly and lifted his hand, sweeping Jimin's strands of hair back from his sweaty forehead. The more Jimin stared at him with big eyes, the bigger the anger inside of him grew. Seriously, Jimin didn't know why he was getting angry all of a sudden, but he was. Perhaps it was just a defense mechanism caused by how hurt and vulnerable he felt in the moment.

“Why do you keep doing this? One minute you kiss me and the next you push me away! Make up your mind, it's confusing and honestly, I can't keep doing this!” Jimin then yelled, pushing against Jungkook's chest. It was frustrating, if Jimin was being honest. The black haired boy barely moved at the touch, just stared at the shorter male with an open mouth.

“I know. I'm sorry, Jimin-ah-”

“You're not sorry! You wouldn't keep doing it if you were! What aren't you telling me?” The orange haired one interrupted him, voice breaking, giving away that there was a lump in his throat. He was at the verge of tears. It was a little embarrassing, but Jimin didn't have his emotions under control right now, “You treat me like an object, Jungkook-ah, like I don't have feelings at all!”

“That's not true, Jimin-ah, I would never. I... We decided to have sex and that's it. I was basically your teacher and... and that's that. Nothing else was-” He paused, trying to look for the right words, but he couldn't find them. Ultimately, he didn't finish his sentence and just kept his gaze fixated on Jimin.

Jimin felt his heart clench. Was. Jungkook said he was his teacher. Another confirmation of Jimin's assumption. The shorter male shook his head at the thought, not wanting to comprehend the words at this moment, “What do you mean?” He found himself whisper.

“I mean that I never treated you like an object, but respect you as a human being. I never did anything degrade. I acted upon your wish of not letting the others find out about us. I did all of that for you, Jimin-ah.” The black haired boy responded, frowning as he looked back and forth between Jimin's eyes.

“Then why do you kiss me and push me away? Why do you tell me that you don't want others to touch me, yet you don't want to touch me either? I just don't get it!” Jimin wanted to know, voice becoming louder with each word, but also shaking.

Silence.

“I don't know either, Jimin-ah” Jungkook uttered eventually, tone soft and quiet.

Jimin's mind was racing. Jungkook's behaviour was confusing and tiring, but so was his own, wasn't it? Frankly, Jimin was just exhausted. Exhausted by the situation. Exhausted by how Jungkook was treating him. Exhausted by how his behaviour influenced and affected Jimin's own mood and emotions. Everything about this was giving him a headache, made him want to cry. To be fair, that might just be due to the alcohol though. Clearly, Jimin had no idea what to feel and how to act at this point. His mind didn't function right any longer. The combination of the current situation with Jungkook and the alcohol was too much for the smaller boy.

Honestly, he couldn't take any more of this.

“Stop playing your twisted games with me! Just make up your damn mind, I can't-” Jimin sniffed,
knees finally giving in as he fell to the ground. The orange haired one started crying, clasping his hands in front of his face as the tears streamed down his face.

“Hey” Jungkook whispered as he kneeled down next to him, “Little one, please, don't cry. You know I can't see you cry” He uttered against his ear as he pulled Jimin into a hug. The smaller boy was too tired to push him away. No, that as a lie. The warm embrace by Jungkook was actually comforting. Oddly enough, Jimin was ashamed by that, “You're this emotional because of the alcohol. It's messing with your body and your mind” He added as he caressed Jimin’s back gently.

It was an emotional rollercoaster indeed. They have made out, pushed each other away, screamed at each other, made out again, screamed at each other some more and now they were hugging while Jimin was crying. Honestly, this night was too much for Jimin. He couldn't handle any more and just wanted it to end so his poor heart could finally rest.

Jimin really wanted to believe Jungkook. Wanted to believe that all of this, everything he felt right now, everything that was happening right now, was due to the alcohol. He wanted to believe that tomorrow, all of this would be different. All of this would be fine again.

Yet, things really don't work like that, do they?

Without another word, Jungkook picked up the smaller boy, Jimin wrapping his arms around Jungkook’s neck as the taller boy carried him somewhere. Jimin didn't check, but he was pretty certain that they were walking towards his bedroom.

Jungkook didn't even turn the lights on in the room, but walked straight towards Jimin's bed and placed the shorter male down on the soft bedsheets.

Jimin was only staring up at him, several small tears still streaming down his face.

“This isn't healthy any longer. I never meant to hurt you. We can't keep doing this any more.” The taller boy uttered, voice quiet and Jimin could swear that there had been sadness in his eyes for a moment, yet he must have imagined that.

At this point, Jimin knew. Jimin just knew that when Jungkook left today, it was going to be over. He was going to leave and they would never touch each other again. The older one knew it from the moment Jungkook pushed him away, knew it when he looked into his eyes after the taller boy had told him that he would let him go. Jungkook was going to tell him that whatever they had, it was over.

The smaller boy didn't want him to say it though, didn't want him to actually say that they would have to end the thing between them, whatever it was. Frankly, he wouldn't be able to bear it tonight. Jimin simply didn't want this to be real. He wished that as unreal as all of this felt, that it was actually a dream – a nightmare to be exact. Evidently, Jimin didn't want this nightmare to become a reality. So maybe if he just pretended that everything was alright, just for tonight, maybe he could live this dream for just one more night.

Jungkook lifted his hand, wiping away Jimin’s tears before he caressed his cheek gently, “You should sleep. It's been a long and tiring day.”

“Stay” The smaller boy whispered almost subconsciously, hadn't intended to do so, yet his heart or rather his body had reacted before he had been able to stop it, “Please, just until I... until I fall asleep.”

The black haired boy hesitated, but gave a small nod eventually. Jimin scooted over a bit, making
room for Jungkook who laid down on the bed next to him, some distance between them. Both of the boys were lying on their sides, staring at each other. They were barely able to make out each other's faces, the dim light from the hallway being the only source of light in the room.

Silence settled between them as they studied each other's features. It was almost as if they were trying to take a mental picture of each other, wishing to save the sight of being this close to each other in their minds.

“How did I... How did I even get here?” Jimin wanted to know eventually, having wondered about that the moment he woke up on his sofa. Jimin had never shared his address with Jungkook.

“Taehyung hyung told me your address so I could drive you home. You fell asleep in the car so I carried you upstairs”

“Oh” The orange haired boy murmured, cheeks heating up as he thought of Jungkook carrying him upstairs. Hopefully, that hadn't been too difficult, “Thank you”

A small smile appeared on Jungkook's face as he lifted his hand, brushing it through Jimin's soft hair. Jimin's eyes fluttered shut at the touch, almost forgetting about what had went on just minutes ago. Maybe if he tried really hard, he could succeed in pretending that this moment right now was lasting, was forever, that he wouldn't wake up tomorrow without Jungkook ever touching him again.

“I'm sorry for snapping at you, Jungkook-ah”

“It's fine. It's just the alcohol, little one.” Jungkook assured.

Almost unconsciously, the shorter male scooted closer to Jungkook, closing the distance between them and hiding his face in Jungkook's chest, the familiar scent filling Jimin's nostrils, comforting him.

“Can we cuddle?” Jimin found himself whisper.

The black haired boy hesitated, but hummed as he wrapped his arm around Jimin, pulling him impossibly closer. It felt oddly soothing, oddly safe in his warm embrace. The shorter boy's eyes fluttered shut, heartbeat calming down and finding a steady pace again. Jimin wanted to believe that their hearts were beating to the same beat, was able to feel Jungkook's heartbeat against his body, but maybe that was just his desire.

They remained like this for quite some time, just holding each other, trying to forget about what had previously happened and just staying in this moment as if everything was okay, even if it wasn't.

“Jimin-ah” Jungkook broke the silence, voice quiet and soft as he pulled away slightly, “May I kiss you?”

There it was again. Jungkook couldn't make up his mind, was playing a game of push and pull, wasn't he? At least that's how Jimin felt at this point. The black haired boy didn't seem to know what he wanted, yet did Jimin? Frankly, he shouldn't fall for it again and allow Jungkook to kiss him, but his heart was too weak and when he saw something that Jimin made out to be desperation in Jungkook's eyes – or perhaps he just wanted it to be - he found himself nodding before he could stop himself.

The taller boy leaned closer, his lips lingering above Jimin's, barely brushing his, but the touch was already sending sparks through Jimin's body. The orange haired boy let out a soft breath, tugging on Jungkook's shirt which caused the other one to smile against Jimin's skin. Finally, he pressed his soft lips on Jimin's, their mouths moving against each other slowly and gently. There was no hunger like
earlier, no, there was no urgency either. It was pure and passionate and nothing like their making out sessions earlier. This had a different meaning, one both boys were too oblivious to see.

The kiss ended fairly quickly, leaving Jimin wishing that it lasted longer. Then, Jungkook placed a small kiss against Jimin's forehead, said boy's eyes fluttering shut at the soft touch.

They pulled away, Jimin lifting his hand and placing it against Jungkook's cheek, tracing his skin with his fingertips as softly as he could. His eyes were fixated on Jungkook's handsome face, scanning over his beautiful features – his soft lips that Jimin liked to kiss, his gorgeous brown orbs, his defined jawline – everything about him was beautiful.

It was in that moment when Jimin finally realised. Frankly, maybe he had known it before, but had just been too stubborn to realise, too oblivious to connect the signs in his heart. Perhaps his heart had tried to protect him from this emotion, from a situation like this. Maybe Jimin just hadn't noticed it sooner because he had never experienced an emotion like this. Whatever reason had caused him to be blind to this, it didn't matter because he knew now.

It was as if he had an epiphany.

Maybe it was the alcohol in his system, messing with his mind a little, that was finally throwing down these walls that Jimin had tried to build around his heart and allowing him to see what was behind them after all.

Jimin liked Jungkook more than just a person he was having sex with.

More than just a friend.

The first thing the shorter male thought about when Jungkook appeared in his mind wasn't having sex with him, but his smile, the way his eyes lit up when he looked at Jimin, the way he laughed, the way he held Jimin when they cuddled, the way he comforted him.

Jimin liked the black haired boy in a way where he wanted to spend every day with him, where he wanted to be held by him through the night, where he wanted to fall asleep next to him and wake up with him by his side the next morning, where he wanted to see him smile and where he wanted to laugh with Jungkook.

The smaller boy wanted to be with him because he was charming and funny and gorgeous and kind and protective and... and so many more things. He wanted to be with him because he was illuminating emotions and layers of Jimin that he had never felt or known of before.

Jimin wanted to be with Jungkook because he gave him something no one else ever did.

It hurt all the more, staring into his eyes and knowing that Jungkook didn't feel the same, hurt all the more, knowing that there was someone else that was all that for him already.

“I like you” Jimin found himself whisper before he could stop himself.

Jungkook halted, his hand on Jimin's back suddenly stilling.

“I like you, Jungkook-ah, a lot.” The orange haired boy added, voice quiet, yet genuine.

“I... like you, too” The taller boy responded, frowning as he looked back and forth between Jimin's eyes.

“No, I like you... I like *like* you. Not in a way you like a friend, but in a way you like someone
where you want to give them the whole world and in a way you want to be together with them... all the time... in a... in a romantic way”

Jimin's heartbeat quickened, scared of what Jungkook was going to say, yet somehow relieved because he finally understood what those emotions in him had meant, what they had implied. Jimin finally understood why it had hurt to see Jungkook with someone else, why he had longed for his touch shortly after leaving him every single time, why Jungkook was the first thing he thought about in the morning and the last thing he saw before he fell asleep. It all made sense now.

“Oh” Jungkook breathed, clearing his throat, “No, you don't, Jimin-ssi. You just say that because you're drunk”

Reminiscing about every time he had spend with Jungkook, the smaller boy felt stupid for being this oblivious this whole time. It had been right in front of him, the signs had been there all along, but Jimin just hadn't been able to figure them out. Perhaps he had simply tried to protect himself by pushing away these thoughts instead of embracing them. However, not anymore. Jimin finally knew that what he felt was genuine, that it was real.

“No, I'm just able to say it now because I'm drunk. I never had the courage before, I probably never would if it wasn't for the alcohol. I'm not saying this because I'm drunk, but because I mean it. I guess I knew it all along, but I was never ready to admit it to myself because I have never felt like this before”

Jungkook gulped as he wet his lips, eyes looking back and forth between Jimin's, emotion flashing in them.

“You can't. Why would you?” The taller boy breathed, shaking his head again.

“Because you're likable, Kook-ah” The older one simply answered, smiling faintly.

“I... Jimin-ah, no you don't actually like me. You like the idea of me. You think that you like me because I'm the first person who ever touched you, made you feel comfortable with something you were scared of. I was your first in many things and that makes your brain believe that you like me, when you actually don't.” Jungkook tried to reason. Why was he trying to make Jimin believe that what he felt wasn't real?

“No, I... I genuinely like you, Jungkook-ah” Jimin assured, voice soft but serious. The smaller boy finally realised what these feelings meant and there was no way that this wasn't right. His emotions deserved to be told.

The black haired boy rolled onto his back, staring up at the ceiling, “Why did you tell me this?” Jungkook asked, voice a little stern, hinting at him being angry.

“Because I wanted you to know” The shorter male replied, shrugging slightly. His head was still spinning, throat and head still hurting, but his heart was screaming at him, was screaming at him to make Jungkook understand how he felt. Frankly, Jimin didn't know why he was so determined to make Jungkook understand. Would it actually change anything? Yet, it didn't matter. Now that Jimin knew, he couldn't live another second with Jungkook not knowing about his feelings for him.

“I didn't want to know, Jimin-ah, this is... I tried to prevent this. “ Jungkook stated harshly, the words causing Jimin's chest to sting. He wasn't looking at Jimin any longer, his touch had left Jimin a while ago. It felt cold, so cold.

“I can't control my feelings. I didn't plan for this to happen either when we started doing... what we
did. What can I do about it?” Jimin whispered, sitting up.

“I don't do relationships, Jimin-ah” The black haired boy snapped, glaring at Jimin for a moment before he looked back up at the ceiling.

Jimin's heart made a weird jump, then started beating incredibly faster.

Did that imply... did that mean that he felt the same, but just couldn't act upon it?

“What does that mean?” The smaller boy whispered.

“I don't date, Jimin-ah. I just... I have sex, that's it.” Jungkook answered with anger in his voice. Frankly, Jimin didn't understand why he was getting this angry. What was so wrong about Jimin sharing his feelings with him?

“What's Seoyun then?” Jimin wanted to know. If Jungkook didn't do relationships, didn't date then what was Seoyun to him? Clearly, she wasn't just another fling considering how she lived with him.

“Stop asking about her.” Jungkook snapped, locking eyes with Jimin again.

“Well, you seem to want to end whatever we have anyway so why can't I know about her at least now?” Did Jimin really had no right to know? Obviously, Jungkook didn't owe him an answer or any justification. They weren't dating, Jimin knew that. However, Jimin had repeatedly asked him about her and trying to make Jungkook understand that he didn't want to be caught in the middle. To be fair, Jimin was still curious about whether he had been part of something he hadn't want to be.

“I don't want to date h- it's complicated, I told you. I don't want h-... nevermind”

Silence.

“Do you feel the same about me?” Jimin found himself wonder, voice just above a whisper as he stared at Jungkook with big eyes.

Silence.

“Do you?”

“Does it matter? We won't ever be together, Jimin-ah.” The black haired boy answered, voice loud and harsh.

“Why?” Jimin asked, hating himself for how his voice sounded like a whine. Seriously, Jimin didn't want to seem too vulnerable or hurt, yet that's exactly what he was feeling right now. He had never felt these emotions before, that feeling that made his heart flutter. For him to share this with Jungkook was a big step for him and it just hurt to know that... that he might not feel the same.

“Because... stop, Jimin-ah, we could have just ended it without you telling me this. I didn't want to hurt you” Jungkook sighed, shaking his head as he sat up as well. Their bodies were turned away from one another, even if they were looking at each other.

“What about you? How do you feel? Why are you ending this? Because of Seoyun? Because we broke some stupid rules? Who cares about them?” Jimin wanted to know, frowning as he lifted his hands.

“The rules were there for a reason. To prevent... this” The younger boy replied, pulling his brows together. There was an emotion in Jungkook's eyes, one Jimin wished he could define, yet he
couldn't.

“We see how that worked out” The orange haired boy murmured.

“It's not my fault that you are falling for me” Jungkook snapped, causing Jimin to widen his eyes.

Ouch.

“I know, I didn't say it was” He whispered, averting his gaze.

Then, silence settled between them.

Thoughts were running through their heads, hearts beating fast, chests rising and falling quickly, breathing uneven. They were trying to organise their thoughts, make sense of the chaos that was going on inside of them, but it was so difficult.

“Do you like me, Kook-ah?” Jimin whispered yet again. He simply needed to know. He needed to know for his own good, even if there was no chance for them to ever be together. Honestly, Jimin wasn't entirely sure if it might be better to not know. Wouldn't it hurt more to know that Jungkook didn't like him in that way at all? Yet, wouldn't it hurt even more to know that Jungkook did feel the same, but that there was always going to be something in the way – whatever it was that Jungkook wasn't telling him about.

They were only staring at each other, not even blinking.

“Doesn't matter, Jimin-ah” Jungkook whispered.

“I want to know, please” Jimin begged, voice sounding desperate. Honestly, Jimin was going to be hurt either way, but his heart needed to know.

“I won't date you, so-” The taller boy stated again.

“Just answer me!” The older one interrupted him, voice demanding.

Silence. Jimin could feel his heart pound against his chest hard, was able to essentially hear his heartbeat in his ears. It was so quiet that his own body was making the loudest noise to him. It felt like an eternity before there was finally an answer.

“No, Jimin-ah, I don't like you like that. We fucked, that's it” Jungkook answered, voice quiet, but firm.

The smaller boy looked back and forth between his eyes, saw emotion flash inside of them and Jimin wished that there was a sign that would hint at Jungkook lying, yet there wasn't anything that he could find.

It took a moment for Jimin to comprehend his words, took a long while for him to process what Jungkook had said. Then, Jungkook's voice was ringing in his ears, haunting him in his mind.

Jimin turned around as he felt his heart break. Honestly, he should have expected this, but his stupid heart hadn't been able to stop itself from hoping, hoping for a slight chance that Jungkook might feel the same.

Now, Jimin regretted having asked him. It did hurt a lot more to know that he didn't feel the same. Oh, how much his heart was hurting. It was clenching, stinging so badly inside of his chest. It was something he had never felt before and honestly, something he never wanted to experience.
The smaller boy felt tears swell up in his eyes, bottom lip trembling as he tried to hold himself together, tried to prevent himself from breaking down yet again and crying in front of Jungkook.

“Jimin-ah” The younger boy whispered, a soft hand touching Jimin's shoulder and it was almost as if the touch was burning his skin, was hurting him, too.

“It's okay” Jimin assured, voice breaking and indicating that no, nothing was okay. The orange haired one brushed Jungkook's hand off his shoulder as he felt tears roll down his cheeks.

“No, I'm sorry, I didn't mean to-” The black haired one murmured.

“Jungkook-ah, it's okay. I didn't expect you to feel the same” Jimin interrupted, sniffing as he wiped the back of his hands over his cheeks. It was his own fault. Jimin had wanted to know. Jimin had known that the chance of Jungkook liking him back was very slim, yet he hadn't been able to prevent himself from wanting to know.

Squeezing his eyes shut, Jimin tried to forget the last thing that Jungkook had said to him that had literally broken his heart, but it was hard. Jungkook's voice was echoing inside of Jimin's head, repeating those words again and again that hurt so much. Clearly, there was no way for Jimin to stop the tears now.

“Leave”

Jimin didn't yell. His voice was just above a whisper. His voice sounded broken and it pulled on Jungkook's heart strings.

“No, I'm not gonna leave you like this” The taller boy argued, shaking his head as he scooted closer to the older boy.

“Leave, Kook-ah” Jimin repeated, voice firmer, but still shaking as more tears rolled down his face. Jimin didn't want him to see him like this, just wanted him to leave because the longer he stayed, the more Jimin had to look at him, the more his heart was hurting.

“No, Jimin-ah, I'm not leaving you all alone like this.” Jungkook protested, voice soft as he wrapped his arms around Jimin. The smaller boy squeezed his eyes shut as he finally broke down, crying and sobbing as he let Jungkook embrace him. His arms were closed tightly around Jimin's delicate body, pulling him impossibly closer and basically shielding him from the rest of the world.

They fell back down on the bed, both lying on their sides while Jimin was crying against his chest.

“Please stop, Jimin-ah, I'm so sorry. I never meant to hurt you” The black haired boy murmured against his ear.

It was Jimin's own fault, wasn't it? Jungkook had told him from the start, had even made these stupid rules – that hadn't actually prevented any of this - but Jimin had still walked right into the trap like a fool.

Jungkook didn't let him go, but was holding him close, caressing his back while the smaller boy cried. Jimin hated himself for how comforting this felt.

Wasn't it ironic? Jimin falling asleep in Jungkook's arms, the place where he felt the most protected, yet also by the person who just broke his heart. The universe really was an odd place, it seemed to enjoy hurting Jimin.

Perhaps, Jimin could pretend that his heart hadn't been shattered into pieces. Maybe, being hugged
this close by Jungkook, smelling that comforting scent, could make Jimin believe that everything was okay, could put Jimin's pieces back together – just for tonight.

Yet, deep down, Jimin knew that everything had fallen to ashes. Jungkook wouldn't be there tomorrow morning to put his pieces back together, to fix this – no, he wouldn't be here at all tomorrow morning, leaving Jimin all alone with his broken heart.

It was ironic.

Ironic how Jimin fell asleep, dreaming about the black haired boy with the beautiful brown orbs.

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Everything hurt. Everything was cold. That's the first thing Jimin noticed when he woke up. It became even worse when there was the sudden urge to throw up, leaving no room for Jimin to decide whether or not he would try to fall asleep again and sleep some more. No, that decision was taken away from him as he shot up, stumbling out of his bed and hurrying into his bathroom. As if that wasn't enough already, Jimin's head terribly hurt as soon as he got up in such a rush, black dots appearing in front of his eyes and everything starting to spin. The smaller boy had to touch the walls in order to keep his balance and find his way into the restroom where he waddled to the toilet and threw up right away, barely having any time to lift the seat.

As expected, his throat felt sore as Jimin puked into the toilet, felt like it was genuinely burning. As if that wasn't enough, all of his muscles were aching and the orange haired boy just wanted all the pain to go away, just wanted to be asleep again.

It didn't help either when he remembered what had occurred last night. His heart clenched at the thought of Jungkook. Of course, he had actually left without another word.

Once Jimin was done, he flushed the toilet and washed his hands, rinsing his mouth in the process before he waddled back into his bedroom. There was still sleep in his eyes, the shorter male rubbing over them as he scanned his room. The bed was a mess, yet other than that there was nothing left reminding him of Jungkook being here last night. To be honest, a small part in Jimin had hoped that the black haired boy had left something for him, like a note or somethig, yet there was nothing.

Honestly, Jimin wasn't entirely sure if last night had been a dream or reality. The alcohol had messed with his head so much that Jimin wasn't able to differentiate both. However, the pain in Jimin's chest everytime he thought about Jungkook proved that it had been real. Jungkook had rejected him and had ended whatever they had.

Then again, had he? Had he actually told Jimin that they wouldn't see each other like that ever again? Frankly, the taller boy had only mentioned that they should end it for their own good, not that he wanted to or that they were going to, hadn't he?

Yet, Jimin wouldn't be able to spend time with Jungkook in that way, knowing how he had broken his heart. Jimin didn't blame the black haired boy. How could he? Jungkook set those rules from the start and let him know that there was never going to be anything more than sex. The idea had been fine with Jimin, but his heart had made other plans and had decided for Jungkook to take up a big part in there.

The smaller boy waddled into the living room where he saw a figure on his sofa. For a slight moment, his heart skipped a beat, hope blooming inside of him, yet it was crushed a mere second after when the person groaned and lifted it's head.
“Minnie?” Tae grumbled as he rubbed over his sleepy eyes, looking around for his best friend. His gaze landed on Jimin, standing there in the living room with empty eyes and a blank expression, “Hey, Jiminnie”

“Hey” Jimin mumured, voice a little hoarse.

“How are you feeling? My head is killing me. You drank quite a lot yesterday, too, so I'm assuming you feel just the same. Did you sleep well at least? I wasn't entirely sure if I should come here because I was scared you and Jungkook might be fucking or something, but I needed to check on you and Jungkook was actually about to leave when I came here, asking me to look after you. That's cute, isn't it? It was sweet of him to drive you home, too, but oh my god, what the hell happened to his face? Did he get into a fight or something? I really-”

The blond haired boy rambled, sitting up and brushing his hand through his messy hair.

“I'm fine” Jimin interrupted, walking into the kitchen where he grabbed two glasses and filled each one with water. Why did the mere mention of Jungkook's name do that painful thing to his heart? It was horrible. Whatever this was, it was horrible. Jimin didn't like this feeling at all, wished that it would go away.

“Are you sure?” Tae whispered after a moment of silence.

“Yeah”

“Jungkook seemed kind of sad when he left. Did you two fight?”

The taller boy wanted to know, suddenly right behind Jimin.

The smaller boy halted. Jungkook had been sad? Why had he been sad? He wasn't the one who had confessed his feelings to someone for the first time and had been rejected. Then again, Jungkook had told him that he never intended to hurt him. Obviously, it kind of affected him, too. It was Jimin's own fault, really. He should have ended it sooner. He should have ended it as soon as he realised that Jungkook was evoking feelings in Jimin that he had never felt before.

For some reason, Jimin couldn't stop wondering about Jungkook hiding something from him. Why did he snap at the mention of Seoyun? Why had he told Jimin that he would have to let him go before Jimin even confessed? What did all of this mean? What did Jimin miss?

Then again, did it even matter at this point? Jimin was hurt and whatever they had was over. It was probably for the best not to think about Jungkook any longer and try to get over it. Especially because Jungkook had made it clear that he would never date Jimin to begin with.

“We... had an argument. We won't see each other again, I think”

“Wait, what?” Tae asked, voice giving away that he was confused.

Jimin took a sip from his water and handed Taehyung the other glass. His best friend only stared at it for a moment before he took it and placed it down on the counter.

“What do you mean, Jimin-ah?”

“Jungkook told me that we should end whatever we have, for our own good. Then, I decided to share my feelings with him and tell him that I like him, but he told me that he didn't feel the same about me. I guess, we won't be seeing each other any more. It's probably what's best anyway”

The orange haired one elaborated, shrugging slightly and a faint smile appearing on his face. It was't
genuine, but Jimin was trying to hide the pain, was trying not to cry.

“I knew that you had feelings for him” Tae whispered, causing Jimin to frown.

“That's not helping, Tae”

“Sorry” His best friend quickly apologised, clearing his throat as he shook his head. Then, he pulled Jimin into a tight hug and closed his eyes, “I'm sorry, Jimin-ah, that you have to go through this right now. Heartbreak sucks, believe me, I know how that feels. There is no real cure to it. Only time can really heal it. And ice cream, loads of ice cream. And watching your favourite movies with your best friend”

Jimin smiled faintly as he hugged Taehyung closer.

“When did you realise? Did you lie to me before?” Tae then wanted to know as they pulled apart for a moment.

“I think I knew for a long time, but I tried to push these feelings away because I didn't know what they were and that scared me. I only fully realised and understood last night that what I felt was... well, that I like him a lot. It's more than just a crush, Tae. I like him a lot, really. I know you warned me, he did, too. I know you told me that I should be careful, but I guess I didn't listen. Then again, I can't really control my heart, can I?”

Taehyung smiled sympathetically as he brushed Jimin's hair out of his face, “No, Minnie, you can't control your feelings. It is what it is. You walked into something that was destined to crush because things like this never work out without at least one part falling for the other one. That's just the way it goes, most of the times. It might be better to end it now before you fall even more for him and get even more hurt in the process than you already are.”

“I guess” Jimin murmured, agreeing with what his best friend stated. It really was the right decision to end whatever they had, even if Jimin didn't entirely want to do that, he knew that it was necessary. It would just hurt even more to spend time with Jungkook, knowing how there would never be something between them.

“Did he simply say he didn't feel the same?” The blond boy wanted to know as he took Jimin's hand and pulled him over to the sofa. They both sat down next to each other, crossing their legs as they stared at one another.

“Well, no. At first he didn't want to answer me, but insisted that it didn't matter anyway. I really wanted to know though, but now I kind of regret it because it hurts so much to know that he doesn't feel the same. I... I asked him about Seoyun, too, yet he didn't want to talk about her as always. The thing that keeps bothering me is that he wanted to end it even before I confessed. What's weird is that... that I'm so sure that I saw sadness in his eyes when he said that, almost as if... as if he didn't actually want to end it, but he had to. The only explanation left is that it's because of Seoyun and because they are in a relationship. Yet, he told me they weren't and that he doesn't do relationships at all, so what should I believe? It's like I'm trapped in an endless loop, unanswered questions all around me and I can't seem to be able to find an answer to them. Am I simply too blind to see what's right in front of me? Am I too oblivious? It feels like I'm missing something”

The blond boy narrowed his eyes, pursing his lips as he contemplated over the new information he had just received, “That is indeed quite suspicious. He either is a fucking liar or there is more to it that we don't know about. The annoying thing is that he literally always has a pokerface. You can't read him, like never. He's good at hiding his emotions.”
“True” Jimin agreed and gave a slight nod.

“Well, I'm going to have to find hyung and then we're going to give Jungkook the beating that we promised in the case of him hurting you”

The smaller boy's eyes widened, “No!” He protested and shook his head, grabbing Taehyung's arm, “Don't do that. It's not his fault for not liking me back. It's my fault for developing these feelings even though he told me that it was just going to be sex. I am hurt, but I am to blame for this pain. It's not his fault”

Was it absurd of Jimin to defend Jungkook? Maybe. Yet to be fair, wasn't Jimin right? It was his own fault. Jungkook wasn't to blame for this. Well, he was the reason for Jimin's pain in a way, but he hadn't asked Jimin to fall for him, no, Jimin had done that all on his own.

“Okay, whatever you want”

Jimin sighed, leaning his head against the sofa while looking at Tae with big eyes, “Is it bad that I can't even really be mad at him? That instead of hating him for making me feel like this all I can think about is his smile and the way he touched me?”

The taller one smiled sympathetically at Jimin as he ruffled through his hair, shaking his head lightly, “No, Minnie, that's not bad. It makes all of this harder for you, but that's a healthy way for you to look at the situation. Instead of hating him, you try to remember the good times. Yet, that is going to make things harder for you to get over him.”

“Is it horrible that all I want to do is cry?”

“No, Minnie. That's a natural reaction. I cried several days during my first heartbreak. It's different for everyone. If you want to cry, just let it all out. We can cry together, hm? I'm going to get us some ice cream and you decide what movie we are going to watch. Something romantic is probably going to trigger your tears, but swooning over some handsome guys to get your mind off Jungkook might not even be such a bad idea” Tae suggested, raising his eyebrows.

Jimin shook his head, smiling faintly as he swatted Tae's arm. The taller boy chuckled as he got up from the sofa and walked over to the kitchen.

This feeling wasn't going to vanish just like that, but maybe Tae would be able to make all of this bearable.

Chapter End Notes

I'm sorry, please don't hate me. :/

Don't worry, it's all going to work out eventually. There will be answers, too, I promise.
I'm sorry, if this slow build annoys some of you, but there is still some stuff I need to reveal, I hope you understand <3

Thank you so much for all of the support and love <3
Don't Stop

Chapter Summary

Jimin receives information about Jungkook that shocks him, but makes him a little sceptical, too. Jimin then tries to focus on practicing, yet the universe likes to mess with him and sends a person he doesn't expect to see there. Days later, the group is brought together again... Trouble seems to be inevitable whenever the friends spend time altogether...

Chapter Notes

Hii :) 

Thank you all so much for the encouraging and lovely comments on the last chapter. I felt really down, but you all were so nice and kind to me, supporting me with such lovely words that I felt better immediately. Thank you, I love you <3

This chapter is a little longer again, I hope you'll enjoy it :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Jimin shut the door close behind him, letting out a sigh as he wiped his hand over his sweaty face. It had been another busy day at the dance studio, all of them practicing until they were collapsing. Honestly, it was all very exhausting and tiring, but the choreography was turning out good and they were improving each time. Also, it distracted him from Jungkook and that was just another perk.

The smaller boy had cried quite a lot after that day. Well, to be fair, it had only been three days since Jungkook rejected him, yet Jimin felt like he had barely stopped crying or mourning. Thankfully, Tae had been there to cheer him up and lend him his shoulder to cry on. He had made it all the more bearable, but it still hurt his heart everytime Jimin thought of Jungkook.

Obviously, it wasn't going to stop hurting this simply, no, Tae had been right. The pain wasn't going to vanish just like that. It's going to take some time, but it will heal eventually. What made it easier was that Jimin didn't have to see Jungkook because they didn't work with each other, didn't live close to each other, hence there was no interaction between them at all. The orange haired boy had completely invested himself into dancing and practicing, hadn't seen any of his other friends except Taehyung and Hoseok.

Thinking about it, Jimin wasn't sure whether he was going to see Jungkook at all anymore now. They hadn't texted, nor talked on the phone – which wasn't too out of the ordinary as they hadn't done that much previously before either. Those had only ever involved their little lessons, but those were no longer an issue, were no longer going on.

However, Jimin wouldn't be able to completely banish Jungkook out of his life as he was still part of his group of friends and whenever they were going to hang out, Jungkook would be there, too. There was no doubt about that. Jimin just hoped that he could somehow avoid seeing or talking to
Jungkook. At least for some more time. It would simply hurt too much to interact with him at this point.

Dropping his bag next to the door, Jimin took off his shoes and dragged his tired body over to the kitchen, his stomach grumbling and reminding him of his lack of food he had today. Clearly, Jimin wasn't going to cook anything now – he wasn't the best chef to begin with – as he was way too exhausted tonight. Practicing the whole day was really incredibly tiring.

At least he was getting his mind off of everything else and was able to spend time with Hoseok. Fortunately, he was smiling at lot these days – when he wasn't scolding his students for making mistakes. Jimin knew that it was due to Tae's and his relationship. Perhaps his joy was also caused by his dance crew working hard and improving each time. Whatever the reason was, Jimin was happy to see him like this.

The shorter male opened his fridge, scanning the insides with narrowed eyes – as if the options were that huge. He was able to decide between some left over chinese food him and Tae had shared yesterday and some toppings for dry bread. Letting out a sigh, Jimin pulled out the left overs and shut the fridge close. To be honest, Jimin was pretty certain that this would cause him a stomachache, but he couldn't care less right now.

As he walked over to his sofa, his phone rang inside of his pocket, Jimin pulling it out and staring at the display.

A smile appeared on his face when he read the message.

I can confirm that crisps and chokolate dip do NOT go well together. If I don't make it, you know what happened to me. - Dongha

Jimin chuckled as he plopped down on the soft cushions, placing the food on the coffee table in order to be able to text Dongha back. His new friend had actually been very helpful, too, when it came to not thinking too much about Jungkook. Dongha was funny and made him laugh during their breaks, was able to cheer him up a lot. They'd went out to eat yesterday again, but today had been too exhausting for both of them, causing them to decide to rather just go home and sleep.

I told you! How could you think that they would taste good together? kekeke – Jimin

Yah, you eat weird stuff, too! Don't get me started on your pickles, those are disgusting – Dongha

The smaller boy laughed out loud, shaking his head.

Pickles aren't weird! A lot of people eat pickles! How can you even compare these to your odd food choices? - Jimin

Mine aren't odd, they are just... special :) - Dongha

They are. People just like different kinds of food. As long as you like them, it's fine. :) - Jimin

Yeah, true. Except for pickles, those are DISGUSTING. How can anyone eat them? - Dongha

Yah, stop disrespecting them! They are really good! Have you ever even tried one? - Jimin

As if I would put that shit into my mouth! No way, thank you! - Dongha

The orange haired one chuckled as she shook his head again.
Alright, calm down, kekeke. They aren't too bad, actually, okay? - Jimin

Yeah, sure... – Dongha

Whatever. I'm going to eat now, see you tomorrow :) - Jimin

The talk about those damn pickles made you hungry, huh? Well, go on and eat that shit then :) - Dongha

Shut up, I'm not even eating pick- anyways. Bye, see you tomorrow, Dongha – Jimin

See you tomorrow, Chim – Dongha

Jimin smiled at the nickname as he put his phone down on the coffee table, reaching for his food instead. Then, he turned the TV on and zapped through the channels, eventually stopping on one showing a documentary about aliens. Well, he couldn't bear to watch another romantic comedy tonight. Those actually did hurt quite a bit because they reminded him of everything Jimin couldn't have with Jungkook. However, for some reason, it had been nice to see other people be happy and in love at least.

Sighing, Jimin lifted the chopsticks holding some of the noodles up to his mouth, chewing the cold food. They temperature caused him to grimace at first, but the taste was actually still good. Shrugging his shoulders, Jimin took another bite.

Suddenly, his door swung open with force, startling the smaller boy and almost causing him to drop his food on the floor. As he jumped up in his seat, he was barely able to keep the grasp around his food, pulling it to his chest as he glanced at the door with big, shocked eyes.

Taehyung stormed inside, shutting the door close as he rushed over to Jimin, carrying something in his hand.

"You won't believe what I just found out" His best friend stated, voice out of breath, but somehow angered.

"Good evening to you, too" Jimin murmured, swallowing the bite down as he set his food on the coffee table. The smaller boy eyed his friend, confused by his rushed and visible pent-up demeanor.

"I'm going to kill him" Tae promised through clenched teeth as he threw something on the table in front of Jimin, "That bastard is going to die"

Furrowing his brows, Jimin glanced at what Tae had just tossed on the table. It was a magazine. A fashion magazine to be exact. Confused, Jimin locked eyes with Tae again who had his arms crossed over his chest, jaw locked as he narrowed his eyes.

"Who is going to die? What are you talking about?"

"Jungkook is in a relationship with Seoyun"

Silence. It was one of those loud ones. One, where your surroundings seem quiet, yet the sounds inside of you are amplified. Jimin's heart stopped, but started pounding hard against his chest a mere second later.

Swallowing, Jimin widened his eyes, something stinging in his chest once he processed the blond boy's words.
“W-What?”

It was a whisper, barely loud enough for Tae to understand, but he did.

“Jungkook is in a relationship with Seoyun” The taller boy repeated as he wet his lips, “It’s... I can’t believe what a fucking asshole he is, he-”

“Tae, wait, hang on. How do you know?” Jimin interrupted. Why would Tae know about this? Where would he get such information from, if not from Jungkook or Seoyun themselves? It was very unlikely for Tae to talk to either of them, “Did you talk to them?”

“No, look at that shit” Tae denied as he pointed at the magazine on the table, causing Jimin to frown yet again.

“What does the magazine have to do with anything?”

“Just look at it” The blond boy sighed as he picked it up, opening the page and revealing... a picture of... Jungkook next to Seoyun. Evidently, that was Jungkook. How could Jimin not recognise the gorgeous man?

Wait, what?

“What?” Jimin uttered, shocked expression on his face as he took a closer look, “Why is he in a freaking magazine?”

“Minnie, look at his name, look at his fucking name” Tae told him, voice just above a whisper.

Confused, the smaller boy glanced at Taehyung whose eyes were full of shock themself, yet there seemed to be some pity hidden as well. Jimin traced his gaze back down on the magazine, heart stopping once again when he read over the name that was spread on the page.

Jeon Jungkook.

That's when it clicked.

Jeon as in Jeon Entertainment. One of the biggest entertainment companies – if not the biggest – in Korea. One Jimin had dreamed of getting into, but never had the courage to actually apply for.

“This can't be...” Jimin breathed, “No way that's his...”

“He is the son of the CEO of Jeon entertainment. I didn't believe it either, but I looked it up. Jungkook is the heir of that fucking company, Minnie”

Jimin's mind was literally empty. Frankly, the shorter male didn't know if he wanted to cry or laugh at the universe. This was too much for him to fathom or comprehend.

“Don't you know what this means, Jiminie?” Tae asked as he nudged Jimin's arm.

The orange haired boy's expression was blank, eyes almost hollow as he stared at the white wall, trying to make sense of the information he had just received, but for some reason he couldn't.

“What?” He found himself whisper.

“He did lie to you. That motherfucker had a girlfriend the whole time he was fucking you!” Tae
explained, voice getting louder as he swatted Jimin's arm.

The smaller boy shook his head, snapping out of his trance.

“Do you actually think that? They might have only started dating after we started... having sex” Jimin mumbled, trying to reason, yet he wasn't convincing Taehyung who tilted his head to the side with an unimpressed expression.

“Read the article. It says that they've been reportedly dating for half a year. Half. A. Year. That's even before you two knew each other. Sources even say he's rumoured to propose to her” His best friend revealed, Jimin's mouth opening in shock. There was another pang in his chest, the wound in his heart deepening with each piece of new information. Jimin wasn't sure if he was able to bear any more of this.

“P-Propose?” He echoed, voice just above a whisper.

“That little shit dated her before he even knew you. He cheated on her and he messed you up. That bastard better hide because I am going to fuck him up” Tae threatened through clenched teeth, pulling his hands into fists as he stared at the magazine.

Jemin looked back and forth between his best friend and the magazine. Taehyung was getting all worked up because of this, yet Jimin... well, Jimin couldn't believe this. All of this felt... strange, felt unreal. How could Jimin not have known of Jungkook being the heir of such a big company? How could he have not known that Jungkook was working at the company that he had always dreamed of applying for?

Yet, something about this felt off... Why would Jungkook blatantly lie into Jimin's face several times about Seoyun, even if he didn't owe him any justification? Why would he offer Jimin sex, if he was going to propose to Seoyun? All of this was odd. Somethind didn't add up.

Did Jungkook not really love her? Then again, why would he want to marry her, if he wasn't. Why would he want to get married at 21, yet claim that he didn't do relationships? Didn't Jungkook express how it was somehow complicated between them? That he didn't want whatever?

Everytime Jimin had seen Jungkook with Seoyun they had argued about something. Was that love? However, arguments were a part of every relationship, right? They proved that the couple cared about each other. Oh, they didn't actually always fight when Jimin saw them, no, they seemed to do that a lot, except for that one time at the club where they had seemed kind of close and touchy...

In a public club. Furrowing his brows, Jimin tilted his head to the side. There was something more to this, Jimin felt it in his heart.

Then again, it didn't matter. Honestly, Jimin should feel mad at Jungkook for lying to him about all of this even when Jimin had given him several opportunities to clear things up, but Jimin wasn't angry. He was hurt, yes, but that's about it. It didn't matter anymore at this point anyway. They were going their separate ways now and Jimin wasn't going to be hurt over this any longer.

At least that's what he tried to tell himself and make himself believe.

Seriously though, Jungkook was gone anyways. They had ended the thing between them so there was no use to get worked up over this now. Jungkook should go and live his fancy life with that beautiful girl. Jimin didn't want to be any part of that.

“Minnie, are you there?” Tae asked, cocking his head to the side as he leaned closer, right up into Jimin's face.
“Hmm? Oh, yes, sorry” Jimin murmured, clearing his throat as he tried to organise his thoughts.

“I'm sorry, Jiminie, that he lied to you like this. Don't blame yourself, though. He was the one who cheated, not you” The blond boy reminded him, brushing his hand through Jimin's hair softly.

No wonder Seoyun had been mad about seeing Jimin in Jungkook's apartment then. The taller boy had been cheating on her with Jimin. Oh, what a terrible situation. Jimin felt his stomach twist, guilt blossoming inside of him. Jimin had been part of something so heart wrenching. However, Jimin hadn't known about this. He would have stopped it way sooner, if he had.

“You're not the one who did wrong, Minnie” Tae whispered as he continued playing with Jimin's hair. It was a comforting gesture, calming Jimin who felt like he was going to have a mental breakdown on the inside.

“I... I don't know what to say or what to think. I'm sorry towards her. I'm sorry for myself, too. It's all just a horrible situation. I never thought that everything would turn out like this. I should be mad, but for some odd reason, I'm not. I'm just tired by all of this. I just... I just want to move on and stop this pain in my heart. It's nice to finally have clarity about the situation, but I don't want to spend any longer on this. It's exhausting.”

“So we're not going to beat him up?”

“No” Jimin confirmed, shaking his head as a smile appeared on his face. Frankly, Jimin must have gone insane, but Taehyung's protective behaviour was adorable, “We're not going to do that. I don't want to waste another minute on him. He lied to me and maybe that is going to make it easier to move on from him now. He's going his way and I will go my own way.”

Maybe this clarity was actually going to benefit Jimin's healing. Now that he knew that Jungkook had lied to him, that's what he could focus on when thinking about the black haired boy. Instead of thinking about their good times, their sweet moments and soft touches, he could focus on the lies that Jungkook had told him. Hopefully, that will make it easier to let the taller boy go.

Jimin never had to deal with heartbreak. It was painful, actually. It wasn't something you could cure with medicine. There wasn't an actual cure for it. The smaller boy wanted to find a healthy way to deal with it, so it wouldn't mess him up too much. He had tried to get out of this situation while looking at the good times with Jungkook, yet frankly, that didn't make letting go of him easier. Hence, if focusing on the lies Jungkook told him was going to help him get rid of this pain quicker, Jimin wouldn't hesitate to take this chance. To be fair, he just wanted his heartache to be over. He wasn't going to interact much with Jungkook anymore either so it didn't particularly matter how Jimin was going to remember him, did it?

Then again, wasn't it going to drive Jimin mad eventually?_reminding himself of the lies Jungkook told him surely wasn't the healthiest way to look at the situation and might leave him being angry and have trust issues yet again.

Letting out a breath, Jimin leaned his head against the sofa, eyes fluttering shut.

Heartbreak was a pain in the ass. It was horrible and Jimin didn't know how to deal with it.

Don't hate him, his heart told him, he might have had his reasons. Jimin shook his head. Why was he still defending him?

“I'm just not going to think about him at all anymore. We're two different people with two very different lives. Whatever he did to me, I don't care anymore. I'm not going to let it ruin me”
Jimin had trust issues before, had been scared of letting other people touch or get intimate with him. Jungkook had been the one to change all of that, yet the trust to him was broken now, too, wasn't it? He was just another man who had lied and tried to manipulate Jimin.

However, that's not actually what Jimin's heart thought. His heart was convinced that there was more to all of this, that there was a reason for all of this that Jimin didn't know about.

Then again, he was probably never going to find out anyway. And maybe, that was for the best.

“I guess that's a good idea. As long as you don't interact with each other. I don't know what I'll do when I see him again”

“Don't do anything. Just ignore him. That's what I'm going to do anyways. I don't want to interact with him anymore. I just want to move on. Maybe, somewhen in the far future, we could try to be friends, but I highly doubt it”

Silence settled between them as they both looked at the TV. Honestly, they weren't paying attention to the documentary, but were rather still caught up in their thoughts.

“Man, he must be so fucking rich, living a damn good life. He can get anything he wants, must feel incredibly good”

Jimin furrowed his brows, conversations between him and Jungkook echoing in his mind. Was that really the case? Jungkook had always seemed tired, fed up with all of these calls. I know how that feels. Weren't that his words when Jimin shared with him how his father had never supported him? What had he meant by that?

Frankly, there was still so much more. There were so many unanswered questions lingering around in Jimin's mind. Yes, he had gotten a step closer, but it seemed as if he had taken two steps back for that. He was trapped a in an endless tunnel, no way out any time near.

“Who knows” Jimin muttered, “As long as he's happy”

Taehyung looked over to him, eyebrows raised up.

Jimin realised that maybe, this new information hadn't actually made it easier for him to get over Jungkook.

No, he still felt the same.

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“I swear he said that!” Dongha laughed, raising his hands in defense as Jimin threw his empty water bottle at him.

“Why would your brother say that?” Jimin giggled, shaking his head as Dongha dodged the bottle and shrugged his shoulders.

“My brother is a daring guy” Dongha sighed with a smile on his face.

“Like you, hm?” Jimin teased, chuckling when Dongha winked at him.

“Oh, don't even get me started on the shit I have pulled before” The taller one snickered as he lifted his hand as if he was holding a list, clearing his throat.

“Oh, shut up” Jimin giggled as he grabbed his wrist and pulled it down, “We should practice instead
of you doing your usual stand-up show”

“Gets you laughing so it’s worth it” Dongha smiled, voice soft.

The smaller boy blushed slightly, smiling shyly as he pushed at Dongha's shoulder, “Get up, big guy, let's keep working”

Suddenly, another figure walked into the practice room, both boys looking up, still chuckling.

However, not any longer.

It was as if all the air was kicked out of Jimin's lungs, leaving him frozen in his place, eyes wide and expression shocked as he stared at the black haired boy in the doorway.

“Hey” Jungkook greeted, clearing his throat at the sight of Jimin.

Apparently, he hadn't thought of seeing Jimin either, leaving him shocked by the smaller boy's appearance, too.

Jimin didn't know what to do or what to say. Honestly, he couldn't move. His mind was blank, his heart essentially stopping. It was so odd to see Jungkook here, to see him at all. Jimin had thought that he wouldn't have to see him for quite a while. It had only been six days since they've last seen each other, since that day Jungkook had rejected him.

It was so weird to see him now. Jimin felt helpless.

The bruises on his face were still there. They were faded, but still visible, reminding Jimin of how Jungkook had protected him, yet also of the night he was desperately trying to forget.

Frankly, it had been difficult for Jimin to not contact him any longer. Every day that past, Jimin had been longing for him a little more. Yet, he was still trying to get over him, causing him to suppress this desire. It wasn't healthy to keep thinking about Jungkook, but Jimin couldn't help it.

After finding out about Jungkook’s relationship, Jimin had tried to convince himself that the clarity about that situation would make it an easier process to get over Jungkook, but that wasn't true at all. It was still just as hard because Jimin simply couldn't be mad at Jungkook. That's all because of his stupid heart thinking there is more to the situation that he wasn't able to see, a puzzle piece that was missing. His stupid heart made it all the more difficult to let go of Jungkook, even if letting go was necessary.

The orange haired boy had looked Jungkook up on the internet, just to make sure that all of this was actually true. Of course, it was. Taehyung had revealed how he had looked it up before he shared the information with him. It had been so weird to see Jungkook's face on the internet, see him standing there next to the CEO of this huge, powerful company. It was quite intimidating if Jimin was being honest.

“Who are you? What do you want?” Dongha interrupted Jimin's thoughts as he got closer to the smaller boy, staring at Jungkook with a confused, but polite expression.

Jungkook eyed both of them, observed how Dongha pulled his arm around Jimin's shoulder. Something flashed in Jungkook's eyes, but Jimin couldn't make out what it was, didn't want to do that either.

“I'm looking for Hoseok hyung.” The black haired boy answered, his voice sending a shiver down Jimin's back. It was embarrassing, but Jimin had missed Jungkook's voice, had missed the effect it
had on him.

“He’s upstairs. Room 332” Jimin found himself reply, voice quiet and soft.

They stared at each other, almost forgetting about everything else. Dongha was looking back and forth between them, confused by what was going on and not entirely understanding why there was some kind of tension in the air between these two.

“Thank you” Jungkook finally uttered, nodding slightly, “I'm Jungkook by the way”

“Dongha” The boy next to him introduced himself, causing Jungkook to still. He arched up his eyebrows, hands clenching into fists – what Dongha didn't catch, yet Jimin saw – as he cocked his head to the side.

“Dongha?” Jungkook echoed, gaze rushing to Jimin.

“Yes, nice to meet you”

The black haired boy kept his eyes fixated on Jimin, studying his features. The intent stare caused Jimin to avert his gaze, slight blush appearing on his face.

“We're actually busy practicing right now, so if you wouldn't mind” Dongha implied as he pointed at Jimin and himself.

“I see” The younger boy stated, eyes still fixed on Jimin, “Well, I'll go upstairs then.”

“Bye” Dongha uttered, Jungkook turning around and leaving without another word.

Jimin let out breath that he hadn't realised he had been holding in. His heart was beating incredibly fast, palms sweaty and mouth dry. The encounter had been so out of the blue and left him completely speechless.

Had this actually just occurred? Was his mind playing games with him? There is no way Jungkook had actually just been standing there, right?

“That was... weird. I felt like you two know each other” Dongha chuckled as he turned his body to Jimin.

The smaller boy was still staring at the door, suddenly feeling all the energy leave his body.

“That's because we do” Jimin whispered.

“Oh, you do? Where from?”

Shaking his head, Jimin snapped out of his trance as he looked over to Dongha who was looking at him in a curious manner.

That's when Jimin told him. Everything.

Well, maybe not actually everything. Jimin didn't tell him anything about the offer and the teacher-student kind of relationship that was going on, just that they had a casual thing that ended with Jimin falling for Jungkook and the black haired boy rejected him because he was already taken during all of that time.

“Oh my god” Dongha breathed, eyes wide and mouth agape, “That's... Oh my god”
“I know”

Seeing Jungkook had made his heart flutter, had brought memories back that Jimin was still trying to forget about or at least tried to hide in a box deep inside of his head. The taller boy had looked kind of tired, backs under his eyes giving away that he hadn't slept much or that currently he was very stressed about whatever.

Jemin shook his head. He didn't care. At least he shouldn't care.

“I don't know what to say. I'm honestly speechless” Dongha uttered, shocked expression still plastered on his face.

The orange haired boy nodded, shrugging his shoulders. Frankly, he didn't know what kind of reaction he had expected from Dongha. Jimin didn't even know why he had told him about all of this. Perhaps because talking about this might make healing easier. Maybe because Dongha was good at comforting and cheering him up and that's what Jimin needed right now.

“It's fine. I don't know what to say either. It's weird to see him again. I didn't think I would have to interact with him... that quickly. Well, it was a swift encounter, but it still hurts.”

“He definitely fucked up big time. Cheating on his girlfriend and messing you up is just... you really don't deserve that, Jimin-ah. You're a good person and you're kind and sweet and... and you deserve better than this”

Jemin smiled shyly as Dongha caressed his cheek softly, “Thank you”

“He's stupid for letting you go. You're a win, Jimin-ah, someone you don't treat like trash, but hold close and never let go” Dongha expressed, voice soft and his tone lower than usual.

The smaller boy blushed at the compliment, averting his gaze as he felt Dongha's intent stare on him, “T-Thank you, Dongha”

“It's guys like him who think they can have everyone and just fuck them over that can cause you to develop trust issues and seriously screw you up. I hate guys like that. If you want to fuck someone else, break up with your partner. It's as easy as that”

Jemin nodded slightly, confused by the anger in his heart as Dongha was insulting Jungkook. Clearly, Jemin shouldn't care, but he did. Even now, he didn't want anyone to insult or hurt Jungkook.

“Let's just continue practicing” Jemin suggested, clearing his throat as he got up on his feet.

Dongha stared at him for a moment longer, but joined him right after.

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“I am not going to that dinner thing” Jemin protested, shaking his head as he plumped down on his seat and placed his cup on the table.

“We won't even talk to him” Tae assured, shrugging his shoulders as he sat down across from the smaller boy and put the straw between his lips in order to take a sip from his iced coffee.

“There is no way I don't have to interact with him”

“Jin hyung invited us all. His parents are opening a new hospital. Isn't that great? We have to go and support him” Taehyung reminded him as he cocked his head to the side.
“It is amazing. I love that his parents are doing that. I love that he's supporting them and helping them in whatever they do. Yet, Jungkook and him are very close friends and there is no way he won't show up there.” Jimin argued as he took a sip from his iced Americano. Obviously, Jimin wanted to support his friend. Jin was a kind person and has been nothing but nice to him. Actually, Jimin was considering him a very close friend by now, especially after he and Namjoon had helped him that night at the club.

“He thought of us and invited us to such an important event. Do you even know how fancy that shit is? You might even see some doctors there, huh? You could go and look for something new, get your mind off of Jungkook.” Taehyung grinned as he bit down on his straw, eyes suggestive.

The orange haired boy furrowed his brows, “I don't want anyone else- I don't want- I'm not looking for anything right now. I don't want to jump into anything when I'm not even completely over him now.”

“I get that. I'm just saying, the room is going to be full of sugar daddies” His best friend smirked suggestively.

“Sugar what?” Jimin echoed, confused expression on his face.

Taehyung chuckled, shaking his head, “Forget that. I just mean that there might be some cute guys and it wouldn't hurt you to talk to one of them and see where it goes. I know it's not easy to get over someone, but getting your mind off of him might be easier by talking to someone new”

“That wouldn't be fair to the new guy, would it?”

“I'm not exclusively talking about relationships. You know, a one night stand could get your mind off of him, too”

The smaller boy halted, swallowing hard. No, that idea was crazy. He couldn't have a one night stand with someone. Jimin was way too insecure for that. Of course, Jungkook had made the topic of sex more comfortable for Jimin and the orange haired boy wasn't as shy about it anymore, but having sex with a complete stranger that wasn't careful with him like Jungkook was? A person that Jimin knew nothing about, couldn't be sure of trusting because none of his friends knew him either? That idea was too scary for Jimin.

“No, I don't think that's a good idea either.”

“I'm sorry, Minnie, I didn't mean to make you uncomfortable. Obviously, you don't have to talk to anyone, if you don't want to. It was just a suggestion as I thought it might help. It helped me, that's why I thought it might help you, too. The thing is, what I'm trying to say is that the room is going to be huge. It's going to be a big gathering and a lot of people there. Avoiding Jungkook won't be difficult, don't worry”

Jimin caught his bottom lip between his teeth, contemplating about whether or not he should go. To be fair, Tae made a good point. He couldn't have a one night stand with someone. Jimin was way too insecure for that. Of course, Jungkook had made the topic of sex more comfortable for Jimin and the orange haired boy wasn't as shy about it anymore, but having sex with a complete stranger that wasn't careful with him like Jungkook was? A person that Jimin knew nothing about, couldn't be sure of trusting because none of his friends knew him either? That idea was too scary for Jimin.

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Jimin caught his bottom lip between his teeth, contemplating about whether or not he should go. To be fair, Tae made a good point. It might not be too difficult to not interact with Jungkook. He could avoid him by simply going another way everytime he saw him. Jimin wouldn't talk to him either unless he really had to. For that, it was only going to concern small talk, not more than that.

The smaller boy found himself agreeing before he even made the decision. Honestly, Jimin would feel bad if he wouldn't support Jin and his family. Jimin wanted Jin to become one of his friends that he would consider family and that's what Jimin did for his family. He supported them with his full heart, even if there were repercussions that he might not enjoy so much. At least it was worth to see his friends happy.
“Fine, I guess we can go”

“Yaaay” Tae grinned and jumped up and down in his seat, “I love fancy gatherings. It's going to be amazing. I'm going to wear my customised suit and look so good that night!” His best friend was extremely happy, eyes lit up in excitement.

“Suit? Do I have to wear a suit?” Jimin asked, eyebrows arched up. He hadn't even thought about that.

“Of course!” The blond boy exclaimed, eyes wide at Jimin's ignorance, “It's going to be a fancy night! It's a dinner with an after party. The hospital has a huge ballroom and it's going to be held in there. We have to look fancy, Jimin-ah.”

“Why does a hospital have a ballroom?”

“For events, Minnie!” Tae answered as if that should be a known fact, rolling his eyes at the smaller boy, “Did you even read the message Jin hyung sent us?”

“Partly” Jimin mumbled guilty, making himself smaller which caused Taehyung to shake his head with a smile on his face, “As soon as I realised that Jungkook was going to be there, too, my brain literally shut off and I couldn't function any longer.”

“Minnie” Taehyung sighed as he placed his cup on the table, “I know it's going to be difficult. It's going to be the first time you see him after that night. It's probably going to hurt, but-”

“It's not.” The shorter male interrupted, Tae cocking his head to the side in surprise, “It's not the first time I see him since then. I met him yesterday. Well, it was only briefly. He turned up at the dance studio. When had he ever been there to meet Hoseok hyung? Anyway, he was there to see hyung, but I was literally frozen in my place. It was so weird to see him again. I was speechless and my mind went blank. My stupid heart pounded so hard against my chest that I was scared it was going to jump out of my body.”

“ Weird. What did he want from him? I will have to ask hyung” Tae replied, eyes narrowed and lips pursed as he thought about the information he had just received, “It must have been really odd to see him after everything, though. Did you two talk?”

“No, not much. I simply told him where hyung was, but he reacted kind of strange when he found out that the person that I was with was Dongha. I don't know, maybe I imagined that. Whatever, I didn't know if we should talk at all, but even if he wanted to, I don't think I'd be ready. I don't want to talk to him.”

“I understand. We won't do that then. We'll simply go there and support Jin hyung. We'll stay for a couple of hours and then we'll leave again. I promise”

Jimin smiled gratefully and nodded, “Sounds good”

“Right, so, we'll have to find you a suit then, I guess. Do you really not have anything like that at home?” Tae asked, raising his eyebrows. The orange haired one shook his head, “Hmm, well I guess you could also wear some dress pants and a button up shirt, but a suit would look so good on you.” His best friend sighed, furrowing his brows, “I'll figure something out. Let me make some calls, I know some people who might be able to help us out.”

Taehyung pulled out his phone and typed something for a while, eyes lighting up at all of the ideas he had.
“Oh, I'm so excited. I have to talk to Hoseok hyung, and ask him whether he owns a suit. There is so much to do!”

“Tae, it's only one night. We're just going to be there to support Jin hyung” Jimin reminded him, amused by Tae's excitement.

“I know, but I love fancy parties. I love dressing up. I just live for nights like this. Jimin-ah, you know I love fashion” He beamed.

“I know” Jimin giggled and nodded, “It's cute”

Tae smiled and rolled his eyes, “Don't you worry, I'll take care of everything. I'll figure out what we're going to wear. I wanna style your hair again. It looked good on you. Is that okay?”

Jimin shrugged his shoulders, smiling faintly when he remembered Jungkook complimented his look that night at the club. Oh god, no, Jimin thought and shook his head. Why was it trying to connect so many situations with memories of Jungkook? Couldn't it just stop?

“I liked it, too. Just remember that I don't have that much money. I won't be able to pay for a whole customised suit. Also, the party is in two days and I don't think I can get one customised by then”

Tae's eyes widened, “Oh god, you're right! We've only got two days. Come on, let's go home to yours. I gotta make a lot of calls and we gotta search your closet for anything you could wear” His best friend rushed as he jumped up from his seat, leaving the booth.

Jimin observed the blond boy and got up, too, his best friend grabbing his arm and pulling him out of the coffee shop.

Taehyung's enthusiasm was just as adorable as it was amusing. Jimin couldn't stop smiling.

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“I'm going to faint, TaeTae” Jimin breathed, hands shaking as he followed after Taehyung. They had just passed the security who had checked whether they were on the guest list – which they were thanks to Jin. As soon as Jimin stepped a foot into the hospital, his heart dropped. Besides the hospital looking beautiful and actually inviting – bright colours rather than simple white walls which Jimin found to be calming – Jimin was freaking out. He was wearing an expensive black suit that cost more than nine months worth of his rent. Obviously, Jimin hadn't bought this one. Taehyung had been able to convince one of his friends working in a boutique to lend Jimin this one that actually fit incredibly well. One wrong move and Jimin could ruin this expensive thing and his life was going to be over. Well, not literally, but frankly, he didn't have the money to pay for something like this. That's why he was praying to not do any harm to this suit tonight. The thought alone made Jimin anxious. The only thing that belonged to him was the white button shirt he was wearing. Everything else was borrowed – was very expensive.

“Don't worry, it's fine. You look good, Minnie” Tae assured and interlocked their arms as they walked down the hallway. A couple of people were standing there, presumably waiting for other people they knew to arrive. Jimin didn't pay much attention to them though, but was trying to calm his heart.

“This suit costs more than my rent, Tae. I've never worn anything like this. This is crazy. What if I ruin it?”

“You won't” Tae muttered and smiled at him, “If you do, I'll kill you though. We won't be able to
Swallowing hard, Jimin let out a shaky breath. Yes, Jimin was clumsy, but he could also be very careful... sometimes. He was going to stay away from anything that could ruin this beautiful suit and was going to protect it from any harm.

“Don't worry, Minnie. You won't ruin it. Just be careful, but don't think too much about it. Enjoy the night and focus on how good you look. Your hair is looking perfect, the suit fits you like it's customised. You look hot, Jiminnie” Taehyung complimented him – which, well, he was complimenting himself, too, kind of, as he was the one who was responsible for all of this.

“You're the one talking. You look like you've just walked out of a magazine” Jimin murmured.

Taehyung grinned, satisfied with the compliment, “Thank you, Minnie.”

Finally, they entered the ballroom and both of their jaws dropped.

The room was huge, lit up with chandeliers at the ceiling, a staircase leading up to another floor from where you were able to look down into the room, at least 40 big round tables scattered around the room having some people sitting at them already, approximately 300 people walking around in fancy dresses and suits, a couple of waiters walking around and serving drinks – this was like a movie scene to Jimin.

“Wow” Tae and Jimin breathed in unison.

Frankly, Jimin didn't quite fathom why a hospital needed a room like this, yet he wasn't the one who built this or organised this so Jin's parents must have had a reason to include a room like this.

“Oh, Hoseok hyung just texted me. I'll quickly go outside and get him. You can already go ahead and take a seat, table 13, Jin hyung said.” His best friend let him know as he was looking down on his phone, “We'll be quick”

Then, he rushed outside of the room, leaving back a scared Jimin who had just opened his mouth to say something, yet he shut it again as Tae had already disappeared.

Sighing, Jimin made his way further into the room as he scanned the tables for number 13.

Well, it wouldn't be too bad to go ahead and take a seat already. It was actually great that the seats were assigned as Jin surely wouldn't make them sit with people they were completely unfamiliar with, right? Jimin wouldn't feel as anxious if there were people he knew already – his friends.

Wait, that included-

Jimin halted his steps abruptly as his eyes fell on table number 13. A very familiar black haired boy was sitting there, having a conversation with Yoongi who was sitting right beside him. However, what caught Jimin's attention was the girl sitting next to Jungkook – Seoyun. Of course. The universe hadn't mocked and tortured him enough already. No, why not cut deeper into his wounds? It didn't matter anymore at this point anyway, did it?

The smaller boy's heart stopped when Jungkook looked up, gaze landing on Jimin who turned around in a swift motion and wanted to walk away, yet bumped right into someone.

“Careful” A deep male voice warned as he saved Jimin from falling down.

“S-Sorry” Jimin apologised as he looked up at the man who was smiling at him. The man was taller
than him, probably ten years older and had dark hair as well as tanned skin. His eyes were in a dark shade of brown, piercing through Jimin.

“Are you in such a rush? The party hasn't even started” The man grinned as he let go of Jimin.

“Oh, uhm, no, I just... Sorry, I forgot something” Jimin answered, clearing his throat as he felt his cheeks heat up at the intent stare of the taller man, “I didn't mean to walk into you. I'm sorry” Jimin explained as he bowed slightly.

“No need to apologise. Everything's fine.” The man waved off his apology with a smirk. Then, he studied Jimin's face, smile growing, “Are you part of the family?”

“Huh?”

“The Kim's? Are you part of the family?” The man elaborated.

“Oh, uhm, no, I'm friends with their son. He invited me” Jimin responded politely. Honestly, the man seemed nice, but Jimin had tried to run out of this building as fast as he could and this was wasting his time and a major obstacle. The longer he stayed, the more people saw him. Then again, Jungkook had already seen him.

“That's nice. I'm Minwoo by the way, nice to meet you” The man introduced himself as he reached out his hand to Jimin.

“Jimin” The smaller boy murmured as he shook his hand, but let go right after, “It's nice to meet you, but I have to go now”

“That's sad to hear, but we co-”

“No, you're not” Tae protested as he suddenly appeared right beside him, Hoseok holding his hand and smiling at Jimin, “You aren't going anywhere. We're going to take our seats now” The blond boy demanded and grabbed Jimin's arm, pulling him away from Minwoo who looked after them with a big smile on his face, “Who was that?” Taehyung whispered as he continued dragging Jimin closer to the table.

“His name is Minwoo, but that doesn't matter right now. I don't want to sit there, don't you see who is sitting there already?”

His best friend looked over to the table, eyes widening when his gaze fell on Jungkook, “Shit” He breathed and halted.

“I know. I can't sit there. I don't want to talk to him.”

“Well, to be fair, we don't have to talk to him. We could just ignore him.” Tae suggested, titling his head to the side.

Hoseok was standing beside them, not hearing any of their conversation as they tried to keep their voices down. Fortunately, the chattering in the room from all of the people was fairly loud and was muffling their voices a bit.

“I still have to hear his voice and look at his stupid handsome face”

Taehyung raised an eyebrow at the word 'handsome', but let it slide as he sighed, “I know, but we're already here now and Jin is literally right there looking over at the table. I'm pretty certain he already saw us. We can't just leave now”
Jimin was deliberating, biting down on his bottom lip as his mind was racing. This whole situation was a mess. The plan of avoiding Jungkook as good as possible and only staying for a bit in order to support Jin and his family literally flew out of the window. It was time for another plan. Yet, the only thing left to do was to go and take a seat there at the table, ignore Jungkook and go on with the night until it was appropriate to leave. Of course, Jimin could ask Jin to change his seat, but the older one probably had a lot of stuff on his mind already and Jimin really didn't want to cause any inconvenience.

“Okay, let's just... let's just go and take our seats. I won't stay for too long, though”

His best friend nodded as they made their way to the table. Yoongi smiled as he saw them appear in front of him, “Hey, guys” He greeted and pointed to the seats next to him, “Have a seat”

Hoseok sat down beside him, whereas Taehyung sat next to Hoseok. Not thinking about it much, Jimin quickly took a seat next to Tae, realising only a moment too late that he was sitting right across from Jungkook. As soon a the smaller boy's eyes locked with Jungkook's, Jimin swiftly averted his gaze, not able to bear the intent stare. Involuntarily, his cheeks started heating up as he felt Jungkook not taking his eyes off of him.

“You guys look incredibly good tonight” Yoongi complimented them, drawing Jimin's attention back to him.

“Thank you” The three boys almost uttered in unison. Yoongi was wearing a black suit as well, a bow however instead of a tie like the rest of them. Unconsciously, Jimin let his eyes drift back to Jungkook who was currently talking to Seoyun in a quiet voice. The black haired boy was dressed in all black – tuxedo, fitting black button up shirt and a black tie. His hair was parted in the middle as always, exposing parts of his forehead. The bruises were barely visible anymore. Jimin had to admit that he looked handsome – what else had he expected? Well, he hadn't considered to have the wind knocked out of him at the sight of the gorgeous man, yet here he was.

Seoyun was wearing a tight red dress, her blond hair tied up into a pony tail. She looked stunning. No wonder Jungkook was into her.

“You look good, too, hyung. I don't think I've ever seen you in a suit” Jimin commented to get his mind off Jungkook.

Yoongi chuckled as he gave a nod, “Fair enough. It’s not usually my kind of attire, but I thought it would be fitting for tonight. It's a special night for Jin hyung and his family. Speaking of hyung, there he is”

All of them glanced up, watching how Jin and Namjoon were approaching them. Their hands were intertwined, big smiles on their faces as they walked towards their table.

“Hey, guys. Thank you all for coming. I'm glad you were able to make it. You look good” Jin grinned as him and Namjoon sat down at their table. All of the seats were taken now, Namjoon sitting beside Jimin and Jin sitting inbetween Namjoon and Seoyun.

“So do you, hyung” Taehyung replied with a smile. He did. Well, he always did. Namjoon and him were wearing black suits as well, Namjoon wearing a bow like Yoongi while Jin had a tie on, “Stunning. All of you”

“Do you guys like it? My parents helped designing it and I'm in love with this hospital. They really worked hard and I'm incredibly proud of them. Thank you for supporting us tonight” Jin beamed, all of them smiling at their friend as they nodded.
“It looks great. I love the interior design.” Hoseok complimented, “Feels very welcoming”

Jin was just about to respond when there was a sudden cough heard throughout the room, the sound amplified through a microphone and spread through speakers. All of them looked up, searching for the source of the sound.

“Welcome” A deep male voice greeted, Jimin's gaze finally falling on a tall man who was without a doubt related to Jin standing in the far front of the room on a small stage. He was carrying a microphone and was waving at the people who were still taking their seats. Everyone was rushing to their seats, the ballroom very crowded, yet almost everyone had found their seat.

“Let's begin with the opening ceremony before dinner is served”

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The opening ceremony included a couple of speeches by people Jimin had obviously never seen before. Then, Jin's parents gave a speech, thanking their son and everyone for coming and supporting them. After that some people performed a song, some of the doctors that were going to work here introduced themselves and then Jin's father gave some final opening words.

Lastly, after like an hour, the food was served. Jimin had been trying to ignore Jungkook's stares as good as possible this whole time, but couldn't help and glance back at him every once in a while.

The food was delicious. It included a starter which had consisted of a salad and now they were having a steak with some side dishes. It wasn't like any steak Jimin had ever eaten, the shorter male imagining each bite costed more than a day worth of food for him.

The conversation at their table was still running, Jin explaining how all of this came about and the topic then going over to Namjoon's and Yoongi's songs they were working on. Jungkook had been fairly quiet this whole time, not saying much besides humming everytime one of them said something.

Seoyun hadn't even tried to include herself in the conversation, but was rather on her phone, not having touched the food much yet. Jimin glanced at her every now and then, but couldn't decide whether or not she simply didn't want to be here or there was something on her mind.

Soon, the conversation died down, the only sounds in the room being the chattering of other people and their forks or knives when they hit the plate. However, Taehyung was quickly there to carry on with the conversation, drawing the attention to Hoseok's and Jimin's dance practices.

“Oh, yes. We're practicing very hard. Jimin here hasn't complained once even though I'm very strict on them.” Hoseok stated, smiling as he patted Jimin's shoulder.

“Thanks, hyung” Jimin murmured, shy smile on his face before he took another bite from his steak.

“I would love to see you practice once. I haven't seen either of you dance in quite a while” Yoongi voiced as he looked back and forth between Jimin and Hoseok.

“Sure, you could all join us some time, if you want to. Yet, I don't know how your schedules would work with that. Actually, I suggested Jungkook to watch us practice last time he visited me, didn't I? Unfortunately, he had a meeting right after so he couldn't stay. Would be awesome for you to watch my students once, Jungkook-ah. Right, Jimin?”

The smaller boy almost choked on the food inside of his mouth, coughing and slapping against his chest as he tried to swallow the piece. All of the others at the table were looking at him concerned,
Taehyung handing him a glass of water. Quickly, Jimin gulped down the liquid, cheeks flushing as he felt all of them stare at him. Thankfully, he hadn't spilled anything on the expensive suit.

Had Jungkook actually declined to watch their practice last time he visited the studio because he had another meeting or... or was there another reason for that?

“Are you okay?” Tae whispered, concerned expression on his face.

“Mhm” Jimin hummed.

Jungkook was staring at him, eyes unreadable as always.

“Some people might get distracted during practice” Tae jumped in, realising how Jimin and Jungkook were only looking at each other, not saying anything, “Maybe it's not a good idea to invite them to that. How about the championship, though? We could all make sure our schedules are clear then and support you guys there, huh?” His best friend suggested.

“Sure!” Jin agreed with a big smile, the others nodding as well.

“That's a good idea, babe” Hoseok grinned and pressed a kiss on Taehyung's cheek who smiled at the soft gesture.

“I’ll make sure to clear my schedule” Jungkook suddenly voiced, Jimin finally averting his gaze and clearing his throat.

Seoyun didn't seem to like that idea, glaring at Jungkook with narrowed eyes. Well, she was his girlfriend and she knew about Jimin... knew about- Oh god. Jimin had completely banished that thought from his mind. The orange haired boy wasn't only sitting across from Jungkook and his girlfriend, but Seoyun was the one who Jungkook had cheated on – with him. Obviously, she hated Jimin, probably wanted to kill him or at least be as far away from him as possible. Hopefully, she wouldn't mention anything about this. Jimin really didn't want his friends to think of him as a bad person. Then again, Jimin hadn't actually known that they were an official thing until that article. Wasn't that sad? How Jimin found out through a magazine rather than through Jungkook himself.

The smaller boy looked down at his food, suddenly feeling full and not one bit hungry. Actually, he felt sick to the stomach. As he glanced up again, Jungkook was already looking at him. Jimin could swear that the younger one was staring at him with apologetic eyes for a moment, but it was gone as soon as it had appeared. Did Jungkook feel sorry for Jimin? Did he feel sorry for breaking Jimin's heart? Did he feel sorry for Jimin being in a situation like this, being confronted by Jungkook and his girlfriend? Did he knew that Jimin know about his relationship with Seoyun?

“Would you like anything else?” A waiter interrupted Jimin's thoughts.

“No, we're good” Jin answered, then looked at his friends, “Unless any of you want something?”

“White wine” Seoyun announced, raising her hand.

The waiter gave a nod as he wrote it down, “Anything else?”

Jimin definitely didn't want any alcohol. He was done with drinking. Last time had really messed a lot with him and he didn't want to repeat that night.

“No, thank you”

The waiter nodded once again before he walked away.
The orange haired boy cleared his throat as he played with the vegetables on his plate. His mind was racing, so many thoughts running through his head. Jungkook was still glancing at him every once in a while, causing Jimin to squirm in his seat under the intent eyes of the taller boy.

“Could you pass me the salt, please?” Jungkook asked, Jimin realising a moment later that the salt was placed next to him on the table. For some reason, Jimin could only stare at it, not moving an inch.

“Little one?”

Silence. Complete silence.

Jimin’s head shot up, eyes locking with Jungkook’s as the pet name echoed in his head. The other ones halted their motions – some of them stilling their forks midair - looking back and forth between the two boys, surprised expressions on their faces.

Clearly, Jimin’s mind or heart was playing games with him. There was no way Jungkook had actually just called him that. However, he couldn’t help it, but felt his heart flutter at the name.

Seoyun’s mouth was agape, anger written on her face as she glared at Jungkook.

“Jimin. Jimin, could you...” The black haired boy quickly corrected, clearing his throat as he pointed at the salt.

Yet, Jimin was still frozen in his place, not able to move.

“Here you go” Taehyung quickly jumped in and handed Jungkook the salt who took it with a light nod, lips pressed into a line as he strayed some of the salt on his food, “Oh, I forgot to tell you guys about the new intern we have. A funny story actually. It was his first day last week and he-” Tae tried to change the topic, but Jimin was barely able to pay attention, mind starting to blur out everything else but Jungkook.

“Excuse me for a moment” Jimin muttered as he got up from his seat, noticing how Jungkook looked at him with apologetic eyes before he turned around and rushed out of the ballroom. As soon as he exited the room, the smaller boy inhaled. It was as if he was finally able to breathe again. Clasping his hand in front of his heart, he made his way down the hall in order to find a restroom.

“Jimin!” Someone called after him, a strong hand stopping him by his shoulder a moment later and turning him around.

To Jimin’s surprise, it was Namjoon. To be fair, for a slight moment, he had wondered whether Jungkook might run after him, but that thought was silly. Why would he? Yet, the only other person he would have expected was Tae, maybe Yoongi, but not Namjoon. It was actually a very nice gesture of the taller boy.

“Hey, are you okay?” Namjoon wanted to know, concern visible on his face as he cocked his head to the side.

For some odd reason, Jimin wanted to laugh. Namjoon had helped him out last time when Jimin had stormed into a restroom and now here he was again, making sure Jimin was alright while said boy was on his way to a restroom. It was funny just as much as it was heart warming. It proved that Namjoon actually cared about Jimin’s well being and that meant a lot to him, pulled them even closer and made their bond stronger.

“Sure, just... just need to go to the restroom.” Jimin reassured, barely smiling, but trying to convince
Namjoon.

The taller boy narrowed his eyes, not buying Jimin's statement.

“Are you sure? I know that it's not any of my business, but are you and Jungkook- I mean, are you two okay? Did you two have an argument or something? You can really cut the tension between you two. I feel like there are some unspoken words between you, am I wrong?”

Swallowing hard, Jimin smiled faintly as he shook his head, “Everything is fine. We just... we had a little argument, but that's already forgotten. I just need to pee. My stomach doesn't feel so well either, maybe my stomach and that steak don't go well together.”

“Okay. Just wanted to make sure. Sorry, I know it's not any of my business.”

“It's fine. Thank you for coming after me and making sure I'm okay, but I really just have to use the restroom. There is nothing like that between me and Jungkook” The smaller boy lied. Honestly, he did feel guilty for lying to Namjoon, but he wasn't ready to share the full story with him and tonight wasn't the perfect time for that anyway. To be fair, he couldn't just flat out say 'Oh, you know, Jungkook and I had sex while he had a girlfriend throughout that whole time. When I asked him about it, he blatantly denied it, yet I found out about it through a magazine. Oooh, you know what's even better? They're rumoured to get engaged soon! Yeah, so how are you and Jin doing?’ No, he couldn't just do that. Jungkook was literally present with his girlfriend and Jimin surely didn't want to cause any scene or make things worse. He was just going to ignore Jungkook and go on with the night, trying to forget about Jungkook calling him little one or continuing to stare at him.

“Okay, Jimin-ah. I'll go back then” Namjoon interrupted his thoughts, smile on his face as he patted Jimin's shoulder. The shorter male mirrored his smile and gave a faint nod before the older boy turned around and walked back into the ballroom.

Then, Jimin shook his head, letting out a breath and continuing his search for a restroom just so he could take a little break from staring at Jungkook's handsome face.

Finally, he found the door to the male restroom, lifting his hand as he was about to open it, yet someone was quicker than him and opened the door from the inside. The person walked out and bumped into Jimin, the smaller boy almost falling backwards at the force, but was thankfully caught by the taller male's strong arms.

“Oh, you again” The man chuckled, Jimin looking up with big eyes and recognising the man from earlier, “We just can't help walking into each other”

Jimin smiled as Minwoo let go of him, straightening his suit jacket with a smirk on his face.

“That seems to be fate, don't you think? I guess we both need to be a little more careful when walking around” He snickered, eyes lightning up.

“Yeah” Jimin laughed and nodded, “I'm sorry. My mind seems to be blank today”

“Oh, don't apologise. That just now was my fault, but I can't really say I'm sorry because I'm not exactly sad to see you again”

Gulping, Jimin felt his cheeks heat up, shy smile appearing on his face.

“T-Thank you?” Jimin mumbled, the man chuckling at his behaviour.

“I won't disturb you any longer as I'm sure you had a reason for coming here. It was nice to see you
again, Jimin. I wouldn't mind seeing you a third time tonight though” Minwoo expressed, charming smile on his face as he stepped aside in order for Jimin to be able to enter the restroom.

“Thank you. It was nice to see you, too.” Jimin smiled and bowed slightly, the man smirking at him before eyeing Jimin down. The orange haired boy blushed as Minwoo turned around and walked away.

Jimin had no idea about flirting, but this definitely fell into the category, right?

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As soon as Jimin reappeared at the table, Jin's father made another announcement.

“Are you okay?” Tae whispered in his ear, the voice of Jin's father now being blurred out by Jimin who looked at his best friend with a faint smile.

“Yeah, just needed some fresh air away from here”

“What was that all about with- you know?” Tae murmured as he glanced at Jungkook for a moment to indicate who he meant – as if that wasn't obvious already.

“I... don't know” The shorter male answered, sighing as he leaned back against his chair.

Suddenly, music started playing in the ballroom, some people getting up and walking towards the space that seemed to be meant for... dancing?

“What happened?” Tae and Jimin asked in unison towards Hoseok who smiled at them, amusement in his eyes because the two hadn't paid attention.

“Hyung's father announced that there would be some music now for people who want to dance.” The brown haired boy replied, Jimin and Tae looking at each other before staring back at Hoseok, “I don't know. Apparently he likes slow dancing”

Both of the boys leaned back in their seats, the music of the slow song filling their ears. It was a beautiful song. Even though Jimin didn't know it, he quickly grew to love the melody.

Suddenly, Seoyun got up, Jungkook averting his gaze from Jimin and looking up to her. “Let's go dance” She ordered and pulled on his arm.

“Absolutely not” Jungkook protested, laughing as if the thought was absurd.

“Come on, I want to dance” Seoyun insisted, tugging on his sleeve harder.

“Then go and dance” The black haired boy sighed, brushing her hand off.

“Jungkook” Seoyun uttered, voice demanding. The taller one glanced up at her with annoyance in his eyes, getting up on his feet with another sigh. Grinning, she grabbed his wrist and pulled him away from their table, over to the dance floor.

Jimin couldn't help but follow their movements, couldn't help but observe the way she wrapped her arms around Jungkook's neck, pulling him closer to her and Jungkook closing his arms around her body while they swung from side to side to the music.

“I'm going to get some fresh air” The smaller boy mumbled as he watched Seoyun rest her head on Jungkook's shoulder.
As Jimin got out of his seat and started walking away to make his way out of the room, he bumped into someone and honestly, at this point, he wanted to curse at his own clumsiness. Jungkook would have teased him so much already for how clumsy he was acting, yet- No, why was Jimin thinking about Jungkook again?

“The third time is the charm then, Jimin?” A male voice snickered, causing Jimin to glance up at the man who he had walked into for the third time tonight. That was incredibly strange, wasn't it? Yet maybe... it was a sign? Was the universe trying to tell him something?

“Oh, s-sorry” Jimin apologised, cheeks heating up as he smiled shyly.

Minwoo titled his head to the side, “I'm not a big believer in fate, but meeting you for the third time tonight must mean something. Maybe my belief considering fate is going to be changed tonight.” The man grinned, “Now that I've walked into you for a third time, I can't not ask you. Would you like to dance, Jimin?”

“D-Dance?” Jimin echoed, brows arching up at the question. To be fair, Jimin didn't even really know the man in front of him, but he had been very kind and polite the times they have walked into each other. Honestly, Minwoo appeared to be very charming and perhaps the universe was really trying to tell him something.

Ultimately, Jimin didn't know what made him agree to it, yed he did.

“Okay”

Minwoo smiled as he grasped Jimin's smaller hand and walked them over to the dance floor, the orange haired boy smiling involuntarily as the tall man placed his hands on Jimin's waist.

“I don't dance very often, actually” Minwoo admitted as Jimin closed his arms around his neck.

“Really? Why did you suggest it then?” Jimin wondered as he cocked his head to the side, curiosity written on his face.

The man chuckled as he shrugged his shoulders, their bodies moving to the slow melody of the song. “I thought that the universe is trying to tell me something so I had to come up with something to spend more time with you”

Jimin felt himself blush, smiling before he caught his bottom lip between his teeth. The smaller boy was flattered by Minwoo's words, “You simply could have asked me to spend time with you, but I like dancing so this is fine, too”

“You do?”

“Mhm” Jimin hummed, eyes lighting up at the mention of his passion, “I majored in contemporary dance and I'm currently part of a dance class that mainly focuses on Hip Hop and Street Dance”

“Impressive” Minwoo noted with a smile on his face, eyebrows raising up.

“What do you do? I mean, what do you like to do? Do you have a passion?”

The taller man titled his head to the side, “I spend most of my time with work. I own a business that produces medical equipment and I'm always stuck in meetings, searching for new products or ways to improve the current ones we sell”

“That sounds interesting” Jimin stated, smiling at the man who chuckled.
“Well, for some people it is, but indeed not for everyone. Makes a lot of money, though”

Jimin gave a slight nod, somewhat disturbed my the statement. Frankly, everyone was permitted to do whatever they wanted to do, caused by whatever reason that made them driven, yet the thought of money being the sole reason of doing something confused Jimin. Money alone didn't make you happy, did it? No, your passion did. Something that you love or like to do is what should drive you to your goals. Obviously, money was important, too, as you had to pay for a certain living standard, but Jimin never wanted money to be a primarily factor for anything he did. At least not from a long-term perspective.

As they continued swaying to the music, Jimin let his gaze wander around. It didn't take long for him to find Jungkook- who was already staring at him. It was odd. It was as if something was pulling them towards each other, as if they were connected by something that made them find each other everywhere- even in a huge crowd like this.

The black haired boy was looking at him with a confused expression, yet suddenly his jaw locked, indicating that something was pissing him off. Seoyun placed her hand against his cheek, forcing him to look back down at her which Jungkook did, but only until she rested her head back on his shoulders. That's when Jungkook's stare fell back on Jimin who couldn't take his eyes off of Jungkook either.

They couldn't stop looking at each other while dancing with other people. It wasn't fair to their dance partners, but they simply couldn't help themselves.

Jungkook's stare was intent, eyes dark as he watched Minwoo squeeze Jimin's waist as they moved to the music. Jimin giggled at the touch, reminded of how ticklish he was. The man he was dancing with smirked as Jimin looked back up to him.

“Would you like to have a drink with me after this song, Jimin?”

The smaller boy gulped, looking back and forth between Minwoo's eyes. Jimin really didn't believe that tonight was a good time or place for him to drink any kind of alcoholic liquid. Jimin couldn't help but reminisce about the last time and that really hadn't gone well. Frankly, Jimin had already predicted that something bad was going to happen tonight, had felt it in his bones and he really didn't want to enhance the chances of something bad going down tonight by drinking alcohol and making it worse.

Then again, the drink didn't have to be alcoholic. Jimin could order something else, like a simple coke or a cocktail that didn't include any alcohol. Surely, something like that would be served here, too.

Jimin glanced back at their table, realising how it was empty. All of his friends were probably on the dance floor as well or had went somewhere else to talk. Then, the shorter boy stared back over to Jungkook who was frowning while observing Jimin, watching Minwoo's hands with intent eyes.

A little drink wouldn't hurt him...

“Sure” Jimin finally agreed and wrapped his arms around Minwoo a little tighter as he locked eyes with Jungkook once again. It was as if he was a magnet, pulling back Jimin every single time and the smaller boy having no chance to resist.

There was emotion flashing in Jungkook's eyes and Jimin assumed that Jungkook was trying to tell him something, felt it deep in his core that there was something the taller boy was trying to make him understand, yet Jimin couldn't define what it was.
Soon, the song ended, Minwoo grasping his wrist and nodding his head towards the small bar at the other side of the room, “Let's go sit over there. There's not that many people around so we can talk privately”

Before Jimin could even respond, Minwoo was walking towards the bar while pulling the orange haired one with him, Jimin almost stumbling over his own two feet as he tried to keep up.

They took a seat on the bar stools, Minwoo ordering straight vodka right away. The shorter male squirmed in his seat as he ordered a simple coke.

“You don't drink?” Minwoo wanted to know as the bartender turned around to get their drinks.

“Uhm, no, not really. It's not really my thing, I guess. Doesn't do me so well” Jimin answered, laughing nervously. Jimin didn't want Minwoo to think he had any problems with alcohol, but that he simply didn't enjoy it as much. To be fair, it did taste very good, but the aftermath really isn't worth it – especially not tonight.

“I see. I do like me some vodka every now and then. It's a nice way to come down after a busy day. I feel like it became a routine by now” Minwoo revealed, smirking as the bartender served their drinks.

Minwoo pulled out his wallet, “I'm paying for both” He let the bartender know as he looked for his money.

“It's free. Drinks are free tonight” The bartender uttered, Minwoo nodding and putting the wallet back into his pocket as the bartender walked away to clean some glasses.

“Thank you” Jimin smiled, “That you wanted to pay for my drink”

“Of course” The man smiled as he took a sip from his drink, Jimin joining him and taking a sip from his coke, too.

Minwoo didn't take his eyes off of him, something glistening in his eyes as he stared at Jimin's lips. Genuinely, Minwoo was charming and Jimin couldn't help but laugh at every joke he made during their conversation, shy smiles appearing on his face whenever Minwoo complimented him or placed his hand on Jimin's thigh. It didn't take long for Jimin's cheeks to flush due to all of the attention Minwoo was giving him.

However, Minwoo drank and drank and drank another vodka until he wasn't as charming anymore, his hand on Jimin's thigh rising up higher with each sip, eyes appearing dazed and glassy. The smaller boy wanted to believe that it was the alcohol that was causing this sudden change in behaviour. Jimin knew himself how alcohol could affect your judgement, had experienced it first hand.

“How old were you again, Jiminie?” Minwoo slurred, smirking as he stroked his thumb over Jimin's inner thigh, causing him to squirm in his seat and push the hand away slightly.

“23” Jimin answered with a polite smile that was gone as soon as Minwoo put his hand back on his thigh, giving it a little squeeze which resulted in Jimin yelping at the sudden touch.

“I'm staying in a hotel nearby” Minwoo uttered, voice low and suggestive.

The orange haired boy gulped, feeling like he knew where this was going and not liking it one bit. Why did this happen? Why did the guys Jimin thought to be kind and charming of always turn out to be douchebags and looking for sex instead of simple human contact and conversation, maybe even
something long-term.

“I could take you up to my room.”

Jimin was bewildered by how a person could change in the span of half an hour. The charming man who had made cheeky jokes and subtly flirted with Jimin, showering him in compliments had completely disappeared and was replaced by... this.

“I could have a little fun with you”

The smaller boy pushed Minwoo's hand away, shaking his head, “N-No, thank-”

“You know, I can't stop thinking about your pretty lips wrapped ar-” While Minwoo was slurring his words out, he had suddenly grasped Jimin's chin and was running his thumb over Jimin's bottom lip, smirking as he watched Jimin flinch. That's when Jimin realised that the alcohol wasn't the reason for this behaviour.

Minwoo had been out for this all along, had appeared to be charming to wrap Jimin around his finger and get into his pants. The taller man had believed that Jimin was naïve and would fall for all of the compliments, maybe even beg him to be touched by Minwoo. Jimin saw it in his face, how he enjoyed the power as he was grabbing Jimin's chin, how he enjoyed evoking these kind of reactions. However, Jimin wasn't having any of it.

“Stop, please, I don't want to” The smaller one interrupted as he pulled his head back, pushing Minwoo's hand away. Yet, Minwoo didn't seem to catch on or maybe he didn't care because his hand was back on Jimin's thigh as he leaned closer.

“Come on, I'm nice, Jimin-ah”

“Let me go, I said no” Jimin protested and pushed him off, getting up on his feet in order to storm away.

Honestly, Jimin was done with this night. Parties really weren't for him. Genuinely, something bad always seemed to happen. It was almost as if Jimin was attracting bad luck or maybe the universe just hated him. Whatever it was, Jimin had enough.

He rushed out of the room, not entirely sure where to go now. Jimin wanted to make sure that Minwoo didn't follow him, causing him to look back over his shoulder to reassure himself.

However, who he hadn't expect to see was... Jungkook.

The black haired boy was walking outside, too. Jimin didn't want to go into the same direction as him, figuring he might go to the restroom or leave the building for a moment. For some stupid reason, Jimin's brain thought it was a good idea to rush upstairs, trying to get away form everyone. Jimin walked towards the first door he saw, pushing at it and relief blooming inside of him as the door opened. Swiftly, he walked inside and shut the door close behind him, letting out a breath as he stared into the dark room. There was a small window at the top of the door, letting in some light from the hallway. That was really the only source of light there was. Seriously, Jimin could barely make out what kind of room it was, realising how there was a table in the small room, some shelves at the side. Perhaps it was-

Suddenly, the door swung open, causing Jimin to jump up, startled by the noise.

Jungkook.
Wait. Jungkook?

Jimin's breath hitched in his throat as the taller boy shut the door close, taking a step back and bumping into the table behind himself when Jungkook turned around to look at him. Jimin swallowed hard, heartbeat suddenly quickening when he realised how they were alone in such a small room.

“Are you okay?” Jungkook wanted to know, voice soft as he took a step closer, causing Jimin's body to jerk as he took another step back. The black haired boy halted immediately, tilting his head to the side.

“Why did you follow me?” Jimin wondered, voice just above a whisper as he moved aside and around the table so the piece of furniture was inbetween them. For some reason, Jimin felt safer like that - which was silly because Jungkook wouldn't hurt him, Jimin was certain about that, yet there was a voice inside of Jimin's head warning him that he might do something stupid, if he's in Jungkook's close proximity, completely alone with the handsome man.

“Because the guy seemed to annoy you and I wanted to make sure that you're okay” Jungkook answered.

The smaller boy blinked, processing the words. Jungkook had seen that? Hadn't he been occupied with Seoyun? They had been dancing, Jimin had seen it with his own two eyes. Then again, he had spend quite some time with Minwoo at the bar and in that time, Jungkook could have easily moved somewhere else. For some reason, Jimin's heart fluttered at the realisation of Jungkook watching him – as if that was so out of the ordinary. It wasn't like the two boys had even tried to not glance at each other tonight, something pulling them towards each other every single time.

“He was drunk. He wasn't like that before” Jimin reasoned, bewildered by his own heart who was defending a man who had made him this uncomfortable and had touched him without his consent. However, Jimin couldn't help but blame it on the alcohol, wanting to believe that the charming Minwoo he met before still truly existed below that mask.

“I was about to talk to him” The black haired boy revealed, voice a little firmer, indicating that he had been angered by Minwoo's behaviour towards Jimin.

“Why?” Jimin muttered, frowning at the other one.

“I wanted to talk to him because you seemed uncomfortable”

“You mean beat the hell out of him” Jimin clarified, eyebrows arched up as he doubted Jungkook's statement. Last time Jungkook hadn't just talked when he protected Jimin, no, well, he had let his fist talk. Jimin's stupid heart didn't stop jumping out of control at the realisation of Jungkook wanting to protect him.

“No, I mean talking.” The taller boy corrected and took a step closer, causing Jimin to move aside again, “I would only get violent once he touches you without your permission or he doesn't leave you alone after I repeatedly told him”

Jimin stilled, Jungkook still getting closer and suddenly, he was right in front of the smaller boy.

“He did” Jimin whispered.

“He did what?” Jungkook asked, voice softer, too.

“He touched me. He touched my thigh and my li-”
Jimin wasn't even able to finish because there was anger flashing in Jungkook's eyes, the taller boy wanting to storm towards the door as he clenched his fists. Quickly, Jimin gripped his arm and pulled him back.

“What are you doing?”

“I'm going to talk to him” The boy responded through clenched teeth, Jimin gulping at his angered tone and pissed off expression.

“No, you're going to fight him. You can't fight him here. It's an important occasion for Jin hyung's parents. You can't make a scene” Jimin reminded him, scared of Jungkook actually going down there and fighting Minwoo. At least, Jungkook had actually stilled at Jimin's touch on his arm, was only staring at the door now.

“Well, then I'm going to drag him out of this building and talk to him outside” Jungkook uttered, but Jimin shook his head and tugged on his sleeve.

“Please, don't. Stop fighting. You might get hurt, too” Jimin begged, remembering the bruises on Jungkook's faces, the fear and pain in Jimin's heart at the thought of Jungkook being hurt – at all, but especially because of him.

The taller boy glanced down at Jimin, expression softening when he saw fear glistening in Jimin's eyes.

“I don't think he had any bad intention. He's just... drunk and doesn't know what he's doing” Jimin murmured, letting go of Jungkook's arm and averting his gaze due to the intent stare of the black haired one.

“Did he hurt you?” Jungkook wanted to know, voice soft as he lifted his hand, but quickly dropped it again.

“N-No, just... just made me uncomfortable” The shorter male answered quietly, playing with the hem of his suit jacket. Why did Jungkook even care at this point? Why did he get so worked up at the thought of Jimin being hurt? They weren't together. In fact, Jungkook didn't even like him.

“Besides... why do you even care? This isn't even any of your business” Jimin argued, crossing his arms over his chest.

“I know it's not. I'm just making sure you're okay and safe, always”

Gulping, Jimin pulled his brows together and dropped his hands back to his sides. “Why?” He found himself whisper.

Jungkook didn't answer, but took a step closer, causing Jimin to take one back and bump into the wall.

“You know why” The black haired boy answered, voice just above a whisper, emotion flashing in his eyes.

“No, I clearly don't” Jimin replied, shaking his head slightly and breath hitching in his throat as he felt his heart pound fast against his chest. Jimin was genuinely concered about his heart beating out of his chest. Frankly, it would simply fall into Jungkook's hands, if that happened, and it's not like that wasn't already the case.

Jungkook looked back and forth between his eyes, appearing to debate about something in his head.
“What are you doing to me, Jimin-ah?” The taller one whispered, lifting his hands and placing them against the wall beside Jimin's head. Swiftly, Jimin made himself smaller, gulping yet again as Jungkook's face was so close that they could feel each other's breath on their skin.

“I-I don't know”

“I miss you, Jimin-ah.” Jungkook revealed, voice so quiet and soft as if he didn't want anyone else to hear, but Jimin. To be fair, they were the only ones in this room, maybe even on this floor as the party was going on downstairs, yet Jungkook appeared to want to make Jimin understand that these words where only for him to hear, “I haven't stopped thinking about you since the day I left your apartment”

“W-Why?”

Jungkook smiled slightly.

“Think hard, little one”

The smaller boy's heart fluttered, but he didn't understand. His mind was racing and trying to make sense of the words, yet it was as if his mind had stopped working as soon as Jungkook placed his hand against Jimin's cheek softly, drawing Jimin's attention back up to his eyes.

“What are you doing?” Jimin murmured, voice breathy as he clenched in hands into fists, not knowing what to do with himself or make of this situation. Just an hour ago they were only staring at each other, not speaking a word and here they were now... this close and bodies almost, almost touching, faces so close to each other there could barely fit anything in between them.

“I don't know, Jimin-ah. I can't help myself around you.” The taller boy answered, shaking his head as he frowned, “When I saw you that day with Daweon, I wanted to talk to you, but I couldn't. When I saw you today, walking into the room, I couldn't take my eyes off of you. The whole night. I can't help staring at you. So, I really don't know what you're doing to me, Jimin-ah, and clearly, I don't know what I'm doing either.” Jungkook went on, wetting his lips and eyes rushing down to Jimin's plump ones, “But I know that I want to kiss you right now”

The words echoed in Jimin's head, his mind taking a while to process the words. Maybe he had misheard Jungkook? In fact, Jimin was pretty sure that was the case. There was no way Jungkook had actually just said that, right?

“W-What?”

When he saw Jungkook stare at him intently, looking back and forth between his eyes and his lips, Jimin realised that he hadn't misunderstood the younger boy. No, he had actually said that he wanted to kiss Jimin. Honestly, it's not even an understatement that Jimin's heart stopped – because it did. For a moment it did, just to beat twice as fast right after, pounding hard against his chest.

“I won't lay a finger on you without your permission. If you don't want me, just say stop and I'll leave you alone.” Jungkook whispered, leaning a little closer, yet not touching Jimin, but waiting for him to allow Jungkook to touch him.

Jimin's brain was screaming at him to yell stop and to push Jungkook away, tell him that he was done with those games, but why did his heart flutter? Why was his heart begging him to keep going?

The smaller boy forgot about everything else around them, was blurring out everyone else, the night itself. There was only him and Jungkook, just the two of them in a small, dim lighted room.
In fact, Jimin hadn’t stopped longing for Jungkook.

“Don't stop”

As soon as the words left Jimin's mouth, Jungkook pressed his lips on Jimin's in a soft kiss. Immediately, there were sparks rushing through Jimin's body, chest warming at the familiar taste and touch of Jungkook’s lips on his.

The taller boy's hands were on Jimin's hips, squeezing gentle as he pushed his own body closer to Jimin's, deepening their kiss and licking over Jimin's bottom lip. The orange haired one gasped, inviting Jungkook's tongue inside and letting it lick over his own, hands flying up and closing around Jungkook's neck as said boy pushed his hips forward against Jimin's crotch. A soft breath escaped both of them between their kiss, eyes fluttering shut at the touch. It was as if their lips were connected, glued together and not letting go of each other for a fair amount of time.

“J-Jungkook” Jimin whispered as said boy lifted Jimin up, spinning them around and setting the boy down on the table, lips never leaving Jimin's at the action. The smaller boy spread his legs, Jungkook moving inbetween them as they continued making out, hands roaming over each other's bodies, finally feeling each other again after such a long drought. It was as if their bodies had been calling for each other, finally connected again which caused sparks to run through both of their bodies.

“Jimin-ah, say stop whenever, okay?” Jungkook insisted as his hands went back to Jimin's waist, Jimin nodding frantically as he puckered his lips and titled his head up so Jungkook would kiss him again.

“No, baby, need to hear you say it”

“I don't want you to stop” Jimin whispered, shaking his head as he looked back and forth between Jungkook's eyes, emotion flashing in them, “But okay, I promise I will say stop whenever I need to”

The taller boy caressed his cheek before he attached their lips in another kiss, Jimin gasping as he closed his hands around Jungkook's neck. Jimin didn't care about anything else. There was only Jungkook, Jungkook, Jungkook. All he wanted and needed was his touch. Jimin felt like his skin was burning, the only cure being Jungkook's touch.

“May I?” Jungkook whispered as he tugged on Jimin's suit jacket.

Jimin hummed, “You can do whatever you want” The boy assured as he chased Jungkook's lips for another kiss.

“Jimin-ah, don't say shit like that or I swear I won't be able to hold myself back” The younger boy cursed as he opened Jimin's suit jacket and pulled it off, letting it drop on the table.

“I don't want you to” Jimin murmured as Jungkook took his own jacket off, eyes darkening and lust being visible in them as he gripped Jimin's hips and pulled him closer to the edge of the table.

“I want to fuck you, Jimin-ah” The black haired one whispered against his lips, voice low and sending a shiver down Jimin's back.

Jimin felt heat build in the pit of his stomach, trying to draw his legs together as he noticed how his penis twitched at Jungkook's words, yet not able to as the taller male was standing inbetween them. Jimin's chest was rising and falling quickly as he wet his lips, nodding quickly.

“P-Please”
“Hips up” Jungkook ordered as he zipped down Jimin's pants, said boy leaning back on his hands and lifting his hips in order to make it easier for Jungkook to take them off. The taller boy tugged them down right away, pulling his briefs down with them and letting them drop on the floor.

Out of insecurity, Jimin tried to cover himself up, but Jungkook grabbed his wrists and shook his head, “Baby, don't cover yourself up. You look beautiful. I have seen you naked before, haven't I?”

Blushing slightly, Jimin allowed Jungkook to push his hands away, revealing his semi-hard penis and his fair skin of his legs. Jungkook cursed again as he traced his fingertips over Jimin's inner thighs, evoking a whimper in Jimin and causing his thighs to twitch at the touch.

Then, Jungkook grabbed Jimin's waist, lifting the smaller boy up who yelped at the suddenness of the action and wrapped his arms around Jungkook's neck swiftly as said boy pushed him against the wall.

“I don't have lube, Jimin-ah, are you sure? Gotta prep you with my spit”

Gulping, Jimin nodded, “I-I don't need much prep, I... I did... well...” The orange haired one felt his cheeks flush, Jungkook smirking at him.

“Played with your little hole?”

“Y-Yes. Last night”

“Mhm, I see.” Jungkook purred as he pressed a kiss against Jimin's cheek before he lifted two of his fingers up to Jimin's mouth, “Still gotta stretch you out a little more, just to make sure, hm? Suck on my fingers, little one.”

Without hesitation, Jimin wrapped his lips around Jungkook's fingers, twirling his tongue around and sucking on them lightly. The two boys didn't break eye contact, lust flashing in Jungkook's as he watched Jimin suck on his fingers, imagining his lips being wrapped around something else.

“Enough”

Jimin stopped immediately, Jungkook slipping his fingers out and moving them down inbetween Jimin's buttecheeks, circling his rim that opened up around his fingers. Indeed, Jimin's hole wasn't as tight as Jungkook imagined and surely wouldn't need much stretching. In fact, his two fingers slipped inside easily, Jimin hissing only slightly as they didn't use any lube.

“Oh g-god” Jimin cried out, grabbing Jungkook's shoulders as said boy pushed his fingers against Jimin's prostate, massaging it firmly and smirking at the sounds that Jimin made. His own dick twitched at the obscene noises, heat bulding in the pit of his stomach.

“Shit, how I've missed those noises, baby”

“Jungkook, please” The smaller boy whimpered, eyes fluttering shut as he bit down on his bottom lip.

Jungkook pulled his fingers out, zipping down his pants and pulling his dick out. Jimin moaned at the sight of the hard length, defined veins and flushed tip causing to blossom the urge to suck on it inside of Jimin.
“I don't have a condom, baby” The black haired boy let him know, eyebrows arched up as if he was asking Jimin whether he still wanted to go on – which, honestly, Jimin didn't care one bit.

“I-I haven't had sex with anyone else” Jimin assured, voice quiet.

The black haired boy looked back and forth between his eyes, slight smile on his face as he brushed Jimin's strands of orange hair out of his face. “Me neither” He wispered as he pressed a peck on Jimin's lips, leaving him long for more, yet his lips were swiftly gone again. Instead, the taller boy spit down in his hand, stroking his erection and making sure it's wet.

“It's gonna hurt a bit” Jungkook warned.

“I don't care” Jimin breathed, catching his bottom lip between his teeth as he watched Jungkook tug on his hard length. Unconsciously, a whine escaped the smaller boy's lips, causing Jungkook to smirk as he pushed his dick inbetween Jimin's buttc Cheeks.

“Red, remember? If it's too painful” Jungkook murmured against his lips as he traced the tip of his erection over Jimin's hole, not yet pushing in, but teasing the shorter male instead.

“P-Please, Kook-ah” The orange haired boy whimpered, squeezing Jungkook's shoulders a little harder as he squirmed around in the younger boy's embrace in order to sit down on his erection, but Jungkook pulled his penis away and shook his head.

“Patience, little one”

“P-Please, I need you”

Emotion flashed in Jungkook's eyes before he leaned closer to Jimin, lips lingering above Jimin's, barely touching, but leaving Jimin desperate for his kiss.

“Please”

Finally, Jungkook pushed his penis inside while he attached their lips in a kiss simultaneously, catching Jimin's whimpers in his mouth as the smaller boy's hole opened up around him. Jimin squeezed his eyes shut at the uncomfortable, yet also very welcoming feeling. Honestly, Jimin didn't care about the pain, just wanted to feel Jungkook this close to him, inside of him. There was something so intimate about being close to each other like this, making Jimin believe that the bond between them became stronger with each time.

“H-Hurts” Jimin whined as he placed his forehead against Jungkook's, both of the boys already breathing uneven as the younger boy pushed his penis further inside of Jimin, slipping inside with little resistance.

“Do you want to stop, baby?” Jungkook asked, grasping Jimin's upper thighs and wrapping them tighter around himself.

“N-No” The smaller boy assured and shook his head, “Don't stop”

The black haired boy connected their lips in a kiss, their lips moving against each other slowly and gently as Jungkook continued to push his erection inside of Jimin's hole. Jimin tried to focus on the feeling of Jungkook's soft lips on his, tried to blur out the slight pain he felt in his butt and instead distract himself with this gentle feeling.

“Doing so good, baby” Jungkook praised, trailing kisses down his neck, causing Jimin's eyes to flutter shut and mewl. The taller boy left open-mouthed kisses on his skin, sucking on his neck a little
bit, but not leaving any kind of marks – never without Jimin's permission. However, Jimin would let him do anything anyway. In fact, he would like to be marked by Jungkook. Loved the way his marks looked on his body.

“So b-big” Jimin cried out as he hugged Jungkook closer, hiding his face in the crook of Jungkook's neck who was finally settled inside of him completely, his length filling up Jimin's hole and making him feel so, so full. He loved it.

“I'll wait until you tell me to go on, okay, little one?”

Jimin hummed, adjusting to the size inside of him, chest rising and falling quickly, lips parted and letting out soft little breaths. It was so hot, Jimin's body felt so hot, his cheeks were flushed.

“G-Go on”

Jungkook didn't need to be told twice, didn't waste any time, but pulled out immediately just to ram into Jimin a moment later, pace slow, but forceful. A moan escaped Jimin as Jungkook's penis brushed his prostate right away, eyes falling back into his head.

“R-Right there”

“Yeah?”

Jungkook repeated the action, holding Jimin tight while the shorter male rocked back at the wall with the force of his thrust. Jimin let out a cute little moan, biting his lip as he tried to keep his noises down.

“No, baby, let me hear you.”

The taller boy pulled out and thrusted back into Jimin, faster this time, repeating his movement again and again, satisfied with the sounds Jimin was making.

“O-Oh my god” Jimin cried out as he rocked back and forth due to Jungkook's rapid thrusts, his erection hitting Jimin's prostate every single time, the heat in the pit of his stomach gradually building.

Jungkook continued to ram into him with a relentless pace, trailing kisses down Jimin's neck simultaneously to soothe the harshness of his movements. Jimin felt like he couldn't breath, mouth agape in a silent scream at the intense feeling of the younger boy moving inside of him. It has been so long since he had felt Jungkook inside of him. Frankly, Jimin had forgotten how overwhelming and intense the feeling was, how it made his body tremble and his skin feel like it was on fire. It felt so good. So, so good. Jimin wanted more, wanted everything of Jungkook.

“M-Mark me” Jimin whined as he felt Jungkook nibble on his skin.

The taller boy hesitated, only kissed him while continuing to thrust inside of Jimin.

“P-Please” The orange haired one moaned, eyes rolling back into his head at a particularly strong thrust that left him grabbing onto Jungkook tighter.

“Okay, baby” Jungkook whispered against his skin, pulling on his tie to loosen it in order to make it easier to open the first button on Jimin's shirt. After he did that, he pulled Jimin's collar to the side, exposing more of his skin and sucking hard on it.

“Y-Yes” Jimin mewled, wrapping his legs tighter around Jungkook who licked over his skin before
he sucked some more on it.

“Feels good? Your hole feels so tight around me, baby, always so good” The taller boy growled against his ear, breath tickling on Jimin's skin and a shiver running down his back at the low tone of the man.

The black haired boy grabbed his thighs harder, surely leaving some bruises there, but Jimin didn't care about that one bit. Loved every second of this moment.

“Y-Yes, so good. You make me feel so good, Kook-ah”

Jungkook hummed as he sped up his thrusts, chasing both of their orgasms. Jimin could feel it in the pit of his stomach, was certain that it wouldn't take much longer until the feeling was going to explode inside of him and fill his whole body with ecstasy.

His penis was bouncing up and down between them with the relentless pace of the younger boy, yet neglected other than that. Jimin wanted to come untouched, just from feeling Jungkook inside of him.

“K-Kiss me”

Jimin didn't have to ask him twice, Jungkook swiftly attaching their lips in a soft kiss. It was funny how their kiss was this gentle and slow while the thrusts were the complete opposite, rough and fast. The smaller boy liked this. Loved how Jungkook could be both at the same time, loved how Jungkook always knew what he needed even before Jimin did.

“I missed you so much” Jungkook whispered against his lips, Jimin's heart fluttering. Jimin wasn't sure if this was his heart imagining those words because that's what it wanted to hear or if this was real - maybe, was this... was this all just a dream? - but he didn't mind. He was just going to imagine that everything in this moment was lasting, was real, even if it was only for now.

“I missed you, too, Kook-ah” Jimin murmured, voice soft as he stared into Jungkook's eyes. There was something glistening in them, something besides lust, and Jimin desperately wanted to know what it was, yet he couldn't define it.

Instead, he lifted his head and puckered his lips, Jungkook leaning closer, but not kissing Jimin. He was doing that on purpose, Jimin knew that. Jungkook enjoyed teasing him, enjoyed watching Jimin squirm or whine for him, enjoyed being wanted like this.

“Stop teasing” Jimin complained, pouting as Jungkook slowed his pace, smiling against him, lips brushing against each other.

Eventually, he connected their lips in another kiss, a gasp escaping Jimin as Jungkook took this time to fasten his pace as well.

Jimin's head was spinning, his orgasm on the brink of hitting him. He clenched his hands into little fists, not breaking the kiss, but whimpering against Jungkook's lips as the overwhelming feeling moved closer and closer.

“C-Close” Jimin was able to utter out.

Jungkook broke the kiss, placing his forehead against Jimin's, both boys breathing heavily against each other's skin. “Wait, baby, you can't come like this. You're going to stain your shirt” Jungkook reminded him, “Tell me when you're coming, okay? Gotta make sure you don't make a big mess, little one”
Jimin quickly nodded, chasing Jungkook's lips for yet another kiss. It was almost as if Jungkook's soft lips were a drug. A drug Jimin was addicted to and could never get enough of. Jungkook was going to be the death of him. The orange haired boy was pretty sure about that.

Everything about Jungkook was intoxicating. Right now, he felt like a mess. Penis leaking precum, trailing down his length, cheeks flushed, lips letting out breathy, little whimpers that were only for Jungkook. Jimin couldn't think straight, felt like he was floating already.

Jungkook kept pushing deeper inside him, stretching him a little further and hitting his prostate every single time dead on. No one had ever made Jimin feel like this except for Jungkook and honestly, Jimin didn't know if anyone was ever even able to make him feel like Jungkook did again.

The sensation felt incredible, Jimin so, so close to coming, the words on the tip of his tongue as he felt his muscles spasm, toes curling and stomach twisting.

“I-I'm coming, Kook-ah, please, please, please” He warned, voice high pitched and breathy, grabbing Jungkook's shoulders tighter and hiding his face in the curve of Jungkook's neck as he felt the feeling take over.

“Go on, baby, come for me” Jungkook's deep voice encouraged, Jimin finally letting go as Jungkook cupped Jimin's dick in order to prevent him from spilling anything on their clothes and making a big mess – even though Jungkook loved seeing Jimin all messy, cheeks flushed and a sticky white mess on his stomach while he begged for Jungkook, eyes glassy as he stared at the taller boy desperately, desperate for his touch, only wanting him, no one else. Jungkook loved it.

“Aaaah!” Jimin cried out, eyes squeezing shut as he spurted cum into Jungkook's hand, body trembling as jolts of pleasure ran through his body, leaving him whimper out a mantra of Jungkook's name while the black haired boy continued to thrust into him, prolonging his orgasm.

Wave after wave of the wonderful intense feeling hit Jimin, body shaking violently, squirming around in Jungkook's embrace until everything just got too much. It started to feel too overwhelming, Jimin feeling oversensitive as the younger one kept fucking into him.

“P-Please, come, Kook-ah, fill me with-” Jimin begged, clenching around Jungkook whose dick twitched at Jimin's words, finding his own release quickly.

“Fuck, Jimin-ah” He cursed as he came into the smaller boy, Jimin yelping at the feeling of the sperm hitting his walls, satisfied with Jungkook's sperm filling him up. Jungkook rammed into of him two, three more times, Jimin whining and shaking his head, until the taller boy finally halted, body limping against Jimin while said boy collapsed in his arms.

Both boys were breathing heavily, not moving an inch. Jungkook was still holding him up with only one arm, the other hand being occupied as it was sticky with Jimin's sperm. Jimin wanted to whine at the realisation of Jungkook having taken him up against a wall, only comprehending the fact now.

The black haired boy lifted his head in order to stare at Jimin's face. His eyes appeared dazed, Jimin completely satisfied and realxed, his cheeks were flushed in a pretty pink, lips swollen due to all of their kissing. Jungkook smiled faintly before he raised his hand and licked Jimin's sperm up, causing said boy to widen his eyes and whimper, penis twitching.

Jungkook chuckled as he pulled his softening penis out of Jimin's hole, his cum slipping out right away. Quickly, Jungkook caught some of it with two of his fingers, bringing them up to Jimin's mouth who stared at them for a moment before he locked eyes with Jungkook.
Without saying anything, Jimin wrapped his lips around Jungkook's fingers, moaning at the taste of Jungkook on his lips. The taller boy cursed, wetting his lips as he watched Jimin suck his fingers clean.

“Good boy” Jungkook praised as he pulled his fingers out, Jimin's heart fluttering at the praise as a shy smile appeared on his face.

The black haired one leaned down to him, connecting their lips in a slow kiss, tongues moving against each other gently, the taste of mint and strawberry mixing. They both couldn't get enough, lips not breaking apart as they came down from their high, dicks softening after their intense orgasms, hearts beating fast against their chests.

They couldn't breathe. They should break apart and catch their breath, yet they didn't want to. Not touching each other felt more suffocating to them at this point.

There was just something pulling them back to each other, like an invisible string. It lead them back to one another even if they shouldn't.

Jimin didn't want to think about anything, anyone else right now. It was only him and Jungkook. Just the two of them in this beautiful intimate moment.

Eventually, Jungkook broke the kiss, setting Jimin down on his feet who almost collapsed to the ground, legs feeling wobbly after the overwhelming sex. Fortunately, Jungkook was there to help him keep his balance, strong arms curling around Jimin's waist and holding him close.

“Gotta clean your little hole” Jungkook reminded him, looking around, but not finding anything they could use inside the room. Actually, Jungkook didn't even know what room this was, had simply followed Jimin in here. It was a very small room to be fair, maybe a storeroom or something like that, “Do you have a tissue?”

“N-No” Jimin answered, shaking his head. His voice was a little hoarse, yet still somehow soft to Jungkook's ears.

“Can you turn around for me, baby” Jungkook insisted as he tugged his own penis back into his pants and zipped them up.

Slightly confused, Jimin turned around towards the table. Suddenly, Jungkook gripped his waist with one hand and placed the other one on his back. Gently, he pushed Jimin forward, causing him to bend over the table. Jimin allowed Jungkook to manhandle him, not sure what he was doing, yet knowing that he would let him do almost anything – even if he shouldn't.

“W-What are you doing?” Jimin wondered, voice quiet as he looked back over his shoulder, watching Jungkook get down on his knees.

“Cleaning you up, baby, I'll be quick, don't worry.”

It took Jimin a moment to realise what Jungkook was implying. However, the moment he finally understood, Jungkook's tongue was already on his inner thigh, licking up and collecting his own cum that had trailed down Jimin's thigh already.

The smaller boy gasped, eyes fluttering shut as he collapsed on his ellbows, placing his forehead on his arms as he felt Jungkook's tongue on his hole.

“J-Jungkook” Jimin moaned, mouth agape in a silent scream when Jungkook pushed his tongue inside to collect his own cum. All of this was so obscene, yet Jimin couldn't help the twitch of his
penis, couldn't help the jerk of his thighs, couldn't help the heat in the pit of his stomach.

Jimin's hole felt sensitive, the slightest brush of Jungkook's tongue sending an intense feeling through Jimin's body that left Jimin confused whether he wanted more or couldn't take any more.

Involuntarily, he tried to close his legs, causing Jungkook to grab one of his thighs and spread it further, humming against Jimin's skin that send vibrations through his body.

"Kook-ah" Jimin whined, the taller boy smirking as he twirled his tongue around Jimin's hole, loving the sounds Jimin was making, loving to see him squirm like this.

Jungkook sucked on his hole, Jimin screaming out and trying to get away from Jungkook's mouth, but the younger boy simply followed him, chasing Jimin's hole so he could lick over it again.

"Enough, enough, please" The older boy whimpered, biting on his arm as he felt his thighs shake.

Jungkook rubbed over his thighs softly, caressing the skin before he placed a kiss on his inner thigh, "Did so well. You're all clean now, hm?" Jungkook uttered, voice soft as he got back up, straightening his back as he watched Jimin's slack body bend over the table. His butt was exposed, round fair skinned cheeks so inviting. Jungkook wanted to leave marks on there, too, yet he knew that he couldn't.

"Come on, little one, let's get you dressed"

The taller boy gripped his waist softly, rubbing his other hand over Jimin's back soothingly as he felt Jimin breathe heavily, face still hidden in his arms and body shaking all over.

"Baby"

"Hmm?" Jimin murmured, lifting his head and letting Jungkook straighten his back. There were tears in the corner of Jimin's eyes, causing Jungkook to worry whether he went too far.

"Hey, baby, are you okay?" Jungkook whispered, brushing his hair back and rubbing his thumb over Jimin's cheek gently.

"Mhm, just... was just a lot, but I liked it" Jimin answered, smiling slightly.

Jungkook mirrored his smile, leaning down and placing a kiss on his forhead, "I'm glad. Let's get you dressed now"

Jimin still hadn't fully fathomed what just happened. His brain still wasn't functioning properly, not able to process this situation and what it meant – if it meant anything. Perhaps this really was just a dream?

The black haired boy picked up their clothes, helping Jimin put on his briefs and handing him his pants so he could put on his own suit jacket. The smaller boy tugged his pants up and then reached for his suit jacket, Jungkook suddenly letting out a laugh.

Confused, Jimin turned around to look at him. "What?"

"You're... oh my god, I'm sorry, Jimin-ah. Your pants ripped"

"What!?" Jimin yelled out in shock, locking down on himself, but not seeing any rip or hole, "Where?"

Jungkook grabbed behind Jimin, poking a spot below Jimin's butt and indeed, Jimin could feel
Jungkook's finger on his skin.

“Oh my god” Jimin breathed, horror written on his face as he felt his heart sink. This was not good. No, not good at all. This was horrible to be exact. The worst that could happen. He had tried to prevent this, had been so careful, yet he had completely forgotten about his suit as soon as Jungkook touched him.

“I'm sorry, I must have ripped it when I pulled it off of you. I'll buy you a new one, I promise. Or let this one get fixed, whatever you want. I hope you don't have any personal connection to this piece”

“No, it's... it's not even mine. I borrowed it”

“Oh” Jungkook replied, eyes wide, “Well, I'm going to pay for it obviously. Don't worry, I do-”

Suddenly, the door burst open, light falling into the room and...

Taehyung?

“Tae?” Jimin exclaimed, eyebrows arched up and shock on his face.

His best friend opened his mouth, looking back and forth between Jungkook and Jimin before he let out a sigh, noticing Jimin's flushed cheeks and loosened tie, the suit jacket that was lying on the table – it wasn't hard to guess what had went on in here, the heat of the room giving him any other idea.

“I've been looking for you for so long now, Minnie. I'm glad, I found you” Tae uttered, a little out of breath before he stared at Jungkook, eyes narrowing and tone of voice changing, “Seoyun is looking for you. You're lucky she didn't come up here with me”

The black haired boy cleared his throat as he glanced at Jimin, “Text me about... about your suit. Sorry again, Jimin-ah. And-” He looked at Tae, noticing how the boy was looking at him unimpressed, tapping his foot on the ground and signaling for him to leave, “Yeah, I... Good night, Jimin-ah”

The smaller boy blinked, only staring at him and watching him exit the room. Jungkook turned around one last time, smiling at him before he disappeared. Jimin was left there standing and wondering what all of this meant, the question on the tip of his tongue, words he had wanted to tell Jungkook before they had been interrupted.

“I'm not even going to ask right now” Tae sighed as he approached Jimin, helping him with his tie and buttoning his shirt back up. The orange haired one blushed, averting his gaze as he bit down on his bottom lip.

Frankly, Jimin didn't even know what to say.

“Let's leave, come on”

Jimin nodded, grabbing his suit jacket and walking outside. Suddenly, Tae gasped.

“No, no, no, no” Tae whined, causing Jimin to turn around, “What happened?”

“What do you mean?” Jimin wondered, eyebrows arched up.

“The suit, Minnie! What have you done?”

“Oh... I'm... I'm sorry, really. I was careful the whole night, but then... it ripped. I... I'm sorry.”
“It just ripped? What did he do?”
“Who?”
“You know who. Jungkook did that, didn't he? While trying to fuck you he wasn't as careful with your clothes as he should have”
“Tae, ssssh!” Jimin whispered, clasping a hand in front of Taehyung’s mouth who pushed it away, frowning.
“Don't 'sssh' me. There is no one upstairs here anyway.” Tae uttered, sighing a moment later, “I just wished he had been a little more careful. The fabric is sensitive!”
“Sensitive?” Jimin echoed.
“Yes! The smallest touch can cause it to rip. It's very soft, you can feel that against your skin. It's a comfortable material, yet very sensitive. Oh my god, he's going to kill you – us. How are you supposed to pay for that?”
“J-Jungkook-ah offered to buy me a new one or fix this one. I will... I mean, I don't want to ask him for money, but I might talk to him about this”
“You better. He can't just fuck you and ruin your clothes. At least you can't really see it. Take your jacket off and wrap it around your waist”
“That looks silly” Jimin protested, pouting.
“Well, do you want everyone to see your ass?” Tae argued, eyebrow arched up as he crossed his arms over his chest.
“It's not my butt, just my thigh”
“Doesn't matter. Looks weirder if anyone sees the rip. We're going to leave now anyway.”
“Already?”
“Yes, that's why I looked for you. You said you didn't want to stay for too long. I already talked to Jin and informed the others”
“Okay”
“As soon as we're out of here, we're gonna talk about what happened in that room because I sincerely, genuinely cannot believe you did that’”
Jimin gulped, a little worried about his friend scolding him. Then again, right now, Jimin could only focus on the fluttering in his heart when he thought about Jungkook's touch.

Chapter End Notes

Sooo... that happened. Will this incident change anything between Jimin and Jungkook? What do you think? What did it mean - if it did, at all?
By the way, can we just talk about the comeback please? I'm in love with the whole album, IDOL is a bop and the MV was amazing! What do you think? Do you have a favourite song? I honestly can't choose! <3
Chapter Summary

Jimin deals with the repercussions of his actions, conflicted by what he did. Later, Jungkook and Jimin try to have the conversation that is long overdue, yet... things escalate.

Chapter Notes

Hii :)

Thank you for all the lovely and encouraging comments on the last chapter <3 I was very grateful for your feedback <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“I'm going to hell” Jimin cried out, falling back down on his sofa and placing his head on the soft pillow.

“You're not going to hell” Tae claimed, shutting the door close behind them and plopping down on the sofa next to Jimin. The smaller boy sat up slightly, scooting over to the side of the sofa and leaning his head against the backrest.

“I had sex with him even though he has a girlfriend” Jimin reminded Taehyung who loosened his tie and dropped it on the table.

“I know and that's... well, just know that you aren't the one doing wrong here. He did. He cheated on her, not you”

“But with me. He did that with me. I'm part of that mess. I feel so guilty” Jimin whined, picking up the pillow and pressing it against his face.

It had taken some time for the orange haired boy to comprehend what his actions had meant and what the consequences were going to be. He had sex with Jungkook while said boy was in a relationship with someone else – apparently supposed to even propose to her. Yet, things didn't really seem to add up. Why would Jungkook do that to her? He doesn't seem like a person that would do something like that. He had always been so very respectful and decent, hadn't he? Why would he cheat on his girlfriend like that? Why would he tell Jimin that he misses him, if he loves someone else?

All of this was so confusing. Jimin felt like his head was going to explode. He let out a sigh as he dropped the pillow back down on the sofa.

What had Jungkook meant by 'think hard'? What had he tried to imply? Did he... did he actually have feelings for Jimin? Yet, if he had, why had he rejected Jimin before?
Why was he doing all of this to Jimin? His poor heart couldn't handle all of this push and pull. It was going to be ruined by the end of this game. Jimin's heart had already been shattered to pieces too much, it wasn't able to bear any more of this torture.

He needed to know what was actually going on between Seoyun and Jungkook and how Jimin played into that.

Had Jungkook used him for sex? Was that it? It couldn't be... The way Jungkook touched and looked at him made him believe that it wasn't just sex, but that it had meant more. However, his heart had been wrong before so the possibilities of Jungkook only having been out for sex weren't that slim.

Jimin didn't know what to believe, didn't know what to do. Should he go and apologise to Seoyun? Then again, Jungkook probably hadn't told her about them sleeping together and most likely wasn't going to. Jimin didn't want to ruin Jungkook's life.

Had it been worth it? Being that intimate with Jungkook had been such a beautiful and soothing moment, but the guilt Jimin had to deal with right now... it was eating his consciousness alive. The smaller boy just hoped that his gut and his heart were right with their assumptions. That there was something more to Jungkook's and Seoyun's relationship that would somehow make all of this right, make it less wrong.

It wasn't right. Jimin knew that. At least, it shouldn't be right. Having sex with a taken man was horrible, was awful. Though, why had it felt so right? The way their bodies fit together like they were meant to be, the way their hands aligned when they intertwined, why had those things felt so right if they weren't?

Deep within, Jimin knew he should have prevented this from happening, should have stopped it as soon as Jungkook asked him for a kiss. However, Jimin had gotten lost in Jungkook's eyes and the desire to be close to him. Frankly, Jimin had tried to tell himself that he was on a good path on getting over the taller boy, but as soon as they were even barely touching, Jimin realised that it had been a lie. The longing for the black haired boy was too strong, Jimin couldn't help himself, just wanted to touch, craved for his love.

No, he wasn't over Jungkook and this incident hadn't helped the process at all.

At least it made him realise one thing: that it couldn't go on like this any longer. It might just have been a slip for Jungkook, yet even if Jungkook wanted to do this ever again – Jimin wouldn't let it happen. No, it wasn't healthy for either of them. As long as Jungkook was taken and they haven't talked about whatever was going on between them, Jimin wouldn't allow Jungkook to touch him. This was a necessity at this point.

“How did that even happen?” His best friend wanted to know, startling Jimin who had been so caught up in his thoughts. The shorter male looked over to him, watching him take off his suit jacket and dropping it on the armchair.

“He followed me into the room and then... it just kind of happened”

“Oh Jimin” Tae sighed, the orange haired boy biting down on his lip as he felt his cheeks flush.

“I know. I'm a horrible person”

“You're not a horrible person. Sometimes we do things that... that we shouldn't do. I just... he's playing games with you, Jimin-ah. I got so angry when I saw him there. It's your life, though, so I
won't tell you what to do. I have done shit before that I regret, too, so I'm not one to tell you what's right and what's wrong. Just please don't let him use you like this”

“He's not using me. He told me that he missed me” Jimin argued, not sure which one he was trying to convince – Taehyung or himself.

“It's not like people don't say shit to get sex” Tae pointed out, causing Jimin's heart to stop beating for a moment.

Had Jungkook actually just used him?

“He has Seoyun for that. Why can't he go to her?”

“I don't know. Apparently he wanted to have sex with you.” The blond boy answered, shrugging his shoulders. As he noticed how Jimin's expression changed, he felt his heart sting, “Hey, I'm not saying he doesn't like you. He might like you a lot, that's why he wants to be close to you. I'm just saying that he has a girlfriend and until he tells you how he feels about you or breaks up with her, I don't...I don't think you should keep going. It's not good for you, Jimin-ah. I don't want to believe it, I wasn't in the room with you, but I feel like he's using you for sex because he knows how you feel about him”

Jimin gulped, heart sinking. No, the way Jungkook had touched him was different. It wasn't just a quick fling. Hadn't Jungkook been careful with him, so sweet? Then again, in the moment, Jimin hadn't really cared about why Jungkook wanted him. The thought of Jungkook craving him had made his heart melt, had caused him to agree to letting Jungkook touch him because he had longed for him for so long, too.

“I'm so sorry, Jimin-ah, that you're in such a mess...”

“It's not your fault so you don't have to apologise” Jimin smiled faintly, patting his friend's arm.

Tae pressed his lips into a line, averting his gaze and nodding slightly. Frowning, Jimin tilted his head to the side, but didn't ask another question.

“I'm going to talk to him. Eventually. I have to. I have to clear all of this up and I won't let him get close to me until there is clarity”

The blond boy smiled and gave a nod, “That's a good idea. At this point, it's necessary or you'll both break.”

Jimin gave a light nod, determined to finally find a way out of this dark tunnel.

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Hey – Jimin

The smaller boy stared down on his phone, pulling his legs up to his chest and resting his head on top of his knees. Anxiously, Jimin played with the strands of loose fabric from the rip in his pants while waiting for a reply. It had only been two minutes since Jimin had send the message, but it felt like an eternity.

Hey – Jungkook

Jimin's heart dropped, gulping as he read over the message. It was odd how a simple word could have such an effect on Jimin, yet they hadn't texted in such a long while and the last time they had
seen each other, the situation had escalated quite a bit.

_I guess you're texting because of your suit? - Jungkook_

_Suit? - Jimin_

_Yes, you know, the one I ripped. Sorry about that again. - Jungkook_

_Oh. Well, Jimin hadn't actually texted because of that, but he had wanted to do that, too. Jimin felt a cold shiver run down his back at the memory of the man's face when he saw the suit and how he had screamed at Jimin and Taehyung. Frankly, his face had gotten so red from anger that for a slight moment, Jimin had actually believed the man was going to faint. He hadn't, fortunately. Tae had tried to calm him down, promising to have it fixed and that it had been an accident – which was true. Thankfully, as Tae and the man were friends, he had calmed down and accepted their apology, yet asking them to pay him as quickly as possible._

_Oh, yes, the suit. Well, I haven't actually texted you because of that, but because I think we should talk? You know, about that night at the opening party? I really think we should talk about what happened and what it meant beca-

_Jimin hadn't even finished writing the message as there came another one from Jungkook._

_Jimin-ah, I'm sorry, but I can't really text right now. I have to go into a meeting now. Just tell me how much you need and I'll send you a check. Don't worry, I will pay whatever amount is necessary. Sorry again. Good night, Jiminnie – Jungkook_

_The smaller boy's heart sank, biting down on the inside of his cheek as he read over the message again, deleting his own one in order to write a new one._

_Oh, okay. Sorry, I don't want to bother you. Thank you. I'll let you know about how much I need to pay back as soon as I know. Good luck in your meeting and good night. - Jimin_

_There didn't come any other message from Jungkook._

_Jimin dropped his phone down on his bed, staring at the wall across from him. Didn't Jungkook want to talk, too? Didn't he think it was necessary to finally find clarity and talk things out? He couldn't just go and storm into Jimin's life whenever he pleased and expect Jimin to do whatever he wanted._

_Yet, well, that's exactly what Jimin did. Jimin had allowed him to act like this because he had feelings for him and longed for him. However, this couldn't keep happening. Jimin had to stand his ground and not let himself be treated like this any longer._

_Jungkook continued giving him signs that there could be more, that he might feel the same, but that hope was crushed every time he acted this distant and cold, pushing Jimin away._

_Then again, Jimin knew now what Jungkook's profession was, that he had a very busy job – which he knew before, but had more details of now. Jungkook couldn't just stop a meeting for him, but it hurt that he didn't even consider Jimin texting him because of something else but the suit, it hurt that Jungkook didn't believe that it was necessary to talk._

_Whatever. Jimin wasn't going to keep running after Jungkook, trying to fix this on his own. He wasn't going to let Jungkook treat him like this either, but was going to push him away until he was ready for a very due conversation._

_The smaller boy laid back down on his back, placing his head on the soft pillows and staring up to
the ceiling.

Jimin had to be strong.

He couldn't continue letting Jungkook treat him like this and he couldn't keep allowing him to act like this either.

No, he had to stand up for himself.

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“Would you rather always be 10 minutes late or always 20 minutes early?” Dongha asked, smiling as he glanced at Jimin.

The smaller boy narrowed his eyes, “I hate being late so I guess I’d rather be 20 minutes early” Jimin answered as they continued to walk down the calm street, street lamps turning on at the side of the road as it was getting dark.

“Really? I'm an impatient person and I hate waiting for too long. I always try to get on time, but I end up being late sometimes. I think I would rather be late 10 minutes” Dongha stated, shrugging his shoulders.

The orange haired boy giggled, shaking his head, “You are impossible. It's rude to let the people you are supposed to meet wait for too long”

“Well, to be fair, 10 minutes isn't that long”

“It would be so horrible to always be late though, wouldn't it? Like, to every single appointment. What if it's really, really important. Like, what if your life depends on it?” Jimin emphasised, arching up his eyebrows as he observed Dongha chuckle.

“Right, there are some things that I really don't want to be late for. Still, I won't change my answer. Next question. Would you rather fart really loud every time or poop your pants silently?”

Jimin halted, staring at Dongha with a blank expression. How had their conversation turned into this? For the past fifteen minutes they have talked about thought provoking, important things in life and their perspectives on them and now they were talking about... poop?

“What?” Jimin laughed at the absurdity.

“Would you rather fart really loud every time or poop your pants silently?” Dongha repeated, smiling, but other than that he appeared to be serious. In fact, it seemed as if he was curious about what Jimin was going to answer.

“What kind of question is that? How did you come up with that after all the other ones?” The smaller boy giggled as they kept on walking.

Dongha was walking him home. They had just had dinner together after practice, not that far from Jimin's flat, and the taller boy had suggested to walk him home so they could talk a bit more.

“It's an important question. Like, you could just wear diapers, you know? No one would know that you just shit your pants, but when you fart loudly – there is no way no one will not know about that” Dongha reasoned like they were having a serious debate.

Jimin couldn't help but laugh at the situation, shaking his head at Dongha's words, “What about the
smell? It's not like you're not going to smell the poop”

Dongha frowned, staring into the distance for a moment before he nodded as if Jimin had made a valid point, “You're right. I didn't consider that. Hang on, let me think about it again”

The orange haired boy nudged his shoulder slightly, Dongha finally breaking out into a laugh, showing that he had been joking about that question after all.

“You're impossible” Jimin giggled and shook his head at his friend.

Dongha smirked smugly, shrugging his shoulders.

“One of us has to come up with the important questions in life”

They stared at each other for a moment, yet it didn't take long until they broke out into laughter at Dongha's serious tone again.

Jimin noticed that they weren't far from his apartment anymore, actually getting a little sad at the realisation. Dongha was a great person, a wonderful friend who always made him laugh and cheered him up, distracted him from other... people.

Their laughters died down as soon as they arrived just meters away from Jimin's entrance door. There was a reason for the sudden stilling, for Jimin's change in expression, for the way his heart stopped.

“Jungkook?” Jimin was able to utter out, blinking because he couldn't believe that Jungkook was actually here.

The black haired boy took a step back from the door, gaze falling on Jimin and Dongha. There was a change in his expression two times. Firstly, when his eyes fell on Jimin, a rather soft one. Then secondly, when his eyes fell on Dongha, a complete different one, the softness entirely gone. Jimin couldn't define the stare, but knew that Jungkook wasn't pleased to see Dongha here.

Jimin didn't want to, didn't want his heart to flutter at the sight of Jungkook, yet he couldn't help it, couldn't help the quickening beat of his heart either. It was horrible, wasn't it? How Jimin seemed to lose all control over his body when Jungkook was around.

However, it needed to stop. Jimin had to learn how to contain these feelings and stop his heart from going crazy at the sight of Jungkook. This wasn't healthy and couldn't go on any longer.

“Jimin-ah, hey.” The taller boy greeted, clearing his throat as he took a step closer. It was only then when Jimin realised that he was holding something in his left hand, “I wanted to give you the check I promised” Jungkook revealed, glancing at Dongha for a brief moment before tracing his eyes back on Jimin.

Why didn't he just send Beomsoo? Or sent it by mail?

“You could've just sent it by mail or ask Beomsoo to bring it. You didn't have to come here all the way” Jimin pointed out softly, not breaking eye contact with Jungkook no matter how intent the stare was. It was causing Jimin to be nervous, but he didn't want to avert his gaze, wanted to stand his ground.

“I know, I just... wanted to make sure that you get it. Here” The younger boy handed him the piece of paper, Jimin hesitating for a moment before he took it.
“Thank you” He breathed, putting it into his pocket without looking at it.

“I'm sorry” Jungkook apologised, scratching at the back of his neck.

Jimin looked back and forth between his eyes, trying to decipher what exactly he was apologising for. For the suit? For having sex with Jimin while he was in a relationship with Seoyun? For breaking Jimin's heart? What exactly was the apology for?

“I wanted to... Well, I came here because-” Jungkook paused, frowning as he tried to look for the right words.

_I wanted to have sex with you again. I wanted to make you believe that there could be something more just to push you away again. I wanted to make sure you don't talk to Seoyun about any of this._

All of these possibilities for Jungkook's words were coming up in his mind. Jimin really didn't know how he was going to finish the sentence, wasn't sure if he wanted to know.

Frankly, Jimin didn't really know anything about Jungkook's intentions at this point – or had he ever, really?

“Nevermind. I see you're busy right now and I don't want to interfere in your plans” The black haired boy finally added, clearing his throat again as he took a step back.

For a slight moment Jimin actually believed to see hurt in Jungkook's eyes, yet that was silly because Jungkook had never looked hurt like that. In fact, it was gone as quickly as it had appeared, causing Jimin to consider that he might have misinterpreted the emotion. Was he even able to feel such an emotion? Jimin honestly wasn't sure.

The younger boy seemed to wait for Jimin to say something, but he didn't – because he didn't know what he was supposed to say. It wasn't a good idea to let Jungkook stay, especially not to invite him into his apartment because that surely would be go downhill.

Had Jungkook want to talk? The possibilities appeared very slim to Jimin, yet somewhere in his heart a voice was telling him that Jungkook had wanted to finally talk to him about _them_ and about what had happened between them.

However, the majority part of him believed that Jungkook didn't want to change anything about this situation because he didn't see anything that was wrong with it. If he had, he would have asked Jimin to talk about them sooner already, at least during their last texting session. Yet, he hadn't.

All Jimin could do was stand there and watch Jungkook climb back into his car, the sound of his engine fading away as he left.

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As soon as Jimin's gaze fell on the entrance door, he halted in his steps. Suddenly, his heart was beating faster. Unconsciously, Jimin placed his hand over his chest, hoping to somehow soothe the pounding of his beating heart, yet that was a silly thing to do as it didn't help at all.

A fresh breeze of air passed him, reminding him of the fact that he had just taken a shower at home – his hair still damp and a cold shiver running down his back. Involuntarily, he pulled his sleeves over his delicate hands in order to hide them. In fact, Jimin wanted to hide his whole body in his hoodie, way too nervous to enter the house.

Then again, he had made the decision to come here and deal with the situation whichever way it was gonna go.
Yoongi had invited all of them to a barbecue. Obviously, that included Jungkook. Of course, Jimin had hesitated. In fact, he had declined at first, coming up with a white lie and claiming that he was already busy with practicing and work and... stuff – which, to be fair, wasn't that much of a lie. He had genuinely been practicing until an hour ago. After that, he had sprinted home and had taken a shower, then rushed here just to make it on time to the barbecue.

The problem was Jungkook. As always. Jimin didn't want to be in any more trouble or get hurt any longer. However, Jimin didn't want Jungkook have that much of an effect on his life and essentially determine what Jimin does and where he goes. The orange haired boy didn't want Jungkook to influence his decision about when or if he meets his friends. Jimin really wanted to spend time with the rest of his friends and honestly, he didn't want that to be ruined just because he didn't want to see Jungkook. Jimin didn't want to give him that power any longer and hold him back from things he wanted to do.

Finally, Jimin took the last steps towards the door, lifting his hand a moment later and ringing the bell. It didn't take long until the door swung open, revealing a smiling Taehyung who was holding a beer.

“Minniiieee!” Tae exclaimed with a grin, throwing an arm around Jimin as the smaller boy entered the house, “Hyung has already started with grilling the meat. You know, so we don't have to wait for too long until the food is ready. You're probably hungry after all the practice today. Hoseok hyung already told us that today was intense”

Jimin gave a slight nod while he took his shoes off, surprised by the silence in the house. As soon as his shoes were off, Tae intertwined their hands and pulled Jimin with him towards the living room.

Confusement settled in Jimin for a brief moment when he noticed how the room was empty, yet everything made sense when he saw some figures on the patio, the smell of burning coals filling his nostrils.

“We're all outside so hyung doesn't have to stay there on his own while grilling” Tae explained.

Jimin hummed as he gave another nod, stomach twisting at the sight of Jungkook. Finally, they stepped outside, the others turning towards them and smiling brightly while greeting Jimin.

All of them jumped up and pulled him into a hug – well, all of them except Jungkook whose eyes were fixated on Jimin while he took a sip from his beer, an intent stare, yet an unreadable expression. What was new?

They were all dressed in comfy clothes, wearing big jumpers or hoodies. The sun was starting to go down and it was a little chillier at night, causing them to dress accordingly. The orange haired boy wasn't surprised to see Jungkook wearing a black hoodie as it seemed to be his favourite colour.

“Jimin-ah, your hair is all wet. Won't you get sick?” Jin worried as he ruffled through Jimin's damp hair. The smaller boy chuckled at his action, pulling away to fix his hair.

“Yah, go inside and blowdry your hair. I don't want you to get sick” Yoongi scolded him, pointing a barbecue tong holding some meat at him, realising only a moment later that he did that and quickly dropping the meat back on the grill.

Jimin rolled his eyes and let out a sigh, still smiling at his friends' concern about his health, “I'm not going to be sick”

“It's quite chilly outside, you'll freeze” A voice suddenly commented – a voice Jimin would recognise everywhere. Jimin glanced at Jungkook who was already staring at him, not replying to
him though. It was as if they could only stare at each other. The others started to look back and forth between them as it appeared that Jimin and Jungkook were caught in a trance, silence settling between the group, the only sound being the meat sizzling on the grill.

“I'll show you where the blowdryer is’’ Tae broke the silence, quickly jumping in and locking his arm with Jimin's. He pulled the smaller boy with him back into the house.

“I know where the blowdryer is, Tae, you don't have to show me’’

“I know you do, but... I thought your brain literally shut off. You didn't move or say anything, neither did he.” His best friend defended, shrugging his shoulders.

“My brain didn't shut off... Well, I don't know. I'm trying not to let him get close to me, but it's actually very difficult. Every time I look at him my heart does this weird thing and I'm trying really hard to contain that feeling. It's hard, but I have to do it.”

“It might get easier over time. The others are starting to notice, though, I think” Tae noted, biting down on his bottom lip as he glanced outside.

Jumin swallowed hard, but shrugged his shoulders. “I don't think we should tell them. I'm pretty sure Jungkook doesn't want his friends to know about him cheating.”

“Don't remind me of that, Jimin-ah. I'm still angry about what he did to you. Every time I see him, I just want to punch him” Taehyung muttered, eyes narrowing as he observed Jungkook.

The orange haired one shook his head, tugging on Taehyung's sleeve to draw his attention back to him.

“Don't. If I can contain my feelings, so can you. Let's just focus on the barbecue. Hyung is working hard for us and bought all of that delicious food” Jimin argued.

“You're right” The blond boy sighed, fists unclenching before he locked eyes with Jimin, “Go upstairs and dry your hair now.”

The shorter male nodded and turned around, going upstairs and entering the restroom where he plugged Yoongi's blowdryer into a socket in order to dry his hair. Frankly, Jimin didn't quite believe that he was going to be sick from being outside, yet it was a little cold outside and his body had stared to shiver at the frequent breezes of air that blew at them outside on the portio.

Once he was done, he placed the blowdryer back where it was and went downstairs, “Jimin-ah, can you bring some plastic cutlery and plates outside?” Jin screamed as he was just exiting the kitchen with several glasses in his hands, glancing over at Jimin who was at the bottom of the stairs.

“Sure, hyung” Jimin hummed before he entered the kitchen.

The smaller boy scanned the room, trying to find the place Yoongi had hidden the stuff. In the end, he started to open random cabinets and drawers, searching for the things Jin assigned him to.

“They're on the shelf” Jungkook pointed out. The suddenness of a voice – of Jungkook's voice – being present started Jimin, causing him to shoot up and hit his head on one of the cabinet doors he hadn't closed.

“Ah!” Jimin hissed, hand flying up to the top of his head as Jungkook rushed over to him simultaneously. The taller boy placed one hand over Jimin's, concern in his eyes as he glanced at the spot.
“Are you okay?” The black haired boy worried, rubbing his hand over Jimin's in a soothing manner. For a moment, Jimin was mesmerised. He was only able to stand there and observe Jungkook, mouth agape and pain completely blurred out. However, he snapped out of it fairly quickly. Suddenly, Jungkook's gaze was piercing through him, his touch burning hot on Jimin's skin, causing the older one to pull his hand away swiftly and drop it back down.

Surprised, Jungkook took his own hand away, too, “Did you hurt yourself?” Jungkook asked as he closed the cabinet.

Jimin blinked, finally shutting his mouth as he swallowed hard, “I-I'm okay” He answered, voice way softer and quieter than he had intended to.

“Are you sure? Should I give you some ice you can press on there?” The black haired one wanted to know, eyebrows arched up.

“N-No, it's fine” Jimin assured as he lifted his hand again to rub over the hurting spot.

A smile krept up on Jungkook's face, amusement in his eyes, “Jiminie, you gotta be careful, hm? We know how clumsy you are”

Jimin's heart did that stupid fluttering thing. The smaller boy pressed his lips together, annoyed by the way his heart was reacting. Why was it so hard to get that under control?

However, what was bothering him, too, was Jungkook's behaviour. Why was he pretending that everything was okay? Why was he acting as if there was nothing they should discuss? Didn't he see how messed up this situation was? Did he not care?

Jungkook's smile dropped once he realised Jimin didn't return it, “Jimin-ah-”

“I'm already on it!” They heard Namjoon's voice from the living room, interrupting whatever Jungkook had been about to say. The taller boy entered the kitchen, causing Jimin and Jungkook to take a step away from each other as if they had done something they shouldn't have. Namjoon halted, eyebrows arched up.

“You okay?” He wondered as he walked over to the fridge and opened it.

“Yeah, I was just in here to get the plastic cutlery” Jimin responded, clearing his throat as he pointed to the bag. Jungkook picked it from the shelf for him, handing them to the smaller boy, “Thank you” Jimin uttered softly, not making eye contact though as he took the bag.

Without another word, Jimin exited the kitchen and went back outside on the portio.

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“Use this” Yoongi advised and tossed a blanket over to Jimin and Tae who were starting to freeze due to the low temperatures. The others appeared to be fine, continuing to eat without their bodies shivering.

“Thank you, hyung” The two boys uttered in unison, throwing the blanket over their shoulders and pulling it around their upper bodies in order to feel warmer.

“We can go inside, if you want to” Hoseok suggested, rubbing over Taehyung's back who smiled at his boyfriend lovingly, but shook his head.
“It's fine. I like it here. It's nice” Tae declined, Jimin nodding in agreement.

Yoongi had turned on some music that was playing in the background quietly while they were chatting, the noises of the night and the frequent breezes somehow being soothing. It was a beautiful night, even more beautiful when spend in wonderful company. Jimin looked around and felt his heart warm up, thinking about the bond they all shared. Eventually, his gaze travelled over to Jungkook, Jimin's smile fading as he noticed how the black haired boy was already staring at him.

The conversation around the two boys was still vivid, the voices of their friends ringing in their ears after they laughed about something Jin had said. Seriously, Jimin tried really hard to avert his gaze, but for some stupid reason he was unable to do so.

“Well, not today though, right Jimin-ah?” Hoseok's voice filled Jimin's ears, a hand nudging Jimin's shoulder.

“Huh?” The smaller boy muttered, breaking out of his trance and clearing his throat.

“Today, we did a quite complicated part of the choreo. Jimin and one of my other students bumped into each other quite often. Jimin even fell down a couple of times, but he got up every single time. I hope you won't get any bruises from that, kid” Hoseok elaborated, ruffling through Jimin's hair with a sympathetic expression on his face.

Jimin smiled shyly in return, making himself a little smaller, “It's fine. It's not like I'm not used to tripping over and falling down” Jimin murmured, the others chuckling which made Jimin smile.

“I thought your students are always focused?” Jungkook wanted to know, drawing their attention over to him. He was staring at Hoseok with arched up eyebrows, curiosity visible on his face.

“They are” Hoseok answered with a bright smile, “Accidents can happen sometimes, that's the way it is. It was a completely new part of the choreography so stuff like that is inevitable”

“Is it? I mean, bumping into someone once might, but several times seems a little... I don't know, intentional?” Jungkook argued, somehow appearing to be a little angered. Perhaps... angered that Jimin had been hurt? No, that thought was silly.

Jimin and Hoseok frowned simultaneously.

“Accidents can happen several times, Jungkook-ah. Sometimes, it just takes time to fix certain mistakes. Besides, I'm pretty sure that Dongha didn't do that on purpose. Doesn't seem like he would want to hurt Jimin-ah”

“Dongha?” Jungkook echoed, snorting as he rolled his eyes, “Of fucking course” He breathed as he leaned back into his seat.

“What's that supposed to mean?” Jimin finally asked, eyes narrowed.

“I'm sure you know what it means. It's strange how he bumps into you several times, don't you think? I'm just saying, he might be a little distracted” Jungkook pointed out, locking eyes with Jimin.

The smaller boy huffed, crossing his arms over his chest, “Dongha didn't intentionally bump into me. The choreography was difficult, that's it”

“I'm just fucking saying he should be more careful” Jungkook demanded.

“What's your problem? Do you know Dongha? I don't understand why you're getting all worked up
I'm not getting worked up over this” Jungkook disagreed, trying to contain his voice and leaning back against his seat. His muscles felt tense, causing him to try to loosen them, “I just wanted to make sure”

The others were just watching the situation unfold, not entirely sure what to do. Frankly, they had no idea what was going on and what had caused Jungkook's anger, yet as they observed Jungkook glance at Jimin... maybe they did have an idea after all.

“I have to pee” Jimin mumbled, letting the blanket brush off his shoulders as he got up on his feet.

Taehyung was quickly there to carry on with the conversation, breaking the awkward silence. Jimin didn't hear any of his words though, had already went inside to walk upstairs and enter the restroom. Letting out a sigh, he shut the door behind himself. Then, he did his business and washed his hands right after, having a look at himself in the mirror.

His eyes appeared sleepy, big bags underneath them. His hair was fluffy on top of his head, the wind having caused it to look like this. Letting out another sigh, Jimin dried his hands with the soft towel before he opened the door, stilling in his tracks as he saw a figure in the hallway.

“Did you follow me up here?” Jimin asked, frowning as he crossed his arms over his chest.

“No” Jungkook answered, shaking his head, “I mean... Maybe.” He corrected, Jimin trying really hard to hide his smile at Jungkook's somehow adorable confused expression. God, it was so difficult to contain these feelings, his heart going crazy already, “Jimin-ah, can we talk?”

However, that's when his heart dropped. To be honest, Jimin hadn't expected that all, hadn't expected to Jungkook want to talk – nevertheless talk here, talk now.

“N-Now?” Jimin uttered, voice suddenly quiet and unsure.

Jungkook nodded, “I think we should.”

“Actually talk or do you mean...” Jimin didn't finish the sentence, felt his cheeks heat up at the thought. Was it that reprehensible for Jimin to believe that Jungkook's intention actually was another one? That he might be asking for sex right now?

“Talk. I mean talk, Jimin-ah”

Swallowing hard, Jimin gave a nod. It was due. This was so fairly due. Sure, Jimin would have never imagined to have this talk in Yoongi's house, but it didn't matter, the place didn't matter, it just needed to happen.

“Let's go in here” Jungkook suggested, pointing at one of Yoongi's guest bedrooms, the door already wide open. Jimin nodded again, following Jungkook inside the room while tugging his sleeves over his petite hands in order to hide them, a nervous habit of his.

The black haired boy walked over to the nightstand, turning the lamp on so there was at least some dim light in the room, instead of the fairly bright one on the ceiling.

“Should we shut the door?” Jungkook asked, eyebrow arched up.

Involuntarily, Jimin's heart started to beat faster. Perhaps, staying in a closed room with Jungkook wasn't that good of an idea – the last time being proof of that. However, Jimin wouldn't touch
Jungkook tonight, wouldn't allow Jungkook to touch him either. No, not until any of this was solved.

“Okay”

Jungkook nodded and closed the door, Jimin taking a seat on the edge of the bed while he did that. Then, the taller boy approached him, sitting down on the bed next to him.

Hopefully, the others weren't going to worry about them or come and look for them. Yet, this just couldn't wait any longer and Jimin honestly didn't know if there was going to be a possibility for this moment in the near future again.

However, it appeared to be even more difficult than Jimin had imagined.

Both boys were just sitting there on the bed, thighs touching and sending sparks through their bodies even at the tiniest touch. They were staring at the wall, deliberating about what to say, where to start.

“How's your head?” Jungkook eventually broke the silence, his sudden voice startling the smaller boy.

“Huh?” Jimin uttered, titling his head to the side, then realising what Jungkook was referring to, “Oh” He breathed, hand rushing up to the spot that didn't hurt anymore, but where a slight bump was noticeable.

The younger boy turned his head towards Jimin in order to be able to look at him, causing Jimin to gulp and drop his hand back down. There was a slight smile on Jungkook's face.

“I-It doesn't hurt anymore. Why are you asking? I don't think that was the reason for you to want to talk to me?”

Jungkook smiled again, this time it wasn't genuine though, but kind of sad. The taller boy averted his gaze and nodded.

“It's not the reason, no. I was curious because it had looked like it hurt. I just wanted to make sure you're okay”

“As if you care” Jimin mumbled, pulling on the hem of his hoodie.

Jungkook’s head snapped to the side, eyebrows arched up, “What did you say?”

“I said, as if you care” Jimin repeated, not glancing at Jungkook but still playing with the hem of his own hoodie.

Suddenly, Jungkook grabbed his chin softly, guiding his face back up in order to lock eyes with him, “What makes you say that?”

Jimin blinked, looking back and forth between Jungkook's eyes, trying to decipher the emotion in them. Then, he pulled his head back, pushing Jungkook's hand away as he frowned.

“Why wouldn't I say that? Didn't you tell me that yourself?” Jimin argued, voice sounding vulnerable, giving away that he was hurt even though he hadn't intended that.

The black haired boy pulled his brows together, “I didn't mean- Jimin-ah, how can you even believe that after all of this I don't care about you at all? Of course, I care about your well-being, about you being safe and content.” Jungkook claimed, wetting his lips, “I miss you so much, Jimin-ah”

Jimin's heart did that stupid fluttering thing again. The smaller boy felt himself soften at the words,
yet he couldn't let that feeling win. No, not again.

“After all of this? What? The lessons? You rejecting me? After all the lies? What exactly, Jungkook-ah?” Jimin argued, scooting away from Jungkook and turning his body towards him.

The taller boy opened his mouth, but shut it again right after, slightly bewildered by Jimin’s words, “After what lies? What do you mean?” Jungkook wanted to know.

Jimin wanted to laugh at the absurdity. How was Jungkook still trying to keep this act up? Why was he doing that? Shouldn't they be honest right now? Wasn't this conversation supposed to be about them resolving their issues, being honest with each other at that?

“Shouldn't you tell me something?”

Jungkook only stared at him, confused expression plastered on his face.

“Seoyun? I know that you're in a relationship with her” Jimin revealed eventually.

Jungkook's eyes went wide, “Oh” He breathed.

“Yes, oh” Jimin repeated, voice a little quieter.

“Jimin-ah... It's complicated, I told you” Jungkook tried to explain, getting a little closer, yet that caused Jimin to scoot even further away.

“You can't keep doing this. I can't keep doing this.” The smaller boy uttered, voice breaking as he felt his hands tremble. There was clarity now, complete clarity. Of course, he had seen it in the magazine and on the internet, but now Jungkook didn't deny it any longer. No, Jungkook was pretty much confirming that they actually were in a committed relationship. And it hurt, it hurt a lot. Honestly, Jimin hadn't thought that Jungkook's confirmation would cause him pain like this again because he had already known about the fact. However, somehow, it hurt in a different way to hear Jungkook say those words.

“I know, I'm sorry, Jimin-ah. I didn't mean to... to pull you into this like I did. I don't know what to do and I don't know how to fix it” Jungkook stated, something like fear or apology in his eyes, Jimin wasn't sure, his vision being a little blurry as his own eyes were watery.

“Well, do you love her?” Jimin found himself whisper.

Silence.

“Do you?”

“Jimin-ah, forget it, it doesn't-”

The orange haired boy got up on his feet, done with Jungkook not giving him actual answers, but always pushing him away, not letting him in.

“Wait!” The taller one called out, grasping Jimin's wrist and pulling him back, getting up on his feet himself.

“What, Jungkook-ah?”

“No, I don't love her, Jimin-ah”

Jimin's heartbeat quickened at his words. Jungkook didn't take his hand away from Jimin's wrist, the
touch sending sparks through Jimin's body.

“The casual thing between us could have went on without... without any of this” Jungkook whispered, “It shouldn't have become a mess like this”

“Well, sorry, but I can't control my feelings. You continued to touch me, you had sex with me outside of our lessons, you broke the rules, too, and made me believe that there could be something more.” Jimin pointed out, a single tear rolling down his face.

“The day you came to my apartment unannounced... I couldn't see you being hurt.”

“So you had sex with me out of pity?” Jimin concluded, a stinging in his chest hurting him.

“No! No, Jimin-ah, that's not what I mean. It's just, after Taehyung-ssi told me about your father, I-”

“Tae?” The older boy echoed, pulling his hand away as he frowned, “What do you mean?”

Silence for a brief moment.

“Oh. Uhm, nothing.”

That's when it clicked.

“Oh my god! He told you? He told you about my messed up past? About my family issues?” Jimin almost yelled, betrayal running through his body. This couldn't be. Yet, why would Jungkook make that up all of a sudden? The smaller boy felt his heart pang, trust broken.

Without another word, Jimin turned around and opened the door, rushing outside.

“Jimin-ah, where are you going?” Jungkook called out, running after him, but not able to hold him back as he brushed Jungkook's hand off every single time, storming downstairs and out on the portio.

“How could you?” Jimin screamed as soon as he stepped outside.

The conversation between his friends came to a sudden halt, silence settling between the group as all of their eyes travelled up to Jimin, confusion written on their faces.

“What?” Tae asked, eyebrows arched up as he realised Jimin was glaring at him, fists clenched.

“How could you tell him about my father and about my past?” The smaller boy shouted, voice breaking as he stared at the person he had referred to as his soulmate, the person he thought he could trust the most in this world, the person who had been by his side for so many years now.

Taehyung's eyes went wide as he glanced over to Jungkook who was standing behind Jimin. Swiftly, Tae got up from his seat with apologetic eyes.

“I trusted you, Tae! I trusted you with my past! You know how difficult that was for me! That information is personal!” Jimin yelled, tears swelling up in his eyes. Was he overreacting? Jimin wasn't entirely sure. Perhaps, tomorrow he would look at this situation completely different, but now all of these emotions where bubbling up inside of him, causing him to behave this way.

“I'm sorry, Minnie, I didn't meant to, I swear. It just kind of slipped and I thought it would prevent him from hurting you. I didn't want to hurt you” Tae apologised as he looked at his best friend who felt betrayed by him.

“It's not your place to talk about that! You knew how burdened I was, how hard it was to deal with
all of that and to tell you about it!”

The blond boy nodded as he got closer and tried to hug Jimin, yet the smaller boy shook his head and took a step back.

“Don’t touch me” Jimin uttered, “I don’t even want to talk to you”

He wasn’t screaming. This time, his voice was just above a whisper, yet there was anger in his voice.

“You're acting as if I have done the worst thing on this planet! I'm sorry, okay? I didn't do it with an evil intention!” Tae defended himself, frowning. He appeared to be a little tipsy, probably having drunk another beer.

"I thought I could trust you, Tae! Do you even know how much it hurts to know that the person I trust the most in this world just reveals my secrets like that?"

"Come on, Jimin-ah, it's not that awful! It's not as if you didn't want to tell him about it yourself anyway" The blond boy pointed out.

"So? Even if I did, that doesn't make it right for you to tell him! I decide when and who I want to share that information with! Not you, Tae!"

"Oh my god, Jimin-ah, you're making such a big deal out of this! I'm sorry, I really am, but you're totally overreacting! You're acting as if I'm such a villain!” Taehyung yelled, angered now, too. “To be honest, I wasn't even the first to tell him about this! Why do you think Jungkook made the offer to you? Do you actually think some random ass dude would offer to teach you in sex without knowing anything about you? Who does that?"

The orange haired boy's heart stopped beating. Literally. For a brief moment it did, just to beat twice as fast right after. What did Taehyung mean?

“Jimin, come on! No, of course not! Hyung asked him if he would, well, would keep an eye on you and I overheard him telling Jungkook about you when he was drunk. He wanted Jungkook to ask you and make that offer! Hyung wanted you to finally have a possibility to get over that shit you dealt with so he asked one of the people he trusts the most in this world to fuck you!”

While Tae was revealing all of that, Yoongi had tried to tell him several times to shut up, Jungkook trying to interfere, too, yet Tae didn't care, but just continued. Frankly, Tae probably wouldn't even fully remember what he had done in the morning.

Jimin's heart shattered into pieces - again. The world started to spin and it genuinely felt like Jimin was going to faint any moment now. Pathetically, his heart was still trying to be optimistic, assuring him that surely, this wasn't true. It couldn't be. Who would do that?

The smaller boy glanced at Yoongi who looked defeated, guilt written all over his face and that's when Jimin knew that Taehyung wasn't lying.

“Oh my god” Jimin breathed.

“Jimin-ah, please, listen.” Yoongi tried, getting up on his feet.

“No! Hyung, I'm not that desperate! Why would you do such a thing?” Jimin asked, tears streaming down his face, cheeks heating up. All of this was so embarrassing. Jimin didn't even care about who was getting to know about all of this now, “I trusted you. Both of you. So much, so so much. I trusted you with my life. I told you everything about me. And you just stepped on all of that like it's
Jimin's body was trembling, voice shaking when he was talking. Genuinely, Jimin wished that all of this was just a dream, a nightmare to be exact. He just wanted to wake up, oh, please, let him wake up from this awful nightmare.

“We wanted to help you, Jimin-ah” Yoongi answered, sincerity in his eyes.

“How? By making fun of me behind my back? Did you tell them about everything we did?” Jimin wanted to know, spinning around in order to be able to look at Jungkook whose face had written guilt all over.

“No!” He exclaimed, eyebrows pulled together, “No, of course not, Jimin-ah, I would never do that to you.” Jungkook assured.

The smaller boy's bottom lip trembled as he averted his gaze, staring down at the floor. All of this was so incredibly painful, hurting so much and awfully humiliating. Jimin just wanted to disappear, make himself even smaller.

That's why Tae had told him to say yes to the offer... because of this. Had all of them known about this? Had they all known about this from the start and had pulled bets on how long it was going to take until Jimin would be ready for his first time? Had they made bets on what kinks Jimin would like? Was that the reason Taehyung had always told him about what he had tried with Hoseok? To win those bets? The orange haired boy's mind was racing.

Jimin genuinely didn't know what to think about his friends any more. Everything, even the worst possible scenarios could be true because the reality was already a nightmare. Apparently, his friends were capable of such horrible things.

Frankly, Jimin felt so stupid for having falling for this. Felt like a naïve, oblivious little kid. It was as if he was a kid in his childhood again, so so helpless, not able to defend himself or pull himself out of such a painful situation.

Of course that's why Jungkook had never wanted to tell him what the actual reason was, hadn't want to expose the game they were all playing. Obiously, Jimin didn't know for sure if they all actually knew about it, but at this point, he didn’t doubt it. The worst scenarios were creeping up in his mind, voices inside of his head laughing at how stupid he had been.

There was no one he could trust. Every single one of them had betrayed him.

“I would have literally walked through fire for you, I thought I could trust you, but you...” Jimin couldn't even finish the sentence, the lump in his throat being an obstacle. His voice broke as he squeezed his eyes shut, more tears dripping down his faces as he wrapped his arms around his upper body.

“Jimin-ah, hey, please, don't cry. You know, we can't see you cry” Yoongi begged, fear and sadness in his voice.

“Please don't cry, little one” Jungkook pleaded, placing a soft hand on Jimin's shoulder. The smaller boy pulled away with force, tripping over one of the chairs and falling down, “Jimin-ah!” The black haired one called out, bending down in order to help Jimin up.

Jimin swatted his hands away as he got back up on his feet, “Hyung! It's hyung, Jungkook! I'm your hyung!” Jimin screamed, finally snapping.
The younger one shut his mouth, pulling his head back as if Jimin had physically hurt him. There was an emotion in his eyes that Jimin wanted to label as hurt again, yet he wasn't too sure. Why would he be hurt by that?

“I'm sorry, Jimin-a-hyung. I'm sorry, hyung”

It was weird. Jimin's heart felt weird as he was referred like this by Jungkook, but he didn't pay any more attention to that. Instead, he walked past Jungkook back inside the house.

However, Jungkook and the other ones where quickly after him, Jungkook gripping his wrist and stopping him.

“Hyung, please don't leave. Let's sit down and talk about this. I swear it isn't how you think it is”

“Oh, right, because it's never like I think it is, isn't that right, Jungkook-ah?” Jimin yelled as he pulled his hand out of Jungkook's grip, “It's always complicated or not the way it seems. I'm done with that bullshit!”

The group stared at Jimin with sadness and apology in their eyes, not sure what to do, not sure how to save this situation. Jimin didn't want to listen, that was made very clear by the smaller boy. He had his mind set and his heart broken, there was no way he would listen or believe anything they would throw at him right now.

“Stop playing your twisted game with me, Jungkook-ah! This just takes the cake! I told you to leave me out of it, if you're in a relationship with Seoyun, yet you lied to me even though you were taken from the start! Why did you make that stupid offer, huh? Just because hyung asked you to? Did he give you money for that or was making fun of me enough rewarding? Why would you do that when you have a girlfriend? You're disgusting, Jungkook-ah!”

The taller boy's eyes flashed, hurt was there again. This time, Jimin was sure.

“Hyung, stop. I'm serious. How can you even believe that I would take money for this?”

So they did make fun of him. This was in fact just a game. Jungkook didn't deny it, hence it was confirmed, wasn't it?

Jimin shook his head, not wanting to be here any longer as he felt more tears stream down his face. It hurt so bad, to be betrayed by the people he loved and trusted the most in this world. This was his family. Shouldn't this be a safe place? People he could trust?

“I swear, Jimin-a-hyung, you're not leaving right now” Jungkook insisted angrily, grabbing Jimin by the hoodie and pulling him back. The smaller boy tried to brush him off, yet was pressed against a wall, trapped by Jungkook's hands on the wall next to his head, “You're going to listen now, Jimin-ssi. You're not going to run away.”

Jimin was breathing heavily, trying to get away, yet Jungkook didn't let him.

“Please, Jimin-ssi, I'm begging you. I'm begging you to hear me out, I can't lose you”

The orange haired boy gulped, heart being pierced through again.

“I didn't just offer you what I did because of hyung. I had other reasons for that. Taehyung-ssi didn't tell the whole truth, probably interpreted something wrong. We didn't play a game either. Except from Yoongi hyung and I, no one knew – well, at least I didn't think any one else knew. I didn't tell anyone. I didn't tell anyone what we did either. That's a secret between you and me and I would
never do that to you. I told you that you can trust me”

Jimin looked back and forth between his eyes. Of course, one part of his stupid heart wanted to believe him, yet the other one, the one that had been damaged too much by all of this, didn't believe any word Jungkook was saying.

“How can I trust you?” Jimin uttered, shaking his head, “How can I know this isn't just one of your lies?”

“Jimin-ssi, please, I'm begging you to believe me. I never meant to hurt you.”

“Well, you did” Jimin whispered, voice breaking as he pushed Jungkook away.

“Please, Jimin-ssi, don't go.”

The smaller boy didn't listen, simply exited the room and picked up his shoes. His vision was blurry, making it difficult to find his way out, yet he did eventually.

The others were calling after him, but Jimin just rushed out of the house while tears were still running down his face, heart left in pieces somewhere inside the house.

“Jimin-ah!” Jungkook yelled, running out of the house and after him.

“Don't follow me or I'll tell Seoyun about us” Jimin threatened, bewildered by his own actions, but his damaged and tortured heart made him do things he usually wouldn't.

“I don't fucking care! Tell her. I don't care about her.” Jungkook answered, halting in front of Jimin. Confused, the shorter male turned around.

“Stop talking to me. I can't take any more of this.” Jimin begged, “Haven't you done enough already? Whatever you say, I can't trust you at this point, Jungkook-ah. I don't even know what's real and what not”

"I'm sorry, Jimin-ssi. I'm sorry for everything that I did that ever hurt you. My intention was never to hurt you. I mean it. I can't see you being hurt. It makes me want to tear out my heart because the pain I feel whenever you’re hurt or crying is unbearable"

Jimin didn't know what to believe, didn't know what words were lies and which one weren't. Unfortunately, his mind was going wild, coming up with all of these horrible and heartwrenching scenarios, possibilities of what else had been going on behind his back that would leave him at the verge of tears, heart being torn apart yet again. Why was this such a mess?

The smaller boy couldn't take any more, wished he could turn back time and decline Jungkook's offer, wished that he could have prevented himself from being in a mess like this.

Jimin wished he would have never fallen for Jungkook because everything that falls, breaks.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you don't want to kill me after this. I'm sorry <3
Do you think Jimin is overreacting? Should he have behaved differently or do you think his actions are justified - considering how he had just been confronted by this information and his mind is going wild with horrible scenarios.

See you in the next chapter :)

Love you <3
“Minnie, please, I’m so sorry” Tae cried as he knocked on the front door again, voice sounding so vulnerable and broken.

Jimin hid his face in his knees, muffling his own cries as he sat with his back against the door. Obviously, Jimin didn't know for sure, but he imagined that Tae was sitting with his back against the door, too, considering how he has been knocking, apologising and crying at this door for the past hour now.

“Please open the door, Minnie” Tae begged, more cries following as he knocked again, “I'm so sorry. I fucked up, I know I did.”

The smaller boy squeezed his eyes shut, wrapping his arms around his legs as more tears streamed down his face.

A couple of hours had passed since that incident at Yoongi’s house. Jimin had ran away, had left all of them standing there and had rushed home. Hauntingly, Jimin could still hear Jungkook’s voice calling after him, begging him to stay.

None of them had followed him, finally respecting his wish for space. At the time, Jimin had needed time for himself, had required time to think about everything. However, it hadn't taken long until Taehyung had appeared in front of his front door, ringing the bell and knocking without Jimin answering him. Evidently, Taehyung had sobered up now, had realised what he had done and what the repercussions were.

“Minnie, please, I'm sorry” The blond boy begged yet again, voice sounding broken, “I don't know what I can do to fix this. I know I did wrong. I shouldn't have told him. I'm... I'm a horrible person, I
know. I don't want to justify my actions, but it's just that I can't prevent myself from talking sometimes, you know that. I didn't ever want to hurt you. I knew that you trusted him, too, and remember how we talked about you wanting to tell him about your father? I... I just thought I would help you. I was wrong. I know, I was. It's not my place to tell anyone. I'm sorry, Minnie”

Taehyung's voice got quieter with each word, each syllable sounding more vulnerable. Every word was genuine, was full of apology.

Jimin knew Taehyung for so long now, was convinced that they were soulmates. Taehyung couldn't act like this, wouldn't be able to pretend in front of Jimin, the smaller boy seeing right through it. However, after all of this... Jimin wasn't sure if the Tae he thought he knew was even real at this point. Was this really his best friend? The boy he had shared more than half of his life with? The boy he thought he could trust with all of his heart?

Frankly, the orange haired boy didn't know what to believe at this point.

Clearly, he couldn't just throw away the past thirteen years that he has known Taehyung just because of this one mistake, could he? After all, wasn't Taehyung still the same person that loved him?

Yet, if he actually loved him, how could he break Jimin's trust like that?

Jimin inhaled, sobs leaving his lips as he wiped away his tears just as new ones rolled down his face.

This was an exhausting battle. In fact, his heart was running in circles, one part never wanting to see any of the others again, one part assuring him that they were gonna get through this somehow, seeing light at the end of the tunnel and knowing that the pieces of his heart were going to be put back together in order for him to forgive his friends at one point.

However, right now, the damaged and betrayed part had taken the upper hand – the part that never wanted to see any of them again.

Frankly, Jimin felt humiliated, felt ashamed that he had been some kind of project, an experiment made by his friends – unfortunately, that's exactly how Jimin was feeling right now. The smaller boy just wanted to get away from here as far as possible.

It was as if he was an oblivious, naïve little kid again. A child, that was helpless, that had other people make decisions about their life.

More than anything, Jimin wanted to know the whole story – well, actually, didn't want to because he knew it was going to tear his heart apart, but he needed to know. At this point, Jimin just needed to know the full story, didn't want to be left in the dark any longer – and to be fair, he deserved to know after everything they did to him.

Yoongi and Taehyung had always claimed how they wanted to protect him, yet little did they know that their actions were going to damage Jimin the most. Honestly, Jimin wanted to believe with his whole being that they only had good intentions, that they still loved Jimin and didn't want to hurt him in the slightest – but it was terribly difficult.

“Minnie, can you open the door please?” Taehyung pleaded, startling the shorter male who had blurred out Tae's presence while caught in his own thoughts, “Please, let's talk, Jimin-ah. Let me explain. We didn't play a stupid game either, nor did we pull any bets on you. I promise you. I swear on everything I love. I would never do that to you.”

Jimin pressed his lips together, trying to muffle the sobs that were leaving them. Unfortunately, Jimin couldn't stop crying, tears just continuing to stream down his face while sobs left his lips. As if that
wasn't enough already, Jimin started hiccupping inbetween his sobs, trying to inhale enough air as he felt so much weight on his chest. It was as if he was suffocating. All of this was simply too much, too painful.

“Jimin-ah, tell me what I can do to fix this. I'll do anything”

“Leave me alone” Jimin whimpered, hiding his face in his knees right after again.

“I can't. I can't go away like this. I need to know that you're okay”

Jimin shook his head, looking up, “I'm not! How can I be okay after this? Please, go away, Tae, you said anything”

“Minnie, I can't just go, please, promise me to hear me out when you're ready. Please, promise me that you'll let me try and explain when you're ready to hear it. That's all I'm asking. I know you probably don't want to see me again, maybe ever, and I know I'm in no place to ask you for anything, but I'm begging you with all my being.”

The orange haired boy hesitated. Honestly, he didn't want to see Taehyung, didn't want to talk to him either. All he wanted was to be alone right now.

Suddenly, there was another voice outside in the hallway. A female voice to be exact. It was slightly muffled, causing Jimin to believe that the person was standing on the stairs or was on another floor.

“You've been screaming and crying for the past hour now! I'm trying to sleep! Can you shut up already!”

Jimin sat up on his knees, curious about who it was, but ending up assuming that it was simply one of their neighbours.

“Sorry!” Tae yelled back.

“If you don't shut up, I'll call the police!”

There was some rustling on the other side, Jimin imagining how Tae got up on his feet, “I'm sorry!” He screamed back to her, “I'll be quieter now!”

“Minnie, can you promise me?” Tae then turned back to the door, voice softer, yet vulnerable again.

Jimin gulped, not entirely sure what to do, however, it seemed his heart had already made the decision for him, “Yes” He answered back, voice quiet, but he knew that Taehyung had heard him because he breathed back a thank you, gratitude visible in his tone.

“Please try to sleep. I love you, Minnie” Tae whispered through the door.

For the first time, Jimin didn't say it back.

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Frustratingly, Jimin's phone had kept on ringing, causing him to turn it off on his way home from Yoongi's. Since then, a couple of hours had passed, Jimin not having another look on his phone, but having kicked it away from him as he sat down on the hard floor in front of his door.

As soon as he had gotten home, he had slid down the door and had sat there, had cried and then listened to Tae's begging and crying for a while until said boy had left in order to not disturb their neighbours any longer.
Honestly, Jimin didn't know for how long he had been sitting there now. It had been at least four hours, Jimin was pretty certain about that. Yet, it felt like an eternity.

It was in the middle of the night, Jimin didn't know for sure how late it was, but he knew that he should probably go wash up and go to sleep. However, he didn't want nor did he essentially believe that he could get up from this floor right now. His body felt limp, felt like a corpse that he couldn't move at all.

All Jimin had done for the past hours was sat there and cry. It seemed like the next hours wouldn't be any different.

Well, to be fair, Jimin had tried to somehow make sense of this situation, but he couldn't. At least, he wasn't ready. His heart and brain continued their battle, voices inside of him screaming around and deliberating about what had happened, what needed to happen and what was going to happen most likely.

It was so exhausting. Jimin just wanted everything to stop.

His phone lit up again, indicating that he was getting another call. From this spot, he couldn't see who it was though. Letting out an annoyed sigh, Jimin sat up and crawled over to his phone. He picked it up, wanting to turn it off in order to be left alone, yet he halted when he saw who was calling him.

Jungkook.

Jimin didn't want to talk to him right now – or ever. With a shaking hand, Jimin pressed decline, Jungkook's name disappearing from his display and revealing all of the missed calls and unread messages.

36 Misses Calls.

232 Unread Messages.

For a moment, Jimin's heart stopped. He had never had that many calls or messages, had never had that many people care about him. They did, didn't they? They actually cared? If they didn't, would they still want to make things right with Jimin? If Jimin was in fact just someone they had laughed about, pulled their bets on, then they wouldn't try to keep the facade up any longer at this point anymore because the truth was out and if they didn't care about Jimin, they wouldn't care about him believing them or not... right?

Jimin shook his head. That was the softer part of his heart, the optimistic one that tried to make everything right, that wanted to fix things, but the other part was stronger this time, banishing that thought quickly.

_Jimin-ah, I'm sorry – Yoongi-hyung_

The orange haired boy couldn't help himself but read over that message. Involuntarily, he bit on the inside of his cheek. Yoongi had been like a brother to him. Over the years, they had grown so close that Jimin considered Yoongi part of his family. He was one of the few people Jimin had, one of the few Jimin loved and trusted – well, had trusted. Frankly, Jimin still couldn't believe that Yoongi would be capable of doing such an awful thing to him.

Suddenly, Yoongi's name flashed on the display, indicating that he was calling the smaller boy. Jimin crawled back over to the door, sitting with his back against it.
For a moment, Jimin contemplated whether or not he should accept the call. Then, his thumb lingered over the accept button, eventually pressing it. Jimin moved the phone up to his ear as he pulled his knees back up to his chest, placing his head down on top of his knees.

“Jimin-ah?” Yoongi called out surprised, “Jimin-ah, you picked up? Can you hear me? Are you there?”

Jemin swallowed hard, squeezing his eyes shut as he listened to Yoongi’s voice.

“Jimine? Are you okay? Hey, are you there?”

The shorter male moved the phone to his other ear.

“I know you're there, Jimin-ah. I can hear you. Please, say something, anything” Yoongi begged, voice sounding vulnerable. Thinking about it, there were only a few times Yoongi's voice had ever sounded like this. Mostly, when he was scared of Jimin being hurt or upset with something. The older one had always been affected by Jimin's sadness, not able to bear him being upset or hurt. Indeed, he was like a big brother.

“I don't want to talk” Jimin finally uttered, voice foreign, raspy because of his crying and him not saying anything in a while. The smaller boy's voice was so vulnerable, giving away that he had been crying a lot.

A breath of relief was heard through the phone, presumably Yoongi being grateful for Jimin not hanging up, but at least talking to him.

“You don't have to talk. Just please, listen. I'm begging you, Jimin-ah. Please listen to what I have to say, you don't have to respond anything”

Jemin pressed his lips into a line, hiding his face in his knees, yet not replying anything, but not hanging up either.

“Okay, you're not hanging up so I guess you're allowing me to explain myself. Thank you.” Yoongi whispered, clearing his throat after. Jimin heard some rustling, assuming that Yoongi was moving around, maybe sitting down in a different, more comfortable position. Jimin didn't move at all, but remained on the hard floor with his back against the door.

“I never wanted to hurt you with what I did. All I wanted to do was help you, Jimin-ah, you have to believe me. You know I would never hurt you intentionally. Yet, I did hurt you. I know I did, even though it wasn't on purpose, I still hurt you and that will haunt me forever. I feel so sorry. I'm mad at myself for hurting you the way I did because no matter whether or not I didn't want that to happen – it did and I hate myself for having done that to you. I wanted to protect you from being hurt by anything that would come your way, yet I never thought that I would be the one to hurt you the way I did. I fucked up and I know that. The guilt I'm feeling right now will remind me of that every single day. I'm not saying this to make you feel pity for me. I know you're a kind person, you have a good and empathetic heart, yet I don't expect you to forgive me that easily – or even ever. I'm saying this to let you know that I am aware of the fact that I made a mistake and that I'm going to respect whatever decision you make because it's my fault for fucking up the way I did. It hurts even more to know that your heart is fragile and careful with letting people in. I'm aware of how difficult it is for you to trust people and I also know that you feel betrayed by me – that you feel like I've broken your trust and that just... that fucks me up” Yoongi explained, voice breaking and for a moment, Jimin’s heart stopped when heard Yoongi gasp for air, indicating that he was trying to prevent himself from crying, “I'm sorry, Jimin-ah, I'm sorry that I did that to you”
Jimin felt tears stream down his face, letting the words Yoongi just revealed to him echo in his head.

“What exactly went on?” Jimin found himself whisper.

Yoongi sniffed, swallowing noticeably and presumably wiping over his nose as his next few words were slightly muffled, “It's not what you think was going on. It's a long story. I didn't know that Tae-sssi knew, as well. I guess he just overheard me talking to Jungkook. I just wanted to help you, but I know that it's not my decision to make. At that time, I just thought, why not give you that possibility? I knew how much you were struggling. It was at a time you were very down because you had been reminded of the bullies at school. I thought of ways I could help you. All I wanted to do was help you. Then, I had that party. Remember? That night I first introduced you to Jungkook-ah and Hoseok-ah. I knew that party was coming up so I told both of them to keep an eye on you, not in a sexual way. I just asked them to be nice to you and take care of you” Yoongi went on, Jimin listening intently.

The smaller boy felt like he had stopped breathing. Honestly, he tried to be as quiet as possible so he wouldn't miss a word that left Yoongi's mouth.

“I told them about you and Tae. You know, just basic stuff, like where I knew you from and how close I am with you, stuff like that. When I talked about you, Jungkook-ah actually seemed interested, assuring me that he would keep an eye on you, which he then did. He asked me a bit more about you. I told him that you're rather shy and might not let them in that easily. Jungkook-ah wondered why and I just said that you were bullied in school for being a virgin and even sometimes now, that you were struggling with that because of personal stuff. At first, we didn't talk about you any more, but then I got this idea. I knew Jungkook-ah is experienced in sex and... and I trust him so I thought... I just thought he might be able to help you. I didn't straight up ask him to fuck you. I asked him whether he could talk to you and try to help you. You know, offer you some kind of guidance. At first, he didn't say anything to that, just assured me that he would keep and eye on you and Tae and I left it at that. So, then, after I introduced you to each other and you went back inside, Jungkook suddenly agreed and said that he will talk to you. I was already drunk at this point and didn't remember what he was talking about, but he said something about talking to you and seeing whether you were even interested in anything like that, you know, guidance in sex. I knew that Jungkook is quite experienced and I knew that you weren't at all. I trust him so much. I didn't force him to do that, though. I just wanted him to be nice to you and maybe ask you whether or not you would want to... to have a possibility to get over the stuff you were dealing with. I knew how difficult it was for you to get intimate with someone because you're very shy. I didn't want to push you or manipulate you into it either. I just wanted there to be a person you can trust, but ultimately you should decide whether or not you wanted to take that chance. I knew how much you were struggling and I knew that you had trouble with trusting people, hence it wasn't easy for you to find a person you can be intimate with. That's why I asked Jungkook-ah. I trust him and I wanted to give you a chance to finally get better”

Jimin sat there, not able to move as he listened to Yoongi's words. It was almost as if he was frozen in his place.

“I know I did wrong” Yoongi continued, sniffing, “I know I did wrong. I know it's fucked up. It is your decision and your life, I never should have interfered the way I did, but all I ever wanted to do was help you. The only thing I told him is that you're a virgin due to personal stuff. I know, I shouldn't have said that either because that is your personal information, me being open with that stuff caused me to forget that you might not want to share that about yourself. I'm sorry, Jimin-ah. I never told Jungkook-ah about your past. You told me that stuff because you trusted me so I'm never going to talk to anyone about it unless you want me to. I fucked up, I know I did. I understand if you can't trust me anymore and it hurts like shit to know that it's my fault. I know how difficult it is for
you to trust people and it pains me to the core to know that I fucked that up myself.” Yoongi uttered, voice breaking again.

Jimin sniffed, wiping away his own tears as he listened to one of his best friends.

“None of the others knew. Tae-ssi and I didn't make a plan or a bet behind your back. We didn't play any games either. I didn't even know that he knew about it. I guess he just overheard some stuff that night, but not the full thing. I never would play any games on your life, Jimin-ah. You're way to important and precious to me.”

The smaller boy bit down on his bottom lip, more tears streaming down his face.

Silence settled between them.

Jimin's heart wanted to forgive him, yet the damaged part wasn't ready, still had many questions left.

Suddenly, there were knocks on Jimin's front door, startling the orange haired one.

“Hyung, I have to go know, there is someone at the door. Please just... just give me time”

“Okay, Jimin-ah, I will. Please try to sleep tonight, even though it's already quite late. I love you, Jiminie”

For the first time, Jimin didn't say it back to him either.

“Good night, hyung” Was all Jimin was able to utter before he hung up.

Just like when he didn't say those words back to Taehyung, his heart clenched again. It felt incomplete. It hurt. In a way it hurt, yet Jimin couldn't say it back right now. For some reason, it didn't feel right to say those words tonight.

Loud knocks against Jimin's front door interrupted his thoughts again, startling Jimin who then got up on his feet.

“Tae, I told yo-” Jimin started to whisper as he opened the door, but let the rest of the words hang in the air when he realised that it wasn't Taehyung who was standing in front of his apartment.

It was Jungkook.

He looked exhausted, red eyes, big bags below his eyes. It seemed as if he was incredibly tired. Jimin was sure he didn't look any different.

“Jungkook” Jimin whispered, voice still sounding foreign and hoarse as he had cried so much, yet somehow there was a soft tone to it.

“Jimin... -ssi” Jungkook uttered, emotion glistening in his eyes at the sight of Jimin. He seemed grateful and relieved to see Jimin.

Without another word, Jimin slammed the door shut right.

Jimin didn't want to talk to him, didn't even want to see him right now. All the smaller boy wanted was to be alone right now.

“Jimin-ah!” Jungkook called and knocked on the door, “Open the door, please!”

The oranged haired one slid down the door again, sitting with his back against it.
Jungkook knocked again, stronger this time, “Jimin hyung, please, I know that you're there!”

Jimin pulled his legs up to his chest, wrapping his arms around them as he listened to the continuous knocking from Jungkook.

“Please, Jimin-ah! Let me explain!”

The smaller boy bit down on his bottom lip, “Right, because you're so good at that. You never give me any answers” Jimin whispered to himself.

“I'm sorry. Please, Jimin-ah, open the door. I need to know that you're okay”

Jimin didn't say anything, but remained silent.

The younger one knocked again, “I'm not leaving until you open the fucking door. I need to talk to you. I need to know that you're okay”

Tears swelled up in Jimin's eyes.

“Please, let me in”

“Jungkook-ah, go home and sleep! It's four in the morning! Leave me alone, I don't want to talk to you!”

“I know, Jimin-ah, I can't sleep. I can't sleep knowing that you're not okay, knowing that you're hurt and crying. I just can't fucking sleep with that knowledge”

The smaller boy gulped, heartbeat quickening, yet he quickly shook his head.

“Leave me alone!”

Suddenly, there was another voice somewhere in the hallway. It was female voice this time again, an older female voice to be exact.

“You should leave or I'll call the police!” The older woman threatened, Jimin recognising the voice as his neighbour from above him. It was an elderly lady that always smiled and greeted Jimin whenever they had an encounter. Also, she had gifted Jimin cookies once that she had made herself. Overall, she was a very nice lady that was nothing but kind towards Jimin.

“I'm not leaving until he lets me in” Jungkook argued.

“Leave right now or I'll call the police!” She repeated, Jimin getting up to his feet and pressing his ear against the door so he was able to have it easier to hear what was going on.

“I'm sorry for being loud and disturbing your sleep, but this is important.”

“If he doesn't want you here, it's a sign that you should leave.”

“Excuse me, but this is none of your business” Jungkook claimed, voice trying to remain polite.

“Don't make me say it again. You should leave now, young man”

“Jungkook, just go, please. She's actually going to call the police if you don't” Jimin begged through the door, having enough of this night and everything that happened. He couldn't take any more of this, especially not dealing with the police now as well.
“I don’t care” Jungkook expressed, “I can’t leave, Jimin-ah”

“Please, Jungkook-ah, just go now. I can’t take anymore tonight. I don’t want her to call the police.” Jimin pleaded again.

Then, there was silence. Suspicious silence.

Jimin hesitated for a moment longer before he opened the door slightly, carefully peeking outside. No one was standing there in front of his apartment any longer. However, the woman was still standing at the top of the stairs, wearing a blue robe wrapped around her body as she was holding a phone.

“Are you okay, Jimin-ah?”

The smaller boy gave a faint nod, smiling weakly, “Thank you”

“Should we still call the police? Was that someone you knew? Did he want to hurt you?”

No, he already hurt me.

“No, no need to call the police. I do know him, at least I thought I did somehow, but apparently I don’t. Nevermind, sorry. No, he didn’t want to hurt me. At least I don’t think so”

The woman studied his face, sympathetic smile appearing on her own face.

“Do you want to come upstairs for a tea? I have some self-made cookies left. You seem a little rattled. Talking might be good right now”

“Thank you, but I just want to go to bed”

She gave a nod, understanding.

“May I ask something? Was that your boyfriend?”

Jimin smiled sadly, “No, not my boyfriend. It’s complicated”

For some odd reason, Jimin almost wanted to laugh at his response, having heard that sentence often enough from Jungkook. However, his own was a hundred percent true.

“Okay. Go back inside now and sleep, child. It’s very late. If he bothers you again, call the police and come upstairs to me, okay?”

“Okay, thank you. Good night” Jimin thanked the woman, bowing slightly.

“Good night” She replied, smiling before she walked back up to her own apartment.

Then, Jimin went back inside his flat, shutting the door and letting out a breath he hadn’t noticed to be holding.

Jimin was barely able to make it into his bedroom, almost collapsing on his way there and falling asleep as soon as he fell on the soft bedsheets, soothing sleep finally washing over him.

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The next morning, Jimin didn’t want to get out of bed. The last night reminisced in his mind, reminding him of everything that went down and how his heart had been shattered into pieces.
several times.

The smaller boy rolled over onto his side, picking up his phone and glancing at the clock. It was already past noon. Jimin was supposed to be at practice right now and go to work right after. However, he didn't feel well at all, just wanted to remain in his bed and sleep until his heart was fixed again.

Jimin still hadn't read over all of the messages he had received last night. Neither had he checked who had called him last night. Frankly, Jimin wasn't even sure whether he should do that. Could he handle any more of that mess?

Eventually, Jimin opened his messages, scrolling through them and noticing how all of his friends had texted him.

I didn't know, Jimin-ah. I promise you, I didn't. I hope I'll see you tomorrow at dance practice so we can talk - Hoseok hyung

Do you want to talk? It might not be that good to be alone right now. I just want you to know that I didn't know about any of this. Honestly, I'm still not entirely sure what is going on. I'm there for you, if you wanna talk – Namjoon hyung

Jimin-ah, I'm sorry that I didn't stop you earlier. I was too confused and shocked by what was going on. Should I come over? Do you wanna meet up and drink a coffee or something like that? It's probably better to have someone with you right now, no? I'm here, in case you wanna. I didn't know about anything. There was no game we were all part of, Jimin-ah – Jin hyung

Jimin bit down on the inside of his cheek, reading over those messages again. To be fair, every single one of them had assured him that there hadn't been a game they had all played. In fact, the others had seemed fairly shocked last night after Tae's revelation, too, Jimin had just chosen to ignore that fact. Still, it was difficult to trust anyone right now.

Then again, Jin and Namjoon hadn't even been part of their group when all of this had started. There was no point in them being in on Jungkook's offer and the reason for it. In fact, the more Jimin thought about it, the more signs were hinting at them not being part of it at all.

It was unfair of Jimin to not trust Namjoon, Jin or Hoseok when they haven't done anything to break his trust. They have been nothing but nice to Jimin and never gave him a reason to doubt them.

Jimin's phone lit up with a new message, drawing Jimin's attention back to his display.

I guess you're not coming to practice today, Jimin-ah? - Hoseok hyung

Guilt started to wash over Jimin. The shorter male caught his bottom lip between his teeth, letting out a breath as he stared up at the ceiling. Then, his phone lit up again, calling for Jimin's attention.

That's fine. I understand. I'll record myself doing the choreography so you can practice at home - Hoseok hyung

Jimin's heart fluttered, the gesture being very kind. Honestly, Jimin didn't want his dream to slip from his hands. He was so close to achieving it, he couldn't throw all of that away right now. It's just that he couldn't bring himself to leave his apartment today. No, just for today, he needed a quiet day for himself.

That's why Hoseok's offer was even kinder. This way, Jimin wouldn't fall behind and cause any inconvenience to the group, this way he could still do what he loves without having to leave his
apartment. He could simply practice at home.

*You could come in later after everyone leaves, though, and I could show you the choreography myself? Or I could come over? I understand if you want to be alone today, though. Maybe, you don't even want to practice at all. I understand, Jimin-ah.* - Hoseok hyung

Jimin's thumb lingered above the display, almost wanting to text back.

*I didn't know about any of this. Just... wanted to let you know. Taehyung didn't want to hurt you, Jimin-ah. Take care, kid.* - Hoseok hyung

The smaller boy let out a breath, squeezing his eyes shut before he stared at the messages again.

The more Jimin kept thinking about it, the more he was convinced that Hoseok, Jin and Namjoon really did not have any clue about any of this. It was unfair if Jimin was going to isolate himself from them, too, and not let them in when they haven't given him a reason to not trust them. They've been nothing but kind and supportive.

At this point, Jimin was pretty certain that there had not been any game or bet, neither had Jin, Hoseok or Namjoon known anything about the offer from Jungkook. Genuinely, he believed that with all of his heart.

No matter how Jimin looked at the situation, none of his friends seemed as immature and childish to make a stupid game or bet out of Jimin’s life. No, Jimin really didn't believe that.

*Thank you, hyung.* - Jimin

The orange haired one was about to toss his phone on the bed, when it lit up again.

*Chim? Are you sick? Why aren't you at practice?* - Dongha

Oh no. Jimin really didn't want to lie, yet he didn't want to tell Dongha the real reason either.

*I'm not feeling so good.* - Jimin

The boy decided to respond, figuring that essentially, it wasn't a lie. He genuinely didn't feel that good.

*Oh. :( Get well soon, Chim. I could come over and bring you some food? Show you the choreo we are doing today?* - Dongha

Jimin just wanted to be alone, somehow felt like the past months have been a lie.

*No, I don't want you to get sick, too. I'll see you tomorrow, hopefully.* - Jimin

*Okay. See you tomorrow, Chim.* - Dongha

Jimin let out another sigh, texting Somi from the library that he couldn't come to work today either before he placed his phone back down on the nightstand. There were still quite a lot of unread messages and calls, but Jimin just wanted to sleep some more, had barely been able to get any the past hours.

He could still read the remaining messages when he woke up later.

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Dongha glanced at Jimin every now and then, raising up his eyebrows as if he was silently asking Jimin whether or not he was okay. Everytime, Jimin faked a smile to assure that he was indeed okay – even if that was a lie.

Practice went on for hours, as usual. The smaller boy focused on dancing, blurring out every other thing that was currently bothering him or running through his mind. Right now, his passion was invading all of his senses.

“Hey, you sure you're not sick anymore? You seem like you're not quite better yet” Dongha commented as he handed Jimin a bottle of water.

The orange haired one took the bottle and faked another smile, “Yeah, just a little exhausted. I'm fine, though, thank you for asking.”

Dongha arched up an eyebrow, but mirrored his smile, not asking another question. After the short break, they went on with practicing.

Eventually, practice was over, the students saying their goodbyes and leaving. Well, everyone except Dongha and Jimin.

“You wanna go grab some dinner with me?” Dongha asked, catching his breath after the intense practice.

“Uhm, sure. Can you wait a minute? I just wanna talk to hyung for a moment” Jimin uttered, Dongha smiling before Jimin turned around and walked over to Hoseok who was picking up his stuff that was scattered around.

“Hyung”

Hoseok looked up, smiling when he saw Jimin.

“Good work today, Jimin-ah” The brown haired boy complimented.

“Thank you. Uhm... well, I just wanted to say that I believe you. I believe that you didn't know anything about... you know. Thank you for asking me if I was okay and for sending me that video of you practicing the choreography so I could keep up” The shorter male thanked his friend.

Hoseok placed his hand on Jimin's shoulder and gave it a little squeeze, “I'm here for you, Jimin-ah. I know this must be difficult for you right now.”

Jimin gave a faint nod.

Suddenly, there was a knock on the door, causing all of them to turn around.

Taehyung.

Carefully, the blond boy entered the room, waving shyly as he smiled weakly, “Hey” He uttered as he walked up to them.

Jimin's heartbeat quickened as he averted his gaze. Honestly, he wasn't ready to talk to Tae just yet.

“Hyung, I wanted to pick you up so we could go and grab dinner” Taehyung explained as he walked up to his lover, placing a kiss against his cheek before he looked at Jimin.

The air became heavy between them, awkward tension noticable. The blond boy stared at Jimin with apologetic eyes, clearly deliberating about what to say in that moment. To be fair, Jimin didn't know
what to say or what to do either. The only thing he felt right now was... hurt. Yes, it hurt to simply look at his best friend, being reminded of his actions with a mere stare.

“Jimin-ah, do you... do you wanna join us?” Tae wanted to know, eyebrows arched up in curiosity. There was hope glistening in Taehyung's eyes, causing Jimin to avert his gaze.

“I already agreed to go grab dinner with Dongha” Jimin answered, not glancing back up at the blond boy, but keeping his gaze fixated on the floor.

“You could both join us? I think... I don't know... I just...”

Finally, Jimin stared back up at Taehyung, “I don't want to.”

Something flashed in Tae's eyes, something that tore on Jimin's heartstrings, yet that's how Jimin was already feeling every single second since the secret was out. To be honest, Jimin simply didn't want to talk or see Tae right now, wasn't ready to talk to him.

“I'll see you tomorrow, hyung. Have a good night” Jimin said quietly before he turned around and took a step towards Dongha, yet a grip on his wrist stopped him as he was pulled back.

“Please, Jimin-ah, don't push me away. I can't handle this. Please, can we talk” Taehyung begged, voice sounding very vulnerable and desperate.

Gently, Jimin pulled his hand away, shaking his head, “I don't want to talk to you. You said I should promise you to talk when I'm ready. Well, I'm not. So stop pushing me. I'm simply not ready to talk to you yet, Tae”

Taehyung dropped his own hand, pressing his lips into a line as he gave a weak nod, “Okay” He breathed, “I understand. I'm sorry, Minnie”

There was a stinging in his chest, heart hurting at the mention of his nickname - a nickname that only Tae called him by. There was sincere guilt and hurt in Taehyung's eyes. Jimin could see that. Taehyung felt genuinely sorry, there was no doubt in Jimin's heart. However, that didn't change the fact that Jimin wasn't ready to talk to him about everything. No, his heart was still too fragile for that.

“Bye” Jimin uttered and walked towards Dongha who wrapped his arm around Jimin's shoulder as they exited the dance studio.

The smaller boy didn't even notice the single tear that rolled down his face, didn't realise the way his heart broke as he left his hurting best friend standing there in the practice room, having to deal with his own guilt and pain.

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On the third day after finding out about the secret, Jimin was finally able to read all the messages his friends had sent him over the days.

Obviously, the last couple of days he had already read a couple of them. Well, had read messages by every single one of his friends except for one person.

Jungkook.

Jimin hadn't read any of his messages, neither had he picked up any calls by the black haired boy. After the night Jungkook had appeared in front of his apartment and had begged Jimin to talk, the calls and messages had decreased, only an occasional call or text being send by Jungkook. Clearly,
Jungkook was finally respecting his wish for space, yet couldn't prevent himself from sending a text or calling every now and then to check whether that fact had changed.

At first, Jungkook hadn't even want to talk to Jimin – ever, really – and now, he was so very persistend on talking to Jimin. What had changed? Was it the fact that his secret had been exposed? The fact that Jimin knew knew his reason? However, Jungkook had been exposed before, too. His relationship with Seoyun had been exposed, yet even then Jungkook hadn't found talking to be necessary. Clearly, there was something that had changed the fact.

The smaller boy opened Jungkook's text messages.

*I'm sorry, little one – Jungkook*

Oh.

Jimin's heart clenched at the pet name, oddly enough there was a faint fluttering for a moment. Every time Jimin heard that pet name, he felt all bubbly inside, being reminded of good times, of sweet moments shared with the taller boy. However, right now, frustration overweight that feeling. Why was he still calling Jimin that? To get to him? To make Jimin forgive him? What was it? Perhaps... Jungkook didn't even realise that he was still calling Jimin that? Maybe it was almost like a habit at this point, his subconscious acting.

*I know that you don't want to see me right now. I know that you don't want to talk to me either. I just want to let you know that I'm sorry. My intention was never to hurt you, with anything I did. I wanted to help you, with a good heart. I didn't have any evil intent. - Jungkook*

Jimin kept scrolling down.

*You aren't answering any of my calls. I understand. I can't help myself, but try again, though. Are you eating enough? Are you sleeping at all? Please do. Don't let my fucked up behaviour ruin yourself, Jimin-ah. Please. - Jungkook*

The orange haired boy swallowed hard as he pulled his legs up to his chest.

*I'm sorry for turning up at your apartment unannounced in the middle of the night. I hope you didn't get in trouble for that. I'm sorry for basically forcing you to listen to me, too. In the moment, all I could think about was losing you completely, that's why I asked to talk to you the way I did. I know now that I chose a wrong way and should have acted differently. I should have given you space from the start. That's what I'm doing now. I wish, I could tell you all of this in person, but I understand that you don't want to see me. - Jungkook*

Jimin bit down on the inside of his cheek.

*I'm not going to force you to talk to me. You have every right to want me out of your life. Yet, in case you're ever ready for it, I would like to talk to you. Quietly. Just the two of us. No running away. No screaming. No dodging any questions. Just pure honesty. I'll answer every single one of your questions. Whatever it may be. You deserve to know the full story. I know you aren't ready right now. I know you don't want to see me. It's what I deserve. I pushed you away before that. I messed you up with my fucked up behaviour. I made all of these mistakes that I shouldn't have done. I know I did. So, I understand if you don't want to see me – maybe ever again. Yet, in case you do, I'll wait. I'll wait every single day for you to call me, to text me. No matter where I am, I'll meet you wherever you want to so we can talk. I'll wait for the day you're ready to talk to me. - Jungkook*

A tear dropped down on the display, startling Jimin who looked up at the ceiling as he thought that's where water was falling down from, yet he realised briefly after that the source were his own eyes. Jimin was silently crying, hadn't even noticed it himself.
I know you might never be able to forgive me. I understand, if you can't or don't want to. Yet, I can't live with the thought of not having at least tried to make things right. I really wish I could tell you all of this in person, Jimin-ah, but I'll wait for the day you're ready. I'll wait for you, Jimin-ah. - Jungkook

The text messages went on and on and on. There were so many more, yet Jimin couldn't handle reading any more of Jungkook's words, his heart clenching with every sentence. Swiftly, Jimin tossed his phone on the bed, wrapping his arms around his legs as he stared at the wall across from him.

Why was Jungkook this persistent? Why did he still try to make things right if he didn't even like Jimin, if Jimin was just some stupid project of his? That didn't make any sense, did it?

However, Jungkook was still taken, had still played with his heart.

The shorter boy let out a sigh, squeezing his eyes shut. All of this was so confusing. Jimin didn't know what to make of this, didn't know which part of his heart he should follow.

Somehow, Jimin was still stuck in a dark tunnel. Certainly, he had fallen a couple of times, been bruised quite a lot, yet there was a faint light at the end and Jimin hoped that he would be able to reach it in the end.

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“Yah, that's not how you use that!” Jin scolded Namjoon, snatching the broom from his hand. Namjoon had just tried to clean Jimin's shelf with a broom, figuring you could simply brush the dust away with it, causing Jin's eyes to go wide.

Jimin sat there on his sofa, chin placed on the backrest as he watched his two friends clean his apartment. Jimin hadn't cared about that at all for the past days. The two of them had come over the last couple of days, had cleaned his apartment, cooked him a meal and ate dinner together with him. The smaller boy had assured them that it wasn't necessary, yet they were persistent, didn't want him to be alone.

In fact, they seemed to assume that Jimin would let himself go if they wouldn't come and check every once in a while. Perhaps, that was true. Jimin hadn't cleaned his apartment much, barely ate anything because he was so focused on practicing these past days. That's why he was actually grateful for Namjoon and Jin who spend him company, making sure that he was okay and asking him about everything, but nothing at the same time. It was just the fact that they were here with him that made everything so much better.

The orange haired boy attempted to get up on his feet, wanting to help his friends clean his room, but Namjoon simply tossed a cloth at him, insisting for Jimin to stay in his seat. Jimin dodged the cloth with a giggle, nodding faintly as his friends continued cleaning.

It's been like this for the past three days. Jimin had felt bad for his friends doing his chores, telling them that they shouldn't or at least trying to help them, but they were very persistent, shushing Jimin every time.

Jimin had apologised to them the moment they had appeared in front of his apartment, had apologised for ever even suspecting them, for not picking up their calls or answering their texts because he had thought they were all part of it. However, Jin and Namjoon weren't even part of their group when all of that had started. Moreover, they had promised Jimin that they hadn't known about anything and Jimin truly, genuinely believed them because they never did anything to break his trust.
Oddly enough, this incident had brought him closer to Namjoon, Jin and Hoseok. Not that Jimin was grateful for what had happened to him, but he was thankful for deepening the bond he had with Namjoon, Jin and Hoseok.

Eventually, they were done with cleaning, Namjoon carrying Jimin's dirty clothes over to the restroom while Jin walked over to the kitchen so he could prepare dinner. While Jimin watched his friends, he wondered how they were feeling, considering how Jin was that close to Jungkook and Namjoon was that close to Yoongi. Did they feel like they were caught in the middle?

Jimin had already wondered about that when it came to Hoseok. The orange haired one was still interacting with these three, yet not with the other three. Jimin saw Hoseok every day at the dance studio, sometimes staying a little longer so they could talk or just simply spend time together. Namjoon and Jin texted him every day and tried to see him at least once a day, even if it was only very shortly for a coffee or something like that.

It was almost as if the group was torn apart, Jimin being the reason for it. Frankly, Jimin didn't know whether or not the others still interacted with each other, but Jimin was pretty certain that they were. Well, of course. They had to. Namjoon and Yoongi worked together, as well as Jungkook and Jin. Furthermore, Taehyung and Hoseok were in a relationship so there was no way they weren't interacting.

Jimin didn't mind that. They were free to do and feel however they wanted to. To be fair, neither Tae, Yoongi or Jungkook had broken their trust. No, they all probably still got along very well.

“Jimin-ah, do you want rice, too?” Jin interrupted the smaller boy's thoughts who jerked up at the sudden voice.

“Yes, hyung” Jimin answered, giving a faint nod as he looked over to the man who smiled as he went on with the cooking.

They never mentioned that offer anymore, didn't talk about Jungkook at all. It was as if those things had become a taboo between them, a silent understanding that the topic shouldn't be talked about among them. Jimin had never explicitly asked them to not talk about it anymore, yet he was somehow grateful that they didn't mention Jungkook or that offer, was grateful that they didn't pity him.

Jimin had enough of that for himself. Yes, a part of his heart pitied himself for what he was dealing with. Frankly, Jimin was thinking about Jungkook, Tae and Yoongi a lot anyway, the topic of the offer not leaving his mind. He didn't necessarily need to talk about it the whole day as well because he dealt enough with it when he was on his own.

Clearly, Jimin needed time away from these thoughts, required a little distraction and his friends were there to provide that for him.

Jimin really wanted to fix this. Honestly, he didn't want his group of friends to be torn apart, didn't want to lose the people he was referring to as his family at this point.

Yet, Jimin just didn't know how to fix this.

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It was the eighth day.

The eighth day when Jimin picked up his phone and called Yoongi.
The only ones from his group of friends Jimin had interacted with the past four or five days were Hoseok, Jin and Namjoon. Jimin hadn't talked to the other three at all, hadn't answered their text messages either. However, they had also respected Jimin's wish for space and hadn't pushed him to talk to them or forgive them.

The past eight days have been nothing but an attempt to heal for Jimin. While getting away from the people that had hurt him, he had tried to make sense of the whole situation, tried to fix his heart and pick all the pieces back up. Every day, it had hurt a little less.

It had been quite a lot of time for him to think about everything, to see the situation from every possible perspective. Right now, there were only some missing pieces left for Jimin to paint his whole picture.

For a moment, Jimin wanted to hang up again, not entirely sure why he was even calling Yoongi in the first place. What was he supposed to say?

Jimin shook his head, letting out a breath. Yoongi had answered almost all of his questions, but there was one remaining in his head that Jimin wanted an answer to.

Yoongi picked up right away.

“Jimin-ah?” He uttered, seemingly out of breath.

The smaller boy looked over at the clock, guilt blooming inside of him when realised that it was already past 11pm. Perhaps, Yoongi had already slept and had ran over to his phone or he was already occupied with something else, busy and not able to talk to Jimin right now.

“I'm sorry, are you busy ri-”

“No” Yoongi interrupted quickly, “No, Jimin-ah, I'm not busy”

There was rustling on the other side of the phone, Jimin hearing another voice in the background before it got quieter.

“Talk to me, Jiminnie”

Jimin hesitated, nibbling on his bottom lip.

“Why did you never tell me?” He asked eventually, voice just above a whisper, “I feel so stupid, like you made a decision behind my back. The whole time I thought you didn't know. I feel like a fool for trying to keep it a secret even though you knew the whole time. Did he talk to you about what we did?”

“No, Jimin-ah, he didn't tell me anything” Yoongi answered calmly, “I never asked him either. I only knew that you had agreed, but not anything more than that. I never told you that I knew because I was scared of you being mad at me. I never told you because I thought you might be embarrassed or ashamed by me knowing about you having sex with one of my best friends. Honestly, I'm not really sure, why I didn't tell you. I know now that I should have. I shouldn't have kept it from you. I should have been honest with you from the start, but I was scared of you being mad at me. I know that's foolish because that's exactly what happened now. The whole time I told myself that I would tell you as soon as you would come to me and tell me about Jungkook. Yet, you never did. I don't think it's because you didn't trust me, but because you weren't ready, maybe you were embarrassed, I don't know. I know that this was a big step for you and perhaps you simply weren't ready to share that with me.”
“I was scared you were going to think different of me. I was scared that you might be mad at me for doing something like that, especially with one of your best friends” Jimin replied quietly, pulling on the hem of his shirt as he furrowed his eyebrows, trying to figure out why he never told Yoongi himself.

“Jimin-ah, I would never think of you differently because of something like that. I'm happy for you. I'm happy that you were able to overcome this obstacle in your life.”

The smaller boy smiled weakly. Thinking about it, without this stupid offer Jimin wouldn't be at the point in his life where he was now. Honestly, he would still struggle with being intimate with someone, would still fight against his father's voice inside of his head. Jungkook had been a part of him finally overcoming that and healing these scars.

However, the offer had also brought a whole other mess and obstacles along. Now, he was dealing with true heartbreak and even more lies, trust breaking and secrets behind his back. Jimin was honestly conflicted.

Heartbreaks were a part of love, were a part of life. Even though it wasn't the greatest experience, it was still an experience that made Jimin stronger and taught him things about life.

The lies Jungkook had told him – Yoongi couldn't be blamed for that. Yes, without Yoongi, Jimin would have never even encountered Jungkook, yet he couldn't hold him responsible or blame him for someone else's actions. Jungkook had lied to him repeatedly about Seoyun and other things, not Yoongi.

“Jimin-ah?” Yoongi interrupted his thoughts, “You still there?”

“Mhm” Jimin murmured, continuing to pull on the hem of his shirt, “You didn't want to hurt me, hyung?” He then whispered, voice sounding vulnerable.

“No, Jiminnie, of course not. I never wanted to do that, yet I did, with my fucked up behaviour. I wanted to help you, but I went a wrong way about it. I should have tried to help you in a different way”

“I'm not... I'm not a child you have to keep and protect from everything. I can make decisions on my own, hyung. I don't want you to do that behind my back for me even if you're doing it with a good heart.”

“I know. I did let you make the final decision. I didn't want to force you to anything” Yoongi quickly replied, “I know you're not a child anymore, Jimin-ah. It's just that I have a soft spot for you and every time I look at you I see the boy that fainted in the practice room the first time I met you. I have this urge to protect you, to look out for you and try to help you in any way possible, but I have to realise that you're not that same person anymore. You're all grown up now.”

The orange haired one smiled weakly without even noticing.

To be fair, that was true. Jimin had made the final decision to accept Jungkook's offer. Yoongi hadn't made that decision for him.

“Hyung, it still hurts to know that you asked him to make that offer and that you never told me about it” Jimin revealed, sniffing as he pulled his legs up to his chest.

“I know, Jimin-ah. I know I hurt you and I'm so sorry that I did.”

Silence settled between them.
“Still there, Jiminie?”

“Yes” Jimin breathed, “I’m still here.”

“Have you talked to Tae-ssi yet?”

The shorter male hesitated, staring down at the floor, “No” He finally answered, “I might do that today. I think... I think I’m ready now”

Yoongi hummed.

“Do you think... do you think you might be able to forgive me, Jimin-ah?”

Jimin swallowed hard. Frankly, he had thought so much about that question for the past days. Was he able to forgive them? Would he be able to do that?

The orange haired boy still hadn't been able to make up his mind, his heart telling him one thing, his brain another.

“Hyung, I... I think... I think, I might. I just need time”

“I understand, Jiminie. Thank you for trying. That's more than I deserve.”

Jimin' heart clenched as he smiled weakly. Honestly, his heart wanted to forgive him so badly. It had been torn apart, yet Yoongi's piece was right there in front of his heart, the place where it belonged so clearly visible.

“You should rest, Jiminie. It's late.”

“You too, hyung. I'm sorry for bothering you so late at night”

“You never bother me, Jimin-ah. Goodnight. I love you”

“Goodnight” The smaller boy hesitated, “I love you, too” He breathed eventually, warmth filling Jimin's own chest, the words falling from his lips feeling so right. It felt completing.

They were true. Jimin still loved him.

Jimin hung up, staring at his phone for a moment longer before he placed it on the spot next to him. Then, the orange haired one got up to his feet and left his apartment – not even caring to put on slippers or shoes.

It was as if Jimin's feet were carrying him over to Tae on his own, Jimin having no chance but to go along with the movement.

As he approached Tae's front door, Jimin lifted his fist and knocked several times.

It took a moment until the door opened only very slightly, a tired Tae peeking outside, messy hair and sleepy eyes meeting Jimin.

For a moment, Jimin felt very bad for waking Taehyung up during the week. Yes, it was already thursday, but Tae still had to go to work tomorrow and he obviously had already been sleeping.

“Sorry, I didn't know you were already sleeping, I just wanted to... talk. We can talk tomorrow if-”

“No” Tae interrupted him, raspy voice startling Jimin. The taller boy rubbed over his tired eyes, a
sudden wave of energy hitting him at the sight of Jimin. Tae had seemed shocked to see him in front of his apartment. At first, Jimin had thought that expression was caused by the hour of the night, yet perhaps it was caused by the fact that Jimin was standing here at all – that he wanted to talk at all, “Come in”

Taehyung pulled the door further open, allowing Jimin to enter his apartment. The blond boy shut the door close while Jimin walked over to the sofa, some left over glasses and bowls placed on the coffee table that Tae clearly hadn't washed up and put away – yet Jimin couldn't blame him, his own apartment would look like that, too, if it wasn't for Jin and Namjoon.

After Taehyung put on some fairy lights at his wall to enlighten the room a bit, he took a seat next to Jimin on the sofa, both sitting fairly apart from one another, on each end of the sofa.

“Do you want a drink?” Taehyung offered, eyebrows arched up.

The air between them was odd, was awkward. Usually, they weren't this hesitant around each other. Taehyung was almost being careful with how he acted, with what he said. It was strange to see him like this.

“No, thank you”

Silence settled between them.

“I'm sorry, Minnie” Tae broke the silence, his voice quiet, yet so loud in their silence, “You trusted me with that personal information and it's your place and decision whether or not you want to tell someone and when you're going to do that. I shouldn't have interfered in that at all. I didn't want to hurt you, I just thought I might help you with my action, but I was wrong. Clearly, I didn't properly think about what I was doing there.”

Jimin didn't respond anything, but looked back and forth between Tae's eyes.

“I thought the offer was a nice idea. I didn't... I didn't think that you would fall for him. And if you did, I wished that he would feel the same about you. I didn't want you to be in a messy situation like this, caught between having feelings for him, yet hating him because he's already taken and hasn't told you. I didn't know he was in a relationship”

“I don't hate him” Jimin found himself clarify, shocked by the words that had left his own mouth almost unconsciously.

It was true, though. Jimin didn't hate Jungkook. How could he?

“I never told hyung that I knew. I overheard them talking and I thought that it's a good idea. I trusted hyung's judgement on Jungkook. Hyung just wanted to help you, I just wanted to help you. We never meant to hurt you. Yet, we did. I learned that even when you do something with a good intention, with a kind heart, it could still harm someone in the process even if you never meant for that to happen. I'm never going to forgive myself for breaking your trust the way I did. I just want you to know that. I want you to know that I love you and would never want to hurt you”

The smaller boy swallowed hard, lump forming in his throat as he stared at the blond haired one. Tae's eyes were watery, tears visible in the corner of them that he tried to hold back.

“Why have you never said anything about it? About Yoongi hyung knowing? About yourself knowing Jungkook's real reason? I feel so stupid for telling you all about how I wanted to keep it from hyung, about how I was wondering about Jungkook's reason and how he didn't want to tell me. You even pretended to try and find out the actual reason when in reality, you already knew” Jimin pointed
out, a tear rolling down his face as he thought about what a fool he had been. This whole time Tae had known, listening to Jimin wonder about all of these things and never saying anything about it at all, not even mentioning it in the slightest.

“The thing is, I didn't and I still don't know if that was actually his own real reason. I only heard him agreeing to hyung that he would talk to you and when he came back after, he said that he had offered to guide you in sex. I assumed that he might have another reason for his decision and action because... I don't know. It felt weird for him to offer you that just because a friend asked him to, you know? I was curious whether or not he actually only did it because of that.” Taehyung explained, shrugging his shoulders slightly. His voice was quiet, breaking every now and then as he tried to hold back tears. Evidently, Taehyung didn't want to cry again, yet the situation was emotional as he feared losing his best friend and thought that this was his only chance to make things right, “I never told you because... it wasn't my place to say anything. I didn't want you to be mad at hyung and for a while, I even doubted that I actually heard what I did that night. It wasn't until I was drunk, hurt by you being mad at me and angered myself that caused me to reveal that hyung had asked Jungkook.”

Jimin gave a weak nod, wiping away his tears. It still hurt to look at Tae, knowing that he had broken his trust the way he had.

“Hyung forgave me, even though I would have understood if he hadn't. He said that it's his own fault and that it's good that it's out in the open now at least, that you know now. I didn't want you to be mad at him, that's why I didn't tell you. I didn't want you to feel betrayed by us so I was conflicted about what to do. I know I did wrong. I'm sorry for everything that I did. For exposing your thing with Jungkook in front of the others, for not telling you about that secret and for revealing your past to Jungkook. I'm sorry for all of that, I genuinely am and it's going to haunt me forever. I feel so sorry for what I did. I understand if you can't forgive me”

The orange haired boy pulled his sleeves over his delicate hands, observing his best friend's face and watching a tear roll down his cheek. In the end, Tae had lost to his emotions, tears eventually trailing down his face.

“Minnie, I love you and I don't want to lose you. I feel horrible for what I did, all of it. I have to learn when and how to keep my mouth shut, I've always struggled with that and got myself in trouble for that. I mean, our school days are just prove for that”

Jimin couldn't help but chuckle, reminiscing about all those times they had to run away due to Tae's mouth that was quicker than his brain. Taehyung looked up at the sound of Jimin's giggle, smiling himself at the memories.

“I didn't want to break your trust. You trusting me is one of the most important things to me. I feel so entirely grateful that you trust me- or... or trusted me. I feel so thankful for you being in my life. You're my bestest friend in the world, you're family to me. That's why it hurts even more to know how much pain I've caused you. And even though.... even though I can't and don't want to lose you, I'll respect whatever decision you make. I don't deserve you to give me a second chance, but I will do everything and anything to make it up to you and earn back your trust. However, if you want me out of your... out of your life, I'll respect that, even if it's going to tear my heart apart.” Taehyung's voice broke as he averted his gaze, biting down on his bottom lip as he wiped away his tears.

Honestly, Jimin had always have trouble with trusting people. Ever since his childhood, it was difficult for him to let people in, open up to them and trust them. It had taken some time for Jimin to open up about his past to Taehyung and Yoongi, it really wasn't an easy topic for Jimin.

Jimin processed Taehyung's words, let them echo in his head as well as Yoongi's words. The orange haired boy was trying to put all of their words together, tried to make up his mind with the
information he had received over the past days.

Frankly, it was easier to forgive Yoongi than it was to forgive Taehyung. Yoongi hadn't told Jungkook about Jimin's past, had only wanted to give him a possibility to help Jimin and had suggested that idea to Jungkook. Jungkook hadn't agreed until he saw first hand how people were making fun of Jimin.

Furthermore, Yoongi had only talked about Jimin being a virgin to Jungkook and honestly, the whole school had known. It wasn't that big of a secret and frankly, Jimin wasn't ashamed of that part about himself. It was his own business anyway. He had personal reasons for why he had been a virgin, thus him being a virgin was only concerning him. Whereas Tae had told someone about his past without his permission - knowing that Jimin had difficulty with talking about that topic himself.

“I know you only had my best interest in mind and I now know that you didn't tell Jungkook everything, only some parts, yet it still hurts to know that you did it. I also know that I told you that I wanted to tell Jungkook eventually, yet I wanted to do that. It's not your place to tell anyone.” Jimin uttered, sniffing as he locked eyes with his best friend again. Tae pressed his lips into a line, nodding as guilt flashed behind his eyes, “This was - and still is - a big part of myself. You broke my trust by sharing that information that I trusted you with with someone else.”

“I know, Minnie, I'm so sorry” Tae whispered as he squeezed his eyes shut.

Jimin's heart clenched as he watched his friend be so affected by their current situation, how guilty and sorry he felt for what he had done. Clearly, Taehyung's heart was hurting just as much as his own.

The smaller boy couldn't help but think about their shared past. Taehyung had been there for him half of his life, had basically saved him in a time where everything had seemed helpless and had went downhill. In a time, where Jimin's life had been so dark, like he was floating on a piece of wood on top of a deep, deep ocean, almost drowning in his own sorrow – Tae had been the lighthouse to pull him back onto land, had saved him in one of his darkest times. That's when Tae had been there.

Taehyung wasn't toxic, was a wonderful friend who had made a mistake in Jimin's best interest. The blond boy hadn't want to hurt him, hadn't want to be mean or make fun of Jimin, but had wanted to help him.

Frankly, Taehyung needed to know that his actions were wrong and needed to learn that he had to be more cautious about what he told people, what he said sometimes in general. Taehyung had always struggled with that - he simply was a loud and open person. To be fair, Tae had already realised that fact himself – knew that he did wrong and that he needed to be more cautious about what he tells people.

His best friend averted his gaze, playing with the hem of his shirt as he pulled his legs up to his chest. Jimin watched him, felt his heart clench the more he observed Tae.

Jimin knew that his heart would be able to forgive Taehyung at some point. Tae loved him, felt genuinely sorry for his actions and had assured him that he would never do such a thing again. Genuinely, Jimin believed him and wanted to give him another chance. Frankly, Taehyung deserved it because he was a beautiful, kind friend who had never done anything to hurt Jimin before, had never made a mistake like this in the past 13 years they have known each other, but had been his partner in crime instead, had stayed by his side through dark times and had helped him heal and become the person he was today, same goes with Yoongi.
They both knew that they did wrong and felt bad for what they did. Their own guilt was punishing them hard enough already, Jimin knew that by now, knew that they still loved him, too.

The smaller one also knew that he still loved them as well, that he didn't want to lose them and that his heart would be able to forgive them one day. It would take time to be at the same point they were before, would take time to be at the same kind of trust level again - their bond slightly damaged by this incident, yet their bond was thick and Jimin was certain that it would be able to overcome this.

Frankly, Jimin believed that every bond was made out of a certain material. Some attachments never stuck together for long because it wasn't strong enough, because it broke easily. Some just weren't meant to be. However, Jimin was convinced that their bond was made out of something strong, something thick. Jimin was convinced that their bond was somewhat elastic, always able to come back to how it was no matter what pulled and tore on it.

This one, however, would take some time. Jimin was aware of that. His heart would need it's time to place that last piece back to where it was in order for everything to be how it was before, yet he didn't doubt that it would happen one day.

His heart had been through worse, was strong and forgiving.

Tae and Yoongi deserved his forgiveness.

"It's gonna take a while" Jimin finally whispered, Tae looking up immediataly in order to lock eyes with him, eyebrows arched up, "It's gonna take a while for me to be able to trust you the way I did. It's gonna take a while for me to forgive you, but... I don't want to lose you either."

Relief flashed in Tae's eyes as new tears rolled down his face – this time due to the relief blooming inside of him.

"Thank you, Minnie, thank you for trying."

Jemin smiled faintly, leaning over and wiping away Tae's tears while simultaneously wiping away his own with his other hand.

"We should both go to bed now. It's late. Sorry for waking you up" Jimin murmured, getting up on his feet.

Tae followed him right away, shaking his head swiftly, "No, please don't apologise. I'm glad you came over to talk. I'm grateful that you heard me out. Thank you, Jimin-ah"

The smaller boy walked over to the door, opening it as Tae walked after him.

"I just need a little time, Tae, I hope you understand" Jimin muttered as he turned around to look at his best friend.

"Minnie, you're already giving me more than I deserve. Take all the time you need, really"

"Goodnight, Tae" The orange haired boy uttered as he exited the apartment.

"Goodnight, Jiminnie" Tae replied as he watched Jimin walk over to his own apartment.

Jemin opened his own front door and was about to walk in when- "Minnie?"

The shorter male turned around, eyebrows arched up as he looked at his best friend.

"I love you, Minnie" Tae muttered, shy smile on his face as if he was scared of Jimin not saying it
back, yet still sincere because he wanted Jimin to know that he still did – no matter if Jimin did or not.

A pause, silence.

“I love you, too”

This time, Jimin said it back.

A bright smile appeared on Taehyung's face that Jimin mirrored before he went into his own apartment, both boys shutting their doors close almost simultaneously.

For a moment, Jimin remained in this position, back against the wall as he scanned his room. The previous conversation with Tae echoed in his mind, his heart somehow feeling a little more whole again, a burden lifted from his chest.

Tae's piece to Jimin's heart was there, was right there in front of where it belonged and Jimin was certain that it would find it's way in there eventually.

Healing, forgiving and fixing your heart wasn't an easy process. It didn't happen over night, but required time. Your heart can't heal and fix itself that quickly, not wholly right away either. No, especially not when your heart had been damaged the way Jimin's heart had been.

A heart takes it's own time to heal, piece by piece it collects the parts that have been shattered and puts them back to where they belong.

Now, there was one remaining piece that Jimin was holding in his palm, that he was staring at – not entirely sure if he even wanted to put it back into his heart to begin with.

Suddenly, there was a knock against Jimin's front door, causing said boy to jump up, startled by the sudden noise. Furrowing his brows, Jimin took a step away from the door and turned around.

Figuring that it might be Tae who wanted to tell him something, Jimin twisted the doorknob and pulled the door open.

Well, he definitely hadn't expected that face.

Immediately, Jimin's heart stopped. Literally. It stopped, just to beat twice a fast a brief moment after. The smaller boy gulped as he looked into the black haired one's beautiful brown orbs.

Jungkook looked at him with big eyes, appearing to be out of breath – had he rushed to get here? The taller boy was wearing a hoodie and some sweatpants, no shoes- wait, no shoes? Yes, Jungkook was only wearing socks, presumably having jumped into his car and letting Beomsoo drive him here.

Whatever reason Jungkook was here for – Jimin wasn't ready for him yet.

“Jimin-ah, I-”

The smaller boy squeezed his eyes shut, not ready to talk to Jungkook just yet, causing him to close the door – well, at least attempt to do so.

Suddenly, Jungkook pushed against the door with his hand, obviously stronger than Jimin and resulting in Jimin not being able to close to door.

“Wait, please, Jimin-ah, I-”
“Go or I'll call the police” Jimin threatened quietly, voice way too soft to actually sound even the slightest bit threatening. However, the last time Jungkook had only left after being threatened with calling the police, right? Or had it been Jimin's begging for him to give him space? Then, why was he here now? Jungkook had promised him to wait and give him space. What was his reason for a change at heart?

“No, Jimin-ah, wait, please”

“Go. I don't want to talk to y-” Jimin tried again, attempting to close the door once more.

“Your father isn't dead!”

Jimin stilled, heart dropping as the words echoed inside of his head.

What?

Chapter End Notes

I would love to hear your thoughts about this chapter <3

Take care <3
See you in the next chapter <3
Back To Busan

Chapter Summary

Jungkook and Jimin travel back to Busan in order for Jimin to find his father. Perhaps the journey brings more than the one thing Jimin had wished for...

Chapter Notes

Hii, readers :)

Okay, so the next two chapters were actually one big chapter, but it got waaaay too long and I was conflicted about whether or not to leave it as one or make two parts out of it. Personally, I like to finish a chapter while reading, but this one got way too long and it would take a while to finish it without a pause - at least, I think so - and I felt like it would be a bit inconvenient and overwhelming. Thus, I split the chapter in two.
The next part of this will be posted in the next 24 hours as well, once I finish and edit it :)

I'm sorry that it took me a while to update, but I hope you can forgive me as I'm posting two long chapters in one day <3

I hope you enjoy the chapter <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jimin blinked a couple of times, swallowing hard as he processed the words Jungkook had just told him.

“W-What? That's not funny, Jungkook-ah” Jimin muttered, frowning as he stared at the taller boy.

“I know it's not. I'm not... May I come in? I don't want to talk about this in your hallway”

The shorter male hesitated, looking back and forth between Jungkook’s eyes for a moment before he stepped to the side. At this point, Jimin's neighbours had been disturbed enough because of his problems, he didn't want to annoy them any longer. Jungkook took that as a sign to enter, which he did. As soon as he was inside, Jimin shut the door.

“Why would you say something like this? This doesn't make forgiving you any easier” Jimin let him know, crossing his arms over his chest as he felt his heartbeat quicken. Honestly, Jimin felt almost anxious, head starting to get dizzy as he wondered about why Jungkook would tell a lie like this.

“I know it doesn't make anything easier. I'm not joking, though, Jimin-ah. I'm serious” Jungkook assured him, placing his hand over his heart as he stared at Jimin with sincerity in his eyes.

The smaller boy gulped, heart pounding fast against his chest as he let his arms drop back to his sides.
“Why should I believe you? How do I know this isn't just one of your lies?” Jimin wanted to know, furrowing his brows as he took a step back.

“I promised you that I would be honest with you from now on and I'm still- Jimin-ah, this has nothing to do with the issues we have. This isn't about us, okay? It's about you and your family. I'm not lying to you”

“Why would you of all people know about that? That's ridiculous, Jungkook-ah. I saw him being buried. My father is burried back in Busan”

Jimin's heart started racing. For some reason, there was fear blooming inside of him. Did that make Jimin a bad person? Of course, there was confusion because how in the world was his father supposed to be alive when Jimin had watched with his own two eyes how he had been burried. There was no way his father was still alive and has been living back in Busan for the past fourteen years. No, this couldn't be real.

The smaller boy inhaled deeply, his chest suddenly heavy. It was suffocating, Jimin was starting to panic. After all these years, his father was supposed to be still alive? Why was it scaring Jimin so much? Shouldn't he be happy about one of his family members- one of his parents actually still being alive?

However, Jimin didn't feel happy at all. No, he never wanted to see that man ever again- the man that had scarred him so deeply.

“You're lying” Jimin breathed.

“No, Jimin-ah, please, listen to me, okay?” Jungkook whispered, his voice having a soothing effect on Jimin. Frankly, Jimin didn't know if he should smile or cry at that fact. Yes, even after everything Jungkook had done to him, he was still the one that was able to comfort Jimin.

“G-Go on”

“I know you're going to hate me even more after this because I did this without asking for your permission, but you-”

“I don't hate you” Jimin murmured, voice just above a whisper.

Jimin's words shut up Jungkook immediataly, the black haired boy looking back and forth between Jimin's eyes as they echoed in his head. There was an emotion glistening in Jungkook's eyes, one that Jimin still couldn't define.

“You don't hate me?” Jungkook wondered, voice quiet as he pulled up his eyebrows.

The orange haired male shook his head weakly, averting his gaze to the floor. No, even after everything he had done, Jimin did not hate Jungkook at all.

“Well, you might after I tell you what I did. You are already mad at me anyway so it doesn't really change anything if I tell you now or not. I just think you deserve to know this.”

Jimin remained silent, waiting for Jungkook to go on.

“It all started when I found out about your family from Taehyung-ssi. You know, about your father. I just kept wondering how it was possible for you to not have any family members left so I asked one of my... uhm, well, someone I know, to find out more about that. I requested for him to search for family members you might still have. Well, he found one. Your father”
“But how? I don't understand, Jungkook-ah, I saw him being buried” Jimin pointed out, voice vulnerable as he locked eyes with Jungkook again.

“Yes, the father that raised you is dead, but not your biological one” Jungkook revealed.

For a moment, Jimin stopped breathing.

“W-What?”

“Jimin-ah, the man that raised you isn't your biological father. I thought you deserved to know.”

Jimin's head started spinning, his legs suddenly became wobbly and he collapsed against the door, barely able to hold himself up by grabbing the wall. Swiftly, Jungkook rushed closer to him, wrapping an arm around Jimin and helping him back up.

The orange aired boy looked up into Jungkook's eyes, searching for answers glistening in them that simply weren't there.

That couldn't be true. How was that possible?

“All I know is that he lives in Busan. If you want to, we can go there. I promised you, I would go with you whenever you wanted to go back to Busan”

“I don't want to go anywhere with you” Jimin murmured and took a step back, “How do I know you're not lying?”

Jungkook lifted his hands in defense, “I promise you on everything that I am telling the truth. I received this information from a man that is a... is a shady person, but he never lied to me or my family. He knows his shit, he knows how to get information. When he tells me something, it's true.”

The black haired male assured.

Jimin shook his head, not believing – or rather not wanting to believe any of this. Right now, Jimin was already in a difficult position to even trust Jungkook at all, how was he supposed to believe such huge information like this?

“I think you should go” Jimin whispered, narrowing his eyes as he stared down at the floor. The smaller boy wrapped his arms around his upper body.

“Jimin-ah, I just–”

“Please, just go, Jungkook-ah.”

The black haired boy stared at him for a moment longer, but nodded eventually. Then, he walked over to the door and opened it.

“In case you change your mind, call me. I'll come with you so you can meet him”

With that, Jungkook left his apartment, pulling the door close behind him.

For the next minutes, Jimin just remained standing there as he looked at the door, Jungkook's words still echoing in his head.

Was Jungkook actually lying? Why would he lie about something like this, though? Evidently, he had tried to make things right with Jimin, had written him really long text messages in which he claimed to be sorry and wanting to make up, wanting to wait for the day Jimin was ready to talk to him. Why would he ruin all of that by lying to Jimin – again? Clearly, Jungkook had promised him
to be honest from now on.

Yet, this was way too insane. Jimin's life was already such a mess. How was it possible that the universe dropped another bomb on Jimin?

The smaller boy dragged his body over to the sofa, taking a seat and pulling his legs up to his chest.

Perhaps, Jungkook was telling the truth. Perhaps, the man that had raised him had never actually been his biological father. Was that possible? By the way his father had treated him all these years, Jimin honestly wouldn't put it past him.

Jimin sat there for a while, sat there in silence and darkness as his mind was racing. The more the orange haired boy thought about it, the more he wanted to know if there was any truth to it.

What if it was actually true? What if there was another man that was actually his biological father? What if he was a way kinder person, a loving man that could have been his father? If all of that was in fact true, why had he decided not to raise Jimin? Did that mean that Jimin had another mother as well?

So many questions were lingering in Jimin's mind, slight hope blossoming that the mean person he thought of having been his father, had thought of sharing the blood with, might not actually have been related to him, hope that there was a kind father somewhere out there, maybe a mother that was still alive.

The more Jimin imagined how the reality might look like, the more he wanted to find out what was actually true. He needed to know whether or not this was real, whether or not he might actually have another father somewhere out there.

Jimin was determined to find him, to meet him.

Frankly, Jimin didn't know what he would do if he in fact met the man. However, he didn't think that far, simply wanted to meet him.

Yet, was he ready to go back to Busan? Jimin had always feared going back there because his childhood had been so very traumatising. However, Jimin wasn't the same person he was several months ago - He had taken a step further in overcoming this inner obstacle and struggle, had become somewhat stronger. Maybe, this trip was long overdue, was the final straw for Jimin to heal, to put an end to this chapter completely.

Almost unconsciously, Jimin picked up his phone.

You're not lying to me? - Jimin

Hopefully, Jungkook wasn't sleeping already.

No, I'm not lying. I promise. - Jungkook

I want to meet him. - Jimin

Jimin let out a breath, biting down on his bottom lip after having sent the message.

When do you want to go? I'll join you whenever you want to – Jungkook

Tomorrow? - Jimin

Tomorrow? - Jungkook
Too early? I don't think I can wait much longer knowing that kind of information... - Jimin

Honestly, Jimin wouldn’t be able to think about anything else, but the possibility of actually having another father out there. Obviously, Jimin totally looked past the point of there being a reason for the man not having raised Jimin, that the reason might imply that he didn't want Jimin in his life, yet the smaller boy completely ignored that thought, grabbed onto the hope inside of his heart instead.

No, it's fine. I'll clear my schedule. I have to call Beak first and see when I can meet his informant. He has all of the information and won't give it out unless I go there personally. - Jungkook

Furrowing his brows, Jimin read over the message again. That seemed a little... alarming, didn't it? Why was this man keeping the information that close? Why did he want Jungkook to go there personally?

Okay. Just let me know when I should be ready – Jimin

Will do. Good night, Jimin-ah – Jungkook

Good night, Jungkook-ah – Jimin

For a moment, Jimin contemplated about whether or not he should leave it at that, yet he wrote another message right after.

Thank you, Jungkook-ah – Jimin

Frankly, a part of Jimin still doubted this information, still wondered if it was even possible, yet the bigger part of him believed it – well, because it wanted to believe that fact. Without Jungkook, Jimin would have never even known about this, would have never even had the chance to know about this.

Hopefully, things would go well.

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Jimin ran down the stairs, his backpack bouncing up and down with every movement as he rushed downstairs. Why Jimin was in such a rush? Well, because Jungkook was waiting downstairs for him.

The black haired boy had called him early this morning, telling Jimin that they could go back to Busan today if he wanted to...

“Jimin-ah?” Jungkook voiced through the phone.

“Yes?” Jimin murmured, rubbing the sleep from his eyes as he yawned. Briefly, he took a glimpse at the clock, noticing how it was still pretty early in the morning.

“Sorry, did I wake you up? It's just that I didn't want to tell you too late. I wanted you to be able to prepare for the trip. I was able to talk to Baek just now and received information on where his informant is going to wait and when I can meet him. We could go as early as today if you want to, but I have to go to work today because there is going to be a meeting I can't miss. I could pick you up tonight and drive us to Busan.”

Jimin blinked, eyes still falling shut every now and then, causing him to take a while to process the words as he was simply too tired.

“Today? Okay. So you're... you're going to drive us?”
“It's the best way. Assures that we have a car there to move around and gives us freedom to leave Seoul whenever we're ready, without having to stick to the departure time of a train or a plane, you know?”

Jimin hummed.

“Jungkook-ah, are you sure that you want to do this... for me? You don't have to, really, I appreciate it, but-”

“I want to, Jimin-ah. I will pick you up tonight, take some clothes with you just in case. Now, go sleep some more. See you later, Jiminie”

“Clothes?” Jimin echoed, yet Jungkook had already hung up, leaving Jimin wondering why that was necessary as he stared at his phone.

Shrugging his shoulders, Jimin placed his phone back on the nightstand and went back to sleep.

Jimin almost stumbled down the last couple of stairs, barely able to keep his balance and prevent himself from falling to the floor. Right, Jimin should contain his excitement, as well as his slight anxiety.

All of this was so... unreal. Evidently, a part of Jimin still didn't quite believe that this was true, yet the closer he got to the big moment, the more the doubt vanished.

The smaller boy saw the black Range Rover parked in front of his apartment building. As soon as Jimin stepped outside, a breeze of chilly air passed him, sending a shiver down his back as he rushed over to Jungkook's car.

Carefully, Jimin opened the door to the passenger seat and climbed inside the car, shutting the door as soon as he was inside.

“Hello” Jungkook greeted, pulling out of the parking spot right away and driving off.

“Hey” Jimin replied, suddenly shy as he fastened his seatbelt after he tossed his backpack on the backseats.

The shorter male placed his hands in his lap, nervously squirming in his seat at the realisation of having to spend the next couple of hours alone with Jungkook. In fact, Jimin hadn't really thought about that idea when the urge and desire of meeting his biological father had come up in his mind, outweighing that fact.

Clearly, Jimin hadn't forgiven Jungkook yet, was still mad at him for lying to him, but Jungkook was the one who had told him about this, was the only chance he got to might meet the father figure he never had.

“So, how did you find out about this again?” Jimin wondered after a while, Jungkook coming to a stop at a red light.

The black haired boy arched up an eyebrow, glancing at Jimin before he trailed his eyes back to the road.

“I know someone, his name is Baek, that has people scattered all around Korea to receive any kind of information anyone requires. So far, he has always done a good job and even though he comes across as shady and I don't trust him with anything else, he has never been wrong about anything he got me.”
Jimin opened his mouth, wanting to ask why Jungkook even knew such a person, yet he dropped that question as another one came up in his mind.

"Why did you do that, though? I mean... I'm sure he didn't do that for free, did he?" Jimin then asked, eyebrows raised as he looked at the taller boy.

The light turned green, causing Jungkook to continue driving.

"It wasn't for free, no. That doesn't matter though. I simply couldn't believe that there was no one out there that was related to you, you know? I just kept thinking about it. Then I remembered Baek and I just requested for him to search for your family. I didn't know if he would find anything, but I knew he was my best shot"

Jimin caught his bottom lip between his teeth. Didn't that imply that the man knew a lot about him now? A lot about Jimin's family? It was a little scary, if Jimin was being honest. That a man he didn't even know knew more about his family than he did.

"You should have asked me before you did that" Jimin pointed out, furrowing his brows, "I mean... I appreciate you doing this, but you should have told me before"

"I know" Jungkook sighed, "I did a lot of things wrong, Jimin-ah, and I'm trying to work on that. I didn't tell you because I didn't want to get your hopes up and then see you being disappointed. Honestly, I even doubted that Baek would find anything because if you had any family, I was certain that they would have contacted you by now. But your biological had no possibility to contact you in any way because he probably doesn't even know your name"

The smaller boy frowned. To be fair, Jimin kind of understood why Jungkook didn't tell him. Clearly, Jimin's heart would have been torn apart again when the hope of having someone out there had been crushed again. If Jimin would have gotten his hopes up, just to be disappointed, it would have hurt quite a bit.

Jimin only nodded as he stared outside the window. The sun was starting to go down, Jungkook's meeting having taken a little longer due to the client turning up slightly later. Jimin didn't mind that, was just grateful for getting this possibility. To be fair, Jungkook's idea about driving there with his car had been good after all, considering how they would have missed a train, bus or their flight due to the delay of Jungkook's meeting. However, with the car, they were able to leave whenever they were ready.

"Have you eaten, Jimin-ah?" Jungkook interrupted his thoughts.

The orange haired male glanced at him and hummed, "Yes, I ate before I left. Have you?"

"Yes, I ate something before the meeting. If you get hungry, let me know and I'll find a place for us to eat." Jungkook told him, looking at Jimin before fixating his gaze back on the road.

"I have some snacks in my backpack!" Jimin remembered, smiling at the fact that he had thought about that, proud of himself for not forgetting to pack them.

Jungkook smiled, amusement in his eyes as he noticed Jimin's excitement about some snacks. For some reason, Jimin felt his cheeks heat up as Jungkook glanced over to him.

"That's good"

"Mhm" Jimin hummed and stared back outside the window.
Then, silence settled between them.

It was very strange, indeed. Frankly, it was odd to be in this close proximity to Jungkook again, spend time alone with him after everything.

To be honest, Jimin didn't know how to act, how to behave. Every time he looked at the taller boy, he reminisced about their sweet moments as well as all of their arguments and the lies Jungkook told him. Jimin was so conflicted, but he knew that this was the only way to meet his biological father.

The shorter boy continued to look outside, watching the city past by them.

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“Should I turn the radio on?” Jungkook asked after they have driven a while in silence, the only sound being the engine of the car.

“I don't mind. You decide” Jimin answered, shrugging his shoulders.

The younger one turned the radio on, a soft melody playing in the background as they continued their journey.

“How long will it take to get there?” Jimin wondered, yawning. Honestly, his body was aching a little after the intense practice today. However, the thought of potentially seeing the man that shared his blood kept him awake and full of energy.

“Not sure. I guess somewhat inbetween 3 to 4 hours. Traffic isn't that bad at night so we'll see. If you're tired, just take a nap, I'll wake you up when we get there” Jungkook suggested as he took a glimpse at Jimin, observing the way the older boy's eyes fell shut every now and then.

Jimin shook his head, feeling guilty that Jungkook was going to drive the whole way. Surely, his day hadn't been the easiest either. He had talked to that Baek guy for a while, then called Jimin to let him know that they could go to Busan today, then he had to go to work and then figure out how to clear his schedule. Clearly, it had been a tiring day for Jungkook.

“In case you get too tired, I can drive” Jimin offered, voice soft as he stared at Jungkook's profile.

“It's fine. I'm not tired” The black haired boy assured, making Jimin wonder whether or not that was true.

Giving a slight nod, Jimin looked back outside the window.

“Isn't it going to be really late when we get there? Won't it be rude to meet my father during night?” Jimin suddenly wondered.

Jungkook titled his head to the side, furrowing his brows, “We might have to stay over night then. Let's just see what time it is when we arrive, we can decide then”

Jimin nodded again, gulping as he felt his heartbeat quicken at the thought of staying somewhere over night with Jungkook.

“Are we meeting that informant tonight?”

“We might. I have to call him later and see. I mean, we have to meet him so we know where your father lives.” Jungkook answered, shrugging his shoulders.

“Why does he have that information? Why can't he just tell you over phone?”
Jungkook smiled as he looked over at Jimin, “Because he is a bastard that doesn't trust anyone else but himself. He won't give out information like that. He wants the money right then and there”

Swallowing hard, Jimin averted his gaze. Oh god, he felt really guilty, “I-I'll give you the money back, I promise, just-”

“No, Jimin-ah, really that's not necessary. You didn't ask me to do this, I'm doing this because I want to. You don't have to pay for anything, okay?”

Jimin still didn't look at him, causing Jungkook to glance at him again.

“This doesn't make you owe me anything either, okay? You don't have to pay me back in any way. I'm not doing this so you forgive me either. I would have done this no matter how the situation between us was” Jungkook assured, voice serious as he stared at Jimin.

“Ohay” The smaller boy muttered and gave a faint nod.

Silence settled between them again, the only sound being the quiet music from the radio and the engine of the car.

Jimin bit down on his bottom lip.

“So this informant... does he know my biological father personally?” Jimin then wanted to know. How was this person supposed to know about Jimin's real father if he didn't know him personally? How in the world was he even supposed to have such huge information?

“I don't know” Jungkook sighed, “I don't think so, though. He just receives information through ways I don't even want to know about. I don't think he knows your real father personally”

“How do we know he's not lying?”

“I told you, they're trustworthy when it comes to that.”

“How do I know you're not lying?”

Jungkook glanced over, frowning as he looked back and forth between Jimin's eyes, “I told you, I'm not lying. I get that it's difficult for you to believe me, but I'm telling the truth. Clearly, you do believe me because you certainly wouldn't be here if you didn't”

“Wouldn't be the first time you lied to me, though. You lied to me plenty of times before. I'm just saying that-” Jimin argued, crossing his arms over his chest as the doubt inside of him blossomed again. It was a continuous back and forth, a battle between doubt and hope not coming to an end. For a while, the hope outweighed everything else, just for the doubt to rise again.

Suddenly, Jungkook pulled over, coming to a halt at the side of the road and causing Jimin to leave the rest of the sentence hang in the air as he widened his eyes.

“Jungkook-ah, you can't just stop here!”

“Listen, okay? We're going to spend the next hours together, maybe even the night. This is not going to work out if you keep suspecting me and trying to argue. I get that you're still mad at me, I'm not saying that you shouldn't, but we can't fight for the whole trip, that's not gonna work. I am telling you the truth, okay? I told you that I would be honest with you from now on. No more lies.” Jungkook uttered, voice firm as he stared at Jimin whose mouth was agape, shocked by the sudden situation. Then, Jimin crossed his arms over his chest as he narrowed his eyes, “This isn't going to
work if we keep arguing. How about we put a pause on the warzone. Let's not talk about our issues at all, let's not fight about that. There are other times for that. Right now, we should focus on finding your father.”

Jimin glanced at Jungkook, watching the sincerity in his eyes as the black haired boy held out his hand to shake.

“A pause? So we should pretend that everything is okay?” Jimin asked, eyebrows arched up in suspicion.

“A break, yes. No, you don't have to pretend anything. I'm just asking you to stop fighting. You don't have to talk to me at all, if you don't want that. I just think it's better for both of us if we don't talk about our issues on this trip. We have a lot of time for that when we get back, when you're actually ready to talk”

Narrowing his eyes, Jimin stared at Jungkook's hands. Frankly, it was going to make everything more difficult if they continued arguing. Just now, Jimin hadn't even meant to say those words, yet they had slipped from his mouth almost subconsciously. Obviously, they were true, yet that didn't mean that Jimin should continue throwing them at Jungkook, especially not now. Perhaps it was better to not talk at all so they wouldn't fight.

Jimin lifted his hand and placed it in Jungkook's.

“You have to promise” Jungkook insisted, arching up an eyebrow.

The smaller boy almost wanted to roll his eyes, but nodded, “I promise not to fight with you during this trip. We're just going to focus on finding my father”

“Okay, good.”

Jungkook was about to pull his hand away, yet Jimin held it tighter, causing Jungkook to lock eyes with him again.

“You have to promise something, too”

The black haired one looked back and forth between his eyes before he nodded, “Anything”

“Promise to not lie to me any longer from now on” Jimin insisted, eyebrows arched up.

“I already did” Jungkook pointed out as he titled his head to the side.

“Say it again”

The taller boy hesitated, but nodded, “I promise that I won't lie to you any longer. I'll be honest about anything you ask me”

They shook hands, Jimin feeling a weird sensation inside of him at the fact how his hand aligned with Jungkook's bigger one, yet he quickly banished that thought from his mind as he sat back in his seat.

Jungkook started the engine again and drove back on the road, continuing their journey to Busan.

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“Jimin-ah”
Jimin squeezed his eyes further shut at the voice.

“Jimin-ah, wake up” The soft voice repeated, a gentle hand against his cheek causing him to nuzzle against the touch, “Jimin-ah”

Suddenly, Jimin realised whose voice it was. The smaller boy's eyes fluttered open, looking directly into Jungkook's brown orbs that were staring right at him. The man pulled his hand back and cleared his throat.

“Sorry, I din't want to fall asleep” Jimin mumbled as he rubbed over his tired eyes, sitting up and scanning his surroundings.

He was still seated in Jungkook's black Range Rover. However, now it was pitch black outside, the sun long gone.

“Are we... Are we in Busan already?” Jimin whispered.

“Yes, we just arrived” Jungkook answered.

A shiver ran down Jimin's back. He must have fallen asleep quite a while ago, not remembering it being that dark outside, hadn't noticed how close they had been to the town.

The shorter male gulped, realising that he hadn't been here in over ten years. It was odd to be back, felt... unreal. Jimin had never actually thought he would be back here, especially not for the reason he was here for – to meet his biological father. The world really was a strange place, wasn't it?

As Jimin looked outside, he noticed that Jungkook had parked in front of a little motel. Why were they here? Was the informant living here?

“I didn't want to wake you up sooner. I got a text from Baek, telling me that I can meet his informant tomorrow. I told him that I wanted to meet him today, but apparently he's not available tonight. I'm sorry, Jimin-ah. Baek will call me and let me know as soon as I can meet him tomorrow” Jungkook uttered, unfastening Jimin's seatbelt.

Jimin blinked, taking a moment to process the words. That implied that they would have to stay the night. The smaller boy let out breath, sad that he wouldn't be able to meet his father tonight, yet the one day wouldn't make that much of a big difference and Jimin would have felt really rude anyway to turn up in front of his place that late at night.

“What time is it exactly?” Jimin wondered as he stretched his arms out.

“11pm” Jungkook answered.

“Oh” Jimin breathed, giving a small nod, “So...”

“I saw this motel while driving by and took a stop. We could stay in the car, of course, but I think that's silly when we can simply stay in a motel”

“Oh” Jimin murmured again, clearing his throat, “So we should stay in that motel... for tonight?”

“That's better than staying in here. Come on” The taller boy insisted as he got out of the car.

Jimin blinked again before he climbed out of the car as well, “But I don't think... I don't have enough money with me”

“I'll pay, Jimin-ah” Jungkook assured as he got their bags from the backseats before he locked his
car.

The taller boy walked ahead, causing Jimin to rush after him to keep up. Franky, Jimin couldn't remember to ever having been here, in this area of the town. This place looked a little scary, barely any lights illuminating the place. It wasn't the nicest looking building either, yet as long as they could stay in there for tonight, it would be alright.

“This place looks...” Jimin began, letting the rest of the sentence hang in the air as they arrived in front of the entrance door of the building, Jungkook opening the door and gesturing for Jimin to enter – which he did. The black haired one followed after him, Jimin scanning the small entrance area.

It didn't look that bad, a small seating area on their right, a staircase leading up to another floor on their left and the reception right in front of them. The interior design was made up of rather dark colours that didn't go well together, some whites mixed in between. Jimin wasn't that fond of it, yet he didn't hate it either.

The motel wasn't that huge to begin with, probably only had a few rooms. Hopefully, there was still an available one for them.

The two boys walked up to the reception, the woman looking up from her magazine, fixing her glasses on her nose as her gaze trailed up to them, “Hello” Jungkook greeted her.

She smiled politely and straightened her back, “Hello”

“We would like to check in” Jungkook revealed as he pulled out his wallet. It was in that moment that Jimin realised that Jungkook had been carrying his backpack for him, causing him to reach forward and taking it from him because he didn't want him to have to carry his stuff any longer.

“You two together?” She asked, one eyebrow arched up as she stared at her computer.

Jimin and Jungkook glanced at each other.

“I mean that in the sense of do you want to check in together as I have only one remaining room available for tonight” The woman clarified before they were able to answer her previous question, “The others are already occupied”

“Oh” Jimin murmured, “That's okay”

Jungkook took a glimpse at him before he fixated his gaze back on the woman, “We'll take that room then”

“For one night?” She then asked as she typed something on her keyboard.

“Yes, one night.” Jungkook confirmed as he pulled some money out.

The woman hummed, “On what name?”

This time, Jungkook hesitated, causing Jimin to look at him in curiosity, “Min” Jungkook answered eventually. The smaller boy furrowed his brows, but didn't say anything as he let his gaze wander back over to the woman.

“That's 25000 won then”

Jungkook gave a nod as he pulled out some money while the woman got up on her feet to get a key.

Well, that was a lot cheaper than Jimin had expected. To be fair, he had never stayed in a motel so he
didn't know how prices worked, but he definitely hadn't considered it being that cheap. However, the room might not look the best for that kind of price. Then again, Jimin just wanted to sleep, it wouldn't be that bad now, would it?

“Room 13” The woman told them as she exchanged the key for the money, “Have a good night”

They bowed slightly before they made their way to the staircase, walking upstairs into a long hallway. Jungkook and Jimin didn't talk to each other as they searched for their room, the orange haired boy still wondering why Jungkook had booked their room on the name 'Min'. Did he do that to protect his identity? What for?

“Found it” Jungkook interrupted his thoughts as he came to a halt in front of a door with the number 13 on it. The younger boy opened the door with the key, entering the room and turning the lights on as he went inside.

To Jimin's surprise, the room wasn't that small. It actually looked nice and cozy, the colours giving off a warm feeling, the big king sized bed having white bed sheets that fit perfectly with- Wait. A king sized bed. One bed. Only one.

The shorter male stopped dead in his tracks, eyes wide at the realisation of there only being one bed. Jungkook stilled, too, looking back at Jimin as the door fell shut behind them.

“I-I'm going to sleep on the floor” Jimin insisted as he walked past Jungkook, dropping his backpack on the little dresser across from the bed against the wall.

“That's not necessary, Jimin-ah. I can sleep on the floor. I don't mind” Jungkook protested as he tossed his bag on the bed, taking off his shoes and placing them against the wall.

Jimin gulped as he pulled of his own shoes, moving them next to Jungkook's.

“No, you payed for the room and you drove us all the way here for the past hours. I really don't mind”

The taller boy opened his mouth as he looked back and forth between Jimin's eyes, appearing to want to say something, yet he shut it right after and gave a faint nod, “I don't mind either, but whatever you want”

The orange haired male picked up one of the duvets and a pillow from the bed, placing them down on the floor in front of the bed.

Right, it wasn't going to be the most comfortable night, but Jimin didn't want Jungkook to sleep on the floor, considering how he was paying for this room, had went out of this way to come here with Jimin and had driven the whole night after such a busy day. Clearly, Jungkook should sleep on the bed rather than him.

Of course, the bed was big enough to fit both of them, yet... Jimin didn't think it was right to sleep next to Jungkook, was actually a little concerned of something happening between them that shouldn't happen.

Jungkook observed how Jimin laid the blanket down and then sat down on the hard floor to test how he was going to sleep there, “It's not that bad” Jimin assured as Jungkook had furrowed his brows at the sight of Jimin sitting down there.

“Are you sure?”
“I’m sure” Jimin confirmed and gave a nod.

It seemed as if Jungkook wanted to say something, but he shook his head and went over to another door close to the bed, “I’m going to take a shower.” He announced as Jimin layed back down, staring up at the ceiling.

“Okay” Jimin breathed, hearing Jungkook walk into the restroom and shutting the door close.

The light above him flickered, causing Jimin’s body to jerk up and have a look around. It was quiet in the room, yet there was the sound of wind breezing, a shiver running down Jimin’s back. The smaller boy got up to his feet, walking over to the windows and pulling the curtains to the side. The windows were shut, yet they appeared to be leaky, probably fairly old and causing some wind to brush through. The sound it made was a little scary if Jimin was being honest, but at least he knew what it was now.

Suddenly, the noise of water being turned on startled Jimin, causing him to let go of the curtain and spin around. Obviously, that was only Jungkook taking a shower, but Jimin had been so focused on the window that he had forgotten about the other boy.

Slowly, he walked over to his backpack and picked it up, sitting back down on his place on the ground before he opened his bag. Then, Jimin pulled out his phone, noticing that he had some new messages.

Before Jimin opened any of them, he realised how he would miss dance practice tomorrow again as Jungkook was only able to meet that informant tomorrow, meaning they were going to take a while until Jimin was going to meet his biological father and then drive back home to Seoul. They would never make it back on time for dance practice.

_Hyung, I'm sorry, but I won't be able to make it to practice tomorrow. I'm taking care of some personal stuff, I'll tell you more about it when I'm back. I hope you can understand. - Jimin_

The orange haired boy caught his bottom lip between his teeth, hoping that Hoseok wasn't already sleeping and if he was, that the message wouldn't wake him up.

Jumin answered the other messages as well, mostly just telling him goodnight which he replied by wishing them a good night as well.

As Jimin locked his phone and placed it down on the floor beside him, the door to the restroom suddenly opened, causing Jimin to look up. He hadn't even noticed the water being turned off by Jungkook.

The shorter male's eyes widened, mouth agape as Jungkook walked back into the room, barely covered by a towel wrapped around his waist. Jungkook didn't spare him a glance, but simply walked over to his bag that he opened and pulled some clothes out.

Jimin shut his mouth, swallowing hard as he felt his heartbeat quicken. The light fell right on Jungkook’s stomach, emphasising his defined abs, his strong muscles that stretched whenever he moved his arms. Jimin felt himself blush, a quiet whimper almost leaving his lips.

Swiftly, Jimin got up on his feet, clearing his throat as he picked up his backpack, “I-I'll go wash up now, too” Jimin announced as he walked past Jungkook, looking back one last time and watching Jungkook's back stretch, shoulders wide as he pulled a shirt over his head. The smaller boy almost walked into the wall, barely able to dodge it as he dropped his backpack.

Jungkook turned around, eyebrows arched up as he heard something fall to the ground. Quickly,
Jimin picked up his back, his blush deepening as he rushed inside the restroom, not catching the way Jungkook had smirked in amusement.

*Oh god.*

Jimin shut the door close behind himself, feeling his cheeks heat up even more at the thought of Jungkook's naked body. Fortunately, Jungkook hadn't caught his reaction... right?

Franky, Jimin wasn't sure why Jungkook still had that effect on him. Okay, well, that was a lie. Jimin was pretty certain that he knew the reason for this reaction, yet he didn't want himself to be affected like this – shouldn't be affected like this.

The orange haired male sighed as he pressed his forehead against the wall, shaking his head. Why did his heart work like this? Why did it pound that fast in his chest, why did it remind him of the times Jungkook had touched him so softly and sweetly, had held him close in his strong embrace as if he wanted to shield Jimin from everything bad in the world? Why couldn't his heart stop that? It wasn't healthy, it really wasn't.

Letting out another sigh, Jimin pulled off his clothes and took a shower as well.

Once he was finished with cleaning himself, the shorter boy opened his backpack to search for something to wear.

*Dammit.*

He hadn't brought some sweatpants. However, he pulled out quite a bit of snacks which he had stuffed in there for their journey. Jimin had really set his priorities straight, hadn't he?

Nibbling on his bottom lip, Jimin put on a fresh pair of briefs and a long sweater, the sleeves of it too long, causing him to have sweater paws. It was one of his favourite pieces of clothing, way too long for him, covering his butt and hanging even below that, yet extremely soft and comfortable. Jimin really liked to wear this one when he slept.

Folding his worn clothes neatly, he put them back into his bag before he pulled out his toothbrush and went over to the sink. While brushing his teeth, Jimin moved his hand through his damp hair, fluffing it out a bit, getting rid of any knots there were.

Once he was done with brushing his teeth, he placed the toothbrush next to Jungkook's and picked up his backpack again, making his way out of the restroom.

Jungkook was lying on the bed, focused on his phone. As soon as Jimin entered the room, the other boy glanced up, stared back down on his phone, but looked right up again. Jimin waddled over to his place on the floor, noticing how Jungkook didn't take his eyes off of him and dropping the backpack next to his blanket.

“W-What?” Jimin asked softly, feeling his cheeks heat up at the realisation that Jungkook's gaze was still fixated on him.

The taller boy shook his head as he quickly averted his eyes and stared back on his phone, “Nothing”

“Can you turn the light on the nightstand on so I can turn the main one off, please?” Jimin asked as he walked over to the light switch. Jungkook hummed and turned the light on next to him while Jimin turned the other one off.
Now, the lights were dimmed, the light on the nightstand barely illuminating the room, yet the light was more comfortable than the other one. The lightbulbs that were hanging from the ceiling were giving Jimin a headache, flickering every now and then.

There was still the quiet sound of wind brushing through the windows, startling Jimin every now and then. Hopefully, that wasn't going to keep him up all night.

“Jimin-ah, are you sure you don't want to switch?” Jungkook wanted to make sure again as he watched Jimin sit back down on the floor.

“Yes, I'm sure. It's fine, Jungkook-ah, it's not that uncomfortable” Jimin reassured the other boy as he pulled the blanket over himself. This way, he was lying directly on the floor, yet without pulling the duvet over his delicate body, the smaller boy would probably freeze during the night. “I slept on the floor for a while when I was younger” Jimin revealed, voice a little quieter, Jungkook barely able to catch his words, but he did.

“Why?” The taller boy asked, sitting up slightly.

“My father said we didn't have money for a bed so I had to sleep on the floor. Well, I did have couple of blankets, but it still wasn't a real bed. It wasn't until my grandmother found out that she bought me a bed”

“Jimin-ah, that's... Why the fuck would he do that? He should have let you sleep on his bed”

“Well, he slept on the sofa all the time anyway so he didn't have a bed himself.”

Jimin still remembered the hard floor he had to sleep on for several weeks until his grandmother found out about it and bought him a bed immediately. It had never really been comfortable, obviously, yet Jimin hadn't minded that much.

“Still, he should have let you sleep on the sofa then” Jungkook commented, voice sounding angered.

“There are a lot of things he should have done, I guess, or rather shouldn't have done. It's the past, Jungkook-ah.”

“I know. Still makes me mad, though”

The shorter male gave a small nod even though Jungkook couldn't see him, pressing his lips into a line. Sometimes, Jimin still thought about his childhood. Of course, he did. However, he didn't get angry when he did. Sometimes, he just felt sad, felt pity for himself, yet there are many beautiful memories from his childhood as well and Jimin just clung onto them, tried to keep them vividly in his mind.

“Do you want another pillow? Should I give you my blanket?” Jungkook then asked, interrupting Jimin's thoughts again.

“No” Jimin declined, “Thank you, but it's fine, really”

The older boy didn't want Jungkook to be cold at night. This one night wouldn't kill Jimin. It wasn't that bad.

“Okay, good night, Jimin-ah”

“Good night, Jungkook-ah” Jimin whispered back, his voice soft.
The taller male turned the light off, darkness filling the room as he did. It only took a moment for Jimin's eyes to get used to the darkness as he looked up at the ceiling. To be honest, his mind was still racing a lot, too many questions lingering around. Jimin didn't believe that he was able to fall asleep just yet.

“Jungkook-ah?”

The other one hummed, signaling that he wasn't asleep just yet.

“Why did you book the room under the name Min?” Jimin wondered, voice quiet. The smaller one wasn't able to banish that question from his mind, too curious to know what the reason was.

Jungkook hesitated.

“I didn't want to give her my real name” The boy then answered, voice sounding soft and somewhat vulnerable even.

“Why?” Jimin breathed, “Do you think she might know who you are?”

They had never acutally adressed that fact. You know, the fact that Jungkook was the heir of that huge entertainment company. It was the first time they were mentioning it.

“I don't know. It's not unlikely for my father to have his people scattered around.”

It was odd, wasn't it? They had never really talked about Jungkook's family, about his personal life. Jimin was really curious, but didn't want to make Jungkook uncomfortable either.

It became quiet between them.

“Why did you never tell me?” Jimin wanted to know, breaking the silence as he sat up and rested his arms on the bed, then placing his head on top of them. The shorter boy's voice was so soft, so quiet and barely able for Jungkook to register, but he did.

“You mean...”

“That your father is the CEO of that company” Jimin clarified, “That you're rich and basically famous”

“I'm not famous” Jungkook uttered, sitting up as well so they could look at each other. They were barely able to make out each other's sillhouettes in the dark, but they knew where the other one was, “I'm just a little known by some people. The majority of the time, people just see my face next to my father's. I don't really get recognised on streets or stuff like that if you think that. It's just when they hear my full name that they know that I'm... the heir of that company.”

“Jeon entertainment” Jimin voiced in awe, “They started here in Busan, right? It was really small at first, but it became bigger until you moved over to Seoul, right?”

You see, Jimin had done his research. Could you blame him? And, well, to be honest, he had known quite a lot about it already, considering that he had dreamed of auditioning there.

“Yes, we still have a building here in Busan, but expanded over to Seoul.”

“I don't get why you never mentioned anything about it. I would assume that someone as rich and powerful as you would talk about it, no?”

Frankly, Jungkook's status was a little intimidating to Jimin. He was the heir of that huge company,
probably had a lot of influence in Seoul, maybe even all of Korea just like his father did. Surely, Jungkook could ruin someone's career if he wanted to.

“You never asked and it's not really... I don't know, it wasn't my favourite part about myself” Jungkook revealed, voice turning quieter with each word.

Jimin furrowed his brows and titled his head to the side, “Why? This is amazing, Jungkook-ah”

The black haired boy hesitated.

“The industry isn't as fairy tale like as it seems, Jimin-ah. Shit goes on behind the scenes and it can fuck you up, trust me. I never even wanted to do any of that. It's just that my father wants me to and..” Jungkook shared with him, letting the rest of the sentence hang in the air.

Jimin narrowed his eyes. So Jungkook didn't want any of this? Clearly, to Jimin this seemed like such an amazing profession. To help people become famous, to manage them, to be so well respected in all of Korea, yet... he didn't see what went on behind the scenes. No, the shorter male only saw what they wanted the public to see. Surely, he had no idea of what actually went on and how hard all of it was.

Evidently, Jungkook always seemed stressed when it came to work, was so utterly busy with everything. That must be extremely exhausting.

“And? Why do you? You should follow your own dreams, Jungkook-ah” Jimin pointed out. However, that was easier to say than to actually do. Surely, Jungkook couldn't just straight up tell his father that he didn't want his company, could he? Perhaps this was what Jungkook had meant when he had told him about his father not supporting him either back then?

“It's not that easy. He never listens to me when I talk about anything else and I've been part of it for many years now. It's not that bad when you have friends like Jin hyung there who keep you sane. I'm good at what I do now” Jungkook answered, shrugging his shoulders as he pushed his hand through his hair.

“What did you want to do?”

The younger boy sighed, “I don't know. I like art, you know, every kind of it. I studied arts and literature for a while. I liked to write, but I stopped because I wanted to help my father in Busan. I was able to graduate faster than others because... well, because of my father. I liked different kind of things. Arts, music, literature, sports, but I never really had time to try out all of these things so I have no idea what else to do with my future. I'm supposed to take over the company one day, so my father made it possible for me to graduate faster in order for me to learn more about the industry and how to run a company. When he wanted to expand to Seoul, he wanted me to work there.”

“Why did you agree?” Jimin wondered.

“I wanted to be there for him and help him so I accepted.” Jungkook replied, “I even wanted to give Yoongi hyung a job there, but he declined. He felt like that would be unfair to others and like he wasn't chosen because of his potential, but because of his connection to me. I totally understood and respected his decision. I'm glad he found another company and is happy there”

Jimin felt his heart clench, giving a small nod. It was heartwrenching to hear that Jungkook was doing something for the sake of his father that he never really wanted to do himself, that he never got the possibility to find out what he likes because he was pushed into that narrative and life at an age that should be the time for him to figure out who he is. Obviously, Jungkook appeared to be kind
hearted, mature and strong because he was doing all of this just to help out his father.

“Can't you do what you actually want to do in your free time?” Jimin asked, voice soft as he stared at the taller boy.

A half smile appeared on his face, “Well, I don't have that much free time, but I kind of do in a way. I sometimes help out hyung with his songs. We work on them together. I like writing and I worked on some guides with him”

“Guides as in...”

“Singing, yes” Jungkook chuckled at Jimin's shocked expression.

“You sing?”

“Well, not really, just when hyung needs help”

Jimin's mouth was agape. As soon as they were back in Seoul, Jimin was going to rush to Yoongi and listen to some of those guides. Never would he have imagined Jungkook to sing... The black haired boy had such a soothing deep voice to begin with, Jimin felt something warm bloom in his chest at the thought of hearing his singing voice.

“I'm glad that you still get to do what you like”

Jungkook hummed, “I've kind of come to terms with it. I think Yoongi hyung knows that about me, too, that's why he asks for my help sometimes. I don't hate the thought of becoming the CEO anymore, though. I'm good at what I do now and I like working with Jin hyung. There's definitely some things that I hate about it and I would like to change, but I guess that's just how it is.”

The smaller boy gave a slight nod again, catching his bottom lip between his teeth as he pulled on his sweater paws.

“So, your father is still here in Busan then? What about your mother?”

Jungkook hesitated, tensing slightly at the question. Jimin noticed.

“Sorry, you don't have to answer”

Yes, Jungkook promised that he would answer every question that Jimin had, would be completely honest from now on, yet clearly this topic was making Jungkook uncomfortable and the relationship to his parents wasn't any of Jimin's business. Cleary, Jimin shouldn't force Jungkook to talk about this.

“My mother died a couple of years ago.” Jungkook revealed, voice quiet as the words left his lips.

Jimin felt a stinging in his chest at the information, swallowing hard, “I'm sorry, Jungkook-ah, that must have been hard for you”

The orange haired boy couldn't help but feel sad for Jungkook. The boy had lost his mother and the father that he still had didn't really support him in what he wanted to do, but had his whole future already set and planned out. Sure, maybe Jungkook had come to terms with it by now, but it must have been difficult for him to wrap his head around the idea of someone else deciding what he was going to become instead of what he really wanted to do.

Silence settled between them.
Jungkook didn't seem to know what to say next, neither did Jimin. Clearly, Jimin hadn't wanted the atmosphere to become like this, didn't want to bring the mood down like this. No, he definitely hadn't wanted to remind Jungkook of such a sad memory.

"Was she... was she a kind person?" Jimin wondered, voice just above a whisper as he didn't know if he was going too far at this point.

"She was. My mother was a beautiful person on the inside and on the outside. She always tried to help people, never spoke a bad word about anyone." Jungkook answered, his tone a little softer as he reminisced about his mother.

Jimin was pretty certain that Jungkook had her eyes. Jimin had seen pictures of Jungkook's father, could see resemblance there in their face structure, but their eyes were different. Jungkook must have gotten his beautiful brown orbs from his mother.

"You have her eyes, don't you?" Jimin asked, eyebrows arched up.

"Why would you assume that?"

The shorter male felt himself blush, grateful that Jungkook couldn't see that due to the darkness, "I... I saw a picture of your father before. He's handsome, but... but he doesn't have your beautiful eyes, so I just assumed..." Jimin tried to explain, not finishing his sentence as he noticed Jungkook's smile, was able to catch something glistening in his eyes even through the darkness.

"Yes, I do have her eyes"

Jimin only smiled shyly, nodding again.

They stared at each other for a while, not saying another word, but it was almost like that wasn't necessary. For some reason, they found comfort in simply looking at each other.

However, soon, Jimin found himself wonder about another thing.

"Jungkook-ah"

"Mhm?"

"Can we take a... take a pause from the break?" Jimin whispered, causing Jungkook to raise his eyebrows and tilt his head to the side.

"You mean the break from... from not talking about our issues?"

"Yes, I want to ask something, but I don't want you to get mad at me. I don't want to fight, really, I'm not blaming you either. I just want some clarity"

Surely, in another setting, Jimin wouldn't be this calm, neither would Jungkook. However, the night and this silent motel room, the time they were spending together so far away from their daily lives – like it was just the two of them again – brought comfort over Jimin, made him calm. Right now, he didn't want to fight, but he wanted answers and it felt like tonight he would finally get them.

"Okay, go ahead" Jungkook answered, voice sure, yet quiet.

"Are you happy?"

The taller boy blinked, clearly surprised by this question.
“I mean, are you happy with Seoyun?” Jimin elaborated, watching Jungkook’s eyes go wide.

There it was. The topic Jungkook had been avoiding every single time, pushing Jimin away with a mere ‘It's complicated’ which had driven Jimin almost insane. Was it going to change tonight? Was Jungkook going to answer him? Frankly, he had promised to answer every and any question Jimin had, had promised to be honest from now on.

“You mean... do you mean... So you want to know if I'm happy being with her?” Jungkook clarified, stumbling over his words, but not yet avoiding the topic altogether.

“Yes” Jimin breathed, confirming his assumption.

“I'm... I've come to terms with the situation, let's say that.” The black haired boy responded, causing Jimin to furrow his brows and cock his head to the side.

Wait. This sounded very... odd, didn't it? Come to terms with being in a relationship with someone you were supposed to love or at least – well – like?

“What do you mean? Aren't you two together? I... Who is she? Why did you never tell me about her?”

Jungkook sighed, rubbing his hand over his neck as he seemed to deliberate about what to say next.

“Her full name is Song Seoyun and I never told you about her because I'm legally not allowed to” Song. Song. Jimin let the name ring in his mind, trying to connect it to someone he knew. Wait- legally not allowed to? What did that mean?

Jimin felt his heart drop.

“What do you mean?”

“You can't tell anyone about this, okay? No one. If anyone else finds out I'm-”

“Okay, I promise. I won't tell anyone” Jimin interrupted him softly.

“I am not in a relationship because I want to be, Jimin-ah. I'm with her because I signed a contract. Seoyun is an upcoming model, her parents own a fashion business. My father and her parents came to an agreement and made up this plan of me dating their daughter – not actually, but for the public eye to see. However, I feel like they actually want us to date. My father even flew her over to Seoul, saying that she would live with me to make it more believable, but honestly, she could simply stay in a hotel or something like that” Jungkook revealed.

In a short span of time, in the seconds that followed right after, several emotions blossomed inside of Jimin. For one, there was confusion. Confusion because why was Jungkook doing that? Then, there was also relief. Relief that Jungkook wasn't actually taken, hadn't actually cheated on anyone. The news actually didn't shock the smaller boy that much because deep down, deep within his heart he had always assumed, maybe even known, that something else was going on, that there was more to it than he saw.

“Why would they do that?”

“My father wants a part of their company, they want their daughter to become more known. Both parts get something out of this. My father even signed Seoyun under our company because of that contract. Both sides get a shit ton of money, as well as public recognition. I didn't want to do it, but
my father really wanted that deal and I just wanted to help him. He promised me that it wouldn't go on for long, but now they want me to propose to her, but there is no fucking way I'm going to fake propose to someone and I definitely don't want to marry her”

Jimin gulped, trying to process all of this information. To be honest, even if Jimin had slightly considered a similar situation like this after putting all the pieces together, it still felt unreal to actually hear those words.

This was crazy. The industry was crazy.

The smaller boy tried to make sense of all of this, but kept on stumbling over his own thoughts, his mind racing.

Seoyun and Jungkook weren't actually in a relationship. Neither had Jungkook cheated with Jimin on anyone. All of that wasn't real, they were dating because of a contract. A contract that prohibited Jungkook to talk about it.

That's why Jungkook had pushed him away, hadn't been able to say anything. Technically, he wasn't legally allowed to talk about it.

“Why are you telling me now, though?”

“Because I promised you that I would be honest with you from now on. I trust you enough to believe that you won't tell anyone else.”

“Hang on, this is insane” Jimin breathed, shaking his head as he sat up further.

“It happens more often than you think. Many relationships in the public eye are fake because both parts just want public recognition or something else out of it”

“So this means... does this mean that you don't actually like her in that way? You don't... don't love her?”

“I mean, I don't hate her, but I don't like her that way either. Yes, she's annoying sometimes, but overall, I don't think she's a bad person. To be fair, I think she's not that fond about all of this either. Sure, sometimes she gives off vibes that imply that she's actually into me, but sometimes she just screams at me and wants to be left alone. I guess this isn't easy on her either. I don't know if she actually wanted all of this, but she really wants to become famous.”

Jimin felt his heart clench just as it started to pound faster.

Jungkook was never actually taken. This meant that he hadn't lied about that. Sure, he had kept that from Jimin and had never revealed that to him, rather pushed him away every time that topic came up, but now Jimin knew why – because he wasn't allowed to talk about it.

“So the contract basically forces you to be with her? You can't say no now? You can't talk to anyone about it?”

The taller boy looked back and forth between his eyes and gave a slight now, “It's not for that much longer. A couple of weeks, maybe. I'm definitely not agreeing to that engagement shit. Technically, I can't get out of the relationship now. Not easily. Not legally. I signed the contract and am bound to it. If I violate an agreement, I would have to go to court and pay a shit ton of money. I don't want my father to have to go through all of that bullshit.”

All of this... Jungkook was doing all of this just because of his father, because he wanted to help him.
Essentially, they only had each other now. Even though the man didn't support Jungkook in the way the younger boy had wanted, Jungkook still seemed to love him a lot. They had a deep bond that connected them. Jungkook visibly wanted to support and help his father in any way he could, proving that he deeply cared for him.

Frankly, Jimin wasn't sure how to feel about this information now. Could he still be mad at Jungkook for not telling him about Seoyun sooner when the boy simply hadn't been able to talk about it?

Jimin felt conflicted, listening to his heart wanting to forgive Jungkook for that, yet trying to wait for his brain to make a sane decision.

“Why did Seoyun get mad at me though when we... I mean, when I was in your... well, you know”

“I don't know. Maybe she thought it's unfair of me to be able to see someone else when she couldn't. I'm not entirely sure, though. I never told her about you, I mean, I never said what was going on between us because I wasn't sure if you would be okay with that. She just made up her own mind about what was going on. Perhaps she thought you would snitch on us and just acted accordingly to what we were supposed to be – a couple – so you wouldn't be suspicious and tell someone that what he have is fake. I'm really not sure.”

The smaller boy's eyes widened slightly, the assumption of why she acted the way she did actually making sense. Obviously, she didn't know what was going on between Jungkook and Jimin, perhaps assumed that Jungkook didn't know Jimin that well either and that there was a chance of Jimin telling someone that their relationship was actually fake. Maybe she just didn't trust Jimin at all and feared that Jimin was going to reveal their fake relationship.

Her behaviour made a lot more sense now.

For a moment, it was silent between them.

“Jungkook-ah, I'm sorry... for or screaming at you, for basically forcing you to talk about her and what was going on. It was never my business. Yet... I couldn't help, but ask. I'm really sorry”

“No, I understand. You thought I was cheating on her, I should have told you sooner.” Jungkook commented, shaking his head before he cocked his head to the side, “How did you find out about us?”

“A magazine” Jimin answered, sad smile on his face when he remembered the day Tae had rushed into his apartment with that magazine, Jimin's heart breaking in that moment.

“Shit, that's horrible. You must have thought... well, you might still think that I'm such an asshole. I didn't cheat on her, but I still shouldn't have... We should have talked before I touched you that night during the party. I'm sure it messed with your head. I know I'm an asshole”

Jimin's heartbeat quickened at the mention of the night, cheeks slightly heating up at the memories of Jungkook taking him against the wall. The orange haired male cleared his throat.

“I know now that your relationship isn't real. We should have talked, yes. It's not your fault, though. I touched you, too. I'm glad you didn't cheat on her. I... I felt really guilty”

“You-”

Suddenly, a phone rang. The black haired boy's display lit up, slightly illuminating the room. Jimin squeezed his eyes shut at the sudden source of light.
“It's Baek” Jungkook let him know as he picked up the phone, “Is it okay if I answer? He might tell me about the informant”

The shorter male quickly nodded, Jungkook accepting the call right after.

“Hello, Baek” Jungkook greeted, voice not as soft anymore, but more firmer now, “What? Why?”

The younger one frowned, causing Jimin to mirror his expression. What was going on? What caused his visible annoyance?

“For f**k’s sake, you told me I could meet him tonight and now we have to wait almost 24 hours? Why can’t I talk to him earlier? Just send me the f**king information then?”

Jungkook’s voice had become louder, anger visible as he got up from the bed. The smaller boy observed how Jungkook paced around as he listened to that Baek guy talk.

Jimin swallowed hard, not sure what to do.

What he got from the call so far was that they would only be able to talk to that informant tomorrow night? Which then implied that they would have to stay another night because Jimin definitely didn't want to be impolite and appear in front of his biological father's place that late at night.

His biological father.

Oh god. For the past hour, Jimin had completely forgotten why they were here. The conversation with Jungkook in the darkness had made him blur out everything else. Genuinely, he had even banished the fact that they were in Busan. While talking to Jungkook, it had been just the two of them again, blurring out everything else and getting lost in each other's words and presence, sharing secrets in the darkness that were only meant for each other.

Even though Jimin hadn't thought that this trip was going to go like this, he was grateful for having some sort of clarity about the situation with Jungkook now.

“Why the f**k did he leave town when he knew I was coming? I don't care about money, Baek, I don't care about a discount, I asked for one thing and- Are you threatening me now? Of course, I'm mad. This delays everything, Baek.”

Jimin felt his heart pound fast in his chest. Jungkook seemed really mad. However, that Baek guy seemed to be a little pissed, too, considering how he had apparently threatened Jungkook. Frankly, Jimin was a little frightened by that fact, fearing of something happening to Jungkook if he continued talking like this to Baek.

“Jungkook-ah, it's fine. Don't be mad. It's just one more day” Jimin uttered softly, getting up to his feet and walking over to the taller boy who turned around.

As soon as Jimin placed a hand gently on his arm, Jungkook's eyes softened.

“Right, okay, Baek. I'll talk to you tomorrow, then. I swear, don't delay it again. Bye”

Jungkook hung up, tossing his phone on the bed as he wiped his hand over his face, letting out an annoyed sigh, “Sorry, Jimin-ah, the informant is out of town until tomorrow night. I can meet him then, though.”

“It's fine, Jungkook-ah, I don't mind staying another night. I can pay for another night, I think I still have some money in my-"
“No, Jimin-ah, that's not a problem, really. I just don't want you to have to wait for any longer. I'm sorry for not being able to keep my word” Jungkook apologised, lifting his hand and brushing strands of Jimin's orange hair out of his face.

The shorter male froze at the action, goosebumps rising on his body at the gentle touch. However, Jungkook pulled his hand away, clearing his throat as he shook his head, “Sorry” He whispered.

“It's okay. It's not your fault that we have to stay another night. I don't blame you. I just have to text Hoseok hyung about practice”

“Right, I should text Jin hyung, too, and change some stuff in my schedule” Jungkook agreed and walked over to the bed.

“I'm sorry for the inconvenience. You have to change your schedule just because-”

“No, Jiminie, don't apologise. I decided to come here with you. I want this. The company will be just fine without me for a day. Jin hyung handles my schedule anyway and watches what I do so he knows what to do. I have rescheduled the important meetings to monday and on anyway, so there isn't something that I can't miss this weekend” Jungkook reassured him as he took a seat back down on the bed, not taking his eyes off of Jimin.

“Okay” The orange haired male whispered as he tip toed back to his place on the floor and laid down again.

Both boys picked up their phones and sent some messages to make sure their schedules would work accordingly to their trip. Clearly, it was almost midnight and the people they were texting were most likely already sleeping, but at least they would be informed as soon as early in the morning when they woke up.

Jimin yawned as he texted Hoseok, eyes heavy and falling shut every now and then.

“We should probably go to bed. We can decide what to do tomorrow when we wake up, hm?” Jungkook suggested, Jimin nodding, but realising that Jungkook couldn't see him.

“Okay, good night, Jungkook-ah” Jimin yawned as he pulled the blanket over his petite body, eyes falling shut.

“Good night, Jimin-ah”

This time, sleep welcomed them fairly quickly, both of their chests a little lighter, a burden having been lifted from it, their hearts having found a piece back without them realising.

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Jimin woke up with an aching back, groaning at the pain as he turned over to his side. His eyes fluttered open, but he squeezed them shut right after as he was blinded by the sunlight. The orange haired boy sat up slowly, rubbing over his eyes that were still full of sleep before he opened them again. It took him some blinking to adjust to the light of the room, but eventually his vision wasn't blurry and his eyes no longer sensitive to the light.

The smaller male scanned the room, noticing how it was empty. The curtains were pulled to the side, the bed freshly made.

“Jungkook-ah?” Jimin called out with a raspy voice, getting up on his feet as he rubbed over his aching neck.
Suddenly, Jungkook peeked out from the restroom, eyes falling on Jimin with a concerned expression, “Everything okay?”

Jimin swallowed hard at the sight of Jungkook's naked upper body, only wearing a pair of briefs, Jimin's eyes wandering over the defined muscles as he pulled on his sweater paws absentmindedly, “I was just- I just... I just woke up and I-I didn't see you”

Quickly, Jimin shook his head, not letting his conscience be clouded by Jungkook's gorgeous body any longer as he trailed his gaze back up to Jungkook's eyes, said boy – if Jimin wasn't mistaken – had noticed Jimin's stare, smiling smugly as he leaned against the doorframe.

“I woke up half an hour ago, but I didn't want to wake you just yet because we have the whole day anyway.”

“O-Okay” Jimin nodded and cleared his throat, cheeks heating up, “Thank you”

“We should decide what we want to do for the remaining time we have. I just washed up, let me put some clothes on”

Jimin gulped and gave a faint nod again, watching Jungkook disappear back into the restroom. Letting out a breath Jimin hadn't noticed of holding, the shorter boy sat down at the edge of the bed.

“Calm down” Jimin scolded his heart, feeling it beat fast inside of his chest.

It was still... affective to see Jungkook's naked body - even after everything they had done together, even after seeing and touching him that many times. Perhaps their current situation caused Jimin's embarrassment, the sight of Jungkook's body still evoking his timidity.

As Jimin let his gaze wander to the place he had slept on the previous night, he caught his phone lighting up. Swiftly, he leaned down and reached for it, unlocking it to see who had texted him.

That's fine, Jimin-ah. I understand. I want to go over yesterdays choreography again today. I will send you a video just in case you want to practice, but take all the time you need. I will see you on sunday/monday, just text me when you're back. Have fun and take care, Jiminnie. - Hoseok hyung

Jimin smiled as he read over the message, grateful for a friend like Hoseok who seemed to understand his situation and didn't ask any further question. Seriously, Jimin was pretty certain that another dance leader would have kicked him out already for missing practice more than once – especially considering how the competition was only some weeks away. Genuinely, Jimin was entirely grateful and happy to call Hoseok not only his dance teacher, but also his friend.

A brief moment later, Jungkook reappeared in the room, ruffling his hair as he approached the bed and sat down. This way, they weren't looking at each other, causing Jimin to get up on his feet in order to make eyecontact with Jungkook.

“So, we have some time to kill until I get the text from Baek. What do you want to do?”

Jimin pursed his lips, tilting his head to the side while he contemplated about what they could do today. Frankly, Jimin didn't know that many places in Busan. Sure, there was his old home, the place he had been raised, but it was most likely owned by someone else now, maybe even taken down. To be honest, Jimin didn't care about it that much, didn't hold any beautiful memories with that place so he didn't really want to go back there.

“I don't know” He sighed as he brushed his hair back. Suddenly, he remembered something, eyebrows arching up, “Your father is still here, right? You haven't been here in a while, have you?
Don't you want to meet him?"

Jungkook opened his mouth in shock, but shut it right after, averting his gaze while shaking his head,
“No, not... not like this. I'm here because of you, Jimin-ah”

The smaller boy took a seat on the bed, sitting down on his knees as he shrugged his shoulders, “I
don't mind. You surely miss him, no? We have to wait until tonight anyway. Hoseok hyung just
texted me about practice so I could practice while you go and meet him. I don't want to fall behind
too much and let the group down. I really don't mind, Jungkook-ah”

“Maybe, he might even want to see me. I guess Jin hyung might have told him that I won't be in the
company for some days so he probably wonders where I am.”

Jmin gave a small nod.

“I actually thought about us staying at my father's house, but... but I don't think that's a good idea.
Not because of you, just... just in general. It's somewhat complicated between us right now”

Why? Jimin wondered. Was it because of the contract? The fact that Jungkook was supposed to take
over the company? However, Jungkook actually seemed fine with the idea of becoming the CEO
somewhen in the future. Then again, this whole fake relationship surely wasn't the most comfortable
and easiest thing to experience.

Right. Seoyun. Jimin had forgotten about their conversation last night, about the revelation of what
was actually going on between Jungkook and Seoyun. Would that change anything? To be fair,
Jmin was still conflicted about that. Frankly, he didn't really feel mad about the fact that Jungkook
didn't explain to him sooner who she was and what their relationship status was. Clearly, he couldn't
really blame Jungkook for not telling him sooner.

In some way, this fact even... even relieved Jimin. For one, because it meant that Jimin hadn't been
part of a cheating incident. However, also because... well, because... Jimin wasn't sure. There was
something else inside of him that was relieved about this, but he couldn't tell what it was.

A big part of him just felt sorry for Jungkook, felt sorry that Jungkook had to pretend like this. Yet, it
wasn't for that much longer, right? Jungkook had told him that it wouldn't go on for much longer.

“I wanted to choose a better hotel, too” Jungkook added, drawing Jimin out of his thoughts, “It's not
like I don't know any, but my father is in contact with almost every person in this town and I didn't
want him to know that I'm here. I'm sure he would have forced me to go to the company right away
or something like that and that's not why I'm here for. I didn't want him to ask questions either. So...
that's why I decided to choose this motel. It's not the most fancy, but at least my father doesn't have
his ears and eyes all around here”

“Must be horrible to have every move... watched”

“It's not everywhere, though. There are places like this where my father isn't going to find me”

Jimin nodded weakly, pulling his sleeves over his delicate hands as he observed Jungkook's face.

“Is he just very protective?”

“Maybe. I don't know. He's just very careful about what I do because he doesn't want his reputation
to go to shit. Everything I do reflects who he is. That's just the way it is. I pull shit, he's going to get
backlash for it. That's why he has people all around Korea working for him. That's how the industry
works, Jimin-ah, they control almost every shit. They bribe people and control situations in their own
best interest. I'm pretty sure that if I fuck up somewhere, my father will let his people take care of it so nothing leaks. However, if I pull shit somewhere and he doesn't know about it or it's a place where none of his men work – meaning he has no influence – it's going to leak and paint a bad picture of him, too. That's why he wants to know where I am.”

Jimin swallowed hard as he gave another nod.

“I don't want his reputation to be bad, obviously. Even though we have our differences sometimes…”

“You still love him” Jimin finished his sentence, voice soft as he watched emotion flash in Jungkook's eyes.

“I'm the only one he has. I care for him a lot. My father... well, he isn't a bad person. He does shit that I don't like, but he isn't evil. He's just... I don't know. There are things that are important to him, some things more than others”

“Maybe he just loves you and wants to protect you” Jimin pointed out.

“Maybe. Yet, maybe all of this fame shit got to his head and he rose so far to the top that he's scared of falling down. You know, the higher you rise, the bigger the downfall is going to be. He's scared of that.”

The smaller boy pressed his lips into a line. Surely, trying to maintain your family bond while being in the public eye and managing all of that wasn't an easy task. Clearly, Jungkook cared about his father, loved him a lot as he was doing all of this for him. Jimin didn't doubt that his father loved him, too, but probably struggled with showing it. Perhaps being in the industry for so long has hardened him, has made him pull on a facade so people wouldn't think they could treat him however they wanted. Perhaps his father just struggled with showing his emotions in general.

“I think he behaves how he does to protect both of you. Surely, all of this isn't easy, for neither of you.” Jimin commented, smiling sympathetically.

“I guess” Jungkook sighed as he rubbed over his face, “It's complicated. You know what, we can both go to the company building today. I'll let you practice in one of the practice rooms and I will go talk to my father, maybe get some work done from here”

Jimin opened his mouth in shock, “To the entertainment building? J-Jeon entertainment?”

Jungkook smiled in amusement, “Yes, Jimin-ah, I'm not gonna take you to another company”

“I-I don't know if... Don't idols and... and singers practice there?” Jimin asked in awe, eyes wide as he stared at the taller boy whose smile deepened in amusement.

“Yes, Jimin-ah, that's where they train. I'll make sure you have one all to your own, though.” Jungkook assured as he got up on his feet.

Jimin's heartbeat quickened. He was going to practice in the entertainment company he had always dreamed being a part of, yet had never actually had the courage to apply for.

However, was he going to meet Jungkook's father, too? One of the most powerful men in Korea? Jimin swallowed hard at the thought, reminding him once again of who Jungkook was and what status he had. Yet, whenever Jimin looked at Jungkook he didn't see a man who was the heir of that huge company, he saw a young man that had stolen his heart and took care of his friends and the people that he loved. A young man that wasn't a bad person, but had made a couple of mistakes, had hurt Jimin in a way he had never been hurt before, but he was in no way evil.
“Jimin-ah?” Jungkook called, interrupting Jimin from his thoughts yet again as the shorter boy jerked up, startled by the sudden voice.

“Huh?” Jimin mumured, locking eyes with Jungkook.

“I asked you whether or not we should get ready to leave then. We don't have the room for much longer anyway”

“Oh, okay, yeah, I'll wash up quickly” Jimin agreed and got up to his feet, picking up his backpack and walking past Jungkook into the restroom where he got ready for the day.

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“Wow” Jimin breathed in awe as he stared up at the huge building, people walking in and out, security checking who they were but seemingly recognising them.

“Come on” Jungkook urged as he tugged on Jimin's arm gently, pulling him with him towards the entrance.

“Jeon” The security person greeted in a surprised tone, bowing deeply at Jungkook's presence.

“Hello” Jungkook greeted back with a polite smile, entering with Jimin right behind him.

“He didn't even check me” Jimin mumured, walking close to Jungkook, yet too scared and shy to walk beside him.

“Because you're with me” Jungkook noted, shrugging his shoulders.

Some of the employees turned around, surprised to see Jungkook here and bowing politely. Evidently, Jungkook hadn't been here in a while and was well respected by all of them.

“Come on, this way” Jungkook ordered as he pointed over to the elevators. Jimin's eyes were still stuck to the interior design, mesmerised by the huge building. The ground floor's walls were completely out of glass, letting in the beautiful sunlight. There was a huge seating area at the back of the room, two staircases on either side leading up to the next floor. On the sides, there were several elevator doors, some opening already and revealing a couple of people who were leaving. The building was so busy, many people working and rushing around.

All of this was utterly fascinating to Jimin, the orange haired boy bewildered by that many people working for one company – for Jungkook, essentially – and this weren't even all of them!

Jimin adjusted his backpack over his shoulder as he waddled after Jungkook into one of the elevators.

“Jungkook-ah, this is so... amazing. I can't believe I'm here. This company is huge” Jimin gushed.

Frankly, Jimin had never even imagined to actually step a foot in here. Right now, it felt like he was living a dream. How many trainees were currently here - trainees that would become famous one day, known and cherished all over Korea.

“The one in Seoul is even bigger” Jungkook commented, Jimin's eyes going wide at his words which amused the other boy.

“Is your father here? He is, isn't he?”

“Would be weird if he wasn't. I'm not aware of any meetings he would attend today so I'm pretty
certain he's upstairs in his office room. Perhaps he's evaluating the trainees now, I'm not sure”

“Wow” Jimin breathed again, mouth agape as he scanned the elevator.

Even this simple elevator looked extremely fancy, making Jimin believe that this one alone cost a fortune.

“Close your mouth, baby” Jungkook chuckled, gently tapping on Jimin's chin.

The smaller boy froze, cheeks heating up at the petname. Jungkook's eyes went wide, realising fairly quickly what he had said.

“Sorry, I... Sometimes, it just...-”

The elevator doors opened, causing Jungkook to shut up as there were people standing in front of it. Jimin cleared his throat and averted his gaze, bowing towards the people that wanted to enter the elevator as Jungkook and Jimin stepped outside.

“This way” The younger male let him know and pointed towards their right.

This must be the practice rooms. There was a long hallway with several doors, each one having a different number on them. There were at least six different rooms, the hallway extremely long, causing Jimin to believe that the practice rooms were huge.

“You can take number 3, I'll make sure that.”

“Jungkook-ah!” Someone called out, both of the boys looking up and seeing an older man walk towards them with spread out arms.

There was no doubt in Jimin's mind that it was Jungkook's father. Sure, he looked a little different than on the picture that Jimin had seen, yet who said that picture was recent? Clearly, the man had resemblance with Jungkook, smiling as he saw his son.

The taller man was dressed in a blue suit, eyeing Jungkook who was dressed in his black trousers and a black botton up shirt – his usual work attire, Jimin assumed.

“Son, come here” The man grinned as he pulled Jungkook into a hug.

Jungkook sighed, slightly embarrassed by his father's affection or maybe not used to it. They haven't seen each other in a while, though, Jimin assumed, at least not in real life, considering how Jungkook has been running the company in Seoul for a while now. Perhaps his father wasn't usually this affectionate.

“Appa” Jungkook greeted as he wrapped his arms around his father.

Jimin stood there, smiling at the sight as he pulled his sleeves over his petite hands, slightly nervous to be in the presence of such a powerful man who could ruin someone's life with his influence if he wanted to.

As they pulled apart, Jungkook's father smiled at his son before his eyes wandered over to Jimin, causing said boy to gulp and fix his posture.

“H-Hello, Mr. Jeon” Jimin greeted and bowed deeply.

“Who is this, Jungkook?” The man asked, voice still sounding happy – probably because of his son being that close to him again.
“His name is Jimin” Jungkook introduced the shorter male, tugging him back up by the back of his hoodie as Jimin had still bowed – not knowing when it was appropriate to come back up, “Park Jimin”

“Jimin” The man repeated, giving a nod, “I'm Jungkook's father.”

“I-I know” Jimin uttered, bowing slightly again, “Nice to meet you.”

“Nice to meet you, too” Jungkook's father responded, eying Jimin before he drew his attention back to his son, “What brings you here, Jungkook?”

“You knew I was here, right?” Jungkook asked, eyebrow arched up as he crossed his arms over his chest, “Who told you?”

His father smiled, a light chuckle escaping him, “Jin-ah told me that you weren't available for today, then people started texting me right away that you were in the building. I'm just wondering why you didn't call? What brings you here?”

“I was in town anyway and wanted to come stop by. Jimin-ssi wants to practice so I suggested for him to use one of our practice rooms.”

The man raised up his eyebrows, “Practice? And you let him practice here? Is he a friend?”

“He's... yeah, he's a friend” Jungkook answered after glancing at Jimin for a brief moment, “I've known him for a while, appa, he's good”

“I see. So, Jimin-ah, what are you practicing for?” The man wanted to know as he stared at Jimin, dark eyes piercing through Jimin. Even though he appeared intimidating, his eyes were kind.

“I-I'm a dancer. I'm currently practicing for a big competition”

“Seoul Dance Championship” Jungkook clarified, his father's eyes going wide in surprise.

“I see. That is fantastic. Congratulations” The man smiled, eying Jimin again, “So you dance, hm? How old are you?” His expression fairly changed, making it seem as if he was scanning Jimin thoroughly.

“Thank you, 23” Jimin answered politely.

“Hmm, can I see your profile?” Jungkook's father suddenly wanted to know, lifting his hand and grabbing Jimin's chin gently. The man titled his head to the side, studying his features, “You're pretty”

Abruptly, Jungkook gripped his father's wrist and pulled it away, “Don't, appa. Not now” Jungkook protested for whatever reason, wrapping an arm around Jimin's waist, “I'll come right up to your office after showing Jimin the practice room.”

With that, Jungkook walked away, his arm remaining around Jimin as he pulled the smaller boy with him.

“It was nice meeting you!” Jimin yelled back at the man, bowing again before he turned straight ahead.

“You, too!” The man called back.

Confusion bloomed in Jimin. Confusion at the situation and at Jungkook's behaviour.
“What was that about?” Jimin wondered, eyebrows arched up and trying to ignore the sparks he felt at Jungkook's touch.

The taller boy let out a sigh, “Sorry, I'm pretty sure he was checking whether or not you were eligible for auditions.”

Jimin's eyes went wide at his words, “W-What?” Swallowing hard, Jimin took a glimpse at Jungkook who held his stare, “So, he wanted to see whether or not I could audition for this company? That's amazing!”

“Jimin-ah, you sound excited now, but it's not as amazing as you think it is. I don't want him to judge you, sign you and then make you into something that you might not want to be” Jungkook explained, shaking his head as they approached a door, “If you ever want to audition here, I'll be the one to evaluate you.”

The shorter male raised his eyebrows, “Why you?”

“My father can be very... persuasive. I don't want you to do anything you don't want to. If you ever audition here, I'm going to take care of you. I'll be fair. I will go through everything with you before you sign anything so you know what you're getting yourself into, but not today, not here with him. I don't want him to ruin you”

Jimin blinked, comprehending his words.

“Ruin me? Why do you talk like that about your father?”

“I told you, he's not a bad person, but he decides what you are as soon as you sign the contract. Some people are fine with that so they stay, some people don't like it and leave, but I don't want you to experience this without me by your side so I can make sure you're okay”

“So people change when they sign here?” Jimin asked, not exactly sure what Jungkook was referring to.

“People come in here with this fairy tale imagination of training for a couple of months and then they will become famous. Shit doesn't work like that. Some kids train years in here until they even get the chance to debut. It takes time to plan out someone's career, put together a group or build a narrative for a person. If you walk in here and sign a contract, it's a shit load of work.” Jungkook elaborated as they halted in front of a door, “This doesn't just fuck you up physically, but also mentally because you never know when you will actually get the chance to debut. My father can't let each and every single trainee debut the same year, that's simply not possible. Even worse than that is the industry itself, Jimin-ah, it's a fucked up place. You should think about it a lot before you choose that life, it can fuck you up completely.”

The shorter male gulped.

“I'm not saying doing what you love is bad, I'm just reminding you that there is a lot more to it. Shit, that's not that beautiful and amazing. Shit, that can really fuck you up. I can't let you walk into that without at least warning you”

“Okay. Thank you, Kook-ah. I... I didn't plan on auditioning. I mean, I always dreamed about it, but right now, I want to focus on the dance group that I'm in. I'm happy with that right now. I'm really happy”

Jungkook smiled slighty as he nodded, “Good. I'm glad”
Then, Jungkook opened the door, revealing a huge room that completely put Jimin in awe. It was the biggest practice room he had ever seen, double the size of Hoseok's dance practice room. Jimin was certain that a hundred people could fit in here to dance.

The whole wall across from him was out of tinted glass, causing you to be able to look outside, yet shielding you from other people looking inside. The wall on his right was a mirror, Jimin watching his own reflection as he walked further into the room. Behind him was some music equipment, boxes and machines Jimin didn't really know, speakers up in the corner of the rooms.

“Wow” Jimin awed as he spun around, scanning his surroundings.

“You can connect your phone via bluetooth. Put on the music as loud as you want, walls are soundproof.” Jungkook informed him as he leaned against the wall beside him, “I would like to stay, but I should go up and talk to my father now. We haven't eaten anything yet so I'll make sure you will get something soon. Other than that, I'll make sure no one disturbs you and comes in here so you have this room to yourself. In case you need anything, just text me.”

“I'm not that hungry, Jungkook-ah, you don't-”

“I will” Jungkook interrupted him, that stare on his face that didn't leave much room for protest.

The smaller boy sighed, but couldn't help and smile, “Thank you, Jungkook-ah.”

Jungkook returned his smile, pushing himself away from the wall as he made his way outside, “I'll pick you up later. Let me know when you want to leave sooner”

“Okay”

With that, Jungkook exited the room, pulling the door close behind him and leaving Jimin all on his own, still shocked and fascinated by his surroundings.

“This is insane” Jimin whispered as he pulled out his phone.

He was going to practice in one of the practice rooms of Jeon entertainment. This definitely was a dream. Jimin pinched himself, hissing at the pain.

No, this was real.

Smiling brightly, Jimin opened the video Hoseok sent him and sat down on the floor in order to take each step in.

It wasn't even fifteen minutes later, Jimin already up on his feet again and mirroring the first steps, that there was a knock on the door, causing Jimin to halt.

“Y-Yes?” He called out as no one entered.

The door opened, revealing a young man with several bags in his hands, “Mr. Jeon sent me here to bring you some food” The man informed him, bowing slightly as he approached Jimin.

“Thank you” Jimin uttered and bowed back, shocked by the amount of bags the man carried.

“Mr. Jeon insisted you should eat a lot. I should also ask you whether or not you need anything else, Mr. Park”

The orange haired boy raised up his eyebrows, surprised by the fact that he was referred to by his surname even though the man appeared to be older than him.
“No, thank you. Tell him I'm fine and thank him for the food and for making sure I'm okay” Jimin replied as he bowed again.

The man nodded and bowed back before he exited the room.

Then, the smell of the food found it's way into Jimin's nostrils, causing his stomach to grumble and remind him that he indeed hadn't eaten anything today. Almost simultaneously, his mouth began to water as he sat down in order to eat the food that Jungkook got for him.

Even this small gesture from Jungkook spread warmth through Jimin's chest.

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Can I take a shower here? - Jimin

Some hours had passed since Jungkook had left Jimin alone to practice, the taller boy going off and talking to his father, presumably getting some work done from here. Fortunately, Jimin had the choreography from yesterday down now, felt the moves in his bones whenever he heard the beat of the song. However, this tiring practice hadn't only been exhausting yet succesful, but also caused him to sweat quite a lot. Jimin really wanted to shower.

There are showers at the end of the hall, but I was about to pick you up anyway. - Jungkook

I should take a shower first. - Jimin

There might be other trainees in there, Jimin-ah. You can shower when we get back. - Jungkook

Jimin furrowed his brows. However, he didn't really want to encounter other people while showering – especially people that he didn't know.

When we get back to where? - Jimin

I'll be right down. We can talk then – Jungkook

The smaller boy sighed, but locked his phone and put it into his backpack before getting up to his feet and stretching his aching muscles. Jimin was happy with how much work he had gotten done today. Then again, he had almost forgotten why they were here in Busan to begin with.

The thought alone caused Jimin's stomach to twist. Tomorrow he was finally going to meet his biological father. The excitement and hope to finally see the man bubbled inside of Jimin, making him smile lightly. Frankly, Jimin's mind didn't consider every single possible way this day could go because his father could very well not want to see him. However, that was one thought Jimin banished from his mind, completely ignoring it.

Suddenly, there was a knock on the door before it was opened, Jungkook peeking inside and smiling at Jimin's sight.

“Hey” He greeted as he entered the room, observing how Jimin picked up the bags the young man had brought him earlier, cleaning up the mess he made.

“Hi” Jimin uttered with a smile as he straightened his back.

Jungkook studied Jimin's appearance, noticing his hair that was damp through the sweat stick to his forehead, looked at his flushed cheeks and his beautiful brown orbs that appeared so blissful.

Jimin seemed happy.
“How was practice?” The black haired boy wanted to know as he leaned against the wall.

“Good” Jimin uttered as he let out a breath, “Great. It's not perfect yet, but I have the steps down now”

Jungkook smiled at Jimin's happy expression.

“What about you? Did you get work done?”

The taller boy nodded as he pushed himself away from the wall, “Yeah, I mainly talked to my father about some next business steps” Jungkook responded as he walked over to the windows, looking outside. The sun was starting to go down, causing Jimin to wonder how long they’ve actually been here for. Then again, they had gotten up pretty late today because they went to bed fairly late last night, too, causing them to even get here only past noon, “Baek didn’t call or text me yet. I think we should go eat dinner and then head back to the motel until he contacts me”

“Okay” Jimin agreed as he pulled his backpack over his shoulder.

They left the room, Jungkook pulling the door shut behind them and reaching for the bags Jimin was carrying. The shorter male was about to protest, but Jungkook shushed him with the shaking of his head. Rolling his eyes, but smiling slightly Jimin followed the other boy.

“So, why is it so bad for me to shower while other trainees are there?” Jimin wondered as he caught up to Jungkook.

“Huh?” The black haired one muttered as he raised up an eyebrow, seemingly confused for a moment – or perhaps pretending, “Oh. Well, it's not... bad. I just warned you that there was going to be people.”

“You didn't warn me. You were actively trying to get me not to go there. Why?”

Jungkook frowned as he let out a snort, “What? I didn't-” He paused when he glanced at Jimin, noticing his unimpressed look, and sighing, “Well, I didn't want the other boys to... well-”

“Jungkook-ah!” A voice interrupted Jungkook, drawing both of their attention over to the elevators where a man walked out, “I'm glad I found you before you left.” Jungkook's father stated a little breathless, smile on his face as he glanced at his son, “Why don't you and Jimin come over for dinner tonight, huh?”

Jimin and Jungkook shared a glance.

“Appa, I don't think we can. We're actually-”

“Why not” Jimin found himself answer, feeling bad for the man who was visibly trying to spend time with his son as his affection and care seemed to have been lacking for the past months.

Surely, Jimin would be extremely nervous while in the presence of his father, but he was going to contain his own feelings in order for Jungkook and his father to be able to spend some time together.

Clearly, the man that was the CEO of the company was a different person than the father that was standing in front of Jimin right now. The ruthless man that knew what moves to pull in the industry, was feared among some people because of his power was definitely not the same smiling man standing in front of him, hope in his eyes to spend some time with his son that he hadn't seen in a long while and who was going through some stuff just to help him out right now.
Maybe the business man put on a facade each day when he went to work. Perhaps he had worn that mask for so long, causing him to struggle with differentiating who he was as a father. Right now, he seemed to try to work on that.

Jungkook stared at him in shock, “Are you sure? We don't... I mean, Jimin-ssi isn't-”

“It's just dinner, Jungkook-ah” The smaller boy reasoned, smiling and shrugging his shoulders as he stared at Jungkook’s father again.

For a moment, Jimin believed to see gratitude in his eyes, causing the shorter male to smile. However, he was soon reminded of the power of this man, causing him to bow again as he hadn't done it upon his revival.

“Stop bowing, Jimin-ah” Jungkook snickered and pulled Jimin back up by his hoodie.

“Yes, it's not necessary. You're a friend of Jungkook-ah and he told me quite a bit about you earlier so please, bowing isn't necessary.” The man agreed, smiling at Jimin who blushed at the information.

What had Jungkook told him? Why had they talked about him? And why did it seem like Jungkook's father appeared to like him now?

Well, he hadn't seemed to despise him earlier, yet now he even seemed fond of Jimin, telling him that bowing wasn't necessary, inviting him into his home – what had happened while Jimin practiced?

Jungkook cleared his throat, rubbing the back of his neck, “Okay, appa, we'll leave already. We'll see you home, then”

“I'll tell Jiyoo to prepare dinner already” His father commented as Jungkook and Jimin walked past him into the elevator.

“See you later, Mr. Jeon” Jimin waved goodbye with a smile.

“See you later, kids” Jungkook's father called back as the elevator doors closed, leaving the two boys on their own.

“You didn't have to, Jimin-ah” Was the first thing Jungkook noted as the doors shut, “I can get a call from Baek any time soon now and we might have to leave then. We're here because of you, not beca-”

“Jungkook-ah, it's only a dinner. I think he really wants to spend time with you. When is the next time you're going to be here? Clearly, he wants to use the time you're here and spend it with you. This one dinner won't delay anything.” Jimin interrupted, smiling sympathetically.

The black haired boy looked back and forth between his eyes, nodding as he let out a breath, “Okay. Hopefully, Baek won't call right during the dinner, though. Will be difficult to leave then”

Jimin was about to say something, but the elevator doors opened already, a sound reminding them of their revival. They walked outside, people bowing at Jungkook's presence again.

“Good evening, Mr. Jeon” A girl grinned as she walked past, bowing slightly.

“Good evening” Jungkook replied, but didn't look at her as they continued walking outside.

Swiftly, they made their way to Jungkook's car, climbing inside their seats respectively. Jimin tossed his backpack on the backseats and fastened his seatbelt while Jungkook put the key into the ignition,
the engine coming to life.

“Why didn't we leave together with your father?” Jimin wondered as Jungkook pulled out of the parking spot, driving off. The huge entertainment building flashed by Jimin, the smaller boy looking back before he fixated his gaze back on the black haired boy.

“He has to get some stuff done first, but it won't be that long until he's home. Might only be a couple minutes after us, but could also take an hour. I don't know.”

“We should have waited” Jimin noted, placing his hands in his lap.

“I thought you wanted to take a shower?” Jungkook asked, eyebrow raised up as he glanced at the shorter male in the backseat.

Jimin blushed, smelling himself before he looked back over to Jungkook.

“Do I... do I smell that bad?” The orange haired one asked, voice quiet and unsure.

“No!” Jungkook quickly clarified, but smiled in amusement at Jimin's cute expression, “No, you don't smell bad. You told me you wanted to shower so I just thought you still want to. You don't have to, of course”

“Oh” Jimin muttered, catching his bottom lip between his teeth as he stared outside the window, “Well, then, yes, thank you. That would be nice.”

Jungkook hummed.

Then, silence settled between them.

The shorter boy couldn't stop thinking about the company, about Jungkook's influence and how the people treated him there. All of these people worked for him, respected him and were maybe even a little intimidated by his power.

“All of these people work for you, huh?”

Jungkook hummed.

“Wow. They seem to really respect you. I feel slightly intimidated” Jimin revealed, causing Jungkook to glance at him with a frown.

“Why?”

“I don't know. All of this... You're that powerful, but I don't really feel like you're that huge soon-to-be CEO person when we're alone. You're just you, you know? Jungkook-ah”

Jungkook smiled.

Suddenly, Jimin started to smile at a thought.

"It's odd to hear all of these people refer to you as Mr. Jeon" Jimin noted. Jungkook was younger than him, in fact he was the youngest in their group of friends, so everyone referred to him as their dongsaeng. It was a little weird to hear all of these people call Jungkook by his surname.

“Well, they're just being polite” The taller boy replied, shrugging his shoulders as he took a glimpse at Jimin.
“So, do I have to call you Mr. Jeon now, too?” Jimin teased as he glanced over to Jungkook, eyes big as he studied Jungkook's face.

The taller male arched up his eyebrows, smirking as he wet his lips, amusement and something else glistening in his eyes.

“If you want to be good for me, Jimin-ah” Jungkook answered, voice a little lower as he stared at Jimin suggestive, causing Jimin's eyes to go wide as he blushed.

“Yah!” Jimin scolded and swatted his arm, Jungkook pulling away with a hiss.

“Ouch, Jimin-ah, why did you hit me? I'm driving. I could have slipped from the road.” Jungkook warned exaggeratedly.

Jimin felt his cheeks heat up even more, “Well, sorry, but don't talk about... well, that! I'm still mad at you!”

They shared a glance, both having their eyebrows pulled together in an angry stare – yet there was no real heat behind it. Suddenly, their eyes became softer, amusement in them as they broke out into chuckles.

“Keep your eyes fixated on the road before you get us both killed” Jimin snickered and shook his head.

Their smiles didn't leave their faces for the remaining drive.

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“Oh my god” Jimin breathed in awe – for the second time today – as he eyed the massive house he was about to enter. This was a whole mansion!

The front yard alone was huge, the building standing up on a little hill and rather secluded from the other houses around. They had to pass a gateway, then drive up a little pathway in order to arrive at the building. Frankly, there was a lot of security.

Jungkook chuckled beside him as he drove into the garage, coming to a halt and turning the engine off.

“Come on” The taller boy insisted as he climbed out of the car.

Jimin gulped, shutting his mouth that had been agape again as he climbed out of the car as well. Grabbing his backpack from the backseat, Jimin followed Jungkook after said boy locked his car.

“This is... this is the biggest house I've ever seen” Jimin commented, eyes wide as he rushed after Jungkook towards the door in the garage that – according to Jimin's assumption – lead directly into the house.

The smaller boy stumbled over his own feet, too excited to take notice of his surroundings as he followed Jungkook.

“Careful, Jimin-ah” Jungkook chuckled and wrapped his arm around Jimin's delicate waist, pulling him inside the house and shutting the door. Proving Jimin's assumption, they were actually standing in some sort of hallway.

The lights were on, some soft music coming from somewhere.
“Shoes off, please” Jungkook uttered.

Swiftly nodding, Jimin took off his shoes, Jungkook mirroring his action and picking both of their pairs up, walking ahead. The orange haired male blinked, but quickly waddled after Jungkook and followed him further into the house.

“Jiyoo?” Jungkook called out.

For a moment, it was silent.

Suddenly, a middle-aged woman appeared, giving Jimin no time to scan the room as she rushed towards them after shrieking.

“Jungkook-ah!” She squealed and wrapped her arms around the taller boy, pressing her eyes shut as she pulled him closer.

“Hello, Jiyoo” Jungkook choked out, not able to breathe properly, yet still smiling as he returned her hug.

“You didn’t have to cook all of that. You know I love everything you cook for me” The black haired boy commented.

“Jiyoo, don’t scare him away” Jungkook laughed as he pulled the woman back by her shoulders.

“Jiyoo, don’t scare him away” Jungkook stopped the woman with a grin, shaking his head, “Oh, as charming as ever” She gushed as she pinched his cheek.

Jungkook laughed and shook his head, “Jiyoo, this is Park Jimin” He then introduced Jimin who had been somewhat hiding behind Jungkook as he didn’t want to disturb the moment, “A... friend of mine” Her eyes wandered over to Jimin, widening at his sight as she rushed towards him and pulled him into a hug as well, “Oh, hello, Park Jimin” She greeted, Jimin caught off guard by her affection towards him as she wrapped his arms around her. Frankly, he felt bad as he was still sweating quite a bit. However, she didn’t seem to care.

“Hello, Park Jimin!” He responded with a smile as they pulled apart.

“Oh, how sweet” She cooed as she poked his nose softly, causing Jimin to giggle, “Such soft skin. Waah, and what a pretty smile” “I’m sorry” She excused herself, clearing her throat as she brushed her hair out of her face. Suddenly, there was an alarm going off, her eyes widening, “Oh, the kimchi!”

Quickly, she spun around and rushed into what Jimin believed was the kitchen.

“We’ll go upstairs, Jiyoo!”

Then, Jungkook gripped Jimin’s wrist softly, goosebumps rising on Jimin’s skin immediately as the taller boy pulled him towards a set of stairs softly.
“Come on”

Jimin swallowed hard, blushing slightly as he followed Jungkook upstairs, noticing how the house had more than just two floors. This was so surreal for Jimin, utterly fascinating, yet totally bewildering.

The colours of the furniture and the soft rugs that were placed here and there throughout the house went well together, soft light colours mixed with a dark gray or black. Jimin was very fond of the appearance of the house, catching some family pictures on the walls as he was pulled through the hallway.

“Jungkook-ah?” Jimin asked once they halted in front of a door.

“Mhm?” Jungkook hummed as he opened said door and walked inside.

The room looked very similar to Jungkook's bedroom in Seoul, the colour scheming exactly the same, the bed slightly smaller, yet still big enough to fit two people.

“Who was that?”

“Oh” Jungkook chuckled as he dropped his bag on the bed, ruffling his hand through his hair, “That's Jiyoo, she... well, she does the cleaning and the cooking, takes care of all the chores, but she's actually a part of our family I would say. I've known here since I was ten or eleven maybe.”

“Wow” Jimin breathed, eyes going wide at the information, smile appearing on his face, “She seems very kind and... enthusiastic”

Jungkook grinned as he nodded, “She is. Sometimes it gets a little suffocating, but she's just very affectionate. Sorry if that overwhelmed you”

“No, not at all. I like her.” Jimin smiled as he walked further into the room.

The taller boy looked back and forth between his eyes before he let out a breath and pointed at the door next to the TV, “That's the restroom. You can take a shower there, if you want”

“Thank you” Jimin uttered and walked over to the door.

Jungkook followed him into the bathroom, turning the water of the shower on for him and making sure it's set to a comfortable temperature, “You can use the shower gel and shampoo. Jiyoo always buys new ones, just in case I come back”

Jimin smiled faintly, somehow sad at the information. Surely, Jiyoo and Jungkook's father missed having him here.

The black haired male placed a towel on top of the counter before he exited the bathroom, “Just call for me if you need anything”

Jimin nodded before Jungkook shut the door close, the only sound in the room being the water running.

The smaller boy turned around, watching himself in the mirror and grimacing at his appearance. His hair was a fluffy mess on top of his head, cheeks still flushed and face a little sweaty.

To he honest, Jimin still couldn't wrap his head around all of this. This weekend was such an... insane experience. It would take a while to comprehend all of this and it wasn't even over yet. The
It was actually nice to get an insight on how Jungkook's life was – or rather had been – here in Busan. It was nice to see his interaction with his family, see him laugh and smile like that. Clearly, Jungkook seemed to enjoy being here, too.

The shorter boy shook his head, drawing himself out of his thoughts. He shouldn't stay too long here. Jungkook's father was probably going to be here soon and then they had to see that informant later tonight. There was no time to be wasted.

Jimin took off his dirty clothes, folding them neatly and placing them on the counter. A counter that was out of marble – as was almost everything in here. It was a dark one, a brown one which was contrasting to the white tiles on the floor.

While letting out a breath as he was trying to calm himself down, Jimin stepped into the warm shower, muscles relaxation a fair amount as the warm water hit his body. Then, Jimin reached for the shampoo and cleaned his hair, rinsing it out with water before he cleaned his body with the shower gel.

After thoroughly cleaning himself twice, Jimin stepped out of the shower and wrapped the towel around his delicate body, shivering slightly as he quickly dried himself. As Jimin was drying his hair, he noticed that he had forgotten his backpack in the bedroom.

However, he didn't have much clothes with him anyway. The outfit he had left was supposed to be for tomorrow and the remaining sweater he wore to sleep was – well, just for that. He couldn't eat dinner with Jungkook's father while wearing nothing but his sweater!

Wrapping the towel around his shoulders, Jimin waddled over to the door and peeked inside the bedroom.

“Jungkook-ah?” Jimin whispered.

The taller boy had been lying on the bed, now sitting up as he glanced at Jimin with a concerned expression.

“Yes, what's wrong?”

“Uhm, well... I didn't bring that many clothes with me because I didn't plan on practicing. I don't really want to wear the clothes again I wore for practice, so... uhm...”

“I can lend you something” Jungkook quickly offered and got up to his feet, walking over to his dresser, “Hopefully, my clothes won't be too big on you.”

The black haired male rummaged through his drawer as Jimin walked into the room, “I'm fine with anything.”

“Here's some briefs and socks already. Oh, and a shirt” Jungkook stated as he tossed the pieces of clothing over to Jimin who caught them, but almost dropped his towel in the process. Shrieking, he quickly spun around and pulled the towel tighter around himself, “I didn't see anything” Jungkook chuckled, “Even though it's not like- Never mind”

Jimin blushed as he put on the pair of briefs and socks while Jungkook kept looking for some pants. Then, Jimin tugged the shirt over his head, smiling as it hung below his butt.

“Well, it is a bit too... large, but I don't mind that. I like it like that” Jimin commented as he turned
back around.

Jungkook was already staring at him, mouth slightly agape as he eyed Jimin, gaze remaining a little too long on Jimin's exposed, fair skinned thighs. Clearing his throat, Jungkook frowned as he gave a nod, “Yeah, it's a bit too large, but it will do. Let me just find some pants.”

Eventually, Jungkook found some skinny black jeans and handed them over to Jimin.

“I think they were a little too small on me anyway”

Jimin gave a nod as he put them on, surprised as they weren't too big on him, but fit just perfectly.

Once he was dressed, the two boys stared at each other, somehow getting lost in each other's eyes.

“Jungkook-ah, your father is here!” Jiyoo called from downstairs, her voice even audible from up here, “Dinner is ready!”

“All done?” Jungkook asked, eyebrow arched up.

“Mhm” Jimin hummed and nodded again.

Swiftly, he picked up the towel and folded it neatly on the bed.

“Come on” Jungkook then insisted and pointed towards the door.

As they made their way downstairs, the scent of different kinds of korean dishes filled Jimin's nostrils, mouth watering and stomach grumbling at the smell. Muffled voices were audible from the kitchen, Jimin assuming that they belonged to Jiyoo and Mr. Jeon.

Jungkook walked into the kitchen first, followed by Jimin right behind him, “Should we help with anything?” The black haired boy wanted to know.

Jiyoo and Jungkook's father turned around, both smiling at their sight, “No, no” Jiyoo exclaimed, “The table is already set. You can both go over already” Jiyoo smiled as she brushed strands of her black hair out of her face.

The younger boy nodded and gestured for Jimin to follow him. Jimin smiled at the two adults as he walked past them, both of them mirroring his expression as he rushed after Jungkook into the dining room.

Jimin's jaw fell at the sight, mouth watering even more. The long table was set with many different dishes – all of which Jimin recognised right away and craved immediately.

“Wow, she's amazing” Jimin complimented as he observed Jungkook sitting down at the table, the black haired male gesturing for Jimin to sit down next to him.

“She is. Her cooking is incredible, just wait” Jungkook smiled as he filled Jimin's glass with water before repeating the action for his own glass.

“Thank you” Jimin uttered before he took a sip from the water, letting the cold liquid flow down his throat.

As Jimin placed his glass back on the table, Jungkook's father entered the dining room, taking a seat across from Jungkook and lifting his napkin that he rested in his lap.

“Jiyoo isn't hungry?” Jungkook wanted to know.
“No, she already ate.” Mr. Jeon answered and shook his head, “Did you wait long for me?”

“No, not at all” Jimin answered and shook his head.

“Jiyoo just finished dinner. Thank you, Jiyoo!” Jungkook first added and then yelled the last part, receiving a happy ‘You’re welcome, Jungkook-ah’ before he went on, “I assume you were able to finish up quickly in the company?”

“Well, relatively. I have to work on some stuff later, but not right now. Let’s eat. I’m sure you boys are hungry, aren’t you?”

Both of them nodded, Jimin already having eyed all the different kinds of dishes.

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“I didn't bite you!” Jungkook protested, laughing slightly as he glanced over to Jimin who was giggling and moving a hand up to his mouth to hide his grin.

“To be fair, he did” Jungkook’s father insisted, “You were small, Jungkook, that's what kids do, right, Jimin-ah?”

Jimin arched up his eyebrows, humour glistening in his eyes as he titled his head to the side, “I don't remember biting anyone – ever”

The taller boy next to him raised up an eyebrow, something flashing in his eyes as he smirked lightly. Was Jungkook just referring to... was he referring to the hickeys? That's not biting! Or... or is it? No!

“W-Well, I didn't bite bite anyone ever. Especially not when I was a child”

“Jungkook was a little, well, let's call it rebellious when he was younger. It was difficult to settle him down and sometimes, he turned to biting. I guess he spent a little too much time with our dog, didn't you?”

“Oh my god, appa” Jungkook sighed as he rubbed a hand over his face, yet smiling as he listened to Jimin giggling beside him, “Stop embarrassing me. How many stories have you told so far that embarrassed me in front of Jimin-ssi?”

“Four” Jimin answered, having counted, “And they're not embarrassing. They're cute” Jimin reassured with a chuckle.

Jungkook rolled his eyes as he leaned back in his seat, still smiling though.

“I'm sorry, I guess I had a little too much wine, then. I can't help sharing those stories, Jungkook-ah, you know that”

“Mr. Jeon, do you have any more? I would love to hear more” Jimin asked with a bright smile.

“No, that's enough” Jungkook mumbled beside him, causing Jimin to snicker again, eyes turning into little crescents.

The past hour Jungkook’s father has lead the conversation. Going from his work over to how proud he was of Jungkook, then to his childhood and how it was to raise Jungkook and since then he has shared quite a lot of stories about Jungkook that were funny and adorable, painting Jungkook in yet another light and somehow making Jimin feel a little closer to him.

So far, Jimin has found out so much more about Jungkook on this trip. In some way, it made him feel
like he knew Jungkook better now, was able to look at him from yet another perspective and felt so much closer to him, was able to understand him a bit more and fathom why he behaved the way he did.

Frankly, Jimin had even forgotten about their issues.

“I have some baby pictures I could show-”

“No!” Jungkook interrupted quickly, “That's enough for today, appa”

Jungkook's father and Jimin chuckled again, causing Jungkook roll his eyes once more, but he couldn't help and smile all the same.

“Sorry, I'll hold myself back now” The man promised and held up his hands in defense, but then he glanced over to Jimin and winked, trying to whisper “I'll show them to you later.” However, Jungkook was sitting right beside Jimin, right across from his father so there was no way Jungkook didn't see it. To be fair, Jungkook's father had downed at least three glasses of wine already. Certainly, he was drunk.

“Appa, I can see- Oh god, that's enough alcohol for you today. What if someone from work calls you? You don't even know how to whisper” Jungkook scolded his father. The man only smiled, perhaps just happy to even be scolded, to even have Jungkook here in his house to have him scold him.

“Okay, that was my last one. No one is going to call me. I told them I won't be available tonight” Mr. Jeon defended himself and shrugged his shoulders. Then, his eyes wandered back over to Jimin, “Jimin-ah, I must say, that's really a bold choice of hair colour you have there. Of course, I see bold choices very often in the industry, but not really outside of that. It suits you very well, but what was the reason if I may ask?”

Jimin blushed immediately, almost choking on the piece of rice cake he was currently chewing on as he remembered the reason for the decision for the change. You know, the change that involved Jungkook. Jimin had dyed his hair after his first time with Jungkook. However, he couldn't reveal that to his father!

The black haired boy beside him smirked slightly as he took a sip from his drink, seemingly amused that Jimin was put on the spot after he had giggled at Jungkook's stories for the past hour.

“Oh, uhm, actually, it was supposed to be hazel, but my friend bought the wrong colour and noticed too late. He dyed my hair orange and I actually liked it so I just stuck with it” Jimin answered – which wasn’t a lie. Ultimately, this particular colour had been an accident, but Jimin quickly grew fond of it, causing him to keep it.

The man chuckled as he gave a nod, “I see. Well, even though it wasn't intended, good choice. It looks very good”

Jimin smiled shyly, “Thank you”

As the older man took a glance at his clock, his eyes widened a little, “What? It's fairly late already. Where are you staying, Jimin-ah? Why don't you stay here for tonight, hm? We have many guest bedroom, you can choose one. You don't have to drive through town to wherever you're staying this late. Jungkook-ah hasn't slept here in a while either.”

“That's not necessary, Mr. Jeon, thank you, but I don't want to cause any inconvenience”
“You're not. Please, we have many rooms, Jimin-ah, that's really not a problem”

Jungkook and Jimin shared a glance again, considering silently between them.

Frankly, it didn't really matter where they were staying tonight and this place was a lot better than that motel room. Jimin's back already wanted to cry at the thought of having to sleep on the floor for another night. Sleeping in a comfortable, soft bed sounded way better.

Moreover, Jungkook's father seemed really happy for Jungkook's presence, wanted him to be here a little longer, even if it was just knowing he was sleeping in the same house.

However, they would have to sneak out then tonight to meet that informant and then return fairly late at night when they came back. Would they be able to leave without anyone noticing? Would they be able to return without waking up anyone?

“Uhm, well, that's very nice, Mr. Jeon. If that's okay with Jungkook, I would like to stay for the night” Jimin answered eventually, taking a glimpse at Jungkook who nodded.

“That's fine. Thank you, appa”

“Good, I-”

Suddenly, a phone rang. Apparently, it belonged to Mr. Jeon as he got up to his feet and excused himself with a sigh. Jiyoo was already rushing into the room with the phone in her hand, giving it over to Jungkook's father who accepted the call and moved the phone up to his ear.

“Jeon. Hello”

For a moment, he just stood there and listened before he frowned.

“I see. Let me check”

Jungkook's father tried to move, but swayed with every step he took, causing Jungkook to rush up and hurry over to his father. The black haired boy took the phone from his father and placed it against his own ear.

“Yes, sorry, it's Jungkook here. Yes, he can't talk right now. No, everything's alright. Just email over the documents, he'll take a look at them later. Okay, bye”

Then, Jungkook hung up and placed the phone down on the table.

“Appa, I think you should go to bed. How long have you been up today?”

The man sighed, rubbing over his temples, “Since Five? Maybe four? Had a meeting early in the morning”

Jungkook nodded, “I'll bring him up to his room” He then let the other two know.

“Okay” Jimin uttered and got up to his feet, too, “I'll help Jiyoo with the dishes”

“That's not necessary, sweety” She protested with a smile and waved his offer off while Jungkook helped his father up the stairs.

“I don't mind, really. I want to help” Jimin smiled as he picked up his own plate and Jungkook's, walking over into the kitchen with them.
Jiyoo entered right after him with more dishes, “Thank you” She uttered as he walked past her again to get the remaining dishes.

“Thank you for that amazing food. Did you eat some of it at all?” Jimin then wondered as he walked back into the kitchen with more dishes.

“I did while cooking. I'm glad you enjoyed it”

“It's one of the best I've ever had. Honestly, all of it.” Jimin complimented earnestly as he went over to the sink in order to help Jiyoo clean and dry the dishes.

“Thank you, sweety” Jiyoo replied, flattered as she washed the dishes, “So, Jimin-ah, you live in Seoul then? Sorry, I didn't mean to eavesdrop, but I heard you all talking during dinner”

“It's fine” Jimin reassured, “Yes, I do. I was born here in Busan, though”

“I knew it! Your dialect came through a couple of times” She pointed out.

“Oh” Jimin slightly blushed and smiled, “I have lived in Seoul for several years now, but I guess it comes back when you're surrounded by people talking in dialect”

“Where do you know Jungkook-ah from? Through work?” Jiyoo then wanted to know.

Jimin hesitated.

“Sorry, I never know when I go too far, just tell me whenever I should shut up” The woman quickly added, causing Jimin to shake his head.

“No, no, it's fine. We, uhm, we met through a mutual friend. At a party. Jungkook-ah, he... he kind of helped me out of a situation there. Actually, he, yeah, he helped me quite a lot with some things I was dealing with” Jimin responded, smiling slightly.

It was a weird emotion he felt inside of his chest in that moment. For one, there was a fluttering from his heart, but a brief moment after his heart clenched. To be honest, it was fairly odd – that sensation inside of him. He didn't know which one to follow.

“My Jungkook-ah, yes, he's a good person. He went through some rough years, but I'm glad he found his way back on the right path” Jiyoo breathed.

Jimin dried the dishes with the towel, furrowing his brows as he processed her words. What exactly was she referring to? The death of his mother? Perhaps the fights that Jungkook had previously mentioned? Jimin was very curious to know, but he didn't want to snoop around.

“Jimin-ah” A voice suddenly called out, causing Jimin's heart to do that stupid thing again. Why did it do that? Why was Jungkook's mere voice able to do that to him? During this trip, his heart had fluttered so often, sparks had went through his body and he had felt so much warmth inside of his chest again.

What did all of this mean?

“Yes?” Jimin spun around to look at the black haired boy.

“I need to show you something. I'm sorry, Jiyoo, I hope you don't mind” Jungkook explained, holding out his hand for Jimin.
“Oh, no, not at all. Thank you, Jimin-ah, for your help” Jiyoo smiled.

“You're welcome” Jimin replied as he dried his hands, placing the towel next to her before he walked over to Jungkook who gestured for him to follow him upstairs.

However, he didn't say anything.

“What's wrong?” Jimin wondered as he followed Jungkook back into his bedroom.

As soon as Jungkook shut the door, he lifted his phone up, “Baek texted me the address.”

Jimin's eyes widened. They had waited for this since yesterday. Finally, it was time.

The smaller boy felt his stomach twist. Nervous about what was going to happen, who this informant was. Yet, he was also excited to finally receive the information about his biological father.

“Should we go right now?”

“Yes, let's not waste any more time. My father is already asleep. We just have to sneak past Jiyoo. I don't want her to worry or something like that.” Jungkook responded as he picked up his bag and his shoes.

Swiftly, Jimin picked his shoes and his phone, not thinking that he would need anything else as he followed Jungkook downstairs, silent on their feet as they tried to sneak past Jiyoo.

“Where are you two going?”

Dammit.

They both stilled dead in their tracks, backs towards the source of the voice.

“Oh, we...” Jungkook began, turning around.

“I was craving some ice cream and wanted to see more of Busan as I haven't been here in a while” Jimin lied.

Jiyoo smiled, almost as if she thought she knew what was actually going on.

“I see. Well, then, I don't want to hold you back. Don't be out for too long and be careful out there. I'll let your father now, but I guess he won't wake up until the morning”

“Thank you, Jiyoo” Jungkook uttered.

Jimin waved at her with a smile before they spun around and made their way down the hallway towards the door they had earlier on entered, now on their way to Jungkook's black Range Rover.

Chapter End Notes

What will happen once they meet the informant? What do you think will happen between Jungkook and Jimin?

Thank you for all the love on the last chapter <3
See you in the next chapter <3
I Will Wait For You

Chapter Summary

The events of the night intensify, Jimin and Jungkook seeking comfort in each other... A question might lead to more answers than Jimin had even considered... However, what will happen after that?

Chapter Notes

Hiii, there I am again :)  
Thank you for the love on the previous chapters <3  
Enjoy this chapter <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“This place looks... scary” Jimin noted, swallowing hard as he pulled his sleeves over his delicate hands.

It seemed to be an abandoned area – or at least one that wasn't provided with much money – the buildings all looking sordid, the little shops already closed – well except for one. It seemed to be a gambling casino. However, it was fairly small.

Jungkook pulled his key out of the ignition.

“Is this illegal, Jungkook-ah? I mean, what we're doing?”

The taller boy looked back and forth between his eyes, “It definitely isn't legal”

“Oh my god” Jimin breathed, heartbeat quickening.

“Well, and we aren't doing anything. I'm doing this. To be fair, I don't think I can go to jail for giving someone money for a piece of paper. However, what he's doing on his line to receive the information – I don't know. And honestly, I don't even want to know”

The orange haired one gulped again, palms becoming sweaty.

“I-It's fine, we can do this. We'll just go in and-”

Jungkook frowned, shaking his head as he unfastened his seatbelt, eyes stern as they stared at Jimin.

“No, Jimin-ah, I don't think you heard me right. You aren't going anywhere. I'm going in there to get the information. You're not going anywhere near that building, understood? You're going to stay in here. If I'm not out in twenty minutes, better leave” Jungkook ordered as he was about to climb out of the car.
“Wait- what? Why did you want me to come with you then? And what do you mean with 'if I'm not out in twenty minutes'?” Jimin stopped him, grabbing his arm and pulling him back.

“Jumin-ah, these man are ruthless. They do terrible shit and there is not a chance they don't have guns with them.”

“G-Guns” Jimin echoed, eyes wide.

“Yes, so you better fucking believe that I won't let you go in there.”

With that, Jungkook climbed out of the car.

Jimin opened his mouth in shock, opening his door as well and climbing out of the car, shutting it loudly before he rushed after Jungkook.

“They have guns? For what?” Jimin yelled after him.

The black haired boy spun around, approaching Jimin with wide eyes and pressing his hand over Jimin's mouth, “Don't be so loud, Jimin-ah. Just makes them notice us and raise suspicion. I have to pretend that this is normal for me, okay? They have guns for protection and defense I assume. But I wouldn't put it past them to have guns simply for the sake of it, because they think that's fun or worst case scenario – because they like using it in any way.”

Jimin's breath hitched in his throat, heart pounding fast in his chest.

Softly, Jimin pushed Jungkook's hand away from his mouth, “And you think I'm letting you go in there alone? No way. You're not going in there alone”

“Jumin-ah, go back into the car right now. I'm not taking you inside there with me”

“Jungkook-ah, stop trying to make decisions for me. This is about my father. My biological father. These are information about my family. I'm definitely not letting you risk your life for that. I can go in there by myself”

“Are you crazy? I'm not letting you in there by yourself. Besides, he wants the money specifically from me.”

Jimin pressed his lips into a line, wanting to protest yet again.

Frankly, Jimin didn't want either of them to die just because he really wanted to meet his biological father. Why did these men have guns to begin with? Why were they so secretive about their information?

“We don't have to... I don't want anything to happen to either of us. Maybe we shouldn't go in there at all”

The younger boy studied his face, seemingly contemplating about his next move, “I'm definitely going in there, Jimin-ah”

With that, Jungkook turned around and walked towards the entrance door.

Jimin gulped again, but gave a nod, “Then I'm coming with you” He uttered as he rushed after Jungkook.

“No, Jimin-ah, you aren't go-”
“Shut up” Jimin interrupted him with a frown as the door opened, a man almost bumping into them as he walked outside, appearing to be wasted, burping as he swayed around. Jungkook quickly reached for Jimin and pulled him closer, away from the man that didn't seem to know where he was going.

The door was still open, a weird mixture of musk, smoke and alcohol filling Jimin's nostrils, causing him to grimace. However, there was also a faint scent of peanuts, if Jimin wasn't mistaken. Some relaxing music was playing in the background, Jimin catching a glimpse of several gambling tables scattered around the room – a couple of people sitting at each one. So far, this seemed like a regular gambling casino – as far as Jimin was concerned. He had never stepped a foot in one of them, but he had seen them in movies. Surely, they weren't portrayed that falsely, were they?

“Okay, this is how it's going to go. You won't talk at all, okay? Don't make eyecontact with anyone. Don't let them persuade you into anything. We're going in there, I'll give him the money, take the information and then we leave.” Jungkook demanded as he gripped Jimin's shoulders.

The smaller boy nodded, swallowing hard as he looked back and forth between his eyes.

“Okay, let's go”

Then, they both entered the building.

No one spared them any glance, but continued their games and gambling, some laughter audible around them, yet also some yelling as people accused each other of cheating. Jimin felt a shiver run down his back, slightly scared of what they were walking into, but still a little confused because none of these man seemed to have guns with them, appeared to be regular people just wanting to win some money – however, rather losing it.

“Jungkook-ah” Jimin murmured as he followed Jungkook into the back, hands shaking faintly as he clung onto Jungkook's shirt.

The black haired boy looked back over his shoulder, moving his finger up to his mouth and signaling for Jimin to be silent. Said boy pressed his lips into a line and nodded.

As soon as Jimin realised they were approaching a door in the back – or rather the person that was standing in front of it – his heartbeat quickened. Where were they going?

The closer Jimin and Jungkook got, the more the man narrowed his eyes, giving the two boys a once over as they arrived.

“Jeon. I'm here to see Lee” Jungkook revealed to the man, voice firm and sure, not at all like Jimin would have sounded. Frankly, Jimin was sure his voice would be trembling if he opened his mouth right now, the poor boy stumbling over his words out of fear.

The man was so much bigger than them, dressed in black as he gave them another once over.

“You're expected. You can go in.” The man allowed with a low voice, opening the door behind him and gesturing for Jungkook to enter.

Jungkook walked ahead, Jimin right at the back of his toes, yet he was stopped by the man as he lifted his hand between him and Jungkook – basically separating them.

“Who is this?” The man wanted to know, eyebrow arched up.

Jimin swallowed hard.
“He’s with me. I’m here because of him”

“Baek didn’t say anything about another person”

“Well, Baek also said I would be able to meet Lee yesterday, but we see how that worked out. He’s with me, let him through. If his informant has a problem with it, he can let me know once we talk”

Jungkook insisted, reaching out for the smaller boy who quickly rushed to his side.

The man only pressed his lips into a line, watching the two boys enter the room and shutting the door behind them.

It was a small hallway, actually. A hallway that lead to a room – a room that didn't have a door. There were muffled voices coming from there, some laughter audible.

Jimin felt goosebumps rise on his skin, slightly frightened about who was in that room.

“Remember, don't say anything unless spoken to. Don't agree to anything they want, understood?”

“Mhm” Jimin hummed as he followed Jungkook.

Once they walked into the room, Jimin felt his heart drop. To be fair, Jimin believed that it actually stopped. Literally. In that moment, his heart stopped. In the moment his gaze fell on the men standing at the side of the room – holding guns in their hands as they looked straight ahead.

Involuntarily, a light whimper escaped Jimin, his legs slightly wobbly as he followed Jungkook towards the table in the back of the room, several people sitting around it and playing a card game. There was a man right across from him, cigarette in his mouth as he tossed a card on the table, laughing sneeringly as he pulled all of the money on the table towards himself. The other men groaned, leaning back in their seats as they threw their cards on the table frustrated. To Jimin's horror, there were more guns lying on the table. Jimin had no clue about guns, didn't know what kind these were, but they looked intimidating. Well, any gun did.

Suddenly, the man right across from him looked up, brown eyes falling on Jungkook first, a smirk appearing on his face. Swiftly, Jimin averted his gaze to the floor as he followed after Jungkook, pulling his sleeves over his delicate hands.

“Jeon!” The man called out in excitement, spreading his arms like he had expected Jungkook – well, to be fair, he had, “Finally, we meet”

“Yeah, finally. I don't have much time. Let's get this over with, Lee”

In a moment of courage, Jimin looked up, observing how that man – Jimin now assuming to be named Lee – arched up his eyebrows.

“Why in such a hurry? Where are your manners, Jeon? We have time, don't we? Come on, Jeon, when are we going to see each other again?”

Hopefully, never. Jimin thought. All of this was alarming. Every single person was in possession of a gun – for whatever reason. This wasn't a nice situation, not at all. However, they wouldn't just kill them, right? They hadn't done anything... they just wanted that information and give over the money, then they would leave again.

“I asked you for your name, pretty boy” Lee repeated, Jimin only noticing now that he had been talking to him, too caught up in his thoughts, “If you don't want to tell me your name, I can just call you pretty boy”
Fixing his posture, Jimin felt his cheeks heat up. “J-Jimin. Park Jimin” The orange haired boy answered, bowing slightly out of politeness which caused the other men to break out into chuckles.

“Well, manners he has, manners he has” Lee snickered, “Sit down, pretty boy”

“I...I” Jimin stuttered, glancing at Jungkook who clenched his hands into fists, jaw locking slightly.

“Lee, come on, enough of this bullshit. You want your money and we want the information. We don't need to play any games” Jungkook insisted.

Lee let out a sigh, “Jeon, we're not playing any games – yet. You will get your information, don't you worry.” The man assured before his gaze trailed back over to Jimin, “Sit down, boys”

Swallowing hard, Jimin felt like he was frozen in his place. Clearly, he didn't want to spend another minute in this room with these people. He just wanted that information and leave as quickly as possible. Jungkook didn't make any indication of taking a seat, causing Jimin to not move an inch either.

Suddenly, Lee lifted his hand and gestured towards Jimin.

A man came up behind Jimin and pushed him forward, grabing him by the shoulders and sitting him down on one of the stools.

“Don't fucking touch him” Jungkook threatened through gritted teeth as he was sat down on one of the stools as well, “I swear touch him again and I'll-” The black haired boy went on as he pushed the man away from Jimin.

“You will what, Jeon?” Lee asked, suddenly holding his gun, “I don't think you're in any position to threaten anyone right now, do you? In fact, Baek told me about your rude behaviour, huh? That's not very nice of you, is it, Jeon? Didn't you learn about respect? About manners? Not very smart of you either. Perhaps we need to teach you a lesson?”

Jimin's eyes went wide, heart pounding fast against his chest.

“Bring pretty boy back out. I want to talk to Jeon alone” Lee suddenly remarked.

A man came up behind Jimin again, pulling him up. However, Jimin tried to free himself, squirming around as he was lifted into the air. Abruptly, Jungkook got up as well, reaching for Jimin.

“I said don't fucking touch him! I swear, I'll-”

“Sit back down, Jeon!” Lee yelled as Jungkook was pushed back into his seat, eyes still fixated on Jimin who was held close to a man's chest, not able to move much in the man's clutch, “Everyone, calm down now” Lee breathed, voice so unnaturally calm and soft in this situation.

“Don't you dare lay a finger on him” Jungkook threatened as he looked back and forth between Lee and Jimin.

Too much was going on for Jimin to process this situation. How had this escalated so quickly? All he could think about was the fear of what was going to happen to Jungkook now. In fact, Jimin felt tears swell up in his eyes as he saw the gun that Lee was pointing at Jungkook. The man was holding it as if it was a toy, as if it wasn't a weapon to kill. Every time he moved his hand around, the gun pointed at someone else – could kill someone in that exact moment if he pulled the trigger. Frankly, Jimin felt like he didn't even know what power the gun in his hand had – or maybe he had used it that often that it didn't get to him anymore.
“Clearly, he clouds your mind a little, huh? We don't want that. We are going to have a talk from man to man now, Jeon. Baek told me about your... lack of manners. That's not how a gentleman behaves” Lee explained, holding the gun towards Jungkook.

“Oh, please, leave me with that gentleman bullshit. I am pretty sure these women aren't here because you're such a great gentleman, Lee” Jungkook spat, pointing towards some woman sitting in the back, bored expressions on their faces.

“Brave of you to talk like that with a gun pointed to your fucking head, Jeon” Lee smirked.

“You wouldn't shoot me because of a comment like that”

“Wanna bet?”

Jimin's heart stopped.

“No, please, don't!” The smaller boy couldn't help but scream out.

“Bring him out!” Lee yelled annoyed and pointed towards the door, “And let me talk some sense into Jeon without pretty boy screaming around”

“No, Jungkook-ah!” Jimin screamed in fear – not fear for himself, but for Jungkook, “Jungkook-ah!”

What were they going to do to him? Why was he pointing a gun at the black haired boy? Were they going to hurt him? Even worse – were they going to kill him?

Jimin squirmed around in the man's grip, tried to free himself, but the man was double his size, was way stronger than Jimin and it didn't seem to be that hard for him to lift Jimin up effortlessly and walk outside with him.

The smaller boy continued screaming for Jungkook, tears now running down his face as he was carried through the gambling room – people turning around to glance, but then drawing their attention back to their games.

“Let me go! Jungkook-ah! Leave him alone! Don't hurt him!”

“Shut up” The man hissed as they were outside.

Then, he was placed back on the floor. Jimin took the opportunity and spun around, trying to get past the man and run back inside. However, the man pushed him away, causing Jimin to stumble back and fall on his butt.

“No!” Jimin screamed, voice straining as he watched the man shut the door.

Swiftly, he got back up on his feet and ran towards the entrance door, banging against it as more tears streamed down his face.

“Jungkook-ah! Jungkook-ah, please, don't hurt him!” Jimin yelled, voice hoarse.

With shaky hands, Jimin pulled out his phone, wanting to call someone – the police or an ambulance preferably as there was no way Jungkook wouldn't need one. Jimin tried to unlock the phone, cursing under his breath as the black screen didn't light up. It took his frightened brain a moment to register that his phone didn't have any battery left.

“No, no, no” Jimin whined, squeezing his eyes shut. He hadn't charged it at all on heir trip here in Busan, causing his battery to run empty.
Frustrated, Jimin wanted to toss his phone against the wall, but decided to just put it back into his pocket. Instead, he returned to banging against the door, praying that someone would open the door and let him back in.

“Jungkook-ah!” Jimin cried as he fell to his knees.

Jimin's mind was racing, the most awful scenarios running through his mind – all of them including Jungkook being hurt in one way or another. And all of that just because of him, just because the taller man had wanted to bring Jimin a part of his family.

“Jungkook-ah, why” The orange haired male whispered, tears rolling down his face, his vision blurry.

The shorter boy couldn't stop crying, body shaking as he kept on knocking on the door, knuckles starting to hurt due to the repetitive contact with the hard material.

“Jungkook-ah, please” Jimin whispered, pressing his forehead against the door as he felt his heart clench again.

Jimin didn't know how long he actually sat there on his knees and cried. However, ultimately, this wasn't going to help Jungkook in any way. He had to get help.

Determined, the smaller one got back up on his wobbly legs, wiping a hand over his face to get rid of any tears – which was useless as new ones wet his face immediately again – and turning around to find some help.

Surely, there must be other people around here – people that were willing to help Jimin.

As Jimin took a couple of steps, he heard the door open behind him. Quickly, he spun around, heart dropping and more tears running down his face at the sight.

“Jungkook-ah!” Jimin cried and ran towards the black haired boy who had not one bruise on him, “I thought they hurt you! Or even killed you!” Jimin sobbed and pushed at Jungkook's chest.

The taller boy's mouth was agape, slightly shocked by Jimin's appearance. Jimin sniffed as he threw weak punches at Jungkook's chest, “I thought I had lost you” He cried, voice small as he squeezed his eyes shut.

Jungkook only stood there, taking Jimin's punches that didn't really seem to hurt him at all.

“I was so scared. I didn't know what they were doing to you” The older one sniffed and shook his head, eyes big as they stared up at Jungkook.

Then, Jungkook gripped his wrists, preventing Jimin from hitting him any more as he pulled him into a hug. Swiftly, Jimin wrapped his arms around Jungkook's body, taking in his comforting scent as the taller boy pulled him impossibly closer.

“I'm right here, Jimin-ah, I'm fine”

The orange haired male was still shaking as Jungkook held him tight, resting his head on top of Jimin's. Jimin wanted to remain in that moment, wanted to stay in Jungkook's strong embrace and make sure that he was alright.

“Please, stop crying, Jimin-ah, I'm fine. We're fine” Jungkook whispered, pressing a soft kiss on top of Jimin's head.
Jimin's heart fluttered at the gesture, eyes falling shut as he hid his face in Jungkook's chest.

“Are you okay?” The taller boy then wanted to know, his hand rubbing soothingly over Jimin's back, trying to comfort him.

“I-I think so” Jimin answered, voice hoarse, causing him to clear his throat, “Are you?”

“I am”

“I was so scared, Jungkook-ah” Jimin admitted as he locked eyes with the black haired boy. There was emotion glistening in them, one that Jimin really wanted to define, yet he couldn't.

“I know, little one, but we're fine now.”

Again. That stupid fluttering thing. Jungkook didn't even seem to notice what he had said, just lifted his hand in order to wipe Jimin's tears away, then brushing some strands of hair out of his face before he caressed Jimin's cheek.

“We're good”

“I thought they might even kill you. I... I...” Jimin uttered, eyes rushing down to Jungkook's lips.

“I was scared, too, Jimin-ah. I had one fear. Not about me, but because I didn't know what they were going to do to you” Jungkook whispered, the words just for Jimin to hear as he admitted his fear.

Looking back and forth between each other's eyes, Jimin leaned up to the younger boy, eyes fluttering shut.

Careful. Jimin was careful with his action, not entirely knowing what he was doing, yet not able to resist the urge any longer as he softly pressed his lips against Jungkook's. The taller boy didn't hesitate for even a second, kissed him right back as he moved his hands down to Jimin's waist, holding him close.

Both of the boys let out a soft breath, sparks running through their bodies at the touch they had been missing so much. It was almost as if they finally found their way back to each other, two puzzle pieces falling together.

Frankly, Jimin didn't know if it was just the heat of the moment, the adrenaline running through their veins because they had experienced such a situation just now – Really, Jimin didn't know. However, he didn't care either. The only thing Jimin wanted to care for right now was the taste and touch of Jungkook's lips.

“Jimin-ah” Jungkook whispered against his lips, nuzzling his nose over Jimin's cheeks before he attached their lips in another kiss.

The black haired boy parted his lips, tongue moving over Jimin's bottom lip as he spun them around, pushing the smaller boy backwards against the door as he licked over Jimin's tongue. In response, Jimin let out a soft whimper, hands moving up into Jungkook's hair as he pulled the boy closer.

Their kiss was slow and passionate, the touch of their lips gentle, their hands gripping each other like they were scared of losing one another.

“Hang on, hang on, hang on” Jungkook uttered between their kiss, both boys trying to catch their breath when he pulled away, “We should probably get away from here as quick as possible. Let's go, come on”
Jungkook took Jimin's hand in his, the smaller boy smiling at the way their hands aligned as they intertwined.

With that, they quickly rushed towards Jungkook's black Range Rover, climbing inside and driving off before any of Lee's men could cause any more potential harm.

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“Be quiet” Jungkook whispered as they entered the house.

Well, that wasn't going to be difficult. They had both remained quiet for the whole drive back here, evidently not knowing what to say after what happened in the past hour.

Jimin gave a nod while they took off their shoes, Jungkook picking both of their pairs up as they walked further into the house. It was completely dark, not one single light turned on. However, thankfully, Jungkook seemed to know his way around even in the dark, Jimin clinging onto his shirt as he followed him upstairs.

Suddenly, Jimin tripped over one of the stairs, almost falling, but able to keep his balance by leaning onto Jungkook.

“Sorry” Jimin whispered as he pulled himself back up into a straightened position while following Jungkook who chuckled quietly at his clumsiness.

“What was that about you not being clumsy?”

“Shut up” Jimin mumbled, causing Jungkook to snicker again.

Finally, they found their way back into his bedroom, the taller boy shutting the door close behind them and switching the light on the nightstand on.

“That was...”

“Insane” Jimin finished his sentence.

During the car ride, he had been able to calm his heart down from the events in the gambling casino, from the fear of Jungkook getting hurt by these people.

“I really thought we were...”

“Screwed” Jungkook finished his sentence this time, “Lee is a bastard, should have known it from the start.”

Swallowing hard, Jimin walked further into the room and took a seat on the edge of the bed.

“What exactly happened in there after I left?” Jimin then wondered, eyes wide as he observed Jungkook walking over to his dresser and pulling some sweatpants and a clean shirt out.

“Lee talked some shit about how I should behave better, considering how we apparently have been friends for long. I knew he wouldn't pull any shit on me though. He's scared of my father. Essentially, they kind of work for my father in a way anyway. But I didn't know what they were going to do to you, yet I assume they didn't dare to touch you either because they were scared of me letting my father know or something. They didn't touch you, did they?” Jungkook wanted to know as he stared at Jimin, eyebrows arched up.

“No. Well, he just carried me outside, but... he didn't hurt me or anything. I was just concerned about
you” Jimin responded, shaking his head, “So... so they didn't hurt you at all?”

“No, not at all. The gun was just to intimidate me, but he wouldn't dare to kill me. I gave him the
money and he gave me this” Jungkook revealed as he held up a piece of paper, folded into a smaller
piece.

Jimin's eyes went wide, heartbeat quickening as he got up on his feet and approached Jungkook.

“Is that...”

“His name and his address, yes. Yet, no damn phone number or something like that. I guess we just
have to go there and hope he's there”

Jimin stared at the piece of paper, lifting his hand, “May I?”

“Of course” Jungkook nodded as he handed Jimin the piece of paper.

It was odd, wasn't it? How this whole chaos had been for this single piece of paper. The world realyl
worked in a weird way.

Gulping, Jimin only looked at it. For some reason, he felt too many emotions at once, was too
anxious to actually open the note.

“Have you looked at it already?” Jimin wondered, eyes wide as he stared at Jungkook.

The black haired boy pressed his lips into a line, apologetic eyes staring back at Jimin as he nodded
slightly, “I'm sorry. I had to make sure that he didn't just gave me a blank paper”

To be fair, that was reasonable. Jimin understood as he gave a nod.

Then, he walked back over to the bed and took a seat, still only staring at the note.

“Are you okay? Do you need something?” The taller boy asked as he approached Jimin, grabbing
his chin gently and lifting his head in order for them to lock eyes again.

“No, I... I'm fine. Sorry, it's weird to actually have this now.”

Jungkook nodded as he smiled sympathetically, “I understand. I'll give you some time for yourself
while I take a shower, okay? If you need something, just walk into the bathroom and tell me”

Blushing slightly at the offer – even though it was only a kind gesture, Jimin couldn't help but blush
at the thought of walking into the restroom while Jungkook was showering – Jimin gave another
nod.

After stroking Jimin's cheek gently, Jungkook turned around and walked into the bathroom,
seemingly considering whether or not to shut the door, yet deciding to leave a small gap open.

Jimin averted his gaze back onto the piece of paper in his hands.

This was what he had come here for. For this information. To meet his biological father. Frankly,
Jimin had even believed for a fair amount of time that Jungkook and him were going to die for this –
However, now he knew that those people only wanted to intimidate them a bit.

The whole trip had been for this, yet so much more had happened – Things that Jimin hadn't even
considered. When would he have ever thought about staying at Jungkook's childhood home? Or
practice in the Jeon entertainment building? Or... or be that close to Jungkook again?
The sound of water running interrupted Jimin's thoughts, drawing his attention back to the note in his hand.

Letting out a breath, he finally pulled it open.

**Hwa SungHo**

Jemin's heart skipped a beat, just for his heartbeat to quicken right after. That was his name? That was his name!

There was also an address below the name, a place Jimin had never been to.

That was it. Nothing more was on this piece of paper that had caused them so much trouble.

Well, Jimin didn't know what else he had expected. Some secret information about why his biological father hadn't raised him? Or the revelation that he had a different mother as well? Clearly, none of that was on this piece of paper. Perhaps, the man himself would give him these answers.

The smaller boy fell back on the bed, staring up at the ceiling as he listened to Jungkook showering.

Jimin was grateful for Jungkook, was grateful for what the taller boy had done for him.

Jungkook really wasn't a bad person, wasn't evil. No, Jungkook was a boy who kept his feelings to himself – most of the time. A boy who had built walls around himself for a reason, but was letting Jimin finally in. Jungkook was a boy who had made some mistakes, but who had a good heart, who was kind and supportive of the people that he liked.

Letting his eyes fall shut, Jimin just laid there as he reminisced about the past two days, letting everything sink in. Time has gone by so fast, not really making it possible for him to adjust to all of it and comprehend everything.

After a couple of minutes, Jimin got up to his feet and walked over to his backpack, pulling out his sweater that he wanted to wear for sleeping as well as his charger as he really needed to charge his phone. Then, he took off his clothes, folding them neatly and placing them on top of the dresser before he put on his sweater. Perhaps, Jungkook could lend him some sweatpants for the night.

It was fairly late already. However, Jimin wasn't sure if he would even be able to sleep tonight, too shaken up by the events of the night and too excited about tomorrow.

While changing, Jimin hadn't noticed that the water had stopped running, startled as Jungkook reappeared in the bedroom with a towel wrapped around his waist. As soon as he walked back in, his eyes fell on Jimin, stopping dead in his tracks at the smaller boy's appearance in the large sweater.

“I looked at the note” Jimin revealed, drawing Jungkook out of his thoughts who shook his head before walked over to his dresser, “Also, can I charge my phone here, please?”

“Of course” Jungkook nodded, “How do you feel? About the note I mean” The black haired boy wanted to know, voice soft as he picked out a fresh pair of briefs and a black shirt while Jimin plugged his charger into his phone.

“I don't know... I'm anxious about tomorrow, but also excited. It's a weird mixture of emotions” Jimin answered, letting out a breath, “It's odd to see his name. I really wonder what he's like”

All of a sudden, Jungkook just dropped his towel, his naked back fully revealed to Jimin. The orange haired boy blushed immedialty, spinning around as quickly as he could – almost breaking his neck
in the process – as he let out a squeak.

“Jungkook-ah!” He whined, covering his face with his hands, “Warn me before you get naked!”

Jungkook chuckled at his reaction, “Sorry, I forgot. It's not like you haven't seen it before though”

Jimin bit down on his bottom lip as his cheeks heated up even more at the comment, “Still... I... I wasn't prepared. Don't do that!”

“Okay, I'm sorry, Jimin-ah.” Jungkook apologised, amusement in his voice as he observed Jimin peeking through his fingers, “You can look now, Jiminie”

The taller boy was dressed now, Jimin clearing his throat as he fixed his posture, sitting down cross-legged on the bed. Jungkook joined him on the bed, laying down on his back as he stared at Jimin. As the younger male lifted his hands and crossed them beneath his head, his shirt rose up a bit, revealing his v-line and a part of his abs. Jimin's eyes rushed down to the exposed skin almost unconsciously, the boy gulping at the sight.

“W-What I was saying was that, uhm, I'm... I'm really nervous about tomorrow” Jimin tried to finish his thought, blinking.

“Don't be nervous, Jimin-ah. I mean, I can understand why you are and you have every right to, but don't make up too many scenarios about it in your head. You probably won't be able to sleep at all if you do that.” Jungkook noted, drawing Jimin's attention back up to his face.

“Do you think he will like me? What if he hates me?” Jimin wondered, voice almost vulnerable, the thought coming up for the first time. Frankly, perhaps Jimin should have thought about this sooner, yet all he had been able to think about was the excitement of meeting the kind father he never had. However, maybe the man didn't even want to see Jimin.

“Don't say that” Jungkook quickly uttered, placing his warm hand on Jimin's exposed knee, rubbing the fair skin gently, “How could anyone hate you, Jimin-ah? You're as sweet as an angel. There is no way he won't like you”

Jimin's heart fluttered at the compliment, cheeks heating up at his words, yet maybe also because of the gentle touch.

“Thank you, Jungkook-ah, for everything. You've done so much for me” Jimin smiled shyly, glancing at Jungkook again who smiled right back at him.

“I have to thank you”

“For what?” Jimin wondered, titling his head to the side in curiosity, eyebrows raised up.

“For... well, allowing me to be here, for suggesting for us to come here. I haven't been home here in a while and it was nice to see appa and Jiyoo again. It's nice to be back here.”

The smaller boy smiled, “I'm glad that you're happy about this” Jimin muttered softly, “Why don't you visit more often? You probably don't have much time, do you?”

Jungkook sighed, hand still resting on Jimin's knee, yet neither of them wanted to change that fact, “I'm really busy all the time and it's exhausting to move back and forth, but coming here today was really nice so I'll try to do that more often” Jungkook stated. Emotion flashed in his eyes briefly after, “Yet, I think... well, being here with you was nice”
Jimin swallowed hard, eyes glistening as he smiled shyly at Jungkook who returned his smile.

There it was again. That stupid fluttering thing his heart did.

“'I'm glad' Jimin responded, voice quiet, “I really enjoyed it, too. Actually, I never really imagined to come back here, you know? I thought I would hate it to go back to Busan. I didn't think I would have this much fun and enjoy my time here like this. I'm really happy. Thank you. I don't think I would have felt like this or even be brave enough to do this if it wasn't for you” Jimin muttered sincerely.

They only stared at each other, looking back and forth between each other's eyes as they smiled.

“And thank you for letting me stay in your home for the night” Jimin then added, “Your father is actually very kind and funny” He noted, Jungkook's smile widening as he rolled his eyes.

“Yeah, right, embarrassing me was really funny’

Jimin giggled, eyes turning into crescents as he placed his hands on Jungkook's chest and shook his head, “No, it wasn't embarrassing. It was actually cute. And funny”

The black haired boy rolled his eyes again, but smiled at the sound and image of Jimin's giggles.

“It just really makes me wonder about something”

Jungkook cocked his head to the side, eyebrow arched up, “What is it?”

The shorter boy cleared his throat, smile faltering.

“Uhm, can I ask you something?”

“Anything” Jungkook accepted without hesitation.

“This... uhm, this is really personal so even though you promised to be honest, you don't have to answer, okay?”

Jungkook looked back and forth between his eyes, smile gone as he nodded, “Okay”

“Your relationship to your father actually seems very good and I... I feel like he's a good person, but I just wondered... does your father accept you? I mean.... uhm, does he... support who you are?” Jimin asked, trying to figure out how to word his question, but hoping that Jungkook caught what he was trying to ask.

“Are you referring to my sexuality?” Jungkook clarified.

Swallowing hard, Jimin nodded, “Again, you don't have to answer”

Honestly, this was a very personal question so Jimin would be fine with Jungkook choosing not answer his question. However, he did.

“I don't like labelling myself. I've talked to my father about that. I've told him that I'm attracted to both genders and at first, he... well, he thought that I was just fooling around, you know? Trying to figure out who I am and stuff, experiencing a bit, but as time went by, we had more conversations about it and he totally understands now and is fine with it. In fact, he has seen me bring home guys or girls every now and then, didn't bother him. He doesn't believe that I'm just fooling around because I'm young or something like that anymore, but he understands that this is who I am. We've talked about it a lot and he supports me in that”
Jimin caught his bottom lip between his teeth as he gave a faint nod, “So... you don't think that he wants you to be with a girl?”

Jungkook raised up his eyebrows in surprise, “Do you think he wants me to be with Seoyun because he doesn't want me to be with a boy?” The taller boy asked as he lifted his hand, brushing orange strands of Jimin's hair out of his face.

The smaller boy blinked, heart jumping faster at the gentle gesture.

“I-I'm sorry, I don't mean to judge the situation. It's none of business, but after you mentioned how you think that he wants you to be with her I just... thought that... well, he wants you to be with a girl rather than a boy” Jimin explained, averting his gaze as he felt his cheeks heat up.

Jungkook's father was an interesting man. On the one hand, you had his business persona that lead Jungkook, had Jungkook's future planned out and had struggled with supporting his son's own dream, rather seeing him as the heir of his position and company. However, on the other hand, you had a father that Jimin met today, a father that struggled with being affectionate, but tried really hard to spend time with his son, to show that he cared. Perhaps, he had realised that he has been lacking that, wanted to make up for that and fix his relationship to his son before it was too late.

So then, Jimin couldn't help but contemplate about the fact that the business persona seemed to prefer Jungkook being with Seoyun, while the father inside of him was supportive of his son and... well, just wanted him to be happy, no?

“No, Jimin-ah, he wants me to be with Seoyun because of the deal, because of her parents' company and because she's a model he was able to sign under his company through me. That's why he wants me to be with her. It's convenient. I think the only reason he wants me to fall for her is to make it more bearable for me, for either of us. She can be nice after all. I don't know. It's definitely not because she's a girl, though, Jimin-ah.”

“O-Oh” Jimin uttered as he nodded, “I see”

Jungkook's hand came back up to his cheek, stroking over it gently and causing Jimin to nuzzle against the touch, “Thank you for caring about that, but he does support me, don't worry”

Calm down, Jimin whispered to his heart as he felt it pound faster after doing that stupid fluttering thing. Perhaps, Jimin had to go and get that checked by a doctor.

“Jungkook-ah, thank you for answering and... and for being honest with me” Jimin murmured, half smile on his face as he took a glimpse at Jungkook before he averted his gaze back down to his own lap, playing with the hem of his sweater.

Frankly, so far on their trip, Jungkook has been nothing but honest with him. Sure, during the time they have known each other before that hadn't really been the case. Then again, had Jungkook really lied? Jimin couldn't help but feel like Jungkook hadn't really blatantly lied in his face, had he? No, the boy had only kept some things to himself, not sharing them with Jimin. However, how could Jimin label that as lying? Or make it out to be as bad as lying?

Clearly, Jimin had wished for Jungkook to share all of this with him fairly sooner, yet he knew how difficult it was to open up to people, to let down your walls and let people in. So then, could he be mad at Jungkook for taking his time to let down his walls?

No, Jimin thought, just how Jungkook had never pushed Jimin to open up to him, how could Jimin force the taller boy to do it?
Yet finally, Jungkook was doing that, was letting him in, was sharing personal stuff about him and trusting Jimin with it.

Ultimately, Jimin felt all the more closer to the black haired boy.

“I promised you to be honest from now on. I'm going to keep my word”

However, there was one thing Jimin wanted to ask, needed to ask – even though he kind of already figured what the answer was going to be.

Jimin was ready to hear him out.

“Jungkook-ah?”

“Mhm”

“Can I ask you something about... us? You know, our... well, our situation? Or, uhm, well, our issues?”

The younger boy looked back and forth between his eyes, trying to read Jimin, yet not succeeding. Nervously, Jimin swallowed hard as he continued pulling on the hem of his sweater, Jungkook's hand no longer touching him.

"Of course. Go ahead”

“Jungkook-ah, the... the offer. Why did you never tell me? After finding out I really thought you all made fun of me behind my back.”

There it was. Another topic they – or rather Jimin – had been avoiding.

The taller boy pressed his lips into a line, nodding weakly, “I know, Jimin-ah, I'm sorry. We didn't do any of that, though. None of the others knew, I promise you. I didn't tell you because I didn't want you to be mad at hyung or even hate him. Essentially, he only asked me to look out for you and planted the idea in my head about the guidance thing, but I didn't think much of it. It wasn't until I saw those people make fun of you that I began to consider it. - And then, I saw your face. I saw your tears. And when you looked at me with those beautiful eyes of yours, the sudden urge to protect and help you came over me. I didn't know what it was, but I wanted to help you in any way I could. That's why I offered it. I thought you would scream at me, but I was happy that you actually agreed.”

Jungkook apologised, sincerity in his eyes as he sat up against the headboard, eyebrows pulled together as he answered Jimin, voice genuine.

Jimin blinked, swallowing hard as his gaze rushed down to Jungkook's lips and then up to his eyes.

“I guess I should have told you from the start about hyung mentioning it to me, but I didn't want to ruin your bond or make you uncomfortable. When you found out about it, I reacted in the wrong way, too. I'm sorry. I ran after you that day. I turned up there like a madman in the middle of the night and made a scene when all I should have done is give you space from the start. I just couldn't control myself. All I could think about was losing you, was you believing these awful scenarios in your head and being all on your own that night. It screwed me over. I couldn't sleep and I acted in a way I shouldn't have. I should have left you alone so you were able to breathe and think about everything. I know that now.”

The smaller boy pressed his lips into a line as he remembered the night he ran away from Yoongi's house. Unconsciously, tears swelled up in his eyes as all of the emotions of that night bubbled up inside of him.
“I fucked up, Jimin-ah. I fucked up with everything I did. I pushed you away when I shouldn't have, I didn't tell you about Seoyun when I should have, I didn't tell you about hyung asking me to look after you, either. I didn't do any of that shit even though I should have.” Jungkook uttered, voice desperate, but sure as he talked to Jimin.

A single tear dropped down onto Jimin's hand, the pain he had felt for the past weeks reminiscing in his heart. However, it was faded. The pain was fading away... slowly, but surely, his heart was healing.

“You should have told me, Jungkook-ah. I felt like a fool, like some stupid project”

“You're not a project, Jimin-ah. Don't ever think that. You're... you're so much more than you give yourself credit for” The black haired boy whispered as he moved closer, “You're beautiful, you're funny, you're kind and sweet, you're considerate and caring, you're supportive and understanding, you're... you're more than I can put into words, but you're definitely not a stupid project, Jimin-ah”

Jimin's swallowed as he looked back and forth between Jungkook's eyes, butterflies going crazy inside of his stomach, mixing with the silly fluttering thing of his heart.

“Then what about the rules?” Jimin found himself wonder, voice unsure. The shorter boy didn't take his eyes off of Jungkook, wasn't able to, “I know that you chose them for... well, to protect us, but... but it felt like you wanted it to be a project or rather... or rather wanted me to stay away from you other than having sex, wanted to keep us apart”

“I didn't make the rules just for you, Jimin-ah, I made them for both of us. I never thought that we would break all of them” Jungkook answered, voice becoming quieter as his gaze rushed down to Jimin's full lips before he drew his attention back to Jimin's beautiful brown orbs that were still glassy due to the tears shining in them.

The smaller boy averted his gaze to his lap, gulping. Was Jungkook blaming him now? Blaming him for falling for him? For breaking the rules?

“I-I'm sorry” Jimin whispered as he tried to get up, but Jungkook swiftly gripped his wrist and pulled him back towards himself.

“No, Jimin-ah, you don't understand, we both broke all of them” The younger male uttered, their faces so much closer now, merely some centimeters between them, lips almost brushing as they looked into one another's eyes. Jimin inhaled as he swallowed hard, feeling Jungkook's breath on his skin as the taller boy was still holding his wrist – not letting go.

For a moment, Jimin's heart stopped, just to pound twice as fast against his chest.

“W-What do you mean?”

Jungkook hesitated, looking back and forth between Jimin's eyes before he wet his lips. Then, the black haired boy lifted his hand and brushed strands of hair out Jimin's face before he placed his warm against Jimin's cheek gently.

Jimin's breathing became more uneven, heart pounding so fast the smaller boy was certain it was going to beat out of his chest. The touch was so soft, the close proximity to Jungkook making Jimin's heart go all crazy.

“Jimin-ah, there was only one lie I told you” Jungkook whispered.

The orange haired boy didn't know what to say, was only able to stare at Jungkook and listen.
“I didn't realise any of this until I was sure to lose you. As soon as the fear of losing you completely hit me, I couldn't suppress these feelings any longer. When you confessed, I knew that I couldn't accept your feelings and return them. I tried to tell myself that I didn't feel these feelings anyway, tried to convince myself that it wouldn't work out because I was supposed to be with Seoyun. I tried to push these feelings away just like I thought it would be better to push you away because I knew that I wouldn't be able to make you happy, that I wouldn't be able to give you what you deserve” Jungkook murmured.

Jimin was listening closely and trying to process his words – but he couldn't.

“Yet, every day without you made me realise how much I miss you, how much I miss seeing you smile, how I miss the touch of your delicate hands, the way your body fits against mine, the way your soft lips feel on mine, hearing you laugh about a stupid joke, watching you be your clumsy self, all of you, Jimin-ah. Every single part of you. Every single day I missed you a little more, felt you slip further away a little more. When you left Yoongi hyung's house that night and I thought that I might not be able to see you ever again, that I would lose you completely, I realised that I didn't care anymore, I wanted to be selfish, just this one time. I wanted you, Jimin-ah. I want you and I don't care about that stupid company deal. I don't care about my father's plans. I care about you. I knew it every time I kissed you, every time you smiled at me. I knew in that moment that I didn't want to let you go, Park Jimin”

That was it.

That was the moment Jimin's heart stopped.

Not just for a moment. For several at least.

That's when Jimin stopped breathing, too.

The worst part was – Jimin still hadn't fathomed his words.

“You rejected me.” Jimin breathed, eyes wide.

“I thought that you deserved better. I didn't want to pull you into that mess, Jimin-ah.” The taller boy answered, leaning his forehead against Jimin's.

“Then why did you touch me that day? The night of the party?”

“I couldn't resist you. I missed you so much, Jimin-ah. I... I didn't know what I want either, I tried to shield myself from feelings like this. I didn't know how to handle them, what to do. Every day I tried to tell myself that these feelings weren't real, but they are.”

Jimin pulled back slightly, shaking his head as he felt tears swell up in his eyes.

“I wanted to hate you. I wanted to hate you for breaking my heart, for lying to me, for playing that stupid push and pull game.“

“I know. I know, Jimin-ah, I'm sorry. I didn't know what I wanted. I didn't mean to mess with you like that. I like you a lot, Jimin-ah. In a way where I want to spend every day with you. In a way where I want to wake up next to you, a way where I want to see you smile every day. In a way where I want to protect you from anything bad there is, a way where I want to give you the whole world because you deserve nothing less. That's how much I like you, Jimin-ah.”

Jimin stopped breathing.
"I want you, little one, I want you to be mine. I want to be yours just the same" Jungkook confessed.

Time stopped.

For Jimin, it did.

The only thing he could do was stare at Jungkook with big eyes, heart still not beating, breath gone.

“Stupid asshole” Jimin cursed as he punched Jungkook's chest – a weak punch, yet still a punch.

“Jimin-ah, you never swear” The black haired boy muttered as he let Jimin continue throwing weak punches at him.

“I do now! You're a stupid asshole for making me fall for you.” The smaller boy cursed again, Jungkook grasping his wrists and pulling Jimin onto his lap instead – making him straddle Jungkook.

“I'm sorry” Jungkook whispered against his lips.

The shorter male swallowed hard, his heartbeat suddenly quickening. It was beating so fast, causing Jimin to believe that it would pound out of his chest any moment now. Yet, would that make a difference? His heart would fall right into Jungkook's arms and the boy already owned his heart. Jimin stared into the taller boy's eyes. Into the eyes of the man who had stolen his heart and who...

“who wanted him just as much?”

“I should hate you” Jimin murmured and shook his head.

“You should” Jungkook agreed with a half smile, pressing his forehead against Jimin's gently as he moved his hands to Jimin's waist.

Jimin smiled. For a stupid reason he smiled.

“But I don't. You still own my heart” Jimin admitted.

The black haired boy smirked against his skin, lips lingering above Jimin's. For a moment, he was hesitant, but then he pressed his soft lips on Jimin's, butterflies spreading in both of their stomachs.

Letting out a soft breath, they both deepened the kiss, trying to tell each other what they have been trying to say for the past weeks. Swiftly, Jimin's arms found their way around Jungkook's neck as he moved even closer, their lips never breaking apart.

As Jungkook licked over Jimin's bottom lip, the smaller boy let out a whimper, opening his mouth and allowing Jungkook to push his tongue against Jimin's. Slowly, Jungkook's hands moved beneath Jimin's sweater, touching the warm skin there and causing goosebumps to rise on Jimin's body.

A shiver ran down Jimin's back when the taller boy pulled on his bottom lip, drawing a soft whimper from Jimin who rocked his hips forward. In response, Jungkook escaped a groan as he squeezed Jimin's hips, pulling him even closer.

“Kook-ah” Jimin mewled against his lips as the black haired one started to trail kisses down his neck, sucking and nibbling on the fair skin every now and then.

As the shorter boy exposed his neck to Jungkook in order for him to leave more open-mouthed kisses there, said boy grabbed the hem of Jimin's sweater and pulled it up slowly.

“Okay?” Jungkook uttered against his skin.
“Yes” Jimin hummed and gave a quick nod, lifting his arms so Jungkook could take the sweater off. That he did, tossing it on the floor before he attached their lips in another kiss. Their hands were all over each other, hands roaming over the body of the person that held their heart respectively.

They didn't want to break apart from their kiss. Not even when they started to breathe heavier in between their making out session, lungs screaming for air, yet hearts screaming for each other. In that moment, being apart was worse than suffocating.

Jimin needed Jungkook. Just as much as Jungkook needed Jimin.

They had been apart for so long. their bodies had been apart for so long. They have been longing for each other for so long now, craving to feel each other like this again. This time, however, was different. This time, they knew how the other one felt. This time, they felt just the same.

“Off, off” Jimin begged and tugged on Jungkook's shirt. Wasting no time, Jungkook pulled off his shirt and tossed it to the side, quickly connecting their lips in a kiss again, like Jimin was a drug – was his drug, was the air that he breathed, the air that he needed to live.

As Jungkook's hands found their way back to Jimin's waist, said boy began to rock his hips against Jungkook's, the taller boy helping him with the movement as their kiss became faster, became more demanding – they needed more of each other, everything, anything the other would give them.

“Jungkook-ah” Jimin breathed softly as he felt himself harden, Jungkook's erection growing beneath him as well, “Please” He moaned.

“I'm right here, baby, what do you want?” Jungkook whispered against his lips, brushing Jimin's hair out of his face.

“You, Kook-ah, you, please, just- just touch me” The smaller boy begged as he rocked forward again.

While attaching their lips in another kiss, Jungkook moved his hands down to Jimin's briefs, playing with the waistband. The action drew a whine from Jimin, the boy just wanting Jungkook to touch him which caused Jungkook to smile fondly as he tugged down Jimin's briefs.

The orange haired boy had to get off Jungkook's lap in order to pull down his underwear, Jungkook using the situation and taking off his own briefs that he tossed on the floor. Swiftly, Jimin moved back over onto Jungkook's lap, both boys now completely naked, their warm bodies touching one another.

Their lips found their way back to each other, like they couldn't bear to be apart from one another. Jimin moved his hand up into Jungkook's hair, tugging on it lightly as they deepened their kiss. The action caused Jungkook to groan, the boy squeezing Jimin's hips as he bucked up against the shorter male in his lap.

“Angel, I have to stretch you, okay?” Jungkook whispered in between their kiss, opening the first drawer of the nightstand and searching for the small bottle of lube that he picked out a brief moment later.

Giving a faint nod, Jimin whined and chased Jungkook's lips for another kiss, yet the boy was occupied with squirting lube over two of his fingers, not noticing Jimin's needy expression.

“Kook-ah” Jimin mewed high-pitched when he felt two wet fingers against his entrance, the taller boy circling his entrance.
“Sssh, it's fine, little one” The black haired male murmured against his lips, placing a peck on them as he pushed his fingers inside of Jimin.

“Ah, ah” Jimin panted sweetly in response, eyes fluttering shut at the stretch of his hole. Jungkook's mouth lingered above his own, catching Jimin's little whimpers and gasps as he moved his fingers around, “Jungkookie-ah”

With each movement of his fingers, Jimin's whimpers became more high-pitched, the grip on Jungkook's shoulder turning a little tighter.

“Oh god!” The orange haired boy cried out as Jungkook pushed his fingers against that special spot inside of him.

“Sssh, little one, don't want to wake my father or Jiyoo, hm?” The taller one muttered against his lips, brushing Jimin's hair back so it didn't stuck to his sweaty forehead any longer.

Jimin quickly nodded, pressing his lips together as he tried to contain his sounds, causing Jungkook to chuckle as he halted his movement.

“You don't have to mute yourself, little one. Just a little quieter, hm? I still want to hear your cute little noises for me”

With that, Jungkook pushed his fingers firmly against his prostate, Jimin's mouth falling open in a silent scream as he squeezed his eyes shut, “J-Jungkookie” Jimin whimpered softly, grabbing the bedsheets beneath them as he clenched his hands into fists.

“Sssh, it's okay” Jungkook whispered as he placed kisses all over Jimin's face, kissing every inch he could get because that's what Jimin deserved.

The small boy above him looked so beautiful, so pretty. Jimin's cheeks were flushed already, lips parted and letting out cute little whimpers that were just for Jungkook, his hair was a fluffy mess on top of his head, nose scrunched up in pleasure as Jungkook continued moving his fingers inside of his hole, scissoring them every now and then and making sure to hit his prostate every single time.

Jimin truly was a vision, was the most beautiful boy he had ever seen.

And he was all his.

Just like he was Jimin's now.

“P-Please, Jungkook-ah” Jimin whimpered as he leaned his forehead against Jungkook's.

Giving a nod, Jungkook pulled his fingers out of the shorter one with a loud squealch, the sound causing his dick to twitch, just did Jimin's cute little whine. Swiftly, he grabbed his own dick, pumping it for a while as he squirted some lube over it.

“Jungkook-ah” Jimin whined again, breathing heavily against Jungkook's skin, face hidded in the curve of his neck.

“I'm right here, angel” The younger boy promised as he pressed a kiss against his temple, navigating his dick towards Jimin's entrance and pressing the tip against his hole.

“Please”

“Sssh, baby, I'm right here” Jungkook comforted, giving Jimin's waist a little squeeze as he pushed
his penis inside of Jimin's hole.

In response, Jimin's eyes fluttered shut, mouth agape as he whimpered against Jungkook's neck, trying to muffle his sounds as his hole was being stretched out even more. The feeling was familiar, such a nice feeling. However, it was different in a way. This time, they didn't just have sex. This time, they knew about each other's feelings.

“Jimin-ah” Jungkook groaned against his ear, hands finding their way back to Jimin's hips as he sunk into Jimin's hole, the tightness clinging around his erection, resulting in him hissing at the feeling of Jimin around him, “Shit, so good, little one”

The taller boy gave Jimin time to adjust to the size inside of him, didn't just push in his whole length without leaving Jimin a chance to get used to it. However, Jimin just wanted to be filled by Jungkook, wanted to feel all of him, wanted to be connected with him in this way.

“Jungkook-ah, o-oh” Jimin moaned as he bit down on Jungkook's shoulder, blushing as he remembered the conversation with Jungkook's father from earlier, remembered Jungkook's expression in response to Jimin's claim to never have bitten anyone before – clearly, that wasn't true and Jungkook had been referring to moments like this with his stare, “O-Oh, god!” The orange haired boy cried out, drawn out of his thoughts at the overwhelming feeling of Jungkook's penis settling against his prostate.

“Right there, hm, little one?”

Jimin gave a nod, hiding his face in the curve of Jungkook's neck as he inhaled deeply, chest rising and falling quickly. To be honest, Jimin had missed this so much, had missed being so close to Jungkook, being touched by the younger boy so sweetly, yet this was so much better. It was so much better now, knowing how he felt.

Frankly, Jimin couldn't even wrap his hand around the fact that Jungkook liked him, that the gorgeous man Jimin had fallen for liked him back.

This truly was a dream. It had to be.

“Move whenever you're ready, hm?” Jungkook whispered against his temple, placing a kiss there.

Jimin nodded as he lifted his hips, dropping them back down a moment later and repeating the action again and again. In response, both of them gasped, Jimin now a little more skilled with his motions as he moved his hips around, hitting all the right places inside of him and clenching every now and then around Jungkook, causing said boy to grasp his waist tighter, groaning against his skin.

“Just like that, baby”

Determined to chase both of their releases, Jimin sped up his pace, bouncing up and down on Jungkook's erection with the help of the black haired boy, little whimpers falling from his parted lips that he simply couldn't contain.

Jimin totally ignored the fact that they weren't alone in this house, that the door wasn't even locked and that either Jungkook's father or Jiyoo could walk in any moment. However, in that moment, Jimin didn't care – just wanted to be with Jungkook and feel him, feel him as close as possible.

“J-Jungkook-ah, so big” Jimin whimpered, catching his bottom lip between his teeth as he continued bouncing on Jungkook's lap. While the smaller boy had his eyes shut, completely lost in the feeling, Jungkook had his gaze fixated on Jimin – simply couldn't take his eyes away from the gorgeous boy on top of him. Honestly, Jungkook would never get over the fact that he was now able to call this
beautiful boy his.

“Angel, open your pretty eyes for me.” Jungkook insisted softly, causing Jimin's eyes to flutter open in order to stare back at Jungkook.

For an odd reason, they couldn’t help but smile at each other. Happy. So damn happy to be with each other, to know how the other one felt. It truly felt like all the drama, all the heartbreak, all the difficulties had been worth it – because now, they had each other.

“Kiss me” Jimin whispered, Jungkook wasting no time and connecting their lips in a slow kiss, the black haired boy wrapping his arms around Jimin as said boy continued moving up and down above him.

It didn’t take long for Jimin's thighs to ache, the practice from earlier coming back to haunt him as his body had already been sore from that.

“Kook-ah, hurts, please” Jimin tried to utter, having difficulties in forming a coherent sentence – which really wasn't unusual. Frankly, Jimin's mind went blank whenever he was aroused like this, whenever Jungkook had him wrapped around his finger. All Jimin could think of was the handsome black haired boy beneath him.

“Shh, I got you, angel” Jungkook mumured, gripping Jimin's hips tighter and spinning them around. The younger one didn't slip out of him, was able to pin Jimin against the bed without breaking their connection.

“Please” The shorter boy muttered as Jungkook settled himself between Jimin's legs, lifting them up slightly and bending them back in order to be able to enter Jimin at a better angle.

“Jimin-ah” Jungkook groaned as soon as he slammed into the smaller boy, the action causing Jimin to gasp as he was so much deeper like this.

“M-Move, Kook-ah, please”

Not having to be told twice, Jungkook pulled out of Jimin just to thrust back into him. He repeated that action again and again, Jimin moving back and forth with the force of his thrusts, the pace not quick, yet powerful.

Jimin's penis twitched every time Jungkook hit his prostate, a small puddle of pre-cum forming on Jimin's stomach as he arched his back. The black haired boy looked down on him, taking in every inch of the beautiful boy as he thrusted into him.

“S-Slower, please, wanna- wanna...” Jimin begged, causing Jungkook to move his hips slower, not as hard anymore either.

He leaned further down to Jimin, taking his hands and pressing them against the bed as he intertwined them with his own, “Okay, little one, anything you want”

Slowly, Jungkook thrusted in and out of Jimin, the pace somewhat unfamiliar, but so welcoming. Jimin really loved this. Loved how sensual, yet somewhat even pure it was, loved how Jungkook was holding his hands while he was moving inside of him. It was so much more intimate.

For a moment, Jimin even wondered if this was making love. Was it? Frankly, they did have feelings for each other. This right now wasn't about having sex, but about being close.

“Kook-ah” Jimin whispered and lifted his head, chasing Jungkook's lips for a kiss who smiled as he
pressed his lips against Jimin's.

Both of the boys felt the heat inside of the pit of their stomachs, could feel the approach of their
orgasms, but that didn't cause Jungkook to go any faster. No, he wanted to take Jimin in the way the
smaller boy wanted, wanted to take his time.

Frankly, before Jimin, Jungkook had never have sex like this. No, he really wasn't one for soft
fucking like this, yet... yet that all changed as soon as Jimin came around. Jimin was illuminating
parts of him that he hadn't known of before. There was nothing Jungkook wouldn't do for the orange
haired boy.

“I'm close” Jimin announced, Jungkook nudging his nose against Jimin's as they were both breathing
heavily.

“Me too, angel, just come whenever you're ready”

The softness of this moment made Jimin's heart flutter, filled his whole body with warmth. The
petnames caused Jimin to smile as he felt his cheeks heat up every time, loving the affection
Jungkook had towards him.

The heat inside of Jimin's stomach built and built, eventually bringing him right to the edge. Jimin
arched his back at the overwhelming feeling, eyes squeezing shut as he panted out Jungkook's name,
the intense sensation exploding and spreading throughout his whole body as cum spurted out of his
errection, splattering on his stomach.

“Kook-ah!” Jimin whimpered, toes curling as his legs twitched, whole body shaking due to the
stimulation as he clenched around Jungkook's penis.

“Shit, Jiminie” Jungkook cursed, eyes falling shut as he found his own release, coming right inside of
Jimin as he collapsed on top of him, lazily moving his hips one, two more times before he stilled
completely.

Their sweaty bodies clung together, both of their chests rising and falling quickly as they just laid
there, not wanting to move an inch.

“Are you okay?” Jungkook wanted to know, pressing a kiss on Jimin's chin.

“Mhm” Jimin hummed and nodded, blissful expression on his face, yet sleepy eyes staring back at
Jungkook, “Just sleepy”

“We did have a long and eventful day”

How true. So much had happened today. So many things Jimin hadn't even considered of
happening. This trip has brought him so much more than just a connection to his biological father.

It had helped Jimin understand Jungkook more, be closer to him and even have the younger boy
confess to him.

Jimin felt like this trip had even helped his heart heal a little more – in so many different ways. He
wasn't afraid of coming back to Busan any longer, had put a stop to his fear of this place, had
resolved his issues with Jungkook and was now... well, what were they?

What could they be?

The smaller boy gulped, heart clenching a little.
“Jimin-ah, we gotta clean you, hm?”

“No, can we- can we just stay like this, please” Jimin pleaded.

“I should pull out at le-”

“No, please, wanna... wanna... please, don’t”

Was that odd? Perhaps. However, Jimin didn't want Jungkook to go gone, wanted to stay connected and close like this. It was nice. Was nice being so full, feel the warmth of Jungkook inside of him and feel him slowly soften.

“Ohkay” Jungkook whispered, reaching for the blanket and pulling it over them, “Let's switch positions, though, don't want to hurt you”

With that, Jungkook spun them around, Jimin now straddling the taller boy and placing his cheek against his chest, listening to his steady heartbeat. The younger boy wrapped his arms around Jimin, rubbing over his back soothingly which caused goosebumps to rise on his skin.

The touch made Jimin even sleepier, causing his eyes to flutter shut as he lifted his own hand and brushed it through Jungkook's hair, scratching the scalp lightly every now and then and playing with his hair gently while said boy drew shapes on Jimin's back, shapes that Jimin couldn't make out, yet his touch so soft as he traced his fingertips over Jimin's skin every now and then.

They remained like this for a while, finding comfort in each other's embrace and letting today's events ebb down inside of their heads as they tried to settle down.

Jimin lifted his head and opened his eyes, catching Jungkook already staring at his face which made both of them smile – as well as Jimin blush.

“Hey” Jungkook uttered, brushing a strand of hair out of Jimin's face.

“Hey” Jimin whispered back, smile on his face as he looked back and forth between Jungkook's eyes, fondness glistening in them.

However, the more Jimin stared at Jungkook, the more he wondered – How was this going to work? How was this supposed to go from here?

The thought unsettled Jimin, his smile slowly fading as he rested his cheek back on Jungkook's chest, eyes falling shut as he tried to focus on Jungkook's gentle touch on his back.

Yet, these thoughts didn't want to leave – no matter how hard Jimin was trying to banish them out of his head.

Could this even work?

What were they?

Shaking his head, Jimin took a deep breath, not wanting to deliberate about this right now. The smaller boy tried to think about something else, anything else. *Jungkook*. Jimin focused on Jungkook, on his pretty eyes, his soft lips, his beautiful smile, his soothing voice – his voice. A thought came up in Jimin's head.

“Jungkook-ah, will you sing for me one day?” Jimin asked, voice soft as he started to draw shapes on Jungkook's chest.
The black haired boy chuckled, the vibrations felt by Jimin who smiled at the beautiful sound of Jungkook laughing.

“I'm not really a singer, Jimin-ah. I just sing on some guides for huyng”

“Hyung wouldn't just choose anyone. He's a perfectionist – even for some guides. I really want to hear you sing one day”

Jungkook pressed a kiss on top of his head, “Okay, angel”

Smiling, Jimin let out a breath, becoming sleepier with each second that past. To be fair, Jimin knew that Jungkook's penis was still inside of him, knew that they should clean up, but he couldn't be bothered to move right now – didn't want to move right now. He was way too comfortable, way too sleepy to do that.

Their breathing became even, chests rising and falling slowly as their hearts began to beat in the same rhythm, almost like they were calling for each other.

Jimin felt himself drift away into his dreams, meeting a beautiful black haired boy there who was already waiting for him with a bright smile.

Yet, he wasn't alone.

Seoyun standing right by his side.

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Jimin took a deep breath, glancing at the note in his hand before he looked back up to the house.

“This is it” The orange haired boy muttered, a shiver running down his back as he stared at the entrance door.

It was a beautiful house. It was painted in a beautiful beige colour, the frontyard consisting of dark green grass and a swing as well as a seesaw.

Children, was Jimin's first thought.

Clearly, this meant that the man had children of his own.

“You can do this” Jimin talked some courage into himself as he took a step closer, but it was almost as if he couldn't move as he halted in his steps.

This was a lot more difficult than Jimin had expected. To actually be here right now was... was strange, felt unreal.

Jimin's backpack slid from his shoulder as he took another step forward, causing him to still again and adjust the backpack back onto his shoulder. Letting out a breath, Jimin took another step forward, but came to a halt again.

Frankly, to any bystanders or people that were currently glancing outside of their windows on this street this surely looked weird. How Jimin took a step each thirty seconds, only moving one single step at a time as if he was afraid to move closer – which, well, wasn't a lie.

To be fair, Jimin didn't know what to expect. This whole weekend, he had been so excited to meet the man – he still was – but he was also slightly worried about how the man was like and whether he even wanted to see Jimin.
Shaking his head, Jimin stuffed the note into his pocket as he walked up to the door, taking the few steps up the stairs and lifting his hand to ring the bell. For a moment, his hand just lingered above the button, something keeping him from actually pressing it.

However, just as he rang the bell, the sound of wheels screeching on the asphalt caught his attention. The shorter boy spun around, eyes going wide as he saw Jungkook's black Range Rover, the boy rushing out of his car with a note in his hand, eyebrows pulled together as his gaze fell on Jimin.

Jungkook was only wearing some sweatpants and a shirt – at least, he had put on some shoes this time. The black haired boy came to a halt, wetting his lips as he lifted the piece of paper in his hands.

“A note? A fucking note? You go without a word and leave me a fucking note with five words?!”

Jimin swallowed hard, opening his mouth to say something, yet in that exact moment, the door was opened.

1 hour earlier

Jimin's eyes fluttered open, faint light through the curtains blinding him for a moment, causing him to blink until his eyes adjusted to the light. It only took a brief moment for Jimin to realise where he was. Jimin was currently in Jungkook's bedroom back in Busan, the black haired boy lying next to him, having his arm wrapped around Jimin's stomach.

As Jimin studied Jungkook's peaceful face, he felt his heart clench again.

During the night, he had thought about Jungkook, about them, about what they could be and when they could be something at all.

Jimin knew what he had to do – even if it broke his heart.

Carefully, Jimin tried to move out of the bed, Jungkook's grip around him tightening as the taller boy let out a groan. Immediately, Jimin stilled, swallowing hard as he felt his heartbeat quicken. Swiftly, he checked whether or not Jungkook was still asleep, relief washing over him as he saw Jungkook's eyes still shut, chest rising and falling steadily.

Pressing his lips into a line, Jimin tried to move away again, grabbing a pillow that he replaced himself with. For a moment, Jungkook squirmed in the bed, but then he gripped the pillow closer.

Smiling at the cute sight, Jimin pulled the blanket back over the younger boy as he tip toed around the room and picked up his clothes. Quickly, he put on his clothes for the day as quietly as he could, trying not to make a sound at all as he watched Jungkook while getting dressed.

As soon as he was finished, he picked up his shoes and threw his backpack over his shoulder. Then, Jimin walked over to the nightstand, picking out a piece of paper and a pen from his backpack that he scribbled some words on, placing the note on the nightstand for Jungkook to see before he picked up his phone and put it into his pocket.

Jimin knew that what he was doing was right – was for the best. However, he couldn't help the clenching of his heart as he stared at the black haired boy still sleeping in the bed. For a moment, the urge to kiss Jungkook overcame him, yet Jimin was sure that it would wake him up and he couldn't risk that, causing him to resist the urge.

Biting down on his bottom lip, Jimin turned around and left his bedroom, on his way to find his father – alone this time.
Quietly, he made his way down the stairs, not hearing any voices fortunately. Jimin knew that it was rude to go without saying goodbye, but this was the easiest way. Sure, Jimin hated being impolite, but he had to live with it this one time.

Jimin almost made it out, just reaching the front door as he reached out for the doorknob and—

“You’re already leaving?”

Jimin froze in his place at the voice, swallowing hard as he pressed his eyes shut.

“Oh, yeah, I... I got to leave, sorry, I have to be somewhere” The smaller boy answered as he turned around, staring at Jungkook’s father who was already dressed in a suit.

“I thought we could eat breakfast together before you both leave and I head to work” The man suggested, smiling.

Jimin’s heart clenched as he gulped.

“I-I... Oh, that’s very nice of you, Mr. Jeon, but I have to go right now. I’m really sorry, I didn’t want to wake anyone”

“What about Jungkook-ah? Isn’t he joining you?” The man wondered, eyebrows arched up.

“O-Oh, Jungkook is still sleeping. I didn’t want to wake him up and I... I have to go on my own anyway”

“Well, then let me drop you off wherever you have to be before I head to work”

“Oh, no, that’s not necessary, Mr. Jeon. I’m sure Jungkook wants to eat breakfast with you when he wakes up”

“Okay. I understand, Jimin-ah. It was very nice meeting you. It’s sad to see you leave already, but I’m sure we’ll meet each other again one day” Jungkook’s father smiled.

Jimin returned the smile, pang in his chest at the kind words of the man.

“Goodbye” Jimin uttered.

“Jimin-ah, I have a favour, actually” The man then revealed as Jimin had opened the door.

“O-Oh? What is it?”

The man took a step closer, his voice a little softer for his next words.

“Don’t hurt him. You’re important to him.”

Jimin’s eyes went wide. How did he know? Had Jungkook talked to him about Jimin – in that way? Did he... perhaps, support those feelings?

“He’s important to me, too, Mr. Jeon”

“Okay. Good. I hope to see you again, Jimin-ah”

“Me, too”

With that, Jimin left the house, letting out a breath he hadn’t noticed of holding.
“Not now, Jungkook-ah” Jimin asked as he spun around, eyes falling on a man in the doorway.

The shorter boy froze in his place, studying the features of the man that was supposed to be his biological father.

The man was tall, rather thin, yet fit, a kind smile on his face as he stared at Jimin with curiosity in his eyes, his black hair short, yet not extremely short. His eyes were a light shade of brown, Jimin watching himself reflecting in them as he looked at the man.

Jimin opened his mouth in shock, not entirely sure what to say.

*Oh, hey, I'm your son that you maybe never even knew existed, or perhaps chose of never even wanting in your life, nice to meet you.*

No, he couldn't start like that.

“Appa!” A small girl yelled as she giggled and ran towards her – well, father as Jimin assumed – hugging his leg as she stared at Jimin.

Unconsciously, Jimin smiled at the sight of her. The small girl tried to run outside, yet the man picked her up and held her close to his chest, shaking his head.

“Nayeon, what did I tell you about leaving the house without asking?” The man scolded, voice deep, but kind as he talked to his young daughter.

Jimin gulped, heart clenching at the sight of the man looking at his daughter with affection in his eyes.

“I'm sorry, appa, I wanted to go and play on the swing”

“You can play later, hm? Finish your breakfast now” The man insisted with a kind smile as he set his daughter down again, the girl running back inside, still giggling.

“Sungho, who's at the door? Is it Haweon?” A woman shouted, appearing a moment later next to the man.

Jimin's heartbeat quickened.

*Sungho.* That was all the confirmation Jimin needed. This was the man he had been looking for. This was his biological father – if Jimin hadn't already known by looking at the man's face, seeing his own nose and eyes in it.

*This was his biological father.*

It took a moment for that information to settle in.

Yet, what was Jimin supposed to do know?

“Who is this?” The beautiful woman whispered to the man who shrugged slightly as he glanced at Jimin with a warm smile.

“I'm sorry, how can we help you? Are you looking for someone?”

*You.*

Jimin opened his mouth, but no words came out. It was as if he had lost the ability to speak.
“Are you mute?” The man wondered softly, eyebrows arched up in surprise, “Perhaps he's deaf, darling” Jimin's biological father noted as he took a glimpse at his wife, then signing something to Jimin that he didn't understand.

The man knew how to talk in sign language? Wow. Perhaps he had just asked Jimin whether or not he was deaf, or asked what he was doing here? Jimin didn't know.

“I-I...” Jimin tried to respond, but he couldn't.

Maybe, Jimin wasn't ready.

Perhaps, he didn't want to ruin his illusion of the man he currently had. Right now, this man appeared to be a loving, kind father with a family. He had a beautiful wife and a sweet child, probably got up every morning, went to work and then went home to spend time with his beautiful family, being the affectionate father that he was. It was an ordinary life, yet one filled with so much happiness, love and affection.

In Jimin’s mind, he had hoped of the man to take him into his loving family and give him the affection of a father he had been lacking for the past 23 years.

However, somehow, this was enough. It was enough to know that he lived. It was enough to know that he was a kind man with a family of his own. The man seemed happy. The smile on his face giving any hint about that.

For some reason, Jimin didn't need anymore right now. Maybe, it was too soon for anything more.

Perhaps, Jimin was scared of what was going to happen if he revealed that the man was his biological father. How would he react? Would he send Jimin away? Tell him, that there was a reason for Jimin to not having lived with him? Would Jimin ruin the peaceful and happy life he currently had?

Jimin didn't know.

And honestly, he didn't want to know. Not now. Not yet.

For now, it was enough to have seen the man once, was enough to know that he was in fact already so much different than the man that had raised him. It was enough to know that Jimin shared the blood with a kind man.

For now, Jimin wanted to keep the illusion he had, wanted to believe that what he imagined this man to be was real.

“I-I think I got the wrong house, sorry” Jimin apologised, clearing his throat.

“Oh, where did you want to go? Should we help you find it?” The man wanted to know, smiling at the sound of Jimin talking.

“No, thank you, that's not necessary” Jimin declined with a smile.

The man nodded, but frowned slightly at the sight of Jimin's smile, wondering about something. Yet, he didn't say anything, but shook his head.

“Have a good day” The man said with a warm smile again.

“You, too” Jimin responded, returning the smile as the man shut the door close.
For a moment, Jimin just stood there.

Jimin was aware that this whole trip had been simply for this reason, for this moment – to meet his biological father. However, that's what Jimin had done. He had met the man and had received a glimpse at who he was, what his life was like.

For now, that's all that Jimin wanted and needed.

For some odd reason, Jimin couldn't help but smile. Somehow glad to have come here and see the man even if his big secret hadn't been revealed.

Letting out a breath, the orange haired boy turned around and walked down the stairs, stopping dead in his tracks at the sight of Jungkook who was still standing there in front of his car – having given Jimin some time for himself.

“What's wrong?” Jungkook asked, frowning as he watched Jimin approach him, “Is it the wrong address? I swear I'll kill Lee if he pulled some stup-” The taller boy swore through gritted teeth as he got closer to Jimin.

“No, Kook-ah, it's not the wrong address. It's the right one” Jimin answered softly, smile still lingering on his face, “It was my biological father. I saw it in his face. It's the same name as on the paper, too.”

“Then why... then why didn't you talk? Did he... did he send you away?” Jungkook wondered, voice soft as there was concern in his eyes.

“No, he didn't. I didn't tell him who I am” Jimin revealed, Jungkook's eyes going wide at his words.

“What? Why? That's the whole purpose of us coming here? Why didn't you tell him?”

“I don't know” Jimin answered truthfully. Obviously, he had assumptions about why the words hadn’t left his mouth, yet only his heart knew the real reason and it didn't want to tell him, kept the reason close to itself, “Maybe because I'm not ready yet. Maybe because I saw how happy he seemed and didn't want his life to turn into chaos because of me. I'm not sure, but... but I'm fine like this. I'm happy to even have seen him, to know that he exists. Perhaps, I will never tell him. Perhaps, I will come back one day and tell him. I don't know, Jungkook-ah”

The black haired boy looked back and forth between his eyes, trying earnestly to understand Jimin's reasoning, “Okay, well... it's your decision after all. You don't have to tell him yet”

Jimin pressed his lips into a line, giving a weak nod as a breeze of air blew past them, brushing his hair out of his face as he averted his gaze down to Jungkook's hand that was holding a piece of crinkled paper. At the sight, Jimin swallowed hard.

“How did you know I was here?” The shorter male whispered.

“Where else would you be? I knew you were going to go here. Thankfully, I remembered the address” Jungkook answered, hurt in his voice as he tried to lock eyes with Jimin, yet said boy avoided his gaze, causing Jungkook to grip his chin gently and force him to look up, “Why did you leave? Why did you leave without saying anything?"

Jimin gulped, heart clenching, “I wanted to talk to my father alone”

“No, bullshit” Jungkook protested and shook his head, “You didn't write these words referring to meeting your father. You meant them in general, Jimin-ah.”
“I…”

“I know I'm right, Jimin-ah, I see it in your eyes. You don't want this. You left with a fucking note, Jimin-ah,” Jungkook murmured, pain glistening in his eyes as he uttered the words.

“I do want this, Jungkook-ah, but think about it for a moment” Jimin tried to make him understand, gripping his wrist and pushing it away from his face gently.

“I thought about it a lot. I thought about us a lot. I know what it means and I'm willing to take any risk and fight for us. I want to be with you, Jimin-ah”

Jimin's heart fluttered, yet clenched all the same.

“Clearly, you haven't considered every point, have you?” Jimin asked, pulling his brows together, “How are we supposed to date? You are in a relationship with someone else, Jungkook-ah! It has to be believable. You have to be seen with her, you have to go to events with her and make the public believe that you're together.” Jimin pointed out, shaking his head, voice not sounding angry or mad, rather just like he was trying to make Jungkook understand him, “How do I fit in that? I don't want to be the reason for your cover to blow. I don't want the public to hate me because they think you cheated on her with me.”

Jungkook opened his mouth, shutting it again, just to finally utter “We can date in se-”

“Secret?” Jimin finished for him, eyebrows arched up as he titled his had to the side, sad smile on his face, “So you want me to be a secret? Jungkook-ah, I don't know if I can do that. I don't want to only see you behind closed doors. Sure, when he had our lessons, that was fine, but I... I didn't imagine my first relationship to go like this.”

“I-I don't know how relationships work either. I know you deserve better, Jimin-ah, but give me a chance.” Jungkook almost begged, desperation in his eyes as he stared at Jimin, causing said boy's heart to clench again.

“Your first... you have never?” Jimin wondered, voice quiet as he let the rest of the sentence hang in the air.

“No, I never dated, Jimin-ah. I didn't do relationships. I don't know how this shit works, but I want to do it for you- with you” The black haired boy revealed, sincerity in his eyes as he took Jimin's hands in his.

“Our lives are a mess right now, Jungkook-ah.” Jimin whispered, trying to make him understand that right now – this wouldn't work out, “You're not ready for a serious relationship right now. I wish I could say that I'm fine with being your little secret, but I don't think I'm mentally or emotionally capable for that right now, also considering the chaos that's currently going on in my life.”

“So what, you're pushing me away now? You don't want me?” Jungkook asked, frowning as he shook his head, clearly not wanting to be apart from Jimin. It had only been for a couple of hours that he had been lucky enough to call Jimin his – and now, all of this was going to be taken away from him again?

“I want you, Jungkook-ah, more than anything else in this word, but we don't work right now.” Jimin murmured as he leaned up, pressing his forehead against Jungkook's.

“Give it a try.” The taller boy pleaded quietly, his lips brushing over Jimin's, nose nudging against his skin.
“For how long? A week? A month? You don't know when the contract ends, Jungkook-ah. You don't know how long you have to be with her” Jimin stated softly.

It hurt Jimin to the core to do this, yet he knew that it was the only way. Right now, they wouldn’t function together. Jimin wouldn't be able to bear being Jungkook's little secret relationship, while Seoyun was out there with him and doing all of the things with Jungkook that Jimin wished he was doing. Frankly, Jimin didn't want to risk anyone finding out about them and Jungkook getting a ton of backlash for apparently cheating on his girlfriend. No, all of this was too risky.

“I will end it right now. I will end it for you, Jimin-ah, I don't fucking care about all of that shit. I've never felt like this for anyone. I don't want to lose you.”

Jimin pulled back, shaking his head.

“You're not losing me, Kook-ah.” Jimin promised as he placed a hand against Jungkook's cheek – a comforting gesture the taller boy usually did to him, “I can't let you ruin your own life for me, Jungkook-ah, that's insane. I... I'm flattered that you would throw all of that away for me and it shows me that you actually care, but it would be stupid of you to ruin everything you and your father have built just for me. We have to get our lives back, fix the things that are broken, I'm still healing from everything that happened to me, from the trust breaking to the revelation of my biological father. I have to deal with all of that and you have to maintain your fake relationship. One day, we will both be ready for each other, one day this is going to work. If we're meant to be, we're going to find our way back to each other, Kook-ah.”

“Jimin-ah, don't do this...” Jungkook murmured again.

“Please, Jungkook-ah, think about it for a moment. You would risk your career and the one of your father, maybe even Seoyun's. There's a lot of people who would be affected by this, a lot of people's careers and lives hanging on the line here”

The younger boy gulped, looking back and forth between Jimin's eyes. Obviously, Jimin didn't want this, his own heart didn't want this. It hurt a lot to do this to Jungkook – to do this to both of them, yet it was necessary. Jimin couldn't be this selfish and let Jungkook risk so much of his life.

Jungkook would risk so much. And for what? For Jimin? Jimin wouldn't be able to live with the thought of Jungkook risking all of that, worst case scenario even losing all of that just because of him.

It wasn't a goodbye. Not forever. Just temprory, just for a while. Only for as long as it would take each of them to fix, to get their lives together and to be free of anything that could risk them being together.

It was odd, though, wasn't it? They had only really just confessed to each other, had spend time together as each other's for a night – Yet now, it was slipping away already.

However, it had to be done.

If it was meant to be, they would find their way back to each other. Right now just wasn’t the time.

“So... so... we just wait. Wait, until all of this is over... until we find our way back?”

“Yes.” Jimin nodded, watching Jungkook press his lips into a line as he let out a breath, leaning his forehead against Jimin's again.
The drive back to Busan was very quiet, neither of them really knowing what to say, not finding the right words to tell each other. For a while, Jimin had even pretended to be asleep until he actually fell asleep eventually.

When he woke up again, they were already back in Seoul, familiar buildings flashing by as Jungkook drove closer to Jimin's apartment.

Straightening his back, Jimin pulled on his sleeves, hiding his delicate hands in them as he glanced over to Jungkook.

“You're up again” He noted before he fixated his gaze back on the road.

“Mhm” Jimin only hummed, nodding slightly.

For some reason, it hurt when Jungkook came to a halt in front of his apartment building, engine being turned off after Jungkook had parked.

Then, silence settled between them.

Jimin started to play with the hem of his hoodie, sadness filling his chest when he realised that neither of them knew what was about to happen between them once Jimin left this car.

How long would it take for them to fix themselves? To fix their own lives?

How long would it take for them to find their way back to each other?

What if so much time would pass – causing them not to feel the same anymore?

However, Jimin doubted that. The smaller boy had tried for weeks to get over Jungkook – not succeeding one bit. Then again, he couldn't speak for Jungkook. There was no guarantee that Jungkook would still want him at that point in the future.

All Jimin could do was hope that his feelings wouldn't change.

“So...” Jungkook broke the silence, turning his body towards Jimin.

“So” Jimin echoed softly, biting down on his bottom lip as he stared at Jungkook.

It became quiet again.

The orange haired boy shook his head, knowing that he had to leave right now or he wouldn't bear to do it later the longer he spend looking into Jungkook's beautiful brown orbs.

“G-Goodbye, Jungkook-ah” Jimin uttered, grabbing his backpack from the backseat, noticing the piece of paper on one of the seats – his eyes lingering on the words for a moment before he turned back around and wanted to open the door.

“Wait” Jungkook stopped him, reaching for his arm and pulling him back, “Can I kiss you?”

Jimin half smiled as he nodded, leaning closer as Jungkook pressed his soft lips against his. It was a gentle kiss, their lips remaining on one another for a moment, trying to save the feeling in their hearts. When they pulled away, it felt like the kiss had ended too soon, their lips gone too quickly.

The smaller boy's smile faltered as Jungkook caressed his cheek, the gentle touch causing his heart to flutter.
It wouldn't get any easier.

He had to go now.

“Goodbye, Jungkook-ah” Jimin murmured again, opening the door this time.

“Goodbye, little one” Jungkook muttered back, watching the small boy hop out of his car and shut the door close.

For his own sake, Jimin didn't look back, not noticing the way Jungkook's head pressed down against the steering wheel as he couldn't bear to watch the only boy he had ever liked this much walk away from him.

When Jimin entered his building, the words from the note echoed in his mind, reminding him that this wasn't over, that they would find their way back to each other sooner than they thought.

*I Will Wait For You.*

Chapter End Notes

So, what are your thoughts? <3

I hope you can forgive me if my next update is going to take a while, as I posted two chapters today <3
For You... For Us

Chapter Summary

The championship is coming up, causing Jimin to invest himself even more into practicing - nervousness and slight frustration inevitable.
What happens on the big day? What is Jimin going to receive - if anything? Could it be something he hadn't even seen coming?

Chapter Notes

Hii <3

Thank you so much for all the love and support. It really motivates and encourages me. <3

We hit 2000 kudos a couple of days ago and I couldn't believe it when I saw it. I got so emotional because that's way more than I ever wished or hoped for this story to receive. Overall, this story has already received so much more love than I could have ever wished for. Thank you so much <3

I'm really sorry that it took me so long to update. I was busy and then I was dealing with some personal stuff. I'm better now, though <3

I hope you enjoy this chapter, it's a long one again <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It was hard.

Having the person that owns your heart confess to you that they feel just the same, receiving a glimpse of what it was like to be theirs just to watch it slip from your grasp so fast was hard.

It hurt. Quite a lot, actually.

It hurt Jimin to the core every single time he remembered Jungkook's desperate eyes upon his suggestion for them to wait before they went any further in their relationship – before they even became an item to begin with.

Right now, Jimin wasn't sure what to call them.

They weren't a couple. They weren't having a platonic thing either. Nor were they just friends.

They were... two people with chaotic lives who owned each other's hearts that weren't ready for each other yet.

Quite a long term. Yet, that's what they were.
Every minute that passed, Jimin kept on wondering if their feelings were going to be the same, whether they were going to be the same once they fixed their messed up lives. To be honest, Jimin was very certain that his own feelings wouldn't change. In fact, even when Jimin had desperately tried to get over these feelings he had failed miserably. Why would that change now?

However, how was he able to predict whether or not Jungkook was going to feel the same after everything? How could he even expect the black haired boy to wait for him at all? Jimin had chosen this situation for them, Jungkook hadn't promised him to wait for him, had he?

Then again, Jungkook had been ready to toss everything away – the contract, the relationship with Seoyun – even risking everything him and his father had built. Wasn't that a sign that he was seriously committed, that he genuinely wanted this – wanted Jimin – so much?

He would wait, then, wouldn't he?

They would wait for each other and find their way back one day.

Yet, Jimin wouldn't blame Jungkook if his feelings weren't going to be the same after all. Honestly, Jimin had considered that option before suggesting for them to wait before they went any further. The smaller boy had thoroughly deliberated over whether or not he should go on with it while the possibility of Jungkook not feeling the same after all existed. In the end, the risk Jungkook would put himself and his father into was simply too big for Jimin. It would have been a selfish act for him to let Jungkook do that – There was no way Jimin would have been able to live with the outcome of it.

It would be Jimin's fault in the end, if he in fact found someone else. However, all Jimin could do was hope that Jungkook's feelings wouldn't change.

“Jimin-ah, lift your chin higher” Hoseok ordered and pointed at the orange haired boy who followed his demand immediately as he continued with the choreography.

Exhausted. Tired. Hurting. Those were just a few fractions of how Jimin was currently feeling due to the intense practice. Hoseok had been utterly strict and demanding these past days – which was understandable considering how the championship was that close.

Evidently, it was necessary for them to give it their all and even more than that. They were working each day for at least eight to ten hours now. Obviously, this wouldn't promise them to win. They could very well end up in the last place even though they put that much work into it and nailed their performance. That's just how it is – The Seoul Championship only lets some of the best be part of their contest.

However, it was so rewarding to even have the possibility to stand on that stage and have all of these people watch you doing something you love, doing something you're good at. Of course, they believed in themselves and knew that they had a chance at winning. Yet, they didn't want to let that thought get to their heads. Too much greed would cause them to fail in the end. Their work ethic consisted of ambition, hard work, gratitude and humility. They were confident in themselves, but Hoseok kept on preaching how they shouldn't have an arrogant mindset. No, rather than that, they wanted to go into the competition with a mindset of them having given it their all and being grateful for whatever outcome it would bring, whatever possibilities might arise for them.

In fact, all this practicing had distracted Jimin from the pain in his chest whenever he thought about him and Jungkook. The smaller boy had completely invested himself in dancing and the championship which acquired all of his attention and energy – There simply wasn't enough time for him to be too sad about their current situation – considering how he still believed that they would be together in some way at the end.
To be fair, they hadn't talked that much at all, actually. Some short texts here and there, mainly consisting of 'how was your day's or 'good morning/night's. There hadn't been much spoken words between them. However, perhaps it was better that way.

Obviously, Jimin missed him a lot, especially knowing how Jungkook felt about him. Every day that past Jimin remembered how beautiful it had been to be called Jungkook's just to have all of that slip away the next day.

Yet, that's what Jimin had chosen.

Then again, he had suggested this situation for the sake of both of them – knowing that right now it simply wouldn't work out between them.

One day, they would be ready for each other though.

“Jimin-ah, you're blocking Dongha-yah. Move more to the right” Hoseok demanded again, causing Jimin to nod as he moved accordingly.

Jimin really shouldn't be too caught up in his thoughts right now.

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“We could go and watch a movie?” Dongha suggested once they went over to their bags, practice having come to an end today. The brown haired boy picked up Jimin's backpack for him and handed it over to him, smile on his face as he stared at Jimin with curiosity in his eyes.

“Uhm, I'm actually really tired, Dongha. I'm sorry, but I would love to go and see a movie with you another time. Maybe somewhen after the championship” Jimin declined politely, smiling at the taller one.

“I understand. Well, that's not too far away. I mean, the championship is barely two weeks away” Dongha reminded him, Jimin nodding at the realisation. Time really had went by fast. Soon, Jimin was going to be standing on the stage of his dreams, “Should I walk you home?”

“That's nice of you” Jimin noted, but shook his head, “But I want to go and talk to hyung for a moment.”

“I'll see you tomorrow then?”

“Yes, see you tomorrow”

With that, Dongha already left the room, leaving Jimin behind who walked over to Hoseok.

“Hyung” Jimin made his presence known, causing Hoseok to glance at him while packing his bag.

“Hey, Jimin-ah”

“Uhm...” The smaller boy mumbled, pulling at the hem of his shirt as he tried to look for the right words, “I... I'm sorry for making that many mistakes today.”

Hoseok pulled his eyebrows together, stilling his movement and fixating his whole attention on the orange haired male in front of him, “Jimin-ah, don't apologise” The boy assured, eyebrows raising up at the sight of Jimin's apologetic expression, “Making mistakes is natural. Without them, success isn't possible. The steps are fairly new. I just wish for you to concentrate on your expressions some more. I need you to look pownful.”
The shorter boy nodded determined, “I'm trying very hard, hyung. I'll keep practicing on my expressions and the steps at home. I promise”

Jimin didn't want to disappoint Hoseok or let his group down. They were all in this together. If one of them slightly lacked, it would cause the whole group to be down. That's something they needed to prevent – meaning every single one of them had to give it their all.

“You need to rest, too, Jiminnie. Without rest, you won't have enough energy tomorrow, hm?” Hoseok pointed out, patting Jimin's head, “Don't overwork yourself. Get enough sleep and don’t forget to eat”

The orange haired boy gave a faint nod, smiling at the concern of his friend, yet knowing deep down that he would practice at home anyway because that's just what kind of person Jimin was. The boy couldn't just go to sleep, knowing there was something he needed to improve on.

“How are things going? Are you good?” The taller boy interrupted Jimin's thoughts.

Blinking, Jimin swallowed hard at the questions. To be honest, Jimin hadn't told anyone about his father nor about Jungkook confessing to him. There hadn't really been any time to bring that up, hadn't entirely felt right to bring it up at all. How was Jimin even supposed to start a conversation about that?

Maybe it was better to keep it to himself for now. Essentially, the incidents of that weekend were a lot. So much had happened in the span of three days, causing Jimin to still need time to process all of it himself.

However, Jimin really wanted to talk to someone about his father. Perhaps, give him some advice on whether or not he had made the right decision. Then again, Jimin had received some kind of closure, had been able to put an end to this chapter due to his trip to Busan. Wasn't Jimin the only one who could really determine whether or not this had been the right decision? Evidently, he was the one who was affected by it, had to live with the consequences of his decision. Jimin knew that he wasn't ready to talk to his biological father, but was rather fine with knowing that he was alive and well.

Yet, the smaller boy really wanted to talk to... to Taehyung about all of this. Frankly, he missed their conversations, missed their sleepovers or hang outs at each other's apartments, missed staying up late with him while talking about everything, yet nothing at all, missed sharing every part of his life with his best friend and have him share everything about him, too. To be fair, Jimin simply missed his best friend Tae.

Every day that past, Jimin found himself wishing that everything was the same again. However, life just didn't work like that.

“How are you?” Hoseok interrupted his thoughts, startling Jimin.

“Huh?”

“Are you okay?”

“Oh, uhm... Yes, I'm good. I'm just really nervous about everything, you know? The competition isn't that far away anymore” Jimin partly lied. To be fair, he was actually very nervous about their performance at the championship.

“I understand. I guess, we all are a bit. Don't be too nervous. We're working very hard. I want us to give it our all, but don't forget to have fun. It's already such an honour to even have made it there, hm?”
Jimin gave a nod, smiling at his friend's encouraging words, “You're right, hyung.”

“Is there something else bothering you?” The brown haired boy then wanted to know, eyebrows arched up as he stared at Jimin with curiosity in his eyes. Perhaps, he sensed that there were things Jimin was dealing with.

However, would Hoseok understand? Jimin had barely talked to Hoseok about his father, wasn't sure how to bring up the topic of his biological father. Clearly, the boy had his own stuff to deal with right now and Jimin didn't want to bother him with his struggles.

Moreover, Jimin couldn't really talk to Hoseok about Jungkook confessing to him. Obviously, they were very close as they knew each other since they were children. Wouldn't it be odd to talk to Hoseok about this? Perhaps... perhaps Hoseok already knew? You know, about the contract? Jimin couldn't help but wonder whether or not Jungkook had told him about that. Then again, Jungkook wasn't legally allowed to talk to anyone about it, Jimin being one of the few to know.

Essentially, all of the others still thought that Jimin was mad at Jungkook and that they haven't spoken a word since that night at Yoongi's house. Surely, they didn't even assume that there was anything going on between them, let alone that they confessed to each other.

“Have you talked to Jungkook at all? I mean... the last couple of days?” Jimin found himself ask.

Hoseok arched up his eyebrows, clearly surprised by the question, “Jungkook?” The boy echoed as he looked back and forth between Jimin's eyes, “I mean, I do talk to him every now and then. I know that he was in Busan a while ago, somewhen around when you were there I think. He's... well, he's busy I guess. Have you... have you talked at all? I mean, I understand if you haven't. I'm not telling you that you should, I just-... Jungkook is a good kid. He clearly fucked up, but he's not a bad person”

The smaller boy pressed his lips into a line, heartbeat quickening at the mention of them both having been in Busan at the same time. Well, of course they had – They had been there together.

“We... we did talk a bit.” Jimin answered honestly, clearing his throat, “We're trying to work on things”

“Oh?” Hoseok replied, appearing to be surprised, yet happy to receive that news, “That's... that's amazing, Jimin-ah. I'm glad you are. I mean, I don't know what exactly went on between you two, but I'm happy to see you guys trying to fix things”

Jimin hummed as he nodded, feeling slightly guilty for not telling him the whole truth, but Jimin simply wasn't ready for that just yet.

“I'll get going, hyung. See you tomorrow”

“Oh, Jiminnie, see you tomorrow. Remember, don't forget to rest” Hoseok reminded him as he patted his head again.

The shorter male chuckled as he gave a nod before he turned around and made his way outside.

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“I think I did this wrong. It's stickung to the pan” Taehyung noted, narrowing his eyes as he tried to stir the vegetables in the pan. The blond haired boy scrunched up his face as he tried to scratch the vegetables from the bottom of the pan, moving his arm with force as a burned smell filled their nostrils, “For fucks sake, I can't even cook some damn vegetables”
“I mean, you did start pretty well” Jimin complimented as he lifted one of the noodles from the plate with his hands, “These aren't too bad” The boy stated as he took a bite, grimacing slightly as these noodles weren't ready at all yet, not as soft as they were supposed to be, “It's nice that you tried”

“Maybe I just have to add some water in order for these vergetables to move” Tae suggested, shrugging his shoulders as he went over to the sink.

Jimin blurred out what he said as he moved around the noodles on the plate, looking around in search for anything edible absentmindedly.

Suddenly, there was a loud hissing noise, smoke coming up from the pan, startling both boys.

“Tae!” Jimin exclaimed, rushing over to his friend and pulling him away from the mess as some water splashed up. In a swift action, the smaller boy moved the pan away from the stove, the burning smell even worse in the room now.

“Oh my god” Tae breathed, shaking his head as he leaned on the counter, “I'm cursed. I think the fucking pan just burned up!”

Jimin turned the stove off, letting out a breath as he glanced at his friend, “It's not your fault. I mean, we both are pretty... bad at cooking. At least you tried. The noodles are... okay”

Tae looked up in hope, taking one of the noodles from the plate and putting it in his mouth. It took a second for him to scrunch up his face in disgust as he spit out the food back onto the plate, “These are disgusting. How did I fuck up some damn noodles?”

For some reason, they couldn't help but start laughing, the situation somehow very absurd. They should have known that something like this would happen, considering how they're both extremely clumsy and can't cook at all.

“Maybe, we just order some food, hm?” Jimin suggested, studying Tae's defeated expression.

“I guess” Tae sighed and nodded as they moved over to the sofa, “I really wanted to cook for us, though. I thought I improved, but I figure I have to practice some more then. I'm sorry for almost burning your kitchen”

Jimin giggled as he sat down beside Tae, shaking his head at him, “No need to apologise. Remember when I totally ruined your pot once? I still don't understand how that even happened. I guess we should stay far away from stuff like that”

Tae chuckled as he gave a nod, glancing at Jimin.

“It's nice that you tried.” Jimin noted, sympathetic smile on his face.

The blond boy smiled back shyly, staring down at his lap.

“I wanted to make something special as we haven't hung out much since... well, you know” Tae stated, nibbling on his bottom lip, “Thank you for spending time with me even though it didn't work out the way I intended. I wish I was a better chef”

Well, that was true. They haven't hung out that much since their fight at Yoongi's house. Of course, they had seen each other when they had tried to fix their relationship, had went to dinner together with Hoseok a couple of times, yet they haven't hung out just between them since that night.

Taehyung had suggested it, had knocked on his door as soon as Jimin had arrived home. The blond
boy had appeared to be kind of shy, playing with the hem of his shirt and scratching the back of his neck as he stumbled over his words. Perhaps, he had assumed that Jimin might turn him down, that Jimin might refuse to spend time with him alone.

However, Jimin had missed Taehyung a lot, had missed spending time with him alone, causing him to figure that maybe it was time to give them a chance again, see how things work between them.

So far, it almost felt like before all of that chaos, felt like nothing like that ever happened between them that caused them to be rather distant. As soon as Tae had entered his apartment with too many things in his hands, dropping stuff every now and then and cracking jokes right away, it had felt like that was his best friend that had never actually left.

Then again, the damage had been done, they had been somewhat distant for the past weeks. Frankly, that had been necessary for Jimin's sake essentially, yet probably for Tae as well. It had given them time to reflect on everything and take all the time they need to fix.

Of course, they weren't magically healed, but they were on a good way.

Jimin's heart clenched at the words as he turned his body towards Taehyung, “Don't apologise, Tae. I'm thankful that you suggested this. I'm happy to have you here and spend time with you. Even though the cooking part didn't work out that well, it was kind of funny” Jimin admitted, giggling slightly which caused Tae's eyes to light up, expression changing to a relieved one, “I know you aren't the best chef, neither am I. I'm not mad at all. I'm actually happy, really, Tae. Let's just order some food”

“Okay, that sounds great.”

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“Hoseok and I actually plan on going on vacation somewhen after the championship. You know, just for a couple of days, maybe just a weekend or something like that” Taehyung revealed, Jimin's eyebrows arching up as he chewed on the food in his mouth.

“Oh? That sounds great! Where to?” The smaller boy asked once he swallowed his bites down.

“We're not sure yet. He always says how he wants to take me to Gwangju one time so we might go there. He really adores that place”

“Hyung really needs and deserves some vacation after all of this. Truly, he works so, so hard for us.” Jimin noted, sighing as he thought about all of the hard work Hoseok puts into the practice for the championship. The orange haired male really wondered how he even had time for anything else, “Do you even spend that much time currently?”

Taehyung pouted as he shook his head, “Not that much. We talk on the phone everyday or facetime when we can't meet in person, but we try to see each other at least once a day. I'm falling more and more for him each day so it's getting harder to be apart of him, you know?”

Jimin gave a nod, half smiling as the image of Jungkook popped up in his head, “I understand how you feel. It's difficult to not be able to spend that much time with someone you really, really like, especially when your feelings are that huge for that person.”

Tae hummed as he took another bite from his food, letting out a sigh once he swallowed it, “I've never felt like this for anyone”

The shorter boy smiled, “Do you think you love him, Tae?”
Taehyung blushed at the question, causing Jimin's smile to deepen, “I... I... I've never felt this strong affection towards anyone. I mean, I thought I've been in love before, but once I got out of the relationship I always wondered if that even was love at all. Hosoek hyung makes me feel like no one else ever did. Whatever this is, I don't want it to end, ever. Just thinking about him brings a smile to my face and warms my heart. Just everything about him is beautiful and I want to wake up next to him everyday if I can. This must be love, don't you think?”

“The way you're describing it, it's definitely more than just a strong bond of affection. I've never been in love myself, so I can't really... I mean, I don't think I've been in love or am in love. I do like Jungkook a lot, but how do I know whether or not it is love?”

Tae's eyes widened as he opened his mouth in shock, “Like?” He echoed, “So you still... you still like him? That much that you think it could be love?”

Jimin's heart skipped a beat, “O-Oh... I mean, well... I don't think it's love. I'm just wondering when you can even know that you love someone? How does love feel like?” Jimin clarified, trying to distract Tae from the fact that he had revealed his current feelings for Jungkook that still haven't changed.

Obviously, Tae didn't know anything about Busan or the confession from Jungkook either, probably still assuming that they didn't talk at all.

“That's the thing. There isn't a formula for love. I guess, no one can tell you what exactly it feels like. You will know when you do, though. You will know when you love someone once it happens.”

Jimin hummed as he gave a nod, noticing how Tae studied his face. It was almost as if he wanted to say something, but tried to hold himself back. However, apparently, he didn't succeed.

“Minnie? May I ask you something? I mean, I don't want to cross a line here and it's none of my business, but where were you that one weekend? You were gone for two days and I didn't know whether something happened to you or not. I even talked to Hoseok hyung and asked him what I should do, but he told me that you were fine and just taking care of some personal stuff. I was relieved to know that you were well, but I couldn't help and wonder what it is that you took care of. Are you okay? Did something happen?”

“Oh” Jimin uttered, having not expected that question at all, “I... I was out of town.”

“You were? Where did you go?” Tae asked in interest.

Now was the opportunity to talk to Tae about everything, but was Jimin even ready for that? Was he able to share all of that with Tae just yet? Swallowing hard, Jimin cleared his throat as he pulled his sleeves over his petite hands, furrowing his brows as he tried to search for the right words, make up his mind whether or not to be honest with Tae.

“B-Busan” The word left his mouth before he could stop himself.

“Busan?” Taehyung echoed, jaw hanging down in utter shock, “You went back to Busan?”

“I did” Jimin confirmed, nodding as he leaned against the backrest of the sofa, “It was more of a spontaneous decision? As soon as I found out, I basically packed my stuff and left for Busan a day later”

“Found out what?” The blond haired male wanted to know.

Jimin bit down on his tongue, wanting to slap himself for not choosing his words more carefully.
Taehyung appeared to notice his discomfort, quickly shaking his head as he placed a hand on Jimin's arm.

“Sorry, you don't have to answer”

“It's honestly way too surreal to talk about. I still haven't fathomed all of it completely, if I'm being honest. A lot of stuff happened on that weekend.”

“Nothing bad, I hope? Did you get hurt?”

Well, if you don't count Jimin's heart breaking after deciding to stay away from Jungkook for a while – No.

“Uhm, no... no, I didn't get hurt.” Jimin stated, shaking his head before he caught his bottom lip between his teeth, “Tae, something really weird happened. I never would have expected anything like that”

“What is it?”

Jimin couldn't prevent himself from talking, his heart wanting to share the information with his best friend.

“I... I have another father”

Tae's jaw dropped, eyes widening as he turned his body towards Jimin, “You- what?”

“I have another father, Tae. The man that raised me isn't my biological father” Jimin clarified, watching Tae trying to process the information, eyes rushing back and forth between Jimin’s.

“Oh my god, Minnie. How did you find out? Did you meet him? What's he like?”

“I did meet him, but... but I didn't tell him who I was. I couldn't. Somehow, the words just didn't want to come out of my mouth. I think just seeing him was enough for me. Tae, he appeared to be such a nice person. Like, he was the complete opposite to my father.”

“You didn't tell him who you were? Did he recognise you?”

“I don't think he recognised me even though there was a hint of recognition in his eyes when I smiled. Perhaps I just imagined that. The thing is, I don't even know why he didn't raise me. I don't know if he even knows about my existence, you know? It just didn't feel right to ruin his quiet life like that”

“Are you ever going to tell him?”

Jimin bit on the inside of his cheek, glancing down at his lap, “I don't know. Right now, I'm not ready for that. I'm content with having seen him, but that might change. Maybe I will wake up one day with the desire to let him know about me.”

Taehyung fixated his gaze on Jimin, stare intent as he processed all of the information he had just received.

“This is crazy. Who would have thought that?” The blond one breathed, shaking his head as a smile appeared on his face, “I'm happy for you, Minnie, that there is a relative of you out there that's not an asshole like your father was”

“Thank you” Jimin murmured, half smiling, “It almost felt like a burden was lifted from me when I
found out and saw him. Knowing that the mean and manipulative man that raised me wasn't actually related to me felt... felt good, almost relieving. Just makes me wonder about the whole story, you know? Was I adopted then? Did my father know that we didn't share the same blood because that would explain his hatred towards me, don't you think?"

“I guess you can only find out once you talk to your biological father. I'm really curious about the whole story, too, but I totally understand why you decided not to talk to him yet. Take all the time you need”

Jimin smiled as he gave a nod, letting out a sigh briefly after, “I can't stop smiling for some reason every time I think about him. He has his own family. He even has a little daughter, Tae. Doesn't that make her my sister?” Jimin's eyes lit up at the realisation.

“It does. She's your half sister then, Minnie.”

“I always wanted sibling when I was younger. I've never actually had them, though. Well, that was until I met you and Yoongi hyung. You are like my brothers”

Taehyung smiled brightly, fondness and maybe even gratitude glistening in his eyes at Jimin's choice of words, referring to Taehyung as his brother in the present tense – meaning that he still considered Tae to be that close to him.

“I'm always gonna be your brother. I'm always gonna be there for you, Minnie, no matter what happens.”

Jimin had found out very quickly that the term 'family' wasn't only reserved for people that were related to you, for people that shared your blood – No, family could very well be people that you chose to be part of your family because they're that important, that special to you, because they make you feel like you belong together, because you love them.

“Thank you, Tae”

“I love you”

“I love you, too” Jimin responded as Taehyung wrapped his arms around him, hiding his face in the curve of Jimin's neck as they held each other in a familiar way that spread warmth through both of their bodies.

Taehyung was part of his family.

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“Are you sure you're doing that right, Tae?” Jimin commented, titling his head to the side as he observed Taehyung.

“I am. Don't worry, Minnie, I've done this a lot” Tae defended himself, shrugging his shoulders as he brushed his own hair out of his face.

“A lot? You've done this twice, Tae-ssi. One of the times on your own. And, honestly, when you did it to Jimin, that didn't really go as planned now, did it?” Yoongi pointed out, eyebrows arched up as he tried to lock eyes with Tae who pouted and pushed Yoongi's head back straight ahead.

“To be fair, the colour did look good in the end even if it was the wrong one” Taehyung murmured, “Also, why did you ask me then if you didn't trust me, huh?”
Yoongi and Jimin chuckled at Taehyung defending himself while pouting as he squirted more hair dye onto Yoongi's head.

Yes, Taehyung was dyeing Yoongi's hair – upon his own suggestion you should know. The older boy had asked them to come over just to hang out, yet mentioning how he had planned on dyeing his hair and wondering whether or not Tae would be up for doing it as he had done it before. Tae had agreed immediataly, bringing all the necessary stuff with him.

That's what they were currently doing now – well, Tae and Yoongi were doing. Yoongi was sitting on a chair across from Jimin who had taken a seat on the sofa, Taehyung standing behind Yoongi while dyeing his hair.

It was the complete opposite to his dark hair, having chosen a very light colour. **Blond.** Yoongi wanted to dye his hair blond – or rather, was currently having his hair dyed blond.

“I do trust you, Tae-ssi, you're doing good”

Taehyung hummed at the praise, glancing at Jimin who giggled at his proud expression.

“What about you, Minnie? Are you thinking about a hair change, too?” Taehyung then wanted to know as he massaged the dye into Yoongi's hair.

“Me? No, I haven't... Why would you ask?”

“I don't know. The championship is coming up and I'm pretty certain that you will do well, new doors opening for you without a doubt. I thought that you might want to try another colour, too.”

Actually, Jimin had thought about it, if he was being honest. The events of the past months and the big championship coming up were all kind of big moments in his life, having somewhat influenced him and his personality, the way he approached certain situations. Certainly, Jimin wasn't the same person anymore he was when he dyed his hair orange. Clearly, the difference wasn't that major, but it was still there, causing him to consider a change in his hair colour.

“I... Well, I kind of considered it, but I don't even know what colour I would choose”

“Mhm” Tae hummed, contemplating, “Would you go back to a rather regular choice or would you want something more... unique?”

“Unique?” Jimin echoed, figuring that Tae already had a colour or several colours in mind.

“Yeah. I know you wanted hazel before, but you ended up with orange which – if you'd ask me – is a rather unique hair colour. Of course, that wasn't your choice, but you totally made it your own and you liked it in the end, didn't you? That's why you stuck with it. I feel like it even increased your confidence a bit which made me really happy. I feel like another unique colour would look good on you. Honestly, I'm pretty sure you can rock any hair colour”

Jimin smiled slightly, catching his bottom lip between his teeth, “I don't know... I do love the colour I currently have even though I was hesitant at first. Every change is going to make me question it at first, but I'm sure I'll grow to like it quickily. Do you have something in mind already?”

“Well, the championship is coming up and I would love for you and hyung to stick out, you know? Of course, black or brown hair looks wonderful, but most people are going to be having that colour of hair. I want them to remember you. Obviously, we want them to remember you for your dance, but giving you a unique hair colour with a bold choice might make it easier for them to remember you, for you to stick out and catch their attention”
The smaller boy's eyes lit up, interested in Tae's suggestion. Clearly, Jimin wanted to be remembered for his dancing skills, but another unique choice of a hair colour surely would help catching people's attention.

It was odd. How Jimin usually wasn't one to enjoy that much of attention in a room of people, yet all of that changed as soon as he started dancing. In those moments, he just became someone else – someone who was fearless, confident and unapologetic. In those moments, Jimin felt free and just let go of everything else. There was only him and the music. In those moments, Jimin loved attention, loved seeing people in awe when he danced, loved watching their eyes light up when he made eyecontact with them. Those were rare moments in which Jimin didn't feel nervous or anxious. Dancing... performing... those were his safe places.

“I don't know which col-”

Suddenly, someone rang the bell at the front door, startling Jimin who shut up at the sound. Jimin drew his gaze back to Yoongi who stared over his shoulder at him.

“Are you expecting someone?” Taehyung wondered, “Uuuh, is it Hoseok hyung?”

“No” Yoongi denied, causing Tae to pout again as he massaged more hair dye into Yoongi's hair, “Did one of you order food?”

“No” Taehyung and Jimin answered in unison, Yoongi furrowing his brows at their answer.

“Jiminie, could you please check who it is?”

The orange haired boy nodded as he got up onto his feet, Taehyung starting to ramble about how he missed Hoseok while Jimin walked over to the front door.

Once he opened the door, his heart stopped.

There he was. The boy of his dreams. Literally. There hadn't been a day going by where Jimin hadn't dreamed about the black haired boy lying next to him, holding him close in his warm embrace.

Jimin swallowed hard, caught off guard by seeing Jungkook after they had decided to stay away from each other for a while.

Oh, how his heart fluttered at the sight of the boy, oh how it clenched just the same. It was a bittersweet sensation. His heart was happy to see him, jumping up and down like crazy and calling for him, yet also clenching when it remembered that they weren't each other's, but were trying to stay away until they were right for each other.

During the past days, their conversations over texts hadn't increased at all, rather slowed down. Most of the time, it was just a 'good night' – which felt wrong and hurt slightly, but they both knew that the more in contact they stayed, the more their hearts were going to call for each other – just making all of this harder.

Of course, there had been days where regret had washed over Jimin, causing him to wish that he had never suggested them to stay away, but deep down he knew that it had been the right choice. Jungkook would put too much on the line, would risk way too much. The smaller boy would never forgive himself, if he lost all of that just for him.

“J-Jimin-ah” Jungkook breathed, clearly surprised to see Jimin here as well. His beautiful brown eyes were wide in shock, mouth slightly agape as he fixated his gaze on Jimin, taking all of him in as if he was scared to watch him disappear again.
“Who is it, Minnie?” Yoongi called from the living room, drawing Jimin out of his trance and back to the reality.

Jimin cleared his throat, averting his gaze as he frowned, “Jungkook-ah!” He yelled back.

Suddenly, there was rustling, a loud thud echoing as if someone had fallen to the ground accompanied by Taehyung’s laughter before a cursing Yoongi rushed towards them, holding his elbow as if it hurt.

“Did you just fall down?” Jimin wondered, smiling slightly as he tried to contain his giggles. However, Yoongi didn't pay him any attention, but had his stare fixated on the taller boy in the doorway.

“What's going on with your hair?” Jungkook asked, smirking in amusement as he pointed to the top of Yoongi’s head – hair dye very visible.

“Jungkook-ah, what are you doing here?” Yoongi wanted to know, ignoring his previous question.

“Oh, uhm, you said you needed help? Yesterday, remember? You told me to stop by whenever I have time” Jungkook answered, scratching the back of his neck.

“Fuck, yes, sorry, I just didn't expect you to come today.” Yoongi stated, shaking his head as he glanced over to Jimin with apologetic eyes.

Of course, Yoongi thought that Jimin hated Jungkook even though that was so far from what was actually going on.

“Uhm, I don't think right now is such a good time, Jungkook-ah, Jimin and Tae are here” Yoongi murmured.

“Oh, yeah, I understand. Just text me when I can-”

“I don't mind, hyung” Jimin interrupted, looking at Yoongi who seemed surprised at Jimin talking, “In case you're doing this because of me. I really don't mind, hyung. I don't hate Jungkook. Also, he is very busy and so are you. If you two have time right now, you should use it”

“Are you sure?” Yoongi and Jungkook asked in unison, glancing at each other as they noticed before they drew their attention back to Jimin who nodded determined.

“I'm sure. Come on in. Hyung, you have to let Tae finish your hair. It shouldn't rest on your head for too long”

Yoongi nodded as Jungkook stepped inside, taking off his shoes while the oldest boy hurried back into the living room.

“What's going on here?” Jungkook wanted to know once he straightened his back.

Jimin only stared at him, blinking as he took in his beautiful features. It was almost as if he was caught in yet another trance, only able to look at the gorgeous black haired boy. A mere stare by Jungkook caused Jimin’s heart to flutter, the low tone of his voice sending a shiver down his back.

“Jimin-ah?” Jungkook uttered, waving his hand in front of Jimin's face which startled him, causing him to shake his head and draw him out of his thoughts.

“I-I.. Oh, uhm, Tae is dyeing hyung's hair”

“Oh, is he?” Jungkook muttered, eyebrows arched up, “Hopefully, it’s the right one this time?”
Jimin giggled, a smile appearing on Jungkook's face at the sight and sound, “Yes, it's the right one this time. Well... at least I think so”

“Where are you guys?” Yoongi shouted from the living room, “You better not be killing each other!”

The joke caused both of them to smile. Perhaps, Yoongi had sensed that things were somewhat better between them. Obviously, he didn't know to what extend, but that didn't matter.

“Come on” Jungkook urged and they walked back into the living room.

Taehyung glanced up at the new guest, eyes dark and essentially trying to kill Jungkook with a stare. Of course. Taehyung still thought that Jungkook had lied about being in a relationship with Seoyun, was mad at him for hurting Jimin the way he had. Well, there was a lot more to it, but they couldn't straight up tell Tae about that. Jungkook simply wasn't allowed to talk about the contract.

*That damn contract.* Jimin just wanted it to be over, wanted Jungkook to be free again. Not only so they could try to be together, but for Jungkook's own sake. Surely, his mental health must be affected by this, by having to lie like that and maintain a fake relationship.

“Hey” Jungkook greeted.

“Hey” Tae responded, hint of suspicion in his voice as he drew his attention back to dyeing Yoongi's hair.

Jungkook and Jimin shared a glance, but averted their gazes from each other as they went over to the sofa.

“What's he doing here?” Tae wanted to know.

“I need help with something and Jungkook offered to help me”

Taehyung hummed as he nodded, glancing at Jungkook again as if he had to watch over him, check every now and then what he was up to.

This was going to be an awkward afternoon...

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Taehyung and Yoongi were upstairs, rinsing out the hair dye together while Jungkook and Jimin were waiting in the kitchen and making some drinks and food.

“Hyung hasn't been grocery shopping in a while, I guess” Jungkook noted once he had opened the fridge, revealing a few things to eat.

“Hmm” Jimin mumured as he scanned their options, “Let's just make some sandwiches” The boy then suggested, Jungkook nodding as he picked out some cheese, salad, ham and butter while Jimin got the bread and tomatoes.

They haven't exactly spoken much while Tae had continued dyeing Yoongi's hair, keeping a rather awkward silence between them while Yoongi had tried to lead the conversation. Frankly, neither of them knew what they should say.

“How are things going in the company?” Jimin wondered, voice quiet as he spread some butter with a knife on a piece of bread.

Jungkook glanced at him before he opened the cheese and placed a slice on the bread, “Good. It's...
yeah, it's good. What about you? How is practice going?"

Jimin hummed as he put a piece of salad and some ham on the bread while Jungkook washed up the tomatoes before cutting them in smaller slices, “It's exhausting, but a lot of fun as well. It's not that long until the big day. Hoseok hyung is working the hardest. He stays even after all of us leave and watches us practice again and again in case there was a mistake he didn't catch. He truly is a perfectionist even though he tells us to just have fun. I think, he just doesn't want to burden us”

“Yeah, sounds just like hyung. I hope you rest enough? Don't forget to eat a lot and sleep, Jimin-ah, hm?”

Jimin smiled shyly, nodding at Jungkook's concern about him.

“I'm trying to rest as much as possible. I just don't want to fail, you know?” Jimin uttered, voice a little softer by the end of his sentence as he placed another piece of bread on top of their creation to finish the first sandwich while Jungkook already started the next one.

“You're not going to fail, Jimin-ah. No matter what happens, you've already won. To even get the chance to stand on that stage is a huge accomplishment. You can be proud of yourself.” Jungkook insisted, fixating his gaze back on Jimin.

The smaller boy bit down on his lip and nodded, “Thank you, Kook-ah”

Jungkook smiled at the nickname as he continued making the sandwich while Jimin cut the one in front of him in half, “We gotta try our work” Jimin pointed out as he lifted one half of the sandwich up to his mouth in order to take a bite.

The younger male looked at him expecantly, eyebrow arched up while Jimin chewed on the food.

“It's good” He commented as he lifted the sandwich up to Jungkook's mouth. However, his gaze was fixated on Jimin's lips, lifting his hand once Jimin had chewed down the food in his mouth.

“You've got some…” Jungkook whispered, thumb running over Jimin's bottom lip to wipe away whatever it was that had stuck to his lips.

Jimin's heartbeat quickened at the touch, swallowing hard as he looked back and forth between Jungkook's eyes. Almost simultaneously, Jimin dropped the sandwich on one of the plates without a care while Jungkook leaned down to him.

There it was again. That stupid-no, that wonderful fluttering thing his heart did whenever Jungkook was near, was looking at him, was touching him in some way – emotionally or physically. Right now, his soft lips where lingering above Jimin's, reminding him of how good it felt to be kissed by the black haired boy.

“Jungkook-ah” Jimin breathed against his mouth, lifting his own hands, but clenching them into little fists rather than touching Jungkook.

The taller boy pressed his forehead against Jimin's, taking in Jimin's delicate features and his soft little breaths as he started to get more desperate.

“I miss you, Jimin-ah” Jungkook uttered, reaching out to brush some strands of orange hair out of Jimin's face, “So much”

“I miss you, too” Jimin whispered back.
Jungkook traced his fingertips over Jimin's cheeks, causing a shiver to run down his back.

“We shouldn't” Jimin's responsible side spoke up, yet he didn't move an inch away. Evidently, he didn't want to listen to that side right now even if he knew that it was right.

The black haired male nodded, pressing a gentle kiss against Jimin's forehead before he pulled away, “I'm not gonna touch you until you're mine again”

The whine that escaped Jimin was actually embarrassing, causing Jungkook to smile fondly.

However, it was probably better that way. Touching each other or even just feeling each other's lips again would remind them of what they were missing – just making all of this so much more difficult.

“Okay” Jimin murmured, nodding as he turned towards the counter again.

“I don't think hyung is that fond of the colour” Taehyung sighed as he walked into the kitchen, startling Jimin who took a step away from Jungkook as if they had been caught doing something they shouldn't – although they had simply stood next to each other.

“Why, what happened?” Jungkook wondered, seemingly not affected by Taehyung's sudden appearance at all as he made another sandwich.

Tae leaned against the wall, watching over Jungkook and Jimin with narrowed eyes as if he was on to something, “Nothing particularly. Hyung just looked into the mirror and said that he doesn't like it. I told him to wait until we blowdried his hair. Perhaps it's just like with you, Minnie. I'm sure he will grow fond of it eventually. Personally, I think it looks really good on him”

Jimin hummed as he gave a nod, “It's just because it's a change. I'm sure in a couple of days he will like it more. I can't wait to see it, though! Where is he?”

“Still upstairs and blowdrying his hair. He'll come down once he's finished. What are you two doing?”

“Sandwiches” Jungkook answered, handing one over to Taehyung.

The blond boy eyed the food in his hand before he turned towards Jimin. Take it’ Jimin mouthed to him, feeling bad for Jungkook who was trying to be nice. However, Tae probably still hated Jungkook for what he did to Jimin.

Taehyung rolled his eyes, but eventually took the sandwich from Jungkook's hand, “Thank you” He muttered under his breath before he took a bite, “Do you need any help?”

“No, I think, we're good” Jimin answered and shook his head while cutting the next sandwich in half.

Tae nodded, “It's good” He then complimented as he lifted the bread in his hand, “I'll go and see if hyung needs me to style his hair or something. Unless you want me to stay, Minnie?”

His best friend looked at him with concerned eyes, causing Jimin to swiftly shook his head, “No, it's fine. We're almost done.”

“Alright, I'll be right back”

Once Tae was out of their reach, Jimin glanced at Jungkook with apologetic eyes, “I think he's still mad at you. I wish I could tell him”
“We can tell him once it's over.”

“I just don't want him to hate you”

“I don't mind that he treats me like that. At least it shows me that he will protect you and that's a good thing. I can handle this, don't worry” Jungkook assured the smaller male who pressed his lips into a line and nodded.

It didn't take that long for Yoongi to be finished with his hair and for Jimin and Jungkook to have prepared enough food for them all. They settled back in the living room, Yoongi somehow a little shy with his new hair colour, causing Jimin to compliment him a lot. At first, Jimin was a little shocked as soon as he saw the new hair colour. It was definitely something he had to get used to as it was such a contrast to his previous dark hair.

Honestly, though, it actually looked really, really good. Jimin loved how it looked at him, how he made it work. However, Yoongi didn't seem to share that thought just yet. Perhaps, it was just the fact that he had never dyed his hair before and that it was a difference to his usual dark hair that made him a little uneasy.

“You will grow to love it, hyung, you look really good” Jimin reassured the oldest one who took a bite from his sandwich.

“I guess I just have to get used to it”

They hummed in unison while eating their meal.

Yoongi started a conversation about his current project that him and Namjoon were working on, drawing all of their interest as he beamed about his work. It was beautiful to see him being happy like this.

Once they had finished their food, it was time for Tae and Jimin to go so Jungkook could help Yoongi with whatever he had asked him to come over for.

“See you soon. Thanks for stopping by and for dyeing my hair, Tae, you did a good job” Yoongi praised and ruffled through Tae's hair, the boy smiling bright at the compliment.

“See you soon, hyung, don't work too hard”

Yoongi gave a nod before he drew his attention towards Jimin who had been glancing at Jungkook standing in the doorway of the living room – only watching the three close friends say goodbye at the front door. Clearly, he felt like he shouldn't disturb the moment.

“Minnie, thanks for hanging out with us today. I know you're really busy and... well... he haven't hung out like this in a while” Yoongi uttered, voice a little quieter and softer as if those words were meant just for Jimin to hear – which, they were.

Jimin smiled shyly as he wrapped his arms around the older boy, pulling him closer while Yoongi hugged him back tightly – as if he was scared to let go. It was just like the hug he had greeted him with just some hours ago – so much meaning and emotion behind it, like he was trying to tell Jimin something.

“Love you, Minnie” Yoongi whispered and ruffled through Jimin's hair, mirroring the same action with Tae again, “Love you, Tae-ssi”

“Love you, too” The two boys uttered in unison.
Then, Jimin fixated his gaze back onto Jungkook, Yoongi and Tae following his stare and looking back at Jungkook as well.

“Should I drive you home?” Jungkook suddenly suggested.

“Oh, no, thank you” Jimin declined, blushing slightly as Tae arched up his eyebrows beside him, “We like walking home. The weather is still nice”

“Exactly” Tae agreed, hint of suspicion in his voice, “Goodbye, Jungkook” Tae murmured out of politeness as he crossed his arms over his chest.

“See you soon, Jungkook-ah” Jimin muttered softly, waving his tiny hand which caused Jungkook to smile slightly.

“See you soon, Jimin-ah, Taehyung-ssi”

Taehyung looked slightly bewildered by Jimin's goodbye- rather his choice of words - yet didn't say anything as they stepped outside. Yoongi waved after them, telling them to eat a lot and call him whenever they needed him.

“See you, hyung!” Tae yelled back once they were at the street, waving back.

As soon as they were out of reach, Tae huffed, making it known that something was bothering him.

“What's wrong?”

“Was Jungkook- I mean, what was that? Is he still bothering you? Don't let him do that to you, Minnie. I can beat him up if you-”

“Tae” Jimin giggled and shook his head, “Stop wanting to beat up everyone that you think bothers or hurts me. Please, just leave it be. I can't tell you more, but just trust me with this one. He's not a bad person, I promise you. He has a good heart. Give him a chance”

The blond boy raised up an eyebrow, “What happened during the past weeks? What did he do to you? He cheated on his girlfriend while playing with your heart and I-”

“Nothing. Please, Tae, I promise you. He's not manipulating me or anything like that. I know what I'm doing. I trust him. I... I lik- I know where his heart is. He's a good person. I can't tell you more. Just trust me on this one and give him a chance”

Taehyung pursed his lips, deliberating over Jimin's words. Eventually, he let out a sigh, “I mean, I don't know why you seem to trust him again, but I know how it feels to receive a second chance and how grateful that made me feel. I guess, I should just trust you when it comes to him and give him a chance, too. Yet, it's not that easy as I clearly don't know what you know”

“One day, I'll tell you. Just not now.”

“Okay, Minnie. Do whatever you think is right. I'll support you”

Jimin smiled as Tae wrapped his arm around him.

“But I'll still fuck him up if he hurts you again”

The smaller boy giggled as he shook his head.

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Well, it didn't take that long for everything to crumble again, for Jimin to get hit by another truck and watch everything come crashing down.

The next days went by quickly. Time went by that fast as Jimin completely invested himself into practice because with each day passing, the championship moved a little closer.

It was just another night after practice, Taehyung sitting on his sofa, eyes fixated on the TV as he watched a movie while Jimin got them some snacks from the kitchen. As Jimin walked back over to his best friend, feet padding on the soft rug beneath him, the blond boy glanced at him as if he wanted to tell him something.

However, he didn't.

That went on for the whole movie, both eating their snacks while watching, yet Jimin caught Tae glancing at him every now and then. Eventually, Jimin stared back at him, eyebrows arched up as he was irritated by the constant glimpses the boy took at him.

“What's wrong?” Jimin wondered, slight concern in his voice as it now appeared that something was making Tae feel uneasy.

“Huh?” Taehyung murmured, gaze fixated on the TV as if he was completely focused on the events in the film, “Oh... uhm... nothing”

“You keep staring at me. What's wrong? Something is up, Tae, I know you. Did something happen between you and hyung?”

“No” Tae quickly clarified, shaking his head, “No, we're fine. It's just... I was just wondering... Have you been talking to Jungkook recently?”

The question caught Jimin off guard, causing him to almost choke on the food in his mouth as he ended up coughing, “We... uh, no, not really” The boy answered, trying not to appear too suspicous, yet failing miserably as Tae arched up his eyebrows.

To be fair, Jimin wasn't entirely lying there with his answer. Jungkook and him weren't exactly talking much. Actually, they hadn't texted in a couple of days... Both too busy or perhaps too scared that they would end up missing each other too much?

Jimin didn't know what the reason was. At first, he didn't think much of it. It started with Jungkook not texting much anymore, Jimin the one to initiate the 'good night' texts – which he didn't mind, honestly – Well, that was until Jungkook decided not to text back, leaving Jimin hanging on a read which had actually hurt a bit. Of course, Jungkook had a lot of stuff going on, but was a simple 'good night' really too much to ask for?

What did that imply? Was their little break increasing their distance? Obviously, both of them had wanted to stay away from each other – But not like this. Not... not entirely.

It hadn't taken long for Jimin to wonder whether or not Jungkook wasn't interested anymore... was done with waiting for Jimin... didn't feel the same anymore. Perhaps, he didn't want Jimin anymore, had gotten sick of this staying away thing.

It wasn't exactly easy on Jimin either. Clearly, he wanted to be Jungkook's so much, but not as long as he was bound to that awful contract. Jimin was determined to wait until Jungkook was out of that, was a free man again so they could be together. Genuinely, his feelings hadn't changed at all, no, they only grew and became stronger whenever another day went by.
“Jimin-ah?” Tae interrupted his thoughts, startling Jimin.

“Huh? I... I said we're not talking much or... or at all, really. Why are you asking?”

“Oh, just... just because I was wondering. Never mind” Taehyung brushed off the topic, looking back to the TV as he took a sip from his drink, eyes hinting at him hiding something.

“What is it? What do you know?” Jimin wanted to know, voice quiet and perhaps even a little vulnerable.

“I don't... I don't *know* anything, Minnie. I just overheard something, but I don't know if it's true. We don't have to talk about it. I don't want to start any rumours if they're not even confirmed”

The words scared Jimin, heartbeat quickening.

“What did you hear, Tae?” Jimin asked.

“Minnie, really, let's not-”

“It's about Jungkook so tell me” The smaller boy insisted, impatience rising as he stared at his best friend who clearly regretted bringing it up at all.

“I didn't exactly say it's about him, I just-”

“Why would you ask me whether I still talk to him then? Just tell me, Tae. I want to know”

“It's not that big of a deal, really, it might not be true. Apparently, it's supposed to be printed in our magazine soon, but I wouldn't expe-”

“Tae, just say it”

“Okay, okay. I'm sorry. Apparently- so... so supposedly, well, you know how Jungkook and Seoyun are a thing? I overheard that he proposed to her. They're both going to move back to Busan soon”

Jimin's heart stopped, facial expression staying the same because he simply wasn't able to react to the information. To be honest, it took a while for his brain to process the words, heart clenching once it did. Then, Tae's words were ringing in his head, so much louder, amplified in the silence of his mind.

“W-What? They're engaged and they're moving to Busan?”

“Again, it's just- You know how people *love* to spread gossip.”

It was another one of those moments. You know, the ones were time literally stopped for you. Jimin didn't know what to say, didn't know what to think, what to believe, what to do.

Jungkook was moving back to Busan? Jungkook was engaged to Seoyun?

*Oh please, let all this just be some stupid rumours.*

Then again, there was only one way to find out.

Swiftly, Jimin got up from his seat, rushing towards his bedroom.

“Where are you going, Minnie?” Taehyung asked, concern in his voice.
Without another word, Jimin shut the door close behind himself before he rushed towards his phone and picked it up.

*I'm sorry – Jungkook*

Jimin's heart skipped another beat. The message was only a couple of hours old. Why was Jungkook apologising? The only explanation was that Taehyung was right, that what he had heard was true and Jungkook was now apologising because the news were going to spread and be public soon.

Involuntarily, tears started to swell up in Jimin's eyes as he pressed onto Jungkook's name on his phone display, bringing the object up to his ear and waiting for the black haired boy to pick up.

“Minnie, are you okay?” Taehyung called through the door, knocking softly on it, “Please, babe, open the door. What's wrong? Let's talk about it”

“Not now, Tae, please, give me five minutes. I'll be out in the living room again after” Jimin replied. Silence.

“Okay, Minnie”

Then, someone picked up the call on the other end.

“Jimin-ah” Jungkook uttered through the phone, “Now is not a good time. I have to be in a meeting in about-”

“You lied” Jimin interrupted him, voice breaking.

There was silence for a moment, rustling on the other end as if Jungkook was moving somewhere. Then, it was completely quiet on the other end. Perhaps, Jungkook had moved into an empty room.

“Lied about what, Jimin-ah?”

“When were you going to tell me? Were you going to wait until I receive the news through a magazine again, hm? Is that how you want that stuff to drop on me?”

“Shit” Jungkook cursed, “You... you found out already?”

Jimin shook his head, “When were you going to tell me? On the day you leave?”

“I... I didn't know how to tell you, Jimin-ah.”

So it was true.

“You're engaged with her and you're moving back to Busan?”

“You told me not to end it with her. You were the one who wanted us to stay away from each other. I'm just doing what you asked of me to do” Jungkook defended himself.

“I didn't mean this! I didn't mean for you to move across the country, Jungkook-ah! That's... that's insane. You said you didn't want to get engaged to her” Jimin responded, voice vulnerable as he paced around the room.

“It's not real, Jimin-ah, you know that. I didn't actually propose to her”

“Well, you said you wouldn't agree to do it. Now, you did. So what am I supposed to believe?”
Jimin pointed out.

Why had Jungkook agreed to do it when he had been so opposed to the idea back in his bedroom in Busan? Wasn't Jungkook the one who had wanted to end everything for Jimin and now he was even renewing the contract? How were they supposed to ever be together that way?

“I told you that I don't have a say in this. I'm bound to this contract”

“How in the world are you going to come out of that without damage to your reputation? You have to pretend for at least a couple of more months to not make it seem suspicious. Worst case scenario, you have to actually marry her. That's insane, Jungkook-ah, you do know that, don't you?”

“They're going to find a way to end it. This is just some PR shit, Jimin-ah. They do stuff like this all the time.”

Jungkook seemed so calm, like this wasn't actually such a bad thing. For Jimin, his world was currently being torn apart yet again. The boy that held his heart was supposed to be engaged to another woman and pretend to be such a wonderful couple with her to the world while being somewhere far away from Jimin.

What if they actually fell for each other after sharing such an insane experience together, after having to spend so much time together?

Jimin's stomach twisted at the thought, the boy actually feeling like he was getting sick.

Yet, wasn't this Jimin's fault? He had decided this for them... he had told Jungkook not to end his contract for him... not to risk his career for him.

That was still something that Jimin didn't want. No, clearly, he didn't want Jungkook to ruin his career or even worse – his whole life. However, he hadn't meant for the boy to move that far away from him and deepen the bond to his fake girlfriend.

The last string of hope, the last glimpse of belief that they would find their way back to each other quickly slipped through Jimin's grasp, the small boy only able to watch it slip away.

“Jimin-ah, are you still there?” Jungkook drew him out of his thoughts.

“Why move to Busan though?” Jimin found himself whisper, not trusting his own voice right now, was sure that it would break if he spoke any louder than this.

“My father wants me back there”

“Who is going to run the company in Seoul then?” Jimin wondered, confused by his father's request.

“Him”

Wait, what?

“That doesn't make sense. Why would you switch?”

My father wants to run the company from here because he's going to close the one in Busan so we“ can both put our focus on this one. Long-term it doesn't really make sense to run the company from two places, you know? As long as he settles down here, I'm going to run the company in Busan until "he's ready to close that one

“How long would that be?”
“A couple of months, up to a year maybe. Depends, really”

“Depends on what?”

“On how long he needs to get all the stuff done. It's not an easy task. He has to think about what to do with the employees, whether he's going to keep the building for training or is going to sell it, you know. There's a lot of stuff to do”

“A-A year?” Jimin echoed, sitting down on the edge of his bed as he didn't trust his wobbly legs.

That was so... so incredibly long. So much could happen in the span of a year...

“At most. At least a couple of months, though”

“When are you leaving?”

“We haven't chosen a specific day yet, but I'm sure somewhen this month, very soon.”

“A year... That's so long, Jungkook-ah”

“You didn't want me to end the contract so I didn't. I'm just doing what you asked of me, Jimin-ah. You wanted this break for both of our sakes and I'm just respecting that and giving you space.”

“I didn't mean it like this, Jungkook-ah. I didn't mean for you to leave town and go live across the country for a year! I meant a couple of weeks, two or three months at most - However long it would take for us to heal and for your contract to end. You were the one telling me that it wasn't that long anymore until it was over. That's why I suggested this. I wanted us to find our way back to each other once you were out of your contract and we were ready for each other”

Jimin felt so... so hurt and defeated. There was nothing he could do to stop this, but watch and let it happen right in front of his eyes. The black haired boy was going to move so far away from him and live his own life, without him for several months. There was no way he was not going to forget about Jimin.

“I can end it, if you want me to, Jimin-ah” Jungkook suggested, tone so soft.

“No, I don't want you to end it, Jungkook-ah. I don't want you to ruin what you built with your father” Jimin answered, voice breaking as a tear dropped down on his chin.

“Well, then what do you want me to do, Jimin-ah, because I can't keep up with your cryptic words. I wanted to end it for you, but you didn't want me to so I stuck with it. Now you get mad at me for exactly that and here I am suggesting it again, but you still don't want it? Make up your mind, Jimin-ah” Jungkook replied, seemingly frustrated by Jimin's behaviour.

“I'm not mad at you for sticking with the contract. I'm just... I... You renewed it, didn't you? You renewed it, I know you did. You told me it wouldn't be much longer and that the engagement wasn't part of the original contract so you definitely renewed it. Why? Why would you do that?” Jimin wondered, voice soft even though there was a storm inside of him, “You clearly made up your mind already. You chose that life, you chose the industry and the money, the PR you will receive.”

Silence for a moment.

“That's not fair Jimin-ah, you know that's not true. I... My father promised me that it wouldn't be for that much longer and that it would be over after that – for good, you know. I just agreed because you and I were in a break anyway. If it bothers you, I can end it, okay? I will do it for you, Jimin-ah”
It was a constant back and forth. It didn't make sense to Jimin why Jungkook would agree to something like this when he had been so opposed to the idea and had even suggested to end the contract then and there.

Yet, of course he would agree to it again once his father requested it from him.

“No” Jimin declined, voice a little angered, “I don't want you to do it for me, Jungkook-ah. Don't you see the problem? You don't want to end it for yourself, but because you think it makes me angry or... or it hurts me. I don't want you to do anything like that for me, but for yourself. If you want to keep doing it, don't end it. I don't want you to throw anything away for me. If you ever decide to end the contract, do it because you want that, because you no longer want to be lying”

“I-”

“You do all of that for other people, but when do you start thinking about yourself? When do you give your heart a chance and take care of yourself first?”

Suddenly, there was another voice in the background.

“Jimin-ah, let's talk about this later, okay? I have to be in a meeting. I don't want to discuss this over phone. Let me come over to your place later or I'll pick you up and we can talk at mine”

“No, there is nothing more to say, Jungkook-ah. You've clearly already made your decision. You wouldn't have renewed the contract if you didn't. You chose the industry, your career and that's fine. I'm not mad at you for doing that, for... for choosing that life and the contract. Don't end it for me, but start thinking about what you want to do for once, what actually makes you happy.”

“Jimin-ah, no, plea-”

“Don't... don't lose yourself in all of that” Jimin whispered, “You're a good person, Jungkook-ah. Don't lose yourself in that industry”

With that, Jimin hung up the phone, tears finally streaming down his face just as Tae opened the door and entered the room.

There was empathy in his eyes as he approached Jimin, taking a seat next to him and pulling him into a tight hug.

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Jimin never checked. You know, about the publication of the news of Jungkook being engaged and moving back to Busan. The orange haired boy stayed as far away from any kind of magazines as possible – begging Taehyung not to share any of it with him because he honestly couldn't deal with that right now.

Jungkook was going to move back to Busan with Seoyun while Jimin was still practicing and getting ready for the championship. Frankly, Jimin didn't need, neither wanted he to be distracted by that right now.

However, it did.

There was so much hanging on the line here for Jimin. One of Jimin's aspirations in life was to become a dancer that could move people with his art, that could put people in awe, was to become a dancer that loved dancing, that was healed by it, because it was his safe place. Evidently, Jimin associated so much with dancing and he didn't want to watch all of that crumble.
The dream of standing on that huge stage and receive some more opportunities, doors that would open for him, chances that would arise – all of that was something Jimin was hoping for.

It was so close now. The actual event almost in his reach. Jimin could practically feel it in his grasp, yet everytime he thought about Jungkook – it slipped out of his grip.

Hoseok noticed, too. Scolding him more than usual, more than any of the other students.

“Jimin-ah, lift your chin” The brown haired boy insisted, pointing towards the shorter male who was breathing heavily and gave a nod as he obeyed to to the request.

“Jimin-ah, you're blocking Haewha again. Move further to your left” Hoseok ordered, now scowling at Jimin as it had been his fifth mistake in the past hour. Obviously, all of them were getting impatient, more nervous with the championship being a mere week away.

Of course, Hoseok continued emphasising how he was proud of them and that he just wanted them to have fun, that they were going out as winners no matter how the results were going to be. However, the brown haired boy had worked so hard these past months and it was frustrating to see his students make that many mistakes so close to the big day. The frustration was understandable.

Jemin felt sorry, yet he couldn't help his stupid heart and brain thinking about Jungkook every now and then and how far away he was going to be – with Seoyun at that. While playing pretend with her who could assure Jimin that they weren't going to get closer and grow feelings for each other. Essentially, they were only going to have each other during that time.

“Jimin-ah, you missed the beat again!” Hoseok interrupted Jimin's thoughts, turning the music off as he let out a sigh.

All of the students were breathing heavily, chests rising and falling quickly as they drew their attention to Hoseok who looked more disappointed than anything.

Jemin blushed as he caught the other students glance at him, feeling ashamed for his mistakes and sorry for causing this inconvenience. The most frustrating thing was that Jimin knew that he had this choreo in him, had danced to it so much now, even at home. Essentially, he was even capable of dancing to it blindly, during rain, with the music so quiet he could barely hear it because that's how much the steps had become a part of him at this point.

Yet, apparently, his only distraction was Jungkook.

“Let's start from the beginning again” Hoseok announced, everyone getting into their position while Hoseok's gaze was fixated on Jimin.

The smaller boy bit down on his bottom lip, glancing at Dongha who rolled his eyes at him.

Ouch.

What was that about?

Perhaps, Dongha was mad at Jimin, too, for postponing their practice and for making that many mistakes. Perhaps he was caught up with Jimin's slip ups – Jimin couldn't blame him, couldn't blame any of his fellow members or Hoseok at being annoyed at or disappointed in him.

Then, the music started, Jimin trying to blur out everything else and focus on the melody of the song as he moved his body.
“Is everything okay?” Jimin wondered, voice quiet as he wiped away the sweat from his face, staring at Dongha who didn't make eyecontact with him. The other students were leaving already, practice having come to an end.

“I'm fine, but you aren't, I guess” Dongha responded, something mean and accusing in his voice that caused a shiver to run down Jimin's back.

“What do you mean?”

“It's nothing, really. It's just- Have you practiced enough? I mean, all of us make mistakes, but we can't afford that many mistakes that close to the competition. The choreography should be set in stone at this point, no more flaws whatsoever. You've been lacking the past days when it came to dancing. Whatever it is that's causing you to make that many mistakes, fix it”

Jimin pulled his head back as if Dongha had physically hurt him. The words stang, causing Jimin's heart to clench as he stared at the taller boy.

“I'm sorry, I'll fix it, I promise. It's just... I've some personal stuff going on-”

“We all have personal stuff going on, Jimin” Dongha interrupted him, venom in his voice that startled Jimin. This was so out of character, catching Jimin off guard. Was Jimin's behaviour really that reprehensive? “Doesn't give you an excuse to mess up the choreography this much at this point”

“I told you that I'm going to fix it. I'm sorry for lacking, I'm trying really hard. I'm trying to focus on practice, but I always get distracted by... by...” Jimin couldn't say it. The words didn't want to leave his mouth. Perhaps, he was scared of Dongha judging him.

“By what?”

“I will work on it, okay?”

“Whatever. You better not mess this up though because this means a lot to me and I don't want everything to be screwed over just because you can't get your shit together”

With every word that left Dongha's mouth, Jimin's heart stang a little more. It hurt to have his friend talk like this to him – for something Jimin really had no control over. His heart simply didn't work like that. Jimin couldn't just turn it off and magically make all of his feelings disappear.

“What happened to you?” Jimin uttered, voice vulnerable, “I thought you were my friend? This championship is important to me, too, okay, Dongha? I've dreamed about this all my life so it's not fair o-”

“Are you sure? You would have your shit together at this point if it was. I'll see you tomorrow”

With that, Dongha left, leaving back Jimin who reached up to his chest as if he was able to soothe his heart like that.

It hurt.

“Jimin-ah” Hoseok called out, drawing Jimin's attention over to him.

Somewhat frightened, Jimin approached his friend, head hanging low as he was scared of looking into Hoseok's disappointed face and listen to his words that would hurt just like Dongha's.

There was no time for processing the previous situation, processing Dongha's words wholly and try
to fathom why he had reacted that way when he had been so different these past months.

“Jimin-ah, look at me” Hoseok insisted, grabbing Jimin’s chin softly and guiding his face up in order for them to lock eyes, “What's wrong, huh? What's bothering you?”

The smaller boy bit down on his bottom lip as he felt it wobble, averting his gaze and staring off to the side.

“Nothing, hyung.”

“Jimin-ah, I want to help you. I can't help you unless you tell me what's wrong” Hoseok uttered, voice so much softer than earlier, so much softer than Dongha’s.

“You can't help me, hyung. It's just... there is a lot going on right now that's affecting me. I'm trying to blur it out, but it's not working. I'm sorry that I'm distracted. I'm sorry for... for disappointing you” Jimin apologised, voice breaking.

“Min-ah, how could you ever think that I'm disappointed in you?” Hoseok asked as he closed his arms around Jimin, pulling him into a tight hug, “I'm just worried about you. Usually, you didn't make that many mistakes. You were one of the few who had the choreo set. I just want to know what's holding you back so I can help you with it. I don't want you to not enjoy this or be distracted in any way. I see your potential and I want you to shine next week”

Jimin sniffed, giving a slight nod as he hid his face in the curve of Hoseok’s neck.

“I don't want to let you all down. I promise I will work harder”

“I can already see that you're working hard, Jimin-ah. You can work as hard as you want, but if there is something that's hurting you right now, something you're struggling within your heart with – it's just not going to work out like that.”

The shorter boy bit down on the inside of his cheek, nodding.

“Do you want to talk about it?”

“I don't know, if I can” Jimin whispered.

“I won't judge you. I don't want to force you either. I might not be able to help you with it, but sometimes it helps to simply share your struggles with someone else, hm?”

Jimin sniffed again, giving a slight nod.

Just like when Tae had held Jimin in his arms when the boy had cried in his bedroom after the call with Jungkook, Jimin didn't know what to say.

“What's wrong, Minnie? Please, talk to me” Taehyung begged after minutes of silence, Jimin crying against his chest.

The orange haired male tried to calm himself down, taking deep breaths in order to relax. Unfortunately, he only ended up hiccupping as more tears streamed down his face.

“Minnie, please”

“It's- It's Jungkook-ah. I just talked to him. You're right. He is moving to Busan and... and that engagement stuff is true, too”
"Oh" Tae muttered, caressing Jimin's back in a comforting manner, "Why does that... I mean, why does that make you so sad?"

"Because I like him, Tae" Jimin revealed.

"I know you do, Minnie, but you were trying to get over him, weren't you? If you allow me to talk about this, I feel like the distance might do you good, don't you think? It will help you get over him as you're that far apart and will give you a chance to start all over again. I know you said you wanted to give him a second chance, but you're clearly not over him yet. I don't think you can try to be friends with him and forgive him for what he did to you while you still have feelings for him, Minnie."

"No, Tae, you don't understand. I still like him – even more than before. We... Tae, he confessed to me on that weekend we were in Busan. He feels just the same about me, but I wanted us to wait because... well, because of something I can't tell you about. I thought we would be together soon – we were willing to wait for each other – but now he's moving so far away with her and I just don't– How can I know that he won't forget about me? He's going to be so far away from me"

"Wait, what? He was with you in Busan?"

"Tae, that's not the point right now! The point is that the boy that has my heart is moving across the country with another girl!"

There was empathy in Taehyung's eyes and eventually a flash of comprehension as if he only now fathomed the whole situation.

"Oh, Minnie" He whispered, pulling Jimin closer again, "I'm so sorry"

"It's... just... " For some reason, the words didn't want to leave Jimin's lips, something preventing him from speaking about it.

"Take all the time you need" Hoseok encouraged, brushing Jimin's hair out of his face.

The smaller boy couldn't do it. Everytime he looked at Hoseok he didn't just see his close friend, his dance teacher or his best friend's boyfriend – No, he saw Jungkook's childhood friend. What if Jungkook hadn't talked to him about moving to Busan yet? Jimin really didn't want to break that news to him before Jungkook did.

Was he even going to tell anyone? He clearly hadn't planned on telling Jimin...

What if he was already gone?

He would at least say goodbye, wouldn't he?

"I'm sorry, hyung, I... I can't talk about it. I'll get over it, I promise. I'll focus on practice and I won't make mistakes again. I won't let you down"

Hoseok half smiled, empathy in his eyes as he patted Jimin's head, "Minnie, don't contain your grief and sorrow, don't deal with it on your own. That's just gonna hurt you even more. Try to talk to others so you can get over it, hm?

"I did talk to Tae about it... I'm not alone with it, hyung, it's just that I'm sad because I can't do anything about it"

I can't ask him to stay, the boy almost wanted to say, barely stopping himself. That would be selfish
of Jimin to do. Jimin didn't want him to move that far away, yet he didn't want to be a burden to Jungkook either – didn't want to stand in the way of the path that Jungkook chose for himself. Jungkook had chosen his father, his career and the contract. It hurt Jimin, but if that's what Jungkook wanted to do, there was no way Jimin could ask him to stay.

Yet, Jimin wanted nothing more than to be Jungkook's again. Even though the black haired boy had torn his heart apart again, it was still his. Jimin wanted him to stay more than anything, wanted them to find their way back to each other.

However, Jimin couldn't say that to Jungkook – would feel way too guilty about Jungkook throwing all of that away for him.

Jimin wanted to support Jungkook's decision, but it still hurt to know that he hadn't chosen Jimin – that he had backtracked on his own decision because he thought Jimin wanted that, because he thought Jimin would ask him to do that.

That's not what Jimin wanted, though.

Yes, he wanted him to stay, but... but because he had a reason to stay – a reason that was strong enough for him to make that decision himself.

It was a constant battle between Jimin's brain and his heart – one part urging him to beg Jungkook to stay and end the contract, while the more sane part tried to make him understand that he had caused that situation upon them and that he should support Jungkook in his doing.

It was hard. All of it.

“Maybe dancing can be your escape. I know you love to dance and that you enjoy it, but the past days it feels like it's more of an obligation to you, like you have to prove something or like you don't want to let anyone down. If you don't feel ready for the competition or don't want to be a part of it anymore, just let me know. I won't be mad, Jiminnie. I'm always going to support your decision. Yet, if you do choose to stay, try to find your joy in dancing again. Don't let your struggles hold you back from something you love to do. Remind yourself of why you wanted this so much, why you love to do this. Let dancing be your escape. Don't do it for me or the others, do it for yourself.”

The words did something to Jimin, warmth spreading through his chest as he reminisced about the times dancing had been his escape before. In those dark times, music and dancing had been able to pull him out of his daily life and give him a safe place.

“Hold onto that thought. Keep thinking about the reason you started dancing and why you're doing it.”

Jimin shut his eyes close, an image of his grandmother appearing in front of him – cheering for him and telling him how proud she is of him, encouraging him to go on.

“Whatever you're currently struggling with that you can't do anything about – don't let it control you. Think about if there's really nothing you can do and if there isn't, just let it be. The universe works in strange ways sometimes. In the end, whatever is supposed to happen, will happen”

Jimin smiled lightly, wrapping his arms around the older boy again.

“Thank you, hyung”

Hoseok pulled him close, resting his head on top of Jimin's as he rubbed over his back in a soothing manner.
“Now go home and rest. You need all your energy tomorrow, hm?”

“I will, hyung. Thank you”

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Jimin's hands were shaking, legs wobbly as he inhaled deeply, palms becoming sweaty the closer the big moment came.

“We're having an interview in ten minutes” Hoseok announced as he stepped back into the dressing room, “They want us to introduce ourselves so they can play the clip before our performance”

Some of the students squeaked in excitement whereas Jimin swallowed hard, his nerves getting the best of him. There was no way Jimin could talk during an interview right now.

“Guys, get ready, we have to move to another room for the interview” Hoseok yelled through the dressing room.

All of the others rushed around, finishing their looks while Jimin sat in the corner, legs moving up and down in an anxious manner.

“You can do this” The smaller boy murmured to himself, “Practice went well these past days. You can do this. Concentrate on the music and your steps”

That was true. Listening to Hoseok's advice, Jimin had focused on the reason he had started dancing whenever they practiced – causing him to not make any mistake anymore as he wasn't occupied with worrying about – you know.

Yes, Jimin wasn't going to say his name. Obviously, that was just going to open up the wound again and he really couldn't deal with that right now. Their big performance was just hours away now.

“Your hair looks good” Dongha suddenly complimented, appearing next to Jimin.

The smaller boy glanced up at him before he averted his gaze. To be honest, Jimin had avoided Dongha the past days after the boy had hurt him with his words. Several times, Dongha had tried to start a conversation with him, but Jimin had refused to talk to him.

“Thank you” Jimin murmured, not capable of being impolite as he turned away from the taller boy.

“Hey, Chim, I didn't mean-”

“Guys, we have to leave now, come on, hurry” Hoseok announced, clapping his hands together as he rushed everyone to the door.

Jimin got up on his feet, not sparing Dongha another glance as he followed the crowd outside for the interview.

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“Nice hair” The cameraman complimented Jimin once they were done with the interview. The shorter male blushed as all of the others turned around to stare at him.

“Thank you” He muttered shyly, quickly walking back into the dressing room.

The interview actually went well. They all just introduced themselves – their names, where they were from and where they knew each other from. Hoseok explained how their performance came
about and what the audience could expect – the interviewer emphasising how millions of people all over Korea were going to tune in tonight, causing Jimin's stomach to twist.

Hopefully, he wasn't going to throw up before their performance - or even worse during their performance.

Jimin settled back down on the chair in the corner of the room, nibbling on his bottom lip.

"Should I curl your hair for you, Jimin-ah?" Haewha offered once she approached the smaller boy, "I think it would look really pretty to have them slightly waved"

For a moment, Jimin contemplated, figuring that at least he would be a little distracted from his anxiety then.

"Okay"

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"Jimin-ah" Hoseok called for him once Jimin's hair was done, the boy watching himself in the mirror and quickly growing fond of the look. All of it was so... soft. Somewhat a contrast to how parts of their choreography was going to be like, yet fitting just perfectly to another.

"Yes, hyung?" Jimin answered after he thanked Haewha for styling his hair.

"Come here for a sec"

Nodding, Jimin walked over to his friend. Hoseok smiled brightly at him, praising how Jimin looked which caused said boy's cheeks to flush as he thanked him quietly.

"You, too, hyung" Jimin complimented genuinely, Hoseok's brown hair slightly waved as well.

They were all dressed in black and white, wearing loose opened button up shirts above a white shirt with black skinny jeans – Those button up shirts were going to come off later as part of their choreography. Jimin was a little scared about that move, having bumped into Dongha quite often during practice last week.

"The guys are here. Let's say hi before we all have to move to our seats" Hoseok suggested.

Jimin's heartbeat quickened, slightly fluttering at the thought of all of his friends coming and supporting them today.

Hoseok grasped his wrist gently and pulled him out of the dressing room. Jimin was about to ask where they were going to when his eyes fell on his group of friends – all gathered in a small circle, chuckling about something – presumably a joke by Jin if you'd ask Jimin.

"Hey, guys!" Hoseok greeted them, drawing their attention to them as they spun around with smiles on their faces.

"Hoseok-ah! Jimin-ah!" Jin called out as the group approached them, Yoongi and Tae each holding a bouquet of flowers in their hands.

There was joy, happiness and love spreading through Jimin's chest as he hugged each of his friends who came to cheer for them today – taking time out of their busy schedules for them.

"Thank you for making it, guys" Jimin thanked them once he had hugged Namjoon.
Yoongi smiled brightly at him as he was the next to hug, handing Jimin the bouquet of flowers before he pulled him into a warm embrace, “I'm so proud of you, Jiminnie. I can't wait to see you dance again.” The older boy whispered in his ear, causing Jimin to smile shyly once they pulled apart.

“Thank you, hyung”

“I chose the flowers!” Tae announced after he had placed a kiss on Hoseok's cheek, approaching Jimin to give him a tight hug as well.

“Yes, Tae had insisted on gifting you pink flowers.” Namjoon chuckled, “He was very determined on that one. We had to drive to several shops for that’

“Oh my god, that wasn't necessary, really, I would have loved any kind of flowers” Jimin assured, smelling on the bouquet of flowers in his hands and shutting his eyes close as the scent reminded him of a big flower field Taehyung and him used to play and run around on when they were younger.

“Roses, violets, lilies and-”

“Daisies” Jimin finished Tae's sentence, recognising the familiar piece of flower.

“Like the ones that-” Taehyung tried to explain, yet stopped himself in the middle of his sentence.

The ones that used to grow in the park next to the adoption center where Tae and Jimin really met for the first time.

“Thank you, guys” Jimin thanked them again, giving Tae a meaningful smile and nod as he pulled him into another hug.

“Man, Tae, you were right. It fits perfectly. Good choice” Namjoon commented, pointing at the bouquet of flowers, “Now I get why he was so persistend on getting pink flowers”

“Because of his hair colour” Taehyung noted, smiling brightly as he observed Jimin's hair, “I can't get over how good it looks on you.” Tae grinned, “Oooh, who styled it for you? I love the slight waves”

“Haewha did – a girl from our team. I actually like it a lot.”

“Are you guys nervous? You must be” Yoongi wanted to know, chuckling at the end as he answered his own question.

“I'm a little nervous, actually, but I know that we will do well” Hoseok answered, Taehyung waddling back to his side and wrapping his arm around his boyfriend.

“I feel... sick. I don't know, I'm really, really excited, but also nervous. Thank you for coming, though, seeing you actually calmed me down a bit” Jimin responded, his friends giving him encouraging smiles.

“You're going to smash it, I know you will” Jin uttered, giving Jimin's and Hoseok's shoulders little squeezes.

“We'll be in the crowd, cheering you on. I will scream the loudest, I promise!” Tae grinned, jumping up and down in excitement.

Hoseok chuckled, pressing a peck against Tae's temple which seemed to calm Tae down as he stilled
his movement, a shy smile appearing on his face, “Don't scream too loud. I won't be able to hear your pretty voice if you do. That would be a shame as we'll finally have more time for each other again after today, hm, sunshine?” Hoseok murmured, causing Tae to grin as he pulled his boyfriend in for a kiss.

The others just stood there, smiling at their friend's affection for each other. Well, that was until they started to full on make out, the others grimacing and turning away. Jin made a disgusted noise which wasn't genuine, but still caused him to receive a swat from Namjoon who scolded him for being rude.

Jimin giggled and shook his head, letting his gaze wander down the hallway – looking for something... or rather someone else.

Of course, Jimin couldn't deny it – couldn't deny the slight fibre of hope blooming inside of him. Hope, that another person might appear...

No, that would only cause Jimin to be distracted. That's not something he could handle right now – not this close to their performance.

“He's not coming” Yoongi revealed, voice quiet and soft so only Jimin could hear him.

The disappointment and sadness Jimin felt upon hearing those words was actually a little embarrassing. Here he was telling himself that he didn't want to see the boy because that would only distract him, just for his heart to be sad at the realisation that he actually wouldn't appear tonight.

Yet, Jimin couldn't help those feelings.

“W-Who?” Jimin asked as if he didn't already know.

“Jungkook-ah” Yoongi answered, squeezing Jimin's shoulder gently.

Perhaps, he's already in Busan?

“Stuck in a meeting” The older boy told him. It was a little scary how Yoongi seemed to be capable of reading his mind.

That meant... that Jungkook had wanted to come – maybe? Unless Yoongi was just saying that because he didn't want to hurt Jimin's feelings... After all, Jungkook had told him that he would join them for the competition back then during that opening ceremony of Jin's parents' hospital. However, maybe he had forgotten.

Jimin hadn't reminded him as they hadn't talked at all for the past days. It wasn't that unlikely that Jungkook didn't remember what day it was and that he had promised to come.

Maybe, it was better this way.

“The show is about to start soon. We should get ready and take our seats then. You should already go find your seats in the audience” Hoseok urged, pressing one last peck against Tae's forehead before they pulled apart.

“Good luck” Tae smiled before he jumped over to Jimin and pulled him into another hug, “I'm so proud of you, Minnie, proud that you have the courage to do this and have become more confident in yourself and what you're capable of. This is what you've dreamed of. You're going to do well, I just know you will.” His best friend whispered into his ear, pressing a kiss against his temple that caused Jimin to smile, yet to push his friend away at the affection.
“Thank you, Tae”

Yoongi closed his arms around the smaller boy, too, rubbing over his back in a comforting manner, 
“If you're scared upon seeing that many people in the crowd, just find my eyes in the room. Look at 
us. Imagine we're the only people there so you're a little less anxious, hm? Good luck, Minnie”

“I will, hyung, thank you”

Once they pulled apart, Namjoon and Jin gave Hoseok and Jimin a group hug, all of them chuckling 
as Tae and Yoongi joined them into one big huddle.

“Good luck, guys, we're proud of you” Namjoon uttered.

“Thank you, now go” Hoseok urged as they pulled apart, laughing while waving his hand around 
and gesturing for them to go take their seats, “We'll see you later”

“We're definitely going to grab dinner after this to celebrate – no matter what the results are going to 
be!” Taehyung insisted, all of them nodding in agreement.

“Well, break a leg then” Namjoon noted, earning a swat from Jin.

“Don't say that” Jin muttered, shaking his head at the younger one.

“Why?” Namjoon wanted to know, voice slightly whiny as he rubbed over his upper arm – the spot 
Jin had just hit him.

“They're dancers- I don't- You shouldn't tell dancers to break their leg!” Jin reasoned.

Namjoon chuckled and shook his head, “Babe, the saying applies to dancers as well. That's just a 
wish for them to do well.”

“It sounds like bad luck to wish dancers to break their legs” Jin huffed, shaking his head as he stared 
at Hoseok and Jimin with apologetic eyes.

The two just snickered, “It's fine, Jin. Thank you, Namjoon.”

“Now, go” Hoseok urged again.

Eventually, they nodded and waved at the two dancers, making their way down the hallway while 
yelling back at them – assuring them that they're going to do well and that they're proud of them.

“I hope we won't get in trouble” Hoseok murmured, waving to their friends as they took a turn to 
their right – no longer in their sight, “Actually, no visitors are allowed to see the performers behind 
the stage, but I know someone from the security and was able to have them sneak past. I thought it 
would be nice for us to see them before we're performing. I hope that's okay and didn't make you 
more nervous?”

Jimin smiled, shaking his head as he felt the warmth still there in his chest due to seeing his friends.

“No, I needed this. I feel less anxious now. I'm really grateful that they're here to support us”

“They're beautiful people. Now come on, Jiminie. We've got a performance to show”

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Jimin's heart was pounding fast against his chest, palms sweaty as he clapped for the contestants on
the stage once they were done with their performance, some people screaming very loudly for them while others just clapped politely.

Honestly, Jimin was intimidated by everyone's skills, by their potential and their abilities to perform. There had been seven groups already – each one so different, yet somewhat similar in their approach to dance. They focused on letting the whole group dance all together – not giving individual members time to shine - which was very different to Hoseok's approach who gave every single one of them a time to express and show their individual potential and let every one of them have their own moment.

That's why Hoseok was such a great dancer and teacher. He had spent hours and hours getting to know his students, figure out what their strengths and weaknesses were and build the choreography around that. Any individual moment each one had was designated for that specific member – enhancing and really emphasising their skills.

Not that the other groups weren't good. They were amazing – that amazing that Jimin was actually very intimidated. It was just something that set Hoseok apart from the other dance teachers because he focused on individuality as well as a great group dynamic and performance.

"Don't be nervous, guys" Hoseok encouraged them, observing the dreadful faces of some of his students, "Don't be intimidated. They're all good. We knew that from the start. None of them would be here if they weren't. Just think about how much hard work we've put into this and have fun up there. That's all that matters"

They nodded even though it was difficult not to be a little frightened at least.

Jimin couldn't help but wonder if not coming first place was actually enough for Hoseok. Frankly, he had spent so much time on this – has created this choreography and taught it to them, making changes everytime some particular sequence just didn't fit that well. After weeks and weeks of tiring practice, after shedding their blood, sweat and tears they were finally here.

Was losing really alright for Hoseok?

Yet, Jimin could see it in his eyes – the joy, excitement and pride of being here. That's when Jimin knew that this experience itself was rewarding enough for Hoseok. The boy was grateful for even having made it up to here and be able to share his and his dance crew's potential with the country.

This was everything Jimin had dreamed of – and more. Genuinely, he was grateful and proud of being here. Of course, he would love to win, but attaching something you do... or claiming your success or own value to charts, to numbers or prizes would cause you to lose your joy and love for that exact thing – because once the numbers and prizes stop rolling in, so will your passion and the value you put onto yourself and that's not something Jimin wanted to live by.

“We're up soon. We should probably start to go backstage, right?” Dongha asked.

“Don't worry. The staff will come and tell us when we should go backstage” Hoseok answered.

While the people next to him conversed, Jimin looked back over his shoulder, trying to find his friends. The contestants were seated in the front of the arena, right by the stage, whereas the audience was seated behind them, only some slight space between them.

It didn't take long for Jimin to find his friends, Tae waving like a madman once he spotted his best friend searching for them. The smaller boy blushed as other people glanced at him – trying to figure out who that blond boy was waving at.

Bashfully, Jimin lifted his hand and waved back, smiling shyly as his friends grinned at him, giving
him their thumbs up.

“Follow me, you're up next” A woman suddenly voiced, causing Jimin to snap his head back around, watching the others get up to their feet – including Hoseok.

Oh.

The next performers came up to the stage, lights turning low again and pointing towards the stage while Jimin got up to his feet as well, following after the others.

It was an unique sight – a pink head inbetween shades of brown and black – Jimin definitely stood out with his hair colour.

Once they were behind the stage, that's when Jimin's nerves really started to kick in. From his current location he had a good view on the stage, the audience and the several cameras that were scattered around the room in order to capture every move, every change in expression and – unfortunately – every slip up.

There had only been one slip up so far, a girl having bumped into one of her fellow members, causing her to fall down. If you’d ask Jimin, it wasn't such a major mistake as she got up immediately, yet the judges hadn't seemed impressed but rather disappointed – one sighing and shaking his head as he made some notes.

In response to their reaction, Jimin had gulped, stomach twisting at the thought of making a mistake himself that clearly wouldn't be forgiven.

The arena itself was intimidating – one of the largest ones in Seoul, filled to the brim with people wanting to watch, wanting to support and perhaps wanting to judge. There were huge screens at the sides of the stage, making it possible for everyone to watch the performance intently and catch the slightest movement.

“I think I'm going to throw up” Jimin whispered, placing his hand on top of his stomach as he scanned the large room.

The people on the stage were in the midst of their performance, the intent stares of the judges fixated on them. They didn't say anything after any performance, but rather took notes and discussed among them. It was only after everyone had performed, when the results were going to be announced, that they were going to state their opinion on the performances.

“You've got this” Hoseok reassured him, giving his shoulder a little squeeze as he showed the smaller boy an encouraging smile, “Remember to have fun out there.”

Jimin nodded, swallowing hard as he glanced at the audience again. Some people appeared to be bored – perhaps due to the fact that they have been watching eight performances now. The cheers decreased with every performance as well – polite applause being the only recognition.

Maybe the audience was just more... well, reserved. Maybe they acted accordingly to the significance of this event and thought that cheering would be unwanted.

However, some cheering would actually encourage Jimin.

“Two minutes!” A staff called out, a shiver running down Jimin's back at the realisation.

So many emotions were running through his body – a mixture between excitement, anxiety, relief, nervousness and... and joy, pure happiness, pride. Jimin was so grateful to be here, was reminiscing
about the times his grandmother had watched him dance and had encouraged him to fight for his
dream.

It was so close now. Jimin wasn't just reaching for it anymore, but it was right at the tip of his fingers,
almost in his grasp.

The performance came to an end, the group lingering in their ending pose as the audience applauded
them, some screaming in excitement for them. Soon after, they left the stage, clearing it for the
presenter who introduced the next performers.

It was their turn now.

“Your introduction video is going to be played in sixty seconds, get on the stage and take your
starting poses” One of the staff members announced, once the presenter was gone.

For a moment, Jimin couldn't move.

It felt too unreal to truly be here right now.

However, Jimin was grabbed by Hoseok, forcing the smaller boy to follow him.

Quickly, they rushed on to the stage, cheers being heard throughout the room, amplified by the
architecture of the building – making it impossible not to find his group of friends in the crowd as
they screamed loudly in support. The people around them glanced at them with confused expression,
perhaps a little scared due to the very outgoing reaction of his friends. His friends were really
something else.

Unconsciously, Jimin smiled once he found them in the audience, Taehyung up on his feet and
waving around with his hands until the person behind him scowled at him and presumably told him
to sit down.

In response, Tae stared back at him annoyed and apparently started to argue – both boys glaring at
each other with dark eyes. Fortunately, Yoongi was there to pull Tae back by his shirt and force him
back down to his seat, whispering something to him that caused Tae to cross his arms over his chest
and nod.

Jimin chuckled, the shaking of his body stilling as his friends gave them a thumbs up. The pink
haired boy got down on his knees, getting into his starting position while still letting his gaze wander
over the crowd.

All of these eyes were fixated on them, catching every single move, judging every single step. The
cameras panned around to get the best shot of them, each one receiving a single shot.

It was nerve racking. Jimin actually felt himself freeze. Was he even able to dance like this?

One cameraman lifted his hands, signaling that they had ten seconds to go as the lights shined on the
stage, the spotlight right on them.

Just as Jimin let his gaze flicker over to his friends one last time – He saw him.

*Jungkook.*

For a moment, Jimin assumed that he was imagining the black haired boy sitting there next to Jin.
Yet, without a doubt, it was him. It was the boy that still owned his heart.
Jungkook found Jimin's eyes, smiling at him, causing Jimin's heart to flutter.

Jimin didn't know whether to be happy, scared of or mad at seeing Jungkook here. In the span of a few seconds, so many thoughts and emotions bloomed inside of the shorter male.

His heart stopped again.

Jungkook hadn't forgotten about him.

However, Jimin was reminded of Jungkook leaving Seoul to move to Busan.

But, he was here now. Here to support Jimin like he had promised.

Then again, he had renewed the contract.

But right now he was only staring at Jimin.

The moment was confusing. Too much was happening at once, causing Jimin's brain to shut off.

There was no time to process any of this as he was reminded of where he was and what significance this moment held.

Jimin's mouth fell open, the boy not capable of forcing his gaze away from Jungkook.

Out of the corner of his eyes, Jimin caught the cameraman holding up a 'three' with his fingers, signaling that there were only three seconds left until they were ought to perform.

Swiftly, he tore his gaze away, fixing his expression and shutting his eyes close.

Then, the music started.

Like it was some kind of magic, Jimin shut out everything else – the nerves gone as if they'd never actually been there, his anxiety vanished and replaced by power and passion, by joy and excitement.

The pink haired one was no longer scared by the audience, was confident as he opened his eyes and moved his body to the beat, getting up to his feet as they got into the first formation, their movements flowing like it was a cohesive motion.

It was as if his body moved on his own – remembering every single step and his heart just feeling the emotion the song conveyed. The first part of the song was rather soft, their movements accordingly more gentle and light.

Jimin solely listened to his heart and the melody of his song, his expression fitting to the sound and conveying a sensitive feeling.

It was as if they were flying above the ground, as if they were telling a story through their dance. Jimin tried to be fearless, tried to make eyecontact with the judges just like Hoseok had advised him to do.

“If you're too scared to look at anybody, find a single spot in the room and keep your gaze fixated on that one. But if you're able to – and I know you are, Jiminie – I want you to try and make eyecontact with the audience, especially the judges. You're amazing in conveying feelings with your body and your face. That's rare. You're able to tell a story with your art so try to use that strength.”

That's exactly what Jimin was trying to do. This form of art was his passion and he wanted to tell a story with each performance he gave. By conveying these emotions, he wanted to move people.
Jimin was dancing in the front – the light movements fitting just right to him as that's exactly what he had done half of his life. Hoseok had told him how Jimin had actually inspired him to incorporate softer movements into their performance, causing Jimin to blush once he found out, but also feel a sense of gratitude and pride.

The smaller boy fell down on his knees, crawling on the floor next to his fellow members as if gravity was holding them down – trying to convey the feeling of having lost all the hope in your life and like there was nothing to go forward for. Over the music, Jimin could hear people gasp as they moved on the floor, not scared of getting hurt by dropping to the ground that harshly, but simply completely involved in their performance and art.

The row behind Jimin got back up, moving above another member each and lifting them up into the air. Hoseok was the one to lift up Jimin, the pink haired boy not feeling the anxiety of being dropped he had felt at the beginning of their training. Jimin trusted Hoseok with his body and his life – the brown haired boy's strong grasp around his waist as they spun around, Jimin making a pose in the air as he was sunk back down on the floor.

They continued dancing, their movements still gentle and telling, the softer song starting to mix into a faster, more powerful song. Yoongi and Namjoon had actually helped Hoseok with mixing the song for the performance, offering their help to their friend once he had brought up the idea of showing different sides of them on stage, wanting to evoke different emotions in the audience by using several different songs.

The group moved into a triangle form, taking off their button up shirts and throwing them to the side while taking steps back – the part that scared Jimin for a moment, scared of walking into Dongha who was standing right behind him. However, thankfully, it went well.

Once they were in formation, the person in the front began to move to the music, the movement of each following row delayed, conveying a feeling of a build up. Jimin was breathing heavily, sweating a lot already once it was his turn to join.

The audience cheered loudly, encouraging the group to not give up, but push through no matter how exausted they already felt.

Their movements became more powerful, expressions strong as they danced to the song, formations changing and emphasising a different focus each time – sometimes the group, sometimes an individual member having their moment to shine.

After several minutes, Jimin moved forward to the center, the others getting behind him in a straight line.

Right now, all the focus was on Jimin, the camera panning closer to him to get a good shot of his expression as he lifted his chin and started the next sequence, wide movements with his legs and arms that demanded a lot of strength of the smaller boy. The members behind him moved out, mirroring his motions while Jimin stayed in his spot.

“Try to flirt with the camera, with the audience. I saw the stare in your eyes when you dance, Jimin-ah, that's exactly it. Do that”

Hoseok's voice rang in his head as Jimin looked right at the camera, lowering his head slightly and looking up with his eyes, small smirk on his face as they did a body wave. Perhaps, Jimin even winked – Frankly, he couldn't remember, his body and face almost acting on their own, his heart leading everything rather than his brain – which is exactly how dancing worked for him. Not with the brain, but with the heart.
There were loud cheers in the crowd upon Jimin's behaviour, some whistling audible. During any other occasion, Jimin would have blushed right now. However, not tonight, not when he was dancing.

Excitement and adrenaline rushed through Jimin's body. Yet, those emotions came to a halt when he remembered the next part of the performance - The one were Jimin, Dongha and Haewha were supposed to make a flip, landing back on their feet perfectly.

Their whole performance involved parts of martial arts, lifting each other up in some way and forming different kinds of images that way. They knew that they were taking a lot of risks with that, that it increased their chances to slip, fall or make any kind of mistake. It was worth it though.

However, Jimin was especially nervous about this one as he'd stumbled into Dongha quite a few times.

Yet, there was no time to overthink it as they took a run-up and jumped into the air, doing their flips each and landing on their feet like they intended to do. Jimin almost slipped, but was able to play it off as he was supposed to move down anyway and rush back in order for the row behind him to come to the front.

That's what it was all about, wasn't it? Giving it your all, reminding yourself of why you're doing it and not being scared to take a risk.

Relief bloomed inside of Jimin as they went on with their performance. However, there was also slight sadness as he noticed how their performance was almost over.

Frankly, Jimin had imagined himself to wish for it to end as quick as possible, yet right now, actually being up here and performing, listening to the cheers and gasps everytime they took a risk and nailed it – was so... so exciting and just left Jimin wanting more – wishing for this moment to last.

They got into their final formation, Hoseok coming up to the center of their group and completely nailing his part of the performance, strong and powerful movements as expected from him. Jimin joined him up front, both sharing a smile as they gave it their all one last time – the pink haired boy staring directly at the judges with that stare of his that Hoseok had praised, had complimented on being captivating.

Then, the final beat kicked in – all of them dropping to the floor as if they'd been shot.

The music stopped.

Silence settled in the room.

A moment that was so much longer for Jimin. The only thing he could hear was himself breathing heavily and his heart pounding fast against his chest.

Suddenly, the cheers rolled in, loud screams and whistling amplified in the room, as well as applause.

A smile appeared on Jimin's face, heart fluttering at the reaction and at the thought of actually having performed on this stage without slipping up or throwing all over the judges – like he'd dreamed of in a nightmare, really.

Of course, there were parts that Jimin could have done better, yet he'd had so much fun and had done his best to his abilities.

Jimin couldn't help but think of his grandmother and wonder whether or not she would be proud of
him. To be honest, Jimin was a little proud of himself, too.

So many emotions were running through Jimin's body, filling his heart with warmth.

Jimin was so happy.

Finally, they got back up on their feet, bowing before letting their gazes wander through the audience. Swiftly, Jimin's eyes fell on his group of friends, all of them standing and cheering. Jimin's heart clenched when he saw Taehyung wipe his tears away, trying to hide his emotional state as he screamed loudly and waved at him with a smile on his face.

Jimin smiled back, waving as he saw the others smiling, too.

Eventually, Jimin's eyes flickered over to where Jungkook had been sitting – something stinging in his chest at the sight, smile fading.

Jungkook was no longer there.

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“We did it, guys! We did amazing! Did you see the judges? During the first song I think one of them actually shed some tears!” One of the girls squeaked once they were back in their dressing room.

“She stood up at the end. Did you see that? I couldn't believe it”

“I think the song moved her. It was a sad song after all.”

Jimin only smiled at their excited conversation, Hoseok patting him on the back and praising him for his work as he saw something glistening in Jimin's eyes.

“You did well, Jiminnie, what's wrong?”

“Nothing” Jimin assured because, well, he should be happy – and he was, don't get him wrong. It was just... His heart was hurt by Jungkook having left before his performance had ended. However, Jimin didn't want to think about him right now or where he had went.

“The results are coming up soon. We've got some time left so freshen up before we have to move back to our seats” Hoseok announced, interrupting Jimin's thoughts.

Thankfully, he had been able to blur out thoughts of Jungkook while dancing.

Yet, had he really?

Deep down, he had thought about Jungkook watching him, but just hadn't have the courage to make eyecontact with him which was ridiculous as he'd even had the bravery to look at the jury.

However, Jimin was glad that he hadn't looked at Jungkook because he could very well already have left somewhere in the middle of their performance – perhaps causing Jimin to make a mistake worst case had he noticed it any sooner.

The others still talked about the performance, about how much adrenaline was rushing through their veins and how proud they were – their voices loud in the room as they all talked simultaneously. Jimin tried to join, but being quite honest, the smaller boy was a little overwhelmed by everything.

It was difficult to wrap his head around this moment, so much euphoria and happiness blooming inside of him and causing him to feel all bubbly. Jimin decided he needed a minute for himself, trying
to calm down and really fathom this situation.

The pink haired male got up to his feet, exiting the dressing room and shutting the door close behind him as he stepped into the empty hallway.

Silence settled around him.

Letting out a breath, Jimin slid down the wall, eyes fluttering shut as he listened to his beating heart, remembering the cheers of the crowd and their excited expressions.

Jimin just wished his grandmother could have been here. In a way, she was, though. She was always accompanying him, always by his side somewhere in his heart. To be honest, Jimin believed that she was watching down on him from heaven, smiling somewhere up there in happiness and pride.

The results were coming up soon. Jimin was a little nervous, but no matter how the results were going to be, Jimin was proud of him and his members, was happy. They didn't need to win to feel rewarding about this moment.

Suddenly, the door to the dressing room opened, startling Jimin.

The shorter boy's eyes flickered up, heart dropping when he saw Dongha.

“Jimin” The taller boy uttered, causing Jimin to avert his gaze and get back up on his feet, “Can we talk?”

“Not now. The results are coming up and I really don't want to talk to you right now” Jimin responded, walking past him to have a moment solely to himself somewhere else.

Clearly not liking Jimin's reaction, Dongha walked after Jimin and grabbed his wrist, pulling him back.

“Jimin, come on, you know I wasn't serious. I was just nervous about the performance and I didn't want you to screw up”

Forefully, Jimin pulled his hand away, turning towards Dongha with a frown, “You saw that I didn't feel well. You knew that there was something that was bothering me, but you only cared about yourself and the performance. I get it. The performance is important, that's exactly how I feel as well. But you are my friend and I thought you would have a little more empathy and perhaps try to comfort me rather than hurt me even more when I'm already down”

“This performance meant so much to me. I didn't want anything to get in the way. Also, I just... I've been there for you this whole time, but you've not given me anything back” Dongha accused, dark eyes staring at Jimin who was confused by his words.

“What do you mean? I always asked you how your day was and how you were feeling. I always spent time with you whenever you were exhausted after practice and wanted to do something with me. I didn't force you to hang out with me. Besides, if there was anything that was bothering you, you should have just told me instead of treating me the way you did” Jimin defended himself, crossing his arms over his chests.

Why was Dongha acting so differently? This wasn't the same person he had grown to refer to as his friend over the past weeks.

“I took it slow, I didn't force you to anything, but you still- You just don't give me anything back.”
The small boy pulled his brows together, seemingly still bewildered by Dongha's words.

Swiftly, Dongha grabbed Jimin's shirt in his fist, pulling him closer, “Jimin, what else do I have to do?”

Oh no.

“For what?”

“For you to let me touch you”

Oh god no.

“Dongha, no-” Jimin tried to protest, pushing the boy away from him as he took a step back himself, “I told you that I just wanted to be your friend. Is that why you were mean to me? Because I didn't let you touch me?”

“No, of course not- Well, maybe- Partly. It's just all of it together. It's frustrating how I've been so nice to you, but you still don't let me get any closer to you”

Jimin definitely hadn't seen this coming. Quite honestly, he had assumed that Dongha had understood that Jimin only wanted to be his friend as that's exactly what the shorter boy had expressed to him at the beginning of their friendship.

Dongha didn't illuminate any of these feelings in him that... that Jungkook did, didn't evoke the fluttering of his heart. Dongha was just a very close friend of his.

“Just because you're nice to me and become my friend, doesn't mean I'll let you touch me- doesn't mean it will change any feelings I have or don't have for you. I like you a lot, Dongha, but as a friend. Your behaviour towards me last week hurt me a lot because I thought you were my friend and would comfort me, but I see that you're only nice to me as long as you get something out of it. A friend should be nice and supportive regardless of what they receive. Of course, friends should be there for each other, but there is always going to be a time where one friend needs the other one more. It doesn't give you the right to assume that I'll hop into bed with you, though”

“Then what do I have to do to change your mind, Chim?” Dongha wanted to know, taking a step closer which caused Jimin to take a step back – eventually bumping into the wall behind him, essentially trapping him.

Dongha was standing so close to him now, making his proximity uncomfortable.

“Dongha, stop-”

“Jimin, come on, give me a chance” Dongha whispered, lifting his hand and placing it against Jimin’s cheek, rubbing the skin with his thumb.

Jimin swallowed hard, moving his head to the side as he pushed himself further against the wall.

“No, Dongha, I'm sorry, but I- Don't touch me” Jimin uttered, trying to free himself, but Dongha didn't listen to him, but rather tried to lock eyes with Jimin again, “If you don't stop, I'll scream” Jimin threatened, heartbeat quickening, voice shaking as Dongha grabbed his waist.

“No, you won't. Jimin, what's holding you back? I will treat you so good”

Will you? Jimin thought. Forcing someone to like you couldn't be a good start to a relationship if
you'd ask Jimin.

“Let me go, Dongha, I don't want you to touch m-”


A shiver ran down Jimin's back at the familiar low tone of the voice. Of course, Jimin recognised the voice immediately, an odd mix of emotions running through his chest.

**Jungkook.**

The black haired boy got closer to them, pulling Dongha away from Jimin harshly, causing the taller one to stumble back at the force. Relief washed over Jimin as Dongha was finally not as close to him anymore.

“I didn't do anything” Dongha promised, lifting his hands up in defense.

“Looked different” Jungkook muttered, reaching for Jimin and pulling him softly towards himself, “Did he hurt you?”

“N-No, just... No, I just wanted to be left alone” Jimin answered, still not fully comprehended that Jungkook was actually here and hadn't left.

“Listen, Doweon, I'm not in the mood to start any shit right now. This is a big day for Jimin-ah and I don't want to cause a scene so you better fucking leave right now before I change my mind.”

Dongha gulped, glancing at Jimin before he gave a nod and walked past them.

“You better not touch him ever again, bastard!” Jungkook called after him, earning him a swat by Jimin.

“Don't curse, Jungkook-ah. There are reporters everywhere and security guys”

“I don't think they'll kick me out for cursing at that bastard, which he deserved. He's lucky that I'm not having him kicked out.”

Jimin looked back and forth between his beautiful brown orbs.

What was he doing here?

Did Jimin even want to see him right now? He just had one of the biggest and most beautiful moments in his life on that stage – Did he want to ruin that by fighting with Jungkook? Did he want his mood to drop because of the grief of losing him completely?

“What are you even doing here?”

Jungkook lifted up a bouquet of flowers that Jimin hadn't noticed until now. It was a mix between roses and... and daisies.

Jimin's eyes widened as his gaze flickered back up to Jungkook's eyes.

“I asked hyung what kind of flowers you liked and he told me that you like daisies a lot because they remind you of beautiful times in your life and roses, well, roses because... you know, to... just show you how I feel about you”

The pink haired boy's heart fluttered at the kind and thoughtful gesture, stomach twisting a moment
later when he realised that Jungkook was probably here to say goodbye.

“Thank you, Jungkook-ah. I thought you wouldn't come today”

“I told you I would come. I was stuck in a meeting, but I made it to your performance.”

“You left before we finished” Jimin noted, gulping as he noticed how Jungkook looked back and forth between his eyes and lips – causing the smaller one to wet his lips.

“I left as soon as you finished and came backstage because I wanted to talk to you” Jungkook revealed.

Jimin's heart dropped.

Oh no. Here it was.

“I don't want to talk right now. I'm happy right now and the results are coming up soon. Besides, shouldn't you be packing for Busan or something? Aren't you supposed to leave soon?”

“That's why I wanted to talk to you”

“Not now. I can't handle this right now. Thank you for coming to support me, but I don't want to talk to you right now. I should get back to the dressing room now” Jimin protested, turning around and making his way back, yet Jungkook was there to stop him, gripping his wrist gently and pushing him against the wall.

Jimin gasped as he stared up into Jungkook's eyes.

“Why do you always make this so difficult, Jimin-ah? Stop running away from me”

“I don't want to talk about you leaving Seoul with Seoyun and starting your happy life in Busan with her” Jimin replied, pushing Jungkook away from him and leaving again.

“For fuck's sake, Jimin-ah!” Jungkook cursed, grabbing him by the waist and spinning him back around before he pushed him back against the wall, “I'm trying to tell you that I'm not going anywhere, Jimin-ah!” The bouquet of flowers dropped to the floor, just like Jimin's jaw.

“What? What do you mean?”

“I mean exactly that. I'm not going anywhere, Jimin-ah. I'm not leaving Seoul. The contract is no longer a thing” Jungkook whispered, moving closer to Jimin.

Jimin's heart skipped a beat. In fact, Jimin was sure it skipped several beats, just to pound twice as fast against his chest.

“Why? Why did you do that?” Jimin breathed, not trusting his own voice right now.

Jungkook looked back and forth between his eyes, slight smile on his face as he lifted his hand to brush strands of pink hair out of Jimin's face.

“Isn't it obvious? For you”

Jimin shook his head, “Jungkook-ah, I don't want you to throw all of that away, if you actually want to live your life like that.”

“No, little one, I did it for you, for me... for us. I did it because I wanted to end it, because I didn't
want to be stuck in the contract anylonger, because I want to be with you and I don't want to have anything else between us, because I want to be happy and you give me just that. You are my reason to stay because I want you to be.”

“B-But the contract? And... and what about your father and the company?”

“My father is a smart man and we found another way to make the Song's happy, without the fake relationship. My father is still coming here to Seoul, he found another way to take care of the building in Busan.”

Jimin swallowed hard, still not completely processing Jungkook's words.

“So you're... you're staying? You're free now?”

“I'm staying. I'm no longer bound the contract and I want you, Jimin-ah. I want you with all of my heart. This time, completely”

With all of his heart?

“What does that mean?”

“It means that I want to be by your side. It means that... It means that you illuminate an emotion in me I didn't think exists. Whatever this emotion is, it's more than just attraction and fondness. I want to protect you. I want to be the reason you smile and laugh. I want to be by your side through everything. Being apart from you these past weeks just proved that to me even more.” The taller boy expressed.

Jimin stopped breathing.

“I didn't believe in love, Jimin-ah. I didn't believe in love until... until you,” Jungkook uttered, slight smile on his face as he pressed his forehead against Jimin's.

Jimin's heart didn't beat any longer.

“Jimin-ah, I'm in love with you.”

Chapter End Notes

Sooo, I'm a little conflicted about the continuation of this story. There is definitely going to be one more chapter, but I have been deliberating over whether or not to go on with the story after that.

There are some things I could still discuss, but I have already gotten an idea about how to end the story in the next chapter. It's already a very long story and I think it shouldn't go on for too long.

I just wanted to give you a heads-up as I still haven't decided. If you want to, you could share your opinion about whether or not you want the story to continue further or if you think an ending would be fitting for the next chapter. I would appreciate that. :)

Thank you <3
See you in the next chapter. Love you <3
Together

Chapter Summary

After the championship, the group of friends spend time together, celebrating the results. Jungkook and Jimin might have to celebrate more than just one thing...

Chapter Notes

Hii, readers <3
Thank you so much for all of your comments on the last chapter! I loved your feedback, encouragement and ideas on what to do with the story! <3
This is NOT the last chapter. :) I'll talk more about that at the end <3
I hope you enjoy the chapter <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jimin's brain wasn't capable of comprehending these words. There was no way Jungkook had actually just confessed that to him.

Love.

Jungkook loved Jimin?

That was such a huge word, holding so much meaning. Of course, Jimin always knew that Jungkook owned his heart, but he didn't know whether to call this feeling love.

How could he know what love was and how it felt like when he had never experienced that emotion?

However, Jungkook seemed to know – seemed to know even though he had never felt it before, had never actually believed that it existed.

That was until Jimin.

The pink haired boy's heart fluttered, eyes still blown wide in shock as they stared into Jungkook's beautiful brown orbs, emotion flashing in them.

Finally, Jimin knew what the emotion in his eyes was.

Love.

There was love, affection and fondness glistening in Jungkook's eyes as he stared at Jimin, eyes shining so gorgeously.
“You- You love me?” Jimin murmured, voice quiet and unsure.

“I do, angel. I know that I never felt like this before, but I also know without a doubt that I am completely, truly, deeply in love with you and I want you to be mine more than anything else in this world. I want to be yours just the same”

Jimin was speechless, to say the least.

Although Jungkook had confessed to him before that he liked him a lot, Jimin had never actually thought or even considered that his feelings were this deeply for the smaller boy.

This truly was a dream.

Was Jimin supposed to say it back now?

However, somehow his brain still hadn't fully fathomed this situation, too caught up with the performance he just had, with Dongha revealing his remaining feelings towards him, and quite honestly – Jimin wasn't sure whether what he felt was love. This deep level of affection, attraction and belonging surely was something Jimin has never felt for anyone before, but he simply wasn't certain whether or not this was love.

How could he call it something he didn't even know?

“I-”

“You don't have to say it back” Jungkook assured, placing a gentle kiss against his forehead, his soft lips lingering above the skin a little longer, “I don't want you to feel obligated to say it back. You just had a life changing performance and the adrenaline must still be rushing through your veins. I don't want you to say it back just because you feel like you have to. I can wait until you're ready to say those words and mean them”

“I-” Jimin tried again, feeling sorry for not returning those three words, “I want to be with you, too, Jungkook-ah. I want you just as much as I want to be yours”

“That's more than enough for me” Jungkook grinned, leaning down and capturing Jimin's lips in a soft kiss.

It was almost like a firework exploded inside of their bodies. Jimin always found that expression so cheesy whenever he heard it in a movie or read it in a book – yet, here he was. It was the best way to describe this moment.

“Park Jimin, will you be my boyfriend?” Jungkook whispered against his lips, Jimin almost – almost certain that there was a faint blush on his cheeks when he asked that question. However, clearly his eyes must mislead him because – Jungkook and blushing? That was unseen of.

The shorter boy giggled, nodding frantically as he closed his arms around Jungkook's neck, “More than anything in this world, Jeon Jungkook”

Smiling, Jungkook lifted him up by the hips, Jimin wrapping his legs around his waist subconsciously as the taller one pressed him up against the wall.

“Mine” Jungkook uttered against his lips before he captured them in another kiss.

Jimin couldn't help but smile into the kiss, feeling so euphoric and happy to finally be able to be together with Jungkook after having to experience such a mess. They haven't had it easy, having to
overcome so many obstacles.

Yet, here they were now, kissing one another while holding each other close – Never wanting to let go again.

The kiss was slow, but passionate. So sweet and holding so much meaning.

They finally found their way back to each other, gravitating towards one another so naturally – There was nothing they could do to fight that strong level of attraction.

Jungkook's lips tasted like mint, so familiar, yet so new because finally they were together.

“Kook-ah, Kook-ah, Kook-ah” Jimin rushed while Jungkook tried to deepen the kiss, the black haired boy pulling on his bottom lip with his teeth that caused heat to build in the pit of his stomach, “We shouldn't- I mean, the results are coming up soon”

“Oh, shit” Jungkook cursed, eyes wide as he nodded, “Fuck, you're right. I shouldn't fuck you here in this hallway where people could walk by” The boy smirked, causing Jimin to pinch his upper arm, “Ouch, what was that for?”

“We weren't- I mean, we weren't doing that. We were just kissing” Jimin muttered, cheeks heating up as Jungkook's smirk deepened. His choice of words and his stare caused Jimin to gulp, heat rising in the pit of his stomach.

“Baby, trust me, I was about to. You're mine now. I want to please you in every way possible and watch your pretty face when I make you co-”

“Jungkook-ah!” Jimin squealed, eyes wide as he swatted his arm again, causing Jungkook to chuckle. In response to the sweet sound, warmth spread through Jimin's chest.

“I'm just messing with you, little one. Of course, I wasn't going to fuck you here. I just couldn't hold myself back and kiss your beautiful lips” Jungkook snickered, voice gentler at the end as he leaned down again to prove his point, pressing his lips on Jimin's in a swift peck.

Jimin whined a little as Jungkook pulled away too quickly for his liking, earning him a kiss on his nose and another chuckle by Jungkook.

“Later. We have a lot of time to do all of that later, hm? You've gotta go back in and get ready before the results come up” Jungkook reminded him, although Jimin had just brought that up a moment ago, “How do you feel? About the results, I mean. Are you nervous?”

The shorter boy bit down on his bottom lip, Jungkook's eyes flickering down to the motion, but swiftly back up to Jimin's eyes, “I-I am, kind of. I'm happy about the performance and I think we did well. Whatever the results are going to be – I'm going to be fine with it. I'm just so happy and grateful to have been able to participate in this”

“You were- Fuck, you were amazing, Jimin-ah” Jungkook complimented him, sincerity shining in his eyes, “There were so many people in your group, but I could only look at you. To be fair, I'm a little biased there, but even if I wasn't in love with you, I would have been mesmerised by your performance. I was speechless. You have something so captivating about you. Your eyes looked so... so seductive and full of bliss and when you smirked at the camera I was about to- Shit, you have no idea how sexy you looked. I always thought you were beautiful and I always wished you were a little more confident, thus I was so happy to see you shine up there and be confident in what you do and yourself. I'm telling you, Jimin-ah, you're born to perform. You've got something that just captivates people.”
Jimin blushed again, hiding his face in the curve of Jungkook's neck at the compliment, “Thank you” He murmured, voice muffled against Jungkook's skin.

The black haired boy chuckled, settling him back down on his feet, “Whatever the results are going to be, you can be proud of yourself, Jimin-ah.” Jungkook muttered, brushing Jimin's hair out of his face with a smile, “You know, most of these teams are still going to get huge opportunities even if they don't come any further in the competition. Many scouts watch this competition in search for talent and new trainees.”

“Thank you. I'll just... see what happens”

Jungkook smile deepened as he looked up at Jimin's hair before he locked eyes with him again, “The colour looks really good on you. I never would have thought that anyone could pull of pink hair, but here you are again, proving the opposite. You look beautiful”

“Thank you, Tae did it” Jimin uttered, cheeks heating up again – Honestly, he wasn't that great at taking compliments, always feeling bashful.

The taller male picked the flowers back up, handing them to Jimin, “Sorry, they're a little…”

“It's fine. They're beautiful to me” Jimin assured as Jungkook handed him the bouquet of flowers, “I should... I should go back then, I guess”

“Mhm” Jungkook hummed, swiftly pressing another kiss onto Jimin's lips, “You should. I will go back to the audience.”

However, Jungkook just kissed him again, causing Jimin to giggle into the kiss as he pulled away, grabbing Jungkook's black button up shirt he was wearing, “I thought you were going back to the audience”

“I will – In just a moment”

With that, he tried to kiss Jimin again, but the smaller boy chuckled and pulled his head to the side, causing Jungkook's lips to land on his cheek.

“Kook-ah, go now” Jimin giggled as Jungkook trailed open-mouthed kisses down his neck.

“I can't get enough of you now that you're fully mine”

“Go, Kook-ah, before we'll get in trouble! I'll see you later” Jimin chuckled, Jungkook smiling against his skin as the pink haired one tried to push him away.

“Okay, okay, I'll leave now. I'll talk to you later, angel”

This time, the taller male actually pulled away, clearing his throat and walking away. Before he turned around the corner, he looked back one last time and winked at Jimin.

The fluttering in Jimin's heart still hadn't stopped, smile plastered on his face that didn't want to disappear.

He was happy.

So damn happy.
“I’m going to throw up” Dongha revealed, burping a moment after that caused the other members of his group to grimace and whisper-yell at him to stop being so disgusting.

Jimin didn't pay him much attention, was completely focused on the judges standing on the stage – about to announce the results.

Although Jimin told himself that he didn't mind losing, which was true of course, he couldn't help the slight hope blooming inside of him, hope of perhaps winning this whole thing.

It didn't matter if they wouldn't win because they could be proud of their performance anyway, but being able to go to the next round was nice, too.

However, Jimin had already won another thing tonight.

The smaller boy looked back over his shoulder, finding Jungkook in the crowd. Almost as if he knew that Jimin was looking at him, the boy stared over to him, their eyes locking, both breaking out into smiles once they did.

“I would like to start of by complimenting all of you on your excellent performances. I've enjoyed every single one performance fairly well – each in their own way. However, there can only be one winner tonight” One of the female judges on the stage drew Jimin's attention back to her. She was the last one of the judges to speak her mind – The announcement of the winners so utterly close now.

“It wasn't an easy task to do. There were very different approaches to which the acts performed, resulting in their dancing to be different in a way, yet still similar. There were groups that truly didn't give it their all. You could definitely see their potential, but it just didn't feel like they worked enough, that they want it enough – which is a pity, really. The differences in your performances made it more difficult to pick a winner. There were definitely ways to distinguish your approaches. Some of you focused on the whole group itself, some of you had a very diverse concept and emphasised your individuality – which I personally liked a lot. It took us quite a while to decide on who we think should win this competition and honestly, we discussed until right before you took your seats again. Finally, the results will be announced,” The woman spoke, Jimin gulping as he felt his stomach twist. There was definitely excitement and nervousness blooming inside of him, “The winners will not only move further to the next round, but will also receive 50.000,00 Won”

Gasps where audible in the audience, some chattering among the people sitting in the crowd. Jimin's team members started to whisper, too, yet Jimin could only focus on the judges.

“We'll call two teams up to the stage. To us, they've displayed the utmost control, creativity and diversity in their performances. The feelings these groups tried to convey were definitely evoked in us”

The pink haired boy glanced at Hoseok, noticing the light in his eyes as he listened to the judge diligently. Almost unconsciously, Jimin took his hand, giving it a little assuring squeeze which earned him a grateful smile from Hoseok.

“The groups we would like to call up to the stage are.... Like That and Hopeworld”

Jimin's heart skipped a beat, the others of his group jumping up in excitement and shock – including Hoseok who pulled him up at the motion as they were still connected by holding hands.

“Oh my god” Jimin breathed, the loud cheers of the audience ringing in his ears as he was trying to comprehend the situation.

Without having any time to fathom what was going on, Jimin was pulled up onto the stage – the
groups gathering in their respective huddles in the front of the stage while the judges were standing at
the side.

Jimin's eyes flickered over to his friends, eyes still blown wide in shock. They were still cheering
loudly, clapping their hands together while screaming for Jimin and Hoseok. The smaller boy just felt
so... loved and supported, so incredibly happy in this moment. There was nothing more he could ask
for right now – this moment just beautiful and fulfilling itself.

Jungkook was smiling, the glistening of his eyes even noticeable from here.

“You have completely captivated us with your performances. It was mesmerising to watch you do
what you love and what you're good at. We almost didn't want it to stop, but each ending of your
performances was so wonderful and worth it – simply leaving us long for more.”

They bowed in gratitude at the praise, the judge smiling at their action.

“It was difficult to choose a winner, but the group we eventually decided on being the winner just
slightly performed an overall more clean stage. We looked for key points, for creative moves, and
clean execution. The group that is going to win tonight just left us in awe”

The judge smiled brightly.

“I won't be mean and have you wait any longer. I'm going to announce the winner now”

Jimin's heartbeat quickened, stomach twisting as the judge shared a knowing stare with the other
judges before she fixated her gaze back to the groups.

“The winner of this year's Seoul Dance Championship is...”

Time was moving slower, Jimin's stomach twisting again.

All of the work they had put into this performance flashed by him, reminding him of all the obstacles,
yet happiness he had experienced over the past weeks. It all came down to his – but did it really? The
announcement of the winner wouldn't change the fact that they could be proud of themselves and
had succeeded. They had done well and were happy with their performance.

No matter what happened from here on forward, it had been worth it already.

“Like That!”

The audience got up to their feet in excitement, cheering loudly while clapping for the winners. The
people next to Jimin jumped up in euphoria, hugging the members of their groups while breaking out
into tears.

Jimin smiled genuinely, clapping as he looked at the winners, confetti falling down on the stage as
the judges handed the group an award.

The pink haired boy glanced over at Hoseok who didn't look disappointed or sad, but rather proud
and happy as he clapped for the winning group, whistling as they held up the award in the air.

“We did well, guys, we got second place, that's an achievement we can be proud of” Hoseok
comforted them over the cheers of the crowd, scanning the faces of his students – some looking
proud and happy, yet some a little sad and disappointed, “They said it wasn't an easy decision, hm?
You did well” Hoseok praised with a bright smile.
Jimin nodded in agreement, noticing the cameraman announcing that they had stopped rolling as the show was off now after the presenter had said goodbye.

“Let’s congratulate them” Hoseok insisted, gesturing for them to walk over to the winners.

Together, they walked over to the other group and congratulated them on their win and their performance, assuring them that they deserved it. They were greeted with big smiles and teary eyes as the group thanked them and pulled them into a hug.

Right after that, the judges came over and talked to both of the groups, emphasising again how great both of them had been while shaking everyone’s hand.

Fortunately, there was no tension, no jealousy between them – just pure sincerity and happiness.

It was time for Jimin and the others to leave the stage to let the winners have their moment, their families rushing up to the stage.

While walking down the stage, Jimin was pulled aside by one of the judges – the female one that had announced the winner.

“It was a very close decision, just so you know. Your group did very well and there is no doubt in my mind that you will become very good, successful dancers in the future”

“Thank you” Jimin thanked her sincerely, slightly bewildered by her talking to him, yet very grateful.

After bowing politely, Jimin went down the stage, following his members backstage into the dressing room.

Some of the others were crying, perhaps not agreeing with the decision that had been made.

To be honest, for a slight moment, Jimin had wondered if they were going to be the winners. In the moment that they had been standing up there on that stage – the thought had crossed his mind.

However, he respected the decision that had been made and was so grateful for coming in second place.

“Guys, you did well. There is no need to cry. Every group that participated was amazing” Hoseok cheered them up once they were back in the dressing room, opening his arms as he gestured for them to hug him. They all rushed over to him and ended up in a big huddle, hugging each other and telling each other how proud they were.

“So many people saw us on TV” One of the girls pointed out in awe once they had pulled apart, “I still can’t believe it”

Jimin smiled as he packed his bag, some of the others opening up champagne as they jumped around, singing loudly. While giggling at the excitement, the smaller boy let his gaze wander around the room – eyes eventually falling on Dongha who was standing in the corner, sad and almost guilty expression on his face as he stared at Jimin.

As soon as he noticed Jimin looking at him, he averted his gaze.

Honestly, Jimin didn't know why, but something inside of him told him to walk over to Dongha – which he did.

“Hey” He uttered over the screams and laughter of the other members.
Dongha looked up in surprise, clearing his throat before he replied, “H-Hey”

“Are you okay? You seem really sad” Jimin asked, tilting his head to the side.

Yes, Jimin shouldn't even talk to him right now, but he couldn't help the empathy for the boy that was still somewhere inside of him. After all, Dongha had been very supportive and nice these past weeks – apart from last week and tonight.

“I'm just... I don't know. I really wanted to win and now that we didn't, I just don't know where to go from here. I was so... so determined on winning that I turned into this success driven, greedy person that was mean to his friends because they wanted to become first place so desperately. That's not who I want to be, who I want to be. I... I'm sorry, Jimin. I shouldn't have been rude to you and I shouldn't have made a move on you when you made it clear that you didn't want me. It's difficult to suppress your feelings and it's even more painful to be rejected, you know? I'm not trying to... to justify my actions, but I want you to know that I'm sorry.” Dongha apologized, sincerity in his eyes as he muttered those words.

It took a moment for Jimin to react, deliberating over what to say next as he was quite surprised by his answer.

“Thank you for apologising. I'm glad you understand that you behaved in a wrong way. And... and winning, well, winning is great, but I don't think it's a good idea to completely invest yourself in wanting to win something. The more you do that and don't receive the outcome you wished for, it will break you. We did well, Dongha, we performed really well and we got second place. That's amazing and I think we can be happy with this result. You should be proud of yourself for making it this far”

Dongha gave a half smile, nodding lightly, “I guess... Thank you, Chim”

Jumin mirrored his smile before he pulled his backpack over his shoulder and turned around, searching for Hoseok.

The brown haired boy was dancing with the other students, taking a sip from the champagne bottle as he watched Jimin approach him, smile on his face deepening while he spread his arms out.

“Jiminiieee” Hoseok called out and wrapped his arm around said boy, pressing a kiss on the top of his head, “I'm so proud of you.”

“Thank you, hyung, I'm proud of you, too”

The others agreed, chanting Hoseok's name repeatedly and thanking him for the hard work he had put in for the past weeks.

The boy smiled brightly, bowing as he thanked them.

“I couldn't have done it without you guys” Hoseok stated, earning him another group hug.

Giggling, Jimin pulled away, tugging on Hoseok's arm as he leaned up to him on his tip toes, “Hyung, the others are probably waiting for us. They wanted to celebrate with us, remember?”

“Oh, right” Hoseok expressed, eyes wide as he nodded, “Let me grab my stuff real quick”

With that, Hoseok rushed around the room to get his bag.

While waiting, Jimin said goodbye to the others, praising their hard work and giving each one a swift
hug – well, except Dongha who he simply waved towards.

Hoseok was finally done, grabbing Jimin's wrist after he had said goodbye to everyone and told them not to party too hard as they would have dance class after tomorrow.

Chuckling, they exited the dressing room, almost bumping into someone who had just walked towards them.

Looking up, Jimin's heart fluttered at the mere sight of the black haired boy.

“Hey, guys, I was just about to get you” Jungkook explained with a smile, not taking his eyes off of Jimin, “The others are already waiting outside by the cars. Yoongi suggested to go grab dinner somewhere and then head over to his house to celebrate.”

“Sounds great, I'm up for it” Hoseok smiled.

“Congrats on making second place” Jungkook then noted, leaning down to Jimin, but then swiftly backtracking as he remembered Hoseok's presence.

Yet, there was nothing to hide anymore now, was there? They were free to be together now.

However, how were they supposed to break that news to their friends? Should they simply show their affection towards each other while next to them as if that was completely regular or should they straight up tell them what was going on and how they had gotten to his point?

Jimin wasn't sure.

Right now, he didn't care that much. All he wanted to do was kiss his boyfriend- Oh, god. Boyfriend. The information really just settled in now.

This gorgeous boy that owned his heart was his boyfriend. This handsome boy had confessed his love to him.

This truly must be a dream.

This day really couldn't get any better. Honestly, there was nothing that could happen right now that would ruin this day. It was too beautiful.

Jimin wanted to celebrate this wonderful day with his friends – and his boyfriend.

It would take a while to get used to that one. Jimin had never been in a relationship before – Jungkook being his first one, like so many first one's he had shared with him. That was always going to connect them.

“Thank you” Jimin and Hoseok uttered in unison.

“Let's go then. I'm so damn hungry” Hoseok insisted, titling his head towards the hallway and gesturing for them to go.

The boy walked ahead, Jimin and Jungkook rushing after him. They shared a glance, both breaking out into another smile once their eyes locked.

“Hey” Jungkook whispered.

“Hey” Jimin murmured back, eyes glistening when he felt Jungkook's hand brush his own – the touch sending sparks through his body.
Jungkook took the bouquets of flowers Jimin was carrying – the objects fitting in his bigger hand a lot easier than in Jimin's tinier one.

Slowly, almost carefully, Jungkook took Jimin's hand in his own, intertwining their fingers and feeling their hands align. Involuntarily, Jimin's heartbeat quickened as his eyes flickered down to their hands, catching his bottom lip between his teeth at the soft gesture.

“I'm proud of you, baby” Jungkook muttered.

“Thank you” Jimin whispered back, slight blush on his cheeks as Jungkook lifted their hands and pressed a kiss on Jimin's knuckles.

Hoseok didn't notice any of their affection, simply continued walking outside – probably urging to see Taehyung again. To be fair, they had barely seen each other for the past weeks. They were definitely going to shower each other with a lot of affection tonight.

When they finally made it outside of the bulding, some reporters screamed their names, wanting to get a picture of the runner-ups and the other dancers that were currently leaving the building.

It was a slight chaos outside, people trying to get out while others pulled them aside for interviews. A cold breeze of air washed past them, causing Jimin to shiver as he was still only wearing his white shirt, having left the button up shirt in the dressing room.

“Excuse me, do you have a minute? I'm glad I found you before you left” A man asked Jimin as he grabbed his wrist in order to gain his attention. The man was taller and thicker than Jimin, bald head shining beneath the light that was shining down from the building.

Jungkook's hand had slipped from his grasp, leaving Jimin looking around in search of him. Swiftly, the black haired boy got back to his side, wrapping his arm around Jimin's waist once he did.

“Mr. Jeon” The man called out in surprise, “I should have expected to see you here. Are you hunting for new talent as well?” He chuckled.

Jungkook smiled charmingly, shaking his head as he snickered out of politeness, “No, Mr. Yang, I'm just here in support” He answered, gesturing towards Jimin.

The man – who Jimin now had learned was called Yang – arched up his eyebrows in surprise, “I see. Dammit, he's one of your trainees already then?”

“No, he's not” Jungkook answered, “Jimin isn't signed under any company”

“I see, I see” Yang uttered, smile back on his face as he got a small piece of paper out of his jacket, “I'm Kijung Yang. Owner of YK entertainment. I was mesmerised by your performance and would love for you to come to an audition, Jimin. If you're interested, call me, and we can decide on a time that works for you”

Opening his mouth in shock, Jimin took the small card Yang held out to him.

“T-Thank you” Jimin breathed in surprise, bowing deeply.

“Thank you for your performance. Have you gotten any other offers yet?”

“N-No” Jimin answered, shaking his head. Frankly, he hadn't expected this at all.

“No? Then remember that I was the first one.” Yang chuckled, “Have a good night and I hope to
hear from you, Jimin”

“Thank you” Was the only thing Jimin was able to utter.

“Mr. Jeon, say hello to your father for me, will you? Have a good night” Yang then addressed
Jungkook, bowing politely which Jungkook mirrored.

“Of course, Mr. Yang. Thank you, you, too”

Yang smiled before he turned around and left.

Jimin was still utterly bewildered, only staring at the card in his hands. Did that really just happen?

“I told you people were going to want you” Jungkook noted, grinning as he caught Jimin's
expression, “Man, do I have to watch other companies snatch you away right in front of my eyes,
though?” Jungkook fake sighed, smiling while he said that, “My dad won't like that”

Swatting Jungkook's arm, Jimin shook his head, “I didn't even say yes”

Chuckling, the taller boy grabbed Jimin's wrist in order to prevent him from hitting him further, “My
father called me and told me that he really wants you to audition, too”

“Really?” Jimin asked, eyes big as he looked up at Jungkook.

“Mhm” Jungkook hummed, lifting his hand in order to sweep Jimin's hair back, “Let's go over to the
others now, though. We can talk more about that later”

“Okay, Mr. Jeon” Jimin giggled.

The younger male arched up an eyebrow, smirk appearing on his face as he titled his head to the
side, “Mhm, baby, I could get used to you calling me that” Jungkook uttered, voice husky as he
pressed his body against Jimin's.

Blushing, Jimin swatted his arm again, “Let's go over to the others now before you bring us in any
trouble”

“I'm not doing anything” Jungkook chuckled.

With that, he took Jimin's hand, the pink haired one following after him as he was dragged along.

Once they reached the others, Jimin was immediately greeted by a group hug, his friends pulling him
in tightly, expressing how proud and happy they were.

Jimin could only smile, cheeks slightly heating up at all of the love and affection he was receiving
tonight.

“I'm so, so proud of you, Minnie. You did so well.” Taehyung praised, hugging Jimin again, “I even
cried for fuck's sake” He whispered, causing Jimin to giggle, “If you'd ask me, you guys should have
won”

Hoseok pulled Tae back to him, pressing a kiss to his temple as he made a sound of disagreement,
“We're happy to be the runner-ups. They won because they were amazing and they deserved to win”

“Exactly” Jimin agreed.

“Guys, I'm starting to freeze, let's move this somewhere else” Jin suggested, earning him agreeing
“Right, we want to go grab some dinner. We have two cars. So who's driving with me?” Yoongi wanted to know, eyebrow arched up.

“Shouldn't we decide where we're going to first?” Namjoon asked.

“I suggest the diner. Good, quiet place”

The others agreed, yet Jungkook didn't.

“The guy there is a piece of shit” Jungkook stated, shaking his head, “We're not going there”

Chen hadn't been particularly nice last time – or ever really. In fact, their last encounter had almost ended up with Jungkook fighting Chen. Although that was a long time now, Jimin could still vividly remember that moment. Quite honestly, he had been a little frightened in that moment, frightened of Jungkook actually beating the hell out of Chen.

“We can request for another waiter to serve us, Kook-ah” Jimin pointed out.

“Yeah, we don't want history to repeat itself” Taehyung muttered, nodding.

“What happened there?” Jin wondered, eyebrows raised up as he scanned everyone's faces.

“Nothing – thankfully. The place is nice, come on. I'll make sure he won't bother us again” Yoongi assured.

Jungkook's jaw was still clenched, but it softened once he looked into Jimin's eyes, “Fine” He sighed eventually.

“Great, let's go now before I freeze my ass off. Hoseok hyung and I will drive with Yoongi hyung” Tae decided, wrapping his hand around Hoseok's.

“Namjoon-ah and I will drive with Jungkook-ah then” Jin announced.

Jimin looked back and forth between Yoongi and Jungkook, somehow feeling nervous as he was supposed to decide who he was going to drive with.

“You'll come with me, baby?” Jungkook wondered, “Hyung won't mind, right?”

Well, damn. There goes Jimin's plan of subtly settling them into the situation and breaking the news to them.

However, his friends either didn't notice or chose to ignore the petname.

“No, of course not. Whatever Jimin wants to do. It's just a drive anyway” Yoongi assured.

“O-Okay” Jimin nodded and followed after Jungkook.

Hopefully, the universe would allow this night to end beautiful, too, and won't cause any drama with Chen today.

Yet, the universe couldn't be that generous, could it?
“The way hyung picked you up and spun you around in the air and that fucking flip and your smile when you- Shit, I can't even pick my favourite moment of yours!” Taehyung exclaimed, leaning back into his seat with a grin, “Just utterly beautiful and powerful. Even more than I had expected”

“Thank you” Jimin murmured, blushing slightly at the continuous compliments by everyone.

“How long did you train for that sh-” Yoongi was about to ask, but was interrupted before he could finish his question.

“What can I get you?”

A shiver ran down Jimin's back at the recognition of the voice he hadn't heard in quite a while.

They were already seated in the diner, having found a big booth that fit all of them. It had actually been difficult to find a place to sit tonight as the diner was crowded today for some reason. Well, Jimin had learned fairly quickly that it was due to the fact of there being a special offer today. Who didn't like cheaper food?

Jungkook and Taehyung were sitting next to him, Jimin squished inbetween them. Sitting that close to Jungkook was still affecting him – making his heart jump like crazy. They had been apart for so long and now the drought was finally over.

Honestly, Jimin had the urge to just kiss Jungkook, to scream how happy he was to be his and to have him back. Perhaps, if Jimin were a little more courageous, he would just yell it into the world.

For some reason, Jimin couldn't help but wonder what would happen later tonight. Would Jungkook and Jimin spend the night together? Frankly, Jimin didn't want to spend the night away from Jungkook. In fact, Jungkook had made indications of what he would do to Jimin tonight...

The thought caused Jimin to press his legs together.

Was he going to-

“Jimin-ah?” Jungkook interrupted his thoughts, startling Jimin who noticed that everyone was staring at him, waiting for him to order.

“O-Oh, sorry, I uhm, I'll take a cheeseburger and a strawberry milkshake” Jimin ordered, cheeks flushing as he felt like he had been caught doing something he shouldn't.

Chen wrote down his order, “Anything else?”

“That's it” Hoseok answered, “Jimin-ah, you don't want any alcoholic drink tonight, hm? To celebrate?” Hoseok then asked in curiosity once Chen had left.

“O-Oh, no” Jimin replied and shook his head swiftly, “Alcohol and me don't go very well together”

Just the thought of alcohol resulted in Jimin's stomach twisting. Him and alcohol definitely weren't a good combination. Trouble always seemed to arise whenever alcohol was involved and Jimin absolutely didn't want to ruin this night.

“Fair enough.”

Taehyung brought up the competition again, seemingly not capable of preventing himself from complimenting them. The conversation shifted over to Hoseok who explained how the performance came about and what inspired him for different parts of the dance routine.
Soon, Chen walked back over to them and brought them their drinks. As expected, Chen left Jimin’s drink standing in the center of the table, none of the others noticing his act.

However, Jungkook did.

The black haired boy was about to speak up, but Jimin swiftly placed his hand on his thigh and shook his head.

“Not tonight, please” Jimin begged, pleading with his eyes as Jungkook glanced at him.

Clicking his tongue, Jungkook’s gaze softened as settled back against his seat and nodded, “If he does it again, I won’t be quiet”

The smaller one titled his head to the side as Jungkook placed his hand above his own, giving it a little squeeze.

Taehyung suddenly started to choke on his drink, breaking out into coughs as he sat the glass back down on the table, Hoseok handing him a tissue.

“Are you okay, sunshine?” Hoseok worried, concern in his eyes as he watched Taehyung coughing while wiping over his mouth.

“Y-Yes, I just...” The blond haired boy didn't finish his sentence, but simply glanced down to Jungkook’s lap before his eyes swiftly flickered back up to Hoseok, “Never mind”

“Oh, by the way, hyung and Namjoon-ah, someone asked me about the remix you created for us!” Hoseok revealed.

While his friends began to talk about the remix, Jimin looked back to Taehyung who was already staring at him.

‘What's wrong?’ Jimin mouthed.

Tae glanced back down to Jungkook's lap where Jimin's hand was still unmistakably resting. Almost like out of habit of not wanting to be caught, Jimin pulled his hand out of Jungkook's grasp.

‘What's going on between you?’ Taehyung mouthed back.

Smiling shyly, Jimin glanced at Jungkook who was already looking at him before he looked back at Tae.

‘We're together’

It was actually hilarious to watch Tae's expression change after the revelation – his eyes blown wide in shock, mouth agape as he blinked once, apparently not believing what he had just seen.

‘What? Since when?’

The others didn't seem to notice any of their exchange, still completely focused on talking about the remix Yoongi and Namjoon had created.

‘I'll tell you later’

Taehyung leaned back in his seat, expression still full of shock as he blinked again.

Involuntarily, Jimin giggled as he observed his friend.
“I'll go use the restroom” Jungkook suddenly whispered in his ear, his hot breath sending a shiver down Jimin's back, the boy gulping at the effect Jungkook's close proximity had on him, “You wanna join me?”

The glistening in Jungkook's eyes told Jimin that he had meant that in a suggestive way, causing Jimin's eyes to widen as he swatted Jungkook's arm.

The taller boy chuckled as he pressed a kiss to his cheek before he got up to his feet and walked away. Jimin couldn't help but watch after him, the confidence he exuded while simply walking somehow very attractive. His broad back, but slim waist left Jimin swallowing hard, remembering what it felt like to lie on top of him, to touch him.

How was Jungkook doing this to him?

Swiftly, Jimin shook his head, tearing his gaze away from the empty space he had been staring at as Jungkook had already disappeared in the restroom.

Oh no.

All of his friends were looking at him in complete surprise – obviously having noticed their use of affection and Jimin staring longingly after Jungkook.

“What just happened?” Yoongi uttered.

“Are you- I mean... Does that-” Hoseok attempted to ask, but appearing to struggle with forming a coherent sentence.

“We...” Jimin tried, but evidently not any better than Hoseok at handling this situation.

Jimin wasn't certain on what he was supposed to do. Should he just say it or wait for Jungkook to reappear?

“M-Maybe I should wait for Jungkook-ah to come back” Jimin suggested, clearing his throat as he felt himself blush.

“I mean, there really is no use in doing that. I think it's pretty clear what's going on” Jin stated, smiling fondly.

“You're together now?” Hoseok was the one to ask eventually.

Well, there it was.

“We... Well, you know... We-We are. Yes, we are together” The words left his mouth before Jimin could stop himself.

However, it felt good. It felt so good to say those words, his heart fluttering as he was able to share that information with his friends.

“Finally, oh my god” Jin expressed, smiling as he clapped his hands together, “I thought Jungkook was never going to get his shit together”

“Since when? What happened? How did you end up being together? I want to know everything” Tae rambled, eyes big in excitement and curiosity.

“Calm down, sunshine” Hoseok chuckled, pressing a peck against Tae's temple to calm him down. The blond haired boy visibly toned down his excitement, sinking back into his seat and simply
smiling brightly at Jimin as he waited for him to speak.

The smaller male was about to talk when he noticed that Jungkook was approaching them again, winking at Jimin when he caught him staring. Smiling, Jimin averted his gaze and glanced back at his other friends.

“We're officially together since... today” Jimin answered as soon as Jungkook sat back down next to him.

The taller boy arched up his eyebrows – clearly not having expected to have their relationship being exposed as soon as he reappeared at their table.

“Oh my god” Taehyung sang, pulling Jimin into a hug as if he’d won something.

Well, he kind of had.

Yoongi shook Jungkook's hand, “Treat him right this time” The older one warned, sharing a knowing stare with Jungkook which Jungkook returned with a determined nod, “I'm so damn happy for you two.”

“Thank you” Jungkook and Jimin answered in unison.

“Now, tell us everything” Taehyung urged expectantly.

Jimin felt his cheeks flush again as Jungkook wrapped his arm around his waist, pulling him closer to his side.

“Well, where do I start?...”

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It was a little later when their food was arriving, having taken a little longer as they were seven people and the diner was packed to begin with. Jimin was just taking a sip from his drink, listening to Hoseok talk about the scout that had pulled him to the side once he had left the building – giving him his business card as he wanted Hoseok to work as a choregrapher for his company.

Chen set down the food that Yoongi, Jin and Hoseok had ordered. After that, he disappeared again to get their remaining order.

“That's amazing”

“Oh my god, hyung!”

“I'm so happy for you”

They all reacted simultaneously, expressing their excitement over the news of their friend receiving such an offer.

“Hyung, my father asked me to make you the offer again. He called me earlier. I know you declined before, but he's even more determined now after seeing the performance that you choregraphed” Jungkook revealed.

Hoseok smiled lightly as he took a sip from his drink.

“Jungkook-ah, you know that I'm flattered, but I don't want you to use your connection for me to-”
“Hyung, I promise you, I didn't ask him. After you declined months ago, I respected it, but he's really
determined. I'm just sending over his message” Jungkook assured, lifting his hands up in defense,
“Just think about it, will you?”

“Fair enough. I'll do that, Jungkook-ah. Thank you”

“Jimin-ah received an offer, too” Jungkook then shifted the attention over to his boyfriend, smiling as
he looked down at the smaller boy, “YK entertainment wants him”

“No shit!” Taehyung exclaimed, eyes wide as he glanced at his best friend, “Jimin-ah, oh my god,
that's so amazing!”

The others expressed their excitement as well, Jimin thanking them quietly as he felt his cheeks heat
up again. Jungkook noticed his bashfulness, leaning down and pressing a kiss against his temple –
which, well, didn't help much because he just ended up blushing deeper at the display of affection in
front of their friends.

Yet, it caused his heart to flutter all the same.

The sparks erupting inside of Jimin everytime Jungkook merely glanced at him or touched him in the
slightest way possible was a very clear sign that Jimin had fallen deeply for him.

Chen approached their table again, setting down the rest of their food while Hoseok talked about the
offer he had received.

“The offer was actually really nice” The brown haired boy shared with them.

Jimin noticed that his own food hadn't arrived yet, glancing at Chen, but not brave enough to speak
up and make that fact known.

“There is one plate missing” Jungkook spoke up, interrupting Hoseok who had continued to talk
about the offer.

The pink haired boy tensed, observing how Chen arched up his eyebrow in visible annoyance, “His
food just takes a little longer. I'm not the chef”

“That's fine” Jimin assured, watching Jungkook who was about to say something else, but shut his
mouth as he felt Jimin give his arm a little squeeze – silently begging him not to start a fight, “I'll
wait. You can go ahead an eat already. You must be hungry”

“Are you sure?” Namjoon asked, Chen leaving their table again.

“Of course, go ahead. Hyung, you were talking about the offer, please continue” Jimin smiled.

While Hoseok picked up the conversation again, everyone started to eat their food – well, everyone
except Jungkook. The black haired boy didn't touch his food either, refusing to eat until Jimin's food
had arrived.

The gesture was nice, yet unnecessary.

“You can eat, too, I don't mind. You must be hungry” Jimin muttered.

“Why do I feel like he did that on purpose?” Jungkook asked instead, but clearly not expecting an
answer as he added, “I swear I'll-”

“Kook-ah” Jimin whined, the sound immediately shutting Jungkook up as he stared at Jimin, eyes
softening, “You won't do anything. This day is so beautiful and nothing can ruin it for me, I promise. I don't mind waiting a little longer”

Jungkook looked back and forth between his eyes, nodding as he leaned down a placed a kiss on his forehead.

“Then try something from my food” The black haired boy suggested, cutting a piece from his steak and feeding it to Jimin with his fork.

The shorter male parted his lips, taking the piece into his mouth and chewing on it, eyes going wide at the taste of the meat, “It's really good.”

Jungkook cut a piece for himself and ate it, agreeing with Jimin once he had swallowed it down. The boy then offered him another piece, but Jimin declined and told him to eat it himself.

However, Jungkook set the fork and knife back down on the table and leaned back against his seat, causing Jimin to roll his eyes, but smile at him.

“By the way, why did you argue with that guy, babe?” Hoseok wanted to know, drawing the attention of Jimin and Jungkook back over to him.

“You saw that?” Tae chuckled, swallowing his bite down, “I wanted to stand up while cheering for you, but that dude behind me told me to sit my fat ass down so I told him to shut his fucking mouth. Hyung pulled me down to my seat before anything could happen”

“Thanks, Yoongi” Hoseok thanked him, earning him a smile and a nod from Yoongi who took a bite from his burger.

Several minutes passed, Jin leading the conversation while they ate their food in peace, laughing every now and then. It wasn't until everyone had finished their food halfway that Jimin wondered where his order was.

Obviously, it was reasonable that some orders take longer than others, yet Yoongi had ordered a burger, too, so had Taehyung and theirs had visible arrived already.

Was Chen really doing that on purpose? Why would he, though?

“Kook-ah, your food is going to be cold” Jimin pointed out, pulling on his arm, “Go on as long as it's still warm”

“I'll ask where your damn burger is” Jungkook muttered, getting up to his feet before Jimin could stop him, walking over to the counter where another waiter was standing.

“What's he doing?” Namjoon wondered.

“Asking for my food” Jimin answered, not taking his eyes away from the scene – watching how the waiter rushed into the kitchen and returned a moment later with the order.

Jungkook took the plate and scanned the room, seemingly angered as he appeared to search something – or rather someone.

Saying one last thing to the waiter, the black haired boy walked back over to their table, settling the plate down in front of Jimin before he took a seat next to him.

“Fucking bastard left it standing in the kitchen. Thankfully it's warm in there so your burger isn't cold
yet. But when I see that bastard again, I'll-

“Do nothing” Jimin ended his sentence, “Don't be angry because of him. He's just... doing it on purpose to make me mad, but I don't care. I'm just happy to be here with all of you so please don't do anything you will regret, okay?”

Sighing, Jungkook nodded.

“Thank you for getting my food”

“Wait, your food was ready this whole time?” Yoongi wondered, eyebrows arched up before he pulled them together in a frown for Jungkook having confirmed his question with a nod, “That guy left it there on purpose then?”

“I'm pretty sure that's the case”

“There is no way we're going to be quiet about that. That's fucking rude” Yoongi commented, shaking his head as he seemed to be angered, too.

“Guys, calm down, okay? He's not even here anymore” Jimin tried to calm them down, scanning the diner and praying for Chen to be gone before any of his friends would make him regret treating Jimin this rudely, “Let's just eat”

Humming lowly, Jungkook picked up his fork and knife, yet not exactly appearing to be content with the idea of not putting Chen back into his place.

Jimin finally took a bite from his burger, stomach thanking him for the food it hadn't seen since this morning – the boy having been way too nervous to eat anything after breakfast.

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After a night of laughter and conversation between them, Yoongi suggested for them to drive over to his house to hang out for a little longer.

“Hyung, that's a great suggestion, but I think Jimin-ah and I have to decline” Jungkook responded, getting some money out of his wallet, “Any other time, sure, but tonight we're going to have a... quiet one.”

Yoongi smiled almost knowingly, Taehyung giggling beside him as Jimin felt his cheeks heat up.

“Unless Jimin-ah really wants to hang out at yours?” The black haired boy then wanted to know, eyebrow arched up.

“O-Oh, no, uhm, that's a nice suggestion, but I... I'm uh, a bit tired so... yeah” Jimin stuttered, blush deepening at his little white lie. Well, to be fair, it wasn't actually a lie. Jimin was genuinely tired after today, but that wasn't the sole reason for him to decline hanging out with his friends. Jimin really wanted to spend time with Jungkook... alone.

Yoongi's smile widened as he nodded, “Fair enough. You two have fun then”

Jungkook placed the money on the table while getting up to his feet. The smaller boy joined him, noticing how Jungkook had put enough money out to pay for all of their meals.

“Jungkook-ah” Jin was about to protest, but Jungkook interrupted him.

“Let me pay tonight. No protest”
They all let out a sigh, but left it at that.

“We'll see each other soon then. It was really nice hanging out again” Taehyung stated, smiling brightly, “Congrats again on your performance today”

“Thank you” Jimin uttered, shy smile on his face.

After attempting to hug everyone for goodbye, Jimin got out of the booth as well, Jungkook taking his hand as they waved goodbye.

“We're definitely going to talk tomorrow” Taehyung uttered, eyes narrowed as he smiled.

Jimin giggled, blush deepening as he nodded, Jungkook giving his hand a little squeeze.

“Should I drop anyone off somewhere?”

“No, we're all hanging out at hyung's after this. I think we'll be able to squeeze into his car. You two go and have fun.”

Gosh, Jimin wanted to sink down into the ground as he felt his blush deepen even more – their suggestive words proving that they had an idea about what they were going to do – which honestly, might not even be true. Clearly, the two of them wanted to spend time together, but no one said that meant they were going to have... well, you know.

“Thank you, hyung” Jungkook chuckled, nodding towards his friends before they said goodbye and turned around, about to leave the diner.

However, apparently the universe did want to mess with Jimin tonight.

Chen was standing right at the entrance, earning Jungkook's attention as the black haired boy visibly tensed next to him, jaw clenching as they approached the waiter.

Oh no.

“Hey, you” Jungkook called out.

Oh no, please no.

“Jungkook-ah” Jimin whispered, tugging on Jungkook's arm as he watched Chen glance over to them, “Don't”

“I'm just going to talk to him” The taller one assured.

“Jungkook-ah” Jimin murmured, whining as he pulled at his sleeve again.

“What do you want?” Chen asked, eyebrow arched up.

“I don't know what your fucking problem is, but better get your shit together because I won't tolerate you treating Jimin like that another time, got it?” Jungkook threatened, tone low and intimidating, causing Chen to gulp.

“What's your problem? What are you talking about?”

“Oh, you know exactly what I'm talking about. Taking longer when it comes to his order, purposely not placing the food in front of him, bringing him the wrong order, the list just goes on. I promise you, you don't want me as your enemy so better learn to be nice to him from now on, got it?”
“Does he need a fucking babysitter or what? Why can't that pussy talk to me himself, if he has a problem with me, hm?”

Suddenly, Jungkook let go of Jimin's hand, stepping in front of him as he pushed against Chen's shoulder, causing the boy to tumble back into the wall.

“Don't fucking talk like that about him! Say that again, I dare you. Say it again and I swear I'll-” Jungkook threatened through gritted teeth, but was interrupted by Jimin.

“Jungkook-ah, oh my god” Jimin breathed in shock, grabbing Jungkook's shirt in his tiny fist and pulling him backwards. However, Jimin was nowhere near as strong as Jungkook, not exactly capable of moving him back, “Stop, please, let's just leave” He begged, closing his arms around Jungkook's stomach and pressing his face against his back, “Please, Kook-ah”

“Careful, bastard. If you talk to him or treat him like that ever again, I won't hold back” The black haired boy muttered, grabbing behind him and gently gripping Jimin's hand, “Let's go, Jimin-ah”

Relief washed over Jimin as they exited the diner. Fortunately, that hadn't ended in a huge argument or fight.

“Thank you, Jungkook-ah, for defending me, but also for not fighting him” Jimin uttered as they walked towards Jungkook's black Range Rover.

“I don't get why he's that fucking rude. How the fuck did he get that job?” Jungkook asked, voice giving away that he was still angered, while he unlocked his car.

“His father owns the place” Jimin responded as Jungkook opened the door to the passenger seat for him, “Thank you” He muttered as he climbed inside the car. The taller boy shut the door close and walked around the car, climbing into the driver's seat briefly after.

“His father should fire him. What a fucking prick, honestly. Makes me so angry just thinking about how long you had to endure his shit for. At least the others know now”

Jimin placed his hand on Jungkook's thigh while the younger male pushed his key into the ignition, the engine coming to life a moment later.

“Don't be mad, please, today is a good day. I don't want that to be ruined because of him”

The taller boy's gaze flickered over to him, eyes softening immediately at the sight of Jimin's big, innocent eyes.

“You're right. Sorry. I just don't like the thought of someone hurting you” Jungkook uttered, grasping Jimin's delicate hand and bringing it up to his lips, pressing a soft kiss against his knuckles.

Jimin's heartbeat quickened, warmth running through his chest at the gesture as well as the words that Jungkook spoke.

“Thank you, Kook-ah”

“Seatbelt on, angel”

Nodding – while also blushing a little – Jimin swiftly put his seatbelt on, Jungkook mirroring his action before he pulled out of the parking spot.

“I'll drive you home to yours, hm?”
“O-Oh” Jimin murmured, pulling his brows together as he glanced down at his lap, “I-I just... So you'll drop me off?”

Seemingly surprised, Jungkook took a glimpse at him, eyebrows arched up before he fixated his gaze back on the road, “Do you want me to?”

“No, I... I want you to stay”

“I was planning on. Your place is just way closer than mine” Jungkook replied, smirk on his face. Butterflies spread in Jimin's stomach at the thought of spending their first night together as a couple, anticipation and excitement all the same.

“Are you actually tired and want to sleep?” Jungkook asked.

Jimin caught his bottom lip between his teeth, shaking his head, “No”

“Good. Anything in mind you want to do?” The black haired boy then wondered, voice somehow suggestive as he arched up an eyebrow, smirk still plastered on his face.

Was Jungkook hinting at something particular?

Well, apparently he was.

“I haven't been able to stop thinking about what I want to do to you tonight now that you're mine” The boy added, Jimin blushing as he drew his thighs together.

His heartbeat quickened as he glanced at Jungkook, “W-What do you want to do to me?” Jimin wanted to know, voice just above a whisper.

“Ahh, better not make me think about it now or I'll have to pull to the side” Jungkook warned, the tone of his voice lower as he shook his head, “Let's just say I'm going to give you the pleasure and worship your body deserves”

Involuntarily, a soft breath escaped Jimin, said boy's cheeks flushing deeper as he felt his penis twitch in anticipation, “Kook-ah” Jimin whined, hand trailing down to his lap.

Jungkook caught his movement, shaking his head, “Don't touch yourself, little one. Don't want to distract me, do you?”

“No” Jimin answered, voice soft as he shook his head and pulled his hands back to his sides.

“Good boy” Jungkook praised, voice husky and so attractive, Jimin swallowing hard.

Oh god.

That was unfair. Jungkook was doing that on purpose now, knew exactly what kind of effect he had on him.

“Jungkook-ah” Jimin mewed, biting down on his bottom lip as he clenched his hands into little fists, penis twitching again in his pants.

The younger male cocked his head to the side, eyes still fixated on the road – for their safety, obviously – although he wanted nothing more than to glance at Jimin and observe him squirming in his seat, catch his flushed cheeks and evoke more of those pretty sounds he always makes.
“We're almost there, kitten, don't worry” Jungkook assured, amusement in his voice as Jimin escaped another high-pitched whine.

However, he couldn't deny his own dick hardening at the thoughts of what he was going to do to Jimin, feeling his own lust and desire bloom inside of him.

Perhaps, he did drive a little faster because of that.

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Once Jungkook parked the car in front of Jimin's building, they wasted no time to undo their seatbelts, Jungkook climbing out of the car and grabbing Jimin's bouquets of flowers from the backseat for him while the smaller one hopped out of his seat.

Jimin almost tripped over his own two feet – way too excited and almost nervous to be cautious with his surroundings at this point – but fortunately, Jungkook was there to close his arm around Jimin's waist, pulling him closer and preventing him from falling.

“Baby, careful” Jungkook chuckled, locking his car before he caressed Jimin's cheekbone with his thumb, “Don't want you to hurt yourself, hm?”

Nodding, Jimin blinked, not wanting to be impatient, but essentially just wanting to rush into his apartment now.

“Kook-ah” Jimin urged softly, pouting when Jungkook was just standing there and studying his delicate features, still completely mesmerised and utterly captivated by the beauty that Jimin was.

“Little one, we have the whole night” Jungkook assured, leaning down and whispering those words into his ear, causing a shiver to run down Jimin's back. Then, the black haired boy pressed a peck against his neck, Jimin gasping as Jungkook had touched the spot with his lips he always left a mark on, “Come on now, before I take you right here”

Blushing, Jimin watched Jungkook grasp his wrist and followed him towards his building, failing to remember that he was supposed to use his keys in order for them to be able of even enter.

“Baby?” Jungkook muttered, gesturing towards the door while Jimin was just standing there, bulge rubbing against the fabric of his trousers, tent visible right there and making it harder for him to think clear while all the possible scenarios of what Jungkook was going to do to him came up in his mind, “Do you need help?”

The taller boy moved closer, Jimin taking a step back and bumping into the front door, a gasp escaping him as Jungkook pushed his body against Jimin's, the older male capable of feeling the warmth that he was radiating, the familiar and loving scent of him filling Jimin's nostrils.

“T-This isn't really helping” Jimin mumbled, Jungkook leaning down and connecting their lips in a kiss.

“I don't mind taking your right here” Jungkook murmured against his lips, seductive tone driving Jimin crazy as he attached their lips in another kiss, “Let's see if there is any truth to your exhibitionism kink, hm? Would you like me to fuck you right here where anyone could see you?”

Oh god.

Jimin's gasped, Jungkook's words so obscene, yet resulting in his penis to twitch once again. Honestly, he didn't even know what exactly that was, but then again Jungkook's statement had been
very clear and didn't leave much room for interpretation – the kink clearly about having sex in public, right? - which, well, Jimin wasn't sure whether or not he would like that, yet his body clearly did. However, perhaps the reaction to those words might be caused by Jimin's desire of being touched at all.

“Yet, I don't really like the idea of anyone else seeing you like that. The sounds you make, the way you beg for me to touch you, your naked body. Just for me to see, right, little one?”

Swiftly, Jimin nodded, Jungkook rocking his hips forward against Jimin's crotch. In response, Jimin whimpered, catching his bottom lip between his teeth because he didn't want to be too loud and disturb any of his neighbours.

“Say it, kitten” Jungkook insisted, trailing kisses down Jimin's neck.

The pink haired boy was about to speak up, yet suddenly the entrance door opened, a man leaving the building.

“Good night” The man greeted them, only giving a nod as he walked past them.

“Good night” Jungkook answered politely, preventing the door from falling shut while placing his foot in front of it.

Jimin could only blink, already too far gone because of all the teasing, implications and kisses. The younger one chuckled, pushing the bouquets of flowers at Jimin's chest before he grabbed the boy at the back of his thighs and lifted him up with ease.

“K-Kook-ah” Jimin breathed as he wrapped his legs around Jungkook's waist, said boy walking inside the building, “You can't carry me up the stairs. That's three floors!” Jimin exclaimed as Jungkook took the first steps of stairs, seemingly not affected at all.

“Watch me” Jungkook smirked, Jimin almost wanting to roll his eyes, but letting out a breath instead because quite frankly – he was impressed by his strength. Yet, that wasn't really anything new. It was a known fact between them how much Jimin was really impressed or rather affected by Jungkook's strength. To be fair, Jimin never really questioned why that trait about Jungkook did that to him, but he didn't care that much either because Jungkook seemed to enjoy exploring it just as much.

Effortlessly. Is what Jimin thought once they were up on his floor, right in front of his apartment door. Fortunately, Jimin had picked out his keys by now, Jungkook taking them from him and not wasting any more time as he finally opened the door.

In a swift motion, they were inside of Jimin's flat, Jungkook kicking the door shut with his foot and pressing Jimin up against the wall.

In response, Jimin's breath hitched in his throat, gaze rushing up and down between Jungkook's beautiful eyes and his soft lips.

“I'll take these” Jungkook uttered and took the flowers from Jimin. Then, he scanned the room, seemingly contemplating over something. Well, actually, Jungkook was currently deliberating over just tossing the flowers somewhere without a care or walking into the kitchen and finding a vase somewhere as those were gifts after all.

Jimin whined at the lack of attention, feeling so cold as he's being neglected. The sound brought Jungkook out of his thoughts, cursing under his breath as he hooked an arm around Jimin's butt while walking over to the kitchen and dropping the flowers gently on the counter.
The smaller boy didn't know if he wanted to giggle or coo at the gesture, yet not really having much time to think at all as he was sat down on the counter. A yelp escaped him as Jungkook spread his legs and stood in between them, not wasting another moment as he captured Jimin's lips in a kiss.

Soft breaths left both of their mouths, their lips parting almost simultaneously as Jungkook pushed his tongue into Jimin's mouth, licking over the flesh while he gripped Jimin's hips. The pink haired male wrapped his arms around Jungkook's neck and pulled him impossibly closer, loving the taste and touch of him.

They deepened their kiss, lips moving a little faster, yet with the same passion and tenderness – almost cautious, Jimin felt like, as if not to hurt one another – but not for long, the kiss becoming a little hungrier, both of them not getting enough of each other.

Jungkook really was like a drug, wasn't he? Genuinely, Jungkook was so intoxicating, invading all of Jimin's senses and making it difficult to think about anything else but the gorgeous black haired boy. Oh, how much Jimin had missed this – had missed kissing Jungkook, touching him and being touched by him all the same. There was something so comforting about being this close to him, about being Jungkook's and having Jungkook be his, too.

They were meant for each other. Jimin felt that in his bones, felt that when their hearts skipped the same beat. There had been never a chance of them actually being apart – an invisible string, almost like a gravitational force always pulling them back to each other. Ending up together had quite honestly been inevitable.

At least the universe had made sure of that, had gifted Jimin this light in his life.

Obviously, it hadn't been rainbows and flowers throughout their whole journey, but they were together now, had found their way to each other eventually – the struggles and all the chaos worth it in the end.

“Jimin-ah” Jungkook whispered against his lips, pulling on his bottom one with his teeth briefly after and drawing Jimin out of his thoughts who was already panting, “Fuck, I don't even know where to start, what to do to you first”

The words and the tone Jungkook applied caused a shiver to run down Jimin's back, penis twitching in anticipation, already semi-hard due to their making out session. Both of the boys were breathing heavily, having chosen each other's lips as their source of living rather than taking breaks to actually breathe – almost suffocating in the process, but to be fair, being apart from each other any longer felt more suffocating than anything else to them at this point.

They needed each other, quite literally.

They didn't want to be without each other any longer.

“K-Kook-ah” Jimin begged, chasing Jungkook's lips for another kiss and who was Jungkook to deny his baby such a thing? Quickly attaching their lips in a deep, hungry kiss, the younger male gripped the hem of Jimin's shirt.

“May I?” Jungkook asked in between their kiss.

Jimin nodded quickly, not entirely sure what Jungkook was asking for, but agreeing all the same because whatever Jungkook wanted to do to him was welcome to Jimin.

The other boy lifted Jimin's shirt only slightly, just enough to move his hand below the material and
touch his skin with his warm hand, tracing over Jimin's waist so gently, feeling goosebumps rise beneath his touch.

Then, he slowly lifted the shirt further up, Jimin observing his every move with big eyes, Jungkook studying his delicate features as he tugged the shirt above his head and tossed it to the side.

As the air hit Jimin's exposed upper body, the poor boy shuddered, goosebumps forming on his skin as he felt cold. Jungkook noticed, leaning down and capturing Jimin's lips in a small kiss, “I'll make sure you feel very warm in just a moment, kitten” He promised, voice low as his hand was back on Jimin's skin, trailing up his stomach, Jimin arching against the touch almost unconsciously.

“Ah” Jimin breathed as he felt Jungkook's fingertips brush over his nipple, the nub hardening immediately as he repeated the process.

The reaction appeared to satisfy Jungkook as he smirked and did the same motion again, Jimin's eyes fluttering shut as the touch was so soft, yet also very effective.

Then, Jungkook's hands were gone, an embarrassing whine escaping Jimin as his eyes shot open, the black haired male only smirking in amusement as he took Jimin's shoes off.

“Jungkook-ah” Jimin begged, voice breaking as he reached out for the boy.

“I'll touch you, little one, don't worry. Just need to take your shoes off, hm?”

Quickly nodding, Jimin wanted to help him with the other shoe, but Jungkook shook his hand and grabbed his wrist.

“Patience, baby. Let me do the work, okay? I told you that I want to pleasure you tonight. You can just sit or lie there and enjoy it, do you understand, kitten?”

Swallowing hard, Jimin nodded.

“You're words, kitten, use your words”

“I-I understand”

“Good boy”

Jimin blushed at the pet name, a shaky breath leaving his lips as he felt his erection jerk once again.

Jungkook knew him so well, didn't he? Knew exactly how to get him all worked up, knew what he liked and what he didn't, knew how to satisfy him in the most pleasurable way.

Jimin's shoes dropping to the floor startled the smaller boy, watching Jungkook slip out of his own shoes, too, as he moved closer to Jimin again.

His heart was pounding so fast against his chest, breathing having become difficult a long time ago now and it was so damn hard not to just reach out to Jungkook and hump against him.

Well, just to clear that up, Jimin wasn't... wasn't that desperate... was he? Quite honestly, as soon as he was aroused, Jimin had not really that much more control over his actions, his more submissive headspace already having taking over and his neediness coming to shine. It wasn't exactly his fault that he wanted Jungkook so much, that he liked his boyfriend that much.

Unconsciously, Jimin smiled at the thought, Jungkook mirroring his expression when he noticed.
“Can you lift your hips for me, baby?” Jungkook asked, eyebrows arched up as he zipped down Jimin's pants, said boy placing his hands behind himself on the counter and lifting his hips in order to make the process easier for Jungkook.

The taller boy tugged down his pants in a swift motion, tossing them to the side before he rested his warm hands back on Jimin's thighs. The sudden touch against his skin caused his legs to twitch, Jimin biting down on his bottom lip to prevent himself from whimpering when Jungkook traced his fingertips over his inner thighs, goosebumps rising on his skin.

“So beautiful, angel” Jungkook complimented, captivated by Jimin's fair and soft skin, loving how goosebumps rose whereever his fingers touched him. The sweet boy was so responsive to him, body always reacting in such an adorable way – the little breath that escaped Jimin just proving that thought.

“T-Thank you”

The black haired male wet his lips, the urge to leave marks everywhere on his body washed over him, the thought exciting him as he leaned closer to Jimin. Said boy gulped as he felt Jungkook's breath hit his skin, the boy sticking his tongue out and licking over Jimin's neck.

“A-Ah, Kook” Jimin moaned breathy, eyes fluttering shut as Jungkook smiled against his skin, leaving open-mouthed kisses on his neck that he trailed up and down, yet always coming back to that one spot.

The spot that Dongha had left a hickey on back then. The first time the boy had shown his actual intention. However, deep down, Jimin still didn't believe that Dongha was an evil person – Just someone that didn't know how to behave when having certain feelings and quite honestly someone that didn't particularly know how to treat someone he liked with some decent respect.

Maybe that's why Jungkook always made sure to leave a mark there – because he knew that Dongha had left one there previously. Maybe he didn't like the thought of there ever having been someone else's mark but his own although Dongha's hickey had long since faded.

“May I?” Jungkook murmured against his skin – still, even now that they were in a relationship – asking for permission and making sure Jimin's consent is there for everything he does to him.

That fact actually warmed Jimin's heart, comforted him and made him feel closer to Jungkook even more because it was so beautiful how Jungkook cared for him and his well-being.

“Of course, Kook-ah, you don't have to ask anymore” Jimin assured softly.

Or ever, really, he almost wanted to add. Frankly, there had never been a time where Jimin had denied Jungkook to leave a mark on his body. Jimin liked the idea of having a mark left on his body, had always loved the sight of having a reminder of being with Jungkook somewhere placed on his skin – That fact hadn't changed.

The younger male didn't need to be told twice, sucking on Jimin's skin immediataly, resulting in said boy to hiss at the action, legs jerking.

“Jungkookie” Jimin mewed quietly, exposing his neck even more towards the other male who licked over his creation now, satisfied with the mark on Jimin's body.

“Mine” Jungkook breathed, something so sweet – something beside lust – flashing in his eyes as he rubbed his thumb over the hickey, the touch so soft as if he wanted to soothe any pain that Jimin felt.
The pink haired boy's heart fluttered at Jungkook's statement, the boy smiling as he hid his face in the curve of Jungkook's neck.

"Little one, I really fucking want to eat you out. Is that okay? Do you want that, too?" Jungkook almost growled, eyes dark and pupils dilated as he gently trailed his hands up and down Jimin's legs. Jimin blushed, hiding his face further in Jungkook's neck as he felt his erection jerk up in excitement.

"Hm, kitten? Answer me, baby"

"Y-Yes, please" Jimin breathed, embarrassed, but wanting it so bad all the same. The desire gradually grew as he reminisced about the time Jungkook had done that to him, the feeling so new and overwhelming, yet so intense and just pure bliss.

Suddenly, Jungkook grasped his hips again and lifted Jimin down on his feet, spinning him around and placing a hand on his back as he pushed him down the counter in order for Jimin to bend over it. The smaller boy gasped as he was manhandled by Jungkook, his own arms resting on the counter as he placed his head on top of them.

Heart beating fast in his chest, Jimin looked back over his shoulder, watching Jungkook drop down on his knees on the hard floor. He didn't waste another second, gripping the waistband of Jimin's underwear and tugging them down in one swift motion. Jimin stepped out of them, now completely naked – bend over the counter inside of his kitchen. That was so obscene, the boy thought. Jimin would have never imagined to do anything like this.

The taller boy cursed at the sight of Jimin's round, fair skinned butt, mouth watering as he grabbed the flesh and pulled his buttcheeks to the side.

"So pretty" Jungkook complimented, voice noticeably lower and huskier as he leaned forward.

"K-Kook-ah" Jimin whimpered, "M-Maybe, maybe somewhere else- your knees" The poor boy tried to form a coherent sentence, head so dizzy as all he could think about was Jungkook. The anticipation of the black haired one eating him out was driving him wild, erection actually hurting due to how aroused he was – Just needing, craving for something, anything. However, the position Jungkook was in didn't appear to be the most comfortable one.

"Mhm, you want me to eat you out somewhere else?" Jungkook clarified, fortunately understanding what Jimin had attempted to get across. The younger male couldn't help but smile fondly at Jimin's concern about him. Although Jimin was already so far gone in his headspace and wanted nothing more than for Jungkook to touch him in any way, he still cared about him and his comfort, "Alright, baby, whatever you want"

With that, Jungkook got back up, gripping Jimin's hips and spinning the boy around. Swiftly, he lifted his boyfriend up over his shoulder, Jimin squeaking as Jungkook carried him into his bedroom.

Softly, he set Jimin down on the bed, said boy gasping as he laid down on the bunch of pillows on his bed, naked body fully exposed to Jungkook who was still completely dressed. The black haired male couldn't help but let his eyes roam over Jimin's beautiful body – pale skin so inviting, thighs thick and trembling in anticipation of being touched, cheeks flushed in a pretty pink as the boy was so aroused, eyes glassy and big, looking at Jungkook in the most innocent way. Gosh, was he beautiful – and damn was Jungkook lucky to call him his.

"Jungkook-ah" Jimin whined, said boy not wasting any more time and joining Jimin on his bed, turning the lamp on the nightstand on in the process so the room was at least illuminated in dim light.
“Right here, kitten” Jungkook assured, leaning down to press a peck on Jimin's lips. Jimin smiled slightly at the gentle kiss, wanting to deepen the kiss, yet pouting when Jungkook pulled away with a pillow in his hands.

Then, the taller boy grasped his ankles, pushing them back and bending Jimin's knees before he spread his legs – exposing his most intimate parts to him. Jungkook kneeled down inbetween his legs, reaching out for Jimin's thighs because he simply couldn't resist. Jimin's legs jerked at the contact, goosebumps rising as Jungkook gently traced his fingertips over his inner thighs, moving closer and closer to where Jimin needed him the most – but disappearing as quickly as they had appeared.

“Lift your hips for me, little one”

Jimin obeyed and brought his hips up, Jungkook placing a pillow beneath his butt before he pushed gently against Jimin's thighs to signal for him to rest down on the pillow. The smaller boy complied again, slightly confused by the situation, but figuring that Jungkook knew what he was doing.

“I wanna see your pretty face when I pleasure you, wanna see you moan my name when I eat you out” Jungkook explained, almost like he could read Jimin's mind.

The older male blushed, Jungkook smiling as he noticed Jimin's timidity. It was silly at this point, wasn't it? How Jimin still felt so incredibly shy after everything they had done together? Yet, he couldn't help himself.

“Kitten, can you do me a favour? Can you hold your legs up like this for me?” Jungkook asked, reaching for Jimin's hands and placing them against the back of his knees.

Jimin gulped as he pulled his legs back as far as he could, spreading them a little further and essentially bending himself in half. A breeze of air brushed past his butt, showing him how exposed his entrance to Jungkook was.

“Shit, baby, just like that” Jungkook cursed, licking his lips at the sight of Jimin's tight, pink hole exposed to him, “Is that okay, little one? Do you feel comfortable?” The boy wanted to make sure, voice a little softer as he locked eyes with Jimin.

The shorter boy gave a quick nod, the urge to beg for Jungkook to please, oh please, touch him at the tip of his tongue, yet he held it and just whined high in his throat. Jungkook chuckled in amusement, noticing how quick his chest rose and fell as his baby was so excited.

“Okay, little one, be a good boy and try to keep still now” Jungkook smirked as he settled down in front of Jimin's exposed hole, said boy gasping although Jungkook wasn't even touching him yet.

Without another warning, Jungkook leaned forward and licked a big stripe over Jimin's entrance.

“J-Jung- Aaah!” Jimin cried out, eyes rolling back inside of his head as Jungkook sucked hard on his entrance, pushing tongue inside ever so slightly before he continued to lick over it in slow motions, “P-Please”
The poor boy grabbed the back of his knees harder, legs shaking all over while Jungkook kept licking over his entrance, tongue moving up and down a little faster. To be honest, Jimin didn't know what to do with himself, was already so very out of it and overwhelmed. He was breathing heavily, whimpering every now and then whenever Jungkook pushed his tongue inside of his hole just to be gone a second later. It was driving him crazy.

“Such pretty sounds, kitten, just for me” Jungkook whispered against his skin, trailing kisses up his thigh, nibbling and sucking on his skin to leave more marks, “Mine”

“Kook-ah, please, more” Jimin whined, pushing his hole in Jungkook’s direction who smirked in amusement as he fixated his gaze back on Jimin.

“More what, baby?”

Jimin gulped, wanting to kick his legs in frustration because Jungkook knew – he knew what Jimin wanted.

“Please, you- you know what I want, Jungkook-ah, I want you, d-down there, pleaseee”

Chuckling, the black haired male leaned back down and licked right over his entrance, Jimin moaning at the touch and tossing his head back in ecstasy.

“T-Thank you” The smaller boy mewled high-pitched, Jungkook closing one arm around Jimin's thigh and gripping his skin tightly to ensure him keeping his legs spread and his body close as he continued his action on Jimin’s hole.

It felt so good, so good. Jimin's heart was racing, his lips leaving the most sweetest little whimpers and whines just for Jungkook who was making him feel pure bliss. The younger one pushed his tongue in and out of his hole, twirled it around his rim or licked up and down his entrance as if he couldn't get enough – couldn't get enough of pleasuring Jimin and causing him to make the cutest sounds.

Gosh, how much Jungkook loved them. Those pretty noises he made just for him.

Jimin's thighs were still shaking, Jungkook noticing it as he was holding one of them. Clearly, Jimin wouldn't be able to hold himself open like this for much longer, way too overwhelmed by everything.

“Oh my god!” Jimin cried out, back arching up as Jungkook had spat right on his hole, now pushing one of his fingers inside of Jimin ever so slightly – just teasing, just wanting to evoke those reactions.

The taller boy smirked, satisfied as he circled Jimin's rim with his index finger, pushing it inside very lightly while still lapping his tongue around his hole.

In result, Jimin opened his mouth in a silent scream, Jungkook pushing his finger further inside until all of it was settled inside of his hole.

“Kook-aaaaah!” Jimin moaned high-pitched, biting down on his bottom lip again as he remembered his neighbours. Quite frankly, Jimin had disturbed his neighbours quite a bit these past weeks – not intentionally, but still. He didn't want to cause any further disturbance and make them mad at him for being so loud that late at night.

As if Jungkook wanted to test him he pushed another finger inside of Jimin, the boy feeling so full and loving it – loving it so much that he wanted to scream out Jungkook's name. Attempting to be quiet, Jimin bit down harder on his lip, almost sure there was going to be blood as Jungkook
scissored his fingers, pushing his tongue inside inbetween them.

“Oh g-god” Jimin whisper-yelled, eyes rolling back inside of his head as he arched up his back, Jungkook licking around inside of his hole before his tongue was gone again, only his fingers moving inside of Jimin now – stretching him, stretching him so nicely.

Jimin felt so full already, but wanted more, couldn't wait for Jungkook to be inside of him and thrust-

“Oh my god, Kook-ah!” The pink haired boy cried out, legs shaking and hands finally giving out as Jungkook pushed his fingers firmly against his prostate.

“There it is” Jungkook noted, voice husky as he rubbed against the nub of nerves, Jimin squeezing his eyes shut as high-pitched whimpers escaped his parted lips, “Feels good, kitten?”

“O-Oh god, so good, Kook-ah, so good” Jimin moaned, nodding frantically as he grabbed the bedsheets next to him, clenching his hands into little fists while Jungkook continued playing with his prostate, “A-Ah, Jungkook-aaah”

The poor boy tried to keep his knees bend and legs up, but he was shaking so much, couldn't handle all that intense stimulation while simultaneously holding up his legs any longer. Crying out at a particular firm thrust of Jungkook's fingers against his prostate while said boy licked around his hole, Jimin's legs collapsed back down on the bed.

The taller male looked up at Jimin, slowing his pace as he studied Jimin's face. Jimin noticed the spit that was shining on his chin, drool probably spread all over Jimin's crack as well.

“S-Sorry” Jimin apologised, recalling how Jungkook had ordered him to be still.

“Sssh, it's okay, beautiful” Jungkook cooed, voice soft as he reassured him, placing open-mouthed kisses against his inner thigh.

Jimin's heart fluttered at the new pet name, smiling shyly as he locked eyes with Jungkook who was still caressing his thighs with gentle kisses – observing how Jimin's legs where still trembling -, fingers moving so slowly inside of his hole, barely brushing his walls or his prostate.

Gently, Jimin moved his hand down, noticing the puddle of pre-cum on his stomach that was leaking out of his hard length, the tip red already. Carefully, Jimin brushed his fingertips against Jungkook's hand that was still gripping his thigh.

The black haired boy looked back and forth between his eyes, appearing to understand what Jimin was silently asking for as he intertwined their fingers, hands aligning.

Both shared a small smile, the act somewhat pure and making all of this so much more intimate.

“Are you okay?” Jungkook asked, fingers only circling his rim now, eyes not leaving Jimin's delicate face, “Do you remember our safewords? Use them whenever needed, okay, angel?”

“Mhm” Jimin hummed, not trusting his voice as he was sure it was raspy due to his moaning and screaming – God, Jimin just prayed that his neighbours didn't hear him.

“Can you tell me what they are, little one?”

It took a moment for Jimin to think about that one, blinking as he cleared his throat, “R-Red for stop, yellow for slower and green for okay”
“Good boy”

Jimin smiled, “Are you okay ?” The boy then wondered. Frankly, Jungkook's neck must be quite sore from the position he had been in for so long now.

“More than okay, baby” Jungkook assured, leaning back down and licking right over Jimin's hole. In result, the action evoke another whimper from Jimin who squeezed Jungkook's hand as said boy pushed his fingers inside of his entrance once more.

As much as Jimin loved this – oh, the feeling was pure bliss – he really just wanted Jungkook to be inside of him.

“K-Kook-ah- ah, oh god!” Jimin whisper-yelled again when Jungkook decided to rub his fingers in firm circle motions against his prostate while lapping his tongue around the rim. The movement caused Jimin's penis to twitch yet again, more pre-cum leaking out at the intense stimulation. The pink haired male was certain that he wasn't going to last much longer, if Jungkook was going to continue touching him like this.

“You're leaking so much for me, kitten” Jungkook commented, licking over his lips as he observed Jimin's dick twitch with every thrust against his prostate, the tip so red and just begging for release, “Just for me, baby”

“Just for you” Jimin whimpered, eyes rolling back as he squeezed Jungkook's hand harder, back arching up again.

The taller boy thrusted his fingers firmer against Jimin's prostate, watching his nose scrunch up in pleasure as he squeezed his eyes shut, the sensation too overwhelming for the smaller one. Jungkook was mesmerised, couldn't take his eyes away from Jimin's face, observing his delicate features react to the abuse on his prostate.

And those sounds – fuck, those adorable noises Jimin made. Jungkook couldn't get enough, wanted to hear them every day. It was odd how Jungkook referred to those sounds Jimin made as cute while they also turned him on so fucking much. It was similar when it came to Jimin overall. The innocence he represented was so adorable, caused Jungkook to have the urge to protect the boy from anything bad there is, yet he wanted to watch Jimin fall apart in pleasure and ruin him all the same.

Those noises were for him alone. Jungkook wouldn't let anyone else ever hear them, wouldn't let anyone else ever see Jimin as vulnerable as this. The thought alone made his blood boil, to imagine Jimin moaning someone else's name, someone else touching him the way Jungkook did. Hell, no.

Mine, Jungkook thought, just as much as I'm his.

There was nothing Jungkook would ever let happen to the smaller boy. Damn, he would give his life to see Jimin be happy and safe. No one else would ever even dare to hurt him now that he was his and Jungkook would be by his side forever. The black haired boy would make sure of that.

“K-Kookie” Jimin whimpered, tears in the corner of his eyes due to the intense feeling, the poor boy way too overwhelmed by everything. He desperately wanted to come, yet he wanted to find his release with Jungkook inside of him, causing him to try and hold back.

It was so difficult, though, so difficult to be stimulated like that, but attempting to deny yourself to come when you were so incredibly, frustratingly close.

“P-Please, Kookie, can you- more, please, want you inside of me, please, please” Jimin begged, reaching for Jungkook with his other hand while he pulled at the one he was holding very weakly.
“Okay, little one, but I have to prep you first, don't I?” The black haired boy noted, straightening his back and tilting his head from side to side, neck feeling a little sore, yet it had been so fucking worth it. To be fair, Jungkook would have loved to keep going, eating the boy out a little more until he came all over himself, crying ever so sweetly as he begged Jungkook to finally fuck him, but this was great, too, “Where is your lube?” He asked, caressing Jimin's inner thighs and ignoring the way the pink haired boy whined frustratedly at the thought of having to be stretched further before Jungkook would fuck into him.

“T-Top drawer” Jimin answered, voice a little hoarse as he gestured towards his nightstand. The taller boy leaned over and opened the top drawer of the nightstand, picking out the bottle of lube while he bottoned down his shirt with his other hand. As soon as he held the bottle in his hand, he noticed that it was half empty.

Arching up an eyebrow, he stared at the male beneath him, “I see that you've used it quite a lot, haven't you?”

Jimin gulped, blushing as he gave a nod, “Used it myself when I...when I...”

“When you played with your little hole, hm?” Jungkook finished the sentence for him, dick jerking at the thought of the smaller boy squirming around on his bed, fucking himself with his fingers while making those sweet noises. Yet, he was also proud of Jimin for having learned to touch himself on his own, had listened to what Jungkook had asked of him, “What did you think about when you fucked yourself with your fingers, hm? Wanna tell me, kitten?” The boy asked, voice low as he dropped the bottle of lube on the bed, opening the last bottons on his shirt and pulling it off.

The pink haired boy swallowed hard, distracted by the sight as he let his gaze drift down from Jungkook's face to his upper body, exposed abs, broad chest and defined muscles causing him to whimper, “I... I...” Jimin attempted to answer, voice just above a whisper as his eyes travelled over Jungkook's body, further down to the visible tent in Jungkook's pants as said boy opened his belt, causing Jimin to try and draw his legs together as he felt his penis twitch in excitement.

Jungkook smirked, knowing what kind of effect he had on the cute boy, zipping down his pants while he studied Jimin's face.

“Hm, little one? Aren't you going to answer me?” Jungkook wondered, cocking his head to the side as he got up from the bed to take his pants off, pushing them down his legs together with his briefs and exposing his big hard length that sprang free as he stepped out of his pants.

The smaller male gulped again, shaky breath leaving his lips as his eyes flickered up to Jungkook's dark, lustful eyes before they rushed back down to his body.

“I... I always think...” Jimin tried again as he watched Jungkook join him back on the bed, hand immediataly grabbing his thigh and caressing the skin so softly as he let his fingertips trace over his thigh, distracting Jimin yet again.

It's not his fault, really. Jimin tried really hard to process Jungkook's question and form a coherent sentence, but everytime he attempted to answer, he seemed to forget how to talk, Jungkook invading all of his senses completely.

It was a little unfair how Jimin seemed to lose control over himself, falling into that headspace whenever Jungkook touched him while the taller boy was able to talk so steadily, keep his
composure and catch Jimin as he fell into that submissive state.

Perhaps, they were a perfect match. The black haired male was capable of knowing how to handle Jimin, there to catch him when he became this aroused and needy. So perhaps it wasn't unfair, but actually just like it was meant to be between them.

Suddenly, Jungkook gave his inner thigh a light slap, Jimin yelping at the action, but also feeling his penis jerk.

“W-What-” Jimin gasped, legs shaking as he locked eyes with Jungkook who caressed the spot he had prior just spanked.

“Kitten, it's very rude to ignore me, don't you think? I asked you two times, but you didn't give me an answer, hm?” Jungkook noted, eyebrow arched up. There was still fondness in Jungkook's eyes, somewhere there in the dark shade of brown, next to the lust and desire, Jimin knowing that he was simply doing what he knew Jimin liked, that he had fallen into a more dominant role himself.

“I'm sorry” Jimin apologise, voice quiet and soft as he caught his bottom lip between his teeth, not questioning why he had gotten aroused by Jungkook slapping him – because, well, recalling the time that Jungkook had spanked him, this really wasn't that much of a surprising information, “You” He finally answered, gulping when the reply caused Jungkook to smirk, humming simultaneously.

“Colour, little one?” Jungkook asked, voice a little softer.

“G-Green” Jimin assured, not a doubt in his mind.

“What did I do to you, kitten, hm? What did you think about when you got yourself off?” The taller boy then wanted to know, still tracing his fingertips over Jimin's inner thigh, goosebumps rising on his skin. His penis was still very much hard, yet there was no real stimulation or friction, causing him to slowly come down from his high, having been so close to the edge, yet now getting further away from it.

Jimin felt his cheeks heat up at the question, too embarrassed to tell Jungkook what he imagined whenever he touched himself, “I...”

“Tell me, little one”

“I... I imagined sucking you off” Jimin responded quietly, flush deepening as he observed Jungkook's eyes darkening, “And you doing... you doing what you just did to me before... before you took me... hard”

“Fuck” Jungkook cursed, licking his lips as he kneeled down inbetween Jimin's legs, “You love having something in your mouth, don't you, kitten? Love sucking me off”

“Y-Yes” Jimin confirmed because honestly, that was true. To be honest, he didn't know what exactly it was – whether it was the fact that he was pleasuring Jungkook, the fact of being good or just the fact of gagging on something in his mouth – he really didn't know, yet he was certain that he loved it.

“Wanna suck me off while I prep you, kitten?”

The whimper that left Jimin in excitement at the question was a little embarrassing, the boy thought, but he didn't care. It has been so long since he had last given Jungkook a blowjob. Maybe tonight was going to be the day Jimin was finally going to be able to fit all of him inside of his mouth.

“Y-Yes, please” Jimin answered, voice soft.
Well, it didn't take long for Jimin to wonder how that was even supposed to work. How was Jimin going to pleasure Jungkook and have him simultaneously prep him? Surely, that wasn't going to work, was it?

“Up, little one” Jungkook insisted, grasping his hips softly and lifting the smaller boy up with ease, Jimin's head spinning a little as he was set down upright. The younger male smiled at the sight, Jimin's hair a fluffy mess on top of his head as he stared at him with dazed eyes.

Then, Jungkook laid down on the bed himself, patting his stomach and signaling for Jimin to straddle him. Hesitantly and a little confused, Jimin obeyed and swung his leg over Jungkook's stomach, straddling him.

A chuckle left Jungkook as he shook his head and gripped Jimin's waist once again, “The other way around, little one, face away from me”

Jimin's eyes went wide, blush deepening as he turned around, his back now exposed to Jungkook who reached for his thighs and pulled him further towards himself.

“K-Kook-ah” The pink haired male breathed, his butt now right in front of Jungkook's face, fully exposed.

“Is this okay, angel?” Jungkook wanted to make sure, voice a little softer as he noticed Jimin's slight nervousness at their position, rubbing over his thighs soothingly.

“Yes, Kook-ah” Jimin replied and nodded, staring back over his shoulder.

“Start whenever you feel ready” The younger one then uttered, reaching for the bottle of lube while Jimin inhaled deeply before leaning over, “Shit” Jungkook cursed once Jimin was bent over, his pink hole exposed and so damn inviting.

Carefully, Jimin wrapped his tiny hand around the hard length, Jungkook letting out a breath at the contact. His penis was already up to full hardness, heavy in Jimin's petite grasp as he stroked his hand up and down almost curiously, as if he'd forgotten how Jungkook's penis felt like in his hand.

When his mouth began to water at the sight, the smaller male leaned down and licked right over the tip, tasting some pre-cum that had leaked out of the head. Jungkook cursed in response behind him, squirting some lube over two of his fingers.

Slowly, Jimin opened his mouth wide, moving down and pushing Jungkook's hard length inside of his mouth.

“Just like that, fuck, baby” Jungkook growled, eyes falling shut when Jimin sank down further, not really taking his time to adjust or perhaps not needing to as he pushed more and more of Jungkook's length in his mouth.

Almost skillfully by now, Jimin twirled his tongue around the head, pride swelling up in his chest as the erection twitched at the touch, Jungkook groaning his name out behind him. Determined, Jimin sunk down further, squeezing his eyes shut when he felt his gag reflex reject.

Whining high in his throat, Jimin pulled off, coughing as a streak of spit connected his mouth and Jungkook's hard length.

“Careful, baby” Jungkook warned softly, circling his fingers around Jimin's rim before he pushed his fingers inside.
“J-Jungkook-ah” Jimin mewled at the welcoming feeling of being filled again, Jungkook not wasting time and scissoring his fingers to stretch Jimin further.

For a brief moment, Jimin forgot what he was supposed to do, getting lost in the feeling of Jungkook pushing his fingers in and out of him, eyes fluttering shut when he brushed his prostate ever so slightly – maybe purposely to tease him, maybe accidental, Jimin wasn’t sure.

However, he quickly shook his head and leaned back down, trailing open-mouthed kisses up and down Jungkook's erection, tongue poking out every now and then to lick over the flesh or lap up some pre-cum that was leaking out.

“Ah!” Jimin cried out high-pitched as Jungkook thrusted his fingers right against his prostate, chuckling behind him as he did.

“Sorry, kitten”

Jimin pulled his brows together, knowing very well that he had done that on purpose. Mewling, Jimin twirled his tongue around the tip before he pushed the hard length inside of his mouth again, bobbing his head up and down while sinking down further with each motion.

“Shit, little one” Jungkook growled, pulling his fingers out as he squirted more lube over a third one.

Whining at the loss, Jimin pushed his hips back, asking Jungkook to touch him again who was more than happy to do just that as he pressed three of his fingers against Jimin's entrance, his hole opening up and allowing Jungkook to thrust them inside, a loud squealch filling the room at the action that caused both of their penises to twitch.

The room wasn’t as quiet as Jimin had intended to – Well, hadn’t actually since the beginning – At first it had been Jimin's cute little moans and whines, occasional screams, as well as Jungkook’s praises and licking noises. Now it was Jungkook's grunts, the wet sound of Jungkook thrusting his fingers inside of Jimin and the whines Jimin made as well as those gagging and sucking noises while pleasing the taller boy.

Well, there was definitely going to be a neighbour that was going to complain to him and Jimin already knew that he was going to wish the ground would open up and suck him under, too embarrassed during an encounter like that.

Jimin moaned breathy at the fullness, the stretch burning only slightly, only very briefly before there were jolts of pleasure running through his body. The black haired boy smirked, pushing his fingers from side to side while brushing Jimin's prostate lightly, just to keep the stimulation coming.

The older one bobbed his head down the hard length further, noticing how his gag reflex was trying to reject, yet too determined to pull off, causing him to cough and splutter around the length in his mouth, drool running down the hard flesh and making a big mess.

Tears were swelling up in his eyes, jaw a little sore as he forced down more of Jungkook's length, just wanting to finally fit all him inside. Squeezing his hands into little fists and sinking down further, Jimin's eyes fluttered shut when he reached the base, pride and happiness swelling up in his chest once he noticed.

“Holy shit, kitten” Jungkook groaned, head falling back as he stilled his movement, almost wanting to buck his hips up into the tight, wet heat, but the urge to make sure Jimin was okay and not hurt overweighed that wish, “Such a good boy, fit all of me inside of your mouth, don't you?”

Jimin hummed around his length, a tear trailing down his cheek as he bobbed his head up and down
quickly, sucking every now and then, hollowing his cheeks and simply loving the way he was affecting Jungkook, how he groaned his name out and was visibly trying not to move around too much.

In that moment, Jimin wondered how it would feel like to let Jungkook just thrust into his mouth however he wanted to, how it would feel like to give him the control over that, too.

“Fuck, little one, stop. Stop, I'm close”

Jimin didn't listen, pulled off only slightly to twirl his tongue around before he sank back down completely, drool running down and making a big mess as he sucked around the length.

“Kitten, pull off” Jungkook ordered, growling as he grasped Jimin's thighs, fingers having disappeared from Jimin's hole.

The pink haired boy should obey, he knew that very well, but he had just now finally reached his goal of fitting all of Jungkook's length inside of his mouth – he didn't want to stop just yet.

*Swoosh.*

Jimin yelped at the touch, Jungkook having just spanked him right across his upper thigh.

“Don't make me tell you again, kitten” Jungkook warned, voice low and raspy, a shiver running down Jimin's back as he felt his penis twitch in interest.

Wanting to be good, Jimin pulled off, wiping away the drool from his mouth with the back of his hand as he straightened his back.

“Good boy. Did such a good job, little one, made me feel so good” Jungkook praised, caressing the skin where he had just slapped Jimin.

There must be something wrong with Jimin as he was deliberating over disobeying Jungkook again just to see what he would do, just to have him spank him again. It was odd, and quite honestly a little contradicting to his usual nature of wanting to be good for him. Jimin didn't know what to make of it.

“Little one, are you good? Tell me your colour”

“G-Green” Jimin responded, voice hoarse and a little foreign, yet still having that soft tone to it that Jungkook loved so much.

“I'm going to fuck you now, angel, okay?”

Jimin wanted to scream in joy, so deeply sexually frustrated as he was so aroused, has been stimulated for so long now and still hadn't found his release – this was torture.

The black haired male pushed Jimin off of himself gently, grabbing his waist and manhandling Jimin down on the bed softly so he was lying down on his stomach, legs spread open. The smaller boy gasped, titling his head to the side as he felt Jungkook move on top of him, lying down, but holding his weight up with his hands.

“Is this okay, little one?” Jungkook whispered, voice so soft as he leaned down and pressed a kiss against Jimin's temple, brushing his hair out of his sweaty forehead.

“Yes, Kook-ah” Jimin assured quietly, eyes fluttering shut when Jungkook trailed kisses down his neck, reaching for the bottle of lube and squirting some of it on his hand before he stroked his hard
length to ensure it being covered with a good amount.

They both knew that they wouldn't last long, both of them too aroused and so far gone that it wouldn't take that long for them to find their release. Yet, they didn't care, just wanted to be close to each other in the most intimate way by being connected.

Slowly, Jungkook pushed his tip against Jimin's entrance, his hole opening up immediately with no resistance. For a moment, Jungkook considered teasing the poor boy beneath him a little more, but quite honestly, he wouldn't bear any more teasing himself at this point.

Carefully, he pressed himself inside of Jimin, both letting out a soft breath at the feeling.

Jimin gripped the bedsheets beneath himself, clenching his hands into little fists as he adjusted to the size inside of him. The pink haired one felt so full, so filled by Jungkook's length and loving it so much. The feeling was pure bliss.

“Ready, little one? Colour?” Jungkook murmured against his ear.

“Y-Yes, green” Jimin responded, eyes falling shut a moment later as Jungkook pulled out and rammed back inside of him.

“Fuck” Jungkook cursed, “So fucking tight”

The smaller boy whined high in his throat when he noticed that Jungkook was holding himself up with only one arm, the other hand closed around Jimin's hips, keeping him close and still like that.

Jimin was pinned against the bed, Jungkook thrusting in and out of him in a slow, but forceful pace, causing Jimin to rock back and forth with the movement.

It didn't take long for Jungkook to quicken his pace, his hips snapping back and forth in a relentless rhythm, the sound of skin slapping against skin echoing in the room while Jungkook rammed himself inside of Jimin.

“Jimin-ah, you feel so good, fuck” Jungkook growled in his ear, hot breath tickling in Jimin's neck.

The shorter male opened his mouth in a silent scream as soon as Jungkook began to hit his prostate dead on, the feeling causing his eyes to roll back inside of his head as he moved back and forth at the quick thrusts of Jungkook.

“Oh my god” Jimin whimpered high-pitched, grabbing the bedsheets tighter, knuckles turning white.

The heat built in the pit of his stomach, gradually becoming bigger at the force and pace of Jungkook's relentless thrusts. Jimin knew that it wouldn't take much longer, especially with the way his erection was rubbing against the bedsheets, receiving friction with each slam of Jungkook's hips.

“Mine” Jungkook uttered, leaving open-mouthed kisses in Jimin's neck, “Only mine”

“Aaaah!” Jimin cried out, tears swelling up in his eyes because he tried to prevent himself from coming, denying himself his so desperately wanted release because he really wished to come simultaneously with Jungkook, “Are you close, Kook-ah?”

“Yes, little one” Jungkook answered, out of breath as he continued ramming inside of Jimin.

The smaller one hid his face in the pillow he was lying on, screaming Jungkook's name as he approached the edge, penis leaking so much pre-cum over his sheets as the abuse on his prostate
didn't stop.

“Just a little longer, kitten, can you do that?”

That's when tears started to stream down Jimin's face as he nodded frantically, “I-I want to, want to come together with you”

“Such a good boy, little one” Jungkook praised, pressing a kiss against his temple as he slowed his pace.

Although the slower pace was very helpful to prevent himself from coming too early, Jimin found himself whining.

Suddenly, the younger one pulled out of him.

“N-No!” Jimin cried out, another tear rolling down his face as Jungkook turned him on his side, lying down behind him, “P-Please”

“Sssh, kitten” Jungkook whispered, hooking his arm around Jimin's leg and lifting it up before he thrusted back into Jimin.

The boy's chest was falling and rising quickly, breathing so uneven at his point as he let out another moan as soon as Jungkook was settled back inside of him. Jimin didn't know what it was and maybe it was odd, but the warmth he felt whenever Jungkook was inside of him- or perhaps just the fact that Jungkook was inside of him at all really comforted him.

The taller boy pulled Jimin tight against his chest, both feeling the warmth that was radiating from the other one, sweaty bodies sticking together as Jungkook rolled his hips against Jimin's butt, skin slapping against skin as he thrusted inside of him.

This position was new and foreign, Jimin pressed against Jungkook's back as if they were cuddling, yet his leg lifted up in the air while Jungkook was taking him from behind. Essentially, it wasn't much different than lying on his stomach, Jungkook still leaving kisses on his neck while thrusting inside of him, but there was no more friction on his own erection. Visibly, Jimin was rocking back and forth with each movement, yet there was nothing to rock against – just air – causing his own penis to be neglected.

However, that was actually helpful as he didn't want to come just yet.

The black haired one was breathing heavily against Jimin's neck, nibbling on his skin very lightly as he continued to ram inside of him.

Jimin's mouth was agape, just pants leaving his parted lips as he rocked back and forth at the force of the thrusts, eyes fluttering shut when he felt Jungkook wrap his other arm around his neck, pulling even closer.

The action was more sensual now than anything, not as rough and fast as before, but slow and steady, yet every now and then there was a particularly harsh thrust, resulting in Jimin wanting more, needing so much more than that.

“K-Kook-ah, I-I'm close” Jimin warned, the heat in the pit of his stomach so big at this point as he reached up and grasped Jungkook's hand that was holding him tight.

“Me, too, little one” Jungkook groaned back, snapping his hips a little faster, causing Jimin to wonder whether this position was uncomfortable for Jungkook, making it difficult for him to move
“Ah, Jungkook-ah, oh god!” Jimin cried out, pushing his hips back against Jungkook’s thrusts as soon as the taller boy was hitting his prostate with each movement, “F-Faster, please” He begged, sobbing as he squeezed his eyes shut further, his orgasm approaching him, being so close now.

Suddenly, in a swift motion, Jungkook pushed him forward again, pinning him down to the bed and adjusting his hand on Jimin’s hip rather than his leg while he shifted his other hand to the bed, holding himself up as he snapped his hips forward, ramming right into Jimin with a forceful thrust.

In response, Jimin screamed into his pillow, grabbing the bedsheets and clenching his hands into fists as he rocked back and forth at the relentless rhythm.

“O-Oh g-god, so good, Kook-ah, pleaaase!” Jimin whimpered high-pitched, catching his bottom lip between his teeth as his eyes rolled back, Jungkook breathing right into his ear and smirking against his skin at the sound he was evoking in Jimin.

“Come on, pretty baby, go on and come for me. Be a good boy and make a mess for me. You love being messy, don’t you?” Jungkook whispered into his ear, voice low and husky, just so attractive that it sent Jimin right over the edge.

“Jungkook-ah!” The poor boy cried out, body shaking all over as the overwhelming intensity of the feeling caught up to him, causing him to come all over his own bedsheets, legs kicking at the big release. Jimin was squirming in his position, a mantra of Jungkook’s name leaving his parted lips as wave after wave of the beautiful feeling hit him, Jungkook never stilling his movement as he continued to ram inside of Jimin in a fast pace.

Absolute bliss, Jimin thought, to come after such long stimulation. More tears were streaming down his cheeks as he moved his hips back against Jungkook, attempting to help him come inside of him.

“K-Kook-ah, pleaaase, fill me up” Jimin begged, whining as he tilted his head to the side, body still twitching and rocking back and forth with each thrust.

“Shit, little one” Jungkook cursed, leaving open-mouthed kisses in his neck as he continued chasing his own orgasm.

“Pleaase”

“Fuck, Jimin-ah” The younger male growled, Jimin clenching around him, causing him to find his own release as he came inside of the smaller boy. After thrusting two, three more times into the boy beneath him, Jungkook collapsed on top of him, both breathing heavily, sweaty bodies sticking together.

Jimin blinked, feeling dazed as he stared at the wall, slight smile on his face at the feeling of pure bliss. The taller boy remained in his position for a moment, wanting nothing more than to cuddle Jimin right now – sensing, and knowing very well that Jimin needed that right now - Yet frankly, he wanted to cuddle him so badly, too, wanted to feel his soft skin against him, listen to his heartbeat steadying and having the scent of him so close – a mixture between strawberry, vanilla and something Jungkook could only describe as Jimin.

Slowly, Jungkook listed himself up and pulled out of Jimin, said boy whining in response at the lack of contact.

“Sssh, baby” Jungkook cooed, rubbing his warm hand gently over Jimin’s back as he tugged out his penis, watching his own cum leak out of Jimin’s gaping hole, the muscle clenching around nothing as
his sperm dribbled down, “Fuck” He breathed, almost feeling himself harden again at the sight.

Jimin almost laughed - as absurd as it was – yet the the sensation of Jungkook's cum slowly leaking out of his hole tickled him. It was odd, Jimin knew, but it wasn't his fault that he was very ticklish! However, that changed completely as soon as he felt Jungkook's fingers back against his entrance.

“K-Kook-ah” Jimin whined, eyes falling shut as the boy pushed his fingers inside of Jimin as if he wanted to keep the cum inside of him, humming at the action.

“Damn, I wish I had a butt plug with me”

The smaller boy furrowed his brows, the term unfamiliar to him.

“A-A what?” Jimin wondered, still distracted by Jungkook playing with his hole, the sensation pulling him into oversensitivity.

Jungkook slowly pulled his fingers out, leaning down and pressing a kiss against Jimin's temple before he smiled against his skin, “Nevermind, baby. I'll tell you another time what that is”

The pink haired one gulped, now curious to know what exactly it was that Jungkook had referred to.

“How are you feeling, angel?” Jungkook whispered, brushing his hair out of his face before he stroked his thumb over Jimin's cheekbone very gently, smiling fondly when Jimin nuzzled against the touch.

“Like I'm floating again” Jimin answered, voice quiet and soft as he attempted to keep his eyes open, “So good, Kook-ah, made me feel so good”

Jungkook hummed in satisfaction at the statement, capturing Jimin's lips in a small kiss, “I'm glad, little one”

When Jungkook pulled away and got up from the bed, Jimin found himself whining again at the loss, almost wanting to sit up, too, at the fear of Jungkook leaving. For a slight moment, panic arose inside of him, recalling the times he would have to leave after any of their lessons, yet relief washed over him as he remembered that – this were no longer lessons. They were in a relationship now.

None of them had to leave.

Still, Jimin whined as he reached out for Jungkook, not liking the lack of cuddles, the close proximity or warmth of the gorgeous black haired boy.

Again, Jungkook couldn't help but smile fondly at Jimin, sweeping his hair back before he leaned down and attached their lips in another kiss.

“Gotta clean you, hm, baby?” Jungkook reminded him, pressing a peck against his forehead before he straightened his back and exited the bedroom, “I'll be right back!” He promised once he had disappeared.

Jimin's eyes fell shut again, the boy so sleepy as he remenisced about the day – not fully comprehending how much had happened today.

It truly was a beautiful day – one of the most wonderful one's he has had in his life.

“Do you mind lending me some underwear?” Jungkook asked once he was back in the bedroom.

Jimin looked up at the voice, still lying on his stomach as he locked eyes with Jungkook who
chuckled at his expression, “No, not at all. In the dresser” Jimin answered, voice a little hoarse as he pointed towards said furniture piece.

Jungkook hummed, Jimin noticing that he was carrying a wet cloth in his hands as he kneeled back down on the bed.

“I'm gonna clean you now, angel, is that okay?” Jungkook asked, voice soft as he parted Jimin's buttocks.

Oddly enough, his heart still fluttered at these pet names – did that everytime Jungkook used one of those. Jimin didn't want to admit how much he loved them, but he did.

“Y-Yes” Jimin answered, thinking that it was strange for Jungkook to still ask him, especially now that they were in a relationship, yet Jimin knew very well by now how important consent was to him and that he would never touch Jimin if he didn't want that. Warmth spread in his chest at the thought, feeling comfortable at that thought.

Carefully, Jungkook cleaned Jimin's entrance, caressing his buttock when Jimin hissed at the touch. Then, he gently turned Jimin on his back, smiling at the sight of the smaller boy facing him. His pink hair was a fluffy mess on top of his head, cheeks flushed in a pretty pink while he stared at Jungkook with big, innocent – yet glassy – eyes.

Jimin smiled shyly at Jungkook's intent stare, the boy studying Jimin's delicate features as if he was a piece of art – and maybe, he was to Jungkook.

“Beautiful angel” Jungkook commented, noticing only a moment later that he had said those words out loud. The pink haired boy almost swore that he saw Jungkook slightly flush as he averted his gaze and cleaned Jimin's stomach, causing Jimin to giggle because it was silly for him to flush as it wasn't even the first time he had complimented Jimin.

The taller one glanced up at the sound of Jimin's giggles, smiling at the way his eyes turned into little crescents when he laughed like that. It caused Jungkook to have the urge to make Jimin laugh like that every single day, for the rest of his life.

After having cleaned Jimin's body of any left over cum, he wiped away the sperm from the bedsheets as well as he was able to, yet knowing very well that they would have to wash them tomorrow. However, they definitely weren't going to change the sheets tonight, desperately needing to sleep and cuddle.

Then, he got back up from the bed – evoking another whine of protest by Jimin that caused him to chuckle – as he walked over to the dresser and searched for two pairs of briefs.

Jimin fixated his gaze on the beautiful man in his bedroom, still not fully believing that he was his now.

How had he been this lucky? Perhaps, the universe didn't hate him that much after all.

The shorter male let his eyes wander over Jungkook's body, involuntarily biting down on his lip as he watched his back muscles stretch while he picked out clothes for them. Suddenly, Jungkook turned around with two pairs of briefs in his hands, indicating to approach Jimin again, but halting in his tracks once he caught him staring.

Jimin blushed, averting his gaze as Jungkook pulled up an eyebrow, smirking slightly as he walked back over to the bed, deciding to let it slide and not tease Jimin, simply enjoying his adorable reaction to being caught staring longingly at him.
“Hips up, Jimin-ah” Jungkook insisted, the boy obeying and bringing up his hips in order to make it easier for Jungkook to get him dressed.

After that, Jungkook put the other piece of underwear on himself, eyes roaming over Jimin's half naked body – almost in a trance again as he stared at the beautiful boy, still not believing that he was his - but noticing how he was still shaking slightly, more shivering than anything.

“Little one, are you cold?” The black haired boy wondered, concern in his voice as he lifted the blanket over the smaller one, tucking him in.

“Just a little” Jimin answered, not having noticed himself how cold it had actually gotten in the room, his body having been so heated during the sex. Yet now that he was slowly coming down from his high, so was his temperature.

Jungkook brushed strands of pink hair out of Jimin's forehead, caressing his cheek gently, Jimin nuzzling against the touch.

“I'll get you a glass of water, baby. I'm scared you're a little dehydrated after today” Jungkook insisted, Jimin pouting as he reached up and grasped Jungkook's wrist.

“Nooo, don't leave” Jimin whined, shaking his head and the sight pulled on Jungkook's heart strings. Fuck did Jimin make it difficult to say no.

“Stop pouting, baby, I'll be right back” Jungkook uttered, smile on his face as Jimin pushed his bottom lip out further, pout deepening.

Not bearing it any more, the younger one tickled Jimin's sides, said boy not able to resist and breaking out into giggles.

“Unfair!” Jimin claimed, still laughing as he was squirming around, attempting to stop Jungkook, but failing.

Eventually having mercy, Jungkook pulled away, chuckling as Jimin was trying to glare angrily at him, but simply looked like a cute mad kitten that wasn't intimidating in the slightest.

“You're mean! That was unfair” Jimin mumbled again, Jungkook leaning down and attaching their lips in a kiss that seemed to work as forgiveness.

“Sorry” The black haired boy whispered, “Better?”

Jimin shook his head, wanting another kiss which caused Jungkook to smile as he slowly pressed another open-mouthed kiss on his lips. In repsonse, a soft breath escaped Jimin as the boy lingered above him a little longer, their lips brushing against each other, leaving Jimin long for more.

“Now?”

The smaller boy swallowed hard, nodding as he locked eyes with Jungkook again, fondness and slight amusement glistening in them, yet something so seductive, too, that almost caused Jimin to whimper again.

Jungkook really had him turn into putty, a mere stare or small kiss having such an effect on him.

“I'll be right back, I promise. Not even sixty seconds” Jungkook promised, pulling Jimin's hand away and pressing a kiss against his knuckles before the hand slipped from his grasp, Jungkook exiting the
bedroom.

The taller boy held his word, appearing not long after he had left, carrying a glass of water.

“I put the flowers in a vase with water. I felt sorry for having tossed them on the table earlier” Jungkook revealed, handing Jimin the glass who eagerly took a sip from it, the cold fluid running down his throat.

“Thank you” Jimin smiled, handing Jungkook the glass back who took a sip himself before he placed the glass on the nightstand, Jimin already settled back in the bed and staring up at him with big eyes.

“Cuddles now?” Jimin asked quietly, Jungkook’s heart doing one of those weird skips again at the sight of Jimin’s cute expression and the innocent way he was asking for it.

“Yes, little one, I’ll give you all the cuddles now” Jungkook assured, smiling as he was about to lie down next to Jimin, yet stilling as someone rang the bell at the front door.

Both boys frowned, sharing a glance before Jungkook straightened his back.

“Are you expecting someone?” The younger male wanted to know.

Jimin swiftly shook his head, about to get up, but Jungkook placed his hand on his shoulder and stopped him.

“I’ll check. You stay beneath the blanket and warm up, little one. I’ll be right back”

With that, Jungkook picked up his button up shirt from the floor and put it on, not caring to close the buttons as he exited the room. Then, Jungkook opened the door to whoever it was that had rang the bell.

Jimin's frown deepened as he wasn't capable of making out what was being said, only muffled voices audible.

Who could it be?

It didn't take long for Jungkook to reappear, slight smirk on his face as he was holding his shirt closed. Well, maybe the boy should have put on some pants, too.

“Who was it?” Jimin wondered, eyes wide in curiosity as he observed Jungkook take off his shirt again and letting it drop to the floor before he walked over to the dresser.

“It was one of your neighbours” The younger male answered nonchalantly- or, wait, was there slight amusement in his voice?

Oh, no.

No, no, no, no, no.

Why? This was so embarrassing.

Please, oh, please let them have rang the bell for something else – at 3am. Right, Jimin. Why else would they ring your bell late at night if not for your- God, this was so humiliating.

“W-What did they say?” Jimin asked, voice just above a whisper as he gulped, watching Jungkook pick out a white, long-sleeved shirt from his dresser before he shut the drawer again and approached
“Arms up” Jungkook ordered softly, Jimin huffing as he sat up and obeyed.

“Kook-ah” Jimin whined, “What did they say?”

The black haired boy smiled as he pulled the shirt over Jimin's head, adjusting it before he locked eyes with Jimin again.

“Asked whether or not everything was okay. It was an elderly lady that had wanted to call the police because she thought someone was being hurt down here”

Oh, god.

“What did you say?” Jimin wanted to know, voice quiet and unsure as Jungkook brushed strands of pink hair out of his face, rubbing his thumb over his cheekbone after.

“I just told her that I had fucked you and that those weren't screams of pain, but ones of pleasure”


Jungkook broke out in laughter, amused by Jimin's expression of absolute horror.

“I'm kidding, Jimin-ah. Of course, I didn't tell her that. I told her that everything was okay and that those noises might have come from somewhere else or that she had imagined them maybe. To be fair, she did seem pretty old”

“Do you think she believed you?” Jimin murmured, cheeks heating up in embarrassment.

“Well, we will see whether or not the police is going to appear in front of your door or not – then we know.”

“Oh, god”

Jimin wanted to hide himself forever.

“Jimin-ah, she smiled at me and I think she knew what was going on. I apologised and promised her to be quiet in case it was us that she heard. She was sweet about it and laughed it off, saying she was once young, too.”

“Oh my god, she definitely knows. She knows and now I can't ever look her in the eyes again.” Jimin whined.

“Little one, sex isn't something you should be ashamed of, hm? We've gotten over that already, remember?” Jungkook tried to comfort him, caressing his cheek as he cocked his head to the side.

“I know, it's not the fact- it's just- She heard us. That's embarrassing.” The smaller boy explained, voice sounding more whiny than he intended.

“To be fair, you are very responsive when I touch you. You are just vocal by nature.” Jungkook pointed out.

“And that's embarrassing.”

“Well, I think it's very cute as well as fucking hot.” The black haired boy noted, smirking as he ran his thumb over Jimin's bottom lip.
Jimin blushed, hiding his face in the pillows as he kicked his legs in embarrassment.

“I won't ever make a sound again!” Jimin pouted, leaving out a frustrated sigh.

Why was it so difficult for him to just shut up so his whole neighbourhood won't hear him? This whole thing was so embarrassing and he honestly felt bad for disturbing his neighbours like that – even having them worry whether or not he was in pain.

God, was this embarrassing.

“I feel so bad for disturbing them”

“Angel, stop, we just gotta be a little more careful, hm? I don't have close neighbours. We can be as loud as we want in my apartment and here, well, you either learn to be quiet if you think you should change that or... well, there are other ways to help ensure that you're quiet.” Jungkook uttered, tracing his fingertips over Jimin’s back as he tried to comfort him.

Jimin titled his head to the side in curiosity.

“Like what?” He wondered.

“Like gagging you.” Jungkook answered nonchalantly, like it was nothing.

“O-Oh.” Jimin breathed, gulping as the term was somewhat familiar to him.

“Would be a shame because I love your pretty noises, but a gag would ensure you to be quiet.”

Jimin swallowed hard.

“So, I-like, what would that be? What would you put in my mouth?”

There was a smirk on Jungkook's face almost like he wanted to make a pun and Jimin just wanted to slap himself because he had literally given Jungkook the perfect preparation for that.

“Could be anything. A piece of fabric, my fingers, my d- There are specific designed gags you can buy. Like a gag ball for example. I would place that in your mouth and tie it around your head.” Jungkook replied, moving his fingers up to Jimin's mouth, the pink haired boy parting his lips subconsciously. However, Jungkook didn't push his fingers inside, only smirked at his response.

“O-Oh, sounds a little scary.” Jimin noted, eyes flickering back up to Jungkook's face.

“We don't have to use that” Jungkook stated, dropping his hand, voice softer, “We don't have to use anything at all, little one. I love the sounds you make and I know you have a hard time keeping quiet. I don't mind that at all and I don't think your neighbours do, but I understand if you feel slightly bad even if you don't have to.”

“W-We can think about it” Jimin whispered.

Something flashed in Jungkook's eyes as he gave a nod.

Jimin swallowed hard again, a soft breath escaping him.

Then, Jungkook smiled comforting at him, finally joining Jimin back on the bed, the smaller male scooting over, heartbeat quickening in happiness.

“Cuddles now?” Jimin wondered again, Jungkook chuckling as he pulled the blanket over both of
them, wrapping his arm around Jimin and pulling the boy close to him.

“Yes, angel, cuddles now” Jungkook responded, pressing a kiss to the back of his head, causing Jimin's eyes to flutter shut at the gentle gesture.

Swiftly, Jimin turned around, facing Jungkook as he moved even closer, hiding in the warmth of him as the taller boy pulled him into his strong embrace.

“Better?”

“Mhm” Jimin hummed softly, hiding his face in the curve of Jungkook's neck, the familiar comforting scent filling his nostrils as Jungkook started to draw shapes on his back that he wasn't able to define, “So much better now”

“Was that okay earlier? Was I too rough?” Jungkook wondered after several minutes of silence, their soft breathing having been the only noise in the room as Jungkook had continued caressing his back in a soothing way.

“I-It was just...” Jimin tried, cheeks heating up at the mere thought, “More than okay. I liked it a lot” The shorter male admitted, voice soft and quiet as he hid his face further in the curve of Jungkook's neck, causing said boy to chuckle, the sound warming Jimin's heart.

“Glad to hear that, little one. I liked it a lot, too. You would have told me if you'd wanted me to be a lot softer tonight?” Jungkook wanted to make sure, the night where Jimin hadn't used his safeword still lingering in his mind. Obviously, he trusted Jimin a lot, yet he also knew that Jimin was very determined on pleasing and being good, maybe not wanting to speak up when there was something bothering him. It scared Jungkook sometimes. The thought of accidentally hurting Jimin, but not knowing because the smaller boy wouldn't tell him.

However, Jimin had understood that trust and safewords were important, had promised him to use them when needed. Moreover, Jimin had told him before when he needed or wanted a slower pace, Jungkook listening to him immediately. Surely, he would have just mentioned it tonight, too, if he'd want Jungkook to go slower.

“Yes, Kook-ah” Jimin assured, nodding quickly, “I like it... I like everything you do to me... or... or with me. I enjoy it both ways, a lot. I would have told you, if I didn't like what you did. I promise you”

Jungkook hummed, pressing a kiss against his temple.

In response, Jimin smiled shyly, reaching up and starting to play with Jungkook's soft hair. A low breathy sound escaped Jungkook at the touch, Jimin scratching over his scalp very gently every now and then.

They remained like this for a while, just comforting each other, staying in each other's warm embraces while their hearts were beating the same beat.

It was Jungkook who broke the silence.

“I will have to get used to your new hair” The boy whispered.

Jimin's eyes had fluttered shut due to Jungkook caressing his back so gently, Jimin always getting so sleepy when he did that, his fingertips so gentle on Jimin's back, his hand having moved beneath the shirt to touch Jimin's skin.
“Do you like it?”

“Mhm” Jungkook hummed, “You look pretty. You always do. This colour really suits you, makes you appear even softer, like a fairy, an angel.”

Jimin blushed at the compliment, smiling shyly, “T-Thank you”

“Cotton candy”

Jimin giggled at that one, the taller boy smiling at the sound.

“I'm so proud of you, little one. You did so well today.” The black haired boy praised him then, “I'm so glad to have seen you dance.”

“Thank you, Kook-ah” Jimin responded, voice soft and quiet as he smiled against Jungkook's skin.

Silence settled between them again.

Today really had been an eventful day. While reminiscing about the night once more, Jimin remembered something Jungkook had said to him earlier.

“Jungkook-ah” Jimin uttered, Jungkook humming as he drew shapes over Jimin's back, “What is an exhibition-something kink you mentioned earlier?”

The taller boy stilled, but continued his caress after having thought over something, “Oh, did we never talk about that when we talked about your kinks or the list?”

The list.

Oh god, that list.

Jimin had completely forgotten about that by now. It was almost like he had hidden that list in a box somewhere inside of his head, pushed far into the back.

Yet, how could he really forget about the list that really kind of started all of this?

“The list. Right. I forgot about it.” Jimin answered.

“Actually,” Jungkook started, cocking his head to the side, “Exhibitionism kink was never on there, but I remember jerking you off at hyung's, remember? While the others were around. That's when I thought you might have that kink.”

That incident. Oh, no.

“Oh, please don't remind me of that. I was so embarrassed when Tae came to me and told me that he saw us- or rather heard me.” Jimin whined.

“So, you don't think you would enjoy sex in public?”

Jimin caught his bottom lip between his teeth, contemplating.

“I... I don't know. I don't actually want other people to watch me...” He answered truthfully, but ending his sentence as if he had wanted to say more.

“But the idea of might getting seen excites you?” Jungkook clarified.
“I... I don't know, really. In the moment, I just wanted to be touched by you and I didn't care where we were.”

“I see. There might not be anything to that then. That's good to hear because I don't want to share you with anyone. The thought of someone watching you in one of your most vulnerable states makes my blood boil.” Jungkook uttered, almost growling the end of his sentence.

“Kook-aaah” Jimin whined, but smiled, the younger male leaning down.

“Mine” Jungkook whispered.

“Yours” Jimin murmured back, the taller boy capturing his lips in a gentle kiss as he smiled back. Both of them escaped a soft breath, their lips moving against each other slowly, tongues brushing over each other tenderly.

The pink haired boy's heart fluttered, Jungkook's all the same.

“D-Do you... do you still have that list?” Jimin wondered once they had pulled apart.

“Of course, it kind of started everything. Man, I should frame that list and hang it somewhere. Make it part of my wedding vow” Jungkook answered as he smirked, causing Jimin's eyes to go wide as he swatted his arm.

“Jeon Jungkook you are not going to hang that list anywhere!” Jimin warned, cheeks heating up.

“Mhm, call me Jeon more often” The black haired boy purred, eyes seductive, yet playful as he pulled Jimin closer.

The shorter male rolled his eyes, but couldn't deny how his heart skipped a beat at the tone of Jungkook's voice, the way he seemed to enjoy it when Jimin called him that.

“Why did you ask, though, little one?”

“I... I was just wondering” Jimin answered, shrugging his shoulder as his blush deepened.

Jungkook arched up an eyebrow, not buying it, “Is there something on it that you want to do that we haven't done before?”

Well... There was a lot of stuff they haven't done before, things that Jimin still had no clue of what they were.

“There is still a lot on it that I don't... that I don't know. I was just wondering whether you still have it. Not because... not to try anything, just... to...”

Jungkook smiled sympathetically at him, sensing how Jimin was embarrassed and knowing not to tease him when he was trying to let Jungkook in and talk about something so intimate with him.

“Little one, don't be embarrassed. Never in front of me. If you want to, we can go through the list any time you desire and see if there is anything on it that you like, hm? We can try whatever you want”

Swallowing hard, Jimin gave a faint nod, swiftly hiding his face in the curve of Jungkook's neck again.

“Cute” Jungkook chuckled and pulled him closer, placing a kiss on the top of his head.
Fortunately, Jungkook was so understanding and kind, not ever making fun of Jimin when he was genuinely shy or embarrassed.

He had always been like that. Even back then when he had only taught Jimin in sex. The taller boy had never judged him, never laughed at him. No, instead he had been attentive to what Jimin liked and what not, had listened to him and respected him in every shape and form.

Those lessons seemed so far away now, like they happened that long ago. To be fair, it had been quite some time since their last ‘real’ lesson. After that, a whole lot of mess had happened in their lives, causing them to go through an absolute chaos.

Yet, they were here now, holding each other, caressing each other's skin, heart pounding the same beat as their eyes fell shut.

Frankly, Jimin was lucky that the universe had brought Jungkook in his life.

So damn lucky.

And happy.

“Make it part of my wedding vow.”

The words suddenly rang in Jimin's mind.

What did that imply? Did that indicate that... that Jungkook could see himself marrying Jimin one day?

Jimin's heart fluttered at the thought, yet it was silly.

The black haired boy had never even been in a relationship before- having chosen not to do that because he had never believed in love. Why would he think about such a huge step as marriage?

It was absurd.

However, Jimin had genuinely changed his perception on love and relationships, had been the one to change that for him. The pink haired one smiled at the thought. Jungkook had been so many first times for him, but now there was something that Jimin was the first time for him for, too.

He was his first ever boyfriend.

His first ever love.

Jimin's heart skipped another beat, smiling at the thought.

Whatever this new chapter held for them, Jimin was excited.

Still smiling faintly, Jimin's eyes fluttered shut again, the boy becoming sleepier with each passing second. The way Jungkook's fingertips traced his skin was so comforting, so soft.

“I love you, little one” Jungkook whispered sleepily, almost falling asleep himself.

The smaller boy's heart clenched, feeling bad for not saying those words back as he drifted away into his dreams.
Is this the longest smut I've ever written? I don't know, but it felt like it was ^^

They're finally together now, yaaay :) 

Okay, now about the continuation of this story. As I've said at the beginning, this is not the last chapter. I haven't been able to say goodbye just yet and I still don't think I am. :( 

I think there are some things left that I want to write and I don't want to let go of the story just yet. When I wrote the previous chapter, I was lacking some motivation and kind of forced myself to write because I wanted to update quickly. However, writing this chapter and reading your lovely comments brought back my motivation. I really enjoyed writing this one :) 

I don't want to push myself to end this story, but I also don't want to force myself to keep writing once I think the story can end. I don't want to drag it out for too long either, you know? ^^

I still haven't made a complete decision, but will do that over the next days, hence I can't say yet how many more chapters there will be <3 

I hope you don't hate me for leaving this information kind of open and perhaps not announcing when the ending of the story is going to be posted. <3 

I hope you aren't mad at me either for warning you that this might be the last chapter when it actually isn't. I know I can't make everyone happy, but I'm just trying to listen to my heart. <3 

Thank you so much for your support <3 

I'll see you in the next chapter <3
Bruise

Chapter Summary

Things should be going well, yet... trouble arises.

Chapter Notes

Hii, readers <3

Thank you so much for your love on the last chapter, you encouraged me a lot with your lovely words <3

I'm sorry that it took me so long to update <3

PLEASE READ

I'm actually a little scared to write anything at this point because I feel like I'm going to be accused of plagiarising someone else with anything I write at this point although it's not true.

I wasn't sure whether or not I should even address it, but I feel like I have to because I want to clean my name and I'm hurt by these accusations.

The thing is, similarities are bound to happen in smut scenes. There is only so many kinks, sexual positions and order of things that can happen. It's not possible to always come up with something completely unique/new that no one else has ever done before. That doesn't mean it's plagiarised or stolen though, it just means that two people came up with a similar idea.

For example, ironically, the person that accused me of plagiarism has a list with kinks in one of her/his fics that Jikook explore. I haven't read the whole thing, but I've been told that it's the general idea. That's literally what Jikook do in my story, too. However, I don't go and scream plagiarism around about that one though. It's just a coincidence that she/he came up with that idea as well. Again, similarities are bound to happen. (I'm not accusing her/him of anything, I'm just using this as an example of how similarities can happen)

I have talked about this a lot now and I feel like I'm talking in circles, but I know that I didn't do anything wrong. I have a clear conscience. I didn't plagiarise anyone nor would I ever. Throwing the word 'plagiarism' around with such little care is - at least to me - very unfair and mean.

However, here is a disclaimer because I'm done with people accusing me of something I haven't done.

DISCLAIMER: The chances are high that someone, ANYONE, out there has written a similar smut scene before. That doesn't mean I stole anything nor did I plagiarise anyone. It just means that two people - separately - came up with something similar. The possibility exists that similarities will occur as there is only so much new stuff anyone
can come up with.

Please stop putting words in my mouth and stop accusing me of something I haven't done.

Also, please don't send hate to the person that accused me. Although it's unfair and mean what she/he did, I don't want anyone to receive hate.

I would also like the people that aren't even involved in this to stop spreading these lies about me and to stop insulting me.

Last, but definitely not least, I want to say something else. I have told you over the past weeks that I'm struggling with mental health every now and then. That is NOT something I say for sympathy. I would never do that. This is a very serious topic to me. In fact, I would be happy if I wasn't struggling with my mental health, but unfortunately I am.

Telling me that I'm using this for sympathy or that I'm acting dramatically is very low and mean. Please don't tell anyone ever that how they're feeling isn't valid or that they're doing it for sympathy. For people that are already at the verge of killing themselves (not me, I'm talking in general) that could be the last straw for them as they feel like no one takes their feelings serious.

I express my feelings to my readers because I feel close to them, because I trust them. Many tell me about their feelings, too, about their days, how my fic helps them and what struggles they face. I'm always there to listen, just as many expressed their help to me and listen to me, too. It's a beautiful thing to be able to talk to people who live all over the world, it's a beautiful thing to be able to talk to anyone about what you're struggling with and hopefully, find some help or happiness in that.

So, if you ever wanna talk about anything, just know that I'm here for you <3

Thank you to the people that believe me and that encouraged me a lot when I was feeling very down for these past days. You've really helped me a lot <3

That's all I've got to say about this as I've talked about this a lot now.

I hope you enjoy this chapter <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It was cold. Somehow, it was cold. The temperature wasn't actually low. Jimin was tucked in, covered by his blanket and entangled in his sheets, face pressed into his soft pillow. It should be warm, yet why did he feel so cold inside?

The smaller boy's eyes fluttered open, fair light attempting to shine through the blinds, barely illuminating the room. Blinking, Jimin tried to adjust to his surroundings, vision a little blurry. The familiar bedroom fell into his sight, events from last night reminiscing in his mind.

When Jimin rolled over onto his back, he knew why he had felt so cold. The bed was empty except for him, no longer a warm chest pressed against his back, no longer strong arms holding him close.

"Jungkook-ah?" Jimin muttered, voice just above a whisper, sounding a little raspy and way quieter
than he had intended to.

Where was the black haired boy? Had he just left?

Furrowing his brows, Jimin sat up, stretching his limps out and cracking his neck as his muscles were a little aching due to... well, you know – last night.

“Jungkook-ah?” Jimin attempted once again, this time a little louder as he climbed out of the bed, legs a little wobbly that early in the morning. For a brief moment, there were black dots in front of his eyes, a result of Jimin having gotten up too quick. The pink haired boy's hand rushed up to his head as he steadied his balance, “Jungkook-ah?”

Carefully, Jimin left his room, gentle steps as he almost tip-toed, feet padded on the soft rug beneath him. Suddenly, the smell of cooked eggs filled his nostrils, mouth watering immediately.

“Kook-ah?” The shorter male uttered once more as he finally reached his kitchen, halting in his tracks when his gaze fell on Jungkook.

The younger boy was only dressed in one of Jimin's briefs, back turned towards Jimin as he stirred around in a pan. Jungkook must have noticed his presence, looking back over his shoulder and smiling that gorgeous bright smile, “Hey, little one, you're up” He noted, fixating his attention back to the food right after, “I thought I could make us some breakfast. I hope that's okay?”

Jimin blinked, surprised to not see the pan on fire or the food burned. To be honest, the only times someone had ever cooked for him and it hadn't turned out bad was whenever Jin had cooked for him.

“You can cook?” Jimin wondered, only noticing a moment too late that his question might come off as rude while he approached Jungkook.

Once he got closer, he caught the pancakes that were already placed on the counter. How long had Jungkook been up already?

The taller boy chuckled at his question, glancing at him, “What made you think that I couldn't? I can cook, but to be fair, pancakes and scrambled eggs aren't that challenging” Jungkook responded, arching up an eyebrow before he picked up the pan and turned towards the counter, flipping the scrambled eggs on a separate plate.

“Well, I can't cook... like, anything. I do seem to be very bad when it comes to that so I'm pretty sure I would have somehow messed up even this” Jimin answered, shrugging his shoulders slighty as he observed Jungkook, “Do you cook often?”

“No, not often” Jungkook sighed, “I don't really have time to cook that much”

Jimin hummed, remembering what profession Jungkook had and that he was rather busy – all the time.

“I assume you don't cook that much then?” Jungkook wanted to know, eyebrows raised up in curiosity as he searched through the drawers, “Considering how there wasn't much food in your fridge left” The boy chuckled.

“I don't cook, no. I often end up eating take-away food or I eat at a restaurant. Oh, but to be fair, I do make really good ramyeon – like, one of the best. Everyone tells me that whenever I make them!” Jimin revealed, excitement and pride visible on his face, causing Jungkook to smile fondly.
“I haven't eaten ramyeon in a while” Jungkook replied, having found the forks he had been looking for and setting them down on the counter, “I would love to try yours, though”

“You haven't? But, that's like some of my favourite food!” Jimin exclaimed, slightly bewildered by someone not eating ramyeon often – until... until he remembered who Jungkook was.

Jimin had eaten ramyeon ever since he was a child, his father not having had much money to buy any other food. Ever since then, Jimin's financial state hasn't changed that much, causing him to end up buying ramyeon often for himself because they were cheap and delicious.

Well, he did have that money from his grandmother, but Jimin barely touched that, wanted to invest it in his dream of becoming a dancer.

To be fair, ramyeon weren't even bad. They were delicious and made Jimin happy. He didn't mind having to eat them - mostly during the end of the month when he was a little short on money.

“I mean, I did eat them every now and then when I was in school because almost everyone did, but, well, not at home. At home, there was always different food that Jiyoo prepared for us to eat. She taught me some of her recipes actually, but I can never make any dishes as good as her”

“Her food was really good” Jimin agreed, nodding.

“Well, now that I cooked breakfast for us, you can cook ramyeon for us sometime, huh? I'll take you for your word, baby. I'm a harsh critic, though, so they gotta be really good to convince me” Jungkook joked, moving closer to Jimin.

The smaller boy giggled, giving a nod when Jungkook was standing right in front of him.

They both were aware of the fact how different their childhoods and lives had been, although they had been similar in a way? There had definitely been differences when it came to their financial status – well, there still was.

The black haired boy probably never had to worry about food on his table, about getting that one toy you really loved, buying clothes you really needed, but couldn't pay for. Those are things Jungkook never had to deal with.

However, there were other things Jungkook had to endure that hadn't been easy either – being pushed into a narrative and having your future planned out for you surely had taken it's toll on him, too.

Yet, Jungkook never thought of Jimin as anything less, always supported and encouraged him in everything he did.

Jungkook was so incredibly kind and... and sweet and so understanding. It always warmed Jimin’s heart as if it was the first time Jungkook was behaving so lovingly towards him.

Jimin was enough for him, more than enough.

Jungkook loved him, the way he was, with his flaws and everything.

“Little one?” Jungkook interrupted Jimin's thoughts, lifting his hand in order to brush pink strands of Jimin's hair out of his face.

“Hm?” The smaller boy hummed, eyes fluttering shut at the gentle touch.
Then, Jungkook leaned in and pressed a kiss against his forehead, Jimin smiling faintly, “Let's eat now”

Nodding, Jimin sat down at the counter, Jungkook taking a seat right next to him.

Once they started eating, silence settled between them. It was quiet except for the sound of their forks hitting their plates. It wasn’t an awkward silence though, no, it was pleasant and perhaps even needed.

They hadn’t really had much time to let all of the events from yesterday sink in, reminiscing about the incidents they experienced.

Obviously, there were still many questions lingering in Jimin’s mind, aspirations of what the future held for them, yet also what all of this meant.

Although they were in a committed relationship with each other now, none of them knew how exactly that was going to work as neither of them have ever been in a real relationship before. However, they were going to find out together, taking it step by step.

“I have to go to work soon. My father landed in Seoul this morning” Jungkook broke the silence, Jimin chewing on his food a little slower as he glanced at the boy.

“He’s here? So he's... he's moving here? What about your home in Busan?” Jimin wondered, eyes wide as the thought of Jungkook losing his childhood home blossomed inside of him. Surely, Jungkook hadn't been there a lot since his adolescence, yet it was still a completely different feeling to lose the place you called home for so long forever, the place you grew up in and hold memories for. Considering Jimin, losing the home he grew up in hadn't been such a mourning process. In fact, it had actually helped him get over the trauma in a way, freed him in a sense.

“Yes, he found an apartment to stay for now, but he's still keeping the place in Busan until he completely settled down here. Jiyoo is taking care of the house until he moves here completely” The black haired boy answered, noticing the syrup that was trailing down Jimin's chin as said boy only stared at him with big, curious eyes.

Smiling, Jungkook lifted his hand and wiped the food away with his thumb, “Clumsy” He chuckled, a faint blush appearing on Jimin's cheeks as he blinked.

So Jungkook’s father was actually going to move here? That was a good thing, wasn't it? That was amazing! Finally, Jungkook and his father would have a chance to grow closer again, to establish a deeper and stronger bond.

Then again, perhaps working together with your father so long and seeing him at work everyday might not be the best idea either, would it? In a sense, Jungkook had been the most powerful person in the company building here in Seoul, yet now that his father was present that was no longer the case. Clearly, it would take some time for Jungkook to adjust to that change.

Hopefully, seeing each other that often wouldn't cause the exact opposite reaction and push them further apart.

“How do you feel about that?” Jimin asked, picking up his fork to push another bite into his mouth, chewing on the delicious food that Jungkook has cooked for them.

“I don't know” Jungkook sighed, shrugging his shoulders, “I've been working with him in Busan together until I moved here, obviously, but we'll see how it's going to work out here in Seoul”
The smaller one nodded, studying Jungkook's features as said boy stirred around in his food, moving the scrambled eggs from side to side with a frown on his face, “What about Seoyun?” Jimin found himself whisper, not capable of preventing those words from leaving his mouth.

Jungkook took a glimpse at him, mouth agape, but closing right after as he cleared his throat, “Back in Busan, but not for long. She wants to move to Seoul and work from here as my... my father has signed her”

Oh.

So, Seoyun was going to be signed under Jungkook's company? Meaning... he was going to be her boss and see her often?

“Oh” Jimin breathed, not really knowing what to say.

The black haired boy observed Jimin, watching how he nibbled on his bottom lip, appearing to contemplate over something, “What's wrong? Is that... a problem? Do you think that's weird?”

Jimin tried to find the right words, pulling his brows together as he turned his body towards Jungkook, “Do you?”

The taller male blinked, “I mean... She's not really my ex-girlfriend. I have never had any romantic feelings for her, nor will I ever. I'm not going to see her that often either, I'm just her, well, her boss. That's all it is” Jungkook explained, making a point.

To be fair, their relationship had been fake so Jimin didn't have to worry about them seeing each other and having an old flame ignite again.

“You're right, sorry” Jimin replied, shaking his head.

“Nothing to be sorry for” Jungkook murmured, leaning in and pressing a kiss on his cheek, “Finish your food”

The smaller one nodded, picking up his fork again to continue eating.

“What are you doing today, angel?” Jungkook then wanted to know, getting up from his seat and carrying his plate over to the sink.

“I'll go to work, perhaps visit the dance studio later to practice a bit” Jimin answered.

“Don't you think you deserve a break after all the intense practice these past weeks?” The younger male pointed out, walking up behind Jimin and pulling his arms around his waist, head resting on top of Jimin's.

“I like dancing. I enjoy practicing. We don't have any official class today so it's not going to be as long” Jimin responded, heart fluttering due to the way Jungkook was hugging him, strong arms embracing him, veins visible on his skin.

“Hmm, I wanted to ask you whether or not you would want to join me today at work. My father wants to talk to you about an audition. I would like to be present during that one, though”

Jimin's eyes lit up, heart skipping a beat as he recalled Jungkook telling him about that last night. Oh, there had been the CEO from YK entertainment, too! Those were opportunities Jimin hadn't even imagined.
“Today? Well, I have to go to work, but... perhaps after that. What would I have to do? Just perform?” Jimin wondered.

The thought of being part of Jeon entertainment excited him, yet also made him slightly anxious. That was such a huge company and Jimin didn't know if that was the right place for him. In the case of Jimin actually getting in, wouldn't that make Jungkook his boss then?

“My father would want to know a little more about you and watch you perform, yes. Yet, if I may be honest, I think he's already made up his mind after watching you at the competition. Whatever you perform, he's going to offer you a place, I just know it”

Jimin gulped, heart pounding fast against his chest.

Essentially, he was already in then? This was absurd.

“A place as what?” Jimin breathed, leaning his head back into his neck in order to look up at Jungkook.

“Choreographer, trainee, I don't know. We'll see”

“Wouldn't that make you my... my boss then?” Jimin wondered, Jungkook grasping his hips and turning him around.

“Mhm” The taller one hummed, smirk on his face as he leaned down, hands placed on the counter behind Jimin, causing the latter to be trapped, “You know what you would have to call me then, don't you, kitten?”

Swallowing hard, Jimin looked back and forth between Jungkook's eyes, watching the way his pupils dilated, “M-Mr. Jeon?”

Humming lowly in confirmation, the younger male leaned in to capture Jimin's lips in a slow kiss, evoking a gasp from said boy as their lips moved against each other.

However, Jungkook pulled away too quickly for Jimin's liking, leaving the smaller one whine for more. In response to the cute reaction, Jungkook smiled fondly, lips still lingering above Jimin's.

“You don't actually have to call me that when we're together, little one. When it's just us two, I want us to be equal, even if we are at work. Yet, if we're surrounded by other people at the company, I think we should respect the formal addressing”

Jimin nodded, still a little flustered by the slow, but somehow very sensual kiss that left Jimin crave for more.

“What do you say then? Would you like to meet my father tonight?”

This was all happening kind of quick, wasn't it? Just yesterday, Jimin had been standing on the stage of such a huge competition and now he was supposed to become part of one of the biggest entertainment companies there are?

Yet, what about YK entertainment? Jimin didn't even really have time to think about that one. It would be wrong to just go for Jeon entertainment without giving them a chance, wouldn't it? Jimin would feel incredibly guilty.

What if Jungkook breaks up with you?, A voice inside of Jimin brought up, causing Jimin's stomach to stir at that thought.
Yes, Jungkook seemed to be very committed, having confessed his love and even mentioned marriage – although Jimin wasn't sure if that hadn't been just a silly joke. However, that didn't mean that Jungkook couldn't change his feelings one day and perhaps break up with him.

What was going to happen then? Jimin would have to see him every single day. Or even worse-what if they leave on bad terms? What if Jungkook fires him?

At that thought, Jimin wanted to slap himself, guilt washing over him. How could he think that about Jungkook?

Then again, Chen and Dongha were only small examples of what Jungkook was capable of when he was mad at someone. Oh god, he had almost beaten these two up! Who could assure Jimin that he wouldn't do worse?

Hadin't he already? Back when he was younger? Jimin faintly recalled Jungkook mentioning how he had fought a lot when he was younger. Yet, people change. Jungkook had visibly changed and became a man with manners, respect and a kind heart. Besides, he had only wanted to hurt Dongha and Chen because he had wanted to protect Jimin.

Jungkook treated Jimin so well, so loving. Frankly, the pink haired boy highly doubted that Jungkook would ever intentionally harm him. In fact, he was mad at that voice inside of his head for even bringing up that thought.

“I-I don't know... I should deliberate over it a little longer, I think. Is that... is that okay?”

“Of course, angel” Jungkook swiftly assured, giving a nod as he rubbed his thumb over Jimin's cheekbone, “Just let me know whenever you're ready and I'll talk to my father. You can say no, too, baby, I won't be mad at you, okay? Don't feel pressured”

“Thank you, Kook-ah” Jimin smiled, closing his arms around Jungkook's neck to pull him into a hug.

Suddenly, Jungkook picked him up into the air, wrapping Jimin's legs around his waist and gripping his thighs to carry the smaller boy. In response, Jimin yelped at the suddenness of the action, eyes wide as he clung himself onto Jungkook.

“I have to get ready for work now” Jungkook shared, setting Jimin down on the counter next to their food, “Can I take a shower?”

“O-Of course” Jimin answered, nodding quickly as Jungkook spread his legs and positioned himself inbetween them.

“I'll clean the kitchen once I've showered” The taller boy promised.

“You don't have to, I can do that once you've left” Jimin answered, mesmerised by the way Jungkook's gaze travelled over his exposed thighs, warm hands coming down and tracing over the fair skin, “Ah~” The pink haired male breathed softly, goosebumps rising on his skin.

Smugly, Jungkook smirked at the response he received, loving how Jimin reacted whenever he touched him.

“D'you wanna join me?” Jungkook then asked, eyebrow arched up in a suggestive manner.

“H-Huh?” Jimin mumbled, still distracted by Jungkook's hands roaming over his thighs.
“In the shower. Do you wanna join me?” The younger male repeated, smirk deepening when Jimin blushed at the question.

“I-I... Y-You... T-To shower?” Jimin wondered, voice quiet and unsure, yet slightly breathy as he felt his heartbeat quicken. Unconsciously, Jimin tried to draw his thighs together, yet not able to as Jungkook was standing inbetween them.

The black haired boy noticed his reaction, eyebrows arched up as he titled his head to the side, “Of course, little one, what else did you have in mind?” Jungkook smirked, grabbing his chin and gently lifting his head up in order for them to lock eyes, Jimin's blush deepening.

“N-Nothing” The shorter male lied. To be fair, was it that far-fetched for Jimin to consider Jungkook wanting to do something else after his constant teasing and suggestive tone this morning?

Jungkook chuckled, adoring Jimin's cute and embarrassed reactions. How was Jimin such an endearing little thing? How had Jungkook been this lucky?

“Just to shower. We both have to get ready” Jungkook assured, picking Jimin back up.

Swiftly wrapping himself around Jungkook, Jimin hid his face in the curve of Jungkook's neck, “I-I wasn't... I didn't think you would...” The older one attempted to defend himself, Jungkook simply chuckling again.

“Little one, I'm just teasing you. We're just saving some water, hm?”

With that, he carried Jimin into the restroom, switching the lights on before he sat Jimin down on the counter. After that, he walked over to the shower and turned the water on.

“When do you have to be at work? Do you want me to drop you off there?”

“I still have some hours left until my shift starts” The boy answered, observing Jungkook position himself back inbetween his spread legs.

“Arms up” Jungkook ordered, Jimin obeying in order to make the removal of his shirt easier. Once his shirt was dropped to the floor, the black haired boy pulled down his briefs.

It was silly how Jimin was still blushing at the sight, cheeks turning a shade of pink as Jungkook stepped out of his briefs, his naked body now fully exposed.

“Hips up” The younger male then demanded, voice soft as he gripped the waistband of Jimin's briefs. The latter obliged again, bringing his hips up as Jungkook tugged down the piece of clothing and allowing it to drop to the floor.

Although the sight of each other's naked bodies was familiar to both of them, Jimin's heartbeat still quickened, pounding a little faster when Jungkook traced his fingertips over his inner thighs. In response, Jimin's thighs jerked at the sudden physical contact, a gasp leaving his parted lips as he locked eyes with Jungkook again.

A smirk played around his lips, the taller boy observing how goosebumps rose beneath his touch. It always pushed his ego, filling him with pride whenever he evoke such kind of reactions in Jimin.

There was something so seductive in Jungkook's eyes as he let his gaze wander over Jimin's body. For a moment, Jimin believed the younger male was going to eat him, was going to bite him as he was watching him like he was his prey.
Yet, there was always softness in his eyes, fondness glistening in his beautiful brown orbs as they studied Jimin's features.

To Jungkook, Jimin was the most beautiful creature he had ever laid his eyes on. A piece of art. The sight of him was something Jungkook wanted to engrave in his memory forever. However, that wasn't even necessary anymore as he was allowed to look at Jimin everyday from now on because he was his.

Captivating. That's it. That what Jimin was. There was something so mesmerising about him that simply caused you to stare at him and observe his beauty.

It literally caused you to forget about your surrounding.

“K-Kook-ah?” Jimin murmured, “Shouldn't we get in the shower then before you are too late for work?”

The black haired boy shook his head, Jimin's soft voice drawing him out of his thoughts. Gently, he grasped his hips again, lifting the boy up into the air and wrapping his legs around his waist as he stepped into the shower.

The warm water splashed right down on them, drawing a gasp from either of the boys. Jimin squeezed his eyes shut, digging his fingers into Jungkook's skin a little deeper before he was set down on his feet, stabilising himself by grabbing Jungkook's shoulders.

“Too warm?” Jungkook whispered, concern in his eyes as he swept Jimin's hair out of his forehead.

“No, just fine” The smaller one answered, reaching for his shampoo. Just as he was about to open the bottle, Jungkook held his palm out.

Slightly confused, Jimin handed him the bottle, watching Jungkook squirt some of it over his hands before he set the shampoo bottle back down. After rubbing his hands together, Jungkook lifted them up to Jimin's head, massaging the shampoo into his hair.

The gentle touch resulted in Jimin's eyes fluttering shut, a soft breath slipping from his lips as Jungkook scratched his scalp very faintly. It was almost as if Jungkook wasn't actually trying to clean Jimin's hair, but rather massaged his head as he moved his fingers very slowly and softly.

“Turn around, little one” The voice was quiet, barely audible, yet Jimin was still able to register what he said.

Without questioning his request, Jimin obliged, another gasp drawn from him when Jungkook's hands travelled down to his shoulders, massaging his muscles with strong hands.

“K-Kook-ah” Jimin breathed, catching his bottom lip between his teeth as he felt said boy move closer. It wasn't until Jungkook pressed an open-mouthed kiss to his nape that Jimin moaned, ashamed of the sound he made, biting down on his lip harder.

Smirking against his skin, Jungkook nudged his nose against Jimin's neck, leaving more gentle kisses on his nape that turned out to be a sensitive part of his body.

As much as Jimin loved the sensation, loved the gentle caress on his skin as Jungkook's fingers traced over his body, he was aware of where this would lead to if neither of them would stop. In fact, Jimin could already feel his penis twitch in excitement, the black haired boy nibbling on his skin.
“Jungkookie” Jimin uttered, lifting his hand back to touch Jungkook's head, “We-We should-” The words got stuck in his throat when the younger male spun him around and pushed him against the wall.

“I can't get enough of you” Jungkook murmured, lips brushing over Jimin's, but not kissing him just yet. However, the faint touch caused Jimin to crave more, to long for more, “If I didn't have to be at work, I would fuck you right against this wall the way you like it” The words were whispered right into his ear, hot breath hitting Jimin's skin, tone low. The obscenity of his statement, yet also the excitement of Jungkook doing exactly that to him sparked heat in the pit of Jimin's stomach, penis twitching again.

Gulping, Jimin balled his hand into little fists, not entirely knowing what to do with himself as a part of him just wanted to beg the taller boy to do exactly that whereas the other one attempted to stop him as Jungkook didn't have much time left.

“Such a shame, really” Jungkook sighed, pulling back as he reached down for Jimin's shower gel, “Would have loved to see you come again before I leave for work. The way you would-”

Jimin had pressed his hand over Jungkook's mouth, preventing him from talking any more. Surprised by the action, Jungkook arched up his eyebrows, halting his movements.

“D-Don't” Jimin begged, swallowing hard as he took a deep breath, “Don't get me worked up if you're just going to leave me”

Jungkook grabbed his wrist and pulled his hand away from his mouth, cooing as he pressed a kiss to his forehead, “Little one, I'm going to take care of you tonight, hm? Give your body all the attention it deserves” He promised, squirting shower gel into his hand before he began to clean Jimin's body.

Tonight. That was hours away!

God. That sounded so desperate, he thought. Jimin refused to be that whiny, yet... he kind of was. That's what Jungkook did to him. The boy was simply intoxicating.

“Let's get you cleaned first, okay, baby?”

Nodding, Jimin allowed Jungkook to clean his body with gentle hands, grabbing the shampoo himself now to wash Jungkook's hair. Evidently, Jimin had to get up on his tippy toes, not capable of reaching his head that well when he didn't.

Attempting to help Jimin, Jungkook dipped his head down, smiling fondly at the way Jimin's tongue was poking out, concentration visible on his face as his nose was scrunched up. While Jimin was occupied with thoroughly washing his hair, Jungkook began to clean his own body with the shower gel, not having touched Jimin's most private parts as he didn't want to risk Jimin being even more sensitive due to any of his touches.

Clearly, Jimin was already aroused, semi-erection being any indication. As much as Jungkook would love to fuck Jimin right now, there was no time. Essentially, he was already late to work, his father probably scolding him as soon as he enters the building – one of the disadvantages now that his father was here.

Gladly, Jungkook was going to make up for that by having Jimin come multiple times tonight. Maybe it was mean to arouse Jimin, but not exactly touching him in a way that would cause such a sensation or stimulation to send him over the edge. Instead, it was shameless teasing. Yet, Jungkook couldn't help himself. It was adorable to watch Jimin squirm around, listen to the sounds he made
and observe the way his body reacted.

Honestly, Jungkook found himself imagining teasing Jimin for a whole day, edging him multiple times, but never allowing him to come. Then, once the poor boy would already be at the verge of tears, begging Jungkook to just fuck him, he would oblige and fuck Jimin stupid, have him come all over himself with an intense orgasm.

Just as predicted, Jungkook's own dick twitched in interest at the thought. However, there was no way Jungkook would ever do anything without Jimin's consent. If they were going to do this, he would have to thoroughly talk to Jimin about it and explain the thing to him.

Simply edging him for a whole day without an explanation would confuse and perhaps even scare him away. That's definitely not something Jungkook wanted to happen. Frankly, Jimin was still shy in a sense when it came to sex and somewhat new to kinks, not having explored that many yet. The younger male didn't want to ruin anything by pushing him into something too early.

To be honest, Jimin's mention of the list had surprised him last night. Ultimately, Jungkook had created that list for their lessons, but now that they were in a relationship, he hadn't really considered using it any longer. Yet, it was a good way to teach Jimin any further stuff that he wanted to learn and discover.

“Jungkook-ah” Jimin uttered, interrupting Jungkook's thoughts, “Finished?”

“Mhm” Jungkook hummed, eyes flickering down to Jimin's semi-erection, “Kitten, do you want me to suck you off before I leave?”

Jimin's cheeks turned a shade of red at the offer, mouth agape in shock as he widened his eyes. Upon watching Jimin's response, Jungkook smirked, still amazed by the fact that Jimin was so shy, yet also endeared by it.

“I-I...” Jimin attempted to answer, swallowing hard when he observed Jungkook getting down on his knees, water still falling down on them.

Whimpering, Jimin adjusted himself, pressing himself further against the wall as his gaze fell down on Jungkook, his face right in front of Jimin's most private parts.

“Haven't done that in a while, have I?” Jungkook noted, both of them recalling the night Jungkook had given him a blowjob – which truly was a long time ago. In fact, it had only been their second lesson, fourth real encounter. It was so odd to think about themselves at that point in their lives and then look at them now.

The universe really worked in a surprising way.

“K-Kook-ah” Jimin mewled, wetting his lips as Jungkook moved closer.

All of a sudden, there was a ringing.

Both of them glanced at the door, another ring of the bell at the front door audible.

“Should we check or hope they go away?” Jungkook wanted to know, eyebrow arched up and smirk dancing around his lips as he looked up at Jimin who was already breathing uneven, way too excited for what Jungkook was going to do to him.

“I-Ignore it”
Yet, there was a ringing again. And another. And another.

Apparently, whoever it was, was very persistent and in need for Jimin to answer the door.

“I guess I should check” Jimin mumbled, “I'm sorry”

“Don't apologise” Jungkook reassured, pressing a kiss to his thigh before he got up to his feet. Swiftly, Jimin stepped out of the shower, grabbing a towel from the cabinet that he dried himself with.

The ringing continued, irritating Jimin. Quickly, he wrapped the towel around himself while Jungkook stepped out of the shower as well, water having stopped running.

“If this is Tae...” Jimin mumbled under his breath, rushing towards his front door to finally have this person quit ringing his bell.

However, the person standing in his doorway was definitely no one he had expected to see.

“D-Dongha?” Jimin uttered, visibly confused by the boy's presence.

Bewildered, Jimin looked back over his shoulder, praying that Jungkook hadn't heard him say his name, “Can I come in?” Dongha wanted to know, eyes trailing over Jimin's body, surprised to see Jimin only covered by a towel.

“No!” Jimin denied quickly, trying to keep his voice down as he shook his head, “What are you even doing here?”

“I need to talk to you. I haven't been able to stop thinking about yesterday.”

“Dongha, now is not the right time. In fact, I don't think there is anything to talk about.”

“Please” Dongha urged, attempting to enter his apartment, yet Jimin swiftly moved in front of him, “Just five minutes”

“No, Dongha! Stop, you can't just come in!” Jimin protested, pushing Dongha back by his chest, the latter apparently tending not to understand the word 'stop' or just completely ignoring it.

“Jimin-ah?” Jungkook suddenly called out, appearing in the living room right after, “What's wrong?”

The moment it took for Jungkook to recognise Dongha was the last instant Dongha had to run for his life before Jungkook walked up to them with anger in his eyes.

However, Dongha didn't use it.

“The fuck is he doing here?” The taller boy wanted to know, towel wrapped around his waist as he stormed towards them, hands clenched into fists, “Are you fucking stalking Jimin?”

In a swift motion, Jungkook grabbed Dongha by the collar, pushing him out of the apartment and against the wall in the hallway. Jimin gasped in utter horror, way too shocked by the sudden turn of events.

What was going on?

Dongha seemed to be surprised, too, big eyes staring at Jungkook in fear, yet there was something else hidden behind them – Anger? Jealousy? - Jimin wasn't capable of defining it.
“What the fuck are you doing here?” Jungkook repeated his question, jaw locked as he spoke through gritted teeth.

Jimin was frozen in his place, completely bewildered by the situation.

“I-I just wanted to talk to Jimin”

“Didn't I tell you to stay away from him, dick?” The black haired boy asked, pulling harsher on Dongha’s collar before he slammed the boy back against the wall, causing Dongha to let out a sound of pain.

“Jungkook-ah!” Jimin screamed in fear, “Don't start a fight!”

“How clearer do you want me to make it? Do I actually have to beat you up? Is that what you want? By you turning up here, I believe it is” Jungkook threatened, his voice stern and intimidating, sending a shiver down Jimin's back.

“Dude, calm down” Dongha attempted to sound threatening as well, but it was audible how his voice was shaking.

“The only reason I didn't beat the hell out of you yesterday was because it was a big day for Jimin. Yet, now that you're here, I'm not letting you get away again. How many times have you touched Jimin without his consent? Huh, bastard? I believe it was two times, wasn't it? And you actually think you can get way with that?”

“I-I-”

“I won't allow anyone to touch Jimin without his consent or hurt him in any way!”

Abruptly, the door to Taehyung's apartment opened, a sleepy Tae peeking outside with tired eyes, yawning as he scanned the hallway. It didn't take long for him to register what was going on, to fathom the whole situation as his eyes widened in horror.

“What are you doing?!” Tae exclaimed, rushing into the hallway.

“Jungkook-ah, stop!” Jimin begged, drawn out of his trance due to Taehyung's appearance.

It was a frightening situation. It appeared that Jungkook wasn't thinking straight, that the only purpose he had in this moment was beating the hell out of Dongha which he undoubtably was going to do any second now.

Gulping, Jimin hurried over to the two boys, tugging on Jungkook's strong arm in an attempt to pull him away, “This is wrong, Kook-ah! Violence doesn't solve anything!”

Fortunately, Tae rushed to his side, grabbing Jungkook's other arm. Together, they were able to drag the black haired boy away from Dongha, the latter gasping for air as if he’d been struggling to breathe properly.

“Fucking crazy” Dongha muttered under his breath, igniting Jungkook's anger even more as said boy indicated slamming Dongha into the wall once more, yet Tae and Jimin refused to let go off him.

“Go!” Jimin urged, “Leave, Dongha, I don't want to talk to you right now!”

The brown haired boy looked back and forth between his eyes, appearing to deliberate over his next step while Jimin and Taehyung proceeded to hold Jungkook back.
“Now!” Jungkook gritted, “Or I swear I'll-”

Flinching at Jungkook's harsh tone, Dongha stumbled away from the wall, looking back one last time before he rushed down the stairs.

A breath left Jimin's mouth that he hadn't noticed of holding, Tae blinking once Dongha had disappeared.

It was silent. Silent except for Jungkook's uneven breathing, the taller boy glancing at the set of stairs as if he wanted to assure that Dongha was indeed gone.

“A-Are you guys okay? What happened?” Taehyung wondered, concern very visible in his voice, but also his face.

“It's fine” Jimin mumbled, although nothing was fine.

Why had Dongha visited him?

Maybe he had wanted to apologise? However, he had clearly disrespected Jimin's protest of him entering his apartment. Evidently, the refusal had dissatisfied him, causing to strike his tendency of ignoring Jimin's rejection. Thus, why would he want to apologise if he was just going to proceed behaving like that? It didn't make much sense now, did it?

Suddenly, another figure appeared in the hallway.

A sleepy Hoseok walked up to them, only dressed in some sweatpants, Jimin just now noticing that Taehyung was only wearing a long shirt himself.

Well, Jungkook and Jimin weren't exactly dressed either, a towel barely covering their naked skin.

“What's going on here?” Hoseok murmured, rubbing the sleep out of his eyes as he hooked his arm around Taehyung's waist, the latter nuzzling himself into the touch.

“Nothing” Jimin answered quickly, interrupting Jungkook who had attempted to answer.

Whatever Dongha had done to him – that was an issue between the two of them. Jimin didn't want to involve Hoseok into it. Quite frankly, it wasn't far-fetched to think that Hoseok would act upon those incidents that Dongha had caused and come to a decision accordingly – maybe having Dongha removed from the dance class. After all, Hoseok was his friend and had proved to care about him, wanting to protect him just as Jimin felt for him.

Jimin's stomach stirred. Why was he trying to protect Dongha?

Perhaps because he still believed in his kind heart. Surely, there must be good inside of him. These past weeks couldn't just have been a filthy lie. No, their interaction and hang outs had seemed way too genuine for that.

“Sorry for waking you up” Jungkook apologised, voice still hoarse due to his fading anger, “Didn't mean to”

With that, Jungkook stormed back inside of Jimin's apartment, leaving the latter in the hallway. Flustered, Jimin cleared his throat.

“I'm sorry. I'll talk to you later, Tae” Jimin half smiled, waving at his friends before he followed Jungkook into the apartment, shutting the door behind him.
The younger male wasn't present in the living room, noises coming from Jimin's bedroom an indication of his location. Swiftly, Jimin followed after him, observing how the boy was getting dressed.

“What was that?” Jimin wondered, pulling his brows together in a frown.

Jungkook glanced at him, eyes softening the minute they fell on Jimin's confused features.

“Did he hurt you before I appeared?” The black haired one then wanted to know, buttoning up his shirt before he slipped into his pants.

“N-No, not really. Dongha just wanted to talk. Jungkook, what was that? You can't just proceed to threaten people. You shouldn't be that violent! Didn't you tell me that you weren't into fights anymore? You've already threatened three people since I know you, actually beating up one of them. Stop doing that!”

Jungkook moved closer to him, “Little one, I promised you that I wouldn't let anyone lay a finger on you. No one is going to hurt you as long as I'm by your side. Sometimes, people don't listen until you use violence and Donweo is clearly one of them. It's not my fault that he tends to walk into this shit himself. I gave him a warning, but he still turned up here. I won't allow him to hurt you, I won't let that ever happen”

Jimin's heart was still racing, having genuinely feared that Jungkook was going to beat up Dongha. Frankly, Jimin didn't know how to feel about this. Whereas a part of him was flattered by Jungkook protecting him, the other part was concerned, a little angered and honestly somewhat scared.

In that moment Jungkook had appeared so intimidating, his usual authoritative demeanor multiplied by a hundred, packed with something that made your skin crawl, that send a shiver down your back.

The warm hand that touched his cheek startled Jimin, drawing him out of his thoughts. Almost subconsciously, Jimin nuzzled against the touch, eyes fluttering shut as Jungkook caressed his cheek, comfort washing over Jimin.

“When I think about someone hurting you, there is no way I'm not going to protect you. I'm going to do anything it takes to make sure that you're safe. If that means beating up Doweon, then I'll do exactly that” Jungkook whispered, brushing his thumb over Jimin's bottom lip.

The pink haired boy swallowed hard, eyes locking with Jungkook's. There was sincerity glistening in his eyes, assuring Jimin that his words were genuine. Yet, Jimin didn't want Jungkook to do that – didn't want him to get hurt in the process or face even worse consequences.

“Dongha” Jimin corrected, voice quiet and soft, “I don't want you to beat up anyone though, Jungkook-ah. Please, don't do it. I don't want you to be hurt or get in any trouble. I'm going to take care of this myself, okay?”

The younger male made a sound of dissatisfaction, pressing his forehead against Jimin's as he trailed his fingertips down to Jimin's collarbone, “Angel, I don't think I can let him get away with what he has done to you. Just imagining what he would have done to you if I wasn't there and had interfered makes my blood boil. There is-”

“Jungkook-ah” Jimin begged, grabbing the taller boy's wrist to prevent him from distracting Jimin by touching him. Surely, Jungkook wasn't doing that on purpose, but Jimin found himself being distracted by the soft caress, “You won't do anything, okay? I'll take care of this myself. Please, Kook-ah”
The black haired boy locked eyes with him, “Little one, I'm pretty certain that he would have forced himself on you, if—”

“Jungkook-ah” Jimin interrupted, shaking his head, “Promise me right now that you won’t hurt him”

Hesitation. Jungkook opened his mouth, frowning at the request.

“Jimin-ah, I can’t—”

“Promise me!” Jimin insisted.

“Why do you want to protect him that badly, Jimin-ah? Do you know what he did to you? Do you even consider what could have happened to you, if—”

“I'm aware” The smaller boy interrupted him, “I'm just asking you to not hurt him. The trouble you would get yourself in isn't worth it. Besides, I'm not a believer of solving your problems with violence. Let me deal with this, okay? Please, Kook-ah, I appreciate you wanting to protect me, but not like this”

The taller one stared at him with strong eyes, appearing to not agree with Jimin's request.

“Promise me”

“Okay. I promise you, little one”

“Thank you”

Jimin smiled faintly and wrapped his arms around Jungkook's neck, pulling him into a hug. Without any hesitation, the latter pulled him closer, resting his head on top of Jimin's.

“I gotta go to work now” Jungkook uttered, “Are you okay staying by yourself? If he comes back, go over to Taehyung-ssi’s and call me immediately, got it?”

Pulling away, Jimin nodded.

“I don't even want to leave you here on your own. That bastard is crazy. He has the nerves to just turn up here and try to push himself into your apartment, like—”

“Kook-ah, calm down, please. I don't think he'll come back” Jimin noted, interrupting Jungkook who was visibly starting to get heated over this issue again, “Go to work. Your father is probably waiting for you already”

Sighing, Jungkook nodded, placing a kiss on Jimin's forehead.

“I'll see you tonight? Take you on your offer to cook ramyeon for me, hm?” Jungkook asked, eyebrow arched up as he leaned down again, pressing a peck on Jimin's soft lips.

Jimin giggled into the kiss, “Are you sure you don't want something more fancy?”

“Mhm, no, whatever you do is perfect for me” Jungkook murmured, voice low as he captured Jimin's lips in another kiss, “I'll make up for not being able to take care of you right now later tonight as well, hm, kitten?”

The words were whispered into his ear, Jungkook's hot breath tickling his neck, the sensation sending a shiver down Jimin's back. Involuntarily, Jimin's penis twitched in excitement, the mere tone of Jungkook's voice immensely attractive and seductive.
“O-Okay” Jimin breathed, swallowing hard when Jungkook smirked against his skin.

Almost as if he enjoyed teasing Jimin – and perhaps he did – Jungkook brushed his lips over Jimin's skin, but didn't kiss him, rather pulled away – too early for Jimin's liking – and winked at him before he walked past him.

Blinking into the void, Jimin spun around and rushed after Jungkook, exiting the bedroom as he followed the younger male.

“I'll call you once I'm done at work. You're probably going to be at practice then?” Jungkook wondered, putting on his shoes in the process.

“Mhm” Jimin hummed, “Most likely”

“Okay, I'll see you tonight, angel” Jungkook muttered, straightening his back before he attached their lips in one last kiss.

“See you later, Kook-ah” Jimin murmured back, watching Jungkook leave his apartment.

The door fell shut.

It was inevitable to not think about Dongha again in the silence of his room, Jimin now left alone with his thoughts.

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“Dammit” Jimin cursed quietly, breathing heavily as he wiped away the sweat from his face, damp hair sticking to his forehead. Apparently, his stamina wasn't in it's best condition, Jimin having to take a break again after an hour of continuous dancing.

There wasn't actually any task Jimin had set himself to as Hoseok hadn't shared what they were going to do next in dance class. Ultimately, the pink haired boy was going to find out tomorrow, yet he still wanted to dance – just because.

It felt good, was soothing after that weird incident this morning.

Plopping down on the floor, Jimin pulled his phone out of his backpack, checking whether or not he had received any calls or texts. After all, it was already fairly late, Jungkook having wanted to call him once he was done at work.

As if on cue, the smaller one's phone vibrated in his palm, signaling that he was receiving a call.

Jungkook.

Without an ounce of hesitation, Jimin accepted the call, adjusting the phone against his ear.

“Kook-ah?”

“Hey, little one” Jungkook responded, muffled voices in the background, “How was your day?”

Still breathing heavily, Jimin wet his lips, pushing his hair out of his face, “Good. I'm still in the studio” The boy replied, slight smile dancing around his face, “Are you done at work now?”

The black haired male cleared his throat, faint hesitation noticeable, “No, I'm not. I'm really sorry, baby, but something came up at the company. It's about a contract. We're currently trying to fix it all because it's got to be ready by tomorrow”
“Oh” Jimin uttered, hating the way his heart clenched as he already sensed the cancellation of their plans. Dipping his head down, Jimin played with the hem of his shirt, biting down on the inside of his cheek, “It’s fine, Kook-ah. I understand.”

“Jimin-ah, I'm really sorry. I promised to see you tonight, but I don't want you to stay up that late just to wait for me” Jungkook elaborated, confirming Jimin's prediction, “I'll make up for it, okay? I'll pick you up tomorrow after your class and we'll spend the night at mine with—” The boy paused, presumably checking whether or not anyone was listening, “-with everything I've promised you, hm? We'll have the whole night to us” He added, voice a little quieter.

In response, Jimin's cheeks turned a shade of pink, the shy boy thankful for Jungkook not being present and noticing his timidity, “O-Okay, Jungkook-ah. You don't have to apologise, I understand.”

“Are you alone at the studio?” The younger male then wanted to know, a voice in the background calling for him, “Just a minute!” He yelled back before drawing his attention back to the phone call.

“Mhm” Jimin hummed.

“It's quite late already. I'll tell Beomsoo to pick you up and drive you home”

“That's not necessary, Kook-ah, really. It's not that far from here. I like walking”

“I'll send him the address. As soon as he's downstairs, I'll text you” Jungkook insisted, his tone leaving no room for protest. There was just something about that dominating voice that left Jimin at his mercy, finding himself obey.

“Thank you, Kook-ah” Jimin murmured, heart still fluttering at his gesture.

“Have you eaten something since breakfast?” The taller boy asked, rustling audible, probably caused by Jungkook standing up as Jimin heard footsteps a moment later.

“I have” Jimin responded, getting up to his feet in order to pack his stuff.

Jungkook hummed in satisfaction, “I'll see you tomorrow, angel, sleep well”

“See you tomorrow, Kook-ah, you too”

With that, Jungkook hung up the call, Jimin staring down at his phone.

Unfortunately, he couldn't help the slight disappointment washing over him although he knew that it wasn't Jungkook's fault.

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Absolutely shocked. Horrified. Just a few of the feelings that were blossoming inside of him. There were so many emotions and thoughts running through Jimin's body upon entering the dance studio the next morning.

Involuntarily, Jimin gasped, the sight hitting him like a train at full speed.

However, swiftly, the pink haired boy shut his mouth, clearing his throat and averting his gaze as he dropped his backpack to the floor.

“Good morning, Jimin-ah” Hoseok greeted with a smile, apparently not faced at all by the events this morning or simply very good at hiding it.
After joining the others in order to stretch his muscles, Jimin couldn't prevent himself from allowing his gaze to wander over to Dongha again.

Bruises were plastered over his face like he'd been seriously beaten up.

Almost as if he sensed Jimin staring at him, Dongha locked eyes with him, something flashing in his orbs that Jimin wasn't capable of defining. For an unknown reason to Jimin, a shiver ran down his back at the sight of Dongha's expression.

Who had done that to him? And why?

“Okay, guys, let's get started now”

Shaking his head, Jimin averted his gaze and drew his attention over to Hoseok.

The stirring in his stomach was a bad sign, Jimin just knew it.

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“Time for a break, guys” The brown haired boy in the front announced, clapping his hands together before he signaled for everyone to take a seat in the back in order rest for a moment.

After Hoseok had talked about the championship for a while, they had went right back into dance practice.

Honestly, Jimin had tried very determinedly to fixate his focus on Hoseok and the dance lesson, yet the bad feeling that washed over him every now and then when the image of Dongha's face appeared in his mind was a bad sign – a very bad sign.

After grabbing his bottle of water, Jimin found himself walking over to Dongha with cautious steps, “Hey” He uttered.

Jimin was aware of the fact that he should stay away from Dongha – far, far away. The boy had crossed the line several times, ignoring Jimin's protest and attempting to force himself onto Jimin. However, the pink haired male believed in the good of people, believed that Dongha just didn't know to behave in a decent way. That didn't mean that he was an evil person. Surely, the funny person that had comforted Jimin very often these past weeks must be hidden in there somwhere.

The taller boy glanced at him, seemingly surprised to see Jimin talk too him, “Hey” He breathed, Jimin swallowing hard upon observing his face that closely. It looked even worse.

“What... what happened to you?” The smaller male whispered, quieter than he had intended to, but maybe his body had decided to protect Jimin, aware of the fact that his voice would have been shaking if it'd been any louder.

“This?” Dongha clarified, pointing to his face as if it wasn't already obvious, “Why do you ask?”

“I...I'm just wondering what happened to you” Jimin responded, something glistening in Dongha's eyes that screamed affection or gratitude to Jimin.

“Some bastards beat the hell out of me last night right in front of my apartment building. They pulled me into an alley and... well, I thought they just wanted to rob me, you know? Like, take my money or phone or whatever, but after thoroughly swinging a couple of punches and kicks at me, they just left”
Pity washed over Jimin, the smaller boy feeling so bad for what had happened to Dongha. Who would do that to anyone?

“It was more than just one then? What did they say?”

“Two guys. Didn't say anything”

Frowning, Jimin bit down on his bottom lip.

“Did you see how they look like?”

“No” Dongha sighed, “It was pretty dark and once they located their punches, I couldn't see that much from there on.”

“You should report them. This is... this is so horrible. I'm so sorry that they did that to you”

Jimin couldn't contain the odd feeling in his stomach. This was so... off-putting. It seemed weird how these two guys coincidentally waited in front of his apartment and beat him up just for the sake of it? What was the sense in that? They didn’t steal anything, hence the only purpose had been to hurt Dongha. Well, they evidently succeeded.

No matter what Dongha had done to him, no one deserved this kind of violence. There were so many bruises on his face and probably in other places as well. Surely, he was hurting a lot, but tried to suppress it.

“Wouldn't really change anything. I mean, I don't even know how they look like. Quite honestly, I don't think they would care that much either. Worst case, they come back and repeat it. I can't help but feel like it was a planned attack on me. For a moment, I genuinely thought that they had spoken to me, like-like giving me a warning or something similar, but I can't remember what exactly it was. Maybe I imagined it. I'm really not sure at this point. The whole situation is just... odd, you know? How they just attacked me without taking anything from me although we were the only ones around”

“I'm sorry that they did that, I-”

“Okay, guys, let's continue!” Hoseok called out, taking his spot in the front again, interrupting their conversation.

The smaller one glanced at his own reflection, a shiver running down his back at his own frightened expression.

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“I basically bought any ramyeon I could find” Jungkook revealed to him, gesturing towards several smaller bags of food on his dining table.

Jimin's mouth fell open, eyes widening at the sight, “Kook-ah, you didn't have to buy that many! Besides, I want to do them for you so I was supposed to buy them” The pink haired male protested, pushing his bottom lip out.

Jimin had just arrived at Jungkook's apartment, having decided to come here himself instead of Jungkook picking him up as the smaller boy had feared Jungkook starting another argument with Dongha upon seeing him.

“I know, but I want to make up for not being able to see you last night” Jungkook reasoned,
approaching Jimin and gripping his waist in order to pull him closer, “Starting with this”

Smiling, Jimin pulled Jungkook into a hug, hiding his face in his broad chest, the comforting scent of the other male filling his nostrils. Subconsciously, Jimin's eyes fluttered shut as Jungkook caressed his back.

“Do you want to rest a little at first or should we move over to the kitchen?” Jungkook asked, cocking his head to the side as his gaze was fixated on Jimin, intent stare studying his features.

Jimin looked up, “Kitchen”

Humming, Jungkook pulled away from him and grabbed all the bags, refusing to let Jimin help him as they moved over into the kitchen.

Upon entering the room, the shorter male noticed that he had never been inside of Jungkook's kitchen. It was huge, designed in a very modern way, including a big counter with several stools placed in front of it. The colour scheme fit with the rest of the house, a dark grey, some whites here and there.

“Wow” Jimin breathed in awe, watching Jungkook set down the bags on the counter.

“So, go ahead. You're the chef now. Just tell me what you need in case you don't find it, but I've already prepared a pot on the stove.”

The smaller boy hummed, shutting his mouth - after noticing that it had been agape due to Jimin's scanning of the room – and walking over to the stove.

“How was your day, beautiful?” Jungkook wanted to know, taking a seat at the counter as he watched Jimin rummaging through the several bags of ramyeon.

“It was good” Jimin smiled, “Practice was fun. Oh, do you have rice?”

“Let me check” The taller one muttered, frowning as he got up and searched through his cabinets, causing Jimin to giggle.

“Although... something really weird happened. Like, to Dongha” Jimin murmured a moment later, pulling his brows together at the thought of the brown haired boy. The image of Dongha's bruised up face just didn't want to leave his mind, blossoming fear and pity inside of him.

“What happened?” Jungkook asked after a slight pause, stilling.

“Two guys beat him up pretty badly last night in a dark alley” Jimin answered, a shiver running down his back at the mere thought, “Really, really badly. His whole face is bruised up”

“His whole face?” The younger male echoed, Jimin glancing at him.

“Yes, he's probably hurt in other places, too”

For a moment, there was something flashing in Jungkook's eyes that caused Jimin's stomach to twist, but it was gone so quickly that Jimin was certain he had misinterpreted it or had simply imagined it.

Yet, perhaps he just wanted it to be that way.

“Did they say anything to him?”

Jimin sighed, drawing his attention back over to the bags of ramyeon, “Well, he thinks they did, but
he can't remember what it was”

Humming, Jungkook finally found the bag of rice and carried it over to the counter, “Good”

The smaller boy stilled, hands halting mid-air as he had been reading over the ingredients on the particular bag of ramyeon in his hand, “G-Good?” Jimin repeated, frowning as he locked eyes with Jungkook. “What is good?”

“That someone beat the shit out of him. The guy should have seen it coming, honestly. He deserved it” Jungkook answered nonchalantly.

Jimin blinked in response.

Nothing was good! Dongha has been seriously injured due to the attack on him! Who knows what worse could have happened to him!

“J-Jungkook-ah, that’s... what happened to him is horrible. No one deserves to be beaten up like that”

Now it was Jungkook who frowned, titling his head to the side, “Jimin-ah, why are you so protective over him? I fail to understand why you want to protect an asshole like him. The guy tried to force himself on you, tried to enter your apartment without your permission, like, he's fucking crazy. Don't you see that he's a horrible person? Everytime I think about him I imagine what he would have done to you if I hadn't interefered those times. What if he would've forced himself on you or- even worse than that- rape you? That thought drives me fucking mad, Jimin-ah. I wish I would have beaten him up myself, but I promised you that I wouldn't touch him so I didn't”

“I'm aware that what he did is wrong, but... but still. You haven't seen him. I'm sure he's in so much pain” Jimin pointed out, shrugging his shoulders.

“I hope he is. Maybe it will teach him not to hurt others or attempt to hurt others” Jungkook gritted, visibly angered by the thought of Dongha.

“I don't think he wanted to hurt me. I think he just... I think he just wanted to... to touch me, you know? I really don't think his intention was evil”

The taller boy actually growled, leaving Jimin blinking in fear as Jungkook walked closer to him.

“Jimin-ah, that asshole didn't think about your feelings at all. The only thing he had in mind was himself. Bastard wanted you for himself and didn't care if you wanted him back. Don't try to turn this into something less horrible and see it for what it is. Dongha is a fucking bastard that forced himself on you and would have done even worse if you'd been alone”

Jimin gulped, a breath hitching in his throat when his back hit against the counter, Jungkook incredibly close to him now.

“I don't want you to talk to him. I don't want you to interact with him. I don't know what he'll do to you if I'm not present. But, maybe he got the fucking message and won't try that shit on anyone ever again – especially not you”

“J-Jungkook-ah, I have to see him. We go to the same dance class. I'm sure that... that the friend that he was to me is still somewhere in there”

“That wasn't a question”

There it was again. That dominating tone that left Jimin obeying without any hesitation, yet... not this
“Jungkook-ah, no, you can't decide who I talk to and- and.”

Upon noticing Jimin's slight fear, Jungkook visibly calmed down, eyes softening again as they stared at Jimin.

“Then I'm asking you. Please, Jimin-ah, stay away from him. I don't know what he's capable of doing to you and I don't want to find out. If he ever touches you again, I'll kill him” Jungkook uttered, voice a little softer, yet still very precise, causing a shiver to run down Jimin's back at his last words.

With the way Jungkook had looked right now, intimidating and angry, Jimin wondered if he would ever actually try to kill Dongha.

Swallowing hard, Jimin looked back and forth between Jungkook's eyes, searching for the softness that he knew was hidden in there.

“O-Okay, I'll stay away from him”

In response, Jungkook leaned in and pressed a kiss to his forehead, whispering a “Thank you” against his skin. Jimin's eyes fluttered shut, the brutal racing of his heart slowing down as he felt himself find comfort in the gentle touch.

There was no way Jimin wouldn't have to interact with Dongha in any way, yet Jungkook surely wouldn't have stopped requesting this from him until he agreed. Perhaps, it was even for the best to stay away from Dongha, considering how he had actually forced himself on Jimin several times.

It wasn't like Jimin sought out to interact with or talk to Dongha. No, Jimin had wanted to settle their issue without any further problems because he knew that they were in the same dance class and had wanted to remain peace. However, that didn't mean that he was going to be as close to Dongha again.

Surely, they could never be that close again after those incidents.

“Let's stop thinking about him now, okay?” Jimin begged, grabbing Jungkook's shirt in his fist as he stared at him with pleading eyes. Tonight was supposed to be a redemption for yesterday. Jimin didn't want there to be anything that could harm that in any way.

No, tonight was supposed to be solely about them.

“Okay, I'm sorry, little one” Jungkook whispered, capturing his lips in a slow kiss, “I'll let you cook now” With that, he stepped away and took a seat at the counter, appearing to actually feel apologetic for getting that heated at the mention of Dongha.

For a mere moment, Jimin had truly been intimidated, even frightened by Jungkook's sudden change in demeanor. The black haired boy really seemed to hate Dongha and everything he had done. Surely, Jimin didn't agree with Dongha's behaviour either, yet he didn't hate him.

In a way it was flattering, you know, the way Jungkook was concerned and protective over him. The smaller male was aware – knew with every ounce of his being – that Jungkook would never
physically harm him. Although he had appeared very intimidating just moments ago, Jimin knew that it wasn't directed at him and that he would never lay a finger on Jimin in order to hurt him.

Yet, Jungkook couldn't help but regret the way he had reacted. Not because of Dongha – he still fucking hated that guy – but because of the look in Jimin's eyes. For a moment, there had been fear glistening in them. That fucking tore on his heart strings. Jungkook never intended to scare Jimin, never intended to cause him to be frightened of Jungkook. No, he wanted to keep the pink haired boy safe and protected.

Jimin knew. Jimin was aware of that. In fact, the shorter male was never actually afraid of Jungkook – never had been either. No, instead, the younger one had the ability to make Jimin feel secure and comforted. Whenever Jungkook was by his side, he felt safe and sound.

After all, Jungkook was his safe haven, wasn't he?

“Are you mad now?” Jungkook broke the silence that had settled between them, observing Jimin turning on the stove in order to boil the water.

When Jimin glanced at Jungkook, he felt his heart clench. There was guilt flashing in his beautiful brown orbs, the fear of having ruined their night very visible.

“No” Jimin swiftly assured, approaching the taller boy, “I... I understand that you want to protect me and I'm very grateful for that. You always make me feel safe, Kook-ah. I just don't want you to be angry, okay? Please, let's just forget about him tonight”

Once Jimin was standing right in front of Jungkook, the younger male hummed deeply as he pulled Jimin onto his lap, “I don't want us to argue over him”

“Me neither” Jimin whispered, heart fluttering as soon as Jungkook pressed a kiss against his throat, arms wrapped around him in order to secure him on his lap, “I know that you want to keep me safe”

“No one's ever going to hurt you again, little one. I promise” The black haired boy murmured against his skin, a promise that caused Jimin's heart to race faster. The words were whispered so quietly against his skin, just for Jimin to hear.

“You can't protect me from everything, Kook-ah” Jimin pointed out, running his hand through Jungkook's hair. In response to the touch, Jungkook hummed lowly, nudging his nose against Jimin's cheek.

“I can try. I will try”

Smiling shyly, Jimin dipped his head down, heartbeat quickening at the sweet promise. Just as Jimin was about to reply, the sound of water sputtering interrupted them. Gasping, the smaller one slid down from Jungkook's lap, stumbling over his own two feet in the attempt to rush over to the stove.

Quickly, he pulled the pot down from the stove, hissing as he had touched the object without any protection. Immediately, Jimin felt his cheeks turn a shade of pink, embarrassed by the fact that he wasn't even able to boil water without making a mess.

“I-I'm sorry” Jimin muttered, about to reach for some tissues when Jungkook walked over to him, chuckling.

“It's fine, baby” He assured, placing a kiss at his temple before he wiped away the water that had splashed out, “You're in charge here, but I worry how your ramyeon is going to turn out, if-”
Jungkook shut his mouth upon Jimin swatting his arm, pouting as he narrowed his eyes, blushing even deeper, “You distracted me!” The boy defended himself, earning another chuckle from Jungkook.

“I was joking, little one. I did distract you. To be fair, you distract me all the time, too, hm?” The taller boy noted, arching up an eyebrow as he glanced at Jimin with teasing eyes, something suggestive glistening in his orbs.

Gulping, Jimin moved the pot back over to the stove, “Stop distracting me and sit down” The pink haired male murmured, smiling lightly. In response, Jungkook hummed, doing the opposite and moving closer to him. Slowly, he wrapped his arms around Jimin's waist, resting his head on his shoulder as he tilted it to the side.

“Are you ordering me around now, kitten?” Jungkook whispered, hot breath tickling in Jimin's neck, causing a shiver to run down his back. Unconsciously, Jimin caught his bottom lip between his teeth, feeling goosebumps rise on his skin, “Feisty today, hm?” He added, smirking against his skin as he noticed the effect he had on Jimin.

“S-Stop, Kook-ah” Jimin muttered, voice just above a whisper, a little shaky as he attempted to focus on his task, “If you don't stop distracting me, we'll never eat dinner”

“Mhm, there is something else I could eat for dinner” The younger male suggested, Jimin swallowing hard when he felt Jungkook rub his hips forward against him. Involuntarily, a whimper escaped the poor boy, quickly biting down on his bottom lip to muffle the sound.

Satisfied with Jimin's response, Jungkook pulled away with a smirk on his face. Suddenly, it was so cold around Jimin, the warmth that Jungkook radiated missing.

“But you're right. I want to taste those wonderful ramyeon you promised me” Jungkook sighed, Jimin spinning around as he watched the black haired one take a seat at the counter again.

A whine escaped Jimin. A whine that he couldn't contain. Jungkook was mean. This was unfair! His constant teasing that lead to nowhere was going to drive Jimin insane. Over the past two days he had been aroused by Jungkook several times, yet hadn't found any kind of release.

There was no way Jungkook didn't do this on purpose. Not with the way there was a smug smirk dancing around his lips.

“Baby, watch the water before it makes a mess again” Jungkook insisted, gesturing towards the pot that Jimin had abandoned again.

Huffing, the older one turned back around, reaching for the packs of ramyeon to finish their meal.

“Do you need anything else?” Jungkook wanted to know after watching Jimin for minutes in silence. You. Well, Jimin didn't actually say that out loud though.

“No, I don't think so”

“I'll be right back, little one”

With that, Jungkook left the kitchen, leaving Jimin wondering where he went off to. Maybe, he needed to use the restroom? There wasn't much time to think about it, the ramyeon calling for his
attention.

After several minutes, Jungkook returned, “Should I help you with anything?”

“Could you get us some bowls? It's almost finished. The rice should be done soon as well” Jimin answered, glancing at the black haired boy who hummed and searched through his cabinets.

Once everything was done, Jungkook placed a big tray on the counter, placing their bowls with rice and some drinks on it.

Slightly confused, Jimin observed Jungkook take the pot and set it down on the tray as well, “What are you...”

“I thought we could eat in the bedroom. I know you must be exhausted. It's more comfortable, don't you think?” The taller male answered. “Unless you don't want to?”

Smiling, Jimin shook his head. “No, it's fine” He assured, following Jungkook into the bedroom. The lights were already dimmed, TV on – playing some kind of drama –, a bunch of pillows spread on the bed, the whole thing just very warm and comfy. It seemed inviting, Jimin feeling the urge to hide himself beneath the soft covers blossom inside of him, “What if we spill something?” Jimin worried, following Jungkook on his bed, observing how he carefully set the tray down in the middle.

“I can wash the sheets, Jimin-ah, that's not a problem”

Giving a nod – yet taking a mental note not to spill anything and be extremely careful, although his clumsiness really seemed to have no boundaries – the smaller boy sat down on the bed, crossing his legs as he noticed his stomach grumble.

Jungkook sat down next to him, a content sigh leaving his lips as he adjusted himself on the bed, “Go ahead, little one” He chuckled as he noticed the expression on Jimin's face, the hungry boy eying the food as if he hadn't eaten for a whole day.

“No, I want you to try first!” Jimin beamed, smiling as he handed Jungkook a pair of chopsticks.

Jungkook returned the smile, grabbing some ramyeon with his chopsticks and bringing them up to his mouth. For some odd reason, his heart fluttered at the way Jimin was staring intently, eyes shining bright in excitement. How was a human being this adorable?

“Aaaand?” Jimin asked expectantly, eyes wide.

Chewing on the food, Jungkook arched up his eyebrows in surprise, “The best ramyeon!”

Narrowing his eyes, Jimin swatted his arm, “Don't lie!”

“I'm not lying” Jungkook protested, lifting his hands up in defence, “They taste really, really good, little one. The best one I ever had” The boy added, smiling genuinely.

Still somewhat suspicious, Jimin picked up his own pair of chopsticks, not completely buying Jungkook's overly excited reaction. However, once he tasted them himself, he was satisfied – or rather relieved that he hadn't utterly screwed that over and ruined it. No, they were actually really good.

“You really like them?” The older boy wondered quietly.

“Yes, I do. They're really good” Jungkook reassured, heart doing a weird thing at the way Jimin's
eyes lit up at the compliment. \textit{Literal stars}, Jungkook thought. Someone must have picked stars from the sky and placed them in Jimin's eyes. Fuck, there was no other explanation for how they were always shining so beautiful.

"Thank you" Jimin grinned, eyes turning into little crescents, causing Jungkook to smile.

They ate their food in comfortable silence, only having faint small talk every now and then. To be fair, they had both been very hungry, being content with simply being in each other's company while eating.

Once they were finished, Jungkook got up to his feet and carried the tray over to the dresser, Jimin falling back on the bed with a full stomach. Chuckling at the sight, the black haired one joined him on the bed again, lying down next to him.

"Thank you for making dinner for us. You did very well, baby" Jungkook praised, Jimin smiling at the praise as he scooted closer to the boy.

"Thank you" The smaller male murmured as Jungkook pulled him to his side, bodies right next to each other and sending sparks through their bodies like it was the first time they were touching.

Humming, Jungkook pressed a kiss to the top of his head before they fixated their gazes on the TV, immersed in the events in the drama although neither of them had ever watched it before tonight.

A full stomach made Jimin sleepy. Every now and then, he felt his eyes fall shut, only to force them back open as soon as he noticed. The way Jungkook was caressing his skin wasn't helping his case in the slightest either. No, instead, the soft touch increased his sleepiness.

It was nice to just lie there in silence next to Jungkook, listen to his steady breathing and feel the warmth he was radiating so close to his body. Jimin felt secure and comforted.

However, that changed when Jungkook's fingertips trailed over his chest. The touch was still very tender and pure, yet Jimin couldn't prevent his skin from forming goosebumps. The taller boy traced his fingertips over his shirt down to his stomach and further and further until they hit the waistband of his jeans, only to trace them back up to his chest.

Involuntarily, a soft breath slipped from Jimin's lips. Out of the corner of his eyes, Jimin was capable of catching Jungkook smirk at his reaction as he proceeded to trace his fingers over Jimin's upper body.

"Ah, Kook" Jimin breathed, biting down on his bottom lip when Jungkook's fingertips brushed over his nipple, only for them to be gone and trail down to his stomach again. Unconsciously, his penis twitched at the touch, both of them aware of how sensitive Jimin was.

Suddenly, Jungkook's hand was gone, leaving Jimin whine at the loss.

"K-Kook-ah, that's mean" Jimin whined at the lack of physical contact, "Y-You... You keep doing that to me" The pink haired boy felt his cheeks heat up at the way he was complaining.

Jungkook appeared to be amused, staring at him as he reached down to brush Jimin's hair out of his face, "What am I doing, little one?"

"Y-You keep teasing me" Jimin replied, wetting his lips as he swallowed hard, "You touch me, but then... but then you just don't. You're mean"

It was frustrating. Jimin was embarrassed by his own state after such little caress and stimulation, yet
could you really blame him after two days of teasing?

“Am I?” Jungkook wondered, eyebrows arched up as if he wasn't aware. However, the smirk on his face gave away that he was – and he enjoyed it.

“Y-Yes” Jimin whined, “I... I...”

“You what, kitten?”

Jungkook's stare was intent, all the attention on Jimin as he looked at him with dark eyes. The amusement was still there, yet accompanied by desire.

“I-I want you. I need you”

Leaning in, Jungkook captured his lips in a kiss. Slowly, their lips moved against one another, Jungkook's tongue poking out to lick over Jimin's bottom lip before he pulled away, “I'm sorry for teasing you, little one. Do you want me to make it better?” He whispered against Jimin's lips, placing his hand against Jimin's cheek in order to rub his thumb over his cheekbone.

“P-Please” Jimin breathed, nodding and ignoring how desperate he sounded.

“What do you want me to do, kitten?” Jungkook murmured against his ear, hot breath tickling Jimin's skin as he roamed his hand over Jimin's body, trailing down to Jimin's butt and giving his cheek a little squeeze, causing a breath to hitch in Jimin's throat.

Gulping, Jimin's eyes fluttered shut at the way Jungkook was kneading his flesh, earning another whimper from the smaller boy, “A-Anything. Whatever you want. J-Just, please-”

Humming deeply, Jungkook pushed himself up on his arms, fixating his gaze on the other boy's face beneath him, studying his features and listening to the pants that were leaving his beautiful plump lips.

*I have barely touched you*, Jungkook thought and smirked, loving how responsive Jimin was, “Did you touch yourself over the past two days?”

“N-No” Jimin answered, shaking his head, “I haven't”

Nodding, Jungkook grabbed Jimin's chin softly, smiling down at him, “You've waited two days without touching yourself. What a good boy, aren't you? I was mean for leaving you on your own without you finding any release. You definitely deserve a reward, don't you?” The black haired male uttered, running his thumb over Jimin's bottom lip.

Subconsciously, Jimin parted his lips, anticipating for Jungkook to push his thumb inside of his mouth, yet he only smirked as he titled his head to the side.

“Jimin-ah, you trust me, don't you?” The taller male whispered.

Swiftly, Jimin nodded.

With all of my heart, he thought, but didn't say out loud.

“No, little one, say it. Need to hear your pretty voice”

Clearing his throat, Jimin wet his lips, tongue poking Jungkook's finger in the process, “I do” He assured, “I trust you, Kook-ah”
“Safewords?”

Blinking, Jimin opened his mouth, not entirely certain what Jungkook was asking for. Did he want Jimin to name them? Was that a question to whether or not they should even use any?

“Tell me, baby”

“R-Red for stop, yellow for slower or p-pause and green for go” Jimin answered, somehow excited by the fact that Jungkook was making sure he remembered their safewords. What was Jungkook going to do to him?

“Good boy”

In response to the praise, Jimin felt his heart flutter, heat building in the pit of his stomach at the anticipation that bloomed inside of him. It was still very fascinating what kind of effect Jungkook had on the pink haired boy. How a simple touch, stare or praise was pulling Jimin into a headspace that allowed him to let himself fall, being caught by Jungkook.

The way Jungkook was playing with the hem of his shirt drew Jimin out of his thoughts. Swiftly, he fixated his gaze back on Jungkook who was staring at him as if he was silently asking for permission to take Jimin's clothes off.

After a quick nod from Jimin, the younger male pulled the shirt up and tugged it over his head, tossing it behind them. Already breathing unevenly, Jimin placed his hand against Jungkook's cheek, guiding his gaze back up to his face in order to lock eyes with him.

Slowly, he leaned up, capturing Jungkook's lips in a sweet kiss, the latter not hesitating to return it. As they were moving their lips against one another, Jungkook trailed his hand over Jimin's chest, occasionally brushing his thumb over Jimin's nipple, the touch evoking a whimper from the latter. Each of those pretty noises were caught by Jungkook as he moved his lips a little quicker against Jimin's, their tongues licking over one another.

As their kiss became hungrier, the taller male zipped down Jimin's pants, tugging them off as he broke away from the other male. Whining at the loss, Jimin observed him get up from the bed.

“J-Jungkook-ah?” Jimin muttered, confusion and desparation on his face as he watched Jungkook move over to the TV in order to turn it off.

Once he turned back around, a shiver ran down Jimin's back. Jungkook's dark brown orbs were fixated on him in an intent stare, gaze wandering over his half naked body, something flashing in his eyes as he studied the exposed, pale skin. Swallowing, Jimin stabilised himself on his elbows, still catching his breath after their faint making out session.

The taller boy approached him, confident walk attractive, yet screaming something so authoritative as he moved closer.

“Jimin-ah” Jungkook uttered, his low but soft tone ringing in Jimin's ears.

“Y-Yes?”

“Get on your knees for me, please”

Blinking, Jimin studied Jungkook's face in slight confusion. However, there came nor further explanation or instruction, causing Jimin to nod. As he was about to move, Jungkook walked away
to enter the bathroom.

Hesitating due to the slight bewilderment, the smaller boy obeyed, kneeing down on the bed. His chest was rising and falling rapidly, a visible sign that he was excited, but nervous all the same.

It didn't take long for Jungkook to return, approaching Jimin while holding something in his hand. "Good boy" He praised as he joined Jimin on the bed, adjusting himself behind the latter.

"W-What are we-"

"Colour?" Jungkook interrupted him, hands gripping Jimin's shoulder before they moved up and down Jimin's arms, caressing the skin. In response to the soft touch, goosebumps rose on his skin, eyes fluttering shut as soon as Jungkook pressed an open-mouthed kiss to his nape.

Letting out a content sigh, Jimin caught his bottom lip between his teeth, appearing to be unable to response – or rather incapable of fathoming what Jungkook had said.

"Little one?" The black haired boy urged, nudging his nose against Jimin's neck as he proceeded to gently trail his fingertips over Jimin's arms, "Your colour"

"G-Green" Jimin assured, wetting his lips.

Humming, Jungkook grasped his wrists and pulled them back, resulting in Jimin gasping.

"K-Kook-ah, what are you-"

Suddenly, a piece of fabric was wrapped around Jimin's wrists, causing Jimin to shut his mouth. Jungkook was tying his hands to his back.

Frankly, Jimin didn't know whether to be excited or frustrated. Sure, it was very annoying how it would restrict him from being able to touch Jungkook, yet it solely left him at the latter's mercy, allowing him to do whatever he wanted to Jimin.

To be fair, Jimin loved that idea.

To this day Jimin didn't fully understand why he loved the idea so much, but he was certain that it was connected to him enjoying feeling small and taken care of. That's exactly what Jungkook provided for him, what he made him feel so utterly beautifully.

"Can you tell me your colour again, little one?" The black haired boy murmured against his ear, causing Jimin to gasp at the suddenness of the voice so close to him as he was distracted by his own thoughts.

"G-Green" Jimin answered again, earning a gentle kiss to his shoulder.

"Is it too tight?" Jungkook wanted to make sure, Jimin pulling at the restraint and whimpering at the fact that he wasn't able to move his arms at all. The only movement he was allowed was to ball his hands into fists.

Jimin felt rather vulnerable like this, incapable of bringing his arms to his front to protect himself in any way.

However, he didn't need that. Jimin didn't need to protect himself because he wasn't in any danger. No, the smaller boy was safe, felt secure within Jungkook’s proximity and was more than certain that Jungkook wouldn't do anything that Jimin didn't want.
“It's fine” Jimin answered, voice soft and quiet as he looked back.

Jungkook smiled at him, leaning in and pressing a tender kiss against his lips as if he was trying to comfort him, aware of how nervous Jimin must be.

His lips were gone too quickly, leaving him whine at the loss as Jungkook trailed open-mouthed kiss down his neck and back to his nape, nibbling at the skin.

“Fuck how I wish I had a collar for you” The black haired boy whispered against his skin, “A collar with my name on it”

For some odd reason, Jimin’s penis twitchted at his words. Yet, what was even weirder was the way his heart fluttered at Jungkook's wish.

* A collar with Jungkook's name on it like he belonged to him.

Quite honestly, Jimin assumed there was something wrong with himself. There must be. Why did he like the idea of wearing a collar that much? Jimin wasn't a dog! Was it... weird that Jimin liked the idea so much? That he loved the thought of wearing something with Jungkook's name on it?

“Would you like that, little one?” The taller male murmured into his ear, sending another shiver down Jimin's back.

“Y-Yes” Jimin answered, voice just above a whisper as he felt his cheeks turn a shade of pink.

“Fuck” Jungkook cursed, placing one last kiss on Jimin's shoulder as he played with the waistband of his briefs. In a swift motion, he tugged them down below Jimin's butt, evoking another gasp from the latter, “Sit down” The younger boy ordered, Jimin obliging immediataly and sitting down on his butt, making the removal of his underwear easier.

At the realisation of the fact that Jimin was compelty naked whereas Jungkook was still fully dressed, Jimin found himself blush deeper, biting down on his bottom lip as he observed Jungkook lie down on his back.

“Up, come on” Jungkook insisted, patting his chest.

Slightly confused, Jimin attempted to crawl on Jungkook, struggling as his hands were literally tied. Fortunately, the taller boy gripped his hips and helped him, manhandling him on his chest. It was even more confusing when Jimin realised that he was facing away from Jungkook, straddling the latter's chest.

“K-Kook-ah, what are we doing?” Jimin wondered, voice soft and small as he felt his heartbeat quicken.

“Kitten, I'm going to eat you out now. I want you to sit on my face” Jungkook answered, grabbing Jimin's thighs to pull him back.

Tensing, Jimin wriggled against the touch, finding himself blushing as he shook his head.

“J-Jungkook-ah, but that's- that's-”

“Just like eating you out like I always do” The black haired boy finished for him – although it wasn't exactly what Jimin had wanted to say – as he caressed Jimin's inner thighs, not forcing him towards his face any longer upon noticing his protest.
“B-But how will you breathe? I... This position is scary” Jimin admitted, voice becoming quieter with each word as he dipped his head down.

Sensing the discomfort, Jungkook pushed Jimin further down on his body, creating more distance, in order to be able to sit up, closing his arms around Jimin's waist as he rested his head on top of the latter's shoulder.

“We don't have to do anything you don't want. I just want to make you feel good, hm? I promise it'll feel good, but if you don't like the idea at all then we don't have to do it, little one”

Swallowing, Jimin inhaled a deep breath, eyes fluttering shut.

“Then what about you? Don't you want me to pleasure you, too?” Jimin whispered, looking back at Jungkook who smiled warmly at him.

“No, angel, right now it's all about you. I receive pleasure from making you feel good and watching you fall apart, just to put you back together. We'll take care of me later, don't you worry, little one” The younger male murmured back, brushing Jimin's hair out of his face before he pressed a kiss to his face.

“So you... so what do I have to do? Just...”

Jungkook laid back down, patting his chest. “Up, baby”

Taking another deep breath, Jimin scooted back, closer to Jungkook's face. His heart was pounding fast against his chest, nervousness bubbling inside of him. However, he couldn't deny the anticipation blooming inside of him as he sat down on Jungkook's chest.

“Fuck” Jungkook cursed, wetting his lips at the sight of Jimin's beautiful round cheeks right in front of his face. The skin was so pale and inviting, evoking the urge in him to just bite into the soft skin, to give it a spank and watch the skin turn pink, creating a beautiful contrast.

“N-Now?”

“Hips up and further back” Jungkook instructed, giving Jimin all the time he needed and not rushing him at all as the latter obliged and sat up to move back. When his butt was essentially just above Jungkook's face, the black haired boy gently tapped his thigh, “Enough”

Gasping, Jimin stilled immediately, clenching his hands into fists because he didn't know what to expect. The lack of knowledge was a bittersweet sensation. On the one hand it was somewhat scary, yet on the other hand oddly exciting. The racing of his heart didn't give him any clue on which side was having the upper-hand.

After all, wasn't it similar to the way Jungkook usually did this to him? Obviously, this was a different position, but the process was the same, wasn't it? How different could it be?

“Is this okay, angel? Colour?”

Blinking, Jimin caught his bottom lip between his teeth. This position was so foreign, caused Jimin to feel so very vulnerable, but he knew that he was safe, he knew that Jungkook was there to catch him.

“G-Green”

Humming, Jungkook gripped his buttcheeks, Jimin feeling his heart pound in anticipation. Slowly, he pulled his cheeks apart, cursing at the tight of Jimin's tight, pink hole. As if the teasing over the
past two days hadn't been enough, Jungkook blew a breath of air at him, the sensation causing Jimin's hole to clench around nothing as the latter gasped once more.

“K-Kook-ah, please”

Without any warning, Jungkook leaned up and licked a fat stripe over Jimin's hole, earning a breathy whimper from the pink haired boy whose eyes fluttered shut at the touch. Jungkook smirked at the response, swirling his tongue around Jimin's rim to evoke more of these pretty noises.

Jimin rolled his head back into his neck, not entirely knowing what to do with himself. In moments like this, he would grab a pillow or the bedsheets, he would hide his face somewhere to muffle the sounds he was making – yet, this time he couldn't. The smaller boy was restricted from moving his arms, wasn't able to clutch onto anything.

No, he was exposed and vulnerable to anything Jungkook would give him.

“Ah, ah” Jimin mewled at the way Jungkook sucked on his hole, tongue poking in for a brief moment just to be gone right after. The younger male seemed to enjoy eating Jimin out, loved watching him fall slowly and endeared – as well as turned on – by the sounds he made.

It didn't take long for Jimin's whimpers to grow in pitch and frequency, the poor boy trying to muffle the sounds by biting down on his bottom lip. However, Jungkook made a sound of disapproval, tapping against his thigh firmly, “Let me hear you”

Whining, Jimin nodded, parting his lips again as he started panting, attempting to keep still and hold himself up as Jungkook proceeded to eat him out.

The black haired boy felt his own spit trail down his chin, not caring one bit as he lapped over Jimin's hole, savouring each second of it. As he pushed his tongue inside Jimin's hole, said boy cried out and bent forward, not capable of bearing the abuse on his hole in an upright position any longer.

“Up” Jungkook ordered, tapping his thigh again, “Sit up, kitten”

Whining once more, Jimin obeyed, straightening his back as he felt his thighs starting to tremble. Although Jungkook was the one doing all the work – and probably suffering from cramps in his neck due to the postion he was in – Jimin's thighs started to ache as he was holding himself up. The pink haired boy was frightened of hurting Jungkook, if he actually sat down on his face.

Jungkook noticed the shaking of his thighs, hands trailing down to the soft skin and giving him a little squeeze, “Sit on my face, little one” The taller boy insisted, voice a littler huskier.

Swallowing hard, Jimin shook his head, “W-What if I hurt you?”

“You won't hurt me, baby.”

With that, he pushed Jimin down on his face, the shy boy gasping at the fact Jungkook's tongue was right back on his rim, licking over the sensitive skin very slowly. As predicted, Jimin's thighs didn't actually stop trembling. It hadn't solely been the fact of his thighs starting to ache, but rather the whole stimulation he was receiving causing his body to react that way.

“J-Jungkook-ah, feels soooo gooood” Jimin whimpered high-pitched, forcing himself to be still and not move according to the urge inside of his body that wanted him to buck his hips back and forth.

The younger male hummed against his hole in satisfaction, the vibrations adding to the stimulation Jimin was already experiencing.
It wasn't until Jimin glanced down at his erection that he noticed the way he was already leaking out pre-cum. The white substance glistened on his tip, trailing down and staining Jungkook's shirt.

“K-Kook-ah, your shirt” Jimin noted, whining as he lifted himself up in order for Jungkook to say something.

The black haired boy caught his breath, giving Jimin's thigh a little squeeze before he pressed a tender kiss against one of his buttcheeks.

“What is wrong?”

“I-I'm ruining your shirt” Jimin elaborated, cheeks heating up as he caught the white stain on Jungkook's black button shirt, embarrassed and feeling guilty for having ruined it.

“Is my baby being messy again, hm? I know you're a messy boy, kitten” Jungkook cooed. Suddenly, he just ripped his own shirt open, buttons coming undone. The action startled Jimin, causing him to jump up as he gasped.

“K-Kook-ah, your-”

“It's just a shirt. You can be messy all you want on me, hm?”

“T-Thank you” Jimin whispered, swallowing hard before Jungkook pushed him back down on his face, tongue right back to where Jimin needed him the most.

Although the sensation on his hole felt amazing, it just wasn't enough. The way Jungkook was lapping at his hole so slowly, long stripes licked over his sensitive rim almost in a torturous way, just simply wasn't enough. It left Jimin desperate, body shaking all over as he proceeded to leak more pre-cum on Jungkook's chest.

“J-Jungkook-ah” Jimin whined, trying his hardest to prevent himself from moving, hands clenching and unclenching as he dipped his head down, breathing rapidly.

“Ride my face” Jungkook ordered against his hole, Jimin at first not capable of making out what he said, but realising as soon as the younger male grabbed his hips and guided them back and forth, causing them to roll in the desired motion.

Blushing deeply, Jimin obeyed, moving his hips back and forth very carefully, Jungkook's tongue rubbing over his hole in the process. It was odd and very unfamiliar at first, but Jimin found himself pick up a pace, hips moving a little quicker.

Jimin got lost in the feeling, head starting to get dizzy as he glanced at the puddle of pre-cum on Jungkook's chest, the pink haired boy's penis sliding back and forth, receiving the slightest bit of friction.

“Jungkook-ah!” The smaller one cried out, needing more, longing for more.

Panting, Jimin squeezed his eyes shut, his movement growing more frantic as he chased for his own orgasm. For some reason, Jimin felt really obscene, felt dirty for using Jungkook's tongue like this.

However, Jungkook was enjoying the way Jimin was falling apart, loved the way his moans became more high-pitched, thighs shaking vigorously as he proceeded to ride his face, little dick leaking all over his chest.

The slow and long stimulation was going to result in a very intense orgasm, Jungkook's dick
twitching at the thought of Jimin finding his release at the end of the night - all teary eyed, a babbling mess that couldn't form a coherent sentence, begging Jungkook to stop.

“Fuck” Jungkook cursed.

“K-Kook-ah, m-more, please” Jimin whined, tears pricking in the corner of his eyes at the desperation that was blooming inside of him.

Everything was starting to ache, nothing felt like it was enough to bring him over the edge. He wanted – no, he needed Jungkook inside of him.

“P-Please”

Unsuccessfully, the whimpering boy attempted to touch his own penis, yet restricted by his hands being tied to his back – a fact he had momentarily forgotten. Simultaneously, Jungkook applied more pressure against his hole, pushing his tongue deeper between the muscle, earning another high-pitched whine from Jimin.

The heat in the pit of his stomach grew, but so did the aching of his thighs, causing him to roll his hips erratically, “K-Kook-ah, c-can't, please”

Humming lowly, Jungkook grabbed his waist, guiding him to proceed riding his face. In response, Jimin sobbed, a tear rolling down his face.

“P-Please, touch me more” Jimin begged as he dipped his head down, the tear dropping onto Jungkook’s chest.

The black haired boy firmly tapped his hand against Jimin's thigh, a silent demand for him to continue. Whining, the latter obeyed, broken sobs leaving his parted lips because the stimulation just wasn't enough. This sensation was driving him insane, but never close to the edge.

Jimin's penis was leaking all over Jungkook's chest, making a mess. The tip was already so red, matching the shade of red on his cheeks as he was flushed due to the heat and arousal.

The smaller one's noises grew louder and needier, filling the room next to the slurping sound of Jungkook eating him out. These noises went straight south to Jungkook's dick, causing it to twitch in arousal. At this point, he was so turned on, his hard bulge visible through his trousers.

“I-I can't, Kook-ah” Jimin sobbed, shaking his head as he balled his hands into petite fists, delicate features scrunched up in pleasure and desperation, “N-Not enough, plea-please, Jungkook-ah, I need you inside of me. Need more”

Finally having mercy, the younger male pushed Jimin forward, catching his breath after having eaten him out for so long. Surely, his neck was aching, but he didn't care in the slightest, all of this having been so damn worth it.

“Did so well, little one, such a good boy” Jungkook praised, wiping the back of his hand over his face in order to remove any left over spit.

“T-Thank you” Jimin sniffed, “Y-You made me feel so good, K-Kook-ah, thank you”

Humming, Jungkook pushed Jimin further down his body in order to tug off his ripped shirt. In a swift motion, he tossed it to the side before he lifted Jimin off of himself and sat him down beside him. The puddle of pre-cum trailed down his chest, gaining his attention.
As he glanced at Jimin, he wanted to coo at the poor boy. The pink haired one's eyes were glassy and watery, cheeks flushed, parted lips red due to the kissing and biting, leaving the most beautiful little pants and whimpers. There was desire and desperation glistening in his pretty brown orbs, pushing Jungkook's ego as he had caused Jimin to be in this state, as Jimin needed him so badly.

Smirking, Jungkook ran his hand over the pre-cum on his chest, catching it on his fingers. Slowly, he lifted his fingers up to Jimin's mouth, never breaking eye contact. The smaller boy swallowed hard, opening his mouth without Jungkook having to order him to do exactly that. At this point, Jimin already knew what Jungkook wanted whenever his fingers came up to his mouth, his body almost acting on it's own, subconsciously.

“Good boy” The black haired boy praised, satisfied by the way Jimin wrapped his lips around his fingers and licked them clean, swallowing his own cum. It was fascinating how Jimin had no clue, no clue about what kind of effect he had on Jungkook. The sight of Jimin sucking on his fingers went straight to his dick, his hard length jerking in interest.

Carefully, Jungkook pushed his fingers deeper into Jimin's mouth, pressing down on his tongue. In response, Jimin's gag reflex kicked in, the shorter male spluttering around Jungkook's fingers. However, he didn't pull off, but remained in his position because he wanted to be good.

Humming, the younger boy started to fiddle with his belt, zipping down his pants with the hand that wasn't occupied by having two fingers pressed between Jimin's lips. Swiftly, he tugged his pants down and kicked them down the bed, gaze still fixated on Jimin who was swirling his tongue around Jungkook's fingers, simply staring at him with big, innocent eyes as he kneeled there next to him.

Without a word, the black haired one pulled his fingers out, a strand of spit connecting his fingers to Jimin's mouth. The latter gulped, observing Jungkook's every move. Suddenly, his hand wandered behind Jimin, right between his buttcheeks. It took the smaller boy a moment to figure out what was going on, yet when he did, Jungkook was already pushing a wet finger inside of his hole.

“Aah” Jimin gasped, eyes fluttering shut as his muscle opened up around the finger, sucking it in. The taller boy poked it in only lightly, twirling it around the rim before he pulled away.

“On my lap” He ordered softly, sitting down against the headboard himself.

Blinking, Jimin gulped as he attempted to crawl over to Jungkook, but struggling again. Fortunately, the latter grasped his waist and pulled him onto his lap. Now straddling him, Jimin looked back and forth between Jungkook's eyes, waiting for further instructions.

“Colour?” Jungkook whispered, pressing a soft kiss against his forehead before he rummaged through the top drawer of his nightstand, picking out a bottle of lube briefly after, “Hm, little one?”

“G-Green” Jimin answered, “B-But please, I-I need-”

“Sssh, I'm right here, kitten” The younger boy promised, opening the bottle and squirting some lube over two of his fingers, “I have to prep you first, don't I?”

Whining, Jimin gave a faint nod, not exactly fond of the idea of having to wait even longer now until Jungkook was finally inside of him.

Grabbing one of Jimin's buttcheeks, Jungkook pulled it to the side, exposing Jimin's tight hole. Gently, he pushed his fingers against the rim, still wet with his spit, and twirled them around.

“P-Please” Jimin breathed, catching his bottom lip between his teeth.
Slowly, the black haired boy obliged, pressing two of his fingers inside of Jimin's hole with ease. They slipped inside without any restriction, Jimin's jaw dropping in a silent scream as his eyes fluttered shut.

*Thank you,* Jimin thought. It felt *so good* to be filled. Jimin couldn't wait to be full with Jungkook's penis settled inside of him, touching all of the right places, dragging along his sensitive walls and brushing over that special bud of nerves inside of him.

Whimpering, the pink haired one leaned his head down, hiding his face in the curve of Jungkook's face as the latter proceeded to stretch him open, purposely avoiding his prostate. Jimin's mouth was agape, leaving those pretty sounds that were muffled against Jungkook's skin.

“Lift you head up, baby, wanna see your face” Jungkook insisted, tapping his other hand against Jimin's thigh.

Complying, said boy straightened his back, eyes locking with Jungkook who hummed in satisfaction, intentionally rubbing his fingers over Jimin's prostate as a reward. Crying out, Jimin's eyes fluttered shut, another drop of pre-cum leaking out of his tip at the touch against his prostate. However, Jungkook swiftly moved his fingers away from that sensitive nub as he proceeded to scissor them open in order to stretch Jimin.

“A-Another” Jimin whispered, forcing his eyes back open as he attempted to be still and not move back against Jungkook's fingers, “Please”

Titling his head to the side, Jungkook pulled his fingers out very slowly, allowing them to slide against Jimin's sensitive walls in the process. In response, Jimin moaned high-pitched, tears already pricking in the corner of his eyes again.

Quickly, Jungkook squirted more lube over a third finger before he brought them back against Jimin's rim, pushing them inside very gently. A loud squelch filled the room upon his motion, Jungkook's dick twitching at the noise.

“You're being such a good boy, aren't you?” Jungkook murmured against his ear, hot breath sending a shiver down Jimin's back.

“T-Thank you” Jimin uttered high-pitched, balling his hands into little fists when Jungkook pushed his fingers in and out of his hole, brushing over his prostate only very slightly – as if he wanted to tease him, give him a taste of what was to come.

“You've been so good for me, kitten, I'm gonna make you come so hard as a reward” Jungkook promised, tone low as he murmured those words against Jimin's skin, peppering his neck with open-mouthed kisses as he kneaded one of his buttcheeks with his hand, proceeding to stretch him open.

In response to the promise, Jimin's penis twitched, another drop of pre-cum leaking out. Jungkook was right. Jimin really was a messy boy all the time. Blushing, the pink haired boy leaned down in order to hide his face in embarrassment.

The taller male clicked his tongue, shaking his head, “What did I tell you, kitten?”

Swallowing hard, Jimin lifted his head, cheeks heating up even more in shame because he wasn't even able to follow such a simple order, “I'm sorry”

Jungkook gave his butt a warning tap, Jimin flinching at the touch, but penis jerking all the same. Apparently, he was quickly forgiven as Jungkook pushed his fingers deeper inside of Jimin, picking up a faster, relentless pace as he continued to stretch him open. Soon enough, Jimin's prostate wasn't
avoided any longer. No, instead, the complete opposite happened. Jungkook gave it extra, special attention, attention that drove Jimin insane.

“K-Kook-ah!” Jimin cried out at the first hit against his prostate, Jungkook smirking at his response.

“Sssh, little one” Jungkook uttered, rubbing over his sensitive nub very firmly, causing more pre-cum to leak out of Jimin's penis. It was an utter contrast to the stimulation on his hole earlier. Whereas being eaten out was a rather long process, the heat in Jimin's stomach growing gradually, yet very slowly and the edge always appearing to be very far away, the sensation he was currently experiencing was bringing him to the edge fast. It was starting to get too much, oppose to being not enough earlier.

Opening his mouth in a silent scream, Jimin hunched forward, hiding his face in the curve of Jungkook's neck as the latter proceeded the abuse on his prostate. Frankly, the pink haired boy wasn't certain on what to do. One part of him wanted to move against the touch whereas another part wanted to get away from it. It was very confusing.

It didn't help that Jimin couldn't think straight at all, his senses invaded by Jungkook. All he could think about was the beautiful black haired boy he was sitting on right now.

“Jungkook-ah!” Jimin screamed, squirming around on his lap in an attempt to move away, “S-Slower, please!”

Suddenly, Jungkook ran his hand through Jimin's hair, grabbing it gently before he pulled the latter back by his hair. Gasping, Jimin was forced to straighten his back, whining high in his throat at the way he was being manhandled.

“What did I tell you, little one? I was just praising you for being such a good boy and here you go and disobey me several times. Do I have to punish you?”

Whimpering, Jimin shook his head, tears prickling in the corner of his eyes. The taller boy was still rubbing over his prostate, causing Jimin to catch his bottom lip between his teeth in order to be quiet. However, fortunately, Jungkook's pace had slowed down, fingers moving almost lazily, yet still firmly, over the sensitive nub.

“I asked you a question” Jungkook muttered, spanking Jimin's butt.

Mewling, Jimin shook his head again, “N-No, I'll be g-good. I promise, I'll be a good b-boy for you” The smaller boy stuttered.

“Colour?”

Swallowing hard, Jimin needed a moment for that one. It was frustrating. All of this was frustrating and... and difficult. Jungkook was being mean. Yet, Jimin loved it. Jimin loved it so much. To be honest, he couldn't explain why, but he knew that he did, knew it by the way his penis twitched, by the way his heart fluttered, by the way the heat grew in the pit of his stomach, by the way a shiver ran down his back.

Jimin loved all of this so much.

“G-Green”

Jungkook's hand was still grabbing Jimin's hair, holding his head back in a rather uncomfortable position. Humming, the younger male quickened his pace again, dabbing his fingers against Jimin's prostate, stroking over the sensitive bud firmly.
“Oh my god, aaaah!” The pink haired boy screamed out, squeezing his eyes shut as he was about to bend forward, yet keeping still because he wanted to behave, “Jungkook-ah!”

The taller boy cursed, studying Jimin's delicate features, dick jerking at the way they were scrunched up in pleasure, tears rolling down his beautiful face.

“Open your pretty eyes, baby”

Obeying, Jimin forced his eyes open, sniffing as felt himself move closer to the edge, feeling the orgasm approach him. It wouldn't take long for him to come, but he knew – he just knew that Jungkook wouldn't let him.

“I-I'm close, please!” Jimin warned, sobbing when Jungkook shook his head.

“How was Jimin supposed to prevent himself from coming with the way Jungkook was abusing his prostate? His poor penis hadn't stopped leaking and twitching. There was no way Jimin was capable of not coming.

“P-Please, Jungkook-ah! Wanna-wanna come with you inside of me. I-I can't hold back, please, K-Kook-ah!”

Suddenly, Jungkook's fingers were gone, Jimin sobbing as he hunched forward, the younger male allowing him to collapse against him and rest his head on his shoulder. Gently, he ran his hand through Jimin's hair, scratching over his scalp very softly as he pressed a kiss against his temple.

“Are you okay? Can you tell me your colour again, angel?”

Catching his breath, Jimin forced his eyes back open that had fallen shut as soon as he had hid his face in Jungkook's neck, “G-Green” The poor boy sniffed, feeling like he was going to explode as he came down from the high, the edge moving further away again.

“Do you want me to make you come quickly or can you still go a little longer?” Jungkook wanted to know, tone so soft as he caressed Jimin's skin with his clean hand, fingertips trailing over his body very gently as he waited for Jimin to answer.

“I... I don't know. I want you inside of me” Jimin finally responded, having taken some time to form a coherent sentence, “I can go longer if you want to”

Smiling, Jungkook wiped away his tears before he pressed a kiss to his nose, “My good boy, aren't you?”

Cheeks turning a shade of pink, Jimin smiled as he gave a light nod, Jungkook lifting him up and spinning him around. Just as he was about to ask what they were doing, Jungkook pulled off his own briefs before he manhandled Jimin back on top of him. This time, Jimin was facing away, basically lying on top of Jungkook who leaned back down as well.

The position confused Jimin, causing him to pull his brows together. It was rather uncomfortable with the way his hands were tied to his back, but he didn't voice that and waited for Jungkook to continue.
Jimin's confusion was notable by the way he was squirming around, Jungkook spreading his legs and bending his own knees, Jimin lying inbetween them, feeling Jungkook's hard length beneath him.

“Lift your hips up for me, kitten” Jungkook ordered after he had rummaged around in the drawer of his nightstand.

Without any hesitation, Jimin balanced himself back on his hands, leaning on Jungkook's stomach as he lifted his hips up. Humming, Jungkook wrapped his hand around his own erection, pumping it for a bit in order to spread the lube around that he had prior squirted onto his hand.

Then, he pushed the head against Jimin's rim, earning a gasp from the latter who was already starting to shake. Slowly, he pressed the tip of his dick inside, causing Jimin to whimper high-pitched, his muscle opening up around Jungkook's big length and allowing it to slide inside with little resistance.

“K-Kook-ah” Jimin whimpered, sinking himself down on Jungkook's hard length, too impatient to take his time to adjust to the big size.

“Fuck, baby, just like that” The black haired boy cursed, gripping the back of Jimin's thighs and lifting his legs up into the air.

Yelping at the action, Jimin attempted to stabilise himself by clutching onto something with his hands, yet realising fairly quickly that it wasn't exactly possible. Instead, he moaned loudly when Jungkook was fully settled inside of him, his penis reaching so deep that it was already brushing against his prostate.

“O-Oh god, K-Kook-ah” The pink haired male cried out, Jungkook pulling his legs back and essentially bending Jimin in half as he thrusted up into him.

“Shit” Jungkook growled into his ear, repeating the motion and snapping his hips back up again. Swiftly, he picked up a pace, ramming inside of Jimin deeply, hitting his prostate dead on every single time, evoking these beautiful breathy noises from the latter.

Jimin's eyes rolled back into his head, his body rocking with the movement of Jungkook's relentless thrusts. The taller boy was panting and growling right in Jimin's ear, hot breath tickling on his skin. Mixed within the noises both of them made was the sound of skin slapping against skin echoing in the room.

Swiftly, the shorter boy remembered that he had wanted to be quieter, biting down on his bottom lip in an attempt to muffle his sounds. However, as if Jungkook liked testing and teasing him, he thrusted up into the poor boy particularly harsh. Crying out, Jimin's mouth fell open in a silent scream, penis jerking at each thrust, but neglected other than that.

“You're doing so good, kitten, such a good boy” Jungkook praised, applying more pressure in his grasp on Jimin's thighs, gripping him even tighter. To be honest, Jimin was very certain that this action would leave bruises on his body, but he didn't mind that at all, couldn't be bothered with the way Jungkook was currently stimulating his prostate.

The overwhelming feeling grew bigger in the pit of his stomach, announcing that his orgasm was close. The pink haired boy found himself praying that Jungkook would actually allow him to come and not delay it any longer.

Suddenly, Jungkook pulled one of his hands away from Jimin's thighs, causing it to collapse back down on the bed because Jimin simply wasn't strong enough to hold it up on his own, way too
exhausted already.

“K-Kook-ah, please” Jimin whined, vision blurry due to the tears that were swelled up in his eyes.

“Baby, you won't come until I give you permission, understood?” Jungkook ordered, picking something up from the bed that Jimin wasn't able to make out, “You want to behave, don't you? Want to be my good boy?”

Nodding quickly, Jimin sobbed, rolling his hips down against Jungkook's as the latter had stilled his movement. However, the action earned him a slap to his thigh, causing him to whimper.

“Stay still”

“I-I'm sorry” Jimin sniffed apologetically.

“I tell you when to move”

Jimin gave another nod, frustrated with himself for disobeying, yet also by the whole situation because he truly didn't know how much more he could take. The pink haired boy needed to come so desperately. *Oh, please, let him come.*

“Use your words, angel”

Gulping, Jimin blinked as he tried to organise his thoughts, “I-I want to be good. I won't misbehave. I-I'm sorry”

“I know, kitten” Jungkook whispered, slowly bucking his hips back up into Jimin. Another gasp slipped from Jimin's parted lips, quickly turning into high-pitched whines as soon as his prostate was touched.

However, suddenly, Jungkook pressed something against the tip of his penis. The smaller boy was about to glance down when there was a buzzing noise, vibrations felt at the tip of his erection.

“O-Oh, god! Jungkook-aaah!” Jimin cried out, eyes rolling back as his whole body twitched at the sudden stimulation on his penis that had been neglected the whole night.

Smirking against his skin, Jungkook pushed the vibrator harder against Jimin's erection, rubbing the toy up and down in a torturous slow pace, causing Jimin to sob at the sensation.

“N-No!” Jimin whined, shaking his head as tears rolled down his flushed cheeks, “Too much!”

“Sssh, kitten” The younger male cooed, repeatedly thrusting up into Jimin as he proceeded to play with his little dick, running the toy up and down, paying extra attention to the tip as several drops of pre-cum leaked out.

Fuck, it felt like he was milking Jimin dry, the poor boy leaking so much pre-cum this night. Jungkook couldn't wait to see him come after all of this, Jimin already a crying and babbling mess. The intense orgasm was going to make him cry even more, causing him to make a big mess all over himself.

“J-Jungkook-ah!” Jimin sobbed, squirming around on top of the black haired boy, thighs shaking all over. Unsuccessfully, he attempted to pull Jungkook's hand away from his penis, yet his movement was very restricted, hands still tied to his back.

All he could do was lie there and take it, the vulnerable boy moaning and crying loudly at the intense
stimulation.

“You’re doing so good, baby, such a good boy. Look at you taking my dick in your little hole like a
good boy” Jungkook praised, increasing the setting on the vibrator.

In response, Jimin screamed out, wriggling against his touch. The smaller boy was too far gone, not
able to differentiate between what he wanted and what not. Frankly, he wasn’t sure whether or not he
wanted more of this or if he needed this to stop.

“K-Kook-ah, I-You, n-no, please” Jimin whined loudly, not exactly knowing what he was saying,
babbling incoherent sentences.

“Use your safeword if you want this to stop” Jungkook reminded him, voice a little softer.

Taking a shaky breath, Jimin squeezed his eyes shut, shaking his head. More tears streamed down
his face when Jungkook pressed the vibrator against the tip of his penis, pushing it against the slit
firmly.

“I-I can’t!” Jimin warned, sobbing, “P-Please, may I come? Please, K-Kook-ah”

The black haired boy didn't answer, simply proceeded to slap his hips up against Jimin, increasing
the stimulation against his prostate.

Suddenly, his orgasm hit him, the intense feeling washing over him as sperm spurted out of his penis
up his chest, making a big mess.

“J-Jungkook-ah!” Jimin cried out, body trembling and legs kicking as the overwhelming sensation
ran through his whole body, making him feel dizzy. A mantra of Jungkook’s name slipped from his
parted lips, eyes rolled back into his head as he clenched his hands into fists.

For a moment, everything was black, more tears streaming down Jimin's face as Jungkook was
fucking him through his orgasm, increasing the intense feeling.

“K-Kook-ah, please, sto-op!” The poor boy sobbed, the vibrator still pressed against his penis.

Yet, Jungkook didn't listen, proceeding to stimulate Jimin.

“S-Stop!” Jimin begged, sniffing, “K-Kook-ah, pleaaaase!”

Having mercy, Jungkook turned the vibrator off and tossed it to the side, gently pushing Jimin off of
him. Due to the latter feeling sleepy and exhausted, he collapsed on the bed, face pressed into a
pillow.

“Little one” Jungkook whispered, gripping said boy's hips and pulling them up. With his butt up in
the air and face pressed into a pillow, Jungkook closed the distance between them, rubbing his hard
length against Jimin's ass.

Without a warning, he slammed back into Jimin, causing the latter to yelp and slide up the bed at the
force of the thrust.

Whining, Jimin sobbed into the bed, wanting Jungkook to come inside of him, yet not sure whether
he could take any more after such an intense orgasm. However, he didn't need to deliberate over it
for too long, Jungkook pulling out a couple of moments later and jerking himself off.

“Fuck, kitten” Jungkook cursed, releasing all over Jimin’s back and hands, making him even messier.
Letting out a content sigh, Jimin finally collapsed to the bed, feeling sore, but also very relaxed. The pink haired boy was floating again, eyes falling shut immediately due to him being so sleepy.

Both of the boys were breathing heavily as they drifted in a haze of pure bliss, orgasms still blooming inside of them. Jungkook never had trouble with finding his composure after an orgasm, causing him to get up from the bed without any resistance from his body or mental state.

“I'll be right back, little one” The taller boy whispered against his ear, pressing a gentle kiss to his temple as he untied Jimin's wrists.

The shorter male's body felt slack, arms simply dropping to his sides in a limp way as he watched Jungkook disappear into the bathroom.

A couple of moments later, the sound of water running was audible, Jimin forcing his eyes to stay open as he observed Jungkook return to the bedroom. Swiftly, he approached the older one and picked him up with ease.

“I ran us a bath” Jungkook uttered, carefully carrying Jimin over into the bathroom, the latter clinging on Jungkook and hiding his face in the crook of his neck. It's been very long since Jimin has actually taken a bath, the boy usually sticking to taking a shower.

The gesture was kind of sweet, causing Jimin's heart to flutter as he was set down into the warm water, bubbles all around him. A smell that reminded him of Jungkook filled his nostrils as he blinked up at the black haired boy, waiting for him to join him. Smiling, Jungkook stepped into the bath as well, sitting down behind him and moving Jimin between his legs.

“Come here, angel” Jungkook murmured as he pulled Jimin to his chest.

This was the first time they were taking a bath together, Jimin noted, actually the first time he has ever taken a bath with someone else. For some odd reason, his heart fluttered at the way Jungkook was holding him close, the smaller boy feeling so comforted and safe in the warm embrace.

Slowly, Jungkook was caressing his stomach, washing away all the dirt before he traced his fingertips over Jimin's sides, then up and down over his arms in a gentle way.

“Was that okay, Jimin-ah? Was I too rough?” Jungkook wanted to know, resting his head on top of Jimin's shoulder.

The shorter male nuzzled his cheeks against Jungkook's, “It was more than okay, Kook-ah. I... I felt really good. I liked it a lot, I promise.”

“Yeah? Came so hard for me, didn't you?” The younger boy whispered, smirking at the way Jimin swallowed hard.

“Y-Yes” He breathed and gave a nod, cheeks turning a shade of pink.

“I'm forgiven then?” Jungkook murmured against his ear, causing Jimin to giggle.

“I was never actually mad at you for that, Jungkook-ah, but yes, you're more than forgiven” Jimin confirmed and nodded lightly, Jungkook peppering his shoulder and nape with soft kisses.

Smiling shyly, Jimin's eyes fluttered shut, leaning back against the touch.

“Little one?”
“Mhm” The pink haired male hummed, feeling himself become sleepier with each passing moment, drifting away into a haze of complete comfort by the way Jungkook was caressing him.

“I found the list. You mentioned it to me, remember? We can have a look at it later and decide what to do with it, hm?” Jungkook suggested, words whispered into Jimin's ear.

The smaller boy nodded, eyes still shut.

“Yes, Kook-ah” Jimin responded, not even capable of blushing in timidity because he was so sleepy.

Chuckling, Jungkook pulled him impossibly closer, allowing Jimin to fall asleep on top of him, both of their hearts beating the same beat.

Chapter End Notes

The next weeks are going to be very busy so I'll see when I'll have time to write and to update. I might just write shorter chapters in order to post more frequently :) I'll try to be as quick as possible <3

Have a nice day, see you in the next chapter <3

Love you <3
Chapter Summary

Jimin and Jungkook talk about the list, the conversation leaving Jimin needy... Later, a secret message unsettles Jimin.

Chapter Notes

First of all, I'm so, so, so, so, so terribly sorry that it took me two weeks to update. I hope you can forgive me <3

Secondly, thank you so much for all the love on the last chapter and for this story overall. <3 We hit over 2800 kudos and 60k hits and that's so much more than I had ever wished for. Really, from the bottom of my heart, thank you so much <3

I hope I can update the next chapter more quickly <3

Enjoy this chapter <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Fucking hell...” Someone uttered under their breath, Jimin squeezing his eyes further shut as he awoke to the noise of someone cursing. To be fair, it didn't take long for Jimin to recognise the voice as Jungkook's – the events of the night quickly recalling in his mind.

Jimin was tucked into Jungkook's bed, hidden beneath the blanket, face pressed against the soft pillow as his eyes fluttered open. It was dark inside of the room, the night still lying over them.

The black haired boy was sitting against the headboard next to Jimin, laptop resting on his lap as he typed away. The laptop was the only source of light in the room, illuminating Jungkook's face faintly.

Jungkook was notably annoyed by something, frown visible on his face as he shook his head. The smaller boy blinked, observing Jungkook's irritated expression.

"K-Kook-ah?" Jimin murmured, voice just above a whisper.

The sudden voice startled the younger male, Jungkook arching up his eyebrows as he fixated his gaze down on Jimin.

"Hey, you're up already, baby. I'm sorry, did I wake you?" Jungkook wondered, voice soft as he reached out to brush Jimin's hair out of his face, the touch tenderly as he trailed his hand down against Jimin's cheek.

"Why aren't you sleeping?" The pink haired boy asked instead, curiosity in his eyes as he sat up, "You should sleep, Kook-ah"
Fondly, Jungkook smiled, rubbing his thumb over Jimin's cheekbone, “I did sleep for a bit, but I had to check my e-mails and get some stuff done that I wasn't able to finish earlier” He responded, eyes glistening with affection as he observed Jimin's eyes falling shut every now and then, the adorable boy nuzzling his face against Jungkook's hand.

“What time is it?”

“Four in the morning”

Jimin only nodded, pressing his cheek back against the pillow beneath him as soon as Jungkook's hand was gone, the part on his skin suddenly feeling so much colder without the touch by the younger one.

“Are you feeling okay, angel? Do you need anything?” Jungkook then wanted to know, slightly shutting his laptop as he cocked his head to the side.

“Mhm, no, I'm feeling very good” Jimin answered, voice still sounding sleepy, “Except, well, I need you to cuddle me. Feels cold without you, Kook-ah” He added, pouting as he glanced up at Jungkook, the cute request evoking a chuckle from Jungkook.

“I need to finish this. I won't take too long. Then I'll give you all the cuddles in the world, hm, sounds good?” The black haired boy offered, leaning in to press a kiss against Jimin's forehead.

However, the latter whined, shaking his head, “Now, Kook-ah, wanna cuddle you now”

“Go back to sleep, little one” Jungkook insisted with a smile, “Once I finish this, I'll snuggle you, okay, angel?”

Crossing his arms over his chest, Jimin rolled over onto his back, “Then I'll wait until you're finished. I feel bad sleeping when you're wide awake next to me working”

“Jimin-ah” The taller boy emphasised his name, tone a little lower.

“Jungkook-ah” Jimin challenged, eyes narrowing as his gaze wandered back up to Jungkook's face.

Sighing, Jungkook smiled and shook his head, opening his laptop again in order to finish whatever he needed to get done, “You're something else”

“So are you” Jimin murmured, smile dancing around his face as Jungkook glanced at him again, affection glistening in his eyes.

Silence settled between them, no noise in the room apart from the sound of Jungkook's keyboard whenever he was typing. The pink haired boy simply laid there next to Jungkook, sleepy eyes falling shut every now and then, yet he forced them back open each time in order to stay awake.

While sitting there, Jimin proceeded to recall the events from last night, heat in the pit of his stomach stirring at the memory of all the things Jungkook did to him. Swallowing hard, Jimin felt his cheeks heat up, catching his bottom lip between his teeth as he dipped his head down. Fortunately, Jungkook was focused on his laptop screen, not noticing Jimin's reaction.

Suddenly, Jimin remembered the black haired boy mentioning the list to him earlier in the bathtub.

In the bathtub.

Oh. In his sleepy state, Jimin had completely overlooked the fact that he had awoken in Jungkook's
bed, when he was very aware of having fallen asleep in Jungkook's arms while taking a bath.

Jungkook must have carried him here, must have dressed him in a pair of briefs.

“Kook-ah?” Jimin was the one to break the silence, drawing Jungkook's attention over to him.

“Mhm?” The younger male hummed, Jimin rubbing his delicate first over his tired eyes as he fixated his gaze on Jungkook.

“How did I... You had to dry my body, dressed me and then- and then you carried me over here? I'm sorry for causing such an inconvenience, I was just so tired that-”

“Angel, stop” Jungkook interrupted him, chuckling at how his adorable Jimin was frantically apologising, “I didn't want to wake you up. If it had in fact been inconvenient, I could have just woken you up, but it wasn't. No need to apologise. I simply picked you up, dried our bodies and tucked you into bed”

Smiling faintly, Jimin nodded, whispering a small “Thank you.”

“There is no need to thank me for that either, little one” Jungkook assured, stroking his thumb over Jimin's cheekbone.

As Jimin stared into Jungkook's beautiful brown orbs, the list popped up inside of his head again. For a moment, Jimin wasn't sure, if he should bring it up again, but Jungkook had suggested to talk about it later, hadn't he?

“Uhm, K-Kook-ah, before I... before I fell asleep, you- you mentioned the list again, remember?” Jimin murmured, cheeks turning a shade of pink. The sight amused Jungkook as much as it endeared him, affectionate smile playing around his lips as he cocked his head to the side.

“I do remember. Do you want to talk about it now?” The black haired boy wanted to know, eyebrow arched up.

“I... Uhm, I don't know. I just thought about it and then I remembered that you suggested that we talk about it, so I... so...”

“Don't be nervous, Jimin-ah” Jungkook comforted, voice soft as he shut his laptop and set it down on the nightstand next to him, “You know that you can trust me. Always. No need to be nervous”

Jimin swallowed hard and gave a nod, yet incapable of hiding his timidity.

“I created the list to give you an idea of stuff that exists and that I'm experienced with in order for you to learn about them and see what you like. Now that we're in a different part of our lives, I forgot about the list- or rather believed that we didn't need it any longer because that part of us has ended. But the more I thought about it, the more I believe that it's still a good idea to keep the list in mind and perhaps use it to see what else you would like to try, hm?”

The smaller boy tilted his head to the side, contemplating, “W-Well, I think that there is still a lot of things out there that I don't know. I mean... I mean, the list was- or is full of things that I barely heard about. I remember that there were many things on it that I had no clue about” Jimin agreed, giving a faint nod.

Jungkook turned his body towards Jimin, stare attentive as he smiled warmly, “Should we have a look at it? You could tell me what you would like to try and we will figure out how to realise them and... figure out when we have time to do them?” The taller boy offered, gripping Jimin's chin very
gently in order to prevent the latter from averting his gaze.

“O-Okay, that sounds good”

Humming, the black haired boy dropped his hand and turned sideways in order to open one of the drawers of the nightstand, picking out a piece of paper, “I wrote all of them down. Obviously, there is stuff on it that we have tried before, but also many things we haven’t. Actually, there is stuff I have never even tried before myself so we could write them down on the list as well and experience them for the first time together, hm?”

Jimin gulped, yet oddly enough, his heart fluttered at the thought of doing something with Jungkook for the first time – something the latter has never even tried before either, “O-Okay”

“Do you want to have a look at it yourself or should I read it?” The younger male wondered, eyebrow arched up in curiosity.

Why was Jimin so nervous about this? At this point, it should be ridiculous to feel this timid about a topic like this. Surely, Jimin was rather shy by nature, but he trusted Jungkook a lot and they have done a lot of sexual things over the past months, were aware of what the other one liked and knew each other's bodies very well. It shouldn't be a reason for his heart to brutally pound, for his cheeks to flush the way they did.

“Or do you not want to talk about it at all right now? To be fair, it is pretty late- or rather very early in the morning. We can talk about it another time, I-”

“No” Jimin interrupted, shaking his head before he cleared his throat and placed his hands in his lap, “I’m just... nervous, I don't know why. There is no reason to, I know that, but I can't help that feeling. It won't be any different tomorrow. We can talk about it now. I'm awake now anyway” He added, averting his gaze, “You can... you can read it, if you want to”

Giving a nod, Jungkook glanced down at the piece of paper, “Okay, so blowjob is the first thing on the list. We've already tried that”

Jimin's blush deepened at the memory of giving Jungkook a blowjob – something he was experienced in now. In fact, the last time he had done it, he had finally been capable of deepthroating. However, Jungkook had quickly ended that – not that Jimin was complaining about it as the taller boy had pleased him after that, yet Jimin would like to try it again now that he had finally succeeded.

“Rimming, did that. Spanking, did that” Jungkook went on, Jimin's cheeks turning a darker shade of red with each word, yet he felt his penis twitch in excitement all the same.

“K-Kook-ah” The pink haired boy interrupted, clearing his throat. Jungkook glanced up at him, curiosity visible in his eyes as he stared at Jimin, “C-Can I read them? When you read each word out loud, I... I...”

Smiling sympathetically, Jungkook gave a nod, handing Jimin the piece of paper, “You don't need to be ashamed, but of course, here you go” He assured, noticing Jimin’s timidity. Obviously, it was adorable in a way, but Jungkook wanted Jimin to feel comfortable. There was no need to be embarrassed by this.

“Thank you” Jimin murmured, smiling shyly as he took the list into his hand.

“Jimin-ah” The taller boy uttered before Jimin proceeded to read the list himself, “I want to ask you something before you go on with the list. You have to be honest with me, okay? There is no need to
be ashamed either”

Gulping, Jimin processed his words, somehow a little frightened by what the question was going to be. Clearly, Jimin trusted him and felt safe in his proximity, but he couldn't help the stirring in his stomach.

“O-Okay”

“How do you feel about pain as a whole?” Jungkook wanted to know, titling his head to the side.

“W-What do you mean?”

“I've spanked you before and you've seemed to enjoy that, haven't you?” Jungkook asked, Jimin shifting in his seat as he felt his penis twitch again at the memory of Jungkook spanking him.

To be honest, Jimin didn't know why he had enjoyed being spanked so much. The pain always sent jolts of pleasure through his body, yet Jimin wasn't certain whether it was the mere pain or whether it was a combination of the discipline and the pain?

“I do enjoy that” Jimin admitted, giving a faint nod, “I think I do like the pain... or maybe the fact of you disciplining me? I'm not entirely sure”

The taller boy hummed, gripping Jimin's chin very tenderly and guiding his face back up in order to make eyecontact with him, “I'm curious to find out how much you actually enjoy pain. When you read the list, there are going to be things on there that involve pain. If you want to try them out and test where your limits are, just let me know. But if they sound too scary, we can cross them off. Is that okay, angel?” Jungkook elaborated, caressing Jimin's cheek.

“O-Okay” The shorter male whispered, giving a nod as he looked back and forth between Jungkook's beautiful brown orbs that glistened with warmth and softness.

Then, his gaze wandered down to the list, heartbeat quickening upon reading the first few words.

Blowjob, rimming, spanking, edging,...

“Edging?” Jimin uttered, titling his head to the side, “We... we did that before, right?”

Jungkook hummed, “Yes, I've edged you before. That's when I'm stimulating you and bringing you closer to your orgasm – the edge – but then I stop and bring you back down, just to repeat the process. It's frustrating, I know, but the release in the end is very intense and worth it. Is that something you're okay with? Is it okay when I do that, little one? Do you like it? Or do you want us to cross it off?”

Jimin deliberated over that for a moment. Frankly, it was very frustrating to be edged, Jimin was very aware of that by now. However, the orgasms he was gifted with each time were very intense and so, so worth it.

“I... I like it” The smaller one answered, but caught his bottom lip between his teeth as a thought came up in his mind, “Can I ask you something?”

“Of course” Jungkook answered without an ounce of hesitation.

“I think that I enjoy certain stuff not only because of the pleasure I receive, but- For example, edging. I think I don't just like it because of the intense feeling at the end, but also because you... you do it to me? Because it's what you want to do to me and I like that?” Jimin tried to explain, attempting to find
the right words to get his thought across, “I-I don't know how to explain it. I like it, when you do to me whatever you want to do to me because I know you always take care of me and make me feel good and I just like... I just like pleasing you? Uhm... I don't know, it's stupid, I—”

“No” Jungkook interrupted him, shaking his head as he placed his right hand on top of Jimin's knee, giving it a soothing squeeze, “It's not stupid at all. You like me taking control and dominating you, little one. I know that. I also know that you fall into a more submissive role by nature. We've briefly talked about that before, remember? You fall into a headspace where you give away all the control and let me take care of you. We've never fully discussed it, but maybe it's time. You like pleasing, you like being a good boy, don’t you?”

“You. I like pleasing you. I like being your good boy” Jimin whispered, cheeks turning a shade of pink. Pride and lust flashed in Jungkook's eyes, accompanying the affection in there as he wet his lips.

“You receive pleasure from being praised, from pleasing me and being good. I know that by now. You enjoy me taking care of you, you like it when I touch you and take control.”

All of that was so true. The smaller boy loved being praised by Jungkook, loved being told that he's good, loved when Jungkook took control.

Jimin nodded, “I like it because... because it pleases you, but also because I know you will make me feel good, as well. Whenever you praise me, I feel really, really good. Yesterday when—” The pink haired boy paused, suddenly feeling embarrassed again. The thought was absurd, maybe even a little... disgusting. Yet, was it really? Jimin wasn't sure, but he felt like it should feel wrong having this thought, liking that idea.

“When what?” Jungkook echoed, grabbing Jimin's chin a little tighter as the latter attempted to avert his gaze, “Don't be embarrassed, angel. You know you can trust me” The boy added, leaning in and pressing a soft kiss against Jimin's forehead.

“It's just... yesterday, when you... when I already came and you manhandled me on my stomach and then you... and then you proceeded to thrust into me and kind... kind of used me” Jimin elaborated, voice just above a whisper, “I liked that. I liked when you... when you used me?”

For a moment, Jungkook didn't say anything, eyes turning a darker shade as he wet his lips again, “Fuck, okay. I mean, I knew that you enjoyed me manhandling you and doing to you whatever I want to do, but I didn't know that you- But, little one, that is nothing you should be ashamed of or embarrassed by. Everyone has different kinks, hm?”

“It's not weird then?”

“No, shit, no, Jimin-ah. It's fucking hot, actually” The pink haired boy swallowed hard, heart pounding fast against his chest as he stared at Jungkook. He was very grateful that the latter hadn't been weirded out by him. No, in fact, he seemed to enjoy that thought just as much.

“I can be a little more dominant and rougher, if that's what you want, but we can talk about this more in detail another time. Go on with the list”

Clearing his throat, Jimin fixated his gaze back down on the list, noticing the way Jungkook was still staring intently at him.

Choking was the next word. They had never done that before and quite honestly, Jimin was very
scared about that one. Wasn't that extremely dangerous? Obviously, he trusted Jungkook, but what if something went wrong and he lost his consciousness?

“Uhm... I'm not sure about the next one. Choking” Jimin murmured, catching his bottom lip between his teeth as a nervous habit of his. The movement caused Jungkook's eyes to rush down to his plump lips, yet he swiftly averted his attention back to Jimin's pretty brown orbs.

“Choking, yes. To be fair, I haven't done it that often. It's not one of my kinks, but when the sex is a little rougher and the other part asked me to do it, I would do it. It's a very dangerous kink if you'd ask me. You need to be very cautious with that one and make sure that you do it the right way.”

“I mean... I-I do like it when you're rougher, but... but this sounds really scary. I don't know, if I would like that” Jimin admitted.

“That's okay, little one. We don't have to try everything and you don't have to like everything, either. Do you want to cross it off? That's a hard limit of yours then and I won't ever do that to you” Jungkook reassured, brushing some strands of pink hair out of Jimin's face.

Perhaps Jimin could see himself do it one day? Honestly, he wasn't sure, but for some reason he didn't want to cross it off forever.

“M-Maybe a soft limit. Maybe we can talk about it someday again, when I feel ready” Jimin suggested, earning him a nod from Jungkook.

“Of course”

Smiling shyly, Jimin looked back down on the piece of paper in his hands, adjusting himself in his position. His back was starting to ache from the position he was in, causing him to turn his body and lean against the headboard. The taller boy remained in his position, body turned towards Jimin.

The smaller boy proceeded to read over the list, nibbling on his bottom lip as a familiar word came up.

Bondage.

“I-It says bondage, but then there are several words next to it. H-Handcuffs, rope and... and blindfolds” Jimin listed, feeling his penis twitch again, blush deepening, “gag balls and collars. A-All of that... all of that belongs to bondage? All of that is included?”

Jungkook smiled warmly as he shook his head, “Not necessarily. Of course, they can be used in the sense of bondage, but we don’t have to use all of them. I've usually tied your hands with a simple tie, but there are certain objects specifically made for tying one up, like rope or handcuffs. We've briefly talked about gag balls as well. Blindfolds, well, the less you are able to use all of your senses combined, the more the feeling of being touched is going to be increased. But I would suggest us – in case you even want to try any of this – to take smaller steps. I wouldn't tie you up completely and blindfold you the first time we would do this”

The shorter male gulped, taking a shaky breath, “So... so you would tie my whole body to the bed?”

Jungkook titled his head to the side, “If you want me to. There is different ways to do this. I could tie you to the bed, I could tie your arms to your legs, I could tie you to any object in this room, if you'd want me to.”

“O-Oh” Jimin breathed, causing Jungkook to chuckle at his adorable reaction.
“Is that something you could see yourself doing? Or rather, could see yourself let me do to you? I know it’s a lot scarier and more extreme to what you’re used to, so I understand if that’s a limit of yours.”

For a moment, Jimin imagined himself being tied to the bed, not able to move an inch of his body, his legs forced open by some piece of rope spreading them apart. The black haired boy would thrust into him, the position allowing him to reach so very deeply, hitting that one special nub of nerves that drove Jimin insane. However, Jimin wouldn’t be able to make much noise, a gag ball restricting him to talk.

“Little one?” Jungkook interrupted his dirty thoughts, startling Jimin who felt like he had been caught doing something naughty, something he shouldn’t be doing. Immediately, his cheeks turned a darker shade of red, the heat in the pit of his stomach accompanied by embarrassment as he swallowed hard.

“I-I... Does the rope hurt?” Jimin whispered, not trusting his voice, fearing that it would turn high-pitched and give away that he was aroused.

“It might at first. There are different kinds of ropes, some that don’t cut into your skin too deeply. I could make sure to find the most comfortable one before we use any. Yet, we don’t have to use rope necessarily, I could simply use my collection of ties, if that would make you more comfortable”

The pink haired boy gave a nod.

“I guess that’s a yes then, baby? You want to try that? You want to use more bondage?” There was affection in Jungkook’s eyes, but the more they talked about this topic, the darker his eyes turned, lust very visible in them now.

“I... It’s frustrating to use, but also... yeah, I would like to try it. I would like for you to tie more of my body up one day... and... yeah” Jimin agreed, stumbling over his words as he tried to organise his thought, attempting to convey what he wanted to say.

However, it wasn’t that easy. Jimin didn’t really know why he liked the idea so much, just knew that he did. A lot.

“What about gag balls? Collars?”

Another gulp from Jimin, chest rising and falling more uneven at this point, shaky breaths leaving his parted lips. Every now and then, Jungkook’s gaze rushed down to his beautiful full lips, the urge to capture them in a kiss blooming inside of him.

“C-Collars... uhm, what... what exactly are they for?”

Jungkook leaned back on his hands, pursing his lips in a concentrating manner, “It can be used for different reasons. I think a major point is what it does to you mentally. For me, it gives me power, it would make me proud to see you wearing a collar with my name on it. It would make me feel like you’re mine completely. I mean, I know you already are, but it’s just another mental thing to see you willingly wear it and liking it, loving that you belong to me. For the part that wears it, it’s a sign of submission. You would proudly show off that you belong to someone, that you love being theirs. Both parts need to feel comfortable about this. I wouldn’t want you to wear it just for the sake of me. I would want you to wear it because you want to, because it makes you happy, you know?”

The smaller boy blinked, his heart fluttering at the thought of wearing a collar with Jungkook’s name on it, his penis twitching all the same. It was odd, wasn’t it? How happy the thought of wearing a collar made Jimin?
“Actively, it can be used for different things, mostly manhandling. Pulling you around, choking you, stuff like that. But we don't have to do any of that. It's really more about the mental part for me. Yet, if you would want me to pull you around in it and manhandle you like that, I would do that for you.”

“Would I... would I wear it outside, too?” Jimin wondered, averting his gaze in timidity.

Jungkook's eyes went wide, “No, angel, no, you don't have to do that. In fact, outside of our... our sex life, we're both equal. Please remember that. I dominate you in bed and you fall into your submissive role by nature, but that doesn't mean that I'll treat you like that outside of it, hm? We've talked about this before, do you remember?”

Jimin gave a nod, recalling their conversation about this some weeks or even months ago. There was a difference in power during sex, yet outside of that, both of them were equal and neither of them would need to submit to the other one.

“Would you like a collar then?” Something flashed in Jungkook's eyes when he asked that, voice a little lower, yet still so very soft.

“Y-Yes” Jimin breathed, excitement bubbling inside of him at the thought of wearing a collar with Jungkook's name on it.

“How do you feel about gag balls?”

Frankly, Jimin wasn't entirely sure. On the one hand, the thought excited him, too, but it also made him extremely nervous.

“Would that... would that hurt?”

“I guess it depends on the size and the amount of time you leave it in. If you decide that you want to try it, I would get you a smaller one first and we wouldn't leave it on for too long. We've just got to see where your limits are with all of this, hm, little one?”

The taller boy reached out, caressing Jimin's cheek. The tender touch immediately brought comfort over him, nervousness washing away as he focused on the warm hand that was gently stroking over his skin.

“Then... then I would like to try it one day, but... but not very soon.”

“Okay, angel”

Smiling shyly, Jimin dipped his head back down, fixating his gaze back on the piece of paper in his hands. There was so much more on it...

*Butt plugs, nipple clamps,...*

Jungkook had definitely mentioned butt plugs to him before, yet Jimin wasn't entirely sure what they were. Although, the word didn't leave much room for imagination, indicating clearly what it would be used for.

“B-Butt plugs... that's... you've mentioned that before, haven't you?” Jimin wanted to know, carefully lifting his head in order to lock eyes with Jungkook again, the latter already staring intently at him.

“I have mentioned them before, yes. It's, well, you can think of them as something similar to a dildo. Not entirely, there are slight differences in the shape and their purpose, but just to give you an idea. It allows you to stay stretched out, for example. It could be used in a way to tease you, if you'd leave it...
Swallowing hard, Jimin drew his thighs together, the movement catching Jungkook's attention as he followed the motion with his eyes, something flashing in them as he wet his lips.

“O-Oh, I see” The shy boy uttered, flush on his cheeks increasing due to the intent stare from Jungkook, the latter looking at him with desire in his eyes. However, apparently, he tried to contain this feeling, wanting to stay attentive and serious, softness reappearing in his eyes.

“It's just another sex toy, essentially. How do you feel about them in general?”

That damn vibrator was... was a bittersweet device. It brought him such intense orgasms, yet could be very frustrating as well. In the way Jungkook had been using them, he had always pushed him close to his limit, evoking these overwhelming feelings inside of him.

Clearly, Jimin wasn't opposed to the idea of sex toys... In fact, Jungkook using them on him excited him.

“I... I... I like it when you touch me, but I also like it when you use these toys on me” Jimin answered.

“Okay, noted”

“What about... what about nipple clamps? I mean... they surely hurt, no?”

“They can definitely hurt, yes, but that's the purpose. I've noticed that your nipples are very sensitive and you like it, when I play with them. I'm curious to find out whether or not you would enjoy that sensation. That's one of the things that would test how you feel about pain in general. Whether you enjoy it a whole lot or just in small fractions”

Nipple clamps? The thought alone caused the sensitive nubs to ache, but... the stirring in his stomach was a sign of excitement bubbling inside of him all the same. It was odd how a mixture of emotions blossomed inside of him with each different kink, making his head all dizzy. However, so far, the anticipation and arousal had always had the upper-hand, proving that he liked most of these ideas.

“Cross it off or leave it on?” Jungkook wondered, cocking his head to the side.

“Uhm... I... I don't know. I think I... I think I would like to... to try that one day. Is that weird?”

“No, Jimin-ah, none of this is weird. Please don't believe that liking any of these things is weird or wrong because it's not at all” The younger male quickly reassured, warm smile comforting Jimin.

“O-Okay”

There were many, many more words on it,

*whips, multiple orgasms, degradation, orgasm denial/delay,*...
session for tonight and continue another day, when both of them were a little less sleepy.

“I think that's enough for today, little one” Jungkook decided, taking the list out of Jimin's hand who allowed it to slip from his grasp without any protest, observing how Jungkook placed it back into the drawer of his nightstand, “You’ve learned quite a lot of new things tonight. We can talk about the remaining stuff another day, hm?”

Jimin gave a nod, agreeing with that suggestion. After all, it was pretty late already and both of them had to be at work today, needing a little more sleep in order to not fall asleep during the day.

Swallowing hard, Jimin glanced down at himself, the notable tent in his briefs catching his attention as Jungkook shifted in his position next to him, adjusting himself and lying back down on the soft bed.

Hesitantly, the pink haired male joined him, lying down next to Jungkook as the latter tugged the soft blanket over both of them. The younger boy pulled Jimin closer to his warm body, watching how Jimin wrapped his arm around his stomach and hugged him from the side, a content sigh slipping from both of them.

Praying that Jungkook wouldn't notice how turned on he was, Jimin shut his eyes. However, with the way he was clutching onto Jungkook, body pressed tightly against him and the hard length essentially pushing against Jungkook's thigh, there was no way he wouldn't notice it – even if only slightly.

“Little one?” The taller boy muttered after several moments of silence, Jimin having attempted to ignore the arousal that was blooming inside of him.

“Mhm?” Jimin hummed, eyes fluttering back open and needing a brief moment to adjust to the darkness.

“Did you get hard after our conversation?” Jungkook wondered, the bluntness of the question startling Jimin who blushed at his words, grateful for the fact that Jungkook wasn't capable of catching his reaction in the darkness.

“W-What?” The poor boy stuttered, gulping as Jungkook's hand trailed down his skin. Gently, the latter grabbed his hips and pulled Jimin on top of him, making him straddle his lap.

“Why didn't you say anything?” The younger male wanted to know, lifting his hand up in order to brush the stands of pink hair away that had fallen into Jimin's face upon his movement. Jungkook's other palm was still closed around Jimin's waist, digits pressed into his skin tenderly to keep him steady and still in his lap.

Jimin's heartbeat quickened as he averted his gaze, too embarrassed by the whole situation.

“Little one?” Jungkook urged, gripping Jimin's chin in order to guide his face back up to lock eyes with his lover, “You don't have to be shy or embarrassed. Why didn't you tell me, hm? I can help you, kitten”

“I-I... I thought it's better to just sleep” Jimin answered, partly telling the truth. Jimin was just very embarrassed by the fact of being hard after solely talking to Jungkook about sex. The black haired boy hadn't even touched him! Yet, here he was, semi-erection and all, “And I... and it's embarrassing how I got hard just because... because we talked about this stuff” He admitted, voice turning quieter with each word.

“The things excited you, hm, kitten?” Jungkook uttered, rubbing his thumb over Jimin's cheekbone,
“The thought of doing all of these things to you turns me on, too, Jimin-ah. You really don't need to be embarrassed by that”

“N-No?” The shy boy whispered, Jungkook shaking his head as he ran his thumb over Jimin's bottom lip, applying slight pressure that caused Jimin to part his lips almost subconsciously.

“No, little one”

With those words, the taller boy leaned up, pulling Jimin down in the process in order to capture his lips in a tender kiss. As soon as Jimin was about to kiss right back, Jungkook detached himself from the touch, lips lingering above Jimin's as he smirked against him.

Confused, the pink haired boy whined, silently begging for Jungkook to kiss him again. The reaction caused Jungkook's smirk to deepen as he brushed his lips over Jimin's, the slight touch sending sparks through his body.

“Please” Jimin whispered.

Without another ounce of hesitation, Jungkook attached their lips in another kiss, remaining in that touch for a moment before they moved their lips against each other slowly and softly. Carefully, the younger male licked over Jimin's bottom lip, the latter allowing him entrance and pushing his tongue against Jungkook's.

Unconsciously, a whimper escaped Jimin, Jungkook catching the sound as he pressed his lips on Jimin's, hands rushing down to the smaller boy's waist, giving him a little squeeze.

“Why don't you hump me, hm? I'll help you come, kitten” Jungkook whispered against his lips, voice low and sensual, sending a shiver down Jimin's back. At those words, Jimin couldn't help but whine, quickly nodding his head as he began to roll his hips back and forth.

Jungkook groaned at the movement, capturing Jimin's lips in yet another kiss to muffle the breathy noises the latter was already making, the light friction against his penis so bittersweet - so stimulating, but not quite enough.

Desparately, Jimin pressed his digits into Jungkook's shoulders, having to hold onto something as the black haired boy guided his hips back and forth. Slowly, Jimin began to pick up a pace and apply more pressure in his motion, grinding down against Jungkook's erection, causing the smaller boy to moan high-pitched.

“K-Kook-ah” Jimin mewled, eyes fluttering shut as he dipped his head down, hiding his face in the crook of Jungkook's neck as said boy placed a kiss against his temple.

“Such a good boy” The younger boy praised, hot breath hitting Jimin's skin, goosebumps forming immediately. Then, Jungkook trailed open-mouthed kisses down his neck, nibbling on the fair skin ever so gently that evoke more of those sweet little noises from Jimin.

“M-More, please, Jungkook-ah” Jimin begged, attempting to move his hips a little quicker, rhythm uneven and frantic as he chased his own orgasm, lips parted, high-pitched whimpers slipping from them.

“Sssh, kitten, I got you” Jungkook assured, brushing his nose against Jimin's skin as he proceeded to guide his hips back and forth, slowing his erratic moves, bucking his own hips up simultaneously in order to press them against Jimin's, increasing the stimulation.

In response to the action, Jimin moaned loudly, grasp on Jungkook's shoulders tightening. The heat
in the pit of his stomach was gradually growing, spreading throughout his upper body and hinting at his release being near.

It felt a little odd to come like this – almost... almost dirty as he was essentially just humping Jungkook to find his own release. However, this situation, this... position wasn't foreign to Jimin. No, if anything it caused him to reminisce about one of their first sexual encounters. Back then when Jungkook had just really started to teach him about sex, they had done this, too. Hadn't it been the night after their dinner at the diner? They had went home to Jungkook's, had made out until Jimin had begun to grind down against Jungkook, leading to him eventually coming in his pants.

For some reason, Jimin's heart fluttered at the thought, recalling how all of that had been so new, how he hadn't even fallen for Jungkook at that point – or had he? Frankly, Jimin wasn't certain whether or not he had already started to grow feelings for Jungkook back then. Clearly, he had been fond of the boy already, more than attracted to him. However, it had only been approximately the third time of them doing anything sexual. Well, and now... now that time seemed so far away – was months away.

They were in a different part of their lives now, a different chapter that they were sharing together. Some things had changed, yet some things hadn't.

“Fuck, kitten” Jungkook growled at a particular hard thrust upwards, Jimin meeting him halfway, the touch sending jolts of pleasure through each of their bodies. The sudden voice drew Jimin out his thoughts, the stimulation intensifying and bringing him back to reality, “How does it feel, little one?”

The pink haired boy was only panting, high-pitched whimpers slipping from his pretty plump lips as he proceeded to grind against Jungkook. Suddenly, Jungkook's grip around his waist tightened, digits pressing into Jimin's skin harder as he stilled the boy on top of him, shaking his head.

“Answer me, baby”

Whining, Jimin lifted his head, Jungkook's dick twitching at the sight of the smaller one on top of him – lips even fuller due to their kissing and biting, cheeks flushed, some drool trailing down Jimin's chin as he stared at Jungkook with big, glassy eyes, breathing heavily.

“F-Feels so good, Jungkook-ah, p-please, don't stop. Please, need more”

Humming in satisfaction, the taller boy pressed his lips on Jimin's as he began to guide his hips back and forth simultaneously, the wonderful stimulation returning. The release was so close now, Jimin could feel it in the pit of his stomach.

“Such a good kitten, Jimin-ah, humping me like a good boy, aren't you?”

Nodding, Jimin whined at his words, Jungkook smirking in response as he brushed his lips over Jimin's.

“Got all hard because you thought about all the things I'm going to do to you, hm? Imagined me fucking you so good until you cry, no?”

“O-Oh god” Jimin cried out, hunching over at the dirty words that were whispered against his skin, the low tone of Jungkook's voice sounding so sexy.

“My sweet baby, you love it when I'm dirty with you, don't you, Jimin-ah?”

The pink haired boy only whimpered, too embarrassed to admit it. However, apparently – or rather as predicted – Jungkook was dissatisfied with his silence, tapping his hand against Jimin's upper
thigh firmly. The action caused Jimin to jerk, a mewl slipping from his lips.

“Use your words, little one”

“Y-Yes” Jimin moaned, nodding as he moved his hips more erratically, desperate for that feeling.

“Fuck, I can't wait to see you wearing a collar” Jungkook growled, giving Jimin's hips a little squeeze as he lifted his other hand up to Jimin's neck, tracing his fingertips over the skin.

Yes, please, Jimin thought, eyes fluttering shut at the thought of wearing a collar with Jungkook's name on it.

“I-I'm close” The smaller one uttered.

“Yeah? Are you going to come in your pants for me after humping me like a messy boy? Hm, kitten?” Jungkook whispered into his ear, hand gripping Jimin’s butt, kneading the flesh as he proceeded to guide his hips around.

“Y-Yes” Jimin whined, drooling all over himself, hips rolling in different directions, movements frantic.

The shorter male's mouth opened in a silent scream, Jungkook swiftly there to capture his lips in a kiss to muffle the sounds that were about to leave Jimin.

“Oh my god, oh my god, p-please, K-Kook-ah, please” Jimin cried out against his lips, almost falling over the edge.

“Come on, little one, be a good boy and come for me”

That's all it took for Jimin to tip of the edge, screaming out Jungkook's name as the feeling of his orgasm exploded inside of him, spreading throughout his whole body. Shaking all over, Jimin kicked his legs, collapsing on top of Jungkook as a mantra of his name slipped from his parted lips.

“Shit” Jungkook cursed at the sight, observing Jimin's body tremble in ecstasy, the poor boy moaning right against Jungkook's ear, the noises so pretty to the latter boy.

There was something wet inside of Jimin's underwear - the sperm that had just spurted out of his penis upon his orgasm. The pink haired boy grimaced at that, but couldn't be bothered to get up and change.

“Good boy” The younger male whispered, pressing a kiss to his temple as he brushed strands of pink hair out of Jimin's sweaty forehead, the latter still shaking on top of Jungkook as a mantra of his name slipped from his parted lips.

“Mhm” Jimin confirmed, blushing as he hid his face in the curve of Jungkook's neck, both of their chests falling and rising rapidly.

“Feel better now?”

“So much better” Jimin murmured, voice a little hoarse.

Gently, Jungkook pulled the blanket over both of them, wrapping his arms around Jimin's back to embrace the boy on top of him. While whispering sweet nothings into Jimin's ear, the black haired boy traced his fingertips over Jimin's skin, creating shapes that the shorter male couldn't define. Yet, he didn't need to, simply loved the sweet caress on his back.
As Jimin lifted his hand up tiredly, Jungkook pressed a kiss to his forehead, Jimin smiling shyly at the action. Then, he ran his hand through Jungkook's messy hair, scratching over his scalp tenderly. In response, the younger boy's eyes fluttered shut, a deep hum audible within his chest.

“Goodnight, angel” Jungkook whispered as Jimin's eyes fell shut as well.

“Goodnight, Kook-ah”

It didn't take long for their breathing to return to an even pace, their hearts pounding to the same beat. Jimin nuzzled himself against Jungkook, feeling safe in his strong embrace, loving the warmth the taller boy was radiating, loving the comfort he brought him.

“I love you, Jimin-ah”

The words were mumbled against his skin, Jungkook already starting to drift off into his sleep, yet the sentence still made Jimin's heart flutter.

However, the guilty feeling was there all the same.

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“Wait, wait, wait, run that back. What happened?” Taehyung insisted, confusion and slight shock written over his face as he stared at Jimin, halting in his steps.

The pink haired boy looked around, making sure that no one was listening to them as he reached out for his best friend and tugged at his arm. Taehyung took a step forward, then proceeded to walk next to Jimin slowly.

“I don't know what exactly happened. Well, I kind of do, but then again, I don't? It's complicated. Dongha got beat up really badly in a dark alley right around his apartment building. Tae, he... like, it's really bad. They didn't even take his money or anything. They just wanted to physically hurt him” Jimin elaborated, fear visible on his face as he looked at the blond haired boy next to him.

“That's... shit, that's fucked up” Tae murmured before he studied Jimin's features, something causing him to frown at the smaller boy's expression, “Jimin-ah, don't pity him and start to be close to him again”

“What?” Jimin expressed, pulling his brows together as they crossed the street, a fresh breeze of air blowing his hair out of his face, a faint shiver running over his body.

“I'm sorry, but I know you, Minnie. I know what kind of heart you have. I'm not saying that what happened to him is... well, I mean, he does kind of deserve it? I don't know. I'm not a huge fan of violence, but when it comes to you or other people I love, I would throw some punches as well, you know that. So, although I hate that guy for what he did to you, I'm not saying that you can't feel sorry for what happened to him. I'm not telling you to forget about the time you two had either. I know that he was there for you when you needed someone, but you also have to see it from an outside perspective. That dude used your vulnerability and your kindness to force himself on you” Tae pointed out, taking a sip from his coffee cup.

“I... I know that he did wrong, Tae. I'm not saying that he didn't, I just...” Jimin attempted to defend himself, yet he couldn't find the right words, “Jungkook and I talked about it already. He was very, well, he didn't feel any kind of pity for Dongha. I know that he hates him, I know that he wants to protect me, but the thing that happened to Dongha is still horrible, isn't it? Jungkook doesn't want me to interact with Dongha at all and I agreed because I thought he wouldn't move on from it until I did”
The smaller boy bit down on his bottom lip, recalling the last night.

“I mean, I kind of agree with Jungkook-ah there. Dongha doesn't seem to know or understand what a 'no' means. I don't even want to imagine what he would have done to you, if Jungkook hadn't been there. At this point, I wouldn't put it past him to try anything worse to get his way with you, honestly. That guy seems to be obsessed with you. I know that you try to see the good in him, but don't let yourself be blinded by that. There are evil people out there. I'm not saying that he is one of them, but he definitely does have malicious intentions. Staying away from him is just a precaution. After all, he did fuck up numerous times. I don't think it's safe for you to be alone with him” The blond haired male pointed out.

It took a moment for Jimin to process all of this, contemplating over the words for awhile. The thing is, Jimin was aware of all of this. Well, at least he told himself that he was. Jimin knew that Dongha didn't seem to respect Jimin's boundaries, didn't seem to know about decent manners, but... but what? There was no 'but.' Dongha wasn't evil, but he had tried to hurt Jimin. That's something the pink haired boy needed to understand. Yes, everyone deserved a second chance, but Dongha had crossed the line several times now. For his own good, Jimin shouldn't stay alone with him.

Sighing, Jimin gave a faint nod, “I-I know. I know that you're right. I just don't want to cause any problems within the group and I also don't want to... Tae, I don't know. It's all very confusing. I just don't think he wanted to intentionally hurt me, you know? I think that he likes me and he wants me to like him, too, that's why he behaves the way he does. He's not evil, though”

Taehyung titled his head to the side, “Minnie, just because he likes you doesn't mean he can do to you whatever he wants without considering how you feel, especially not forcing himself on you when you told him to stop. That's fucked up” His best friend replied, “Liking you and desiring your body are two different things. I don't know which of these two applies to him, but neither of these justify his actions. After all, if he actually likes you, he wouldn't treat you like this. Dongha doesn't respect you. You told him how you feel about him, but he still touched you without your permission and that not for the first time. If that dude actually had any kind of feelings for you, he would've never done that”

Had Dongha really just manipulated him this whole time? Had his intention always been to get in Jimin's pants? Had he still kept his facade up after Jimin had confronted him? Had his apology been fake?

It would make sense... wouldn't it? Dongha had spent a lot of time with Jimin, had learned about his habits, his characteristics. The boy knew that Jimin always tried to see the good in people, that he tried to forgive people because he believed that they had a kind heart within.

Is that why he had apologised and had pretended to feel sorry for his actions? To lurr Jimin in again?

At this point, Jimin wasn't sure, was way too confused by everything. If anything, he didn't want to believe that a person could be this evil.

“We're just trying to help you, Jimin-ah. We are just worried about you, you know that, right?”

Jimin gave a nod, locking eyes with the blond haired boy again, “I know. Thank you, Tae”

Smiling, Taehyung wrapped his arm around Jimin's waist, pulling him closer, “Were you at Jungkook's this morning then?”

“I... Yeah, I spent the night at his place” The smaller boy answered, his cheeks turning a shade of pink.
Taehyung giggled, “Was it nice?”

*It was more than nice,* Jimin thought. Everything about this night – well, except for their little argument in the kitchen about Dongha – had been beautiful. It was almost as if they'd been inside of their little bubble again, although now they didn't have to hide, they didn't have to force themselves to not feel what they wanted to feel.

As soon as Jimin had woken up this morning, butterflies had spread throughout his stomach at the realisation of waking up in Jungkook's bed. However, upon noticing that Jungkook hadn't been there, slight panic had bloomed inside of him. For a moment, Jimin had believed Jungkook had just disappeared, all of the past days having been a dream and them being back during the time of their lessons – the rule of not staying over reappearing.

Yet, fortunately, Jimin had found the note next to the bed, telling him that Jungkook had to leave for work and hadn't want to wake the smaller boy. Relief had spread throughout Jimin's chest, a smile appearing on his face as Jungkook had wished him a beautiful morning and had told Beomsoo to drive Jimin to wherever he needed to go.

It's only been a couple of days since they've started dating officially, all of this still being very new to either of them. If anything, it was exciting and beautiful.

“Y-Yeah, we... yeah, it was nice. I hope I can see him tonight again”

Taehyung hummed, eyebrow arched up in a teasing manner as they proceeded to walk down the street. They were currently heading towards the dance studio, Taehyung craving to see Hoseok and Jimin, well, Jimin having to be at dance practice.

“So, Minnie, have you thought about any offer you've received yet? You know, for an entertainment company?” Tae then wanted to know as they halted in their steps upon arriving at the street, checking each side for any cars before they crossed it.

The smaller boy sighed, catching his bottom lip between his teeth at the mention of the two offers. Frankly, Jimin hadn't been able to make up his mind just yet, still very conflicted on what to do.

“No... I really don't know what to do. I mean, YK entertainment does sound like an amazing option, but Jeon entertainment is just... I've dreamed about going there. It's just... you know, kind of weird because Jungkook would be my boss. I don't want work to come inbetween us, Tae. I don't know whether it would be better to keep our personal and professional lives separated. But if we actually worked together in the same company, those worlds would collide, don't you think?”

The other male pursed his lips, cocking his head to the side as he contemplated, “Well, your paths wouldn't really cross, would they? You two would work in different parts of the company. Jungkook-ah is the one running the whole thing, who keeps the company going while you would be a trainee or a choreographer. Of course, you’re going to see each other and interact with each other, but you wouldn't be with each other 24/7”

“That's not what worries me” Jimin responded, shaking his head, “I would love to spend as much time with him as I can. What worries me is that work will get in the way of everything and that – in case there is trouble or any issues at work – that we carry those into our personal lives and argue over them while being home. Or the other way around, what if we argue at home and we carry those issues over into our work environment?”

“That takes a lot of professionalism and discipline to keep both of these things separated. You should draw a clear line where both of these environments end and where the new one starts. If you both try
hard, I'm pretty sure you could make it work. But, have you even thought about what you want to do? Do you actually want to become a trainee?"

The question caught Jimin off-guard. Certainly, he had thought about all of this before, yet... what being a trainee actually meant never really bothered him. It was tough, he knew that much, Jungkook having confirmed that thought.

All Jimin wanted to do was dance. That's what caused his heart to beat, that's what healed his soul, that's what he genuinely wanted to do.

“I want to dance and I'm willing to work hard for that. I would have to talk to each company to see what they have planned for me. I guess, that's what I should do in order to get a better idea on what to do”

Taehyung hummed, giving a nod, “I agree. Talk to each of them and see which offer sounds better to you. Don't let yourself be talked into anything. If you're scared to do it alone, I could accompany you”

Jimin smiled at his best friend, “That's nice of you, Tae, but I think that's something I have to do on my own. Thank you for offering though”

“Okay, Minnie. In case you change your mind, just let me know”

The pink haired male nodded again, taking a sip from his drink as they arrived at the dance studio.

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Dongha didn't look much better. No, the bruises were still very visible on his face as he walked into the room that day. The sight still shocked Jimin, a shiver running down his back as he pictured the boy being beaten up in a dark alley. Swiftly, Jimin shook his head, banishing those horrible thoughts out of his mind.

It had taken Jimin a lot of self-control to force his gaze away from Dongha, concentrating on the dance practice instead as Hoseok taught them some new steps. Fortunately, it was a tough choreography today, forcing Jimin to pay a lot of attention and distracting him from Dongha.

After an hour of practice, Hoseok announced a break, all of them breathing heavily and having to catch their breaths, chests rising and falling rapidly as they plopped down on the floor. As soon as everyone had scattered around the room to rest for a while, Taehyung sprang up and rushed over to Hoseok, pulling him into a hug.

Jimin smiled fondly at the sight, giggling as he watched Tae pepper kisses all over Hoseok's face, the latter attempting to push him away playfully as he warned him about being all sweaty. Evidently, Taehyung didn't care at all as he clutched himself at his boyfriend and hid his face in the curve of his neck.

As the smaller boy allowed his gaze to wander across the room, his eyes fell on Dongha. Surprise and slight shock blossomed inside of Jimin upon noticing that the brown haired boy had already been staring at him. Quickly, Jimin averted his gaze, feeling his cheeks heat up. Surely, simply looking at someone wasn't anything bad or forbidden, yet it made Jimin feel uneasy to know that Dongha had already been staring at him – considering what he had done to him.

Jimin shouldn't pay him any more attention. What if he perceived it as a wrong signal? As a sign for something Jimin didn't mean to imply or convey at all?
“Guys” Hoseok suddenly spoke up, interrupting Jimin's thoughts, “I have to tell you something, if you could please all listen to me for a minute”

For some reason, Hoseok seemed a little nervous, but really happy all the same. It was a weird mixture of emotions, sparking Jimin's curiosity as he stared at his friend. Taehyung was staring at Hoseok with loving eyes, standing close by.

“I've been offered a place in a very famous entertainment company as a choreographer. I know some of you have received some offers as well and you told me about it so I thought it's only right for me to share this information with you, too. I haven't signed the contract yet, it's just something that I'm currently thinking about and I have a good feeling about it. I'm going to have a meeting there today and I will let you know how it went and where I will go from there once all of it is settled. In case I do accept the offer, I want you to know that I won't drop this class, but will try my best to continue teaching you while working there. I might have to shorten the dance lessons, but I won't just leave you. I will stay for as long as I can keep going with this”

It was silent for a moment. Then, everyone started talking simultaneously, getting up to their feet as they rushed over to Hoseok in order to pull him into a group hug. There was joy and happiness blooming inside of Jimin, a smile spreading on his face as he joined the group.

Hoseok deserved this so much. He was such a hard worker, was so incredibly talented. Any company having him could call themselves lucky. It made Jimin all the more happy to know that Hoseok actually cared about each of his students — not that he had ever doubted that before, but this was just another confirmation of their strong and genuine bond. Hoseok didn't just want to leave them, wanted to stay with them for as long as possible.

“My goal was to teach you and to have fun with you. Each of you is special and has potential, watching you strive for your dream, watching you work hard and improve, becoming the people you are today has made me proud and happy. I couldn't be happier knowing that there are new chapters for all of you, too, that your paths are broadening and that you're spreading your wings to be closer to your dreams. I'm proud of you, guys, and I love you” Hoseok added, causing the group to hug him tighter as they returned a 'we love you, too.'

Once they pulled apart, Hoseok was scratching the back of his neck, notably a little emotional as he reminisced about the past months. Obviously, he wanted to stay for as long as he could, but taking a new job might make it difficult. There would definitely be changes heading their way.

“Now continue your break” Hoseok insisted, clearing his throat.

The others giggled, but obliged as they returned to their respective spots. Jimin remained standing in his position, bright smile on his face as he watched Taehyung embrace Hoseok again.

Hesitantly, the pink haired one approached the couple, placing his head on top of Hoseok's shoulder to gain his attention, yet not wanting to ruin their little moment.

“I'm proud of you, hyung, and really, really happy”

“Thank you, Jimin-ah” Hoseok smiled, ruffling Jimin's hair. In response to the action, the latter giggled, pulling his head back.

“Hyung” Jimin chuckled and swatted Hoseok's arm away as said boy had attempted to repeat the action.
“Minnie, I'm trying to make out with my boyfriend here before the break is over” Taehyung murmured, trying to let Jimin know without Hoseok hearing anything, but... well, you know, very unsuccessfully as Hoseok was standing right next to them – each word very audible.

Giggling, Jimin gave a nod, “He's all yours”

Hoseok rolled his eyes at his lover, yet couldn't help but smile fondly, pressing his lips on Tae's as Jimin returned to his spot, smiling to himself as well.

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Have you eaten already? - Jungkook-ah

Upon reading the message, Jimin glanced down at the sandwich he'd just made for himself with the left over food he had found inside of his fridge.

Not yet, no... why? - Jimin

It was already pretty late, time having passed so very quickly as he had talked quite a lot with Hoseok and Tae after dance practice. On their way home, they had made a little stop at a fashion boutique, Taehyung having to pick up something for his boss. As soon as Jimin had eventually entered his apartment, he had plopped down on his couch, body too sore and exhausted to do anything at all.

I just got finished at work and I want to see you. I could come over and we could have dinner together? I'll pick up some take-away food on my way – Jungkook-ah

Jimin smiled brightly, heart fluttering at the thought of seeing Jungkook. Just seeing him- even doing nothing but being in each other's company sounded so beautiful to Jimin. That's all it took for him to feel happy and comforted. There was just something about Jungkook that caused that feeling in him.

Sounds great, yes, please come over :) – Jimin

See you in a bit, little one – Jungkook

Smiling, Jimin put his phone down next to him, picking up the plate from the coffee table and returning it to the kitchen.

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“I'm telling you, he went full on crazy. I felt sorry for him, but my father just didn't think he had anything special, you know? Guy started cursing at him, throwing stuff around and even full on threatened my father. It got really bad. I'm not sure my father is that fond of Seoul yet” Jungkook told him, chuckling at the end of his sentence.

Jimin blinked, swallowing his bite down. Honestly, he didn't know whether to laugh or be shocked, caught somewhere in the middle. Clearly, Jungkook had wanted to make a joke out of it, but that person had evidently been very dangerous, throwing things around and even threatening his father just because he hadn't passed the audition. That was a little frightening.

“You've had a long day then, hm?” Jimin uttered, finishing his food before he set down the box on the nightstand, titling his head to the side as he observed Jungkook.

The black haired boy had dark circles below his eyes – evidence of lack of sleep and a lot of stress. To be fair, both of them had stayed up quite a bit, talking about the list and then... well, you know.
However, Jungkook had already answered some of his e-mails before Jimin had even woken up. The younger male must really be craving some sleep.

All the more caused it Jimin's heart to flutter because Jungkook had wanted to spend time with him instead of finally getting his well deserved and surely very longed for sleep.

After all, he had already seemed so exhausting upon his arrival, entering Jimin's apartment with a visible change in his usual demeanor, almost too tired to move at all. Yet, he had still kissed Jimin to greet him, getting lost in the touch as he had pressed the boy against the wall, tasting the sweetness of the smaller boy's lips before whispering, “Hey, little one, how was your day?”

Now they were seated on Jimin's bed, having finished most of their food while talking about their days – Jimin neglecting anything that involved Dongha.

“Yeah” The taller boy yawned as he gave a nod, “Fucking long and exhausting day” His eyes fell shut for a moment, setting the box of food down on the nightstand, “Was your food good?” He then wanted to know.

“Mhm, very good, thank you” Jimin answered, digging his fingers into his own neck, rubbing over the tensed skin as his body ached quite a bit due to practice today.

“Does it hurt?”

“Huh?”

“Your neck?” Jungkook elaborated as he pointed at the spot, “Are you in pain?”

“Oh, no, it's just a little tensed because of practice. I guess I didn't stretch that well earlier. To be fair, the choreography was a little more challenging today”

While listening, Jungkook suddenly got up from his spot, moving behind Jimin and adjusting himself against the headboard. Gently, he pulled Jimin closer to him inbetween his spread legs.

“What are y-”

The pink haired boy shut his mouth as Jungkook lifted his hands up to his shoulders, kneading the flesh with his palms strongly, yet very tenderly.

“A-ah” Jimin breathed, biting down on his bottom lip as Jungkook massaged his shoulders, trying to soothe the aching.

Stretching your body before dancing was always very important, yet Jimin's body still ached after an intense day of practice, slight pain seeming to be inevitable. Usually, the soreness vanished after some sleep, gone the next day, but receiving a massage was so much better – especially from Jungkook, his warm hands sending a shiver down Jimin's back.

“Hoseok talked to my father about joining our company” Jungkook told him as he traced his hands down Jimin's back, slightly lifting his shirt in order to move his hands beneath the piece of fabric, the sudden physical contact against Jimin's skin causing his body to twitch.

“Oh?” Jimin expressed, looking back over his shoulder, eyes big.

That's the company Hoseok had referred to today then! The brown haired boy was in the talks of being part of Jeon entertainment, most likely becoming a choregrapher there. That was amazing!
“Yeah, I kept myself out of it because I know hyung doesn't want the job, if he thinks I had my hand in it and had tried to give him a job through my connection to my father or simply because he's one of my best friends, when that's not the case at all. Hyung is just very good, amazing really and I've always wanted for him to work with us. I'm really happy that he's seriously considering it – well, more than that, most likely going to sign with us”

Jimin smiled, mouth falling open a moment later as Jungkook pressed his digits into Jimin's shoulder, the muscles beneath being massaged. Involuntarily, a whimper slipped from Jimin's lips, eyes fluttering shut. In response, Jungkook chuckled behind him, placing a kiss on his neck, “Hoseok hyung talked to us about it today. He didn't tell us that it was your company, but that he is probably going to take the offer. I'm really happy for him, too”

The black haired boy hummed, “What about you?”

“What do you mean?”

“Have you thought about what to do yet? You know, about the offers? Obviously, I don't want to rush you, take all the time you need, I was just curious”

The smaller one sighed, dipping his head down, “I still haven't made up my mind, but I think I should talk to your father and Kijung Yang, just to get a better understanding of what they have planned for me, you know? Maybe that will help me make up my mind.”

“That sounds good. I can let my father know and figure something out so you two can talk, but I would like to be present during that conversation, just in case, you know?”

“In case for what?” Jimin wanted to know, titling his head to the side.

Faintly, the pink haired male recalled Jungkook mentioning something about how his father might attempt to persuade Jimin into something, Jungkook fearing that he would agree to something that could ruin his life. Even back then, that expression had confused Jimin, had made him feel a little uneasy because why would Jungkook say that about his own father?

Then again, Jimin had quickly noticed himself how the businessman Jeon and the father Jeon were two different people, Jungkook's father trying to keep both of these personas separated.

“I just don't want you to agree to something you'll regret. My father won't fuck you over, but I'm not sure what he has planned for you and I just want to make sure that you know what you're agreeing to, little one, hm?” Jungkook responded, resting his head on top of Jimin's shoulder as he traced his fingertips down Jimin's arms, goosebumps rising beneath the touch.

“Okay, that sounds good, thank you”

The taller boy hummed as he straightened his posture again, proceeding to massage Jimin's back and shoulders, soothing the soreness of his muscles. Almost unconsciously, Jimin whimpered with each kneading of his flesh, the touch comforting, but still somewhat strong.

“Little one?” Jungkook uttered after several minutes of silence.

“Mhm” Jimin murmured, eyes fluttering open as he focused on the touch on his back, the feeling so beautifully soothing.

“How was your work today?” The younger one wanted to know.

“Oh, uhm, well, quiet” Jimin answered, chuckling at his own joke. In response, Jungkook snickered
and shook his head, nudging Jimin's shoulder, “I left earlier today because Somin and I switched one of our shifts. Not much happens at the library ever, usually just the same stuff each day, although there was a guy today who screamed around during his phone call, presumably very upset with something. We had to call security on him because he was disturbing the other people. Other than that, just people sitting there and reading, studying and stuff like that, two men staying there for quite a long time reading a newspaper. Nothing too unusual”

Jungkook's movement became slower, “Where did you go after that?”

“I met up with Tae for lunch. We just talked for a while and ate, then grabbed a coffee each and headed to dance practice” Jimin responded, smiling.

“And then?”

The smaller boy pulled his brows together in a frown, slightly confused by Jungkook's continuous questions. However, maybe he was just very interested in Jimin's day – which was cute, honestly.

“We talked for a bit in the studio. Time went by fast and before we knew it, we had spent two hours there just talking and laughing. Then we left and made a stop at a fashion boutique before we went home”

Jungkook hummed, “So.. nothing happened? I mean, no one disturbed you?”

Oh, that's what it was about.

“Do you mean Dongha?” Jimin clarified, frowning as he looked back, “This is about him, isn't it?”

“No” Jungkook quickly assured, shaking his head, “I mean, I just want to know whether you're alright. I don't want to fight, Jimin-ah. I just want to make sure you're well and safe”

“I know…” Jimin mumbled, playing with the hem of his shirt, “I know that you just want to protect me, Kook-ah, but I told you that I'm going to stay away from him and I mean it. I thought a little more about it and I know that you and Tae are right. I won't stay alone with him, don't worry. I'm fine, really”

“It's just that I need to know that you're okay” Jungkook muttered, wrapping his arms around Jimin's stomach in order to hug him from behind, the smaller boy falling back against his chest, head leaned back on his shoulder.

“I am, really, I promise” Jimin assured as Jungkook pressed a kiss to his temple.

In response to the touch, Jimin's heart fluttered, eyes falling shut as he allowed himself to find comfort in Jungkook's warm embrace, their hearts pounding to the same beat. With each exhale, Jungkook's soft breath hit Jimin's skin, the sensation somehow tickling, but also soothing.

Knowing someone was there- knowing Jungkook was there, holding him tight and protecting him made Jimin feel safe and cared for.

They remained in their position for quite some time, minutes passing by as they laid in each other's embrace.

“Jungkook-ah” Jimin murmured after a while, “Should I give you a massage now?” He whispered, thinking that Jungkook surely craved such a soothing touch after his exhausting day as well.

However, there came no response. Instead, only even, slow breathing.
“Kook-ah?” The smaller boy repeated as he looked back, noticing that Jungkook's eyes had fallen shut, his pink lips slightly parted. The image made Jimin's heart flutter, the pink haired male smiling as he turned around and straddled Jungkook's lap, “Kook-ah?” He whispered again, not surprised by not receiving a response.

Giggling, Jimin lifted his hand up, brushing Jungkook's hair out of his face before he traced his fingertips down his skin, rubbing over his cheekbone. Slowly, he leaned in to press his lips onto Jungkook's in a soft peck.

The taller boy's face was so peaceful, no wrinkles on his forehead, no frown on his face as he was somewhere far away in his dreams. The sight warmed Jimin's heart, affection blooming inside of his chest.

It wasn't surprising how Jungkook had fallen asleep, the boy having been very exhausted ever since he had entered Jimin's apartment earlier.

“I'll just give you a massage next time, then” Jimin uttered quietly, voice soft as scanned his bed, trying to figure out what to do next. The position Jungkook was in surely wasn't comfortable, the boy without a doubt waking up with such a neck ache and back pain in the morning, if Jimin allowed him to sleep like that.

Just as Jimin was about to get up from Jungkook's lap, the noise of vibrations was audible in the room, something lighting up next to Jimin on the nightstand. The sudden sound startled Jimin, the poor boy jumping up in his position as he glanced at the object that had created the noise.

Jungkook's phone.

A message had popped up on the screen, calling for Jimin's attention.

Should he check it? What if it was someone of something important that required Jungkook's help? Surely, Jungkook wouldn't be mad at him for reading it, right? Yet, the taller boy was visibly sleeping right now and Jimin really didn't want to wake the black haired boy up just because of a message he could still answer in the morning.

*What if it's really important and can't wait 'til the morning?*, a voice inside of Jimin argued.

The smaller boy shook his head, wanting to respect Jungkook's privacy.

*What if he's going to be mad at you for not checking and letting him know?*, the voice pointed out.

Jimin caught his bottom lip between his teeth. No, if it was anything important of that sort, Jungkook would've surely let him know beforehand incase he fell asleep, right?

...Right?

*Dammit*, Jimin was torn.

Not capable of fighting the urge of curiosity to read over the message, Jimin glanced down at the phone screen, reading over the words.

*We won't hurt him, Jeon, don't you worry. Just meet me tomorrow at- - 21511*

The rest of the message was cut off. Jimin would have to click on the pop up message in order for it to fully open, just that making it possible to read all of it. In that exact moment, Jungkook shifted beneath him, a content sigh falling from his lips.
Jimin swiftly straightened his posture, heartbeat quickening as he fixated his gaze back on Jungkook, assuring himself that he was still fast asleep.

Why did it feel wrong? Why did Jimin feel guilty for having read it, although he hadn't snooped around and the phone had been lying there fully exposed?

Yet, why was the message the most concerning thing of this situation? Who was this person that had messaged Jungkook?

Whom wouldn't they hurt? Where did they want to meet and why? What was Jungkook involved in?

The smaller male shook his head, getting up from the bed. He shouldn't have done this. Now he wouldn't be able to stop thinking about the message, about what it could imply and who this person was that Jungkook was interacting with.

**Who was 21511?**

“Angel?” Jungkook mumbled, still somewhat asleep as he reached out for the pink haired boy, clearly having noticed Jimin's absence.

For some reason, that caused Jimin's heart to flutter, Jungkook immediately feeling that Jimin had left his lap, feeling that he wasn't close to his body any longer.

“I'm right here” Jimin whispered, attempting to slightly pull Jungkook down the bed in order for him to lie down. Fortunately, Jungkook cooperated even in his sleep, scooting down the bed, head resting on the soft pillows.

The shorter boy moved into the bed next to Jungkook, the latter pulling him closer to his chest right away as Jimin tugged the blanket over both of their bodies.

“Mine” Jungkook murmured into his ear.

Smiling faintly, Jimin hid his face in Jungkook's chest, the uneasy feeling still somewhere inside of him, yet slowly suppressed by fondness for the black haired boy.

“Yours”

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed the chapter, I'll try to post the next chapter quickly <3

Love you <3
**Chapter Summary**

Jungkook’s behaviour appears suspicious to Jimin... what could it all mean? Later, Jungkook gifts Jimin a little present that might lead to more than what either had expected.

**Chapter Notes**

Hiii, lovely readers <3

How have you been?

Thank you so much for the love on the last chapter, I still can’t believe how much love this story is receiving and it really means so much to me. Really, from the bottom of my heart, thank you so much <3

I want to apologise again for only updating now :( I'm really trying my best to update quickly, but it's just not working out that well the way I want it to. <3

I hope you enjoy this chapter <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Jimin-ah?” Jungkook called out, the sudden voice startling the pink haired male, “Jimin-ssi!”

Jerking, Jimin almost dropped his mug on the floor, swiftly setting it down on the counter before he rushed into the living room. Rustling was audible, quick footsteps echoing in the room as Jungkook appeared in the doorway – messy hair and frightened expression.

“Kook-ah, what's wrong?” Jimin wondered, pulling his brows together in a frown as confusion was written all over his face, the boy clearly bewildered by Jungkook’s behaviour.

The younger one didn’t say anything, just closed the distance between them and wrapped his arms around Jimin, pulling him close to his chest as if he was scared of losing him. For a moment, Jimin was still, brain taking a moment to process this situation as he had just woken up, faint sleepiness still vivid in his body.

“K-Kook-ah, what's...”

“It's nothing, just... Nevermind” Jungkook whispered, shaking his head as he backtracked, refusing to tell Jimin the reason for his strange behaviour.

Obviously, it was nice to be held like this, for Jungkook to embrace him in the warmth that was radiating from him the way he currently was, yet Jimin couldn't help but believe that something evoking uneasiness had caused this behaviour.
The smaller boy pulled back, lifting his head up in order to lock eyes with Jungkook. Concern blossomed inside of Jimin upon noticing something similar to fear glistening in Jungkook’s beautiful brown orbs. Gently, he reached out and placed his hands on Jungkook’s cheeks, frowning at his boyfriend.

“Kook-ah, what happened? Tell me, please”

The black haired male hesitated, seemingly not wanting to share what was bothering him, what had caused this change in his demeanor.

“Why did you call my name like that?”

“Fuck, it's... it's stupid, honestly” Jungkook brushed it off, shaking his head as he pulled away, slipping from Jimin's grasp as he walked past him.

“It's not stupid” Jimin argued, taking a step towards Jungkook, but figuring that he should give him some space in order for him to organise his thoughts, “Whatever it is, it's not stupid”

“I haven't had one like these in years, literally years” The taller boy expressed, not entirely decreasing Jimin's confusion, but instead stirring even more questions. Instead of explaining further, Jungkook just paced around the room, sitting down on the couch eventually.

“One like what?” Jimin spoke up, voice way quieter than he had intended to, soft tone causing Jungkook to look back at him.

“It was just a nightmare, but it was... Fuck, it was one of those that feel so damn real. I couldn't bear watching you- It tore me apart. I woke up in sweat and then you weren't there. I guess my brain must have thought I was still fast asleep, trapped in that nightmare. I... I got scared that you were gone and that it hadn't just been a nightmare, but reality” Jungkook finally answered, voice somehow vulnerable.

Jimin swallowed hard, heart clenching as he approached the younger male, taking a seat next to him on the sofa.

“W-What happened? I mean, what happened in the nightmare?” Jimin found himself wonder before he could stop himself, not exactly sure whether he actually wanted to know the answer. After all, Jungkook never seemed to be scared of anything at all, always brave and strong. For him to be this... frightened by something that wasn't real truly must mean something.

Whatever it was, it must be horrible.

Whatever it was, it seemed to be one of the only fears Jungkook possessed – at least the only one Jimin was aware of.

“It's... Fuck it, I don't even want to think about it” The black haired male uttered, turning a little pale as if he was about to throw up.

Jimin blinked, not knowing what he should say, not knowing how he could help Jungkook.

“It's fine, it was just a dream, Kook-ah, whatever it was, it isn't real” Jimin tried to assure him, placing a delicate hand on his thigh, rubbing his thumb over the spot soothingly.

Jungkook locked eyes with him, “I pray to god that it won't ever become real. If anything close to that ever happens, I'll hurt every single one of them that did it” He promised, something serious flashing in his eyes, the fear slowly vanishing and being replaced by something sterner.
The smaller boy gulped, attempting to smile faintly as he leaned in and pressed a tender kiss to Jungkook's cheek to reassure him, “Don't worry, it was just a dream” Jimin whispered against his cheek before he wrapped his arms around his neck, pulling the boy into a hug as he hid his face in the curve of Jungkook's neck.

The latter tightened his grasp around Jimin, pulling him impossibly closer. Neither of them knew how long they stayed there for, caught in each other's embrace, Jungkook caressing his back ever so gently, finding comfort by having Jimin be this close to him.

“I gotta go to work now. I need to make a stop at home before I do” Jungkook was the one to break the silence that had settled between them, Jimin almost a little sad for having to pull away from the black haired boy, the warmth he was radiating suddenly gone.

Giving a small nod, Jimin observed Jungkook getting up from the sofa, heading back into Jimin's bedroom to get his stuff.

“You could get ready here?” Jimin offered as he followed after Jungkook, naked feet padded on the soft rug, “And then head to work from here? I could make us some breakfast... or-or well, I mean, attempt to make us some breakfast” The older one added, giggling at his own joke.

Jungkook glanced at him while picking up his phone, pushing it into the pocket of his jeans, “I would love to, little one, but I need to get some papers from home. I left them there last night and I really need them for a meeting later” The taller male declined, smiling and closing the distance between them to press a kiss to Jimin's forehead in apology.

“You're going to be at work the whole day then again?” Jimin wanted to know, watching how Jungkook left his bedroom. Swiftly, the pink haired boy headed after him, almost tripping over his own feet in the process.

“Yes, most likely” Jungkook answered, “What are you doing today?” He then asked, picking up his shoes in order to put them on, gaze fixated on Jimin as he waited for him to respond.

“Uhm, well, I switched my shift with Somin so I have to be at work a little earlier today. Then, I'm going to the dance studio to practice and I might call YK entertainment to see whether we could have a meeting somewhen this week” Jimin replied, unconsciously playing with the hem of his shirt.

“I'll make sure to talk to my father about a meeting as well”

“Thank you, that would be great” Jimin smiled, giving a nod.

As Jungkook finished getting into his shoes, he straightened his back and studied Jimin's features, looking back and forth between the pretty brown orbs of the pink haired one.

“How fast can you get ready?” The younger boy wondered, eyebrow arched up as he nodded at Jimin.

Frowning, the latter titled his head to the side in confusion, “Why do you ask?”

“I could drop you off at the library” Jungkook offered, Jimin smiling at the kind gesture.

“No, that's fine, it's not that far from here, really. You are in a hurry, so go ahead and leave” The black haired boy hesitated, clearly deliberating over something - Jimin could see it in his eyes, could see his mind racing.
“I... Text me when you leave, okay, little one?” Jungkook insisted, approaching Jimin to capture his lips in a swift kiss, the touch sending sparks through Jimin’s body.

“Okay, talk to you later” Jimin uttered, still a little bewildered by everything.

“Later” Jungkook responded before he exited Jimin's apartment, waving back at him.

The pink haired boy blinked, contemplating over what had just went on.

Something must have triggered that nightmare. Whatever it was, whatever had happened in it – something must have caused it. The look on Jungkook's face had been so... so- Gosh, Jimin felt his heart clench as the picture of Jungkook's expression flashed in front of his eyes. Frankly, he didn't even want to think about it. The mere thought sent a shiver down Jimin's back.

Then again, Jungkook had seemed to have recovered fairly quickly, gathering back his composure after cuddling Jimin for a while, reassuring himself by having Jimin close to him appearing to ease that fear in him.

Would Jungkook want to talk about it again later when they both weren't in a rush, when they were safe in each other's embraces, tangled inbetween the sheets in one of their comfy bedrooms, promising each other to protect one another?

After all, for a slight moment, he had hesitated to share this with Jimin, perhaps slightly embarrassed by or ashamed of having a nightmare – although that wasn't anything anyone should be ashamed of as you couldn't even control them - Yet, maybe Jungkook would just want to drop the topic altogether, would want to simply forget about whatever had haunted him in his sleep.

Jimin shook his head, sighing at his racing mind. Right now, he needed to get ready for work. With one last glimpse at the door, Jimin hurried into his bathroom to shower.

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After the smaller boy had rushed down the stairs, he exited his apartment building, a fresh breeze of air blowing past him, causing him to tug his jacket tighter. As soon as Jimin was about to walk down the street, he halted in his tracks, gaze falling on someone standing not too far from him.

Beomsoo.

Beomsoo was standing there, a few feet away from Jimin in his usual attire – a black customised suit - bowing immediataly upon noticing Jimin having arrived downstairs. Without a word, he opened the door to the car for the shorter male.

What was he doing here?

Confused, Jimin pulled his brows together, frowning at the older man as he approached him.

“What... what are you doing here? Did something happen?” Jimin wondered, not exactly capable of coming up with an explanation for why Beomsoo was waiting in front of his apartment buidling, “Jungkook-ah has already left” He informed the man.

The taller man chuckled, giving a nod as he gestured for Jimin to get in the car, “Mr. Jeon asked me to pick you up and drive you to wherever you need to go. He wants me to be your personal driver today”

Deepening his frown, Jimin titled his head to the side, “Why? Why would he want that? I mean,
that's... that's nice, but he never did that before. Besides, I'm perfectly capable of walking to work”

Beomsoo gave another nod, smiling warmly, “I'm afraid I don't know, Mr. Park. I just receive my orders from Mr. Jeon. I usually don't ask why he wants me to drive him or anyone else to a certain place. I'm just doing my work”

Jimin returned the smile out of politeness, shaking his head, “Jimin is enough, really. I told you before” The pink haired one stated kindly, “I really don't need you to drive me around today. Thank you, really, but I like walking”

Bowing slightly, Jimin waved goodbye before he walked past Beomsoo.

However, not as easily as he had hoped for.

“I'm afraid I can't let that happen. Mr. Jeon told me you might refuse the offer, but he was very persistent on this order. Mr. Jeon wants me to drive you to wherever you need to go and he was very clear with that. I don't think he would welcome or appreciate a no”

Jimin crossed his arms over his chest, huffing, “I'm sorry, but...” He paused, remembering that he had to be at work soon and couldn't afford this back and forth right now, “Well... I guess, that's nice of you and of Jungkook-ah. Thank you”

Giving in, Jimin walked up to the car, hopping in the backseat before Beomsoo shut the door close. While the taller man got in the car, Jimin fastened his seatbelt, placing his hands in his lap as he stared out the window.

“Where do you need to be?”

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Where are you? – Jungkook

Jimin smiled at the message as he hopped in the backseat of the car, asking Beomsoo to wait for a moment. The smaller boy had just gotten finished at dance practice, drenched in sweat, but euphoria running through his body as practice had went very well today – Jimin avoiding Dongha as well as he could. Yet, the frequent glances by the brown haired male hadn't gone unnoticed by Jimin.

Just got done at practice. I'm in the car right now. Are you still at work? - Jimin

It didn't take long for Jungkook to answer.

Yes, but not for that much longer. Do you want to spend the night at mine? I'll finish up here quickly and head home as soon as I can. You could already go over to my place. - Jungkook

I would like to shower at mine first. It was a tough practice again... - Jimin

You can do that at mine so you don't have to drive back and forth. I'll pick up some food for us on my way home. - Jungkook

Okay, sounds great :) See you later – Jimin

See you later, angel. - Jungkook

The pink haired boy's heart fluttered as he set down his phone, informing Beomsoo that Jungkook wanted to meet Jimin at his place. The taller man gave a nod as he pulled out of the parking spot, heading over to Jungkook’s apartment.
Jimin was chewing on his food, staring at the TV as he did, yet not really paying much attention to the drama that was currently airing. Instead, the shorter male proceeded to take glimpses at Jungkook, still somewhat concerned about the boy next to him.

First, there was this odd message on his phone, the nightmare and then the demand to have Jimin be driven around. Surely, something must be going on, right? Perhaps, all of these things were tied in some way, connected in a way Jimin needed to figure out.

Certainly, Jimin wasn't just being paranoid... was he?

“How was work today?” Jimin wanted to know, voice quiet and unsure as he glanced at the black haired boy next to him.

Jungkook swallowed down his bite, fixating his gaze on Jimin, “Hoseok hyung came in this morning to talk to my father”

“I heard” Jimin smiled, recalling Hoseok breaking the news to them earlier at practice, “He signed the contract and he seemed really excited about it”

“So are we” The younger male responded with a smile, “Hyung is amazing. I'm glad he accepted.”

Giving a nod, Jimin set his plate down on the nightstand, feeling full already.

“I talked to my father about a meeting” Jungkook then revealed, Jimin's eyes going wide at the news. “You did?”

“Yes, I did. My father was happy to hear that you're interested. I told him that I want to be present for it and that you want to know a little more about the offer, but that you haven't made a decision yet. He suggested for us to meet up for dinner somewhen this week” Jungkook elaborated, setting down his plate on the nightstand as well.

“That sounds great. I would love that. Although... I'm a tiny bit scared, too” Jimin admitted, voice becoming quieter with each word as he played with the hem of his shirt absentmindedly, “I don't know why. I mean, I met your father before, but it's just... I don't know, it's stupid. I don't know how to explain it”

The black haired boy turned his body towards Jimin, grabbing his chin softly in order to guide his face back up, locking eyes with the latter, “Whatever it is, it surely isn't stupid. But you really don't need to be scared. I'll be there to make sure you're comfortable and that my father is very clear and honest about everything. Don't worry, it'll be fine” Jungkook reassured him, rubbing his thumb over Jimin's cheekbone, the touch causing Jimin's heart to flutter.

“Thank you” Jimin murmured softly, smiling shyly.

“Have you talked to YK entertainment yet?”

Sighing, Jimin shook his head, “No, not yet. I wanted to call him today, but I kind of forgot in the hectic of practicing. I'll do it tomorrow, though. Hopefully, he'll have time for me”

“I'm sure he will take time out of his schedule for you. I know him quite a bit, he's a good one. There are people in the industry that you definitely wouldn't want to meet or hang out with, trust me, and I'll do my best to make sure you won't have to cross their paths, but he's not one of them. He won't
screw you over or pull some shit on you, don't worry”

Jimin found his heart ease at the information, smiling gratefully as he leaned in to press a kiss to Jungkook's cheek.

“Thank you” He whispered against his skin.

Jungkook tilted his head to the side, peppering kisses on Jimin's face with a smirk, lips gently brushing over Jimin's fair skin, the touch causing goosebumps to rise on each spot that Jungkook caressed.

“I have a present for you, Jiminnie”

The pink haired boy's eyes lit up as he lifted his head in curiosity, “A present?”

Just like that, all of the concern had vanished – at least for now, Jimin completely forgot about everything else.

“Mhm” Jungkook confirmed as he got up from the bed, “It's something we've talked about before”

“Kook-ah, you don't have to buy me presents, I don't-”

Jimin's mouth fell shut as he observed Jungkook picking something out of his dresser. It was a little white box, a bow sticking to it at the top.

“I hope you like it” The younger boy noted, smiling as he handed Jimin the box. The smaller one closed his palm around the object, scanning it with curiosity in his eyes. It wasn't heavy, Jimin realised as he placed it in his lap, “Open it, angel”

Nodding, Jimin lifted the cover of the box, hesitant as he took a peek.

As soon as his gaze fell on the object, his eyes lit up, cheeks turning a shade of pink.

“A-A collar?” Jimin whispered, smiling as he picked up the collar. A small pendant dangled in the front of it, Jungkook's name engraved in it.

There it was again, the fluttering of Jimin's heart.

“I picked a pink one because I thought it would look beautiful on you, especially with your hair colour” Jungkook explained, brushing strands of Jimin's hair out of his face.

“It is beautiful” Jimin murmured, observing the collar in his hand. The material was soft on the inside, surely created that way to make it more comfortable for the one wearing it – for Jimin who was going to wear it, some lace bound to it.

Jimin's stomach twisted, excitement bubbling inside of him as he glanced up at Jungkook again, noticing that the latter was already staring at him intently, gaze dark, but affectionate.

“Is this... Is this a dog collar?”

The taller boy chuckled at the question, clearly not having expected it as he shook his head, “No, baby, this one is specifically made for humans. It's slightly different from a simple dog collar. I chose one with a softer fabric on the inside for you. See?” Jungkook responded, reaching for Jimin's hand and guiding his fingers over the inside of the collar.

Jimin swallowed hard, gaze still fixated on Jungkook as the boy had closed the distance between
them. The younger one was looking at the collar, but noticed Jimin staring at him. As they locked eyes, Jimin felt his breath hitch in his throat, feeling as if he had been caught – which he kind of had.

Jungkook smirked, leaning in to brush his lips over Jimin's, “Want me to put it on you?”

The smaller boy's heart skipped a beat, a shiver running down his back as he looked back and forth between Jungkook's eyes, “Yes, please” He breathed, voice soft as he nodded.

Jungkook reached for the collar, Jimin allowing it to slip from his grasp as he gripped the hem of his hoodie, figuring he should remove it in order for Jungkook to put the collar on him, “S-Should I?” Jimin asked, assuming that the latter understood what he was referring to.

“Mhm, go ahead, little one”

With that, Jimin pulled the hoodie over his head, dropping the piece of clothing down on the bed next to them. In the meanwhile, Jungkook had adjusted himself behind Jimin, sitting down on his knees as he moved closer.

Jimin's heart was beating fairly fast, his breathing uneven as his chest was already rising and falling rapidly – a mixture of excitement and nervousness clearly visible.

“Are you nervous?” Jungkook whispered, his breath hitting Jimin's skin, causing goosebumps to form in that exact spot.

“A-A little bit” The pink haired male admitted, looking back over his shoulder. To comfort Jimin, Jungkook pressed his soft lips against his nape, kissing him soothingly.

“Don't be, if you don't like it at all, I'll take it off”

Jimin inhaled a shaky breath, nodding as he straightened his back. The taller boy was still caressing his skin, peppering kisses over his neck while he tenderly rubbed his warm hands over Jimin's arms. The touch caused Jimin to relax, the boy finding himself fall into comfort – the way Jungkook always did, the latter just having that kind of effect on Jimin, the ability to soothe him with a mere touch or simple words.

“I won't put it on too tightly” Jungkook promised as he moved his hands up to Jimin's neck, holding the collar in his right hand. In a swift motion, he opened up the object, wrapping it around Jimin's throat gently.

The smaller boy gasped, hands clenching into little fists as Jungkook carefully fastened the collar around his throat, leaving some space so it wasn't on too tight. Once he was satisfied, Jungkook traced his fingertips down over Jimin's arms, pressing a soft kiss to his shoulder.

“Is that good?”

Jimin swallowed hard, feeling his adam's apple push against the object wrapped around his throat in the process. Slowly, Jimin lifted his hand up to his throat, reaching for the pendant dangling from the collar. For some reason, his heart fluttered at the realisation of Jungkook's name being engraved in the pendant – the collar around his throat some kind of proof that he belonged to Jungkook.

“Y-Yes” Jimin breathed, nuzzling his cheek against Jungkook as the latter rested his head on top of his shoulder.

“Not too tight?”
“N-No, it's perfect” Jimin whispered, observing how Jungkook got up to his feet, walking around the bed in confident steps, halting as soon as he was standing in front of Jimin.

“Fuck” The black haired boy cursed, gently gripping Jimin's chin to guide his face up, exposing his throat to him, “So pretty, kitten”

Jimin's heart fluttered at the pet name, the urgency to watch his own reflection in order to see how the collar looked on him blooming inside of him. To be fair, Jimin already loved this – loved the feeling of it around his throat, loved how Jungkook's eyes had lit up as soon as he had seen Jimin wearing it, loved what it meant.

The pink haired one loved everything about this.

Curiously, Jungkook wrapped his fingers around the pendant, smiling as he let it slip from his grasp, causing the pendant to dangle around. Pride, affection and slight arousal blossomed inside of Jungkook, the sight of Jimin wearing a collar with his name on it affecting him in a way he hadn't expected. Surely, he had been aware that he was going to love seeing Jimin wear it, but these feelings were exceeding his expectations – the actual image so much better than anything he had ever imagined.

“Wanna-wanna see how it looks on me” Jimin whispered.

Smiling, Jungkook gave a nod as he reached for Jimin's arm, intertwining their hands, causing them to align in the way they always did. Gently, he pulled Jimin up and off the bed, the smaller boy's feet coming in contact with the floor.

Together, they walked into the bathroom, Jungkook switching the lights on while Jimin tip toed in front of the mirror, eyes lighting up as soon as he caught his own reflection.

“So beautiful, little one” Jungkook complimented, walking up behind Jimin and closing his hands around his hips. Slowly, he moved his hands up and down over Jimin's sides, caressing the skin with his warm touch.

Jimin gulped, titling his head from side to side to fully take in the picture of himself. It was odd to see such a thing be tied around his throat, yet... he couldn't deny the excitement and happiness that spread throughout his body. No, even more than that, he loved the sight so much more than he was able to put into words.

“Do you like it?” Jungkook wanted to know, lifting his hand up and pushing two of his fingers inbetween the collar and Jimin's neck.

“I-I love it” Jimin answered just as Jungkook slightly pulled on the collar, the object pressing into Jimin's throat tighter and causing him to gasp. In response to the action, he moved his head back, essentially allowing Jungkook to manhandle him.

The taller boy smirked, having caught the way Jimin's penis had twitched in his pants, having noticed the way goosebumps rose on his skin.

“It looks so good on you, baby” Jungkook whispered into his ear, “Mine, aren't you, kitten?”

Jimin gave a nod, whimpering as Jungkook pulled him back against his chest, rubbing his crotch against Jimin's perky butt, “Y-Yours” The smaller boy moaned, eyes fluttering shut.

Humming in satisfaction, Jungkook ran his hands over Jimin's stomach, fingers trailing down to the waistband of his jeans, “Okay?”
Swiftly, Jimin nodded, not exactly trusting his voice in his current state - was almost sure that his voice would break, that his tone would be high-pitched, if he spoke up right now. That's just what kind of effect Jungkook had on him, pulling him into that mental state so easily, Jimin finding himself slip away into a world where he was being taken cared of and dominated, allowing himself to submit to Jungkook.

“Can you tell me your safewords, kitten?”

With a tender touch, Jungkook zipped down his pants, pulling them down slowly as Jimin inhaled another shaky breath, lips parting as Jungkook sank down to his knees behind him.

“Red for stop, yellow for pause, green for okay” Jimin uttered, voice just above a whisper as Jungkook removed the pants from his body, the older one stepping out of them and watching Jungkook toss them to the side.

“So stunning” Jungkook whispered, running his hands up and down over Jimin's shaved legs, goosebumps rising beneath his touch on the fair skin. Whenever Jungkook's palms reached Jimin’s butt, the smaller boy found himself whimper, pushing his hips back in a silent beg for more.

Yet, the movement earned him a gentle slap to his inner thigh, causing Jimin to gasp.

“Don't move, kitten”

“I-I'm sorry” Jimin whispered, the stinging sending jolts of pleasure through his body as he noticed how his thighs were already trembling due to the sensation.

“Such a pretty ass, little one, wanna leave marks everywhere on your body” Jungkook growled, playing with the waistband of Jimin's underwear, tugging it down in a swift motion without any warning.

In response, Jimin yelped, the sudden movement causing him to draw his thighs together. Jungkook appeared to forgive him for the action - at least Jimin wasn't punished for it - as Jungkook removed his briefs from his body, tossing them somewhere to the side as well.

Now completely naked and exposed, Jimin whined, a shiver running down his back upon the realisation of Jungkook sitting on the floor behind him, face right up in Jimin's butt – nothing able to be hidden.

“Colour?”

“G-Green” Jimin answered without an ounce of hesitation, catching his bottom lip between his teeth as he felt Jungkook tap his hand against his inner thigh.

“Spread your legs for me, baby”

The pink haired boy obliged with a nod. Already, Jimin was so incredibly aroused, penis half hard and essentially rubbing against the counter – creating more friction – whenever he moved an inch, although Jungkook had prohibited him to move at all. Jimin's heart was pounding fast against his chest, the beat seeming to increase with each touch or word from Jungkook.

“We're going to play now, Jimin-ah”

“P-Play?” Jimin echoed, gulping as he felt his stomach twist.

“Mhm, I'm going to eat you out, little one”
“O-Oh, mhm” Jimin moaned breathless, eyes falling shut when Jungkook grabbed his buttcheeks, parting them and exposing Jimin's pink tight hole to him.

“Eyes open, baby, I want you to look at yourself while I eat you out” Jungkook ordered.

Jimin's penis twitched at the demand, eyes fluttering open immediately. The smaller boy found himself blush as he stared at his own reflection in the mirror – eyes already glassy, lips red due to him biting down on them so much, cheeks flushed a pretty shade of pink - the beautiful collar wrapped around his throat somehow such a perfect fit to his current look.

“You're gorgeous, aren't you, little one?” The black haired boy uttered, voice a little softer than before as he looked up at the mirror, meeting Jimin's eyes.

The latter's heart fluttered, a shy smile appearing on his face as he stared at Jungkook with big eyes, “T-Thank you, Kook-ah”

Instead of saying anything else, Jungkook leaned in to press an open-mouthed kiss to his inner thigh, sucking on the fair skin ever so slighty to leave a small mark. Jimin found himself hunch forward, leaning on the counter as he pressed his eyes shut, hissing at the faint pain.

Jungkook's tongue licked over his creation, a sound of satisfaction slipping from his lips as he trailed open-mouthed kisses up over Jimin's skin, lips brushing over the latter's perky butt as he moved closer to where Jimin needed him the most.

Without any further warning, the taller boy licked a fat stripe over Jimin's hole, blowing against his rim right after.

“O-Oh, god” Jimin breathed, eyes falling shut at the sudden sensation rushing through his body.

The younger male smirked against his skin, ego swelling at how responsive Jimin was, at how he was able to evoke these kind of reactions from the beautiful boy. In order to hear more of these pretty sounds, Jungkook leaned in to lick over the pink hole again, twirling his tongue around the tight muscle and savouring each second of it.

“Ah-ah, K-Kook-ah” Jimin whimpered high pitched, steadying himself on his lower arms as he looked back over his shoulder, down at the boy that was pleasuring him, currently lapping at his hole.

Slowly, Jungkook pushed his tongue between Jimin's rim, the hole opening up and granting Jungkook entrance without any resistance. The action caused Jimin to gasp, the boy swiftly catching his bottom lip between his teeth to muffle any more sounds.

The sudden silence resulted in Jungkook glancing up at him, taking a glimpse at the mirror and catching Jimin's reflection. Frowning, the taller boy pulled back and gave Jimin's upper thigh a spank, Jimin yelping and flinching at the slap.

“Kitten, I told you to look at yourself, hm, didn't I?” Jungkook asked, voice stern, but soft somehow, in a way only Jungkook was able to convey as he gently rubbed over the spot he had just slapped.

“I-I'm sorry” Jimin apologised, voice just above a whisper as he forced his gaze back on his own reflection, cheeks turning a darker shade of pink in shame.

Humming in acknowledgement, the black haired one drew his attention back to Jimin's pink hole, the tight muscle shining now as it was coated in his own spit, a good amount of it trailing down between Jimin's crack.
The smaller boy swallowed hard, somehow feeling odd as he looked at himself while he was being pleasured, observing his own reflection in the mirror as Jungkook pushed his tongue in and out of his hole, twirling it around every now and then or lapping at the hole with swift and firm licks.

“J-Jungkook-ah, m-more, please” Jimin whined, unconsciously pushing his hips back in Jungkook's face which earned him another slap to his inner thigh. In response, Jimin gasped, penis twitching at the slight pain before jolts of pleasure ran through his body.

“Colour?” The taller boy wanted to know, breathing heavier as he met Jimin's eyes in the mirror again, his own gaze intent. Slowly, he pushed two of his fingers against Jimin's hole, the latter's eyes going wide while he parted his lips.

“G-Green” Jimin assured, mouth agape in a silent scream when Jungkook pushed his two digits between the tight muscle, watching the hole open up around them and allowing them to slip inside with little resistance, “O-Oh, s-so good, Kook-ah”

Jungkook smirked as he scissored his fingers, rubbing against Jimin's sensitive walls in the process while simultaneously pushing the digits further inside, “Yeah? I'm going to make you feel so good, kitten”

It didn't take long for Jungkook to find the sensitive nub of nerves inside of Jimin, humming in satisfaction once the latter yelped and hunched forward, the smaller boy's legs trembling at the stimulation. Jungkook felt his own dick twitch in his pants, Jimin's responses affecting him in a way Jimin probably wasn't even aware of.

While the black haired boy proceeded to rub over his prostate, dabbing his fingers firmly into the sensitive bud every now and then, high-pitched moans and whines were slipping from Jimin's lips, the poor boy attempting to observe himself in the mirror. Yet, with the current pleasure he was receiving, it was utterly difficult.

More than anything, Jimin was trying his hardest to not move around too much, wanted to behave and be good – refused to cause a situation where Jungkook might be disappointed or annoyed by him.

“Such a good boy for me, aren't you, baby?” Jungkook asked, tone low as he met Jimin's gaze in the mirror, fingers still moving relentlessly in and out of Jimin's hole, the stimulation and inevitable pleasure increasing. There was already precum dripping from Jimin's slit, trailing down his hard length.

“Y-Your good boy” Jimin whimpered and gave a nod, hands clenching into tiny fists as his delicate features scrunched up in ecstasy, Jungkook not able to draw his gaze away, staring at Jimin intently, “O-Oh my god, K-Kook-ah!”

The heat in the pit of his stomach continued to gradually built, Jimin finding himself be brought closer and closer to his release while Jungkook proceeded to firmly rub over his prostate.

“T-Too much, Kook-ah, please, please, need you, don't want to~” The poor boy attempted to form a cohesive sentence, struggling as he was only capable of fussing incoherent words. The attention on his prostate was simply too much for him to handle, was sending him to the edge way too fast – way too intensely.

Just like that, Jungkook's fingers were gone as the black haired boy slowly pulled them out of Jimin, allowing his digits to drag along the sensitive walls in order to evoke another whine from Jimin.

Jimin gasped, hiding his face in his arms as he clung onto the counter, Jungkook tracing his fingertips
up and down over Jimin's inner thighs in the meanwhile, observing how Jimin's legs were still shaking due to the prior stimulation.

“Are you okay, kitten?” Jungkook then whispered, getting back up as he placed his hand on Jimin's back, caressing the skin with his warm palm while waiting for the pink haired one to answer.

The poor boy was still trying to collect himself, chest rising and falling rapidly as he felt himself come down from his high, slipping away from the edge that had been so utterly close. Gulping, Jimin lifted his head, meeting Jungkook's gaze in the mirror. The black haired one was patiently staring at him, allowing Jimin to take all the time he needed.

“Y-Yes, just- please”

Nodding, Jungkook leaned down to press a tender kiss below Jimin's nape, whispering a “Good boy” against his skin before he straightened his back. While proceeding to keep his eyes fixated on Jimin, Jungkook swiftly opened his belt. Slowly, he zipped down his pants, tugging them down as well as his briefs just enough to expose his hard length. The taller boy wrapped his hand around his erection, giving it a few tugs before he dropped his hand.

“Jimin-ah”

“Mhm?” Jimin hummed, swallowing hard as his eyes rushed up to Jungkook's face, away from the hard length that had caught his attention. The older one could feel his penis twitch again in anticipation for what was to come – couldn't wait to feel Jungkook inside of him, filling him up so nicely.

“I'm going to be very rough today, maybe testing some limits of yours” Jungkook stated, his fingertips tracing over Jimin's back, goosebumps rising beneath the touch. The action was somehow very different to his promise – so gentle, so sweet – almost like the calm before the storm. Jimin was excited to find out what Jungkook would do, “In case it's too much or it hurts- in case you don't like anything I do, what do you say, little one?”

“R-Red or yellow” Jimin answered, voice just above a whisper, yet firm to assure Jungkook that he was still in a mindset where he was capable of understanding the importance of this conversation. After all, doing this involved a lot of trust. Jungkook was very aware of the state Jimin was already slipping into, had to make sure that he knew how to stop it in case anything got out of hand.

“Good” Jungkook responded, nodding again before he pulled his hand away.

Suddenly, he lifted his hand up and spat right into it, closing his palm around his throbbing member a moment later. The smaller boy caught his bottom lip between his teeth, the obscenity of the action causing his penis to twitch as he watched Jungkook jerk himself off in the mirror.

Jimin felt the urge to touch Jungkook himself blossom inside of him, wanted to be the one to pump him to full hardness, wanted to be the one to feel his member between his full lips, allowing Jungkook to use his mouth for his own pleasure.

“O-Oh” The pink haired boy mewed, eyes falling shut at his own imagination, cheeks turning a darker shade of pink at the dirty thoughts he was having.

Without any warning, Jungkook pressed the tip of his erection against Jimin's rim, but didn't quite push it in yet. Instead, he moved his hard length up and down, brushing the tight ring of muscles with each motion, but only ever poking it in very slightly.

The faint touch was already driving Jimin crazy – the teasing so mean, Jungkook so mean – because
he knew exactly what he was currently doing to Jimin.

“P-Please, Kook-ah” Jimin whined, looking back over his shoulder in order to take a glimpse at the boy that was purposely prolonging the moment of finally entering Jimin.

Suddenly, Jungkook grabbed a bundle of Jimin's hair, pulling on it and guiding the latter's face back to the mirror with light force. In response to the action, Jimin yelped, a dribble of precum escaping the slit of his shaft, “What did I tell you, kitten? Is it that difficult for you to stay still and look at yourself in the mirror, hm, little one?”

Jimin gulped, shaking his head as he clenched his hands into petite fists, “I'm sorry, K-Kook-ah.”

The younger male only hummed, slowly sliding his member between Jimin's rim, watching it disappear between the tight ring of muscles that opened up with little resistance, “Fuck, Jiminnie”

Moaning high-pitched, Jimin watched his own mouth fall open in a silent scream, eyes going wide at the sensation of finally being penetrated. His own reflection looked back at him with flushed cheeks, a fluffy mess of pink hair on top of his head accompanied by the same coloured collar around his throat.

“K-Kook-ah!” The smaller boy cried out once Jungkook had bottomed out, the big size of Jungkook's hard length filling him up so nicely, Jimin having to adjust to the size of him.

With shaky legs, Jimin spread his feet further, wanting Jungkook to be able to reach even deeper inside of him. The black haired boy glanced down at Jimin's hole, watching his own dick disappear in the tight heat of the latter. The sight caused his hard length to twitch, Jungkook's hands rushing down to Jimin's butcheeks, kneading the flesh before he moved his palms up to Jimin's waist, gripping his hips tightly.

Jimin whimpered at the way Jungkook's digits firmly pressed into his skin, the pink haired boy very certain that the action was going to leave bruises on his body. But he didn't care- no, rather loved it, loved everything about this.

“Move, Jungkook-ah, thrust into me” Jimin found himself request, panting heavily which caused Jungkook to smirk because he hadn't even started yet, barely touched the poor boy. Yet, here was, knees getting weak and penis twitching at the way Jungkook was staring at him with dark eyes.

What Jimin didn't expect at all was the harsh slap that landed on his right buttcheek, the boy gasping at the sudden pain. Jimin flinched, hunching forward as he sucked in a breath, jolts of pleasure running through his body as he met Jungkook's gaze in the mirror, “You're not telling me what to do, kitten” Jungkook growled as he leaned in, mouth right against Jimin's ear, his breath tickling Jimin's skin, “Beg for what you want, kitten, let me hear your pretty voice begging for my dick”

“O-Oh god” Jimin moaned breathy, eyes fluttering shut at the way Jungkook was talking to him.

It took Jimin a moment to organise his thoughts, attempting to draw his mind away from how aroused he became by Jungkook using those words, by Jungkook talking to him like that.

However, apparently, it was a moment too long as Jimin earned himself another slap to his ass, the poor boy jerking at the punishment while another gasp slipped from his lips. Jimin swiftly bit down on his bottom lip, didn't want to admit how much this was actually turning him on by moaning or whimpering.

“Don't make me tell you again” Jungkook warned against his ear with a low tone, locking eyes with Jimin's reflection in the mirror. The taller boy's eyes were dark, pupils dilated and glistening with lust
and desire. There was always some sort of softness hidden in there, Jimin always capable of finding comfort whenever he was worried about Jungkook being actually mad at or disappointed in him.

Jimin blinked, swallowing hard as he unclenched and clenched his hands into tiny fists, legs still trembling from Jungkook's hard length being settled inside of him, stretching him out so nicely, yet not really stimulating him as he wasn't moving at all – wasn't even remotely brushing over his prostate.

“Please” Jimin breathed and swallowed hard, staring at Jungkook with desperation in his pretty eyes, “P-Please, Kook-ah, I need you- I'm begging you to- just- just- moooove, please, oh, please, thrust into me” The smaller boy begged as he pushed his hips back against Jungkook, which honestly – Jimin must say - wasn't exactly the greatest idea as he should have known and realised a moment later when Jungkook's palm came down on his buttcheek in a harsh spank again.

“Don't move, kitten, or do I have to tie you up?” Jungkook asked as he closed his hand around Jimin's hip again, securing the boy in his position the way he wanted him to.

Yet, before Jimin could even register whether or not he was supposed to answer, Jungkook pulled out of Jimin just to slam his hard length back into him with force. In response to the movement, Jimin rocked forward against the counter with a scream, Jungkook groaning at how tight Jimin's heat was around him.

“Fuck, kitten, so tight for me”

“Ah, oh god, so d-deep, Kook-ah!” Jimin cried out when the black haired boy repeated the motion right away, again and again, snapping his hips against Jimin with force, entering his tight hole even deeper.

“Yeah? I'm going to reach even deeper, baby” Jungkook promised with a particularly harsh thrust to prove his point, ramming his hard length further into Jimin. The action evoke a loud whimper from Jimin that turned into a scream as his whole body twitched at the stimulation.

“Right there!” Jimin whined high-pitched, legs trembling as he collapsed down on his lower arms, body too weak to hold himself up on his hands any longer, “Yes, please, Kook-ah, right there!”

“Found your prostate, hm, didn't I, kitten?” Jungkook growled, the sound of skin slapping against skin echoing in the bathroom, somehow even amplified as they mixed with Jimin's high-pitched whines and mewls.

“Yes!” The pink haired boy cried out and nodded frantically, trying his hardest to not push his hips back into the touch because he wanted to be good, wanted to behave for Jungkook, “P-Please”

The taller one picked up a faster pace, snapping his hips into Jimin even quicker. The rhythm was relentless, Jimin just rocking back and forth at how forceful Jungkook was thrusting into him. Each time, Jimin's prostate was stimulated, Jungkook hitting it dead on without any sign of mercy.

More precum leaked from Jimin's tip, trailing down his length and most likely dribbling down to the floor, yet neither of them noticed – or would care, if they ever noticed. They were too caught up in each other, Jimin's eyes rushing back and forth between the way Jungkook was thrusting into him and his own face.

It was still odd to watch his own reflection while he was being pleasured. It was dirty and obscene and Jimin felt his stomach stir at the mere thought of it – but it was also so very arousing, penis twitching when he thought about how dirty and exciting all of this felt.
Jungkook couldn't take his eyes off of his lover, full attention on the pink haired boy panting and moaning in front of him, sinful lips parted as those pretty sounds were slipping from them, cheeks flushed such a pretty pink which perfectly fit with collar around his throat.

The black haired boy was so damn happy that he had chosen this particular collar for Jimin, breath having hitched in his throat upon seeing Jimin wear it for the first time just moments ago – still now, the sight mesmerised him, was so damn fulfilling. It made him feel powerful, but also made him feel so fucking lucky to have Jimin be his.

*Damn, he was a lucky bastard indeed.*

Jungkook's gaze rushed down to his name dangling back and forth at Jimin's throat with each snap of his hips, “So pretty, baby, such a beautiful kitten, aren't you?”

Jimin whimpered at the compliment, “T-Thank you, Kook-ah” The poor boy barely got out, way out of his mind at this point by the way his prostate was being stimulated. It was surprising how he was even able to form some sort of coherent sentence.

The shorter male was shaking vigorously, drool running down his chin while Jungkook proceeded to fuck into him relentlessly. Jimin knew- he just knew that he wouldn't be capable of any more self-control. The urge to push his hips back against Jungkook to meet his thrusts simply became too big for him to resist.

“K-Kook-ah, Kook-ah, feels so good” Jimin whimpered as he pushed his hips back.

For a moment, Jungkook just stared at Jimin's reflection intently, almost challenging as Jimin chased his orgasm while rolling his hips back against Jungkook.

Then, the younger male shook his head, clicking his tongue as he hooked his fingers around Jimin's collar and pulled harshly on it. The action caused Jimin's breath to hitch in his throat as he was forced back up against Jungkook's chest, the latter still sliding in and out of him at a slower, almost teasing pace.

Jimin gasped, hands coming up to his throat as he felt his adam's apple poke against the object around his throat. For a moment, it was harder to breathe, Jimin almost choking at the lack of air, his eyes going wide as he looked at Jungkook. It was embarrassing how Jimin's penis twitched at the way he was being manhandled.

“You're a desperate, naughty boy, aren't you, kitten?” Jungkook asked with a growl, letting go of the collar to grab a bundle of Jimin's hair in order to hold the boy in the position he desired.

Jimin winced and gasped, the stimulation as well as the way he was being dominated arousing him so very much.

“Use your words, kitten”

“N-No” Jimin whispered, voice a little raspier due to his screaming, “I-I'm a good boy, Kook-ah, I'm your good boy”

The black haired one stilled his hips, eyebrow arched up, “Are you really, baby? Good boys obey, don't they? You keep disobeying me and that's what naughty boys do” Jimin swallowed hard as Jungkook pulled on his hair again, the pain so sweet, “Naughty boys deserve to be punished. Is that what you want? Do you want me to punish you, little one?”

“N-No” Jimin whined and shook his head, tears swelling up in his eyes when Jungkook was about
to pull out of him, “Please, don't stop. I-I want you. I'm trying not to move, but I... but I want- I just need you so badly, Jungkook-ah, pleeease. I'm good. I promise, I'm a good boy” The boy sniffed as he reached back for Jungkook, scared the boy would just leave him on his own as a punishment.

Jungkook's expression softened as he rested his head on Jimin's shoulder, grasp on his hair loosening slightly, “Can you tell me your colour, angel?” The younger boy whispered, voice tender as he traced his fingertips over Jimin's arm.

“G-Green, green, green” Jimin assured without a doubt, “Just- Just don't stop, please, don't leave me”

“I wasn't going to, little one, I'm right here” Jungkook uttered as he pressed a kiss against his temple. 

“P-Please” Jimin breathed, catching his bottom lip between his teeth upon Jungkook snapping his hips against him in order to pick up a slow pace.

“What do you want?” Jungkook asked as if he didn't already know.

“You, please- faster, deeper, Jungkook-ah, need you- Aaaaah!” Jimin begged, voice turning into a high-pitched scream when Jungkook rammed his hard length into Jimin deeply, finding his prostate in mere seconds.

“Is this what you want, kitten? Want me to fuck you so hard until you cry?”

Jimin whimpered at his dirty words, sobbing at the nice stretch, the way his prostate was being stimulated. Jungkook was still grabbing his hair firmly, holding him against his chest in a rather uncomfortable position – but Jimin didn't care about the discomfort, loved the way Jungkook was treating him.

Frankly, he still didn't know why he loved it so much, was pretty certain that there was something wrong with him. Shouldn't he dislike this? Why did Jimin love the pain so much? Why did he enjoy the way Jungkook was dominating so much? Why did the promise of making Jimin cry from pleasure excite him that much?

Jimin didn't know.

Didn't need to know.

He felt safe. He felt loved. Jimin trusted Jungkook and the taller boy had assured him that feeling like this was okay, that he didn't need to feel ashamed – nor did he need a reason as to why he even enjoyed any of this.

“Oh god, Kook-ah!” Jimin cried out at a particular harsh trust, attempting to hunch forward, yet restricted by the way Jungkook was holding him up against his chest, thrusting into him without any mercy while panting against his ear.

“Look at yourself, look at how pretty you are getting your brain fucked out by me” Jungkook muttered into his ear, hot breath tickling on Jimin's skin.

Jimin could only whimper, lifting his hands up, but only clenching them into little fists as he proceeded to watch Jungkook's reflection take him hard from behind.

“The collar looks so beautiful on you. Such a pretty kitten for me, aren't you?”

“Mhm” Jimin could only hum, nodding frantically.
“Who do you belong to?”

“Y-You” Jimin breathed, eyes fluttering shut and body twitching when he received a spank against his upper thigh.

“Louder, kitten”

“You!” Jimin cried out, whining as he rolled his hips back against Jungkook.

The taller boy appeared to forgive him for that, could see how desperate Jimin was, how fucked out he was due to the way Jungkook was ramming into him. Drool was trailing down the smaller boy's chin, tears in the corner of his pretty eyes.

“Only mine” Jungkook growled possessively.

“Yes, yes, yes, Kook-ah, feels so good!” The pink haired male moaned, whimpers turning up in pitch and frequency with each passing second as Jimin felt the heat gradually built up in the pit of his stomach.

“My good boy, aren't you?”

“Y-Yes, your good boy, only yours, Kook-ah”

“That's right, kitten”

Swallowing hard, Jimin deliberated over touching his own penis – was simply too close, just wanted to tip over the edge. However, he was very aware of Jungkook most likely not being very fond of that idea.

“I'm c-close, Kook-ah, may I-” Jimin warned, locking eyes with the younger one.

“No, don't come, baby. Be a good boy and wait for me”

Jimin couldn't help but sob, tears finally streaming down his face as Jungkook picked up an even faster pace which was simply too much for him to handle as he was attempting to prevent himself from coming without permission. The pink haired boy screamed out, squirming around when Jungkook wrapped his hand that wasn't currently tangled in Jimin's hair around his throbbing length and gripped it tightly at the base.

“N-No, please, I-” Jimin cried out, sobbing as his orgasm was being denied although he could feel it in his bones – was so close - muscles spasming already, “Kook-ah!”

“Aww, is my babyboy crying?” Jungkook cooed, the new pet name causing Jimin's heart to flutter even though it caused his penis to twitch in Jungkook's grasp all the same, “Sssh, don't cry, kitten, I'm going to make you come so hard”

The promise was whispered against his ear, yet Jimin still wriggled around, panting and whining as he struggled to keep still, just wanted to come so badly, oh please, let him finally come.

Suddenly, Jungkook hooked his fingers around the collar again, pulling Jimin up with force. The action caused the latter to stand up on his tippy-toes as it would be more difficult to breathe unless he did that. Jimin gasped, eyes blown wide in lust yet also desperation as they stared at Jungkook.

“Stay still or I'll punish you, kitten” Jungkook warned, voice threatening.

For a moment, Jimin actually deliberated over whether or not he shoud act upon that threat - disobey
again just to see what Jungkook would do to him. Should he genuinely test the taller boy?

Slightly ashamed, the smaller boy dipped his head down at the idea, not entirely sure why that thought had came up in his mind.

Of course, in a way, Jimin was curious to find out what Jungkook was capable of doing to him, yet at the same time that urge was confusing because usually Jimin just wanted to be good and behave.

Why did he suddenly want to be naughty? Why did he even remotely think about challenging Jungkook and actually urge him to punish Jimin?

A shiver ran down the pink haired boy's back at the thought. Clearly, that was self-destructive, wasn't it? Surely, Jimin appeared to love being spanked, loved Jungkook being rougher with him – actually thrived on it - yet what if Jungkook would punish him by denying him his orgasm completely? What else was there that Jungkook would do to punish him? Potentially, it would consist of things that Jimin maybe – or even most likely – wouldn't enjoy? After all, wasn't that the actual purpose of a punishment?

Swallowing hard, Jimin shook his head, deciding that it wasn't such a good idea after all, but still determined to bring up the topic of punishments in a conversation with Jungkook later when both of them were out of their current headspaces.

Jimin's eyes were blown wide in bliss, Jungkook cursing at the sight of Jimin receiving pleasure from the way Jungkook was manhandling him, was dominating him.

“I-I'm trying, K-Kook-ah” Jimin sobbed, body trembling as he attempted to stay still, Jungkook still fucking into him from behind, his hard length brushing over Jimin's prostate firmly with each snap of his hips.

“You're so desparate, babyboy, aren't you? Can't stay still because you want to feel my dick fuck into you deeper, hm?”

Jemin whimpered, squeezing his eyes shut as more tears streamed down his face, “I need to come, p-please”

“Should I go harder, kitten?” Jungkook asked, acting upon his question right away as he sped up, his dick fucking into Jimin in a relentless pace.

The smaller boy cried out, squirming around as he tried to push Jungkook's hand away from his penis, the tip already such a dark shade of red, “N-No, d-don't go faster, just please, let me come, Kook-ah, I can't- I-”

Jungkook's hand rushed down to Jimin's waist, the boy digging his fingers into the skin deeply in order to still Jimin's movement, the latter eventually hunching forward and collapsing on the counter as Jungkook wasn't holding him up by his hair or collar any longer.

Sobbing, Jimin hid his face in his lower arms, body shaking vigorously as he felt his orgasm get immensely close, but there was nothing Jimin could do about the feeling as long as Jungkook was restricting him from coming by having his hand wrapped around the base of his hard length.

“Aww, kitten, don't cry” Jungkook cooed, rubbing his warm hand over Jimin's back soothingly before he traced his palm up and hooked two of his fingers around the collar, giving it a harsh pull in order to lift Jimin back up.

The sight of tears running down Jimin's cheeks while the poor boy was begging for Jungkook to let
him come was causing his dick to twitch inside of Jimin's hole, his own release not too far away.

However, for a slight moment, Jungkook got worried whether he was going to far.

“Little one” Jungkook murmured into Jimin's ear with a soft tone, meeting Jimin's gaze in the mirror. Jimin's eyes were blown wide and glassy, the boy seeming dazed as he stared back at Jungkook, “Can you tell me your colour, baby?”

Jimin swallowed hard, blinking slowly as he contemplated over that one. The pink haired male was determined to see where his actual limit was, wanted to see how far he could go, but then again he didn't know how much longer he could bear this denial of his orgasm for.

“G-Green, but please, K-Kook-ah, I'm begging you, please let me come, I've been good, haven't I?” Jimin whined, voice so vulnerable and soft that it pulled on Jungkook's heart strings.

Jungkook smiled as he pressed a kiss against Jimin's temple, humming lowly, “Yes, kitten, you've been good, the best boy”

The fluttering of Jimin's heart was inevitable at this point, the boy sobbing at the praise as he attempted to reach back to touch Jungkook, too. The taller boy intertwined one of their hands for a moment, giving Jimin's palm a gentle squeeze in reassurance, trying to comfort him and make him understand that he's been such a good boy, that Jungkook was so proud of him.

“Your good boy?”

“Yes, little one, my good boy”

The way Jimin's eyes lit up at those words made Jungkook want to protect the boy forever – *as if he hadn't already promised himself to do exactly that.*

Fuck, he had fallen so deeply for him.

Shit, was he in love.

“Just a little longer, kitten, do you think you can do that for me? You'll come so hard, hm? I'll make you come so hard for being such a good boy for me”

Sniffing, Jimin gave a nod, the promise of his release causing his stomach to stir in excitement. With that, Jungkook picked up a slow pace again, his hand caressing Jimin's side for a moment before his palm wandered up to Jimin's hair, the boy grasping a bundle of his pink locks.

In response, Jimin hissed, whining and squirming around as soon as he felt Jungkook's erection hit his sensitive nub of nerves, the stimulation on his prostate sending him right back up to the edge as if he'd never come down to begin with.

“Jungkook-ah!” Jimin screamed out, drool trailing down his chin as Jungkook sped up his movement, “Ah- Ah- Ah, please!”

“Do you want to come, babyboy?”

“Yes, please, oh god, please!” Jimin cried out, nodding erratically as he pressed his hands into tiny fists, the delicate features on his face scrunched up in a mixture of pain and pleasure. The pain so sweet, the pleasure so overwhelmingly intense, but beautiful.

“Beg for it, kitten”
Sobbing, Jimin attempted to dip his head down, yet wasn't capable of doing just that as Jungkook was pulling on his hair, guiding his face back up to the mirror.

“Watch while you beg me”

“P-Please, let me come, K-Kook-ah. I've been a good boy, please, I can't take anymore” Jimin begged, rocking back and forth with each snap of Jungkook's hips, voice breaking into high-pitched whimpers and cries.

“Louder, baby, you can beg better than that, hm?”

“You're mean” Jimin complained quietly, squirming around as more tears streamed down his face, Jungkook pulling on his hair harsher while his eyes darkened. The smaller one gasped, wincing at the pain.

“I'm what? Say that again, little one”

“I-I'm sorry, I'm sorry, Kook-ah” Jimin apologised, innocent eyes glancing at Jungkook who seemed to deliberate over whether or not to spank Jimin for that one, whether or not he should punish the boy that appeared to be way out of it at this point, “P-Please, just, I'm begging you, please let me come, I-I've been good for you”

“I believe you deserve to wait a little longer for that one, kitten”

“No, no, no, Kook-ah, I can't, I really can't, it hurts” Jimin sobbed, shaking his head as he wriggled around in his spot, desperately trying to push Jungkook's hand away from his penis while the latter was still fucking him firmly, “I'm going to be good, I promise, I-I'm going to be a good boy”

Jungkook tilted his head to the side, humming lowly as he pulled his hand away from Jimin's dick, “You're going to come untouched then, just from my dick fucking into your tight little hole the way you like it” Jungkook ordered against Jimin's ear with a growl.

In response, Jimin cried at the relief that washed over him, whining high in his throat as he felt his orgasm rush closer, ecstasy running through his body.

“Go on, babyboy, I'm not going to tell you again. I thought you wanted to be my good boy, hm? Come for me then, kitten” Jungkook urged, hooking two of his fingers around the collar again to give it a slight tug.

Just like that, Jimin's muscles spasmed, whole body tensing before he felt his orgasm wash over him, “Thank you, thank you, thank you!” Jimin cried out high-pitched as his body trembled vigorously.

Immediately, sperm shot out of the tip of his penis in swift spurts, some of it splashing on the counter while some dribbles trailed down on the floor beneath them. The poor boy had to stand up on his tippy-toes, Jungkook still pulling on the collar while proceeding to thrust into him, prolonging the intensity of the feeling.

“There you go, kitten, made a mess for me, didn't you?”

“Y-Yes, for you” Jimin murmured, eyes rolling back into his head as another wave of pleasure hit him, more cum spurting out of his penis and joining the puddle on the counter.

Eventually, Jimin squirmed around in Jungkook's hold, his orgasm still running through his body while Jungkook continued to fuck into him. The taller boy's eyes were fixated on Jimin's expression, those sinful lips parted while screams and whimpers of pleasure were slipping from them, his cheeks...
flushed such a dark shade of pink as more tears streamed down his face.

*Fuck, was he beautiful.*

As soon as Jungkook allowed the collar to slip from his grasp, Jimin hunched forward, finally collapsing on the hard surface of the counter, right on the mess he made. However, Jungkook didn't stop, fucked him right into oversensitivity.

“N-No, I-I can’t” Jimin whispered, his voice somehow gone as he pressed his heated cheek against the cold surface, his breath hitching in his throat when Jungkook grabbed his arms and pulled on them in order to press them against his back.

“Made such a mess for me, kitten, gonna make such a mess in your little hole, too”

Whimpering, Jimin squeezed his eyes shut at the sweet pain, legs still shaking. Essentially, Jimin would have collapsed to the floor by now if it wasn't for Jungkook pressing his arms to his back with one hand while holding Jimin steady at his hips with the other.

“Keep your hands on your back” Jungkook ordered as he moved his hand up to Jimin's hair, grabbing a bundle of his pink locks and pressing Jimin's head harder against the counter as he proceeded to fuck the smaller one into it.

Jimin cried out, his penis not able to soften as the stimulation continued. It was as if he was still coming right now, orgasm never having left him as his erection kept leaking out more sperm.

“Please, come inside of me, Jungkook-ah, want to feel you fill me up” Jimin begged, clenching around the taller male who cursed and brought his palm down to Jimin's ass with a spank. The latter yelped, assuming – or rather, certainly knowing – that there were going to be many marks and bruises left on his body from the roughness Jungkook was treating him with.

*And Jimin loved that so much.*

“Yeah? Want to feel my cum leak out of your tight little hole, hm?”

“Y-Yes, please, Jungkook-ah”

For a moment, Jimin wondered if any of Jungkook's neighbours were currently hearing them. Then again, Jungkook had assured him that they wouldn't need to worry about their volume in his apartment, that they could be as loud as they wanted to.

The sound of skin slapping against skin, Jimin's high-pitched whines and screams combined with Jungkook's groans and obscene words were echoing in the small of the room, amplified in the silence of everything else. Jimin could only pray that no one was listening to them right now, would want the ground to open up and swallow him whole if they did – again.

“So fucking good, kitten” Jungkook groaned, cursing again when Jimin clenched around him without a pause, the ring of muscles so damn tight around Jungkook and finally sending him over the edge, too, as he found his own release.

“Yes !” Jimin moaned as he felt Jungkook's cum spurt out of his penis inside of him, painting his sensitive walls.

“Shit, little one” Jungkook groaned, eyes falling shut as they both hunched forward, collapsing on the counter together while the taller boy was still slowly rocking his hips back and forth to ride out his orgasm.
Bodies sticking together – Jungkook still fully dressed, if it wasn't for his pants hanging below his penis, Jimin completely naked and sweaty - the two boys were catching their breaths, chests rising and falling at a rapid pace, both of them having slipped into such a beautiful haze of pleasure.

Jimin was still whimpering due to the oversensitivity he was experiencing, his poor prostate still being stimulated.

“K-Kook-ah” Jimin whispered, arms still clasped on his back as he looked back over his shoulder, his gaze meeting Jungkook's who leaned in to press a kiss to his forehead.

“Such a good boy, Jimin-ah”

Smiling at the praise, the smaller one was about to nuzzle his cheek against Jungkook, yet whined high in his throat when the latter straightened his back, suddenly gone.

Jimin couldn't feel his own body – everything aching, but then, somehow, there was nothing Jimin was actually feeling because he was floating again, floating somewhere and apparently way too exhausted to acknowledge the soreness of his body.

Slowly, the black haired male pulled out of Jimin, appearing to move in a slow pace intentionally to allow his penis to drag along Jimin's sensitive walls, causing the poor boy to sob at the intensity of the feeling.

Jungkook groaned at the sight of Jimin's pink hole clenching around nothing but air, the man slapping the tip of his softening dick against Jimin's rim. In response, the shorter boy gasped, catching his bottom lip between his teeth.

While Jimin proceeded to clench around nothing, Jungkook's cum began to leak out of his little hole. As if being mesmerised, Jungkook's gaze was fixated on his own sperm slowly dribbling out of his lover, the sight so obscene and such a turn on for him, dick twitching in his grasp.

“My messy boy, hm? Filled you up so nicely, didn't I?” Jungkook uttered, taking a glimpse at the pink haired boy still clinging onto the counter, whole body jerking once Jungkook pressed two of his fingers against his rim, coating them in his own cum.

“K-Kookie” Jimin whined and shook his head when he realised what Jungkook was up to, feeling the younger one push two of his fingers inside of his hole to press the sperm back inside.

“Damn, I wish I already had your pretty buttplug, little one, would've made sure to keep my cum inside of you. All warm and nice. Would you like that, kitten?” Jungkook wanted to know, tone low as he pushed his fingers deeper, smirking once Jimin yelped.

“Y-Yes, I w-would like that, Jungkook-ah” Jimin breathed, nodding frantically as his eyes fluttered shut, Jungkook beginning to rub his fingers over his prostate slowly.

As predicted, Jimin cried out, shaking his head as he squirmed around in his spot, “N-No, stop, K-Kookie! No more, please” Jimin begged, Jungkook increasing the pace of his movement, dabbing his fingers against the sensitive nub of nerves firmly.

“No more?” Jungkook echoed, slight amusement in his voice as he closed his free hand around Jimin's hips, stilling the boy's movements, “But it feels so good, doesn't it?”

Sobbing, Jimin noticed that new tears were swelling up in his eyes, his body not bearing any more stimulation. His poor penis was hurting, his hole way too sensitive for any more abuse.
“P-Please, I-I can't- I-”

“Sssh, baby, I know you can, hm? You're my good boy, aren't you?” Jungkook cooed, rubbing over Jimin's prostate fast and hard in the process.

Crying out, Jimin shook his head, pushing his body further into the counter in order to get away from Jungkook's touch. However, the black haired boy hummed in dissatisfaction and pulled him right back by his hips, manhandling Jimin into the position he wanted him in.

“No, please, Kookie!” Jimin wailed, attempting to draw his thighs together, yet it was no use as Jungkook slapped his inner thigh, ordering him to keep his legs spread. The action evoke a whine from Jimin, the poor boy hiding his face in his lower arms after he saw more precum leak out of the tip of his still semi-hard erection.

“Angel” Jungkook called out, voice a little muffled.

Jimin didn't answer, caught somewhere in a state of pain and pleasure, the feeling so sweet, yet so intense and overwhelming, making Jimin wonder whether he was capable of bearing any more of it, but also somehow making him not want to lose that exact feeling. The pink haired male had slipped into such a conflicting haze, confusing him.

“Angel” Jungkook repeated, slowing down.

“M-Mhm” Jimin hummed softly, blinking as he lifted his head in order to meet Jungkook's gaze in the mirror.

“Can you tell me your colour, pretty baby?”

Jimin blinked again, inhaling a shaky breath.

How far would Jungkook go, if he agreed for him to go on by saying 'green'? Did Jimin want to find out? It was odd, wasn't it? Jimin had been at this point before, hadn't he? Jungkook had made him come multiple times before and Jimin had been able to bear that – No, had even enjoyed that feeling as the orgasm he had eventually received had hit him so incredibly hard, making it more than just worth it – Yet, this time was different somehow. This time, Jimin wasn't sure, if he could come again.

“I-I really can't, Jungkook-ah, I-I can't come again. I-I-”

“Sssh” Jungkook interrupted his fussing, peppering his back with gentle kisses, his lips brushing over Jimin's skin so softly as he traced open-mouthed kisses up to Jimin's nape, “It's okay, little one. You've been such a good boy for me, haven't you? I'm so proud of you”

Heart fluttering at the praise, Jimin smiled shyly, cheeks turning a darker shade of pink when Jungkook pressed a tender kiss to his nose.

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Heart fluttering at the praise, Jimin smiled shyly, cheeks turning a darker shade of pink when Jungkook pressed a tender kiss to his nose.

“Will you allow me to eat you out? I won't be long, I promise, just wanna lick your pretty hole clean” Jungkook whispered against his ear, the request sending a shiver down Jimin's back.

Swallowing hard, Jimin found himself nod.

“No, baby, I need to hear you say it”

“Y-Yes, p-please do”
Humming in satisfaction, Jungkook pressed one last kiss to his shoulder before he sank down on his knees, grabbing Jimin's buttocks and pulling them apart. The black haired boy was very aware of the fact that Jimin couldn't take much more, his trembling legs being any indication other than his words. So, having mercy, he dived right in, licking a fat stripe over the gaping hole.

Jimin winced, whimpering at the oversensitivity, but attempting to stay still while Jungkook ate him out. Honestly, Jungkook's mouth was a sin itself – the skill the boy possessed in making Jimin go absolutely insane and draw him in such a state of pleasure was pure bliss as well as it was fascinating, almost unbelievable. There was no way Jimin had actually ever believed sex would be like this before experiencing it for the first time – would be this utterly beautiful as well as intense.

Carefully, Jungkook pushed his tongue inside, gently licking Jimin clean and collecting his own cum on his tongue. A slight part of Jungkook wanted to tease Jimin a little more, wanted to watch the pink haired one squirm around in oversensitivity, making a fuss and begging Jungkook to stop while he proceeded to cry for him – but he wouldn't do that. Not when he saw and was very aware of how close he had brought Jimin to his limit. Crossing it was not an option for Jungkook – not when Jimin didn't specifically want him to and was comfortable with that idea – He would never forgive himself for ignoring that.

Sucking on the pink hole one last time, Jungkook finally pulled back, Jimin sniffing as he observed Jungkook get back up. Just as Jimin was about to say something, the younger one hooked his fingers around the collar and tugged on it. The action caused Jimin to straighten his back, a whimper slipping from his lips when Jungkook gripped a bundle of his hair and pulled his head back, making Jimin hiss at the slight pain.

Then, he closed his free hand around Jimin's jaw, pulling his mouth open without saying a word. Confused, Jimin stared up at Jungkook, eyes going wide when Jungkook parted his own lips and allowed his saliva mixed with his own cum to trail down into Jimin's mouth.

Jimin moaned breathy at the obscenity, almost wanted to cry as he felt his sensitive penis twitch in arousal while Jungkook pressed his soft lips on Jimin's, capturing them in a kiss. Slowly, they moved their lips against one another, Jungkook's tongue licking over Jimin's tenderly so he could taste himself on there.

When Jungkook pulled away, he lingered above Jimin's lips for a moment longer, smirking against him, “Good boy.”

With that, Jimin's eyes fell shut as he collapsed in Jungkook's strong arms.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed the chapter <3
I wish you wonderful happy and healthy days <3
See you in the next chapter! <3
Revelations

Chapter Summary

In the midst of Jimin trying to figure out what to do with his future, obstacles seem to be inevitable... certain incidents making the decision that much more difficult for him.

Chapter Notes

Hiiiii, lovely readers <3

I-I can't believe it! We've hit over 71k hits on this story and I just... I'm speechless! I'm so, so grateful and happy that you seem to enjoy the story and that you support me with such love. It means the world to me, it really does. <3

Whenever I feel down and am not satisfied with my own work or am discouraged, you motivate me again and cheer me up. Especially as English isn't my native language, it's sometimes difficult to write in a way that captures people, so I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart for reading my story and for supporting me. <3

I've been in a rather good place with my mental health for the past days. Actually, I'm feeling very bright and happy these days - although I'm tired all the time haha! I'm sorry, if some of you don't care or don't want to hear that, but I just wanted to let you know <3

How have you guys been these past days? I would love to know <3

Well, but now I don't want to annoy you any further.

Please enjoy the chapter <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Little one”

Jimin squeezed his eyes further shut, exhaustion still vivid in his body, muscles aching, causing him to whimper.

“Little one” The soft, yet deep voice called out again, a gentle hand brushing Jimin's hair out of his face, a thumb rubbing over his cheekbone tenderly.

Slowly, Jimin's eyes fluttered opened, his vision still blurry as a figure appeared in front of his gaze. Involuntarily, Jimin's eyes fell shut again, the boy blinking a couple of times until he adjusted to his surroundings.

“Hey, angel” Jungkook whispered, slight concern in his eyes.

It was only then that Jimin noticed that Jungkook had picked him up, the pink haired one
subconsciously clinging onto him as he had wrapped himself around the taller boy, essentially going slack in his strong embrace, but still somehow managing to hold onto him unconsciously. Then again, Jungkook had proven his strength numerous times, carrying Jimin with ease like he had done several times before, the previous sex against the wall being any indication or evidence of that fact.

Almost inevitably at this point, a shiver ran down Jimin's back at the reminder of Jungkook taking him up against the wall – *Hang on*, was Jimin really okay? Jungkook had just thoroughly taken him from behind against a counter, why was Jimin getting aroused *again* by the thought of even more sex? Was the poor boy really *that* horny?

“Jimin-ah, hey, talk to me, angel” Jungkook interrupted his thoughts, walking back to the counter and setting Jimin down on the cold surface. The latter whined as his sore butt came in contact with the counter, Jungkook swiftly apologising and picking him back up, “Shit, sorry”

“I-It's fine” Jimin finally spoke, voice sounding somewhat foreign to him, so small, so raspy, yet still as gentle as ever.

Nodding, Jungkook sat the boy in his arms down on the counter, spreading his legs and moving inbetween them.

“Can you tell me how you are, Jimin-ah? Just tell me whether I went to far, baby” The black haired boy wanted to know, seriousness mixed with his usual softness glistening in his eyes as he stared intently at Jimin, wanting the boy to be honest although it could potentially hurt him to the core to know the answer.

Jimin pulled his brows together, blinking again as he shook his head, “No, you didn't, I promise” He then answered, somehow still caught in that sweet haze, floating somewhere.

“I'm going to run us a bath, little one, is that okay?”

Jimin found himself nodding, Jungkook bringing his hands up to his neck simultaneously in order to unfasten the collar. The action caused Jimin to flinch, the boy jerking back in his position as he looked at the younger male with something similar to fear in his eyes, “W-What are you doing?”

“I'm just taking off the collar, baby” Jungkook answered, stilling his movement immediately upon noticing Jimin's discomfort with his action, “Is that okay?”

“W-Why?”

The taller boy frowned as he titled his head to the side, “We're done, little one”

“D-Done?” Jimin echoed, making himself smaller.

Assuming that Jimin might have misunderstood, Jungkook's eyes widened as he shook his head, “No, baby, no, we're not done. What I mean is that we're done with the sex... *for today*, hm?”

“But... but...”

“Little one, the collar is just for you to wear while we fu- I mean, it's just for you to wear while we have sex, hm? You don't have to wear it outside of that, remember?”

*Right.*

Yet, why did Jimin want to keep it on?
Maybe because he liked the feeling of it around his throat... maybe because he liked what it represented, what it meant.

Maybe because for some reason he was scared to take it off? Why was a part of him worried that taking it off would equal to him no longer belonging to Jungkook? That was utterly absurd. Nothing would change regardless of him wearing the collar or not.

For some reason, Jimin was caught in an odd state of feeling very clingy, feeling needy, not wanting to part from Jungkook, wanting to be as close as possible to the boy and not have him leave him.

“It's time to take a bath now and give you all the cuddles you deserve, hm? I have to take the collar off of you because I want to check your throat, baby”

Jimin gave a faint nod, eyes appearing dazed to Jungkook who frowned at his lover's expression.

“Little one, are you okay? Why don't you want me to take it off? Do you like wearing it that much?” Jungkook wanted to know, gripping Jimin's chin softly to guide his face up, locking eyes with him.

“I like wearing it a lot” Jimin admitted, cheeks turning a shade of pink, “I-I don't know... I think I'm just very sleepy and my-my head feels dizzy”

“Mhm, I know, baby, I was very rough on you today. Were such a good boy for me, weren't you? Can you be a good boy for me one more time and let me take off your collar?” Jungkook asked, voice soft as his fingertips traced over Jimin's collarbones, wandering closer to the object wrapped around his throat.

Nodding, Jimin observed how Jungkook gently took of the collar, placing it down on the counter next to him before he grabbed Jimin's chin again to guide his face further up, exposing the pink haired boy's throat to him.

“It's slightly reddened” Jungkook noted, apology and something similar to pain flashing in his eyes, “Does it hurt a lot?”

Honestly, Jimin's throat didn't hurt one bit. It was more the overall soreness his body was experiencing that exhausted him. Other than that, he didn't feel anything else that was causing him pain. After all, he would most likely only be aware of the actual pain tomorrow as he was still trapped in that sweet high.

However, Jungkook appeared to feel very sorry, his fingers gently tracing over Jimin's throat like he was attempting to soothe the pain he imagined Jimin was experiencing.

“It doesn't hurt, I promise. I'm just... exhausted, sleepy. My body feels sore, but my throat doesn't hurt, really, Kook-ah”

Looking back and forth between Jimin's eyes to ensure that he was sincere, Jungkook gave a faint nod before he pressed a kiss to Jimin's forehead. Then, he turned around and ran them a bath.

Jimin found himself still weakly shivering. However, the boy wasn't certain whether it was caused by the tiredness of his body or by the faint coldness that had settled in the bathroom. Swiftly, Jimin received an answer as he noticed goosebumps rising on his skin, conveying that he was lightly freezing indeed.

Slowly, Jimin began to swing his legs back and forth, gaze fixated on the taller boy who tugged his shirt over his head, tossing it to the floor without a care. Truthfully, Jimin had completely overlooked the fact of Jungkook having been dressed this whole time, the poor boy having been way too caught
up in the pleasure he had experienced.

Yet, now, Jimin couldn't help but allow his eyes to wander over Jungkook's exposed upper body, defined abs and v-line catching his attention. Despite just having been gifted such an intense orgasm and even having been fucked into overstimulation, Jimin found himself swallowing hard at the sight as he drew his thighs together almost unconsciously.

Jungkook didn't notice his staring, had turned around to check the temperature of the water, now exposing his broad back and shoulders to Jimin who had to catch his bottom lip between his teeth in order to stay silent.

“You like your baths warm, don't you, baby?” The black haired boy wondered – although he already knew the answer – as he spun back around while removing his trousers simultaneously.

The smaller one only blinked, his dazed mind taking its time to register that Jungkook had addressed him – which, well, who else should he be talking to? - as he was still distracted by Jungkook's body, his eyes now glued to his muscular thighs.

Jimin was doomed.

“Angel?”

Shaking his head to draw himself out of his thoughts, Jimin lifted his head up, locking eyes with Jungkook who was already staring at him, amusement glistening in his eyes as he titled his head to the side.

“I see you're occupied?” Jungkook noted cheekily, approaching Jimin who gulped as he felt his cheeks turn a darker shade of pink.

“I-I-”

“Staring at me, hm, angel?” Jungkook whispered, smirking as he closed his hands around Jimin's hips, rubbing his thumbs over the milky skin.

“I like staring at you... all the time” Jimin found himself admit, voice soft and quiet, barely audible for Jungkook to register, but he did.

Jungkook chuckled, Jimin only then realising how creepy that actually sounded, blush deepening as his eyes went wide.

“I-I mean, I- That sounded so weird, I just meant that I-“

“It's fine, Jimin-ah” Jungkook snickered, eyes lighting up as he leaned in to press a kiss to Jimin's flushed cheek, “I like staring at you, too, pretty baby”

Hiding his face in the curve of Jungkook's neck, Jimin whined in embarrassment, wanting to blame his stupid way of expressing himself on his utterly sleepy and dazed mind, but, to be fair, wasn't he behaving like that all the time? Frankly, there weren't many incidents were Jimin didn't embarrass himself in some shape or form in front of Jungkook. Then again, could you actually blame him? Jungkook just made the poor boy feel all flustered - a lot.

“You're so cold, little one” Jungkook noticed, warm hands caressing Jimin's back, the boy clinging further to Jungkook, attempting to hide himself in the warmth the younger male was radiating, “Come on now, let's get you in the bath”
With that, Jungkook picked Jimin up with ease, the latter swiftly wrapping his arms around Jungkook's neck with a yelp, allowing the stronger boy to lift him up and carry him over to the bathtub.

A content sigh slipped from either boy once they sat down in the bathtub, Jungkook having adjusted himself in the back as he pulled Jimin inbetween his legs. The water felt so nice against their skin, the warmth immediately engulfing Jimin after enduring the shivering of his body for several minutes.

"Lean back" Jungkook murmured into his ear, Jimin more than delighted to oblige as he leaned his head back on Jungkook's shoulder as the taller one wrapped his arms around Jimin's delicate body.

Silence settled between them, Jimin finding comfort in the way he was capable of feeling Jungkook's heart beat against him, in the way Jungkook was breathing softly against his skin. Slowly, Jungkook began to rub his hands over Jimin's stomach, carefully caressing his body while cleaning him simultaneously.

Jimin's eyes fluttered shut at the tenderness, Jungkook gently stroking his palms over Jimin's thighs and down inbetween his legs. In response, Jimin twitched, his intimate parts still too sensitive for even the slightest touch.

"Is this okay?" Jungkook whispered into his ear, his movement having stilled immediately, "Just wanna clean you, hm?"

Giving a nod, Jimin spread his thighs, observing Jungkook's hand disappearing between his legs as the boy carefully cleaned his hole, soft with his touch so he wouldn't trigger any more oversensitivity. Jimin couldn't help but gasp, one palm gripping Jungkook's upper thigh as the black haired male proceeded to clean him, hands now tracing up Jimin's legs as he pressed a kiss to his nape, "Sssh, it's okay"

Jungkook proceeded to rub his hands over Jimin's stomach, fingertips tracing over his inner thighs before they travelled back up to his stomach, brushing over his chest faintly to comfort the boy.

Several minutes passed while Jungkook continued caressing him, Jimin finding himself slip into such a sweet haze of sleepiness.

"Angel" Jungkook whispered, breaking the silence as he pressed his lips to Jimin's shoulder, "Are you ready for bed or do you want to stay here a little longer?"

"Bed, please" Jimin mumbled, eyes still shut when he felt Jungkook get up behind him, stepping out of the bathtub in order to pick some towels out of the cabinet before he returned.

Carefully, he lifted Jimin out of the bathtub, carrying the boy over to the counter where a towel was already placed for him. Gently, he set Jimin down on the soft towel, wrapping another one around him.

At that, Jimin's eyes fluttered back open, the sleepy boy yawning as he glanced up at Jungkook, cheeks turning a shade of pink upon noticing that Jungkook was already staring intently at him, affection glistening in his eyes as he smiled at his lover.

"Gotta dry you first, hm, baby?" Jungkook noted as he rubbed the towel over Jimin's body, standing there in front of Jimin completely wet and naked, seemingly more interested in making sure Jimin was warm before caring about himself.

Jimin's heart fluttered at that as he reached for another towel, wrapping it around Jungkook. The taller boy halted, locking eyes with Jimin again. A smile danced around his lips as he closed the
towel around his waist, “You gotta dry yourself, too” Jimin decided, rubbing the towel over Jungkook’s body determinately – well, as good as he was able to - earning him a chuckle from Jungkook who stroked his thumb over his cheekbone.

“Thank you, little one”

Once they were both no longer wet, Jungkook picked Jimin up and walked over to the bedroom, gently lying the boy down on the soft bedsheets, towel slipping from his body in the process, causing the pink haired boy to lie there completely naked.

Jungkook couldn’t help but gulp at the sight, the image Jimin created literally causing his heart to do some fluttering shit.

What a beauty.

What a fucking angel he was.

His pink locks had fallen into his face, the innocent boy blinking as he parted lips - clearly wanting to say something - his cheeks were flushed in such a pretty pink, his milky skin covered in Jungkook’s marks, the beautiful boy just lying there and being all his... fuck.

“I’ll be right back” Jungkook then uttered, brushing Jimin's hair out of his face before he indicated to leave, resulting in Jimin lifting his petite hand up in order to close it around Jungkook’s wrist, tugging on it.

“D-Don't, I-”

“I’ll be right back, I promise. I'll just get you some fresh clothes and clean up the mess on the counter. I won't take longer than a minute”

Pouting, Jimin allowed Jungkook's wrist to slip from his grasp, watching it return to Jungkook's side who smiled fondly at him, leaning in to peck Jimin's pouting lips before he withdrew and swiftly disappeared into the bathroom.

The smaller one blinked, staring up at the ceiling as his body began to shiver again. Despite him just having taken a warm bath, his body was now exposed to the slightly colder air of the room.

Suddenly, the buzzing of a phone broke the silence of the room, startling Jimin who jerked in on himself as he scanned the room for the object that created the noise. It didn't take long for him to find Jungkook's phone lighting up on the nightstand, indicating that he was receiving a call.

Jimin wouldn't doubt it being work related, having seen first hand how Jungkook's profession included him receiving calls from work essentially all around the clock, the man seemingly having to be available the whole day. To be fair, Jimin figured that it was one of the prices one had to pay for owning a company. Although Jungkook didn't seem to mind – at least he had never voiced any annoyance – it surely wasn't the most pleasant part of the job.

“K-Kook-ah, your phone!” Jimin called out, voice breaking due to it being strained, the pink haired one grimacing at the sound.

It didn't take long for Jungkook to return after that, carrying pieces of clothes in his hand while being dressed in a fresh pair of briefs and a white shirt himself, “Thanks, babe” Jungkook noted as he picked up his phone, glancing at it for a moment as he pressed his lips into a line.

“You can call back if you want to. I mean... in case it's important. I don't mind” Jimin assured,
noticing that Jungkook was conflicted over whether to call back or not.

Eventually, the taller one shook his head, turning his phone off before he tossed it back on the nightstand, “I'll call back in the morning. Now, I'm all here for you”

Smiling shyly, Jimin gave a small nod as Jungkook kneeled down on the bed, helping him put on the new pair of briefs. Jimin wriggled his hips around in an attempt to make the process easier, causing Jungkook to chuckle at how adorable the boy was.

“Can you sit up for me, baby?”

Giving a nod, Jimin sat up, face scrunched up in discomfort as black dots appeared in front of his eyes, a result of Jimin having complied too quickly.

“Arms up”

Jimin obliged, lifting his hands up into the air so Jungkook could pull a hoodie over his head, the big piece of clothing swallowing Jimin's delicate body. Clearly, the hoodie was too big on him, but it engulfed him in warmth and softness so beautifully, the faint scent of Jungkook still sticking to it immediately washing comfort over Jimin who inhaled a deep breath as he pressed his nose against the collar of the hoodie.

The younger male smiled, the sight of Jimin wearing his hoodie and looking absolutely adorable in it melting his heart. It was mesmerising, to say the least. Jimin was mesmerising, always looking like the most beautiful creature walking this earth no matter what he wore – or didn't wear.

Jungkook picked up the towel and tossed it to the floor with little care before joining Jimin on the bed, the pink haired one more than delighted as he scooted over, body longing for Jungkook to hold him.

Gently, Jungkook reached for Jimin and pulled the boy closer, wrapping his strong arms around his petite body. A content sigh slipped from Jimin's lips as he turned over, hiding his face in the curve of Jungkook's neck while the latter tugged the soft blanket over both of their bodies.

Without an ounce of hesitation, Jungkook began to trace his fingertips over Jimin's back, pressing a kiss to the top of his head, the touch causing Jimin's eyes to flutter shut.

Although Jimin was more than just sleepy, he found himself reminisce about their sex just moments ago, questions popping up in his head that he desired to find answers to. After all this time of being intimate with Jungkook, there were still unanswered things that Jimin didn't quite understand.

Clearing his throat, Jimin titled his head to the side so his face wasn't pressed into Jungkook's neck any longer, “Kook-ah?” He murmured with a soft voice, the taller male humming in acknowledgement as he dipped his head down, gaze falling on the boy in his arms, “Can I ask you something?”

“Of course”

“Earlier when you... I mean, when we had sex, I really didn't believe I would be able to come again. It was just too overwhelming and simply too much”

“I'm sorry, little one, please use your safe words, if anything like that-”

“No” Jimin quickly interrupted, shaking his head vigorously upon Jungkook blaming himself for something he truly didn't need to apologise for, “I didn't mean it like that. You- you made me feel
amazing, really, I loved it a lot. It's just... I just wasn't able to come again"

Jungkook proceeded to caress Jimin's back, smiling at the smaller one, “That's okay, little one, we don't have to push you over your limits. If you didn't feel like you were able to do it, that's completely fine.”

“I'm just confused because... why did it feel too much to the point where I didn't think I would be able to come again when I was previously capable of coming multiple times by you?” Jimin elaborated, cheeks turning a shade of pink.

“There's many factors that could contribute to that. Some days are just different than others. You might not like something that you previously enjoyed. Your body might not be capable of bearing something that you were previously able of handling. That doesn't mean there is anything odd happening to you, baby, it just means that you're reacting to certain things in a different way during that day.”

The smaller boy thought over those words, taking a moment to process them before he gave a faint nod.

“That can change for your kinks, too. Maybe one day you won't enjoy me doing something to you that you previously wanted me to do. Things like that happen, little one. So, if one day, you decide that you don't like something that you prior asked me to do to you, please tell me. Don't feel like you can't speak up. I want you to feel comfortable and enjoy it, not to feel forced into something because you once liked it but don't anymore, hm, baby?”

Jimin nodded again, apparently to Jungkook's dissatisfaction.

“Promise me, Jimin-ah”

At that, Jimin glanced up at the boy, looking back and forth between his beautiful brown orbs, “I promise you” He uttered, Jungkook leaning in to press a kiss to his forehead.

“Is there anything that I did today that you didn't enjoy?” The black haired one then wanted to know, gently sliding his hand through Jimin's hair.

Cocking his head to the side, Jimin furrowed his brows, contemplating over that question, “Uhm, well... there was nothing I didn't enjoy” he then answered truthfully, cheeks turning a darker shade of pink under Jungkook's intent stare – despite it being only an attentive one – as he cleared his throat, “It's just... You told me you were going to punish me and... and I'm just wondering what you were going to do to me? So far, you've punished me with spanks, but are there other things you would do to punish me?”

Jungkook arched up his eyebrows, seemingly surprised by his words, “Are you asking me because you want me to punish you in a different way?” Jungkook wondered, rubbing his thumb over Jimin's flushed cheek, the boy dipping his head down to avert his gaze, “Or are you just curious in general?”

He added, gripping Jimin's chin to guide his face back up.

“I-I'm just curious... or... or maybe both” Jimin found himself answer, voice turning quieter with each word as he swallowed hard.

“Jimin-ah, do you understand the idea of punishments?”

“I do” Jimin answered without hesitation. They've talked about it before. Jimin was aware that good boys got rewarded and naughty boys were punished. As long as he behaved, he wouldn't have to worry about being punished. Yet, whenever he was naughty, Jungkook would make sure to punish
him for disobeying, “Naughty boys get punished”

A low breath slipped from Jungkook's lips, Jimin saying those words so innocently clearly affecting him in a way Jimin didn’t even realise.

“Exactly. Naughty boys get punished for being bad and for misbehaving”

“And... and are they always punished with spanks?” The pink haired boy wondered.

“It depends. I would punish you in a way I see fitting in that certain situation, but I would never cross any of your limits nor would I ignore your safe words during any moment. In certain situations, a slight spank or tug on your collar seemed to work on getting you to obey, but in case you're too disobedient, I might turn to different punishments”

“L-Like what?” Jimin whispered, eyes not leaving Jungkook's, something flashing in them.

“Punishments are about discipline. In case you don't behave, I have to punish you in a way that will assure that you'll behave the next time. It's quite complicated, actually. Well, not the punishing part, but I guess the idea behind it. Certain people misbehave purposely so they receive a punishment because they enjoy the pain. Others don't enjoy the punishing part as a whole, but enjoy being disciplined and be put back in their place.”

Frowning, Jimin caught his bottom lip between his teeth in thought, his sleepy brain attempting to process that information.

“So, some people enjoy punishments?”

“They do. You enjoy being spanked, little one, don't you? That's what I do to punish you, but you enjoy the pain so it's not actually punishing you, is it?”

Swallowing hard, Jimin shook his head. Clearly, the smaller one did enjoy being spanked quite a lot, loved the pain that send jolts of pleasure through his body, loved being disciplined by Jungkook – sometimes even in a very rough way, “I do like it... I mean, I don't know why I like it so much, but... but it feels good. Makes me feel really good, Kook-ah.”

“I know, baby” Jungkook smiled, stroking his thumb over Jimin's cheekbone.

“I guess... I guess it isn't a real punishment then?”

“Well, it still is in a way, I would say. Of course, you enjoy it, but you also try to behave after I do it because you take it as a warning, hm?”

Jimin nodded, somehow hesitant to ask his next question. However, Jungkook appeared to notice that there was something else lingering in Jimin's mind.

“What is it, baby?”

“What else is there you would do?”

Jungkook halted, fingertips tracing down to Jimin's lips, the pad of his thumb pressing down on his bottom lip to part them as he leaned in and pecked the boy. The pink haired boy's eyes fluttered shut at the touch, heart melting at the softness.

“I will do anything to you that you want me to” Jungkook murmured against his lips, withdrawing, but still lingering close to Jimin, his lips still brushing Jimin's.
Swallowing hard, a shaky breath slipped from Jimin's lips, his tongue poking out to wet his bottom lip unconsciously, Jungkook smirking when he noticed.

“I-I don't know what... what else there is that... that you could do to me”

“There is a lot of things. Most of them include pain. I don't want to scare you off though, little one”

Jimin shook his head, “Y-You won't scare me. I promise. I'll tell you when there is something that sounds too frightening to me. You told me to be honest and comfortable with you so I want you to feel the same with me”

Jungkook smiled, capturing his lips in another kiss.

“Well, certain object could be used to intensify the pain you're receiving, like whips or paddles for example. Then I could also deny you your orgasm completely. Or the opposite, make you come multiple times until you can't take it anymore. There is a lot of possible things I could do”

“O-Oh... p-paddles?” Jimin breathed, a shiver running down his back at the mention of whips and paddles.

“Yes, baby. We don't have to use those, though”

Jimin inhaled another shaky breath.

“W-We can... I mean, I... I don't know, I'm kind of curious to know how that would feel like, but then again that wouldn't be the purpose of a punishment after all then? Isn't it supposed to hurt me? I should dislike it, right?”

Jungkook’s eyes widened, “No, baby, no you don't have to dislike it. You might not be the most fond of it, but if it's something you completely dislike or that hurts you to the point of actually harming you and you feeling nothing else but discomfort, then I'm not going to do it. It's supposed to discipline you, not harm you for life.”

“Oh” Jimin murmured again, resting his head on Jungkook's chest while keeping eyecontact with the boy, “Then... Maybe we could try that? I mean, we could try different punishments? In case I misbehave we could... we could try something else. You can do to me what you see fitting, if I... if I misbehave again... which I'll try not to do of course” Jimin tried to voice his thoughts, attempting to form a coherent sentence without stumbling over his words, yet appeared to struggle quite a bit.

The taller boy wet his lips, giving a nod as he brushed Jimin's hair out of his face, “Little one, is there something you can think of that you don't want me to do at all?”

To be fair, Jimin couldn't think of anything. Perhaps that was caused by his lack of experience, there was nothing that came up in Jimin's mind.

“N-Not really, no”

“Okay, Jimin-ah. I will think about it and make sure to try something else next time. The most important thing, though, please don't forget to use your safewords if needed, okay? Remember that although it's a punishment, I don't want you to feel like you have to endure it, if you really can't take it and just feel too uncomfortable, yes?”

“Yes, Kook-ah, I promise”

Smiling warmly at the pink haired boy, Jungkook attached their lips in a soft kiss before Jimin
snuggled even closer to him and placed his head on top of Jungkook's broad chest. The latter's hand immediately found it's way back on Jimin's back, caressing the boy while Jimin's palm wandered up, sliding through Jungkook's hair to play with it, scratching tenderly over his scalp every now and then.

It didn't take long for them to fall asleep, both too exhausted from the events of the day, finally drifting off into their dreams, finding comfort in each other's touches.

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Jimin pulled his legs up to his chest, nibbling on his bottom lip as he rested his head on top of his knees, heart pounding fast against his chest. Simultaneously, he was playing with the card in his hand, twisting it in his clammy palm.

The continuous beeping ringed in his ear, phone pressed to it with a shaking hand.

Why was Jimin so nervous?

In that moment, Jungkook reappeared in the room, approaching Jimin with curious eyes. The smaller boy only shook his head, conveying that no one had picked up the call yet.

“Eat your breakfast” Jungkook insisted, pressing a kiss to Jimin's head as he pointed at his barely touched food on the plate, Jungkook having prepared breakfast for them this morning.

“In just a moment” Jimin assured, picking up a grape and putting it in his mouth to satisfy Jungkook, decreasing his concern.

The taller boy rolled his eyes, but smiled fondly, “I'll get my stuff from upstairs”

Jimin gave a nod, chewing on his food as he listened to Jungkook’s footsteps distancing, the audible sound on the wooden floor turning quieter until Jimin didn't hear them anymore, the beeping of the phone line amplified in his ears.

Suddenly, there was a click, indicating that someone had picked up the call.

“Hello, I'm Kim Jieun, working for YK entertainment. How can I help you?” A woman with a sweet voice beamed.

The pink haired male almost choked on the food in his mouth, barely able to swallow it down as he ended up coughing several times. Swiftly, he swatted his chest, sitting upright.

“H-Hello, this is Park Jimin” Jimin greeted the woman, voice slightly shaking, underlining his nervousness, “I've been given this number by the CEO himself. He told me to call him in case I'm interested in-”

“Ah, I see. Park Jimin, yes” The female voice interrupted him, typing something down, presumably on a keyboard, “Your call has been expected, Park Jimin. I understand your call as you being interested in a spot in the company? Is that right?”

“Ah, I see. Park Jimin, yes” The female voice interrupted him, typing something down, presumably on a keyboard, “Your call has been expected, Park Jimin. I understand your call as you being interested in a spot in the company? Is that right?”

“Yes” Jimin answered swiftly, straightening his back, “Yes, that's correct. I am interested, but I haven't made up my mind yet. I was curious whether or not it would be possible for me to have a conversation with the CEO, just to get an idea of what exactly this offer would include. On the day he gave me the number, we didn't exactly have time to talk much, so there was no chance of me asking much about it or really have an understanding of what the offer is” Jimin elaborated, somehow feeling rude for asking for a personal meeting because he was certain that the CEO was
very busy. It wasn't that Jimin was demanding for anything, he was only asking politely for a chance to talk. Hopefully, it wouldn't cause him to lose this offer.

“I understand. It is under my perception that the CEO is very busy today, so I'll see what I can do for you.”

“Oh, it doesn't have to be today. I would... would prefer it to be this week, though, if that's possible. Please.”

The woman hummed in acknowledgement, typing something on her keyboard again, “I'll talk to him after his meeting and let him know about your request. I'll get back to you later today.”

“That's great. Thank you, have a nice day”

“You, too”

With that, the call was ended, Jimin letting out a breath that he hadn't even noticed of holding as he sank back into the chair. Then, he pulled his phone away from his ear, staring at it for a moment before he smiled.

“And?” Jungkook's deep voice suddenly spoke behind the smaller boy, startling him. Jimin jerked up in his seat, almost yelping in shock because he hadn't noticed Jungkook at all. The latter cooed, wrapping his arms around Jimin as he leaned down to rest his head on top of Jimin's shoulder, “Sorry, little one, didn't mean to scare you. How did it go?”

“It wasn't him that I talked to. It was a Kim Jieun. She told me she would get back to me for a possible meeting” Jimin shared.

“Ah, Jieun-ssi. That's his secretary” Jungkook revealed, picking a grape from Jimin's plate that he put in his mouth before he straightened his back.

“How do you know?” Jimin wondered, frowning as he sank his feet back down to the floor, observing Jungkook.

“I've been there before. I told you that I know Yang Kijung, Jimin-ah. He's friends with my father. They have known each other for a very long time” Jungkook answered, yet the boy seemed to know her a little more than just through Yang, considering the way he was adressing her first name.

“That's all?” Jimin asked, arching up his eyebrows in suspicion.

“What do you mean?” The black haired boy muttered, swallowing down the grape as he furrowed his brows in confusion.

“I mean... is that all you know her from?” Jimin clarified, not entirely sure why he was so curious about that.

“Do you really want to know?” Jungkook asked, arching up his eyebrow as he cocked his head to the side.

Oh.

What was that supposed to mean?

“Did you... did you...” Jimin attempted to mutter, but appeared to struggle with finding the right words. After all, he didn't want to assume anything, but a lot hinted at his assumption not being that
“I had sex with her before, yes, if that's what you're trying to ask” Jungkook replied almost nonchalantly, shrugging his shoulders.

Just great.

“O-Oh” Jimin murmured, averting his gaze at the weird clenching of his heart at that revelation. Oddly enough, the sweetness of her voice was now something he swiftly wanted to banish from his memory, the assumption of her being very pretty appearing in his head.

“Jimin-ah” The younger male soothed, grasping Jimin's chin and gently guiding his face back up, rubbing his thumb over Jimin's cheekbone a moment later, “That was a long time ago. Long before I even knew you. It didn't mean anything. I fucked her this one time after a party their company threw. I never had any romantic feelings for her. I don't even talk to her regularly. The only times I talk to her is when I'm at YK entertainment's building, but those times are rare and I honestly haven't been there in months. She's nice and pretty, but I never wanted her in the way I want you. In the way I have you”

The smaller one caught his bottom lip between his teeth, his heart fluttering at those words.

Their fling had been a long time ago – even before Jimin and Jungkook even knew each other. Clearly, it didn't seem to have meant that much. At least, it didn't mean anything now because now Jungkook was with him, chose him, wanted him, loved him.

Jimin found himself relax, the stupid voices inside of his head having made him feel insecure – although there was no reason to.

Smiling shyly, Jimin gave a faint nod, “I'm sorry, I shouldn't even have asked. That was a long time ago and it's none of my business. I know that you've been with people before. It's just... sometimes I seem to forget it”

Jungkook leaned against the table, brushing Jimin's strands of pink hair out of his face, “I've fucked people before, but I've never felt what I feel for you, Jimin-ah. Everything is different with you. Everything is so much better with you. Those people are my past and none of it meant anything, no matter how nice or pretty they were.”

Jimin's smile grew as he dipped his head down, feeling his cheeks turn a shade of pink, “It's just... kind of odd to know that there might be people out there that I'll meet that you could potentially have been with”

The taller boy arched up his eyebrows, snickering, “Baby, I haven't fucked the whole city. I had my fair share, but the chances of you meeting them are very slim. Jieun-ssi is just an exception. I didn't think that it mattered so I never mentioned it once you had received the offer. It's not important to me because it didn't mean anything.”

“It... it doesn't matter... I don't know, it's stupid. It's just...” Jimin attempted to explain, but went silent as he shook his head. To be honest, Jimin felt immature for these thoughts, for feeling insecure of meeting people Jungkook had slept with before. It was one thing to just see them once, never having to talk to them again, but Jieun would work there, too. Jimin would have to see her everyday, knowing that Jungkook had touched her.

The pink haired boy shook his head, feeling ashamed for thinking like this. Just because he had never been with someone else before didn't mean that it was the case for everyone else out there –
especially not for Jungkook. That's just not how life worked.

“It's not stupid, baby, it just... I don't think you should be bothered by it. It didn't mean anything and even if you work there, you won't necessarily have to see her. She's a nice person, though, so even if you two see each other, I'm sure you would get along” Jungkook assured.

Sighing, Jimin gave a faint nod, still not capable of preventing those thoughts from creeping up in his mind.

“How old... how old is she?”

“Does that matter?” Jungkook wondered, titling his head to the side.

Averting his gaze, Jimin shook his head. It didn't actually matter, Jimin was just curious.

“I think she's 27 now” The taller boy decided to answer, pushing himself up from the table.

“O-Oh”

“Jimin-ah, I'm sorry, maybe I shouldn't have told you. I didn't think it would be this kind of a big deal. If I had known that it would bother you, I would've kept it to myself. It's just... you know that I've been with people before. Although those times didn't mean anything to me, they're still a part of me.”

“I know, I know” Jimin whined, sighing as he pushed his hair back, frustrated with himself and feeling guilty for his behaviour, “I'm sorry. I don't want to make it a big deal. You assured me that it didn't mean anything and that it was a long time ago. That makes me feel better. It's just... it's just difficult because I've never been in a relationship before and it's weird to meet someone you've been with. It's quite a coincidence, too, I mean, who would have thought that I would receive an offer for a spot in the company where one of your past flings works?”

Jungkook was about to say something, but swiftly shut his mouth, pressing his lips into a line.

“We should get going now. I have an important meeting this morning” Jungkook insisted, walking past Jimin who got up from the chair and placed his hands on his hips, narrowing his eyes.

“What is it? What did you want to say?”

“Nothing” The younger one brushed it off, reaching for Jimin and gesturing for him to come closer as he grabbed the doorknob of the front door with his other hand.

“What is it?”

“It's not... one” Jungkook clarified, clearing his throat.

“Not one what?” Jimin digged, not exactly knowing what he was referring to.

“Jieun-ssi isn't the only one working there that I've fucked before” At that, Jungkook opened the door, reaching his hand out to Jimin, “Come on now, little one” Jungkook urged before he exited the apartment.

Jimin blinked once, “What?” He called out in bewilderment, rushing after the boy, stepping out of the apartment.
“It would have been nice to know of it before” Jimin revealed when they were seated in the car, Jimin having stared outside the window for several minutes in silence, watching the busy city flash by.

“Of what?” Jungkook asked confused, taking a glimpse at the boy before fixating his gaze back on the road.

“Of people that you have slept with before working at the company that I received an offer for” Jimin elaborated, playing with the hem of his shirt.

“Jimin-ah, do you want me to count out every person I've had sex with before? I don't even remember some of them”

Nibbling on his bottom lip, Jimin shook his head, “No, you're right... it's stupid.”

“Jimin-ah, I really didn't think of it as much. I didn't think it would be a big deal. Do you think it would have changed anything? Do you think you wouldn't have wanted to apply in case I had told you sooner? If that's the case, I'm glad for not telling you earlier because that's a huge opportunity for you and I don't want anything to get in the way of that for you”

Gosh, why was Jungkook always right? - Or, well, plenty of times... okay, most of the times.

The pink haired boy gave a weak nod, pressing his eyes shut as he sank back into his seat. It wouldn't have changed anything, Jungkook had a point. Surely, Jimin would have hesitated in the beginning, but in the end he would have still decided to at least attempt to earn a spot in the company. After all, this truly was his dream and a simple one-night-stand of Jungkook shouldn't be the cause of his dream to crumble.

Perhaps, she was even a nice girl – like Jungkook was claiming her to be. Who knows, maybe they would become friends in the end?

Okay, well, that might be acting a little precipitous. After all, Jimin didn't actually know her yet. However, he shouldn't go in with the feeling of disliking her simply for Jungkook having touched her before. That was immature and, honestly, a little unfair to the girl– woman.

Jimin should stay professional and look past this, if he wanted to work there.

“Why are you always right?” Jimin mumbled, crossing his arms over his chest, “I'm sorry for... for making a big deal out of this”

Jungkook smiled warmly, grabbing Jimin's inner thigh and giving it a reassuring squeeze, “Little one, stop apologising for the way you're feeling. I wouldn't like the idea of you being with someone else either. I know that it's weird in a way, but it didn't mean anything. So, let's just focus on you getting that spot in the company instead of my past one-night-stands, hm?”

The smaller boy gave a nod, glancing at Jungkook who had reached for his hand, lifting it up to his lips to press a kiss to his knuckles. The action caused a smile to appear on Jimin's face, the boy giggling as Jungkook began to pepper kisses all over his hand.

“Focus on driving, Kook-ah, before you get us both killed”

Jungkook snickered, allowing Jimin's hand to slip from his grasp before he closed his own palm around the steering wheel again.

Slowly, Jimin's gaze wandered back to the window, the boy drawing his attention on the cars they
were passing, the different stores with people entering and exiting with heavy bags in their hands, the slight breeze that was visible by the leaves moving from side to side in the trees.

“Two though? Really?” Jimin uttered amused as he fixated his eyes on the black haired boy in the driver's seat.

“Yes, Jimin-ah, I've had a thing with two people there. Now let's stop talking about it” Jungkook chuckled, shaking his head.

“I'm sorry... I just can't seem to stop thinking about it. What are the odds, huh? What are the odds of me applying for exactly this company?” Jimin wondered, voice quiet and distant as he was drawn into thought.

“Sometimes the universe really works in a fucked up way, baby” Jungkook stated, Jimin finding himself agree as he nodded, playing with the hem of his shirt absentmindedly.

“Did you... did you enjoy the sex with them?” Jimin found himself ask before he was able to stop himself, voice just above a whisper. The pink haired boy's cheeks heated up at his own question, Jimin swiftly dipping his head down.

Jungkook took a glimpse at him, Jimin's timidity notable despite him being the one bringing it up. The flush on his cheeks was adorable, Jungkook smirking as he forced his gaze back on the road.

“The sex was good. Nothing mindblowing, but satisfying.”

“O-Oh”

“Why do you ask?”

Blush deepening, Jimin shook his head, “I'm sorry, I don't know why I brought it up. I spoke before I was able to stop myself” Jimin murmured, pulling his sleeves over his petite hands, “It's just that... that I've never done anything with anyone before you. You're my first in many things whereas you've... you've done so many things before me”

“Little one, just because I've done many things before you doesn't mean everything we do feels old to me or like I've done it before. In a way, everything feels new with you because I love you. Sex with you is something I can't even describe. It's fascinating, it's so much better. Trust me, Jimin-ah, I can't get enough of you” Jungkook assured, wetting his lips, “And that you haven't been touched by anyone but me is... Fuck, I love that I'm the first one who ever touched you like that, Jimin-ah.”

“I... I like that, too. I mean... I like that you're my first. I can't even imagine myself with someone else. I don't need to imagine myself with anyone else, either, because I have you”

Jungkook smirked, humming in agreement, “You have me, baby.”

They shared a glance, smiling at the other one before they averted their gazes, Jimin's heart fluttering at the thought of Jungkook being happy to be with him – not needing anyone else, enjoying their sex just as much as him.

Comfortable silence settled between them, Jimin taking glimpses at Jungkook's handsome face every now and then, causing Jungkook to smirk eventually when he noticed.

“What?”

“Nothing” Jimin quickly uttered, forcing his gaze back to the front, evoking a chuckle from
Jungkook.

“Do you have another question, baby?” The taller boy then offered for Jimin to be enlightened some more.

“Well, I didn’t. I was just appreciating your beauty, but now that you’re asking: They don’t hate you, do they?”

“Who? The girls at the company?” Jungkook wondered amused.

“Yes” Jimin clarified, giving a nod, “I don’t want them to dislike me for associating me with you as I’m your boyfriend in case you’ve seriously hurt them to the point of them hating you” Jimin elaborated, catching his bottom lip between his teeth, “It ended on good terms, right?”

“They were one-night-stands and both of them knew. I still talk to Jieun-ssi when I see her, like I told you. The other girl, well... she knew, too, but I never really talked to her after it. I don’t think she felt anything for me after a simple fuck. Don’t worry about it, baby, it will be fine”

“You’re right. It will be fine” Jimin agreed, deciding that he had let this issue – that wasn’t actually an issue after all – consume his thoughts for long enough now, the boy determined to move on from this and to look forward to having a possible meeting with Yang.

“Exactly. You’ll have your meeting with Yang and he will give you his best offer because he really wants you in the company. You know, I could accompany you to the building so we can figure out whether or not the girls hate me” Jungkook teased, smirking cheekily as he glanced at Jimin.

“Oh, shut up” Jimin chuckled, shaking his head as he playfully swatted Jungkook’s arm.

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Jimin was stretching his limbs, drops of sweat dribbling down his face, falling to the floor beneath him. Swiftly, the pink haired boy reached for his towel, wiping it over his face to remove his sweat.

After tossing the towel to his backpack, Jimin picked up his water bottle, taking quick sips to keep himself hydrated, the cold fluid moving down his throat. Once he was done, he pulled the bottle away, catching his breath, chest rising and falling rapidly.

Slowly, Jimin allowed his gaze to wander over to Hoseok, watching the brown haired boy talk to one of the other dance students. Hoseok had just broken the news to them that he was going to start working at his new place next week – meaning that he would have to figure out a different schedule for them, most likely having less time to teach them.

Obviously, they all adored Hoseok – especially Jimin – and would miss having him teach them as often, but they were all eternally happy for him. More than that, Jimin was so proud of him, was over the moon because he had received such an opportunity knowing that he deserved it like no one else.

They had went on with practice after that, Jimin’s body aching already, begging him to just lie down for the remainder of the day. However, the practice wasn’t over yet, Jimin also having to head to work at the library after this.

Suddenly, his phone rang inside of his backpack, Jimin swiftly scooting closer to his bag to rummage through his stuff, picking out his phone a moment later.

“Hello?” he answered without checking who was calling him.
“Park Jimin? This is Kim Jieun” a sweet female voice greeted, a sudden sour taste to her voice to Jimin's ears.

“YK entertainment?” the smaller male clarified, although he knew the answer already. For some reason, his heartbeat quickened, the boy nervous about the outcome of his earlier request.

“Yes, exactly. We've been able to arrange a meeting for you with the CEO after tomorrow. You should be here by 12pm as it fits his schedule best.”

“R-Really? Okay, yes, that's great. Thank you so much. I'll definitely be there on time” Jimin responded, a relieved breath slipping from his lips.

“You should. He's not one to appreciate someone who's late” the woman warned, yet her voice still as sweet as honey.

“I understand. I won't be late. Thank you” Jimin promised, body going slack as he felt a burden of nervousness lift from his shoulders. Honestly, Jimin had feared that his request might anger Yang as it could appear rude, but everything had seemed to go well.

“You're welcome. Have a nice day”

“You, too”

With that, Jimin hung up, catching his bottom lip between his teeth as he stared at the phone in his hand. The fear of being rejected had vanished, Jimin now relieved to know that Yang had accepted his request to meet him for an explanation about what the offer would include. However, now that one fear was gone, another one seemed to blossom inside of Jimin.

To be fair, the boy was very shy, and to have a conversation with such a powerful man on his own about his future and any kind of conditions Jimin would have – if Jimin would even be courageous enough to mention anything – slightly terrified him.

Then again, Jimin had become a bit more confident in his skin, didn't allow everyone to push him around anymore. This meeting was important to him and Jimin was going to be just fine.

What happened after it though? What if neither the conversation with Yang nor the one with Jungkook's father would enlighten Jimin any more about his decision? What if it only made it more difficult – knowing that each offer sounded more than amazing.

The pink haired boy sighed, shaking his head. Who knew, perhaps the decision wouldn't be that difficult on his side. Perhaps, he would receive a sign to make it easier.

Maybe the universe was going to be on his side for once.

“YK entertainment, huh?” A male voice interrupted Jimin's thoughts, startling the smaller boy who jerked up in his seat on the floor, lifting his head up to search for the source of the voice.

Dongha.

Jimin felt his stomach twist, the boy gulping upon noticing who it was that was standing in front of him. Surprise and curiosity were written on Dongha's face, his eyebrows arched up as he cocked his head to the side. The bruises on his face were faded, yet still visible to Jimin's eyes.

“Sorry, I didn't mean to eavesdrop. I was just resting right next to you so I heard you talk on the phone” Dongha apologised.
Jimin only smiled faintly, not entirely sure what to do in this situation. Sure, he was aware of the fact that he had promised Jungkook to stay away from the boy – hell, Jimin himself wanted to stay away from him – but it evidently wasn't the easiest task out there considering how they were both part of the same dance crew – slight encounters appeared to be inevitable.

Right now, Jimin was conflicted on whether he should simply ignore Dongha and walk away or entertain a conversation with him as to not come off as rude.

*Silly*, Jimin thought to himself as he was about to shake his head. Avoiding Dongha was *not* rude at all. It was more than justifiable after everything the boy had done to him.

“They’re a great company” Dongha added, smiling, “May I?” The boy wanted to know as he pointed to the spot on the floor next to Jimin.

The pink haired boy parted his lips, about to say that he wanted to be alone right now, yet could he really tell Dongha where to sit in a practice room that all of them were allowed to share?

“Dongha, I'm sorry, but what do you want?”

Dongha sighed, scratching the back of his neck, “I just wanted to talk to you. I miss us talking, Jimin-ah. We spent so much time together before... before-”

“Before you screwed all of that over, yes” Jimin interrupted him, frowning at the memory of Dongha ignoring his protests of being touched by him and forcefully attempting to enter his apartment, “You know what you did, Dongha. I'm sorry, but I don't think we should talk. There is nothing... there is nothing I have to talk to you about”

The brown haired boy gave a hesitant nod, “Right, I see. Well, I get that you don't want to talk to me or even see me or whatever, but I guess there is going to be no way around it” He stated, shrugging his shoulders.

“I know. We're both part of this group and I want to stay civil and professional. So please don't make it any harder by ignoring my protests yet again” Jimin replied, pushing his phone into his backpack.

“Oh, I wasn't talking about this group” Dongha clarified, pointing to the center of the room.

“Then what are you talking about?” Jimin wondered, pulling his brows together in a frown.

“Oh, I was offered a spot as a trainee in YK entertainment, too. What a coincidence, right?” Dongha grinned, something flashing in his eyes.

Jimin felt his heart stop, all the air being kicked out of his lungs upon the news reaching his ears, Dongha's voice amplified inside of Jimin's head.

“You- You what?” Jimin whispered, not entirely trusting his own voice at this point.

“I was offered to join for an audition and I passed. I'm going to be a trainee there, Jimin-ah. Isn't that great?” Dongha beamed, clearly excited – but also... also *taunting* in a way - whereas Jimin... well Jimin felt like he had been hit by a truck.

The smaller boy blinked, mouth agape in complete shock, utter horror written on his face. Maybe, he was even slightly scared by the thought of being a trainee with Dongha.

Now, Jimin was fully aware of what could have happened to him, if Jungkook hadn't been there both times to save him. Yes, he should have realised it sooner, but Jimin must have been caught in a
state of shock or perhaps sympathy for the boy he thought and wanted to be beneath that horrible mask. Now, he saw clearer.

However, Jimin still didn't believe that Dongha was intentionally and solely evil, but that part of him that thought Jimin owed him his body for him being nice to Jimin for that long – and him attempting to achieve that by forcing himself on Jimin - clearly was messed up. As long as Dongha didn't want to fix that, didn't show any indication of changing that horrible part of him – Jimin would want to stay away from him – as far as possible.

“Alright guys, let's get back to practicing now” Hoseok decided, clapping his hand together to gain their attention, all of the students getting back up to their feet and gathering in front of their teacher.

Jimin's gaze wandered over to the mirrors, his eyes falling on his own reflection – lips still parted, eyes almost hollow.

Maybe the universe wasn't going to be on his side for this one.

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“Jimin-ah, stop daydreaming” Somi chuckled, nudging Jimin's arm.

The pink haired boy was staring intently at the book in his hand, had wanted to place it back in the shelf several minutes ago, yet he appeared to be too caught up in his thoughts – mind still racing due to the earlier information that had been revealed to him.

Jimin didn't know whether or not he wished he had never received the news of Dongha being a trainee there. However, wasn't it better to know now rather than later in case he would accept the offer? Yet, what would it change? What was Jimin going to do now? Was he really going to let this offer go simply because of Dongha being there, too? Did he really want to give that up? After all, it was his own future that was on the line here...

“I'm sorry” Jimin apologised, shaking his head as he felt his cheeks turn a shade of pink. Somi giggled, shaking her head as she reached for the book in Jimin's hand and placed it back on the shelf herself, “It's fine, don't worry. Just don't let Haru see you or she's going to scold you – again”

Jimin smiled weakly, “That was once” he defended himself, shaking his head, “I was new and still had a lot to learn” he added, Somi smiling as she gave a nod.

“True. Well, you keep going here, I'll go organise the books that came back. Oh, and go get your name tag once you're done here before Haru sees you” She let him know, pointing at his shirt before she spun around and left.

Jimin looked down on himself, sighing as he realised that Somi was in fact telling the truth. In all the hectic of the news he had received earlier, Jimin must have forgotten to put it on.

After watching Somi leave, Jimin squeezed his eyes shut, pressing his forehead against the back of the books placed neatly in the shelf, “Shut up” Jimin whispered to Dongha's voice that proceeded to ring in his mind, reminding him of the possibility of them training at the same company together.

Clearly, there was nothing Jimin was currently capable of doing to change this situation. He should try to banish Dongha's voice from his mind and focus on work.

Determined to concentrate on work completely, Jimin urgently reached for another book, lifting it up and placing it back on the shelf in its designated spot. Just like that, Jimin proceeded to do his work diligently, moving along the shelf and organising the books.
When he had to get up on his tippy-toes to reach a higher shelf because he was too lazy to walk over and get the small ladder, Jimin steadied himself on one of the lower shelves in order to reach the higher one. However, caused by his ever lasting clumsiness, the poor boy slipped and watched the book fall from his hand. Fortunately, he was able to keep his balance by grabbing the shelf tighter, gasping at the slight shock of the situation.

“Careful there” a male voice commented, startling Jimin who jerked his head to the side, eyes falling on a tall man that somehow seemed familiar to him. His brown eyes were such a dark shade, almost appeared like there was no life behind them. Oddly enough, a shiver ran down Jimin's back at the mere glance at the man's face. The man was bald, surely almost double Jimin's age and smelled like cigarettes. A smile was plastered on his face, but Jimin couldn't help but decipher it as one being almost forced, “This might be better to use” the man pointed out, pushing the ladder towards Jimin while simultaneously holding his hand out to him.

Jimin forced his gaze down to his big hand that was closed around the book, an apparent sign of the man having caught it when Jimin had slipped. How fast had that man reacted? How close had he been to achieve this? How hadn't Jimin noticed his proximity at all, thinking he was all alone in this corner?

“T-Thank you” Jimin murmured, taking the book from the man's hand and stepping on the ladder in order to place the object back on the shelf in its designated spot.

“You're welcome” the man muttered, Jimin's gaze travelling back down to his hands that the man had pulled back to his side, the pink haired boy noticing the way his palms were shaking.

As soon as the man noticed that Jimin was staring, he pushed his hands in the front pockets of his trousers, clearing his throat.

“I need a smoke” The man mumbled – perhaps referring to the shaking of his hands, it might being a sign of him craving to smoke as he was addicted to it, Jimin wasn't certain, was truthfully slightly bewildered by him mentioning it.

“You're not allowed to smoke in here, I'm sorry” Jimin stated, voice soft, but sure as he had collected himself again after the faint shock of slipping just a moment ago.

“I know. I'm about to leave, but I have quite a lot of books that I am borrowing so I was wondering, if you could help me bring them out to my car?” The man wondered, an eyebrow arched up.

Jimin opened his mouth, seemingly surprised by that question as no one had ever requested anything like this. How many books did this man want to take with him, if he needed another person with him to carry them outside?

“Uhm, I'm currently working, so I'm not sure, if I can just leave to do that” Jimin noted, titling his head to the side as he looked at the man in apology.

“It won't take long, Jimin-ah”

“I really don't want to be scolded again for- Wait. How do you know my name?” Jimin asked, eyebrows pulled together in a frown. After all, Jimin wasn't wearing his name tag today.

“Oh, that girl over there told me to ask you for help, but I've also seen you work here before” The man responded with faint hesitation, pointing to the other side of the room. Jimin didn't need to check to know that he was referring to Somi.

Maybe that's why his face seemed familiar - Jimin had seen him spend time here before.
“Oh” Jimin chuckled, “Well, I guess-”

Suddenly, his phone in the back of his jeans started to vibrate, interrupting Jimin who excused himself to pull it out of his pocket to check whether or not it was urgent.

Jungkook's name flashed on the display of his phone, indicating that the black haired boy was calling him.

The man took a glimpse at his phone, his eyes looking up at Jimin before he drew his gaze back to the phone.

Jimin caught his bottom lip between his teeth, not exactly wanting to take the call because it was rude, yet figuring that he had already behaved rude by pulling out his phone in the first place.

However, he didn't need to make a decision as Jungkook's name stopped flashing on his display, implying that he had given up to call him.

“I'll just-” Jimin was about to say.

“Was that call urgent?” The man asked, eyebrows arched up in curiosity.

“Oh, sorry, no, I just wanted to check who it was, but I don't think it's that urgent. I didn't want to be rude and take it while you were talking to me” Jimin clarified, shaking his head.

In that moment, he saw a figure approach them out of the corner of his eye, the pink haired boy swiftly putting his phone back into his pocket.

It was Haru.

Haru frowned at him, hands on her hips once she had closed the distance between them, “Jimin-ah, I was looking for you. You've left some of the books scattered around in the back. Also, where is your name tag?” She wanted to know, voice not full of venom, but rather soft, yet still conveying her dissatisfaction with his performance.

“I'm sorry, I'll make sure to take care of it right now. I was just about to help this man” Jimin told her, pointing to the man at his side.

Haru eyed the man, smiling at him before drawing her attention back to the smaller boy, “I'll take care of him, you go and get the books from the back.”

Jimin gave a nod, noticing that the man was about to say something, yet Jimin averted his gaze in order to bow deeply at his supervisor, “I'll be quick”

“Mhm” She hummed, nodding for him to leave which Jimin swiftly did, feeling his phone vibrate again almost simultaneously.

After making sure that Haru was focused on helping that man, Jimin quickly pulled out his phone again, accepting the call and lifting his phone up to his ear as he walked towards the back of the room.

“Jimin-ah?” Jungkook immediately called out, voice urgent and firm.

“Yes? What's going on? Are you okay?” Jimin wondered, keeping his voice low so he wouldn't disturb any of the people around him.

“Where are you?” Jungkook then wanted to know, ignoring Jimin's questions.
“I'm at work, Kook-ah. Why? What's going on?” The pink haired boy responded, slightly confused by Jungkook calling him, considering how Jimin had told him earlier that he was leaving for work after practice.

“Right. Are you... are you okay, baby? How is work going?”

Frowning, Jimin slowed his steps, “I'm okay, Kook-ah. I'm just a little tired as always after practice. There is not much going on here. How are you?”

“I'm good. I'm just having a break and wanted to check on you. I'll see you later, hm, baby?”

Jimin smiled, “Yes, you'll see me later. I'll head right over to your place after work.”

“Good. I won't keep you from doing your work any longer then. Let me know in case... in case there is anything going on, okay, little one?”

“I will. See you later, Kook-ah”

“Later, Jimin-ah”

With that, Jimin ended the call, shaking his head as he smiled to himself.

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Jimin swung his feet back and forth on his spot on the edge of the bed, noticing that the water had stopped running in the bathroom. Almost simultaneously, Jimin stilled his movement, deliberating over what to do next, but deciding to simply stay seated on the bed.

It didn't take long for Jungkook to enter the bedroom, a towel wrapped around his waist, hair damp and sticking to his forehead. The black haired boy didn't notice Jimin at first, walked straight over to the small dresser where he had seemingly placed his phone on earlier before taking a shower.

Just as Jimin was about to make his presence known, Jungkook looked up from his phone, eyes falling right on Jimin and widening upon his sight.

“Holy shit, Jimin-ah” Jungkook cursed and clasped his hand over his chest, clearly startled by Jimin's sudden appearance.

“I'm sorry” Jimin giggled, getting up to his feet, “Beomsoo just dropped me off and you told me to just come in as soon as I arrive. I texted you, but you didn't answer so I let myself in. Then I noticed that you were showering so I decided to wait here”

Jungkook arched up his eyebrows, approaching Jimin as a slight smirk appeared on his face, “Mhm, why didn't you join me?” he wondered once he had closed the distance between them, grabbing Jimin by the hips and pulling the boy closer, “Would've been way more fun” Jungkook whispered into his ear, voice low and his breath tickling Jimin's skin.

The pink haired boy gulped, feeling his cheeks heat up at the suggestive tone of Jungkook, not leaving much room for imagination, but rather making the indication very clear.

“I didn't just want to burst in without asking. It's your privacy after all. Besides, we wouldn't actually have showered then, would we?” Jimin pointed out, smiling lightly as he locked eyes with the taller boy, amusement in his eyes as he leaned in to press a kiss against Jungkook's cheeks before he withdrew and walked back over to the bed.
“Jimin-ah, you know I don't give a fuck about that at all. You've seen me naked plenty of times. Hell, we've fucked plenty of times. You can always join me for a shower. You don't need to ask, baby” Jungkook reminded him.

“I've already showered before coming here anyway” Jimin noted, shrugging his shoulders as he sat down on the bed again, looking back at Jungkook who was smiling at him.

“Even better reason to join me.”

“To not shower?”

“To give you reasons to shower by making sure you're all messy again, hm?”

“Kook-ah, you're unbelievable!” Jimin giggled, shaking his head. In response, Jungkook chuckled as well, holding his hands up in defense.

“Okay, I'll stop. Let me just get dressed quickly – or not, whatever you prefer, little one” the younger boy teased, smirking cheekily at Jimin as his hand slowly slid down his stomach, closer to the towel that was barely covering him.

Jimin's blush deepened as his gaze trailed down to Jungkook's upper body, strong muscles catching his attention, “I-I- You don't- I think-” the poor boy stuttered, swallowing hard as he forced his gaze back up to Jungkook's smug face, amusement glistening in his eyes, “Put on some clothes, troublemaker”

Jungkook raised up his eyebrows, light smile on his face as he clasped his hand over his heart as if he'd been hurt, “Troublemaker? Me? Aah, Jimin-ah, how could you do-”

“Oh, shut up” Jimin giggled, “Go get dressed, Kook-ah”

The black haired boy's smile grew as he approached Jimin, grabbing his chin softly and guiding his face up in order to lock eyes with him, “Bossing me around, hm?”

Gulping, Jimin wet his lips, slightly shakinig his head. Jungkook noticed, glancing down at Jimin's plump lips before his gaze rushed back up to Jimin's eyes. The reaction he evoke in Jimin caused him to smirk, Jungkook loving to tease the smaller one.

“I'll be right back”

With that, Jungkook walked away, his hand slipping away from Jimin as he disappeared in the bathroom in order to put some underwear on. It was only then that Jimin noticed the quickening of his heart as it was pounding faster against his chest.

“How was your day then, baby?” Jungkook asked him loudly, still getting dressed in the bathroom.

“I ate before I came here. Have you?”

“I ate at work”

Almost simultaneously while answering, the taller boy reappeared in the bedroom, now dressed in some sweatpants and a white shirt.

“How was your day then, baby?” Jungkook wanted to know, lying down on the bed comfortably. Jimin crossed his legs, adjusting his position so he was able to look at Jungkook, “Did Yang call you back?”
“You mean Jieun?” Jimin corrected, reminded of Jungkook's history with her.

“Yes, did she call you back?” Jungkook asked, placing his hand on Jimin's thigh, giving it a soothing squeeze.

“Mhm” Jimin hummed, “She... she called me during practice. Well, when we were having a break”

“And? What did she say?”

“I can meet him after tomorrow” The pink haired boy answered, smiling weakly as another thing popped up in his head – one he didn't want to think of.

“That's great” Jungkook smiled, closing his hand around Jimin's wrist and pulling his hand up to his lips, pressing a kiss to his knuckles.

“Mhm” Jimin only hummed, dipping his head down as he played with the hem of his shirt.

“What's wrong?” Jungkook muttered, voice hinting at his concern, if the softness in his eyes wasn't already indicating it.

“Nothing. It's just... it's nothing” The smaller male brushed it off, shaking his head. Dongha was not exactly a topic Jungkook was fond of – well, Jimin wasn't either – and he really didn't want to ruin their night by angering Jungkook.

“What is it, angel? I won't stop asking until you tell me. I don't want anything to bother you. You know that you can trust me with anything, hm?”

“I know, it's not... it's just, well, it's Dongha”

Jungkook visibly tensed, sitting up with a frown, “What did that motherfucker do now? I swear to god, I'll-”

“Kook-ah, I haven't even told you what happened yet. Please, calm down. It's not even anything he really intentionally did. It's just a big coincidence, but a huge slap in my face. Dongha... he, well, he was offered a spot in YK entertainment, too. Not only that, but he already went into an audition and passed it. If I accept this offer, we're most likely going to train there together”

It took a moment for Jungkook to process those words, his eyes conveying that his mind was racing, “What? That bastard was offered a place there, too? Why the fuck did that happen?”

“Well, as horrible as what he did to me is, he's still a great dancer” Jimin pointed out.

“Average. At most” Jungkook corrected.

“Jungkook-ah, he's good. Yang wouldn't have offered him the spot, if he wasn't”

Jungkook clenched his hands into fists, clicking his tongue, “I don't think it's a good idea for you both to train there, but I also don't want you to let this opportunity go because of this fucking bastard”

“I don't want to decline the offer, either, but, I mean, I don't even know what Yang is going to offer me”

“Right. He might be thinking about hiring you as a choreographer” Jungkook agreed, giving a nod, “Still, working there with him would just... Fuck, this situation is messed up. Just focus on your meeting with Yang for now”
“I’m trying to. It’s really nice that he took time out of his schedule for me”

“Mhm, I told you he’s a good one”

“I know. I’ll just hear him out and see whether or not it’s worth risking working there with Dongha” Jimin murmured, giving a faint nod to underline his determination.

Glancing at Jungkook, Jimin noticed that he appeared to be drawn into his own thoughts, eyes fixated on the wall across from them, brows pulled together in a frown.

“Kook-ah?”

“Huh?” Jungkook mumbled, shaking his head before he forced his gaze back to Jimin's pretty brown orbs, “Right. Good idea. Now, come here, angel” Jungook insisted with a smirk, reaching for Jimin who was more than delighted as he fell right into his arms, lying on top of his boyfriend with his head resting on his chest.

Their night was soft, cuddles leading to them falling asleep in each other's arms with Jungkook's promise of him protecting Jimin.

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Slowly, the elevator doors opened, Jimin hesitant before he stepped outside, heart beating fast against his chest. With a careful stare, Jimin looked around, inhaling a shaky breath as he saw several people walk past him – immersed in their conversations with each other or rushing to different rooms.

A person bummed into him, clearly not having seen him or having paid attention to him, Jimin swiftly apologising as he bowed slightly - although it wasn't exactly his fault at all. However, it was simply a part of Jimin's nature, the apology slipping from his lips subconsciously. The person didn't even took a glimpse at him, rushed past him without a word.

Brushing the dusk from his shirt, Jimin made his way over to reception, a woman typing away on her keyboard while she was focused on her computer monitor. Her black hair was tied up into a long pony tail, her face fair skinned with a hint of blushed cheeks, eyes big and shiny as if there were actual stars in them.

Gulping, Jimin approached her, coming to a halt right in front of her desk. The woman didn't spare him a glance upon his arrival, but proceeded to concentrate on her own task. After looking around for a moment, Jimin cleared his throat, an attempt to make his presence known.

Apparently, it worked, as the woman lifted her head, her eyes falling on Jimin. Immediately, a smile appeared on her face, red coloured lips parting, “Hello, what can I help you with?” she asked with a sweet voice, a voice that undeniably belonged to the same woman that had talked to him on the phone – that belonged to Jieun, the girl Jungkook has had sex with before.

“I-I'm Park Jimin” Jimin stated, straightening his back, “Hi. I have a meeting here with Mr. Yang. I called two days ago and-”

“Aah” she hummed, pointing at Jimin, “I see, yes, of course. Well, you're on time” she added before she got up to her feet, her slim body covered by a red dress, the material flowing around when she moved as she walked around the desk, “Follow me.”

With that, she went ahead, walking towards a door a couple of meters away from them, high-heels clicking on the floor. After blinking, Jimin swiftly rushed after her.
“He wouldn't have waited for you, if you'd turn up too late. He has a very tight schedule”

Jimin only nodded, pressing his lips into a line as he followed her to the door.

Once they arrived in front of it, she lifted her small fist and knocked two times. Not waiting for answer, she pushed the door open, walking inside and announcing Jimin's arrival. The smaller boy swallowed hard, palms suddenly clammy as he entered the room as well.

“Ah, yes, Park Jimin” Yang smiled as he gestured for Jimin to take a seat in front of his huge wooden desk – filled with piles of paper, pens scattered around, “Let me just- Yeah, move some stuff aside and clean up a bit” he mumbled attempting to organise his desk, “Thank you, Jieun-ssi” he adressed the woman that had walked Jimin here, confirming his assumption of her identity.

She gave a faint bow before she exited the room, pulling the door close behind her. In the meanwhile, Jimin had approached the older man, shaking his bigger hand before he took a seat in the surprisingly more than comfortable chair.

Just as Jimin was about to scan the room because he hadn't had the chance to do that upon his arrival a moment ago, Yang spoke up, gaining Jimin's full attention, “I was glad to hear that you're interested.”

“Oh, yes, I'm very interested. Thank you so much for taking time out of your schedule to talk to me” Jimin uttered, bowing lightly as good as he was capable of doing in his current position of being seated in the chair.

“Oh, that's nothing. I was wondering when you were going to call – or even if at all. I was glad to hear that you did. After seeing you dance at the Seoul Dance Championship, I was more than impressed with your performance. The way you move was mesmerising, was striking and stunning. I'm very interested in having you work with us.”

“Thank you” Jimin murmured, cheeks turning a shade of pink at the compliment.

“It's understandable that you have questions about the offer, of course. Go ahead” Yang noted, pointing at Jimin before he leaned back in his seat.

“Oh, well, I was just wondering what exactly the offer would include? Are we talking about an audition for becoming a trainee?”

“The question is, what do you want to do? What I have in mind for you depends on how skillful you are and what your own desire is”

“Skillful as in how well I can dance?” Jimin wondered, titling his head to the side. The nervous boy didn't even notice the way he was playing with the hem of his shirt, fingers pulling and twisting on the fabric absentmindedly.

“No, that's not a question anymore. I saw you dance. That fact has been proven to me already. I'm talking about something else.”

“About what?”

“How experienced are you in creating your own choreography?” Yang wanted to know, resting his arms on his desk before he leaned forward.

“Well, I like creating my own choreography. I always do that when I'm on my own. There is something so fun and almost healing about doing that. Most of the times, it comes naturally by just
listening to the song. I allow my body to speak and move accordingly to what it feels when listening to the melody, what I wants to express and how I can convey the feeling and the message of the song in the best way possible. Sometimes, it's a little trickier and it takes more time to come up with something because it doesn't actually turn out the way I plan it in my head”

Yang gave a nod, humming to indicate that he was listeing attentively.

“I started creating my own choreography ever since I was younger. I went to an arts school where we often were challenged to contribute our own choreography. I would say that I am experienced in it, but there is a lot more I can learn”

Yang hummed again, smiling, “I see. Well, what I had in mind for you – what I am hoping for you to do is to have you teach my trainees what you have. You have a certain kind of passion for dance. You feel in such a vivid and visible way when you dance and you convey that in such a beautiful way that it simply keeps you mesmerised.”

“Really? Y-You want me to teach someone?”

“I want you to teach my trainees, yes. I would like for you to become a choregrapher. As you aren't as professionally experienced in it yet, you would become the assistant choregrapher for now, but can easily work yourself up to becoming a full choregrapher.”

“W-Wow, that's... that sounds amazing. I'm flattered. Thank you”

Yang wanted him to teach his own trainees because he thought he was that good? Was this real?

“You don't have to accept the offer just yet. No pressure, but I would like to receive an answer over the next, well, let's say, two weeks. I know it's a difficult decision to make. After all, you're surely dancing somewhere else already. I'm assuming you're currently part of the dance group you've performed with at the championship?”

“Yes, I'm still part of it” Jimin confirmed, nodding as a smile played around his face at the memory of his dance group.

“Ah, I see, yes. Very talented people in there, indeed. Jeon got Jung Hoseok. I know that already. Good lad, what a great dancer”

“He really is a great dancer. One of the best I know. There are a lot of talented people in my group actually. You've also offered Dongha-ssi a place as a trainee, right?” Jimin wondered although he already knew the answer.

“Oh, Dongha?”

“Yes, he's also part of my group and danced at the championship” The smaller boy clarified, not entirely certain whether or not Yang was currently aware of who he was referring to.

However, he definitely was.

“I'm aware, yes. He's not a trainee here anymore, though. I've fired him”

Jimin froze in his place, mouth agape in visible shock. This couldn't be true... How was this possible? Why had he been fired before ever really starting to train here? What had he done?

Or... what had someone else done?
“Fired?” Jimin echoed, voice quiet and unsure.

“Yes, he was removed from the company after some things were revealed to me. But now back to you, Jimin-ssi. I'm sure you have some more questions for me”

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“It was very nice talking to you. I hope you've received some clarity about the offer and its conditions. I would love to hear from you soon, Jimin-ssi” Yang smiled as he got up to his feet, straightening his suit jacket before he approached his door.

Jimin returned the smile, joining him at the door and shaking his hand for goodbye, bowing deeply out of respect and politeness, “Thank you so much for talking to me. I'll make sure to get back to you soon”

Yang opened the door, “If there is anything else you're worried about, just call and ask. I'll make sure to answer.”

“Actually” Jimin murmured, catching his bottom lip between his teeth as he pulled on the hem of his shirt. The pink haired boy pulled his brows together in a frown, but decided to not ask the question that was lingering in his mind after all as it really wasn't any of his business, “Nevermind. Have a nice day”

“You, too” Yang responded, watching Jimin exit his office before he shut the door close.

Their conversation had went very well, Jimin now somehow having found some more understanding and clarity over the whole situation. Hopefully, making this decision, making the right choice would be easier now.

Especially now that... now that Dongha wasn't in the picture anymore. Surely, it was mean to think that way, Jimin was aware of that, but he couldn't help but feel relieved somehow that Dongha wouldn't work here with him in case Jimin accepted the offer. Essentially, he was only being cautious, didn't want anything to happen because he didn't know what else the boy was capable of.

Well, unless... unless it was an unfair reason Dongha had been fired for. Clearly, Jimin couldn't feel relieved about that because it was just, well, that – unfair. After all, what could Dongha have done to cause his removal from the company without actually having trained here a day?

What had he done?

What had someone else done?

Frowning, Jimin lifted his head up, looking straight ahead while still being caught in his thoughts.

As if his mind was pulling games on him, Jungkook was standing there at the reception, immersed in a conversation with Jieun. It was in that moment when a voice in Jimin's mind began to connect some strings... assumptions blossoming inside of him that Jimin didn't want to be true.

Jimin shook his head, figuring Jungkook's sillhouette would disappear in that moment as it wasn't real after all. However, the boy was more than bewildered when he realised that Jungkook was still standing at the reception, seemingly actually present in the company.

What was he doing here?

Suddenly, Jieun broke out in giggles at something Jungkook had said and closed her petite hand
around his upper arm.

Jimin felt his heart drop, delicate hands clenching into tiny fists at the sight. His blood was already fuming at the information he had received, his mind accusing Jungkook of having had his hands in Dongha's removal before Jimin was capable of stopping himself.

Angrily, Jimin stormed away, walking right past Jungkook without a word. Apparently, Jungkook must have felt the wind blow past him at the speed of Jimin's walk, perhaps he had caught Jimin's figure out of the corner of his eyes – whatever it was, Jungkook rushed after him with quick steps, wrapping his strong hand around Jimin's wrist and pulling him back.

“Hey, beautiful” the taller boy greeted with a smile, hands wandering down to Jimin's hips, “Didn't you see me, little one?”

“Oh, I did see you” Jimin shared, voice hinting at him being angry, Jimin pushing Jungkook's hands away. In response to the action, Jungkook's eyes softened, concern visible and something like... like pain glistening in them as if Jimin had physically hurt him by rejecting his touch.

“What's wrong? What's going on?” Jungkook worried, frowning as he lifted his hand up to brush Jimin's hair out of his face, triyng to comfort him, Jimin's change in demeanor notable, “What did Yang do? Should I go and talk to him?”

“What are you doing here?” Jimin wanted to know, ignoring his question.

“I had a break and it fell perfectly in time with when your meeting was supposed to finish so I decided to come and pick you up for lunch” Jungkook answered, his thumb rubbing over Jimin's cheekbone.

“I have to go to work now” Jimin reminded him, huffing.

“Not even a small coffee?”

“I don't want coffee right now. I have to go” Jimin declined, swatting his hand away again as he spun around and stormed towards the elevator. Yet, Jungkook was right at his heels, his legs longer and enabling him to quickly catch up with Jimin. Gently, he closed his hand around Jimin's wrist and pulled him right back.

“Stop running away, Jiminie. What's wrong? Tell me right now. What happened?”

“I should ask you that” The smaller boy challenged, pulling his arm out of Jungkook's grasp with force.

“About what?” Jungkook asked confused, frowning to convey that he was dumbfounded by the fact that Jimin's behaviour was supposedly caused by him.

“Dongha? Jieun?” Jimin reminded him, eyebrows arched up as he crossed his arms over his chest.

“What?” The taller male muttered, shaking his head in pure bewilderment.

“Did you... Dongha has been fired. Did you have anything to do with that? You... You talked to Yang about Dongha, didn't you? What did you tell him?”

That's when it clicked, Jungkook's eyes going wide, his mouth opening, yet no words slipping from it. With slight hesitation, Jungkook finally responded, “Jimin-ah, what do you mean?”
“Don't play that game with me. What did you do?”

This time, Jimin didn't buy him being unaware of what Jimin was referring to. This time, Jungkook just knew what this was about – Jimin could see it in his eyes.

“I didn't do anything” Jungkook denied.

“So Yang just magically backtracked after I told you about Dongha training here? This can't be a coincidence” Jimin pointed out angrily, pointing to Yang's office.

“Sssh” Jungkook silenced him, “Fine, but we shouldn't. Let's go somewhere else to talk about this.”

“I'm not going anywhere with you until you tell me the truth – the full truth”

Jungkook looked around, gaze falling on a door right next to them. Swiftly, he reached for Jimin and pulled the boy into the room with him. It turned out to be a small room reserved for printing and copying files, two bigger printers taking up most of the room, the small window allowing light to illuminate the room.

“Now, tell me”

“I just talked to Yang about Dongha”

“What did you tell him? What caused him to fire Dongha? You must have-” Jimin rambled, shooting question after question.

“Fine, I mentioned what a fucking bastard he is and what he tried to do to you! I told Yang that he's not a reliable person and that he attempted to assault you – well someone, I didn't mention your name” Jungkook revealed, venom in his voice at the thought of Dongha - the name planting the picture of him touching Jimin without his consent in his mind, blood immediately boiling.

“Kook-ah, this is-”

“It was the right decision, Jimin-ah. How is it fair that someone like him receives such an opportunity? He doesn't even feel any remorse for what he did. I'm sure he beats his meat to the thought of possibly working here with you. How can I allow him to be a trainee in the same company with you?”

“You don't have to allow anything, Jungkook-ah. I'm older than you! I'm an independent person. You don't have the right to make decisions-”

Suddenly, the door opened, a man with several sheets of paper in his hands stilling in his tracks upon the sight of Jimin and Jungkook arguing in the small room, “O-Oh, I need to copy some files” the man stated, clearing his throat as he pointed towards the printer behind the two boys, “I believe you're not allowed in here. I have to ask you to leave”

“We're busy right now, so if you don-”

“Of course. We're sorry. We'll leave” Jimin interrupted Jungkook who was clearly too mad already at the mention of Dongha and was about to forgot about simple manners and politeness, surely having wanted to respond in a rude way out of anger – although the anger wasn't directed at the poor man, but Dongha.

With that, Jimin reached for Jungkook’s arm and pulled him out of the room.
“Where are we going?” Jungkook wanted to know.

“Jungkook-ah!” a female voice yelled across the hallway, high-heels clicking on the floor as she hurried after them.

It was Jieun. Of all people. Right now.

Jimin pressed his lips into a line, looking from Jungkook to Jieun and back to Jungkook.

The taller boy's gaze was still only fixated on Jimin, paying Jieun little to none attention. It wasn't until she was literally pushing herself inbetween them to gain Jungkook's attention that he tore his gaze away from Jimin, locking eyes with Jieun.

“I was just wondering whether or not you wanted to grab some lunch with me?” Jieun asked sweetly, Jimin feeling like the third wheel as he took a step back.

Jungkook pointed at Jimin, making his presence known to her.

“Oh!” she uttered, clasping her hands over her mouth, “I'm sorry, am I interrupting something? I didn't mean to”

“It's fine. I'm sorry, Jieun-ssi. I'm busy right now. Maybe another time”

“Oh, yeah, sure” she murmured, smiling as she waved her hand, “It was nice seeing you again. And you- sorry, what was your name again?”

“Jimin” the pink haired boy mumbled.

“Right, Jimin. Well, Jungkook-ah, I could give you my number in case you want to hang out?”

There it was again... that odd feeling in his chest. That feeling he had experienced whenever he had seen Seoyun by Jungkook's side. After everything, the emotion wasn't foreign to him any more, wasn't something he wasn't capable to decipher.

It was jealousy.

It was jealousy although Jimin didn't want it to be that way. Jimin trusted Jungkook, but it still pained his heart to see someone else make a move on him – even though Jungkook didn't return it.

At least, Jimin hoped that he didn't.

“Give me your phone” Jieun insisted, smiling sweetly.

Rolling his eyes, Jimin averted his gaze, noticing that the elevator doors had opened. Without another word, he stepped inside, pressing the button for the ground floor.

However, Jungkook was quick to notice his absence, uttering one last thing to Jieun before he rushed after Jimin.

“Why are you running away?” Jungkook asked, eyebrows furrowed as the elevator doors closed.

“I'm not running away” Jimin denied, staring at the wall instead of Jungkook's gorgeous face that would surely distract him from being mad at him for several things – for Dongha, for Yang, for Jieun.

“Yes, you are, like you always do when there is something bothering you instead of talking to me
about it” Jungkook pointed out, anger in his voice, “Communication is important, ba-”

“Oh, don't come at me with that communication stuff. You are the one who's avoiding conversations! You are the one who leaves me in the dark most of the times!”

“I'm trying to change that, Jimin-ah”

“Are you? Then what about Dongha? What was that just now with Jieun? That didn't look like you haven't seen each other in months like you said” Jimin spat, heart clenching at the thought of Jungkook having had sex with her more than once – opposed to his earlier statement.

“What? Jimin-ah, she was just talking to me in a friendly way. How is it my fault that she wants to give me her number?”

“I saw you at the re-” Jimin was about to argue, yet went silent as soon as the elevator doors opened, an older male stepping inside and joining them.

“Hello” the man greeted them politely, bowing at them.

“Hello” Jimin and Jungkook responded in unison, bowing simultaneously, but glaring at each other right after.

Figuring that they shouldn't argue while another person was present as they didn't want to bother him with their issues, they both stayed silent, angry gazes fixated on the walls.

It wasn't even a minute until they reached the ground floor, yet it felt like an hour, tension hanging in the air that was very noticeable. As soon as the elevator doors opened, the stepped outside, pushing past the man.

“Don't you dare run away now” Jungkook warned, wrapping his hand around Jimin's wrist to pull him back, “You can't accuse me of shit and then run away, Jimin-ah”

“I wasn't running away” Jimin argued, pulling his arm out of Jungkook's grasp, “I was heading towards your car. We shouldn't discuss this here. We shouldn't argue here.”

“Then let's go home”

Jimin was hesitant, but perhaps the drive home would give each of them time to calm down and organise their thoughts. Perhaps, it would enable them to have a more civilised and quieter argument instead of them screaming at each other.

“Okay, let's go”

---

It was quiet. So quiet. The silence was almost suffocating - somehow louder than any words they could say, the silence amplified in their heads.

Jungkook was still angered, hands gripping the steering wheel so tight that his knuckles were turning white. Jimin was trying to calm down, yet was mad at Jungkook for telling Yang about what Dongha had done... was even mad for Jieun wanting to spend more time with him.

“Jimin-ah, I-”

“No” Jimin interrupted him, shaking his head, “I don't want to argue with you while you're driving. It's dangerous.”
The black haired boy seemed to consider to proceed to talk to Jimin, yet hesitated. Eventually, he forced his gaze back on the road, concentrating on driving them home.

For some reason, time appeared to pass faster than usually, the ride home to Jungkook's apartment fairly quick. Soon enough, they found themselves back in Jungkook's living room, not having spoken a word to each other on their way here.

“Now. Talk” Jimin insisted once Jungkook had shut the door close behind them, dropping his keys on the dining table.

“Jimin-ah, I—”

Jimin caught a smaller gift box lying on the dining table, his eyebrows furrowing upon the sight.

“It's a present for you” Jungkook clarified, pointing at the box, “I don't think right now is the perfect time to open it though. It's... well, it's something we've talked about before”

For a moment, Jimin felt his heart flutter, curiosity blooming inside of him as he wondered about what Jungkook had gotten him. As Jimin had told him before, he didn't want Jungkook to buy him presents and spend that much money on him, yet... yet it was still very sweet of him.

However, Jimin shook his head, turning back around to focus on the task at hand.

“Go on, Jungkook-ah”

“I didn't spend time with Jieun-ssi. What I told you was the truth. I've fucked her once and then spoke to her a couple of times afterwards when I was at the company. She's a nice girl, really.”

Jimin bit on the inside of his cheek, crossing his arms over his chest, “I-I don't want to... I don't want to feel like this, but I didn't like seeing her be that close to you and her giving you her number”

For a slight moment, it seemed as if Jungkook had wanted to say something else, something like amusement glistening in his eyes, yet it was swiftly replaced by his usual softness. Fortunately, the drive back here had actually worked in calming both of them down, neither of them raising their voice at the other.

“I didn't take her number. I refused and told her that I'm in a relationship you, but you didn't hear that because you decided to run away”

Jimin felt guilty, but then again, wouldn't Jungkook have disliked such a sight as well, “Wouldn't you have reacted in a similar way? What if... what if I had an ex and he touched me while laughing or wanted to eat lunch with me or wanted to give me his number. Would you enjoy that?”

“Hell no”

“See” Jimin insisted, shrugging his shoulders.

“I wouldn't enjoy it, but I wouldn't get mad at you. I would get mad at him for flirting with you knowing that you're mine”

“I didn't... I didn't exactly get mad at you. I was just... I don't know, I didn't like the situation so I decided to leave.”

“Well, now you know that it was a misunderstanding. I told you that I don't want her” Jungkook assured him, closing the distance between them to grab Jimin's chin tenderly, “I want you, Jimin-ah,
only you” he whispered those last words, leaning in to brush his lips over Jimin's.

Gulping, Jimin felt his heart flutter again, his anger slowly starting to vanish and being replaced by pure softness for the taller boy.

However, this conversation wasn't over.

“Stop” Jimin urged, pushing Jungkook's hand away and taking a step back, “Stop distracting me”

Jungkook sighed, “Baby, I wasn't trying to distract you. I was trying to comfort you because you're insecure of me wanting someone else, when that's not true at all. I didn't have any malicious intentions in reassuring you about my love for you. No matter how mad you are at me, I need you to know that you mean the world to me and that I don't want anyone else beside you”

“Stop saying these things. I want to be mad at you and that's not helping” Jimin mumbled, pulling his sleeves over his petite hands.

“Why do you want to be mad at me?”

“Because you did wrong. You interfered in something you shouldn't have. This is Dongha's life you're playing with!” Jimin responded, frowning deeply.

“I'm not playing with anything. I had to stop that bastard from being close to you. I won't allow him to ever lay a finger on you again” Jungkook argued, walking past Jimin further into the room.

The smaller boy spun around, taking a step closer.

“If you did it for me then you should have talked to me first! I would've never wanted you to do something like this. No matter what he did, this is going too far. His future might be ruined now”

“What about Yang? What kind of reputation would he have, if it slips that a guy that assaulted someone is a trainee at his company? What, if Dongha does it again? I also thought about Yang and all the other trainees there. Yang decided to backtrack on his offer because he wants to protect his own trainees. I didn't force him to do it.”

“Gosh, you're so-”

“I'm what? Are you mad at me because I want to protect you? Why are you still defending him? He doesn't deserve this job.” Jungkook interrupted him, narrowing his eyes at the pink haired one.

“I could have just went to your company, Kook-ah. You didn't have to go the extra mile and ruin Dongha's life like this” Jimin pointed out.

“I didn't ruin anything. He did that by assaulting you and getting away with it. To this day, I regret not punching the hell out of him. He should have seen this coming for treating you like shit, like you're an object he's allowed to touch whenever he pleases” the younger boy argued, eyes such a dark colour, anger and hatred so very visible in them whenever he thought of Dongha.

“That doesn't justify you ruining his future. Yes, he messed up big time, but it's not our right to get involved in his life like this” Jimin muttered, figuring that what Jungkook had done wasn't right, yet thinking that maybe... maybe it hadn't been entirely wrong to an extent?

Jimin was so very conflicted over what the right thing to do in such situation was. On the one hand, it wasn't his business to expose something like this about Dongha, yet it wasn't like Dongha had actually changed, had he? It wasn't like he was ever going to share that about himself in front of
Yang either, so there was no way of him having any knowledge about what Dongha had done and what he was capable of.

Was Jungkook right? Had he just acted in the desire to protect Jimin, Yang and all the other trainees that could potentially be harmed when Dongha wasn't able to compose himself?

Yet... did Dongha really deserve to have his future ruined like this?

Then again, was it actually ruined? Maybe, he would find another place... right? It wasn't far-fetched to think that, was it? However, would that be a safe place - for other people?

Was any place safe? Was Dongha going to change? Was Jimin the only one he had attempted to force himself on or were there other people who had to endure something similar before?

This was causing him a headache.

He was feeling dizzy, this issue harming him mentally.

“He got what he deserved” Jungkook spat.

“Why are you so presistent on hurting him?” Jimin wanted to know, voice soft.

“I'm not persistent on hurting him” the younger male argued, averting his gaze.

“Then why are you so persistent on making him pay for what he did? Why are you so-” Jimin urged, voice becoming slightly louder again.

“Because he almost raped you, for fuck's sake, Jimin-ah!” Jungkook yelled, his deep and loud voice echoing in the big room.

“He didn't, though!” Jimin yelled back.

“So? That doesn't make it better! He almost raped you and I'm not going to go through that again! Not if I can prevent it!”

Jimin blinked, frowning at the choice of his words.

“Again? What do you mean?” the pink haired boy whispered.

Jungkook plopped down on the sofa, suddenly calmer as he pushed his hand through his hair, chest rising and falling quickly. Jimin stared at him intently, heart suddenly beating so much faster.

Jungkook shook his head, wetting his lips.

“I went through this before. The last time, I wasn't there to stop it” Jungkook answered, voice just above a whisper, barely audible to Jimin, yet he caught the words that sent a shiver down his back.

“Wh-What are you talking about, Kook-ah? Who was raped?” Jimin asked, not entirely sure whether he actually wanted to know the answer to that question – already certain that it would break his heart.

Jungkook looked up at him, pain in his eyes.

“My mother”

Chapter End Notes
That's it for now! Did anyone see it coming? I've been dropping hints here and there, but never explicitly had Jungkook talk about it. I'm curious whether or not anyone had any guesses on it!

There is no smut in this one, but there will be in the next chapter, I promise <3

I hope you enjoyed the chapter <3

See you in the next chapter! :)  

Love you <3
Past

Chapter Summary

Jungkook finally opens up about his past, Jimin finding some clarity as to what shaped Jungkook as the man he is today. The day seems to go on for an eternity, another incident happening that leaves Jimin dumbfounded...

Chapter Notes

Hiii, lovely readers <3

Aaaah, I'm so sorry for taking so long for this chapter! I was honestly struggling quite a bit to write this chapter. I can't pinpoint it to a certain reason, but I guess that I wasn't exactly satisfied with my overall writing in this chapter (more than usually) so I kept editing it.

I hope you still enjoy this chapter <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It did.

It did break his heart.

The words proceeded to ring in Jimin's mind, amplified in the silence that had settled between them in the room. Speechless. Jimin was utterly speechless. Confused. Heartbroken. There was a turmoil in his heart, the information shocking him, Jungkook's expression hurting him to the core of his very being.

“What? No, why did you never... You never said anything... I-” Jimin murmured, shaking his head in disbelief – he didn't want this to be true.

“I don't like talking about it, Jimin-ah. It's... it's fucked up. I...”

It was only then that Jimin realised that he knew so little about Jungkook's past. They had never actually addressed it, the boy briefly having mentioned that his mother had passed, yet never explicitly telling Jimin how and when.

Why had he lost his mother? Why had his relationship been so rocky with his father? Why had he never believed in love?

All of these unanswered questions were lingering in Jimin's mind – yet again. Questions that Jimin had attempted to put on hold, not wanting to rush or force Jungkook into opening up to him.

“Jungkook-ah, I-” Jimin whispered, taking a step closer.

Tears. There were tears in the corner of Jimin's eyes as he looked into the gorgeous brown orbs of
the taller boy, heartbreaking pain glistening in them.


“Let's not... let's not talk about it” Jungkook decided, voice quiet and almost vulnerable, the boy shaking his head as he averted his gaze.

The pink haired male pulled his sleeves over his tiny hands, closing the distance between them, “Kook-ah” Jimin uttered, lowering himself on the sofa, hooking one leg over Jungkook's lap in order to straddle the boy, “Look at me” Jimin begged, pressing his soft hand against Jungkook's cheek to guide his face back to him, enabling them to lock eyes, “Talk to me. Please.”

“No, I-” Jungkook declined, wrapping his hand around Jimin's wrist to push it away from his face, indicating to move Jimin off from his lap.

“Don't push me away. I won't force you to talk about it, but don't push me away, Kook-ah. Please” Jimin responded desperately upon Jungkook's attempt to get up while pushing Jimin away from him simultaneously.

The black haired boy halted, looking back and forth between Jimin's eyes before he sank back into his seat, body almost going slack as the painful memory flashed in front of his eyes.

“Thank you” Jimin whispered, closing his arms around Jungkook's neck to hug the boy, Jungkook hesitating before he hooked his arms around Jimin's small body, pulling the boy impossibly closer as he hid his face in Jimin's nape.

Clearly, Jungkook didn't want to talk to Jimin about the incident. Maybe, it was too painful for him to bring up. Maybe, he just wasn't ready to share the whole thing. Maybe... he thought that he wasn't allowed to or refused to feel like this because he always wanted to be strong and protective.

Just days ago, Jungkook hadn't wanted to tell him about his nightmare, had been hesitant to let Jimin see that something was scaring him as well, that he wasn't always as strong as he taught himself to be. For some reason, Jungkook seemed to cling onto the desire to uphold a strong demeanor – wanted to be someone that wasn't scared, that wasn't weak, that didn't know heartwrenching sorrow.

Yet, Jimin knew better. Jimin had seen different parts of Jungkook, was aware of incidents that had occurred in his life and that he had been through – things that had shaped the man he was today, things that had broken his heart, things that had scared him.

However, he had not known about this part.

Jungkook was always there to catch him, has been with him through everything from panic attacks to the sad past of his childhood, comforting him through all of that in the most gentle way.

This time, it was Jimin's turn to be there for him.

“You don't always have to be strong” Jimin murmured into his ear, voice soft and comforting.

Although this was who Jungkook was and Jimin didn't want him to change anything about himself for the sake of Jimin, the smaller boy wanted him to know that it was okay to let himself fall, that it was okay to not be strong.

No, Jimin would be there to catch him, would comfort him in the way Jungkook always did for him.

“I... I fucking hate this feeling. I don't like talking about it, Jimin-ah” Jungkook whispered, shaking
his head, face still pressed into Jimin's nape.

“I know” Jimin uttered, tenderly sliding his hand through Jungkook's hair in order to comfort him, “You don't have to talk about it. You waited for me, too, when I wasn't ready to talk about my father yet. Although I don't know what it was like to experience what you went through, I understand how you're feeling. It takes time to open up about traumatic experiences.”

This moment seemed unreal – Jimin desperately wished that it was only a nightmare after all.

It wasn't, though.

Slowly, Jimin attempted to recall the moment Jungkook had first mentioned his mother, trying to figure out whether or not he had missed something the boy had shared with him. However, reminiscing about the day Jungkook revealed the passing of his mother, Jimin simply couldn't find a hint that would lead him to this conclusion.

It was the night at the motel, both of them on the journey to finding Jimin's biological father. During that night, things had started to shift between them, the heavy tension easing, the skies brightening up again and allowing them to feel what their hearts truly desired for each other.

Jimin had seen the sorrow on his face, the pain that glistened in his eyes upon the mention of his own mother's death. Obviously, it could be caused by the death itself – there was no doubt in Jimin's mind that it was – but it could also be a result of a traumatic experience such as the raping of his mother.

A shiver ran down Jimin's back, the boy gulping at the mere thought of what had happened to Jungkook's mother.

“It was a long while ago. I was 13 years old at that time” Jungkook suddenly uttered, the words almost whispered, his voice so small as it was muffled against Jimin's skin, barely audible for Jimin.

However, he did register those words, his heartbeat quickening as he stilled his hands, “Kook-ah, you don't have to-”

“I know. I know that I don't have to, Jimin-ah, but I want to. I... You've trusted me with your past so I want to share mine with you because I trust you just as much”

“Jungkook-ah, I will wait un-”

“I know you would, little one. Just another reason for me to tell you now. I trust you”

“Okay” Jimin whispered, giving a small nod.

They were still not making eyecontact, Jungkook's head resting on Jimin's shoulder. Perhaps, it would make all of this more bearable for Jungkook. Maybe, he didn't want to look Jimin in the eyes while sharing the traumatic experience – Jimin understood.

Frankly, Jimin wasn't certain whether he would be capable of seeing the heartwrenching pain in Jungkook's eyes either as he recalled the memory of this horrible incident.

In a way, Jungkook was protecting them both from having to bear too much pain by hugging Jimin tightly instead of locking their eyes.

“It was winter. I remember because the whole street was white with snow and I had slipped a couple of times on my way home. My... my mother was home alone. My father was still at work when it... when it happened. A stupid meeting that he had to attend. I was at a friend's place that night, but we
ended up fighting over some stupid shit that I can't even remember so I decided to go back home” Jungkook began, inhaling a shaky breath.

Jimin proceeded to caress the back of his head, noticing the way Jungkook’s heartbeat had quickened, his grip around Jimin becoming tighter, but Jimin didn't mind.

“I entered through the backdoor after noticing that it was already unlocked and open. I figured my Mom might have forgotten to lock it after coming home from her work. I tried to be quiet because it was late and I assumed she was already asleep” the black haired boy added, pausing for a brief moment to collect his thoughts, “But she wasn't. The lights were on in the living room, that cheesy drama she always watched running on the TV. I turned the TV off, thinking that she might have left it on accidentally before going to bed”

Jimin squeezed his eyes shut, sensing that things were going downhill from here.

“Then, I turned around”

The smaller boy gulped, not sure whether he was ready for the next part.

“My gaze fell on her. There she was. Just lying there, night gown torn apart. There was blood everywhere. *Everywhere.* I remember standing there in complete shock. I couldn't move. Not even an inch. All I was thinking was: Why is there blood? Why is there so much fucking blood?” the taller boy recalled, “Everything after that is kind of a blur. I remember running up to her, screaming at her, but she didn't respond. I yelled at her for ignoring me. I yelled at her to wake up. I didn't know or maybe I chose not to believe that I was holding her lifeless body” Jungkook went on, voice breaking.

A tear slipped from the corner of Jimin's eye, his bottom lip trembling as the words reached his ears. Jimin couldn't help but picture the scene in front of his eyes, heart clenching at the image in his mind.

“I called an ambulance, they came fairly soon, having to push me away in order to get to her because I had just been holding her in my arms. I tried to fight them because I wanted to be with her, but they refused to let me be close to her”


“She was already dead. There was nothing they could do for her”

“I'm so sorry, Jungkook-ah, I...”

“It was two men who had been breaking into houses around town before. They had planned to rob our house, but stumbled into my mother who was, unfortunately, home. They decided to... they decided to...” Jungkook paused, appearing to struggle with allowing the words to slip from his lips, his grasp on Jimin tightening. “They raped her. Each of those fucking bastards raped her, Jimin-ah. They killed her by choking her, claiming that they had only tried to make her unconscious to muffle her cries and screams.”

“Jungkook-ah, that's... I don't know what to say... I'm so sorry... You-”

Jimin went silent upon noticing something wet dribble down on his nape, confused by the sensation on his skin. Slowly, Jimin leaned back, Jungkook averting his gaze.

In that moment, Jimin felt his heart break yet again.

Jungkook's eyes were watery, another tear having slipped from the corner of his eye that he swiftly wiped away.
“Kook-ah” Jimin whispered, cupping Jungkook's face to guide it back up, locking eyes with him, “Look at me”

“She was just gone, Jimin-ah. Gone. Just like that. Just because of these bastards”

“I know” Jimin murmured, pressing his forehead against Jungkook's, the latter inhaling a shaky breath as he squeezed his eyes shut, another tear trailing down his cheek.

Jimin couldn't recall a time where he had ever seen Jungkook cry, the sight pulling on his heartstrings – Jimin felt his heart be ripped out of his chest, he felt mad at those guys who took his mother, he felt so sorry for Jungkook who had to experience all of that.

Gently, Jimin wiped away his tear, leaning in to press a soft peck to his lips in order to comfort the boy. The younger male exhaled a shaky breath, hugging Jimin tighter. Jimin's heart clenched as he hid his face in the curve of Jungkook's neck, proceeding to play with his hair to soothe him.

Neither of them knew how long they remained in that position, Jimin comforting him while Jungkook was embracing him tightly, almost- almost as if he was scared of Jimin disappearing. They just knew that they could stay like this for an eternity, only needing each other.

They focused on their soothing touches, their soft breathing into each other's ear, their hearts that were beating so close to each other. Slowly, Jimin noticed that Jungkook's heart began to pound evenly again, beating to the same rhythm as Jimin's. Visibly, Jungkook was calming down, finding comfort in Jimin.

It was Jungkook who broke the silence that had settled between them.

“They were caught”

Jimin tilted his head to the side, nudging his nose against Jungkook's cheek.

“Her... her rapists were caught. Only one of them was sentenced to life imprisonment for murder and several cases of burglary, whereas the other one was set free on parole for two years. Two fucking years.”

“What? How did that happen?” Jimin asked, utterly shocked, horror written on his face. How was it possible that one of them had been essentially set free for raping and killing someone? Was he still walking around on this earth, potentially harming several more people?

“Great lawyer, claiming he wasn't the actual one who killed her, but the other guy, and that he had only been talked into all of these crimes. An example of how some people get away with shit without any kind of punishment.”

Jimin was in disbelief, bewildered by the very little punishment one of the murderers had received.

“The guy left town after, but he came back to Busan a couple of years later. Maybe he wasn't able to start new somewhere else, I don't know, I never fucking cared enough about him to find out” Jungkook added, shrugging his shoulders, “But, I guess he got what he deserved in the end for killing my mother. He died four years ago. Overdose.”

Jimin faintly recalled having seen something about a similar case like this on the news before – yet, maybe it was exactly this one?

“I wanted to kill the guy for so long, I wanted him to pay for what he did. I had this... I had this anger in me. My life went downhill after that. I got into loads of shit, wasn't able to find closure nor
really deal with my mother's death. I got into many fights in school, arguments with my father – shit like that. My father tried to be there for me, but it was a difficult time for him, too, you know? Unfortunately, it took time for me to realise that. I was mad at him for being distant, for immersing himself even more in work. Little did I know back then that he had been blaming himself for my mother's death during that time”

Jimin inhaled a shaky breath, picturing Jungkook dealing with the repercussions of his mother's death, the abscene of his father's guidance and the inevitable anger that he let out in physical fights, it taking some time for him to realise that it wasn't the right thing to do.

“It was a difficult time, filled with shit after shit. I was mad at my father for distancing himself the way he did because... because I didn't understand his way of grieving over her death. Later, he told me that he regrets not having been there for me from the start, but during that time he just couldn't look at me because he felt sorry towards me. Yet, I didn't know any of that during that time. I hated him for pretending to be heartbroken over her death. Their relationship has never been the best. I often felt like they were together for my sake, you know? I felt like they were together so I wouldn't have to grow up with divorced parents. It took me time to realise that her death was still affecting him as she had been his wife and the mother of his son. Although they had their differences and issues in their marriage, although they had grown distant, he had still cared a lot about her.”

The pink haired boy couldn't help but wonder whether or not Jungkook's perception on love had been affected by the narrative he believed to have been growing up in – his parents never actually being in love, but rather not parting in order to enable their son a life without divorced parents.

“It was a couple of months after her death that was... that was kind of like the final string. Yoongi hyung and I were on our way to some dance event for Hoseok hyung when we caught a guy harrassing a girl in front of the building. No one was interfering, maybe they didn't see, I don't know. I remember stopping in my tracks, hyung halting next to me as we watched the scene unfold. As soon as the guy touched her and pushed her against the wall, I saw red. I ran up to them, telling the guy to leave her alone. She was already crying, his hand beneath her shirt as he was touching her in a disgusting way. That's when I hit him, punch right in the face. Obviously, he didn't like that one bit, throwing a punch right back at me. It was a terrible fight, brutal. That's how I got the scar. Hyung had to pull me off the guy, for both our sake's.”

“Kookie...” Jimin whispered, the image of Jungkook being in physical pain causing his heart to clench.

“Hyung kind of saved me there. If he hadn't interfered, I don't think I would've stopped beating the shit out of that guy. Hyung was so mad at me for that. Well, he was proud of me for defending the girl, but mad for how I handled it. Hyung wanted me to go to therapy in order to learn how to deal with my repressed emotions. I didn't want to, but he didn't budge, essentially annoying me with the request every single day until I agreed. In the end, me and my father both went to therapy.”

That was a good thing, Jimin thought. It was a good thing that they had seeked for professional help.

“I'm so glad we did. It saved me. If it wasn't for hyung, I would have never went there. His guidance... his and Hoseok hyung's guidance through all of it was a huge factor for me being able to heal” Jungkook muttered, eyes flashing with emotions, "Honestly, Yoongi and Hoseok hyung saved me by supporting me through it, therapy saved me by showing me ways of how to deal with my emotions. It wasn't easy. It took us a long time to heal and- and maybe I'm not fully healed, but we're in a better place now” Jungkook elaborated.

Jimin couldn't help but feel guilty for never actually having addressed Jungkook's past. Then again, Jimin had never wanted to force Jungkook to share anything of his past with him as the younger
male had respected his hesitance, too, regarding Jimin's struggles with his father.

Yet, all this time, he had known nothing about this – nothing about the horrible incidents that had occurred in Jungkook's childhood. Surely, they had spoken about Jungkook's past a couple of times before and Jimin had been aware of certain struggles, yet little did he know how heartwrenching it actually had been.

The smaller boy studied Jungkook's features, his beautiful brown orbs shining with tears, causing Jimin's chest to sting, his heart clenching in such a painful way. In that moment, Jimin would give his life to be capable of taking away Jungkook's pain, would have sold his soul, if he could go back in time and never have Jungkook have to experience anything like this.

“I never changed my view on consent, though. I never changed my view on how violence might be the only solution, if someone is in danger. I'll use it to protect the people I love and care for. I know... I know that I have my flaws and that I might not handle everything in the right way, but I'm trying.”

“I know you are” Jimin agreed, smiling warmly.

“And Dongha is just... - I was fine, Jimin-ah. I got over it, you know? At first, I tried to numb the pain, but I learned how to face it. I don't like talking about it, but who does like to talk about stuff like this? I was fine. I mean, it always hurts to think about her death, but I've found my closure, I've been able to live with it and be content, trying to remember what a beautiful person she was. Dongha... I don't know, he kind of triggers that traumatic experience, I guess. I just... when I see him I think of what happened to my mother and it just... it fucks me up, Jimin-ah” Jungkook whispered those last words.

Jimin pressed his forehead against Jungkook's, shutting his eyes close.

That's why consent was that important to him. That's why he hated Dongha with the core of his very being. Clearly, Dongha triggered that experience, Dongha triggered the unfair treatment of the guy that got away for raping his mother, triggered the memory of the rape itself.

“I'm not your mother, though. And Dongha-ssi isn't that guy. I'm fine, Kook-ah. We're fine” Jimin murmured against him, nudging his nose against Jungkook's.

“I know, but for how long? Who can guarantee me that he won't ever lay a finger on you? No one. I have to protect you. I can't let something like that happen again. Not to you, little one, no. I won't let that happen”

Jungkook's grip became tighter again as the younger male hid his face in Jimin's nape, Jimin's hand finding its way back into Jungkook's hair. Tenderly, Jimin slid his palm through the soft black locks, scratching on Jungkook's scalp gently every now and then. The taller boy appeared so vulnerable, the urge to protect Jungkook blooming inside of Jimin.

“He won't do it again because there will be no opportunity to. I'm going to stay away from him. If he... and in case he ever tries to hurt me again, I won't hesitate to call the police, I promise”

The pink haired boy pulled back in order to lock eyes with Jungkook.

“Promise me you won't do anything stupid, though” Jimin insisted, rubbing his thumb over Jungkook's cheek, “Please don't get yourself in trouble by hurting him. Let the authorities do that in case he does anything like that again”

Jungkook looked back and forth between Jimin's eyes, something flashing in them before he averted his gaze, “Jimin-ah, I... There is...” he went silent, leaving the remainder of the sentence hang in the
“Please, Kook-ah, promise me”

“I don't know, if I can. If I see him do anything like that again, I can't guarantee to just stand there. There is no way in hell that I wouldn't do anything. If it is to protect you, it's justifiable. I won't get in trouble for that. After all, I don't go out and punch random people, little one”

Jimin nibbled on his bottom lip, giving a faint nod, “I just... I just don't want you to get in trouble or hurt yourself in any shape or form”

At that, Jungkook smiled slightly and it was like a light was illuminating the room, Jimin feeling his heart find comfort at the sight, “I know, baby, I know you don't want that” Jungkook murmured, brushing strands of Jimin's hair out of his face.

For a moment, they only stared at one another, their turmoil of emotions caused by their heartwrenching conversation slowly starting to vanish as they found comfort in each other – their touch, their stares, their close proximity – all of it.

Almost cautiously, both of the boys leaned in, Jungkook the one to capture Jimin's plump lips in a gentle kiss. In response, a soft breath slipped from Jimin's lips, his eyes fluttering shut as he carefully parted his lips, Jungkook mirroring his action in order to deepen their kiss.

It wasn't hungry, it wasn't sloppy, it wasn't dirty – no, it was pure and soft and soothing.

Tenderly, Jungkook's hands wandered beneath Jimin's shirt, caressing his back with his warm palms before he dug his fingers into Jimin's skin – almost as if he wanted to pull Jimin even closer.

Time seemed to pass so quickly, hours appearing to go by in that sweet moment of their soft lips attached to one another. It was almost, yes... it was almost healing to both of them.

A tear dropped down on Jimin's cheek – neither of them certain who it belonged to, yet not needing to find out either. Evidently, the revelation Jungkook had made after all this time of them knowing each other still sat deeply, both of them affected by it: Jimin who felt like he had been hit by a truck – shocked, so heartbroken and sorry - and Jungkook who had been reminded of the incident that completely and utterly turned his life upside down.

Jimin wasn't mad at him for only sharing this information about his life now – how could he? Clearly, it wasn't easy to talk about this and Jimin couldn't blame him for taking his time, considering how he had taken some time to trust and be capable to talk about it with Jungkook, too.

Slowly, Jungkook withdrew, rubbing the pad of his finger over Jimin's cheekbone in order to wipe the tear away while he stared deeply into Jimin's eyes, gaze piercing through Jimin like he was searching for his soul.

“Thank you” Jungkook whispered against his lips, brushing his own over Jimin's in a slight touch as he gripped the boy tighter.

“For what?” Jimin wondered, surprise written on his face as he slid his hand through Jungkook's hair.

“For... for listening to me. For giving me time. For being with me. For... just for being you. Thank you, little one”

Jimin smiled shyly, pressing his forehead against Jungkook's, “You don't have to thank me. If
Jungkook shook his head, “I have to thank you, Jiminie. I feel like there has been a burden lifted from my shoulders. Although it pains to be reminded of the incident, it's kind of healing to share it with you. I haven't talked about it in so long. I... I thought that it might scare me to share such a big thing of my past with you, that it would make me feel vulnerable, but it didn't. It comforts me. It comforts me to have let you in” Jungkook stated sincerely, brushing strands of Jimin's pink hair out of his face to press his lips to Jimin's forehead.

“I'm... I'm glad to hear that, Kook-ah. I know that it's not easy to share something like this with anyone. It's just... I just feel so sorry that you had to go through all of that” Jimin responded, voice becoming softer and quieter with each word as he dipped his head down, feeling another wave of tears swell up in his eyes that he attempted to contain.

“I don't want to see you be sad, little one. You and I have both been through shit, but it lead us to this path, to this day. As horrible and heartbreaking it was what he went through, we're in a better place now. I'm happy, Jimin-ah. I'm happy to have you, to be with you” Jungkook murmured against his lips, affection glistening in his eyes.

Jimin smiled, heart fluttering when Jungkook pressed a peck to his lips.

The shock of the news still sat deeply in Jimin and quite honestly, there were still a lot of questions lingering in his mind. Yet, Jungkook’s words made him feel at ease, comforted his poor heart that was hurting for Jungkook.

They had both experienced horrible things in their past, had essentially walked through hell and came back, but they found heaven in each other. They have had time to heal, had time to pick themselves back together and in the end had found one another, illuminating each other's lives.

Obviously, those incidents – those memories - would never be completely forgotten, would never vanish wholly as they were a part of them. Of course, it still hurt to think about them, the pain was simply inevitable, yet it decreased with each day.

After wandering through those dark tunnels, they had found the light in the end, following it determinately until they were finally out.

Now, they had each other to comfort one another whenever they were reminded of those dark times.

They found comfort in each other.

And that was beautiful.

A vibration at the back of Jimin's trousers interrupted his thoughts, pulling the two boys out of their little bubble, startling either of them. It was a reminder he had set earlier to remind him of his shift starting soon.

“You have to go to work, don't you?” Jungkook asked, leaning back in his seat.

The smaller boy caught his bottom lip between his teeth, looking back and forth between his phone and Jungkook.

“I'll ask Somi to take my shift. I covered for her last time so I'm sure she won't mind” Jungkook smiled slightly, tilting his head to the side, “You don't have to stay, baby”
“I want to stay. I don't want to leave right now”

Swiftly, Jimin texted Somi, asking her to take his shift. Fortunately, she agreed without a question, visibly still grateful for Jimin taking her shift last time.

Jungkook's gaze was fixated on Jimin, eyes roaming over the delicate features on his face, the boy trying to fathom how he deserved Jimin – what country did he save in his last life to be gifted an angel like Jimin?

The pink haired boy felt his cheeks heat up at the intent stare of the other, glancing up from his phone in order to lock eyes with Jungkook. Slowly, he pushed his phone back into his pocket, studying Jungkook's face.

“I'm sorry for interfering” Jungkook murmured, reaching for Jimin's petite hand, both of their eyes following the motion. Tenderly, he played with Jimin's smaller fingers, smiling faintly.

“Huh?” Jimin hummed in confusion.

“I'm sorry for telling Yang about Dongha's actions without talking about it with you beforehand” Jungkook suddenly uttered softly, Jimin lifting his head up to look at the black haired boy with surprise in his eyes, “I know what a pure soul you have, little one” he added, lifting his hand and caressing Jimin's cheek with the pad of his thumb, “You've never done anything like this, knowing that it could ruin a potential future at such a huge company for him. You might not agree, but I still believe that Yang deserved to know. It's one thing to make a mistake, feel remorse for it and regret doing it, then doing everything in your willpower to make up for it, yet it's a whole 'nother thing to make a huge mistake repeatedly – at the chances of doing it again - without seeing anything that's actually wrong with it, without feeling any type of remorse. You could be in danger as long as he's near you, other trainees could have been in danger. Dongha doesn't deserve this chance at YK entertainment as long as he doesn't change. I'm just asking you to try and see it from my perspective, but I understand that I did wrong in the way I handled it”

Jimin bit down on the inside of his cheek, averting his gaze as he allowed the words to ring in his mind, processing them.

“I just wish that you would talk to me about things like this. I... I do understand your concern. Although I'm not happy with what Dongha did either, I'm not sure if it was right for you to do this to him. Then again, I understand your point about Yang having the right to know, if there is a chance of Dongha doing it again. And quite honestly, the chance isn't slim. Even though he apologised to me each time, he clearly ignored his own words and went back to doing the same thing, but even worse each time.”

“Do you hate me for doing it?” Jungkook wondered, something similar to fear glistening in his eyes.

“No, Kook-ah, of course I don't hate you. I don't agree with the way you handled it, but I would never hate you for you trying to protect me”

“What do you want me to do now?” Jungkook asked softly.

“About what?” Jimin wanted to know, slightly confused by his offer.

“Dongha” the taller boy clarified.

Jimin shook his head, “Nothing. I know you don't want to go back to Yang and convince him to take Dongha back and honestly, I don't think he would take Dongha back anyway after knowing about what he did”
“I’m sorry, little one” Jungkook apologised yet again, stroking his thumb over Jimin's cheek.

Frankly, Jimin would have to let this really sink in. Surely, he would need to allow his heart and brain to debate over it a little more, yet he was already certain that he didn't hate Jungkook for doing it, but understood his concern. Eventually, he would get over it.

Jimin just wished that Jungkook would talk to him about stuff like this, that they would communicate more. Maybe, that just needed time to fix. Maybe, they just needed time to realise how to fix it.

“I know you are, Kook-ah”

Gently, Jimin pressed a kiss to his cheek, reassuring him that they would be fine. In response, Jungkook titled his head to the side, capturing Jimin's lips in yet another sweet kiss, his hands rubbing over his delicate back as he pulled the boy closer.

Withdrawing, Jimin stared deeply into Jungkook's eyes before he placed the most tender kisses on Jungkook's face, pressing his soft lips to Jungkook's forehead, his nose, his cheek, his lips. The action caused Jungkook to smile warmly as his eyes fluttered shut, the boy kissing Jimin right back.

“I love you, Jimin-ah”

The smaller boy's heart fluttered. Every time those words were uttered to him, his heart went crazy.

Love. What a beautiful, yet somehow complicated and complex emotion.

Jimin couldn't help, but frown in a curious manner.

“How do you know?” he whispered, catching his bottom lip between his teeth as he traced his fingertips over Jungkook's arm.

“How do I know what?” Jungkook wondered, eyebrows arched up in curiosity.

“I mean, how did you know that it was love? You... You never believed in love before, right? Why did you never believe love existed and what made your perception on it change?” Jimin elaborated, feeling Jungkook smile against him, soft lips curling up.

“I never believed in love because I grew up with parents who never truly showed a loving, committed relationship. My father wasn't good at showing his feelings, maybe I've got that from him. I always felt like they were together for my sake, but not because they were truly in love. I do believe that they cared for each other, but I wouldn't call it love” the black haired boy answered as he reached for Jimin's petite hand again, gently playing with his delicate fingers.

“How are you sure that it wasn't love?” Jimin murmured, gaze still fixated on Jungkook's face.

“If that was love, I wouldn't have wanted it.”

Jimin titled his head to the side.

“Their conviction of love was something that I didn't desire to have because it was never anything close to how they told you in books, how they showed you in fairy tale movies. I thought that maybe, the reality just wasn't as picture perfect, but that love was actually just spending your time with someone because it was convenient, because you didn't want to be lonely or because you had a child that you wanted to protect. Love wasn't anything I strived for of having after knowing the reality of it”
“Maybe love just... just dies down after having spend that many years together? Maybe their definition of love was different? That doesn't mean that they never loved each other” Jimin reasoned, trying to point out that it could've still been love.

“Wouldn't that be an even sadder narrative? That they were in love at one point, but it just didn't work out so they fell out of love, choosing to stay together for my sake? I'm sure that they did have feelings for each other at one point, that they cared for one another, but to me that wasn't love”

Jimin felt like he wasn't entitled to judge the way his parents might have viewed the term love. Perhaps, that was their definition of love? Perhaps, that's how they were in love? Yet, maybe Jungkook was right and they never truly loved each other, choosing to stay with one another only for Jungkook.

The reality of love – at least the one Jungkook was describing – wasn't anything Jimin would long for either. Yet... his feelings for Jungkook were something completely different – so much stronger, so much deeper and vivid, filled with colour.

“It was difficult for me to bond with people in that sense, trust them or even date anyone because I didn't see a point in it. We would never be in love anyway and I didn't want to be with anyone just because it might be convenient. I chose to keep to simple sexual connections. Well, that was until you came along”

Jimin smiled shyly, but still didn't quite understand, “How did you know that it was love, if you never believed in it?”

“I have no idea what true love is, Jimin-ah. But... if someone asked me what it is, all I could say is that it's... fuck, that it's this. It's being with you. That it's wanting to wake up to you every morning, loving nothing more than to see you smile, wanting to do everything in my willpower to see you be happy, promising to protect you forever, trusting you the was I do, falling asleep next to you so easily. It's something... it's something I can't explain in words. You've made my life so much brighter, little one. You're the first thing I think of in the morning and the last thing I see before I go to sleep” Jungkook revealed, something like... wait, was Jungkook blushing now? There was definitely a faint shade of pink colouring his cheeks, yet that could also be caused by him tearing up at their earlier conversation about his mother, “Fuck” he cursed and averted his gaze, chuckling, “That sounds cheesy as fuck. When did I become this-”

“No” Jimin interrupted him softly, smiling as he felt warmth spread through his chest, “It's not cheesy at all. It's beautiful, Kook-ah”

Jungkook cleared his throat, smiling as he shook his head, “It's new for me to talk about shit like this. I've never felt like this before... before you. I love you more than anything else in this world”

The pink haired boy dipped his head down, heart fluttering, yet guilt blooming in his chest as he wasn't able to return those words. Surely, he could simply say them back, but he wanted them to be genuine. Jimin wanted to be more than certain that he actually meant them.

“You don't have to say them back, baby” Jungkook murmured, gripping Jimin's chin in order to guide his face back up, locking eyes with the latter, “Don't feel pressured to say them back. I can wait”

“I'm sorry” Jimin whispered, hiding his face in the curve of Jungkook's neck.

“Don't be” Jungkook assured him, voice soft as he pressed a kiss to his temple, “I will love you either way. I won't stop loving you just because you aren't ready to say those words back yet. I'll
always love you, so take your time”

Jimin couldn't help but feel that it was unfair of him to not say them back. Why couldn't his heart just send him a clear message? What more proof did he need to know that this was love? What feeling would there be to make him certain that this was in fact love? Everyone kept saying that once you're in love, you will just know.

Then why didn't Jimin?

Was there something wrong with him?

Suddenly, another phone rang, startling both of them. This time, it was Jungkook's. The black haired boy groaned in annoyance, pulling his phone out of the pocket of his jeans. After checking who it was, Jungkook glanced at Jimin who nodded to signal that he was fine with Jungkook taking the call.

“Hello?” Jungkook greeted, clearing his throat as he straightened his back.

Jimin noticed that his eyes were a faint shade of red, caused by him tearing up earlier. The sight was so vulnerable, Jimin's heart clenching again, yet fluttering when Jungkook flashed him a comforting smile.

“I'm- I'm fine, yes. It has? Oh no, I don't mind at all. I'm currently busy anyway. In three hours? Okay, that's fine. I'll make sure to be there on time, yes. See you later, hyung. Yes, great, thank you. Later” Jimin picked up broken parts of the conversation, having only been able to listen to Jungkook's side of it.

“Work?”

“Mhm. Jin hyung. A meeting was rescheduled. I don't have to rush back to work now. I'll just turn up to the meeting and work a little longer tonight to make up for the time I'm missing now”

“Then you're going to be home late” Jimin noted, titling his head to the side.

“Mhm, but I don't want to leave right now”

Jimin smiled warmly, brushing Jungkook's hair out of his forehead.

“I'm so fucking exhausted. I didn't even do much” the younger male sighed, sinking back into his seat on the sofa.

“You did. You've allowed yourself to open up about your past. That can take a lot of strength and energy. After all, we also argued quite a bit” Jimin pointed out.

“I know, I'm sorry, angel”

“Don't be. I'm... I'm glad that we're working on this. I'm glad that we were able to solve this. I'm still not happy about the Dongha issue, but I understand your intention”

They've talked about so much... Jimin felt like hours had gone by – maybe they had. Finally, he knew more about Jungkook's past, knew more about what had shaped him, why he was the man he was today.

Jungkook's eyes fluttered shut, Jimin giggling at the sight, “You're tired, hm?”

“Fuck, I just wanna sleep right now” Jungkook groaned, rubbing over his temples.
“We could take a nap before you have to leave for work” the pink haired boy suggested.

Jungkook opened one of his eyes again, staring right at Jimin at the inviting suggestion, “We could” he agreed.

“Come on then” Jimin smiled and got up to his feet, holding out his hand to Jungkook.

“Let's nap right here, I'm too lazy to walk upstairs” Jungkook grumbled, reaching for the smaller boy. In response, Jimin chuckled, giving a nod as he watched Jungkook lie down on the sofa, “Up” Jungkook insisted, pointing to his upper body.

Smiling shyly, Jimin lowered himself on Jungkook, straddling his crotch before he sank down on Jungkook's body, allowing his head to rest on his broad chest.

After all, the sofa wasn't big enough to enable them to lie next to each other without either of them falling down to the floor in the midst of their nap. Jimin having to lie on top of Jungkook was simply... inevitable and honestly necessary for both right now.

Without an ounce of hesitation, Jungkook embraced the pink haired one, moving his hands beneath Jimin's shirt to caress the skin with his warm palms. In response, Jimin's eyes fluttered shut, exhaustion vivid in his body.

Although not much had actually occurred, it felt like so much energy had been sucked from their bodies. Both of the boys just wanted sleep to welcome them, the shift in their relationship still taking its time to fully settle in. After all, it was new that Jungkook was opening up to him about his past... it was new that they were communicating more about their issues.

Somehow, Jimin felt very stupid and guilty now for accusing Jungkook of having lied to him about Jieun earlier... More than anything, Jimin felt ashamed for how he actually handled the issue.

“I'm sorry, Kook-ah” Jimin whispered, cheek pressed against Jungkook's chest.

It took a moment for Jungkook to respond, Jimin figuring that he might have already halfly dozed off.

“For what, baby?” the black haired boy wondered, proceeding to rub his hands over Jimin's back.

“I think I overreacted. I'm sorry for getting mad at you for talking to Jieun-ssi. I didn't mean to, but seeing her with you while knowing that you two had a past made me... made me... it makes me feel insecure” Jimin admitted, voice becoming quieter with each word.

“There is no reason to be insecure, little one. You're the only one that I want. Jieun-ssi is nice, but I've never had any romantic feelings for her and that won't ever change. I didn't take her number and if it assures you to not be insecure, I won't talk to her any more” the black haired boy offered, smiling comforting as he rubbed his warm palm over Jimin's back, drawing shapes on the soft skin.

“No” Jimin declined, shaking his head erratically. The pink haired boy didn't want to restrict Jungkook in his decision over who he's talking to or not – especially not because of a silly reason as this one, “I trust you. I guess that it's just new for me to actually see a person that you've been with and I have to learn how to deal with it. You don't have to stop talking to her. I would just... I don't know, maybe let her know that you're taken so you won't lead her on”

“I told her, baby. I told her that I'm with you” Jungkook stated, giving a nod.

“Then I trust you. I'm sorry for screaming at you. Maybe it was caused by me getting angry over
“Don't apologise, Jimin-ah. Your feelings are valid. I wouldn't like the sight either. All I can do is assure you that there isn't anything going on, nor will there ever”

Jimin smiled faintly, giving a nod. Then, he rested his head back down on Jungkook's chest. Their eyes fluttered shut again, Jimin focusing on the soft breathes that slipped from Jungkook, on the way his chest rose and fell in a regular pace, his even heartbeat audible to Jimin as his ear was pressed against his chest.

“I wish you could have met her” Jungkook suddenly whispered, Jimin's eyes fluttering back open, a sad smile appearing on his face.

Carefully, Jimin reached for Jungkook's hand, intertwining their fingers as he watched their hands align. “Tell me about her. I would love to know more about her. Unless... unless it pains you too much” Jimin whispered back, lifting his head up in order to glance at Jungkook's face.

The taller boy met his gaze, smiling lightly, “She- She was beautiful” he then uttered, Jimin resting his head back down on Jungkook's chest, feeling the vibration of his voice against his ear, allowing his soothing voice to ring in his head, “God, was she beautiful- and kind. So damn kind. She worked with many charities. Mostly children. Those who don't have a family, those who don't have the means for proper education, who barely have any food. She always tried to give back. Sometimes, she took me along to help out. I loved it. I loved seeing the light in their eyes when we helped them. I always thought that one day we would start our own”

Jimin smiled, giving Jungkook's hand a little squeeze as he began to draw shapes on his chest with his fingertips.

“I miss those times. I really do. I... After her death, I just couldn't bring myself to do it” Jungkook admitted, wetting his lips, “I know that's horrible. I just... I just had to figure out my own shit first”

“That's fine, Kook-ah. It's really sweet that you did that. Charities are wonderful things” Jimin assured, smiling warmly, “You can still do charity work, Jungkook-ah. I'm sure you can find a cause you want to support. If anyone has the means, I think it's a beautiful thing to help. I would love to join you. We could... I mean, if you want to... we could do that together” Jimin suggested, voice slightly quieter and unsure.

Jungkook's sleepy eyes lit up, his smile deepening, “I would love that”

They stared at each other for a moment, their eyes falling shut every now and then in their sleepy haze, Jimin the one to break the silence, “Did your mother work at the company with your father?” he then wanted to know, curious about the woman that had raised Jungkook.

“Kind of. I mean, she helped out in a way, but it was never her dream. She had been a balett dancer, but broke her ankle during one of her performances” Jungkook revealed, Jimin's smile fading at the sad information, “It was severe. It took a long time to heal, but she never felt like she used to when it came to dancing. She decided to stop. She still danced at home from time to time, though”

Jimin didn't even want to image himself being injured that badly that it would prevent him from dancing – that it would take away his passion. That would genuinely... it would break his heart, but ruin him just as much. What would Jimin do in a situation like that? After all, dancing was... was his life... He truly didn't know what he would have done.

“You remind me of her. Your kind heart reminds me of her” Jungkook murmured sleepily, pressing
his lips to Jimin's cheek.

It wasn't weird. Jimin didn't think of it as weird that Jungkook was comparing him to his mother. It was a compliment. It made him smile as he stared at Jungkook's sleepy face.

“She would have loved you” the black haired boy mumbled tiredly, eyes falling shut.

“I'm sure I would have loved her, too” Jimin stated, chuckling quietly as he didn't receive a response, Jungkook potentially – or rather, most likely – having falling asleep already.

Smiling to himself, Jimin pressed his lips to Jungkook's forehead before he hid his face in the curve of his neck, noticing that the latter's grip was still tight around him in order to keep him close.

Eventually, Jimin found himself fall asleep, too, trying just like Jungkook to remember and focus on the beautiful memories of Jungkook's mother he had shared with him instead of that one horrible one.

---

Jungkook was already gone, when he woke up later.

Jimin was lying on the sofa all alone, face pressed into the soft surface, neck aching from the position he had been sleeping in. Somehow, it felt cold without the taller boy, it almost always did.

Scientifically speaking, there must be something wrong with Jimin's temperature sensibility, right? As if to prove a point, a shiver ran down his back, Jimin wrapping his arms around his upper body.

“Kook-ah?” Jimin called out, voice a little raspy due to the heavy sleep. Essentially, they had only wanted to take a nap, yet the pink sky outside conveyed that it was already in the late afternoon, the sun starting to go down.

Slowly, he sat up, rubbing his petite fists over his tired eyes.

“Jungkook-ah?” Jimin tried again, still not receiving an answer.

Maybe, he had already left for work? Jimin figured. After all, he recalled Jungkook saying something about having to attend a meeting earlier.

Carefully, Jimin got up to his feet, stretching his limps before he waddled over to the dining table, a small white note catching his eyes. Reaching for it, Jimin closed his fingers around the piece of paper and picked it up.

*I had to leave for the meeting. Didn't want to wake you up. I'll call you later, little one.*

*P.S. Don't open the present just yet, wanna be with you when you do.*

*P.P.S I love you.*

Jimin smiled, a faint shade of pink colouring his cheeks as he read over the words. Then, he placed the note back down on the table, scanning the room.

What should he do now?

Frankly, the smaller boy hadn't even danced at all today, having come here to Jungkook's apartment right after meeting Yang at his company. Somehow, all of that seemed so far away now, although it had only been a couple of hours.

To be honest, Jimin was already missing dancing, felt like he could really need it today for comfort
after the intense argument and conversation with Jungkook earlier. Jimin didn't just want to sit here and wait for Jungkook to return, but would rather go practice dance for a couple of hours on his own. Today, there was no official dance practice, but the studio was always open for them to train in, hence Jimin could simply come by and dance for awhile.

Nodding to himself, Jimin put on his shoes and made his way out of the apartment, rushing downstairs.

To his surprise – or should it really surprise him at this point? - Beomsoo was waiting for him inside of the car, climbing out of it as soon as he caught Jimin's figure. Greeting each other politely, Beomsoo opened the door for him, gesturing for him to hop in.

---

Swiftly, Jimin ran up the stairs, breathing heavily as he took two steps at once. No, he wasn't actually in a rush, yet he wanted to make sure to use the little time at the studio he still had today productively, thus hurrying like that.

As soon as he arrived inside of the room, he regretted rushing himself like that, the poor boy catching his breath before truly having started to practice. Surely, his own practice wouldn't be too tough today as he really only wanted to dance to soothe his heart, hence this was probably the most breathless he was going to be today at the studio.

Gently, Jimin tossed his bag to the side as he walked over to the centre of the room, stretching his limbs thoroughly.

Suddenly, there was a noise behind him, startling Jimin who jerked up at the sound, spinning around to figure out what the source of the disruption was.

His heart sank at the sight of the intruder.

Dongha.

To be fair, he wasn't actually an intruder, just as much allowed to be here as Jimin, yet... yet why him? Why now? Why were the odds against Jimin?

“D-Dongha” Jimin uttered, the taller boy glancing at him in shock – apparently not having seen him prior to Jimin making his presence known with his voice.

“Jimin” Dongha responded, pulling his eyebrows together in a frown, “Jimin” he repeated, but more to himself than to Jimin.

“What are you doing here?” Jimin wanted to know, voice way quieter than he intended.

“What are you doing here?” Dongha challenged, taking several slow steps closer.

Swallowing hard, Jimin blinked, “I'm here to practice” he answered, pulling his sleeves over his petite hands, a nervous habit of him, Dongha following the movement with his eyes.

“There you have your answer. Same goes for me” Dongha replied, shrugging his shoulders before he tilted his neck from side to side in order to stretch the muscles.

“Uhm, well... okay then” Jimin murmured, reckoning that he wasn't essentially entitled to ask Dongha to leave simply because he wanted to stay away from him. In fact, right now, looking at Dongha, all Jimin could think about was his removal from the company because of Jungkook's
They averted their gazes, each taking a spot in front of the mirror with some distance inbetween them, stretching their muscles simultaneously. Trying to focus on himself and ignore Dongha's presence as well as he could, Jimin bent forward, reaching down to his feet as he felt the sweet ache of his muscles at the back of his legs.

“How was your meeting with Yang?” Dongha broke the somewhat awkward silence between them.

Jimin looked up, straightening his back again as he followed Dongha’s motions with his eyes, “It... it went well” he answered out of politeness.

“Great to hear” the brown haired boy commented, giving a nod, “What offer did he make you, hm?” he then wanted to know.

“Dongha, I'm here to practice. I'm sorry, I don't- I really don't want to talk about this right now. Especially not with you” Jimin responded with a sigh, shaking his head.

The other male arched up his eyebrows, “Why?”

“You know why” was all that Jimin uttered as he fixated his attention back to his own reflection in the mirror. Yet, apparently, Dongha didn't get the message, meeting his gaze in the mirror.

“Please enlighten me” Dongha murmured, cocking his head to the side.

Pulling his brows together in a frown, Jimin opened his mouth to oblige, but shut it close again as he shook his head, “Dongha, leave me alone” he demanded eventually.

For a moment, it was silent, Jimin figuring that Dongha was going to respect his request. Relief washed through the boy as he stretched his arms, trying to blur out Dongha's presence again.

However, it wasn't that easy.

Essentially, Dongha was the one who was making that process that much harder – speaking up yet again.

“I was fired” the taller boy revealed, voice somehow softer.

“What?” Jimin wondered, not having paid much attention to the words that the other one had spoken.

“Yang fired me” Dongha elaborated, glancing down at the floor before he fixated his gaze on Jimin's delicate face again.

“Oh no, here we go, Jimin thought, gulping at the mention of Dongha's removal from Yang's company.

“O-Oh. Well... I'm sorry to hear that” Jimin uttered, voice very quiet as he avoided eye contact, fearing that Dongha might sense that something was off – that Jimin knew more than he lead on. Desperately, Jimin attempted to maintain a rather surprised expression, figuring that upholding that would prove his innocence in the case.

However, evidently, he wasn't that convincing in managing that.

“It's just odd how I was fired without ever actually having trained there” Dongha noted, frowning at Jimin.
Swallowing hard, Jimin unconsciously took a step back, “Well, did he... did he tell you why you were fired?” he then asked, eyes wide in curiosity.

“He did” Dongha confirmed, giving a nod, “Safety of his trainees and the reputation of the company” he elaborated, taking another step closer.

“Oh” Jimin breathed.

“Did you... Did you-” Dongha started, voice not angry, but rather soft and more than anything just... just curious?

Jimin interrupted him, narrowing his eyes, “Are you accusing me of having my hands in your removal? Because I didn't. I didn't talk to Yang”

Silence.

An almost suffocating silence.

Dongha just stared at him, blinking only very few times.

The smaller boy took a glimpse at the door, wondering whether he should take a dash and leave this place as quickly as he good. Cautiously, Jimin was trying to read the situation, yet was merely capable to look at Dongha without fearing him coming even closer – doing something that could potentially hurt him.

“Are you sure?” Dongha finally broke the silence, taking a step closer.

That was it.

“I'm leaving” Jimin announced, lifting his hands up as he walked past the brown haired boy.

Yet, Dongha didn't appear to like that, closing his hand around Jimin's wrist to pull the boy back.

A shiver ran down Jimin's back at the contact, sudden fear blooming inside of him.

“I'm sorry, don't go anywhere” Dongha apologised, sincerity in his voice as he stared at Jimin.

“Let go of me!” Jimin insisted, pulling on his arm as he scanned the room for his backpack, trying to run in order to get his phone. Unfortunately, the boy stumbled over his feet in the process, the rush combined with his anxiety causing him to trip. Yet, Dongha quickly caught him, pulling him back.

“Was that your revenge?” Dongha asked, locking eyes with Jimin.

The smaller boy gulped, remaining in Dongha's grasp as he looked back and forth between his eyes – confused that he didn't appear mad or angry.

“I didn't do anything, Dongha” Jimin answered, “Have you thought about your own behaviour? About the decisions you made and the actions you pursued? Have you considered that they've been wrong and that maybe, the universe simply had enough of it? You hurt me, Dongha. Repeatedly. I thought that I could trust you and I tried to forgive you, but you really see no remorse at all. You were such a nice friend to me. What happened?” Jimin wanted to know, furrowing his brows. Yet, there came no answer, causing Jimin to continue, “Maybe, everything that's happening to you is because of your own decisions and mistakes. Life gives you what you deserve” he added, slight anger in his voice, yet the tone somehow soft and so very quiet as he pulled away forcefully, surprised that Dongha didn't attempt to reach for him again.
The taller boy blinked, staring at Jimin with big, hollow eyes. For a moment, Jimin truly believed to see emotion flash in them, almost as if he had a realisation – a fraction of what he had seen in his eyes before everything that he had done to Jimin.

“I should leave now” Jimin stated, taking several steps back to pick up his stuff, but hesitating as he heard Dongha speak up.

“No... No, you stay. You- You were here first” Dongha insisted, shaking his head as he walked past Jimin to grab his stuff.

Jimin frowned as he watched Dongha walk past him, heading for the door. His sudden change in behaviour confused Jimin – yet again.

“Don't stay for too long” Dongha murmured.

The pink haired boy opened his mouth, but shut it again as he watched Dongha come to a halt in the doorway.

“And Jimin?” Dongha uttered, looking back over his shoulder to glance at Jimin.

Nervously, Jimin pulled his sleeves over his petite hands, “Hm?” he hummed softly, almost caught in trance as he realised that he couldn't move an inch.

“You... you should stay away from him” the taller boy suggested, voice gentle.

Jimin's frown deepened, confusion increasing as several questions came up in his head. Who was he referring to?

“Be-... just... just be careful with who you trust”

What?

Regarding what? Who was he talking about? Did he just... did he mean in general?

Why was Dongha so cryptic? What did that mean?

Before Jimin was able to utter out a word, Dongha had already left, leaving behind a very dumbfounded Jimin.

---

I'm off work in a couple of hours. It's probably going to be very late by then. You still wanna come by to my place? - Jungkook

Unfortunately, Jimin still hadn't forgotten about Dongha's words, his voice proceeding to ring in Jimin's mind. Somehow, Dongha always managed to confuse Jimin with his complete 180 degree turn of his demeanor and behaviour. For some reason, Dongha just possessed the ability to utterly bewilder him.

Frankly, Jimin had tried to decipher what Dongha had meant with those words, yet had figured that in the end there was no depth to them, that Dongha might have just played some mind game with him to get into his head – his words didn't actually mean anything.

I'm still at practice, not sure when I'll leave. I have to get up early tomorrow, too. Early shift. :( – Jimin
I understand. Don’t practice for too much longer. Sleep well, angel, I’ll see you tomorrow – Jungkook

The smaller boy caught his bottom lip between his teeth, truthfully wanting to see Jungkook – especially after their argument and very revealing conversation earlier. After all, falling asleep in each others arms was somewhat healing to both of them.

Jimin longed for his touch and it wasn’t far-fetched of him to believe that Jungkook desired falling asleep next to him just as much.

Perhaps he could head home first and pick up some clothes before going over to Jungkook's place, thus enabling to leave for work immediately in the morning without having to stop by at his own apartment first.

Don’t get him wrong – Jimin could very well spend a night on his own, without Jungkook hugging him. In fact, he had lived like that each day before he ever met Jungkook. Yet... not this night. Every other day, yes, okay - sure, he would prefer the reality of being with Jungkook, but it wouldn't kill him to spend a day on his own. However, tonight wasn't one of those nights. Tonight, Jungkook might need him just as much after having shared such a big part of himself earlier.

Quite honestly, Jimin didn't want Jungkook to believe that he was distancing himself, that his decline was a reaction to Jungkook's earlier almost vulnerable appearance – especially not after the latter had opened up about his past to him for the first time. The pink haired boy feared that Jungkook might think that he rejected his invite because of his vulnerable breakdown earlier – although that wasn't the case at all.

The melody of the song that was currently playing in the studio interrupted his thoughts, the heavy beat ringing in his ears causing him to slightly lower the volume. Jimin decided to proceed with his practice and choose whether or not to stay at Jungkook's tonight later.

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Gently, Jimin shut the door close behind himself, trying to make as little noise as possible. Carefully, he pulled off his shoes, placing them down against the wall before he straightened his back again. The pink haired boy was immensely sleepy, eyes falling shut involuntarily every now and then as he scanned the pitch black room.

The only source of light was coming from upstairs, a faint light illuminating the staircase. Slowly, Jimin tip-toed over to the staircase, walking up to the next floor, tiny feet padded on the soft rug and creating no noise. Then, he entered the bedroom, catching sight of Jungkook's figure lying on the bed.

Smiling faintly, Jimin walked closer, heart fluttering at the adorable sight of Jungkook hugging a pillow close to his body, face pressed into it as he appeared to be asleep. The TV was still on, causing Jimin to assume that Jungkook must have fallen asleep as soon as he had arrived home, presumably not capable to turn off the TV in the midst of falling asleep.

The smaller boy dropped his bag to the floor and went to turn the TV off. Then, he stood still, taking a glimpse back at Jungkook’s figure lying on the bed.

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The smaller boy dropped his bag to the floor and went to turn the TV off. Then, he stood still, taking a glimpse back at Jungkook’s figure.

Truthfully, Jimin was slightly conflicted over what to do now. Clearly, he couldn't just join Jungkook in bed, right? What if he woke up and almost had a heartattack at the realisation of someone lying next to him - having essentially intruded his apartment - which, well, wasn't actually the case though.
Obviously, Jimin hadn't actually intruded his flat. After all, Jungkook was the one who had asked him to stay over in the first place, yet... Jimin had declined. However, he had changed his mind, but unfortunately his phone had given up on him after practice, shutting off due to the lack of battery, preventing him from being able to contact Jungkook.

Then again, Jimin didn't want to wake him from his sleep either... The handsome boy was sleeping so peacefully, nose scrunched up as he dreamed about something, grasp tight around the pillow as if he needed to make sure that something was close to his body.

Jimin noticed that Jungkook was still fully dressed, perhaps having been too tired to take off his clothes prior to lying down on his bed. Frankly, Jimin could relate, felt like he would collapse any moment now, too, the boy just wanting to fall asleep.

Suddenly, the younger male rolled over, murmuring something in his sleep as he pressed his face into the pillow.

Jimin's smile deepened as he closed the distance between them, glancing down at Jungkook's sleeping face. Carefully, he reached out, not able to resist the urge to touch his gorgeous face as he brushed strands of black hair out of his forehead before he traced his fingertips over his cheek.

"Kook-ah?” Jimin whispered eventually, not wanting to scare the other boy by simply joining him in bed, “Jungkook-ah”

The taller boy frowned.

“Mhm?” he grumbled, “Jimin-ah?” he murmured, voice raspy.

“Yes, Kook-ah” Jimin confirmed, giving a nod although Jungkook wasn't able to see it.

“You're here” Jungkook noted, reaching for Jimin.

Giggling, Jimin gave a nod as he allowed Jungkook to take his hand. As soon as their fingers brushed over each other, Jungkook's eyes fluttered open.

“Holy shit” Jungkook cursed, jerking back as he clasped his hand over his chest, “Jimin-ah, fuck, you scared the shit out of me”

“I'm sorry” Jimin chuckled, “I'm so sorry”

“What- Shit. What are you doing here? I thought you wouldn't come over tonight” Jungkook commented, sleep still vivid in his voice.

“I changed my mind. Wanted to be with you tonight” the pink haired male responded, his voice quiet and soft as if those words were only meant for Jungkook, “I wanted to text you, but my phone shut off. I didn't want to wake you at first so I let myself in and tried to be quiet, but then I realised that I couldn't just join you in bed because... well, I didn't want to scare you, but I guess that didn't work out as planned after all” he giggled, eyes turning into crescents as he titled his head to the side, “I'm sorry, Kook-ah”

“No, it's fine, little one. I just didn't expect you to come over tonight after your text, but I'm happy that you're here” Jungkook assured, pushing the pillow of the bed to make room for Jimin who chuckled as Jungkook reached for him and pulled him onto the bed.

“I should have asked Beomsoo to call you. I don't know why I didn't think of that...” Jimin stated, shaking his head at his own stupidity.
“No, baby, it's fine, really. Come here” Jungkook uttered, closing his arm around Jimin's delicate body as he pulled the boy closer, “This isn't just still happening in my dreams, right?” Jungkook mumbled as he tugged the blanket over their bodies.

“No” Jimin giggled, shaking his head, “I'm actually here, Kook-ah”

“Fuck. I really believed I was still just seeing you in my dream when I heard your voice talk to me” Jungkook admitted, chuckling.

“I'm sorry” Jimin mumured, smiling as he pressed a kiss to Jungkook's cheek, “Oh, but, you were dreaming of me then?” he asked, eyebrows arched up.

An ounce of hesitation before Jungkook cleared his throat, “Huh? What? Who said that?”

“You” the smaller boy giggled, “You said that you thought that I was still just a part of your dreams” Jimin helped him remember – despite him knowing very well what Jimin was referring to.

“Mhm, I don't recall” Jungkook insisted, pulling Jimin even closer as he hid his face in his neck, pressing his lips to Jimin's nape.

The latter smiled to himself, shaking his head at his boyfriend's adorable behaviour.

Peaceful silence settled between them, Jungkook rubbing his hand over Jimin's stomach.

“It was Hoseok hyung's first official day today at the company, wasn't it?” Jimin wanted to know, breaking the silence as curiosity bloomed inside of him.

“Mhm” Jungkook hummed, confirming his statement, “I didn't get to see him much because I had to attend several meetings today, but I did stop by to see him live in action, coming up with some new choreography”

“Was he happy?” Jimin found himself whisper.

“Hyung did smile a lot, but I think it's going to take some time for him adjust to the new situation. After all, this is something he had dreamed of for a very long time, but all of it is fairly new to him” Jungkook replied, his palm travelling down to Jimin's delicate hand, the taller boy intertwining their fingers, “Don't worry, I'm sure he'll like it with us”

Jimin caught his bottom lip between his teeth, “It's not that. I'm just wondering whether or not he feels pressured a lot... or... or whether it's lonely. Does he have actual students?”

“Mhm, well, he comes up with a choreography and teaches it to our dancers. They are his students, you could say” Jungkook answered, Jimin giving another weak nod, “I'm sure he misses you, angel”

“I miss him, too” Jimin uttered, chuckling, “Although he's still going to teach us. If he.. if he has time, that is’”

“I'm sure he'll try his best, baby. After all, you're going to choose a company soon, too, won't you? Who knows how much time you'll have to attend those practices”

That was a fair point. Valid, actually. Jimin might be too busy with his new job at an entertainment company. Who could assure him that he himself would even have enough time for the dance practices with Hoseok?

Their lives simply proceeded to evolve, they grew up, new paths appeared for them, doors to
unbelievable opportunities opened up. That's just... that's just what life was about.

“You're right” Jimin agreed, sighing as he watched Jungkook play with his fingers, “Sometimes, I'm afraid of changes. I don't even know, why”

“I guess everyone kind of is. We never know what to expect and sometimes the unknown scares us” Jungkook noted, “And that's okay, but changes are just part of life. They help us grow and learn”

The pink haired boy hummed in agreement, “They do”

Jimin snuggled back against Jungkook, eyes fluttering shut at the comforting way the latter was playing with his delicate fingers in such a gentle way.

“How was practice?” Jungkook wanted to know then, voice soft.

Jimin gulped, eyes shooting open. Immediataly, Dongha was there to invade his mind, the earlier events creeping up in Jimin's head. Frankly, it wasn't such a good idea to tell Jungkook about that incident. As soon as he would mention Dongha touching him at all, it would be over.

To be fair, Dongha hadn't touched him in a forceful way, hadn't tried to assault him or anything like that, but had simply tried to prevent him from running away so he could share his thoughts, right?

And what kind of thoughts that were... Jimin still didn't quite fathom what he had meant with those words and to be honest, he didn't think that he needed to. After all, how could he trust Dongha after everything? - Surely, there was no depth to his words.

“It was good” Jimin answered eventually, praying that Jungkook wouldn't notice the way Jimin slightly tensed at the mention of his earlier practice, “I really needed that today”

Jungkook hummed in satisfaction, Jimin letting out a breath of relief at the fact of Jungkook not asking any furhter questions, preventing Jimin from having to uphold any kind of lie.

The black haired boy moved his hand beneath Jimin's shirt, gently rubbing his warm palm over Jimin's soft skin.

“Thank you for staying over” the taller boy whispered after several moments of peaceful silence, Jimin having had time to relax again after the mention of Dongha just minutes ago.

Jimin lifted his head, pressing his lips to Jungkook's chin in a tender kiss, “You don't need to thank me for that, Kook-ah. I like sleeping with you” Jimin responded, cheeks turning a shade of pink a moment later at the realisation of his choice of words, “I-I mean, I like falling asleep next to you- with you, well, you know what I mean” he swiftly clarified, Jungkook chuckling, his chest vibrating at the sweet sound, “Not that- I mean, not that I don't like sleeping with you as well. I do like... I do like sleeping with you, too... if you, well, I mean that in the sense of s-”

“Baby” Jungkook snickered, shaking his head, “I know what you mean” he assured, smiling at Jimin's cuteness, something so adorable about how flustered he got, about how timid he became at the topic. The black haired male placed a kiss to his temple, rubbing his warm palm over Jimin's stomach, “I like both of these things, too, Jimin-ah” Jungkook murmured against his ear, hot breath tickling Jimin's skin.

Blush deepening, Jimin smiled shyly, giving a small nod, “Good”

“Good” Jungkook echoed, lips curling up into a smile.
The younger male pressed an open-mouthed kiss to Jimin's cheek, remaining in that touch for a moment before he trailed more kisses down Jimin's neck, causing Jimin to giggle at the way Jungkook's lips tickled his skin.

In response to Jimin's reaction, Jungkook smiled against his neck, proceeding to brush his lips over the smaller boy's skin to plaster more kisses over his nape, nibbling on his skin gently. Smiling, Jimin rolled over, enabling him to lock eyes with Jungkook.

“Are you trying to eat me?” Jimin giggled, titling his head to the side.

“Angel, if I was going to eat you up, I'd probably get a sugar rush by how sweet you are” Jungkook flirted with a smirk, causing Jimin to giggle again, eyes turning into crescents as he swatted Jungkook's arm, “What? I'm just being honest here. I gotta keep my health in mind”

“What happened to you?” Jimin chuckled, shaking his head, "You're silly" he smiled.

“You started” Jungkook noted.

“It was a justified question” Jimin defended himself, chuckling.

“Well, then it depends on what kind of eating you were talking about there” he added, amusement in his eyes as a cheeky smirk danced around his lips, “You would definitely know if I was eating you ou-”

Swiftly, Jimin clasped his hand over Jungkook's mouth, eyes going wide, “Don't say it” he whispered.

Chuckling, Jungkook pulled Jimin's hand away from his mouth, “Why not? We're the only ones here, little one”

“Ts... that's...” Jimin attempted to reply, swallowing hard as he stared into Jungkook's brown eyes.

“What, baby? Dirty?” Jungkook smirked, brushing stands of Jimin's pink hair out of his face.

Kind of. But more than anything it caused Jimin to then think about exactly that, mind beginning to image Jungkook going down on- No, no, no, not now.

“Cute” Jungkook snickered, pulling Jimin closer as the smaller boy hid his face in the curve of Jungkook's neck, cheeks heating up at his own thoughts.

“'m not” Jimin mumbled against his skin, pouting.

“You are” the younger male uttered as he softly gripped Jimin's chin, guiding his face up in order to lock eyes with him, “Stop pouting, kitten” he murmured before he leaned in to capture Jimin's pouting lips in a gentle kiss.

Jungkook withdrew, wetting his lips as he studied Jimin's delicate features, smiling at the way the latter's eyes had fluttered shut during their kiss.

“You're cute, too” Jimin stated, eyes glistening with affection.

“I'm not” Jungkook snorted, shaking his head, yet smiling.

“You are” the smaller boy insisted, chuckling as he sat up.
“I'm not cute, Jiminie” Jungkook denied, rolling his eyes, but still smirking at the way Jimin stared at him in disbelief. The way Jungkook had slept earlier, snuggling against the pillow was clear proof of how cute he could be.

“You are. Admit that you are” Jimin urged, poking Jungkook's stomach.

“Fine, whatever you want, angel” Jungkook sighed, “Happy now?”

Smiling, Jimin gave a nod, hooking his leg over Jungkook's lap and straddling him, steadying himself by placing his hands on Jungkook's chest, “Yes, very” he uttered, grinning wide.

They only looked into each other's eyes, Jungkook's hands moving down to Jimin's waist and closing around his hips. Gently, he gave his hip a little soothing squeeze, smiling at the way Jimin gulped.

Hesitantly, the pink haired male leaned in, exhaling a shaky breath as he brushed his lips over Jungkook's. The latter was the one to close the last bit of distance between them, attaching their lips in a sweet kiss.

A soft breath slipped from Jimin's lips as his eyes fluttered shut, his hands clenching into tiny fists as he grabbed Jungkook's shirt. The black haired one parted his lips, licking over Jimin's bottom lip before he pushed his tongue into his mouth, meeting Jimin's in the middle.

They proceeded to kiss one another, Jungkook the one to withdraw in order to allow them to catch their breath, yet Jimin whined, following after Jungkook and chasing his lips for another kiss. In the process of his movement, Jimin rocked his hips forward, causing his penis to rub against Jungkook's.

“O-Oh” Jimin whimpered breathy against Jungkook's lips in response to the action, pressing his forehead against the taller one's. Jungkook titled his head to the side, his hand moving beneath Jimin's shirt to caress his back with the tips of his fingers.

Jimin was still staring at Jungkook's lips, watching them curl up into a smile before his gaze travelled up to his gorgeous brown orbs, the boy realising that Jungkook was already looking at him intently.

Swallowing hard, Jimin leaned in to capture Jungkook's lips in yet another kiss, rocking his hips forward simultaneously. The black haired boy made a surprised sound, his hand that was currently curled around Jimin's hip giving it a little squeeze.

“O-Okay?” Jimin whispered against his lips, not entirely sure when exactly his body had decided to initiate any kind of further physical contact, yet for some reason – he couldn't help himself, feeling like they might need to be as close as possible tonight, feeling like being intimate tonight would... would comfort them?

“Jimin-ah, you have to get up early in the morning tomorrow, hm? It has been a long day, hasn't it? You sure you don't just wanna cuddle and sleep?” Jungkook wanted to make sure, brushing the pink strand of hair that had fallen in Jimin's face away from his forehead.

Fair enough. Frankly, the whole day appeared to be an eternity long, not seeming to come to an end, but somehow everlasting. The meeting with Yang surely has been days ago, the argument with and revelation from Jungkook clearly not having occurred today – yet, they had. All of these events had happened today.

“I... I don't wanna sleep just yet” Jimin admitted, shaking his head, “Unless you... unless you don't-”

“I always want you, angel” the taller boy interrupted him with a warm smile, reassuring him by
pressing a peck to his cheek.

“Okay” Jimin whispered, returning the smile shyly.

“What do you want, baby?” Jungkook wanted to know, nudging his nose against Jimin's skin as he played with the hem of the latter's shirt.

“No” Jimin protested, shaking his head, “What do you want?” he asked, sliding his hand through Jungkook's soft hair, eyebrow raised in curiosity, a faint blush tingling his cheeks.

Jungkook arched up his eyebrows, clear surprise written on his face as he tilted his head to the side, “What do I want?” he echoed, watching Jimin nod, “I want to see you come so you can fall asleep in my arms all relaxed and sleepy” he muttered, rubbing his thumb over Jimin's cheekbone, “I would have to stretch your hole in order to properly fuck you, but it's already fairly late and as much as I want to see you come for me, I don't want to keep you up for too long because you need to sleep, little one”

The smaller boy sank down on Jungkook's body, almost pouting at his words.

“But there's other ways to find pleasure, hm, baby?” Jungkook smirked, pressing his lips on Jimin's as he reached for the waistband of his jeans, “Okay?” he whispered, waiting for Jimin to permit him to go further before he zipped down his fly, tugging his trousers down.

Swiftly, Jimin lifted himself up, removing the piece of clothing from his body before returning on his previous spot on top of Jungkook, his lips finding their way back on Jungkook's.

The younger male smiled into the kiss, slowing Jimin down who was kissing him sloppily, “Ssh, baby, steady” he murmured softly, placing his hand against Jimin's cheek who nodded weakly, exhaling a shaky breath as he nuzzled against Jungkook's gentle touch, “No need to rush” His poor heart and body were so happy, just wanted to touch* and feel* Jungkook - resulting in him being a little overly excited. Obviously, Jungkook didn't mind, loved whenever Jimin was happy and was receiving pleasure, yet tonight he didn't want to tire Jimin out too much and fuck his brain out to the point of him only remembering Jungkook's name. No, tonight would be... would be softer, would be purer.

Fuck, what had Jimin done to him?

Slowly, Jimin zipped down Jungkook's pants, the latter rubbing his hand over Jimin's exposed thigh to reassure him. Taking a glimpse at Jungkook's face, Jimin slid down his legs, pulling his pants with him and tugging them off of Jungkook's body. Cautiously, he dropped them down on the floor next to the bed, reaching for the waistband of Jungkook's black briefs.

However, the taller boy wrapped his hand around Jimin's wrist, stilling his movement. Immediately, Jimin halted, looking up at Jungkook with big eyes, “Not okay?” he murmured, cocking his head to the side.

“Well, more than okay, kitten” Jungkook assured, closing the distance between their faces by softly pulling on Jimin's wrist, “Just wanna kiss you”

Smiling shyly, Jimin pressed his lips on Jungkook's, rocking his hips forward in the process to create some friction on their hardening lengths. Whimpering, Jimin's eyes fluttered shut as he clung onto Jungkook's shirt, clenching his hands into tiny fists before he moved his hands up to Jungkook's shoulders, quickening his pace.
A low breath slipped from Jungkook's lips as his hands found their way back on Jimin's hips, gripping the flesh tightly as he proceeded to guide Jimin's hips back and forth.

“G-Good?” Jimin whispered, wetting his lips as he stared into Jungkook's eyes.

The black haired male smiled fondly, rubbing his thumb over Jimin's cheekbone, “The best”

Returning the smile, Jimin hid his face in the curve of Jungkook's neck, lifting his hips in order to reach for the waistband of the latter's briefs, tugging them down slightly to expose Jungkook's erection. Unconsciously, Jimin swallowed hard at the sight, mouth watering at the image of his throbbing member.

“Touch?” Jimin asked, glancing from Jungkook's erection up to his eyes and back down.

The younger boy snickered at the innocent way he was asking for it, humming as he gave a nod, “Whatever you want, angel”

Frankly, Jimin was desperate to feel Jungkook inside of him, yet he understood that it was quite late already, faintly agreeing with the statement of them having to get up early in the morning, thus meaning that they shouldn't stay up too late.

However, couldn't he... wasn't there a way... was it possible to feel him be that close in another way?

Suddenly, Jimin had an idea, eyes lighting up, yet heartbeat quickening all the same as he pulled down his own underwear, tugging it down completely and removing it from his body.

Jungkook wet his lips at the sight, fingertips tracing over the milky skin of his inner thighs, “K-Kook-ah” Jimin murmured, gulping before he licked over his own hand. Jungkook's eyes went wide at the image of his cute tongue poking out coating his own palm in spit before the smaller boy closed his wet hand around Jungkook's dick, evoking a groan in him.

“Little one, what.”

“O-Okay?” Jimin asked again, lifting his hips as he gave his hard length a couple of pumps, sinking down on it a moment later.

“Fuck, Jimin-ah, I-” Jungkook cursed, eyes falling shut as his dick slid inbetween Jimin's buttcheeks, the pink haired one purposely clenching his cheeks together in order to create an even tighter space.

Jimin moaned breathy at the sensation of Jungkook's erection brushing over his sensitive rim, eyes fluttering shut and mirroring Jungkook's, the latter grabbing his hips tighter, one hand moving up to Jimin's nape.

To be honest, Jimin was surprised by his own act, couldn't blame Jungkook for being slightly surprised either. It wasn't exactly in Jimin's nature to initiate any major sexual contact, yet for some reason, tonight, he wanted to be the one to take care of Jungkook.

Usually, Jungkook found an even balance to make sure they both received pleasure – didn't use Jimin like a toy and threw him away once he had filled him with his cum. No, Jungkook was considerate in spite of him being a little more dominant in certain situations, simply knew what Jimin needed and made sure that he was comfortable and pleased. In fact, sometimes, he paid even more attention on taking care of Jimin, on satisfying Jimin's needs by breaking him apart, allowing him to feel these intense sensations and then putting him right back together.

Tonight, Jimin wanted to focus on Jungkook's pleasure solely.
Gently, Jungkook applied some pressure on Jimin's nape, the smaller boy getting the message and bending forward, their faces only mere inches away. Attaching their lips in another kiss, Jimin whimpered against him, a response to the way Jungkook's penis proceeded to rub over Jimin's sensitive ring of muscles.

“Is this okay?” Jimin whispered, pressing his forehead against Jungkook's, hips moving back and forth, up and down in a very slow and sensual pace – a contrast to his usual frantic and sloppy way of bouncing up and down on Jungkook's penis whenever he was riding him.

“Mhm” Jungkook hummed in satisfaction, breathing heavily against Jimin's throat as he gripped his hips tighter, guiding him up and down in an almost very pure way.

At that, Jimin realised that, honestly, he didn't need to come tonight – wouldn't mind watching Jungkook come for him, wouldn't mind falling asleep in the taller one's arms with the knowledge of having been the one to have pleased him.

However, Jungkook clearly didn't agree with that idea, reaching down inbetween them and loosely wrapping his hand around Jimin's hard length. Involuntarily, Jimin bucked his hips up at the touch, whimpering when Jungkook gave his erection a little squeeze and ran his thumb over the sensitive slit.

“Y-You don't have to” Jimin whispered, catching his bottom lip between his teeth as he proceeded to move his hips up and down, subconsciously rocking forward each time in order to slide his erection through Jungkook's fist.

Jungkook only smiled, kissing Jimin again - which, well, he was more than delighted at as he kissed right back, whimpering against Jungkook's lips.

They didn't quicken their pace, Jungkook continuing to guide Jimin's hips up and down while they proceeded to kiss slowly yet passionately, tongues only brushing over each other in a very gentle way.

To be honest, Jimin unhesitatingly grabbing his dick and shoving it up inbetween his asscheeks had surely surprised Jungkook. Not that he minded him initiating any sexual contact – Fuck no, not at all. Clearly, it had surprised him, but the surprise had quickly vanished, being replaced by pure mesmerisation.

The weirdest thing was – he didn't need to come tonight. With Jimin moving that sensually on top of him, Jungkook hugging him close to his body while they kissed – Jungkook frankly didn't require anything more tonight, wouldn't mind falling asleep just like this right now, the boy he loved not even an inch away from him.

Yes, fuck, Jimin had done that to him.

That definitely wasn't a thought Jungkook had ever had before meeting the smaller boy. It wasn't that he minded that either, it was just... it was just different. A good kind of different.


The black haired boy's gaze wandered over each inch on Jimin's face as if he wanted to create a picture in his mind to save the sight forever – flushed cheeks, affectionate pretty brown eyes, plump lips a rosy shade – Damn, was he stunning. Jimin's delicate features were like a piece of art created by god himself and for some reason, Jimin had chosen him. For some reason, Jungkook deserved to call Jimin his.
Surely, he must have saved a country in his last life.

“C-Close” Jimin murmured, brushing Jungkook’s hair out of his face before he nuzzled his face into Jungkook’s neck, “K-Kook-ah, close”

Jimin’s cute little whimpers went straight down to Jungkook’s dick, his erection twitching at each of those heavenly noises, but oddly enough, his heart did that weird fluttering thing all the same.

*Shit, was that normal?*

There had never been anyone in his life that had been able to have this kind of effect on Jungkook. Surely enough, he had enjoyed his previous sexual partners being loud for him, proving that he was satisfying them right by screaming his name – Yet, with Jimin, it was different. Everything was different.

Prior to Jimin, for Jungkook, sex hadn’t been connected to feelings in any shape or form – not in the slightest. It had been purely physical, a platonic fuck to get off. However, with Jimin, that’s wasn’t the case at all – essentially wasn’t even *possible* anymore.

There was no way his heart wasn’t beating faster in an odd rhythm whenever Jimin looked at him, whenever the pink haired boy touched him. There was no way Jungkook didn’t feel affection or love when he looked at Jimin, when they were intimate during any moment.

There was no way his heart was capable of seperating these things at this point – sex and feelings. With Jimin, those things went hand in hand, were intertwined, unbreakable.

And shit did it feel good.

Jungkook would’ve never expected sex to be that much different when feelings were involved, hadn't known what he had been missing before meeting Jimin. Now, there was no way back – and frankly, he didn't want it to.

Although Jimin probably had no idea of what kind of effect he had on Jungkook, he clearly had.

These cute noises made Jungkook hard, but made him weak in his heart all the same.

Jimin was capable to make Jungkook want to ruin him, but protect him all the same.

Only the smaller boy had the ability to have Jungkook be weak for him like that. With a mere stare of the innocent looking one he would fall to his knees and give Jimin the world. *Fuck that*, Jimin deserved more than this shitty world.

“Mhm-ah” Jimin whined, forehead pressing against Jungkook’s, interrupting the latter's thoughts.

“Jimin-ah, so good” Jungkook whispered back, breathing unevenly as he proceeded to guide Jimin’s hips up and down, feeling himself approach his orgasm fairly quickly, the heat of their realeases in the pit of their stomachs implying that they were close to the edge.

They stared right into each other's eyes when they came a faint moment later, the name of the other slipping from their lips in a hush, forehead's pressed against one another's.

The taller boy hugged him tighter, his penis twitching inbetween the tight space of Jimin's clenched buttccheeks, his sperm shooting out and painting Jimin's skin white, “L-Little one” Jungkook whispered, eyes fluttered shut as he pressed his lips to Jimin's chin, panting against him as he rode out his orgasm.
Jimin's body was shaking vigorously, the orgasm not the most intense he had ever had, yet still more than satisfying. Gently, Jungkook brushed strands of pink hair out of Jimin's face, smiling when the latter collapsed on top of him, breathing heavily.

Jungkook's hand found its way on Jimin's back, moving beneath the shirt to caress the soft skin as he placed a kiss to his temple, “My shirt is covered in your cum, baby”

Grimacing, Jimin sat up, cheeks turning a shade of pink upon the sight of a white stain on Jungkook's black shirt, “Sorry” Jimin murmured in sincere apology, biting down on his bottom lip in embarrassment.

Chuckling, Jungkook shook his head, fondness in his eyes as he sat up and tugged the shirt over his head, removing the dirty piece of clothing from his body, “Don't worry about it, Jimin-ah”

Smiling shyly, Jimin dipped his head down, not exactly having calculated that consequence of grinding on top of Jungkook while the latter was still wearing his shirt into his previous idea – which was, well, his own fault after all.

In response to the sight of Jungkook's exposed upper body, Jimin swallowed hard, a shaky breath slipping from his lips. The warmth that was radiating from the black haired boy was comforting, somehow causing him to be even sleepier.

“Can you bend forward for me, angel?”

Slightly confused, Jimin obliged, leaning down in order to lie flat against Jungkook's chest, the younger male reaching behind him and cleaning Jimin with his worn shirt, cautiously as he moved closer to his sensitive hole.

Blush deepening, Jimin hid his face in the curve of Jungkook's neck, hands clinging onto his shoulders, the act evoking yet another snicker in Jungkook, the sweet sound vibrating in his chest.

“I'm just cleaning you, hm?” Jungkook uttered, smiling against Jimin's ear.

“Thank you” Jimin whispered, clearing his throat.

“Thank you, angel, for taking care of me”

Smiling, Jimin's heart fluttered, pride swelling in his chest at the mention of him having been the one to take care of Jungkook tonight.

Without little care, Jungkook tossed the shirt to the side, arms closing around Jimin's delicate body immediately to hug the boy closer, moving his hand beneath Jimin's shirt in order to tenderly rub his palm over the skin. A content sigh slipped from either of their lips, their eyes falling shut almost simultaneously.

They were too tired to say anything, Jimin barely able to lift his hand up and slide it through Jungkook's hair in order to play with it – a habit he had picked up after noticing that it appeared to soothe Jungkook.

Exhaustion and sleepiness was vivid in both of their bodies, their shared intimate moment after such an eventful day allowing them to find comfort and settle down, finally drifting away into a beautiful haze of sleep.
Thank you for all the love on the last chapters <3
I really appreciate your support in any kind of way <3

I also loved reading about your ideas, wishes and requests for further chapters! :) I'll definitely take them into consideration and try to include them in the story, if it fits the story line <3

I hope you enjoyed this chapter and I'll try my best to post the next chapter a little quicker <3

Stay healthy and happy <3

Love you <3
Left Unsaid

Chapter Summary

Jimin and Jungkook spend some intimate moments, yet things don't really go as planned...
Odd encounters proceed to happen to Jimin, making him wonder whether they are connected...
When the group of friends finally meets again, trouble is inevitable.

Sometimes it's better to leave things unsaid, if you want to protect someone, yet what happens when you never talk about these issues? Will it tear you down? Will it make you do something you shouldn't?

Chapter Notes

Hiiii, lovely readers!

Merry belated Christmas/Happy Holidays to all of you! <3
I hope you had days filled with love and happiness spent together with loved ones <3

I think it was exactly on Christmas Day that we hit 80k hits on this story! That's also the exact day six months ago that I posted the first chapter of this story! :) I can't believe that it's been that long already! Thank you for your continuous support <3
I still can't believe it, I was so shocked when I saw how much love this story has received! This story keeps receiving so much love and I'm eternally grateful for all of you. Your support means so much to me, really <3

I hope you enjoy this chapter, it's a long one again <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The sound of Jimin's phone ringing and vibrating next to them on the bedside table woke the smaller boy up the next morning, his body jerking at the sudden noise in the silence of the room, amplified in the still sleepy haze he was in as he was ripped out of a world of beautiful dreams involving a certain black haired boy.

Swiftly, Jimin reached for the flashing device, the faint light illuminating the darkness that was surrounding them. Realising slight resistance in his movement, Jimin noticed the tight grip that was wrapped around his back. Surely enough, Jimin was still lying on top of Jungkook, the latter's grasp securing him on his warm body, holding him as close as possible.

In a quick motion, Jimin turned the alarm off, sighing as peaceful silence settled back in the room, no longer an irritating sound ringing in their ears. Jungkook shifted beneath him, grumbling as he hugged Jimin tighter.

“Already?” the black haired boy mumbled, voice raspy, eyes still shut.
“Mhm” Jimin hummed in confirmation, sitting up.

In response to the action, Jungkook’s grip loosened, his hands wandering down to Jimin’s waist, yet a sound of disapprovment slipping from his lips, conveying his dissatisfaction with Jimin leaving him.

“Then I should wake up, too, hm?” Jungkook yawned, eyes opposed to his statement still not opening, his body not indicating of moving.

“No” Jimin declined, shaking his head despite Jungkook not being able to see the motion, “Keep sleeping” he decided, “We had a short night after all”

Jungkook faintly nodded, causing Jimin to smile fondly at his boyfriend as he brushed strands of his black hair out of his face, pressing a kiss to his cheek before getting up to his feet.

Sleepiness was still more than vivid in his body, the pink haired boy rubbing his delicate fists over his tired eyes, waddling over into the bathroom. The cold air around his body sent goosebumps over his skin, the sensation causing him to notice the lack of clothing that was covering his body.

Jimin was only dressed in a shirt, the remainder of his clothes scattered somewhere over Jungkook’s bedroom floor. The realisation made him recall the past night, stomach twisting in both a heart fluttering, yet heart clenching way. His heart reminisced the sweet intimate moment they had shared last night, but also reminded him of the traumatic past of Jungkook.

Slowly, Jimin came to a halt in front of the sink, staring at his own reflection in the mirror, the image of Jungkook's heartbreaking expression flashing in front of his eyes. Shaking his head, Jimin swept his hair back, gripping the sink to keep his balance.

It was fairly early in the morning, those events not actually having occurred that long ago if you thought about it. In fact, it was that early that Jimin wanted nothing more than to lie back down next to Jungkook and sleep. Frankly, Jimin wouldn't have woken up any time soon if it wasn't for the sake of his phone ringing and disrupting his beautiful peace.

Then again, it was positive that he had been woken up by his phone because he had to attend his shift at work after all - Jimin having gotten up earlier in the night to charge his phone before returning to Jungkook's side now surely very beneficial, although it had been annoying to leave Jungkook's grip for that short minute.

Jimin removed the shirt from his body and neatly folded the piece of clothing before he placed it down on the counter. Once the fabric had slipped from his grasp, he waddled over to the shower, turning it on. After setting it to a comfortable temperature, he stepped in, allowing the warm water to drop down on his body.

Essentially, the shower was favorable in waking him up, energy blooming inside of him as he thoroughly cleaned and shaved his body. As soon as he stepped out of the shower, the cold air wrapped around his body, the poor boy shivering as he tip-toed over to the counter to pick up a towel. Swiftly, he pulled the soft fabric around himself, warmth engulfing him.

After brushing his teeth, Jimin returned to the bedroom, Jungkook's figure still displayed on the bed, body entangled in the soft sheets. Smiling at the sight, Jimin picked up the dirty laundry from the floor, folding them neatly before he stuffed them into his backpack once he had pulled out his fresh clothes that he wanted to put on today.

The pink haired boy attempted to make as little noise as possible, refusing to wake up Jungkook from his peaceful sleep, the latter only shifting in his position every now and then, soft breaths slipping
from his lips.

Just when Jimin had gotten dressed, his phone vibrated on the bedside table, indicating that he had received a message. Frowning, Jimin walked over to the nightstand in order to pick up the device, a small window having popped up on the display.

_I know this is last minute, but do you mind switching shifts with me? I have a spontaneous family thing coming up later – well, not actually spontaneous, but my stupid ass forgot about it, whoops – and taking your shift is way more convenient. Pretty please? :) - Somi_

Jimin read over the words, smiling to himself at Somi's poor ability to memorise certain events – especially important ones. To be honest, it really wasn't the first time she had told Jimin about appointments she had missed simply because of her lack of memory, “Oh, Somi-ssi” he giggled, shaking his head.

_I don't mind at all. I'll gladly take your shift later. Have fun at that family thing :) - Jimin_

_You're an angel, thank you. I owe you one! See you tomorrow - Somi_

See you tommorow :) - Jimin

Pressing send on his last message, Jimin locked his phone before letting out a sigh. The smaller boy forced his gaze away from his phone, eyes rushing over to Jungkook. Quietly, he approached the bed, setting his phone down on the bedside table before joining Jungkook back on the bed, too lazy to remove his clothes again.

The younger male grumbled, eyes fluttering open as the bed dipped down due to Jimin's faint weight, “Everything okay, baby?” Jungkook mumbled, watching Jimin move beneath the soft blanket and nuzzling against his side.

“Mhm” Jimin hummed in confirmation, a content sigh slipping from his lips as Jungkook embraced him, “Switched shifts with Somi-ssi. I guess I can stay a little longer then and cuddle”

A low hum vibrated in Jungkook's chest, an audible display of his satisfaction as he pulled Jimin closer, “Perfect” he murmured lowly.

Their eyes fluttered shut, Jungkook sleepily pressing a kiss to the top of his head, remaining in that touch for a brief moment as he inhaled a slight breath, “Mhm, you smell good” he noted, tone still raspy, caused by that sweet haze of sleep, “Always do”

“Thank you” Jimin smiled, hiding his face in the curve of Jungkook's neck.

It didn't take long for them to fall asleep again, Jimin delighted at the fact of being able to spend more time cuddling Jungkook, appreciating the spontaneous change in plans.

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The sound of water running was the reason for Jimin waking up hours later. Hesitantly, his eyes fluttered open, just to squeeze shut again at the brightness of the room. Evidently, it wasn't early in the morning any longer, clear light illuminating the room. Blinking several times to allow his eyes to adjust to his surroundings, Jimin scanned the room, vision no longer blurry nor irritated.

As soon as his gaze fell on the sight outside of the window – curtains already pulled to the side – the water stopped running, Jimin figuring that Jungkook had finished his shower. Yawning, the smaller boy stretched his limps, sitting up with a sleepy moan.
Despite him having actually received more hours of sleep due to Somi, Jimin would be lying if he claimed to not be tired. Once he moved in an attempt to leave the bed, the boy noticed the slight aching of the muscles in his neck caused by him having slept with his head nuzzled against Jungkook the whole time – not that he was complaining, the close proximity to Jungkook had been more than worth it.

Slowly, he placed his feet down on the floor, noticing the flashing of his phone on the bedside table. Getting up from the bed, he picked up his phone to check for the source of the flashing.

**Jimin-aaaah, where are you? - Tae**

_You're not opening the door :( Are you already at work? Did you spend the night at Jungkook-ah's? - Tae_

For a moment, uneasiness settled in Jimin, slight fear blooming at the thought of Tae being in danger or simply needing him when he was that far away.

**Miinneeee, I have to talk to you! - Tae**

_Oh, don't you worry, it's nothing bad, Minnie! I just need to tell you some great news and I can't wait so pick up your damn phone! – Tae_

**Are you free during lunch? - Tae**

**Minnieeee – Tae**

_I'm so sorry, Tae. I was asleep. I'm at Jungkook's, yes. What is it? Are you okay? - Jimin_

Jimin's fingers moved quickly over the keyboard, concern still not fully vanished although Tae had assured him of the news not being bad.

_I am, don't worry. I'm more than okay, Minnie. I'll tell you later in person. Does lunch sound good? - Tae_

**Sounds great. - Jimin**

**Perfect. I'll text you later. Sorry for waking you up, Minnie – Tae**

**You didn't, don't worry :) See you later – Jimin**

Smiling at his best friend, Jimin put his phone back down on the nightstand, relief blossoming inside of him at the knowledge of Taehyung being fine. However, now his concern was replaced by curiosity.

What was it that made him this excited? What could it be that he wanted to tell Jimin in person instead over text? Truthfully, it could be anything. Taehyung merely texted him about anything that slightly excited him, but always sought for spending time with Jimin in person and talking to him face to face. After all, those times were way more valuable, Jimin agreed.

The pink haired male lifted his head, gaze falling on a small box placed on the dresser. It didn't take long for him to recognise the familiar object, Jimin recalling having seen it yesterday. Curiously, he approached the dresser, reaching for the box. Gently, he traced his fingertips over the top of it, wondering what could be inside.

Surely, it must be something Jimin should be able to figure out considering how Jungkook had
mentioned them having talked about the present before. Perhaps it was related to-

“Good morning, little one,” a voice interrupted his thoughts, startling Jimin who jerked up at the sound and spun around, “You're already up” Jungkook noted, smiling as he closed the distance between them. The black haired boy was already dressed in his usual attire for work – black trousers, button up shirt and a tie that hung loosely around his neck.

“Good morning” Jimin replied, returning the smile as Jungkook reached for his waist, pulling the boy closer as he leaned in.

“Did you sleep well?” Jungkook murmured against his lips before he pressed a peck to them, watching Jimin's cheeks turn a shade of pink at the action.

“I-I did. Did you sleep well?” Jimin wanted to know, eyebrows arched up.

“Better because you were here” the taller boy answered, nudging his nose against Jimin's, his words evoking a shy smile in Jimin, “I see you found your present already. Did you have a peek?”

“No” Jimin answered, shaking his head erratically as he remembered Jungkook having asked him to not open it unless he was present.

Jungkook furrowed his brows, clearly slightly suspicious as he smirked, “Are you sure, baby?”

“I swear!” Jimin giggled at the stare, lifting his hands up in defense, “I didn't peek. I wanted to wait for you” he assured sincerely, pointing at the box.

“You wanna open it now, baby?” Jungkook asked, eyes flashing with an emotion that Jimin currently wasn't able to define. The black haired boy brushed strands of Jimin's hair out of his face as he reached for the box simultaneously.

“Mhm” Jimin hummed softly, giving a faint nod.

Smiling, Jungkook handed him the box “Here you go, angel”

Once the box was in his grasp, Jimin took a seat on the bed, heartbeat quickening in excitement, “Thank you” he uttered before he lifted the top.

Upon the sight of what was inside, Jimin's cheeks tingled a rosy flush, his heart skipping a beat as he drew his thighs together, feeling his penis twitch in anticipation.

“A...A... is this...” Jimin stuttered, swallowing hard.

Jungkook chuckled, reaching for Jimin's chin and tilting his head up in order to lock eyes with the smaller boy, eyes rushing down to the way Jimin was biting down on his bottom lip.

“A buttplug, kitten. You seemed excited whenever I mentioned the idea of one, so I went ahead and bought you one” Jungkook confirmed his assumption, smirking as he noticed the way Jimin's blush deepened.

“Thank you” Jimin breathed, heart fluttering, yet his penis twitching inside of his pants all the same.

“You love every colour so I decided to choose a pink one, matching your collar” Jungkook added, pointing at the buttplug that had a beautiful shade of pink, matching the colour of his collar.

Frankly, that statement was more than true. Jimin simply couldn't choose a favourite colour – something that somehow always had been one of his struggles. To be fair, every colour was beautiful
in their own way.

Jimin loved the blue sea, the clear water reflecting the light of the sun, depicting a distorted image of it that was still remotely recognisable. Jimin loved the orange-pink-ish colour of the sky when the sun began to go down, reminding him of yet another day having gone by filled with wonderful memories. Jimin loved the green of the grass that he could feel beneath his feet whenever he had played barefoot in it as a child. Jimin loved the white colour of daisies - a flower that had grown to become his favourite one, having grown next to the adoption center where he had met Tae for the first time.

More than anything, Jimin loved the brown in Jungkook's eyes - the shade they created in the sun light, the shade they displayed in their most intimate moments, the shade they had when his eyes lit up with affection when he looked at Jimin. Jimin loved the pink of his lips just as much, loved kissing them.

Evidently, choosing a colour for Jimin was a clear struggle.

“Thank you, I love the colour” Jimin uttered, wetting his lips.

Honestly, Jimin was anticipant for the time they were going to use it, his imagination already running wild and causing a whimper to slip from his lips - the thought of Jungkook using it on him blooming in his mind.

“Do you wanna try it out?” Jungkook wondered, eyebrow arched up as he ran his thumb over Jimin's cheekbone.

“N-Now?” Jimin asked, voice quiet and soft, heart pounding fast against his chest as he looked back and forth between Jungkook's eyes.

“We don't have to, if you don't want to do that right now. There are other times where we can try it” Jungkook assured.

Gulping, a shaky breath slipped from Jimin's lips as he clenched his thighs together, penis jerking in excitement, “I-I... I would like to.”

Smirking, Jungkook ran the pad of his thumb over Jimin's bottom lip, applying some pressure. In response, Jimin parted his lips, tongue poking out to wet them, touching Jungkook's thumb in the process.

“I want you over my lap. Is that okay, angel?”

“O-Oh” Jimin breathed, blinking before he nodded erratically.

“Up then” Jungkook insisted, gesturing for Jimin to get up from the bed as the black haired boy rolled up the sleeves of his button up shirt, exposing his veiny arms.

Almost whimpering at the sight, Jimin watched Jungkook open the top drawer of the bedside table, picking out a bottle of lube.

“Pants off” he ordered, taking a seat on the edge of the bed, tilting his head from side to side.

Obliging without an ounce of hesitation, Jimin zipped down his pants, removing them from his body and neatly folding them before he placed them down on the bed – after all, those were his trousers that he wanted to wear today.
“Come here, kitten” Jungkook insisted, pointing to his lap.

Already breathing unevenly, Jimin shyly closed the distance between them, allowing Jungkook to grip his wrist and pull him down on his lap. Once straddling the taller boy, Jimin clenched his hands into tiny fists, staring deeply into Jungkook’s eyes while he waited for further instructions.

“Nervous?” Jungkook murmured, eyebrow arched up as he rubbed his hands up and down over Jimin's back.

“A little” Jimin admitted truthfully – which was silly, as he thought about it. After all, having anything penetrating him wasn't exactly new now, was it? Neither Jungkook’s penis nor a device like a vibrator was foreign to him.

However, for some reason, there was always slight nervousness bubbling inside of him whenever there was something remotely new – even if it was only the slightest bit different than something they had done before.

“I'll be careful, I promise” Jungkook assured him, tracing his fingertips over Jimin’s skin, “The only major difference with this one to a dildo is the base of it. See” he explained to him, picking up the pink object, “The base is thicker to ensure that the plug doesn't completely slide into your hole which enables you to wear it on your own for a certain amount of time. That way, you stay stretched out and in case you're filled with my cum, none of it leaks out” Jungkook elaborated, Jimin swallowing hard at the information, penis jerking up yet again.

“O-Oh” the smaller boy breathed, staring back and forth between the buttplug and Jungkook's face.

“It shouldn't feel much different or any at all, but in case you're uncomfortable and want to stop, what do you say?” Jungkook pressed, staring intently at Jimin.

“Red or yellow” Jimin answered.

“Good boy”

Jimin smiled shyly at the praise, heart still pounding fast against his chest as he watched Jungkook drop the buttplug down on the bed next to them.

“Come here” the younger male insisted, grabbing Jimin's hips and lifting the boy up in order to manhandle him over his lap, ass up in the air.

Gasping, Jimin pressed his face into the soft sheets, goosebumps forming on his skin as soon as he felt the faint touch of Jungkook's fingertips tracing over his inner thighs. The taller boy's touch trailed up to the waistband of Jimin's briefs, digits playing with it for a moment before he gave it a firm tug, pulling it down Jimin's milky legs before he dropped the piece of clothing on the floor.

“Fuck” Jungkook cursed beneath his breath at the sight of Jimin's perky asscheeks now completely exposed - the urge to paint his fair skin in a pretty shade of rose blooming inside of him, “Beautiful”

A flush tinged Jimin's cheeks pink at the compliment, the smaller boy clenching his hands into petite fists as he grabbed the soft bedsheets, a shaky breath slipping from his lips.

“Colour?” Jungkook asked, rubbing one hand soothingly over Jimin’s upper thigh before the sound of a bottle being opened echoed in the room. Thoroughly, Jungkook coated his fingers in a good amount of lube as he needed to prep Jimin.

“G-Green” Jimin assured, titling his head to the side to press his cheek against the bed in order to
catch a glimpse of Jungkook.

Once satisfied, Jungkook dropped the bottle on the bed next to him before he gave Jimin's inner thigh a faint tap with his palm, Jimin spreading his legs obediently, without Jungkook having to order him.

“Good boy” Jungkook praised, smirking at Jimin's obedience.

Then, he grabbed one of Jimin's asscheeks with his clean hand, kneading the flesh before he pulled on it, exposing Jimin's tight pink hole. Wetting his lips, the taller boy pushed his fingers against the ring of muscles, evoking a gasp in Jimin who twitched at the sudden touch, the stickiness against his hole having surprised him.

“Deep breath for me” Jungkook uttered as he pressed his index finger into Jimin's little hole, the latter's eyes going wide as he opened his mouth in a silent scream, the familiar stretch so sweet.

“K-Kook-ah” Jimin whimpered, bucking his hips back against the touch involuntarily.

“Sssh, stay still, kitten” Jungkook demanded, rubbing his digit over Jimin's inner walls, earning him another high-pitched moan from Jimin.

The smaller boy's penis twitched against Jungkook's leg, his length growing to full hardness at the way Jungkook was fingering him open. Faintly, he could feel Jungkook's dick hardening beneath him as well, the fact arousing him even more.

“M-More, Jungkook-ah” Jimin begged, eyes fluttering shut as he rocked his hips back and forth, Jungkook purposely avoiding Jimin's prostate to tease him.

“Stay still, baby” Jungkook ordered, spanking Jimin's left buttcheek and watching it jiggle at the touch as the boy couldn't manage to behave.

Yelping, Jimin pressed his face into the bedsheets, giving a nod as he obliged, “S-Sorry”

It wasn't that Jimin was intentionally disobedient, it was just that his body wouldn't cooperate with his brain! Simply too drunk on that sweet arousal.

Soothing the spank with his palm, Jungkook pushed his second digit past the ring of muscles, Jimin's rim allowing it entrance with only little resistance.

The pink haired male moaned high-pitched at the stretch, Jungkook intentionally scissoring his fingers as he was pushing them further inside to drag them over his sensitive walls.

“Sssh, I know” Jungkook cooed, Jimin's sweet breathy whimpers echoing in the room as Jungkook was playing with his hole, fingering him open, but teasing him all the same.

It didn't take long for Jungkook to find his prostate, the scream that slipped past Jimin's lips being any indication of that fact. Firmly, he rubbed his digits over the sensitive nub of nerves, securing Jimin's body with his left hand pressing down on Jimin's back. In response to the stimulation on his prostate, Jimin cried out, thighs shaking as he bit onto the bedsheets.

“Aaaah!” the poor boy shrieked into the fabric.

Jungkook smirked, speeding up his movement, curling his wrist in just the right way to apply more pressure on Jimin's prostate. Breathing rapidly, Jimin kicked his legs at the intense sensation, whining high in his throat.
“Kook-aaaah” he mewled, squeezing his eyes shut.

“Yes, let me hear you, baby boy” Jungkook uttered, tone displaying his satisfaction with Jimin no longer muffling his sounds by pressing his face into the bedsheets.

After deliberating for a moment whether or not to make Jimin cum this way, Jungkook pulled out his fingers, deciding against it. The smaller boy's penis was trapped between their bodies, rubbing against Jungkook's legs whenever he moved around in the slightest way. Neither of them acknowledged the fact of Jimin surely leaking pre-cum all over Jungkook's trousers, yet frankly, they wouldn't care about it anyway.

“N-Noo” Jimin whined at the emptiness he was suddenly feeling, body squirming around on top of Jungkook while the latter had picked up the buttplug, now coating it in a good amount of lube.

“Ssh, kitten. Stay still and I'll make sure to fuck you nicely with this toy, hm?” Jungkook promised, caressing Jimin's inner thigh with his palm as he pressed the tip of the buttplug against Jimin's rim.

“W-Wait” Jimin prompted, voice quiet and soft as he attempted to lock eyes with Jungkook, chest rising and falling quickly as he was coming down from the sweet high, being ripped away from the way to the edge of that wonderful orgasm, “Is it... I mean, is that... that thing clean?”

Great to kill the mood there, Jimin.

However, he had only just opened the present and they were already using it – him questioning whether or not it was a good idea to use it immediately was justifiable... right?

Chuckling at the question, Jungkook reached for his face and brushed his hair out of his face, strands of pink locks sticking to his forehead, before he stroked the pad of his thumb over Jimin's cheekbone, “Of course, little one” he assured, “I'm not gonna fuck you with any toy that I haven't disinfected and thoroughly cleaned before using it on you. I did all of that before putting it in the box.”

“O-Okay” Jimin muttered, smiling shyly as he lowered himself down again, heart beating faster against his chest as he felt Jungkook push the buttplug against his rim, “D-Do I have to stay still?” he then whispered, catching his bottom lip between his teeth as Jungkook pushed the toy past the ring of muscles, slipping into his hole with only little resistance. The loud squelch that echoed in the room caused both of their penises to twitch, Jungkook cursing.

“Mhm” he hummed in thought, stilling his movement so Jimin could adjust to the size of the toy inside of him, “No, baby, you don't have to stay still. You can fuss around all you want, kitten”

Moaning at the pet name, Jimin pushed his hips back, asking for more. Smirking, Jungkook didn't hesitate, but was more than delighted to oblige, sliding the buttplug deeper into him.

Truthfully, Jungkook had been right. The feeling of the buttplug inside of him wasn't exactly different to that of a vibrator – if you secluded the fact of a vibrator buzzing inside of Jimin's hole. The toy was only of a smaller size, but other than that, Jimin couldn't notice a huge difference.

“There you go, feels good, little one?” Jungkook wanted to know, lazily thrusting the toy in and out of Jimin's hole, intentionally avoiding his prostate as he slowly dragged the toy along his walls.

Jimin could only nod, yet quickly regreted his choice of communication as he received a spank to his inner thigh. In response, Jimin gasped, whining as he tilted his head to the side.

“Answer me, kitten, wanna hear your voice”

“Yes” Jimin breathed, wetting his lips, “F-Feels very good, Jungkook-ah”
Humming in satisfaction, Jungkook caressed the spot he had previously spanked, soothing the pain, yet appreciating the faint shade of rose on his fair skin, the urge to spank the smaller one a little more blooming inside of him yet again.

It didn't take long for Jimin to realise the actual difference of the toy. The black haired boy sped up his motion, thrusting the toy inside of Jimin at a fast pace, evoking a silent scream in Jimin who jerked away from the touch – the sudden intensity surprising him. The unique shape of the toy allowed Jungkook to have a tight grasp around it, the boy not having to worry about the buttplug slipping from his grip as he fucked him quickly with it.

Just like that, the heat in the pit of Jimin's stomach expotentially increased instead of slowly building up like it was prior doing.

Jimin was doomed.

“Don't come” Jungkook ordered, having noticed the way Jimin was squirming around on his lap, moaning high-pitched as he kicked his legs every now and then.

“P-Please” Jimin begged, grabbing the sheets tighter, “Please, Kook-ah”

The poor boy was making a fuss, shrieking every time the toy rubbed over his prostate, the increasing stimulation overwhelming Jimin. Jungkook had no mercy on him, curling his wrist in just the right way to dab the toy against his prostate, getting off on the way Jimin was so very responsive, getting off on the way he was pleasured by Jungkook.

“Such a good boy. Look at you, such a pretty kitten, aren't you?”

Sobbing, Jimin gave a nod, drooling over himself as he tried his gosh darn best to prevent himself from finding his release, wanting to behave.

“My obedient angel”

Jimin nodded erratically, kicking his legs as he cried out at the way Jungkook was no longer pushing the toy against his prostate, but had decided to now rub it in firm circle motion over the sensitive bud of nerves.

“Y-Your good boy” Jimin whispered, eyes rolling back into his head as he moved back and forth at the force of Jungkook's movement, penis dragging along Jungkook's legs with each snap of his wrist, the pink haired boy leaking all over his clean trousers that- well, now weren't as clean anymore.

Without any warning, Jungkook completely stilled his movement, causing Jimin to whine high in his throat as he pushed back into the previous touch. Slowly, Jungkook picked up a teasing pace again, sliding the toy in and out of him a couple more times before he pulled it out, circling the ring of muscles with it before he withdrew it entirely.

“N-No” Jimin cried at the lack of stimulation, at the emptiness he suddenly had to endure, “Kook-ah, please, don't stop” he sobbed as he looked back, glassy eyes staring at Jungkook who was only smirking, reaching for Jimin's face again to rub his thumb over his cheek.

“We only wanted to try it out, little one, isn't that correct?” Jungkook pointed out, arching up his eyebrows, amusement in his eyes.

Obviously, this whole fucking thing aroused him more than he gave away – his throbbing member any sign of that fact – yet it was so much fun to tease his lover, the cute boy staring at him with big innocent eyes, flushed cheeks and simply the most adorable expression.
Jimin blinked, bottom lip wobbling, “B-But-Mean. You're mean” he sniffed.

“Aww, kitten” Jungkook cooed, running the pad of his thumb over Jimin's bottom lip, pressing down on it only slightly, but the faint touch was enough for Jimin to part his lips subconsciously, watery eyes staring deeply into Jungkook's as he wrapped his plump lips around the digit.

At the sight, Jungkook's penis twitched, the boy visibly gulping as Jimin sucked on his finger in the most innocent way possible – the action causing him to curse beneath his breath.

“Want me to make you come, hm?”

Jimin nodded quickly, desparation in his eyes.

“Can you tell me your colour, angel?”

“Green” Jimin answered without an ounce of hesitation.

“Good boy” he praised, “Down” Jungkook insisted, pulling his hand away from Jimin's pink lips before he reached for the toy again, sliding it into Jimin without any kind of resistance.

The smaller boy gasped, eyes fluttering shut as he sank back down on the bed, grabbing the sheets tighter.

Frankly, when Jungkook had suggested to try out the toy, Jimin hadn't actually thought he would feel this desperate and overwhelmed by the intense stimulation. Then again, he didn't know what exactly he had expected - Certainly not to cry at the way Jungkook was pleasuring him, but... you know, simply checking whether the toy fit? Not that he was complaining – Not at all. How could he with the way he was moaning Jungkook's name at a growing frequency and pitch. This was so much better.

It had been foolish of him to not consider himself surely being aroused as soon as anything was penetrating him and remotely brushing his prostate – especially with Jungkook being the one to fuck the toy in and out of him, especially when he grew desperate so very quickly. Being aroused was certainly inevitable under those circumstances.

Jungkook sped up his motion, now aiming at Jimin's prostate without wanting to tease the poor boy for too much longer. Jimin was already shaking vigorously in his lap, clearly very sensitive and overwhelmed. This state of Jimin was always so adorable, yet also fucking arousing to Jungkook.

“There you go, kitten” Jungkook praised, rubbing his palm over Jimin's back as he proceeded to fuck the toy in and out of him at a rapid pace, dabbing the toy against his prostate without missing it once, “Look at you making a fuss, baby boy. You love it when I play with your little hole, hm?”

“Y-Yes” Jimin cried out, squirming around as he kicked out his legs, whining, “Jungkook-aaaah”

“Are you gonna come for me, kitten?”

“Mhm, Kook-aaaah” Jimin whimpered against the bedsheets, hiding his face in the soft fabric as he pushed back against the toy, shrieking as Jungkook firmly rubbed the device against his sensitive bud of nerves, now all swollen due to the attention and intense stimulation it had received, “P-Please” he sniffed, body shaking all over.

“Go on, baby. Go ahead”

All of his muscles spasmed, Jimin crying out as he felt himself tip over the edge.
“There you go, kitten. Yes, such a good boy”

Jimin came with a high-pitched moan, body vigurously trembling as he kicked out his legs, sperm spurting out of his penis in thick stripes, staining Jungkook's black trousers. The black haired boy proceeded to fuck the toy in and out of him, prolonging the sweet feeling of Jimin's ecstasy.

A mantra of Jungkook's name slipped from his lips, the smaller boy's body going completely slack as Jungkook lazily thurst the toy into him before he slowly pulled it out, circling his rim before he pushed it back inside.

“Wanna leave it in so you stay stretched out or do you want me to take it out?”

“O-Out” Jimin whispered, eyes falling shut.

To be fair, Jimin was going to meet Tae soon and would have to head to work right after – going on with his whole day while wearing a buttplug surely wasn't the best idea, considering how this was new to him. Essentially, it would be better to start small, like wearing it only at Jungkook's or his own place for a certain amount of time to get used to the feeling. Wearing it outside was simply too soon for Jimin.

Jungkook obliged without asking for a reason, dropping the toy on the bed next to them before he picked up the pink haired boy, manhandling him upside over his lap and making him straddle him.

“Look at you,” Jungkook cooed, brushing his hair out of his face as he placed his hand against Jimin's flushed cheek, the latter nuzzling against the touch, “Came so good for me, baby, such a good boy”

Smiling shyly, Jimin pouted in a silent question for a kiss, eyes still shut as he heard Jungkook chuckle against him before he leaned in to press a kiss to Jimin's lips.

As Jimin was seated in Jungkook's lap, the hardened length beneath him couldn't go unnoticed, Jungkook's erection pressing against his butt. Swallowing hard, Jimin panted against Jungkook's lips, still caught in that sweet haze of his orgasm, but still wanting to pleasure Jungkook now.

“W-Wanna- wanna- you, too” Jimin attempted to murmur a coherent sentence, struggling with his dizzy mind that was clearly only capable of forming incoherent words.

“Want me to fuck you? You think you can bear a second round?”

Pouting, Jimin crossed his arms over his chest, not sure whether he should take that statement as an insult.

Jungkook snickered at his reaction, nudging his nose against Jimin's cheeks to comfort him, “I didn't mean it like that, little one. Sometimes your orgasms are very, very intense, aren't they? I don't want you to hurt yourself just because you want to please me”

“Wanna ride you” Jimin stated, catching his bottom lip between his teeth.

Not only would that pleasure both of them, but it would ensure Jimin to be filled up with Jungkook's cum – giving him a valid reason to wear the plug.

“Fuck” Jungkook cursed, wetting his lips as his grip around Jimin's hips tightened, “Okay, little one. Just- Let me get something”

With that, he gently pushed Jimin off of him, causing Jimin to whine at the lack of his warmth.
Soothing him, Jungkook pressed a peck to his forehead before he approached the dresser, opening the top drawer and picking out a familiar object.

His pink collar.

“I want you to wear it. Is that okay, little one?”

Swallowing hard, Jimin nodded erratically, more than delighted to wear his collar again. For some reason, the idea- the actual fact of wearing it made his heart flutter, made him all excited.

Smiling, Jungkook closed the distance between them, ordering Jimin to get up to his knees who complied immediately. As Jimin watched the taller boy strut back over to him, his eyes widened.

“K-Kook-ah” he whispered, cheeks flushing a darker shade of pink, “Your trousers. I.... I ruined your trousers”

Jungkook glanced down at himself before he locked eyes with Jimin again, “Don't worry, baby. I'm going to change later. It's not a big deal. I know how messy you can get” he reassured, softly gripping Jimin's chin and guiding his face up in order to expose his neck.

Tenderly, Jungkook wrapped the collar around his neck, fastening it, but not too tightly. Jimin's heart skipped a beat in euphoria as he felt the pendant dangle back and forth.

“You want to ride me now, kitten?”

Jimin nodded, tongue poking out to wet his lips.

The younger male smirked as he leaned in to capture Jimin's pink lips in a kiss, a shaky breath slipping past Jimin's lips as he tried to kiss back.

However, Jungkook hummed in disapproval, shaking his head, “Don't be greedy” he ordered, lips brushing over Jimin's before he withdrew.

Swallowing hard, Jimin remained still, looking back and forth between Jungkook's eyes, amusement glistening in them as Jimin obeyed his order by not moving an inch, waiting for further instructions.

“Go on and work for what you want” Jungkook insisted, pointing to his own crotch.

Blinking up at the boy, Jimin needed a moment to fathom those words, mind not quick in processing the order. However, as soon as he did, he obliged, reaching for Jungkook's belt.

“Jungkook-ah!” a voice suddenly called out.

Both of the boys halted, Jimin's eyes going wide at the familiar voice very clearly being present in this apartment.

There was a knock on the door before it swung open, revealing an older man whose eyebrows arched up in surprise at the sight he saw in front of him. Swiftly, the man turned around as he cleared his throat. Simultaneously, Jimin had squeaked, hiding himself behind Jungkook's body although he had already been covered by the taller boy.

“My apoligies” The man said before he closed the door again, disappearing behind it.

*Jungkook's father.*

“Oh my god” Jimin cried in shame as he was ripped out of his aroused state in mere seconds. He
literally fell out of the bed in an attempt to get up, stumbling over his own two feet as he reached for his underwear and trousers, swiftly putting them on.

Embarrassment was clear on his face, cheeks heating up.

“How embarrassing” Jimin whined.

Chuckling at Jimin's adorableness, the clumsy boy almost tripping over his feet as he tugged his pants up his legs, Jungkook shook his head, smiling soothingly, “It's not embarrassing, baby. We didn't do anything, but kiss. Well, if you exclude me fucking you with the buttplug moments ago” he pointed out, shrugging his shoulders at that last part as he smirked.

“Oh, shut up, that isn't helping” Jimin whined, cheeks tingling with a flush.

“Don't worry, little one. My father most likely didn't see anything because you were kneeling on the bed behind me” Jungkook assured, taking off his own trousers before he went over to the dresser to pick out a fresh one, “And I don't think it's surprising that we kiss or have sex, Jimin-ah. I'm pretty sure he can imagine that much.”

“I don't want to think about your father imagining us having sex, thank you very much” Jimin stated, picking up his backpack and phone.

“I didn't mean it like that” Jungkook laughed, shaking his head at a pouting Jimin as he closed the distance between them, pressing a kiss to his lips.

“I'll see you later” Jimin muttered, hurrying over to the door, Jungkook's sweet chuckles audible behind him. Honestly, Jimin just wanted to get out as quickly as possible, too embarrassed by the whole situation. If the universe could be on his side just for once, could it please just open up the ground beneath him and swallow him whole. Thank you.

“Jungkook-ah, you didn't forget that I wanted to come over for breakfast to talk about our schedule, did you?” Jungkook's father asked as soon as the door swung open, Jimin hurrying out of the room.

Jimin couldn't even look at him, bowed out of politeness before he uttered a goodbye.

“I did forget, Dad. Sorry about that” Jungkook answered as he stepped out of his room as well, smiling in amusement at Jimin.

“Well, I see why you did” his father commented, Jimin squeezing his eyes shut in embarrassment, blush deepening as he rushed downstairs.

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“I'll wait here until you're finished, Jimin-ssi” Beomsoo reminded him once he had opened the door for him, Jimin climbing outside the car, a fresh breeze of air brushing past him and sending a shiver down his back. The taller man had finally started addressing Jimin with his first name instead of his surname – making him feel much more comfortable.

“It's probably going to take awhile” Jimin responded, pulling the sleeves of his shirt over his delicate hands, “Please don't wait here in the car for that long, but go and eat some brunch, too. I'll text you as soon as I'm finished” he then suggested, bowing slightly as he watched Beomsoo shut the door for him.

For a moment, the man hesitated, clearly deliberating before a bright smile danced around his lips, “I have already eaten. Besides, I have a clear order from Mr.-”
“Jeon, I know” Jimin interrupted him with a sigh, having decided long ago to not argue over the fact of Beomsoo still driving him to any place he went. Surely, it was nice to get to places quicker and way more comfortable, yet Jimin enjoyed taking a walk, so it wasn't actually necessary for him to take a car everywhere he went, “You can take breaks, too, though” Jimin pointed out, crossing his arms over his chest, “He won't find out, if you go ahead and eat something or drink a coffee somewhere while I'm seeing Tae”

“I'll wait in the car, Jimin-ssi. Go ahead and enjoy your brunch” Beomsoo simply declined, bowing slightly as he went ahead and climbed back into the car, sitting down in the driver's seat.

For a brief moment, Jimin only stared at him unimpressed, narrowing his eyes as he watched the man pick up a newspaper, beginning to read it.

Deciding that he had lost this battle, Jimin spun around, gaze falling on the front door of the cute little restaurant Tae and him had found awhile ago. They had made plans to meet here for brunch immediately after Jimin had left Jungkook's apartment in a hurry, Jiming having texted his best friend as soon as he was inside the car.

Stealing a glance at his phone to check the time, Jimin rushed inside the building, having noticed that he was right on time. As soon as he stepped inside, a few people glanced at him, their gazes always falling on something that was slightly below his face. It wasn't a judging look, more of a curious one.

Slightly confused by that, Jimin rubbed his hand over his face, figuring that he might still have flushed cheeks. Then, he went ahead and ruffled his own hair, assuming that it was a mess due to him not actually having checked it or fixing it after Jungkook had pleased him. Essentially, he had come here right after having such an intense orgasm, barely managing to come down from the high.

However, the fact of Jungkook’s father disrupting their intimate moment had clearly sped up the process of him calming down.

It didn't take long for Jimin to find his best friend, his blond locks sticking out in an ocean of different shades of brown and black. Smiling, Jimin approached Taehyung who was sitting with his back towards him, Jimin making his presence known by hugging his friend from behind.

Yet, it had been foolish of Jimin to think that it wouldn't backfire, Taehyung yelping at the sudden contact, ramming his elbow into Jimin's stomach. Moaning in pain, Jimin hunched forward, clasping his hands over his paining spot.

“Holy shit, Minnie!” Tae cursed in shock, getting up to his feet to embrace the smaller boy, “Fuck, oh my god, I'm so sorry”

“It's fine” Jimin winced, taking a seat on the chair across from him, “You're quite strong”

“I know” Tae smiled faintly, glad that Jimin was making light of the situation and presumably wasn't in too much pain, “I'm sorry, Jimin-ah” he uttered in apology as Jimin inhaled and exhaled deeply until he felt fine.

In fact, the shock had been the worst part, Jimin only having had difficulty to breathe for a moment, yet now all of that had vanished, the pain ebbing down.

“I should have known” Jimin giggled, “It was a stupid idea, but I guess I...” Jimin added, but his voice became quieter with each word until he paused completely, the remainder of his sentence hanging in the air between them as he noticed Taehyung staring at his throat, eyes blown wide and slight smirk plastered on his face, “Is... is everything okay?” Jimin uttered softly.
“Nice accessory, Minnie” Tae commented, amusement in his eyes as he pointed at Jimin's throat.

In that moment, Jimin felt a familiar tightness around his throat. Somehow, that feeling had gone unnoticed by Jimin this whole time.

Jemin's eyes went wide, the pink haired boy realising what was responsible for that feeling.

*Jimin was still wearing the collar.* Somehow, he had swiftly gotten used to how it felt around his throat – like it was a part of him, causing him to not notice it still being wrapped around his throat.

Choking on his own spit, Jimin felt his cheeks tinge a shade of rose, his hands rushing up to his throat in order to unfasten the collar, removing it.

Taehyung giggled, eyes glistening in fondness as he watched his best friend try to quickly hide it by stuffing it into his backpack, yet doing that with the utmost caution as he didn't want to damage the collar.

“I didn't know you were into that kind of kinky shit. His name, huh?” Tae teased, wiggling his eyebrows up and down as he nudged Jimin's arm.

Jemin whined, hiding his face in his hands as soon as the collar was hidden, the poor boy now realising why those people had stared at him – because he had been wearing a pink collar with a freaking *name* dangling from it.

*Oh god,* Beomsoo had surely seen it, too.

*Oh god,* what if *Jungkook's father* had seen it as well?

Jemin prayed to god that he had made his way out too swiftly for the man to even have had the chance to get a real glimpse at Jemin.

“Shut up” Jemin whined, voice muffled by his hands, “This is so embarrassing”

“It's not embarrassing, Minnie. It's kind of cute, actually” Tae noted, shrugging his shoulders as he smiled at the other. Without a doubt in Jemin's mind, it was visible that Taehyung wasn't mocking him, wasn't making fun of him in any way, but was rather sincere. However, the whole thing was still humiliating to him.

Shaking his head, Jemin caught his bottom lip between his teeth, “Let's just forget about it” he murmured, scanning the room to ensure no one watching them.

“Noo, please, it's kind of funny” the blond haired boy protested, giggling. Well, he might be teasing Jemin a little bit there...

“It's not funny!” Jemin whisper-yelled, “Nothing ever even happened, okay?” he added quietly, but determinately as he straightened his back and cleared his throat.

“Okay, I won't say a thing to anyone” Taehyung promised, lifting up his hands in defense as his amused expression was replaced by an unnatural serious one.

“I don't want to talk about it either...” Jemin mumbled, averting his gaze as he pointed at himself to underline his statement.

“Minnie, hey, that's nothing. The shit that Hoseokie and I are doing – that's kinky shit, trust me” Tae tried to cheer him up, shrugging his shoulders.
Jimin blinked, not doubting that statement for even a second, “I trust you, you don't have to enlighten me on that one”

“I wasn't going to, don't worry” Tae snickered, shaking his head.

“I never know with you” Jimin made a fair point, smiling faintly at Tae's playful offended face. After all, Taehyung had never been hesitant to share any information about his sex life with him, having actually recommended quite a few of things to him.

“Oh, shut up. I just wanted you to know that you aren't the only ones who're kinky. Having sex isn't anything you need to be ashamed of. Besides, people actually wear chokers, collars and stuff like that as accessories a lot of the time - just because it looks good. I don't think anyone assumed anything more of it when they saw you wearing it just now” Tae noted, clearly having tried to comfort him.

The smaller boy furrowed his brows.

“Jungkook's name is dangling from it” Jimin whispered, reminding Tae of a fact that the latter surely hadn't forgotten.

“They don't know that” Taehyung noted, smiling warmly, “Could be yours”

Groaning in shame, Jimin hit his forehead down on the table, Taehyung chuckling as he slid his hand through Jimin's hair.

“Minnie, you don't need to be embarrassed”

Frankly, Jimin had even considered this idea before – wearing the collar out in public to let people know who he belonged to. However, in reality, he didn't have the courage to ever pull anything like that off. That sight was just meant for Jungkook, Jimin had decided.

“Let's just move on and forget about this” Jimin pleaded, nibbling on his bottom lip as a waiter approached them, handing them their menus.

“Thank you” the two boys uttered in unison, picking up the card and opening it in order to decide on what to order, Jimin's stomach grumbling and reminding him that he had not eaten anything at all today.

“Minnie” Tae murmured, voice full of comfort as he smiled at the pink haired boy with warmth in his eyes.

“After all, we didn't come here to talk about me embarrassing myself again” Jimin pointed out, cheeks still flushed a faint shade of pink, Tae only chuckling before his eyes went wide in excitement.

However, Jimin's gaze was torn away onto something else – rather someone else.

It was like one of those scenes in overdramatised movies – time almost going by at a slower pace than it was supposed to do, than it usually did.

Dongha was walking past their table, his slow steps echoing in the room, somehow amplified in the silence of Jimin's mind as the boy blurred out any other sound of his surroundings.

Jimin followed him with his eyes, watching him take a seat at an empty table on his own in the far back. Swiftly, Jimin hid behind the menu, forcing his gaze away before Dongha caught him staring.
Slightly dumbfounded and maybe even... uneasy, Jimin stared down at the table.

Not that he was frightened by the knowledge of Dongha being present..., yet as soon as Jimin had seen the taller boy, his last words proceeded to ring in Jimin's mind.

“Minnie?” Tae uttered, waving his hand around, “Are you okay? What's wrong?”

“Dongha” Jimin whispered.

“Huh?” Taehyung murmured in confusion, pulling his brows together in a frown.

“Dongha is here” Jimin clarified.

“What? Where?”

“Don't look” Jimin whispered, shaking his head again.

“Is he fucking stalking you?” Tae asked in visible anger, getting up to his feet.

In that moment, Jimin regreted having ever told Tae about what Dongha had done to him, the boy clearly mad and on his mission for revenge. To be fair, Taehyung had proven numerous times that he would stick up for him, having almost beat up those several people that had made fun of Jimin throughout the years – even having been in trouble quite a lot of times for it.

“I'm gonna go and talk to him” the blond haired boy announced, clenching his hands into fists.

“No, Tae” Jimin protested as quiet as possible, closing his petite hand around Tae's wrist in order to give it a weak tug, “Sit down. You're not going anywhere” he added, pulling a little harsher, enabling him to tug Tae back down on the chair next to him.

“That piece of shit almost assaulted you, Minnie. Do you think I'm just gonna sit here in peace while he's mere feet away from me?” Taehyung stated angrily, shaking his head as he huffed, ignoring Jimin's small 'hush', the boy wanting him to speak quieter, “Hell no. I'm gonna make sure he learns to have some manners” he continued, attempting to get up again, yet as soon as he indicated to move at all, Jimin pulled him down again.

“Tae, sit down right now! You're just like Kook-ah, stop!”

Evidently, Tae and Jungkook were similar in that sense when it came to protecting Jimin – when it came to Dongha. They clearly didn't have any boundaries, willing to do anything in their power to ensure his safety.

“So? We want to protect you, what's wrong with that?” Tae argued, fortunately taking a seat again, though.

“It's not... it's not wrong per say. It's just... the way you're approaching the situation isn't exactly favorable for your own health and good. Please Tae, I don't know what Dongha is capable of doing and I don't want you to get in trouble for something so stupid”

Taehyung hesitated, staring intently at Jimin, “Minnie, I'm pretty sure he's stalking you. How big are the odds of him being here at the same time you are, huh?”

For a moment, Jimin contemplated, jaw dropping for him to answer, yet the question had surprised him, “Well, the dance studio is right down the street. It's not far-fetched to believe that it's just a coincidence” he reasoned, shrugging his shoulders.
To be fair, that statement was a fair point – it wasn't an attempt to defend Dongha in any way, yet just a way of him considering every possible scenario and seeing the situation in its entirety, from every side there was.

“Bullshit” Tae huffed, shaking his head in disbelief.

“Tae, please, for me, don't do anything stupid” Jimin begged, tugging on the sleeve of his shirt.

Tae rolled his eyes, but gave a nod in the end, “Fine, but if he comes near our table, I'm not going to be quiet”

A breath of relief slipped past Jimin's lips, “He won't. I don't think he even saw us” he assured.

“Oh, I'm sure he did. That's why he's here” Tae mumbled beneath his breath.

Now that he wouldn't have to worry about Taehyung jumping Dongha any longer, the latter's words reappeared in his head, Jimin somehow not managing to prevent himself from thinking about them – banishing them from his mind was harder than he had hoped it to be.

“What are you thinking about? You're frowning, Minnie”

Startled by the voice, Jimin glanced up at the blond haired boy, shaking his head, “It's just... his words won't leave my mind” he responded, voice just above a whisper.

“What words? What did he say? When did you talk? Did he try to assault you again? Fuck that shit, I've had enou-”

“No!” Jimin interrupted him, shaking his head erratically, “He didn't do anything like that. He was...I don't know. The situation was weird. He was kind of calmer, softer. The way I remembered his demeanor towards me to be” Jimin attempted to explain, appearing to struggle with finding the right words.

“That's just an act he puts on to get to your head and make you believe he's changed again” Tae stated, unimpressed expression plastered on his face as he leaned back in his chair.

“No... maybe. I don't know, but his words were just... odd” the smaller boy uttered.

The other male arched up his eyebrows in curiosity, “What did he say then?”

“That I should stay away from him” Jimin answered, voice quiet as he refused to let anyone else – especially Dongha – hear any part of their conversation.

Taehyung frowned yet again, “Who? Dongha?”

“No, someone. He told me those exact words, 'stay away from him.' I have no idea who he's referring to, but that's what he said. He also went ahead and told me that I shouldn't trust people easily” Jimin whispered, leaning closer to Taehyung to assure no one else catchign a glimpse of them talking about the incident.

“That is true” Taehyung argued, lifting his finger as if to underline his agreement with that statement.

To be fair, Jimin did agree with that, too. After all, it had backfired quite often for Jimin to easily put his trust into people, causing him to be careful with certain people. However, it was just part of his nature for him to try and see the good in people, thus often trusting them fairly soon – unless those were people he could sense of being bad.
“I know, but it was odd for him to say that when he was the one that betrayed my trust” Jimin murmured, furrowing his brows as he sighed, leaning back into his seat as well.

“True... Again, I think he's trying to mess with your head, get a reaction from you, make you paranoid, maybe scare you with this one. I don't think you should trust in anything he tells you”

“I know...” Jimin sighed, nibbling on his bottom lip as he saw the waiter approach them out of the corner of his eyes.

“Are you ready to order?” the man wanted to know, friendly smile dancing around his lips.

“I think we're just taking the whole brunch plate” Tae ordered, pointing to the menu that offered his exact order with several different dishes included for a very cheap price – at least if you'd ask Jimin, “Unless you want anything else, Minnie?”

“No, that sounds great. Let's share that” the pink haired male muttered.

The waiter smiled, writing their order down, “Any drinks?”

“I'll take an orange juice” Jimin responded, smiling politely as the waiter noted his order.

“I'll take a coffee. Black” Tae ordered, the waiter giving a nod and taking their menus before he disappeared.

“Black?” Jimin echoed, eyebrows arched up in amusement, “Since when do you drink black coffee? You hate the taste of it” he giggled.

The blond haired boy sighed, giving a nod as he swept his hair back, exposing his forehead and his perfectly shaped eyebrows that Jimin had always admired, “I know. I still don't like it very much”

Jimin blinked, titling his head to the side in confusion, “Then why do you drink it?”

“It's supposed to be good for you. High amount of coffeeine, good for weight loss, apparently makes you smarter. All that good shit” Taehyung replied, yet Jimin couldn't help but doubt that it was the sincere reason – something about Tae's demeanor conveying a different picture.

“You're already smart, Tae, and you don't need to lose weight” Jimin pointed out.

Honestly, Taehyung had a body that Jimin had always admired – tall, slightly muscular, defined features in his face – it was almost as if Taehyung had been shaped to be a greek god himself.

There wasn't a doubt in Jimin's mind that god had taken a good extra amount of time on him. Taehyung wasn't stupid either, no instead very smart, yet quite lazy. It was the small things he did that proved his intelligence.

“It's just healthy. Apparently” Taehyung claimed, shrugging his shoulders.

Jimin cocked his head to the side, “Well, where did you get that from?”

“A colleague of mine drinks black coffee every fucking day, at least five cups, and I just couldn't help but ask him how he can drink that shit each day. He just laughed at me and said I'll see” Taehyung answered, clicking his tongue in annoyance.

The smaller boy blinked, visibly still not an ounce less confused.

“What?” Jimin asked, frowning at his own lack of being able to fathom what had occurred.
“He fucking laughed at me” the blond haired male repeated, now with slight anger in his voice, “Supposedly, he thinks he will live longer than me, when he drinks that shit” he snorted.

“So now you drink it to prove him wrong? Do you want to outlive him?” Jimin concluded, arching up his brow.

“He fucking told me I'll die sooner than him although he's like seven years older than me! Guy thinks I'm just going to let that rude comment slip. Hell no. We'll see who lives longer” Tae expressed, humourless laugh leaving his lips.

“Tae” Jimin giggled, “That's ridiculous. Don't drink it, if you don't like the taste at all”

“Well, it is good for you” he repeated a fact that he clearly didn't quite believe either.

“There are other things that are good for you that you could do instead to stay healthy” Jimin reminded him, smiling in amusement. Black coffee might be the healthier option when it came to coffee overall, yet if Taehyung only wanted to drink it to stay healthy, then there were other way to achieve that.

The other male furrowed his brows, “Like what?”

“Like walking?” Jimin suggested.

“Uh” Tae groaned at those words.

Frowning, Jimin titled his head to the side, “You don't like walking?”

“Who likes walking?” Tae asked instead.

“Me” Jimin answered, not quite certain whether or not he should be offended by Taehyung's dismissal of walking – something Jimin was surely fond of.

“Uh” the blond haired boy only groaned again.

“Come on, you and I have always ran around when we were younger” Jimin stated, smiling as he reminisced about those beautiful memories of his.

Taehyung shrugged his shoulder, rubbing his index finger up and down on a spot on the table, “I know, but that was to have fun and play games. I mean, I don't hate walking, but it's not my favourite activity either”

Jimin only giggled, shaking his head.

In that moment, the waiter arrived with their drinks, placing them down on the table in front of the respected one of them.

“Thank you” the two boys smiled in unison, both picking up their drinks and taking a sip.

As Jimin had predicted, Tae grimaced at the taste of his coffee, setting the mug back down on the table as he shook his head, body shivering in disgust, “Gross” he commented, Jimin only giggling at the reaction after he had swallowed down his sip of orange juice.

“Do you want some of mine?”

For a slight moment, Tae appeared to deliberate over that offer, expression displaying his hesitance, yet consideration. Ultimately, the taller boy shook his head, “No, I'll just drink mine”
“Tae” Jimin pressed, chuckling yet again.

“It's fine. Maybe I'll just get used to the taste” Taehyung sighed, eyeing the mug as if it contained something absolutely sickening, hand reaching out to move it further away from himself as though the sight alone was disgusting to him.

“Or you will die from depression because you hate that coffee with a passion” Jimin exaggerated, giggling.

“I don't... hate it. I just prefer different types of coffee over that one” Tae mumbled, voice turning quieter with each word, evoking suspicion in Jimin.

“I saw your face!” Jimin chuckled, “You looked like you were about to vomit all over the table”

“Fine, well, I just don't like the taste of that shit” Tae gave in, pointing at the cup with a pout on his face.

“You're petty” Jimin snickered.

Taehyung rolled his eyes, “I'm not petty”

“You're petty because you're forcing yourself to drink something simply because of a comment someone made towards you”

“It was rude” Taehyung defended, voice a pitch higher.

They stared at each other for a moment longer, both eventually breaking out in laughter.

However, Jimin's laughter subsided as a man walked past their table, his face familiar. For a reason Jimin couldn't explain, his gaze was glued to his figure, Jimin watching him walk to the back of the room, approaching Dongha and sitting down at his table after the latter had greeted him. In that exact moment, Dongha's eyes met Jimin's, the smaller boy tearing his gaze away and sinking down in his seat – as if that would look any less suspicious.

“Minnie?”

Jimin's heartbeat quickened, cheeks tinged a shade of pink as he inhaled a shaky breath, praying that Dongha hadn't caught him staring and being slightly nosy.

Who was that man? Why did he look so familiar?

“Jimin-ah?” Tae tried again, waving his hand around in order to gain Jimin's attention.

The pink haired boy looked up, eyes still wide in shock, “Huh?” he uttered, clearing his throat as he sat up.

“Are you okay?” his best friend worried, concern visible in his brown orbs.

“Yes, just... Yes, everything is okay” Jimin lied.

Well, did he lie? After all, there wasn't really anything concerning going on, right? The fact that Dongha had caught him didn't make the situation any less comfortable or okay... right?

“Are you sure?” Taehyung pressed, accompanying the protective voice inside of Jimin's head.

Gulping, Jimin leaned closer, frowning, “Do you know that man who's sitting there with Dongha?”
Tae was about to steal a glimpse at him, but stilled as soon as Jimin tugged on his sleeve, leaning even closer, “Don't look too suspicious”

“I won’t” he assured, eyes rushing over to Dongha's table, frown appearing on his face as he pulled his brows together, “No damn idea” he ultimately answered, forcing his gaze away and back to Jimin.

“ Weird” Jimin mumbled, mirroring Taehyung's expression and pulling his brows together in a frown.

“ Do you think you know him?” the blond haired boy wanted to know.

“For some reason, I do. I don't know where I know him from and I'm too scared to look at him again because I don't want either of them to see me stare” Jimin murmured, mind racing in an attempt to quickly and diligently recall any prior encounter with that certain man in order to figure out who he actually was.

“ Well, Dongha seems to know him, too” Taehyung pointed out, nodding towards their table.

“I know... They greeted each other like they know one another” Jimin noted, catching his bottom lip between his teeth in thought, “What are they saying now?”

Taehyung glanced at Jimin in disbelief, swatting his arm, “Minnie, I'm right next to you, how in the hell am I supposed to hear anything you can't? I'm not a fucking eagle”

“ Eagle?” Jimin wondered in confusion, not exactly understanding the reference there.

“Don't they hear really well?” Taehyung asked, cocking his head to the side.

“I think you mean a bat?”

Tae blinked, “Oh, well then I'm not a fucking bat”

Jimin gave a nod, “Right. You're right. But... can you see whether they're... I don't know – like, happy? Are they arguing?”

The blond haired boy stole another glance before tearing his gaze away, “They're just talking to each other. Quietly it seems as they're sitting close by one another”

“ Weird” Jimin breathed, nibbling on his bottom lip in thought.

“To be fair, we talked like that, too, when we-” Tae reminded him.

“When we talked about him or well... different personal stuff” Jimin finished his sentence, nodding in agreement.

“Exactly” the blond haired boy uttered.

Jimin sighed, “I can't get that thought out of my head. I feel like I know the guy”

“Well, he does have quite the average appearance. You might have seen someone who looks similar to him and are mistaking him for that person” Taehyung stated, the possibility not actually far-fetched, yet Jimin couldn't help but believe that he had seen this exact man not too long ago.

“Maybe...” Jimin murmured, sighing a brief moment later.

It didn’t take much longer for the waiter to arrive with their food, placing huge plates with different
kinds of good down on their table — including omelets, toasts, bagels, sausages and even more.

Jimin and Tae felt their mouth water at the sight, politely thanking the waiter before the latter disappeared, leaving them with their food.

The two boys dived right in, filling their respected plates with the food they wanted to try, stomachs grumbling before they finally took their first bite.

“Fuck is that good” Tae uttered, chewing on his bite of the omelet, “Try this” he insisted, cutting Jimin a piece before he lifted his fork up to Jimin's mouth, enabling him to taste it, too.

Jimin's eyes went wide, taste buds in euphoria as he chewed on the bite, humming in agreement, “Really good”

Tae smiled, giving a nod as he proceeded to eat.

Suddenly, Tae smashed his fork down, eyes going wide as he stared at Jimin, mouth hanging open and displaying the remainder of his bite that he hadn't finished of chewing.

“Tae” Jimin giggled, tapping at his jaw to close Taehyung's mouth, the other swiftly swallowing his bite down before he spoke up again.

“Jimin-ah, I have completely forgotten to tell you what I desperately wanted to share with you!”

The pink haired boy mirrored Taehyung's expression, placing his fork down on the table as well, “Oh my god, yes. I'm so sorry, Tae, what did you want to-”

“I got a new job!” he exclaimed with a bright smile.

“What? Where?”

“It was literally just... It was fate, Minnie. I was just working my usual stuff at the company, but then Kang Nayoung just walked straight into the building”

The name rang a bell in Jimin's mind, yet the boy couldn't quite pinpoint it to a certain person he surely knew. At least, he was aware of her existence and had remotely heard about her.

“Kang Nayoung? Isn't she that one... designer?”

Taehyung opened his mouth in shock, “Minnie, she's one of the most famous designers Korea has ever seen! She's popular among the international market and has famous models lining up begging to walk in her designs! Her clothes are just pure perfection”

To Jimin's defense there, he didn't quite know that much about fashion. Surely, he was interested in Taehyung's profession and listened to him talk about his work, yet he wasn't as experienced in any of it and didn't keep up with the latest news about the world of fashion. In fact, Jimin simply wore what was comfortable and suited his proportions.

“Do you wear her stuff?” Jimin wondered.

Taehyung chuckled, “Jimin-ah, be realistic. I don't have anywhere near the money to own even a damn sock by her”

To be fair, Jimin surely wouldn't amount to own anything by such a huge designer either.

“What did she do at your company?” Jimin then wanted to know, drawing their attention back to the
“Apparently she's friends with my boss, but I never even knew!” Tae revealed, surprise still written on his face, “So, she walks in and goes straight up to his office and just stays in there for awhile to talk. I'm out there starstruck, thinking I'm going to faint”

“She's *that* famous?” Jimin asked, quite bewildered by the fact of her being that popular, yet Jimin only vaguely remembering having heard her name. To be honest, he couldn't recall a time where Tae had mentioned her either.

“Well, she is famous, but there is quite a controversy in Korea's industry regarding her and her work” Taehyung responded, slight grief displayed on his face as he sighed.

The smaller boy titled his head to the side, “Why?”

“She's one of the first women to own her own label, have transgender and other lgbtq members walk for her shows and she designs clothes for both men and women. Certain homophobic and misogynist people don't agree with her vision or with what she does. They don't think women should be running a company or they believe that only straight females or males deserve to walk on a runway – literal bullshit, but unfortunately, some people do believe that shit” Taehyung elaborated, Jimin's eyes going wide.

The reality of these kind of issues still existing in todays society made Jimin's stomach twist, sorrow washing over him to the core of his very being.

“That's... It's really sad” Jimin uttered.

“I know. She's amazing. Minnie, she's a legend. It's what she did for the fashion industry worldwide that strikes people's interest and liking in her. On top of that, she's like so damn kind and generous”

Jimin could easily find himself understand why Taehyung adored her that much.

“Well, because of the slight controversy with other Korean fashion labels – mostly run by homophobic men – most Korean models are afraid to model for her, frightened of risking their own career by being involved with her. That's why you see mostly international models wear her stuff – which is beautiful for diversity, yet the fact that barely any Korean model is brave enough to work with her is surely hard on her, too” Taehyung added.

“I can imagine” Jimin murmured, sticking out his bottom lip at the thought of Kang Nayoung not being able to find any Korean model for her collections or runways because of such a stupid perception of certain – unfortunately powerful – people.

“So, she's in there for awhile and then walks back out with my boss and I think okay, this is my chance to tell her that I admire her work. Then, I walk up to her and introduce myself. My boss is telling me about how Kang just told him about her new collection that she's bringing out soon and that she has trouble finding the perfect models for it as it is inspired by Korean styles and traditions” Tae elaborated, “We talk about her new collection for awhile, but then she suddenly wants to know more about me. I was so shocked, but also delighted. She was actually interested in me and talked to me about what I do at the company and whether or not I have had experience in modelling”

“What?” the smaller boy muttered.

“Yes, she was so kind and interested in me and then she told me that she would like to see me pose for some pictures?”
“What?” Jimin uttered again.

Taehyung chuckled, but went on, ignoring Jimin's state of complete shock, “My boss rushed and picked up a camera and we just went into an empty room where she asked me to pose in front of a white wall. She was nice enough to help me out with how I was supposed to look, you know. For instance, she told me to smile or laugh, look sultry, look sad, that kind of stuff. She just wanted to see different expressions on me. I have never done anything like that – if you seclude my frequent Instagram pictures - so I'm quite nervous, but also so excited” Tae added, eyes lit up in happiness, “Once we were done, she had like such a big smile on her face and told my boss that she thinks she had found the one to fit her concept’

Jimin's jaw dropped.

“She asked me to model for her new collection, Minnie!”

“What?!”

“Yes! I still can't believe it! This feels like a dream. And I don't want to wake up from it" Taehyung smiled shyly, shaking his head, "She wants me to come by tomorrow and try on her new stuff – new stuff, Minnie! No one has ever worn that shit before me! Of course, the chances stand that I look absolutely garbage in her clothes and she decides not to have me be the model, but it's still exciting and she was like really fond of me and I just... Minnie, I might model for her”

Jimin shook his head, finally ripping himself out of his trance, having been caught in a state of utter shock. This was... Jimin was speechless, “Tae that sounds absolutely amazing!”

“I know” Tae shrieked, bright smile plastered on his face as he clasped his hand over his heart, clearly still affected by the idea of him actually modelling for someone – not anyone, but Kang Nayoung at that.

To be fair, Jimin was entirely shocked. Obviously, he had always believed in Taehyung's dream, had supported him in anything he did. After all, Jimin had always admired Tae in so many ways, had always been aware of how gorgeous the boy was. It had only been a matter of time until someone finally noticed and allowed him to have this chance. However, the circumstances were utterly bizarre, weren't they? How often would anything like this happen? Then again, Taehyung was incredibly handsome...

“You're going to be in magazines?” Jimin asked, eyes blown wide.

The blond haired boy caught his bottom lip between his teeth, trying to suppress the facial expression of complete euphoria, “Yes, I think so. I'm still... I still haven't wrapped my head around it. This is so strange, but also exciting? I can't explain it, but I'm over the moon!”

“I'm so happy for you” Jimin stated, getting up from his chair to hug his best friend.

“Thanks, Minnie”

Once they pulled apart, Jimin took a seat again, frowning as an uneasy thought came up in his mind, “But Tae... aren't you... aren't you-”

“Scared of people criticising what I do?” Taehyung finished his sentence, being correct with his assumption of what Jimin was worried over.

The smaller boy pressed his lips into a line, feeling guilty for killing the mood. Jimin hated that a voice inside of him was always cautious, urging that thought of suspicion on, yet he couldn't help but
be concerned for his best friend, “Yes, what if it ruins your career?”

Taehyung shrugged, smiling warmly, “Well, I'm a completely new face. What do I have to lose?”

Jimin nibbled on his bottom lip, “Your further future in modelling?” he whispered, eyebrow arched up.

“People are always going to comment and criticise everything one does. That's just the way it is. There are a lot of people who support her, but also many who don't agree with what she does. Yet, if you'd ask me, I think they're just scared. I think they pretend to hate what she does because it's new to them and they're afraid of changes. They need to be shown how beautiful it can be. If they gave her a chance, they would see what amazing things she does. Overseas, she's already loved and many people here love her, too - like me. I'm honored to do this for her, Minnie. There is nothing I can lose with this one” Taehyung stated, corners of his lips curling up into a blissful grin.

Jimin smiled, giving a nod to convey that he fathomed what Tae had said. Truthfully, Jimin was more than proud of his best friend to be brave enough to go after his dream, “I understand” he uttered, “I'll support you no matter what” Jimin promised.

“Thank you, Minnie”

They smiled at each other, the sound of Taehyung's phone vibrating on the table startling them as both of their gazes fell on the source of the noise. Jimin saw Yoongi's name flash up on the phone, yet Tae declined the call.

“I don't mind, if you take that” Jimin assured, “I haven't seen hyung in awhile, actually”

“I'll just text him that I'm busy right now and that I'll call back later” Tae declined, shaking his head, “Ooh, by the way, hyung told me that he really wants to throw a party some time soon again. You know, like one of those he did... wow, that's months ago now. The one I fist met Hoseok hyung and you, well, you met Jungkook-ah at”

“Such a big one?” Jimin asked for clarification.

Taehyung gave a nod, “Yeah, well, he prefers our smaller gatherings, but he said partys like that are quite fun once in awhile”

Jimin grimaced, being reminded of the people that had made fun of him for being a virgin, being reminded of the whole vibe of the party that just wasn't for him, “I'm not a huge fan of stuff like that”

“I mean, they can be quite fun” Taehyung noted, frowning a brief moment later, “Well, I guess that depends on what kind of people there are”

“I guess” Jimin agreed quietly, voice soft as he gave a faint nod, still somehow caught in his memory of that party, recalling the night he first met Jungkook – not having any idea at that point of how his life would be entirely flipped upside down due to that certain black haired boy.

“Would you go?” Taehyung asked, eyebrows raised up in curiosity.

Jimin hesitated, “If all of you wanted to go... maybe. I don't know”

“I'll talk to hyung again and maybe we can figure something out” the blond haired boy suggested.

“Okay, just let me know” Jimin agreed, giving another nod.
Suddenly, Jimin felt a wave of air brush past him, the boy tearing his gaze away from his best friend and glancing at the two figures passing their table.

*Dongha and that oh so familiar man.*

The man turned around to look back at their table, presumably checking whether or not he had forgotten something, giving Jimin another chance to study his face - features so very familiar, bald head reminding him-

*Wait.*

That's when it klicked.

This was that one man from the library! The guy that visited almost every day, having asked Jimin to carry out his books with him once!

For some reason, Jimin couldn't force his gaze away, was only able to avert his eyes once they had exited the small restaurant together.

“Minnie?”

Jimin swallowed hard.

Dongha knew that guy?

“Jimin-ah, you look like you've seen a ghost” Tae worried.

“I think I just remembered who that guy is” Jimin whispered, still quite flabbergasted.

“Really, where from?” Taehyung wondered, staring back, yet realising that Dongha and that guy had already left, causing him to look at Jimin again.

The smaller boy narrowed his eyes in thought, “He comes to the library very often. I think there hasn't been a day that I haven't seen him there at least once”

Taehyung tilted his head to the side, placing his finger against his chin, “Well, maybe he likes reading”

“Maybe” Jimin murmured, still recalling the odd encounter with that man.

“Or the smell of books. Don't people like that smell?” Taehyung noted.

“I do” Jimin agreed, nodding. For some reason, the smell of books was one of his favourite scents. There was just something so comforting about it.

“There you go” Tae uttered, leaning back into his seat like they had cracked the code. To be fair, it was a valid point, yet... would anyone make their way there each and ever day for that reason alone? Jimin highly doubted that.

“Would you go to the library each day for that though?” he voiced his thought, sharing it with Taehyung who pursed his lips, shaking his head at that objection.

“Probably not. Well, unless I don't have anything better to do or would consider myself a slight weirdo”

“Maybe he just needs to work on a project or something” Jimin mumbled, not capable to come up
with any other reason as to why that man would visit the library every single day, if he didn't actually work there.

“That makes sense. Maybe that's the case” the blond haired boy agreed with a nod.

Jimin allowed his gaze to wander back over to the door, almost as if their figures were still standing there, their traces remaining, “I wonder where Dongha knows him from. They're not exactly the same age” Jimin murmured in thought.

“Perhaps they're related?”

“Perhaps...” the smaller male mumbled.

Jimin shook his head, figuring that it wasn't such a big deal and after all, really none of his business. The universe simply worked in a weird way sometimes.

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“That is not a singer” Tae claimed, snorting as he stuffed popcorn into his mouth, eating with his mouth open, the act creating a noisy sound.

Taehyung and Jimin were currently both spread out on Jimin's couch, watching The King of Mask Singer – a show that Tae had become obsessed with, having begged Jimin to watch it – while eating some snacks and chatting.

They had decided to spend the night in each other's company as well, Taehyung suggesting a sleepover for tonight once they had left the restaurant earlier. Delighted at that, Jimin had agreed, offering to meet at his place later once he got done at work.

“Tae” Jimin uttered, trying to gain Taehyung's attention and averting his own from the programme on the TV.

“Mhm” the other boy hummed, yet not drawing his gaze away from the show.

“Does Hoseok hyung know already?” Jimin asked.

Taehyung met his gaze, arching up his brows, “Know what?”

“About your job offer” the pink haired boy clarified.

“Of course” Tae chuckled, swatting Jimin's arm as if it should've been obvious – which, well, to be fair, it had been. After all, they were boyfriends, “He's the first one I told”

“Did you see him since then?”

“I spent last night at his place” Taehyung answered, a faint blush tinging his cheeks.

Jimin gave a nod, “So you don't want to spend time with him tonight?”

“No, tonight is our night, Minnie. We haven't had a sleepover in so damn long” the taller male responded, shaking his head.

“You're right” Jimin agreed, nodding. To be fair, they haven't done one of these in so very long. Ever since they had broken apart, choosing to spend less time with each other in order to heal, they hadn't slept at each other's place - something that had once been such a habit of theirs, something that
they would do almost weekly.

“I'll meet hyung tomorrow. I'll call him later before going to bed”

The voice coming from the TV interrupted their conversation, powerful notes echoing in the room as they glanced at the TV simultaneously, almost mesmerised by the soulful, yet soft voice.

“Wow” Jimin breathed in awe, “She sounds amazing”

“She does” Tae agreed, stuffing another hand of popcorn into his mouth, eating noisily. In response, Jimin leaned forward to tap on his chin, startling Tae, “What?” he asked, mouth full and displaying glimpses of his faintly chewed food.

“Tae, shut your mouth when you eat” the pink haired boy whined, sinking back into his seat.

“Sorry” Tae giggled, obliging as he shut his mouth to eat.

“Thank you”

They proceeded to watch the woman sing on the show, her mask veiling her face, thus ensuring that her identity wasn't easy to expose. It was their task to figure out who the voice could belong to, Taehyung repeatedly yelling names at the TV as if he had an epiphany - just for them to turn out being false.

“She has to be a singer!” Tae exclaimed, clapping his hands together as her performance ended, “No doubt in my fucking mind. Aaah, that's IU”

“IU?” Jimin echoed, doubtfully arching up his brow.

“Yes, has to be” Taehyung confirmed, giving a determined nod.

“Doesn't she have a really soft voice?” Jimin pointed out, titling his head to the side.

The blond haired boy blinked, catching his bottom lip between his teeth as he sank back into his seat, “Right, then... ooh, I know, Hwasa!”

“From that one girl group?”

“Yes, exactly! That's definitely her, I'm sure it is!”

“Mhm” Jimin hummed, not exactly agreeing, yet not denying his statement either because in all honesty, he had no clue at all, “Maybe”

Slowly, they drew their attention back on the TV, proceeding to watch the performer sing, yet Jimin was the one to speak up again.

“Tae” Jimin uttered, watching Taehyung chew on some more popcorn.

This time, the latter swallowed his bite down before replying, “Yes, Minnie?”

“How do you say thank you to a gift? I mean, I know how to do it, but I mean... what if you keep receiving gifts and you don't know how to express your appreciation?” Jimin elaborated, biting down on his bottom lip as he pulled his sleeves over his delicate hands.

“Are we talking about Jungkook-ah here?”
“Mhm” Jimin confirmed with a hum.

Tae's smile grew deeper, “Then a blowie” he answered with sincerity in his voice.

“A blowie?” Jimin echoed, slight confusion written on his face at the choice of term.

The taller boy snickered, giving a nod, “Yes, a blowjob” he affirmed, giving a nod.

“Oh, I-I should thank him by-” Jimin murmured, cheeks flushing a shade of rose.

“Dropping down on your knees” Tae finished his sentence, teasing eyes staring back at Jimin.

“Tae!” Jimin exclaimed, swatting his arm. In response, Taehyung broke out in chuckles, closing his hand around Jimin's wrist.

“I'm kidding, Minnie. Well, to an extent. I'm pretty sure Jungkook wouldn't say no to getting head, but I'm even more certain that he wants to make you happy without you owing him anything back. As long as you're happy and show your appreciating by thanking him, that's good” Taehyung assured him, smiling warmly at him.

“I want to give him presents, too. Well, to be fair, these presents are for... kind of... both of us? I mean... well... yeah” Jimin muttered, cheeks flushing a darker shade of red.

Taehyung chuckled, “I think I get what you're trying to say, Jimin-ah”

The singer on the show ended her performance, giving a bow.

“How was work?” Tae then changed the topic once a commercial break began to run on the TV, the boy lowering the volume.

“It was good. Not much going on - as always” Jimin answered, shrugging his shoulders. Frankly, most days at the library were very quiet - which, well, was caused by the prohibition of making too much noise. There wasn't ever anything huge or exciting happening, nothing out of the ordinary.

Taehyung raised up his eyebrows in curiosity, “Was that guy there again?”

Jimin furrowed his brows, cocking his head to the side, “You mean the one we saw earlier at the restaurant?” he clarified. To be honest, Jimin had simply tried to forget about that earlier encounter, choosing to believe that it had no meaning at all.

“Yes, the one who was with Dongha” the blond haired boy confirmed.

Jimin shook his head, “No, he wasn't there today actually”

“Jimin-ah” Taehyung murmured, voice softer as he stared at his best friend.

“Mhm?” Jimin hummed.

“Earlier, they kept glancing at our table, but I didn't want to say anything because I didn't want to scare you. Also, I was this close to tell them to fuck off, but I respected your request to not interact with them” Tae suddenly revealed, underlining his statement by placing his thumb and index finger close to one another.

“They did?” Jimin wondered, surprised by that information.

Why would they be staring at them?
“Not often, but every now and then” Taehyung added, giving a faint nod.

“ Weird...” Jimin mumbled, playing with the hem of his shirt. Back at the restaurant, Jimin had decided to not pay any more attention to them, too scared to be caught being noisy. However, maybe he should have.

Taehyung nodded, “I know”

“I wonder what they were talking about... Maybe they thought you were cute?” Jimin stated, titling his head to the side.

Tae snorted, “I'm sure they did, but just...” his tone turned into a more serious one, soft, “Minnie, be careful, okay?”

The smaller boy studied his features, “I think this is just a huge coincidence” Jimin murmured, shaking his head. To be fair, Jimin wasn't sure who he was trying to convince here - Taehyung or himself?

“It might be, but it could also be a warning” Tae noted.

Jimin hesitated, the words echoing in his mind, “For what?”

“I don't know, but honestly, I don't want to find out” the blond haired one murmured, concern glistening in his eyes.

They stared at each other for a moment.

The woman on the show took off her mask, revealing a face neither of them recognised.

An actress, they announced.

“Dammit” Tae cursed beneath his breath, Jimin giggling.

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Jimin's eyes had fluttered shut, the boy desperately attempting to force them back open, just to have them shut again. Breaking the silence of the room, Jimin's ringtone disrupted the peace, his phone vibrating on the coffee table. Swiftly, Jimin reached for it, accepting the call to silence the irritating noise, having noticed that Taehyung was fast asleep next to him, soft snoring audible.

“Hello?” the smaller boy whispered, getting up to his feet as he rubbed his petite fist over his sleepy eyes.

“Little one” Jungkook's voice uttered, tone raspy, causing Jimin's heart to flutter.

“Hey, Kook-ah” Jimin replied, entering his bedroom and shutting the door close behind him as he didn't want to wake up Taehyung.

“Hey, baby, how are you?”

“I'm good” Jimin responded, allowing his body to lie down on the bed, falling on his back and staring up at the ceiling, the boy surrounded by darkness and utter silence in the room, “How are you?”

The darkness began to creep him out, Jimin not a fan of absolute lack of light, causing him to reach over to his bedside table and turn on the nightlamp.
“You didn't answer my texts” Jungkook noted, ignoring his question.

Jimin knitted his brows, “You texted me?” he wondered in confusion.

“I did”

“Maybe I did actually fall asleep then because I didn't see any of your texts” Jimin responded, not having seen anything flash up on his phone, “I'm sorry, Tae is over and we watched TV until I must have fallen asleep on the sofa”

“It's fine, little one. I just wanted to make sure you're alright. I just got off work”

The pink haired boy checked the time, horror written on his face as he noticed how late it was, “Just now?”

“Yes, just now. I was wondering whether I should come over to yours, but I understand, if you want to stay with Tae tonight”

“Tae suggested a sleepover, I hope that's okay?” Jimin replied, absentmindedly playing with the hem of his shirt, “He told me some amazing news! I'm not going to tell you yet, though, because he might want to be the one to tell you!”

“Of course that's okay, Jimin-ah. I just wanted to hear your voice. I haven't seen you since this morning when you rushed out of my apartment” Jungkook stated, Jimin's heart fluttering at his words.

Yet, Jimin groaned in embarrassment at those last words, the earlier awkward encounter with Jungkook’s father replaying in his mind, “Don't remind me. I don't want to recall that... That was so embarrassing” he whined, cheeks heating up at the mere thought.

Jungkook chuckled on the other end, clearly amused, “Angel, don't be embarrassed”

“You're father is going to be my boss – maybe. I mean, the possibilites stand. How can I look him in the eyes now?” Jimin muttered.

“We've fucked in my childhood bedroom right next to his bedroom” Jungkook blatantly pointed out.

Silence.

Right. Fair enough.

“Well, but he didn't see us or heard us then, did he?”

“Who knows? Jimin-ah, little one, sex is natural. My father knows that I have sex. He knows that I love you and that we're in a relationship so it's not far-fetched for him to conclude us having sex, too. That doesn't change your professionalism or anything like that” the taller boy assured.

Jimin nibbled on his bottom lip, hesitant.

“Do you believe that he thinks that... I'm using you?” he wondered, voice suddenly a lot quieter and unsure, conveying his insecurity.

“What?”

“Do you believe that he thinks I'm with you for the sake of getting into the company?” Jimin repeated the question in the same tone.
“No, why would you think that?” Jungkook asked instead, it was audible in his tone that he didn't believe that at all.

“I don't know... I don't want him to hire me because we're together, but because I'm actually skilled” the pink haired boy expressed.

There was rustling on the other end. “My father made you an offer even before I told him about what I actually felt for you. Remember? Back in Busan? He showed interest in you as a trainee” Jungkook reminded him.

Just like that, several incidents replayed in Jimin's mind, vivid pictures flashing in front of his eyes as they came to a halt at one particular one – the two of them at Jeon entertainment, encountering Jungkook's father who had a fixated look on Jimin, almost inspecting his appearance in a way.

“That's true... I just don't want him to think that... I don't know, that my feelings aren't real?”

“Angel, don't worry. My father isn't stupid. If he wants you in the company, that's because you have major skills” Jungkook reassured him, voice genuine.

The sound of honking in the background interrupted Jimin's concentration, the boy frowning, “Where are you?”

“I'm in the car, on my way home now. Unless you do want me to come by?” Jungkook answered, suggestive tone as he uttered that question.

Jimin giggled, shaking his head in spite of Jungkook not actually being capable of seeing that, “I don't think Tae would appreciate me bringing in another person to our night. He even relinquished on Hoseok hyung tonight”

Jungkook snickered, “That's fine, little one”

“Wait- you're in the car?” Jimin suddenly remarked, eyes going wide.

“Yes?” the younger male replied confused, not exactly fathoming why Jimin was repeating that part of his statement.

“You're driving while you're on the phone? Jeon Jungkook, that's so incredibly dangerous! What if something happens, you can't just-” Jimin scolded him, fear washing over him at the thought of Jungkook having a car accident because he was distracted by the phone call.

Jungkook chuckled, “Jimin-ah, calm down. I'm not the one driving”

“Oh” Jimin mumbled, relief blooming inside of him as he allowed his body to go slack again, tension easing, fear vanishing.

“I called Beomsoo to pick me up once he informed me that he dropped you off at your home” Jungkook elaborated, amusement in his voice.

Well, now, Jimin felt slightly stupid for making a fuss over essentially... nothing, “Oh, well... okay, then” he murmured, playing with the hem of his shirt.

“You're cute” Jungkook commented, affection dripping from his voice.

“Are you home soon?” Jimin asked, attempting to draw the attention away from himself and his stupid overly paranoid being. Yes, Jimin got scared easily, yet could you blame him? A lot of car
accidents happen throughout the year.

Jungkook hummed in confirmation, “Yes, not too far now” he responded, “Where are you, baby?”

“I'm in bed. Tae is still in the living room, fast asleep” Jimin responded, slipping down and resting his head on top of the soft pillows.

Jungkook hummed in acknowledgement.

“How was your day?” the smaller boy wanted to know, playing with his own hair, sliding his hand through the pink locks.

“Spent most of my day with my father, talked about some upcoming meetings and potential sponsors before I accompanied him for quite a few auditions” Jungkook replied, sighing.

“Anyone you liked?” Jimin asked in interest, the thought of Jungkook being part of essentially being capable to decide about someone's future really fascinating, yet somehow scary.

“A couple, but my father was strict. I think there were only two people he let through” the black haired boy answered.

Jimin's eyes went wide at the information, “Wow” he breathed in shock.

“It's tough. Competitions is high”

“It is” Jimin agreed.

“How was your day then, angel?” Jungkook then wanted to know.

“It was good. I got to see Tae again and it's really fun. We went to eat something before I went to work. You know, I” Jimin began rambling, fortunately pausing before he blurted out that Dongha had been at the restaurant, too, “I missed that”

“I'm glad that things seem to go back to how they were between the two of you” the black haired boy commented.

Jimin smiled, agreeing, although he wondered if it was ever really going to be like it used to be. However, somehow, there was no doubt in his mind anymore that it could be. Right now, Jimin honestly already felt as close to Tae as he ever did. Maybe, their bond had actually defeated the dark side, perhaps even coming out more stronger than ever.

“Me too” Jimin whispered.

Comfortable silence settled between them, Jimin able to hear the faint sound of the engine of the vehicle in the background, Jungkook's soft breathing a sound he was capable to pick up as well, something so very soothing about it.

“Kook-ah?” Jimin was the one to break the silence.

“Yes, baby?”

“I'm sorry for leaving earlier like that. I hope it didn't come off as rude. And I'm sorry for... well, ruining your trousers and then leaving without you... without you coming at all”

“Angel, don't apologise. I told you I don't fucking care about my trousers and I understood that you felt embarrassed in that moment. My father didn't think of you as rude either, don't worry” the taller
boy reassured immediately, fondness in his tone.

“Are you mad that I came, but you didn't?” Jimin feared, actually feeling guilty for having received such mindblowing pleasure this morning, but then leaving before he had been able to return the favour.

“Little one, stop apologising for that” Jungkook responded, light sternness in his voice to ensure that Jimin took it serious, “Besides, we would've had to stop anyway because my father was literally right in front of my room. I mean, I don't mind fucking you under those circumstances, but I'm sure you wouldn't have felt as comfortable about that”

“You wouldn't mind having sex with me while your father was standing literally 10 feet away from your bed, surely able to hear us?” Jimin doubted, arching up his eyebrows as he titled his head to the side. Surely, Jimin was still somewhat shy when it came to sex, yet this wasn't exactly something someone who was comfortable about sex in all it's entirety enjoyed either.

An ounce of hesitance on Jungkook's part.

“Well, okay, I might had minded that as well, if you word it like that. I don't think my father would appreciate the sight or sounds either” Jungkook chuckled.

“That's what I thought” Jimin giggled, giving a nod.

“I sat there with a hard dick for the first five minutes of our breakfast, though” he stated, guilt washing over Jimin.

“I-I'm sorry” he apologised, digging his teeth into his bottom lip, nibbling on it.

“Don't apologise, baby. I took care of it once he was gone” Jungkook responded, voice only an ounce lower, yet Jimin caught it.

“Y-You-”

“I jerked off, yes” Jungkook confirmed his unspoken assumption, “At the thought of what I would have done to your cute little body, if he hadn't interrupted”

“O-Oh” Jimin whispered, cheeks tingling a darker shade of pink, the smaller boy praying that Beomsoo wasn't listening to Jungkook talk to him on the phone.

“I wanted to fuck you right up against the wall. Hm, baby, isn't that what you love? A reward for you because you let me fuck you with the buttplug like a good boy” Jungkook murmured, his voice seductive, tone lower - the way that always sent a shiver down Jiming's back, “Then I'd slide the buttplug right into your cute stretched out hole once I came inside of you, make sure nothing leaks out and you stay nice and stretched out for me”

The pink haired male inhaled a shaky breath, an embarrassing whimper escaping him as he swallowed hard.

“Did that get to you?” Jungkook noted, Jimin essentially certain that there was a smug look on his face – it was almost visible to him, although he couldn't actually see the other boy.

“I...” Jimin tried, wetting his lips.

“I know you like me praising you, like me talking dirty to you” Jungkook added, suggestive tone making Jimin's heart skip a beat.
“K-Koo-”

“Are you getting all aroused already now?” the taller boy wondered, raspiness in his voice resulting in Jimin wanting to whine.

“N-No” Jimin lied, clearly embarrassed by how quickly Jungkook had him at his knees.

Jungkook chuckled, “Aww, kitten, are you getting all hot and bothered now? There is no way for me to take care of you, hm?”

“Kook-ah, don't be mean” Jimin whined, drawing his legs together as he felt his penis twitch.

It wasn't exactly a good time for Jimin to get aroused, considering how Taehyung was in the next room, possibly crashing into Jimin's bedroom any moment to check on him. Yet, what could Jimin do with Jungkook having this kind of effect on him?

“Am I mean, now?” Jungkook asked, clearly rhetorically, as clear as the amusement that was audible in his tone.

“Y-Yes” Jimin whispered, biting down on his bottom lip.

“Why, kitten, tell me” the taller male insisted.

“Y-You're... you're... you know what you're doing. You're doing this on purpose” Jimin attempted to express, forming a coherent sentence already an obstacle to his poor aroused mind.

“Okay, kitten, then I'll stop” Jungkook gave in, the humour in his voice not brushing past Jimin.

At his words, Jimin whined high in his throat, the reaction evoking a snicker in Jungkook.

The thought of Beomsoo appeared in Jimin's mind, making him feel uneasy. It was kind of embarrassing to imagine Beomsoo listening to what Jungkook was saying to him over the phone. How was Jimin supposed to look him in the eyes tomorrow?

As if on cue, the voice of the older man was audible to Jimin, “We're almost there, Mr. Jeon” Jimin was able to pick up, horror washing over him.

“What about... what about Beomsoo, isn't he... is he listening to what you're saying?” Jimin worried, gulping yet again.

“Beomsoo is occupied with driving. Besides, the car has a privacy window, it's rolled up. Beomsoo rolled it down to inform me that we've almost arrived. Don't worry, angel”

Jimin blinked, “Oh... okay” he mumbled.

“Cute” Jungkook commented.

The pink haired boy huffed, “I'm not”

“It's already late, pretty baby. You should sleep. I'll see you tomorrow”

“B-But... but-” Jimin uttered, too timid and ashamed to actually speak out what he desired, arousal still blooming vividly in his very being.

“Yes, Jimin-ah?”
“Can... can...” the smaller boy paused abruptly, watching something small trail down from the ceiling. At the sight, Jimin narrowed his eyes, gaze fixated on the tiny black thing that was coming near him.

That's when he realised what it was.

“Aaah!” he shrieked, body jerking up as he swatted his hand back and forth, attempting to hit the spider that was trying to attack him.

“Jimin-ah” Jungkook's concerned voice spoke to him through the phone, yet Jimin completely ignored him, too focused on getting rid of the spider, “Jimin-ah, what is going on?” he urged.

“Spider!” Jimin exclaimed, whining as he got up from the bed, a shiver running down his back at the thought of the spider dropping on his bed, crawling over him in his sleep.

Swiftly, he waved his hand around again, certainly feeling something hit against the back of his hand, the black dot suddenly gone.

“No” he cried out, assuming that it had falled on his floor, surely running away as quickly as it could, waiting to attack him another time.

“Angel, hey, is everything okay?”

“A spider” Jimin simply repeated, “There was a spider trying to attack me”

Jungkook laughed, the sound warming Jimin's heart, “I don't think spiders attack you, baby”

“This one tried to!” the slightly scared boy claimed, pulling his legs close to his body, “It ran away”

Clearly, Jimin was absolutely terrified of spiders. There was just something about them that utterly frightened him. It was definitely one of his phobias.

“Aww, angel, don't be scared. It's way smaller than you. Just step on it when you see it again” Jungkook suggested, amusement in his voice.

“No!” Jimin protested, erratically shaking his head, “I don't want to kill it. I just don't want it anywhere near me”

“Then ask Taehyung-ssi to kill it”

“I feel bad killing it – or being present when someone else does” the pink haired boy murmured, voice soft.

“Cute” Jungkook commented, chuckling again.

Suddenly, there were gentle knocks against Jimin's door, interrupting him. He went silent upon the noise, startled as he forced his gaze over to the door that was opened, a blond haired head peeking inside.

“Minnie?” Taehyung's sleepy voice uttered, the boy rubbing his fist over his tired eyes, “Are you okay? I heard something- like a scream. I got worried when I woke up and didn't see you”

“I'm just on the phone” Jimin responded, pointing to the device in his hand, “And I might have just had a battle with a spider”

“Oh okay, I'll wait until you're finished” he responded, presumably missing the part about the spider
in his sleepy state or perhaps choosing to ignore it.

“Is that Tae? Is he okay?” Jungkook wondered.

“Mhm” Jimin hummed in confirmation, “Tae just woke up and wondered where I was”

“I'm really sleepy” Tae mumbled.

Jungkook seemed to have heard that part, speaking up, “It's already fairly late, little one. You should head to bed, too. I'm almost home now as well. Two more blocks”

Despite Jimin longing to listen to Jungkook's voice until he fell asleep, he found himself agreeing, reminding himself that Tae and him had wanted to take the night all to themselves.

“Alright. I'll talk to you tomorrow, Kook-ah”

“Goodnight, beautiful, dream sweet”

“You, too” Jimin replied, voice soft as he hung up, shy smile on his face.

Tae waddled over to him, lifting up the blanket and joining him on the bed, hiding himself beneath the covers. Jimin giggled, tugging the duvet over his own body as well, neither of them caring enough to change their clothes.

“Was that Jungkook-ah?” the taller boy asked sleepily, nuzzling his face against the soft pillow.

“Mhm” Jimin confirmed with a hum, mirroring his action, a content sigh falling from his lips.

The soft snoring that was suddenly audible next to him evoke a giggle in Jimin, Taehyung having the odd, yet amazing ability to fall asleep almost instantly no matter where they were.

It didn't take long for Jimin to join his best friend, sleep welcoming him as he slipped into a haze of peaceful dreaming where he met a certain black haired boy.

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Jimin squeezed Jungkook's hand tighter, following him through the tight hallway. Drunk people were dancing and singing around them, sweaty bodies grinding against one another, frequently pushing against Jimin in their attempt to make their way through to the living room.

“Stay close by, little one” Jungkook had whispered to him once they had entered the house, intertwining their hands to ensure Jimin not leaving his side or going missing in the crowd of drunk people.

The house was incredibly crowded, Jimin certain that even more people than last time had turned up. Surely, they didn't want to miss the chance of free alcohol. In fact, most of these people were complete strangers to Jimin. The boy would have to lie if you'd ask him whether or not he had ever seen half of the people here before. To be fair, then again, Jimin wasn't the most social butterfly there was, thus knowing a lot of people wasn't exactly one of his traits.

“They're over there” Jungkook informed him, pointing to his group of friends that had gathered around the sofa, red cups in each of their hands, the boys laughing about something.

Jimin smiled at the sight, his heart feeling all warm and fuzzy at the image of his friends being happy. After all, they hadn't seen each other all together in awhile, hence Jimin was more than delighted to see them again.
“Jikook!” Tae exclaimed in pure joy, spreading his arms as he got up to his feet, spilling some of his drink in the process, yet not noticing.

“What did you just call us? Jikook?” Jimin giggled, hugging his best friend, allowing his grasp to slip from Jungkook's hand as the other male greeted his friends.

“Tae came up with that” Hoseok revealed as he pulled Jimin into a hug, “Hey, kid”

“Hey, hyung” Jimin smiled in return, chuckling at the name Tae gave them, “Is that a mixture of our name?”

“Yes!” Taehyung confirmed, plopping back on his spot on the floor in between Hoseok's legs, “The Ji from your name and the kook from Jungkook-ah's name. Jikook” Tae explained, Jimin not doubting that he was already tipsy.

“Why did you gave us a name?” Jimin wondered, glancing at Jungkook who appeared to be amused by the fact, too.

“Because you two are basically always attached at the hip. You're an item. It's easier to say that name in a conversation regarding you than spelling out both of your names” the blond haired boy reasoned as Yoongi embraced Jimin.

“He's been giving all of you those weird ass names. Claims it's funny and shit. Apparently convenient” Yoongi snorted, yet smiled warmly.

“What are you then?” Jimin wanted to know, hugging the others as well.

“Taeseok” Hoseok answered, sliding his hand through Taehyung's hair whose eyes fluttered shut at the gentle touch.

“Sounds like a disease” Jin chuckled.

“Shut up, babe” Namjoon scolded, “Don't be rude”

“Yes, hyung, don't be rude” Hoseok defended Tae, petting over his boyfriend's head, the latter pouting at the mockery of his well thoughtout names.

“I tried my best, guys” Taehyung defended, crossing his arms over his chest as he narrowed his eyes at the other ones, “You go and come up with better names”

The others shared a glance, “No, we're good, thanks”

Hoseok leaned down to press a kiss to the top of Taehyung's head, “You did well, baby”

“Yes, I like it” Jimin agreed.

“What are they called?” Jungkook wanted to know, pointing at Jin and Namjoon who rolled their eyes, presumably already having heard the name.

“Namjin” Jin responded, “We've had to listen to him come up with these names for the past ten minutes now. Ten minutes!” he emphasised those words, eyes glistening like a scream for help.

“Namjin sounds... sounds good” the pink haired boy complimented, smiling in reassurance at his best friend as he took a seat on the floor next to him.

“I'm not going to use that for you guys” Yoongi snickered, surely only teasing, the smirk on his face
any indication of that fact, the older male shaking his head as he took a sip from his drink.

“Party pooper” Tae mumbled, appearing to be slightly hurt by everyone making funny remarks about the names he had created.

They all shared another glance.

“I'm going to use them” Hoseok muttered, leaning down to press another peck to the top of Taehyung's head.

“Yeah... they're not that bad” Jin assured, smiling as he ruffled through Taehyung's hair who whined at the action, fixing the mess Jin had created, yet smiling at the tender touch.

Hoseok glared at the other ones, eyes narrowed, “You did well, sunshine. Now stop making fun of him or we're going to have a problem”

They other boys lifted their hands up in defense.

“They're actually kind of cute” Namjoon commented, nodding to underline his liking in the names.

Yoongi rubbed over the back of his neck, mumbling, “I agree”

Jimin giggled, shaking his head as he stared up at his own boyfriend, “I'm going to get us a drink, Jimin-ah. Do you want anything in particular?” the black haired boy wanted to know, pointing to the kitchen.

“I mixed something myself this time. I'm calling it sweet knock out” Yoongi stated, lifting up his own red cup to present the drink.

The pink haired male furrowed his brows, titling his head to the side, “Why that?”

“Because it tastes sweet, but you're going to be knackered by the second drink so be careful. It's really good though” Yoongi answered, smiling in reassurance as he took a sip.

Jimin glanced back at Jungkook who arched up his eyebrow, “You want one of those, baby? I'm going to stay sober because I'm driving us home tonight”

Alcohol and Jimin never went well together, yet now that he had Jungkook, he wouldn't have to worry about doing anything stupid that would get him into trouble, right?

“Maybe I'll try one of them then” Jimin responded, “Thank you”

“I'll be right back” Jungkook noted before he disappeared in the crowd, making his way over into the kitchen.

The music was ringing in their ears, yet somehow they had found a spot in the house where they were able to hold a conversation without screaming like maniacs at one other.

Yoongi's parties were always crazy – at least as long as Jimin was concerned. Not that it was particularly a bad thing, it was just different to what Jimin was used to on a daily basis. Frankly, he had never understood those people who went to these parties every single weekend, being part of essentially the same routine with the same people over and over again.

“Why aren't you playing your own songs?” Jin wanted to know, resting his head on Namjoon's shoulder. The voice of the older one ripped Jimin out of his thoughts, the latter lifting his head and staring at his friends.
Namjoon pursed his lips, tilting his head to the side, “Hyung, we could probably do that, right?”

The blond haired male wasn't exactly involved in their conversation, in fact appearing to not even pay much attention at all – his gaze fixated on something else. Yoongi was staring at Hoseok and Taehyung with intent eyes, watching how the brown haired boy played with Taehyung's blond locks, Tae's eyes fluttering shut as he purred at the touch.

“Hyung?” Namjoon called out, Jin nudging the referred to person.

It startled Yoongi, the man twitching at the sudden contact as he averted his gaze, locking eyes with Namjoon, “Huh? Sorry, what did you say?”

Kind enough to ignore Yoongi's lack of attention on them and him visibly having been occupied with checking out what Hoseok and Taehyung were up to, Namjoon smiled warmly, repeating his question, “Jin hyung was wondering why we're not playing our songs. You know, the new ones we've been working on?”

Jimin allowed his gaze to trace up to Hoseok, the boy paying attention to their conversation, yet still playing with Taehyung's hair absentmindedly. Apparently, he hadn't noticed the way Yoongi had stared at them.

It wasn't that there was anything wrong with Yoongi staring, yet there had been an emotion glistening in his eyes that Jimin wasn't able to define.

“Sure, I'll go and put them on” Yoongi agreed, smiling as he got up to his feet, all of them choosing to ignore the faint shade of rose that tinged his cheeks.

Jungkook returned back to the sofa once Yoongi had disappeared into the crowd, carrying two red cups, one in each hand. Upon the sight of the black haired boy, Jimin found the corners of his lips curl up in a smile, a natural reaction of his, accompanied by the fluttering of his heart whenever he saw Jungkook.

“Here you go, little one”

“Thank you” Jimin smiled, slight flush appearing on his cheeks at the pet name, Taehyung grinning at him with knowing eyes as he took a sip from his own drink.

Jungkook squeezed himself in the spot between Jin and Hoseok, enabling him to be closer to Jimin who immediately scooted over inbetween his legs, “Where did hyung go?” the black haired boy wondered as he took a sip from his cup.

Jin pointed to the other side of the room, “Went and changed the music”

The smaller boy lifted the cup up to his lips, taking a cautious sip, the liquor flowing down his throat, a faint burn noticeable, yet the taste so very sweet, “Mhm” he hummed, eyes wide at the delicious taste, “It's good”

Taehyung nodded, “It's really good” he agreed.

Gently, Jungkook slid his hand through Jimin's hair, brushing it out of his face before he gave his pink locks a tender tug, Jimin smiling at the touch, warmth spreading through his chest.

“I wanna dance” Taehyung stated, setting his cup down on the table next to the sofa before he got up on wobbly legs, Hoseok swiftly there to steady him, enabling Tae to gain his balance again, “Minnie, come on”
Jimin chuckled, glancing at Jungkook who had lifted his cup up to his lips, amusement in his eyes as he tilted his head to the side, staring intently at Jimin. The shorter one got up to his feet as well, emptying his cup in one-shot, bottoms up as the cold liquor flowed down his throat, burning lightly heavier than previously, yet still so very sweet.

“Careful, baby” Jungkook warned, watching Jimin set his empty cup down on the table next to Tae's, the pink haired boy coughing at the taste of alcohol.

Turning to Jungkook, Jimin caught his bottom lip between his teeth, “Okay?” he finally asked the unspoken question in his mind, pointing to the group of people that was already dancing, figuring that a silent communication in the sense of a questioning stare hadn't brought him a clear answer.

“You don't have to ask for permission, little one” Jungkook reminded him, smiling.

Right. For some odd reason, Jimin had decided that he had to ensure that Jungkook was fine with him dancing at the party. For some odd reason, Jimin had thought that it was a decision Jungkook should make for him.

Which wasn't- and shouldn't be the case at all. Surely, they were in a relationship now and Jimin would never do anything that would cross any line or boundary as he was faithful and didn't want anyone else, yet being in a relationship didn't conclude to prohibiting each other from doing something, neither restricting each other in their own choice of what to do and what not to do when it came to such small things as this.

Jimin blinked, giving a nod before he pressed a peck to Jungkook's cheek, blushing at the way the others whistled at the cute display of affection.

“Fuck off” Jungkook cursed at them, but smiled as he leaned back into the seat, rolling his eyes at the way Jin nudged his shoulder to tease him as though they were still middle school children, teasing each other over their first crush or kiss, “Shut up, hyung” the black haired boy chuckled, shaking his head.

Taehyung giggled, reaching for Jimin's hand to guide him over to the dance floor.

“I'm so happy!” Taehyung screamed over the music that turned louder with each of their steps, heavy beats ringing in their ears, Jimin's eardrums wincing at the intense volume, yet body already craving to move to the rhythm.

“Why?” Jimin chuckled once they arrived in the crowd, the smaller boy trying to ignore the close proximity of the other people, their sweaty bodies stumbling into him every now and then, “I mean, I'm glad you're happy, but what makes you say that?”

The blond haired boy grinned, jumping up and down to the music, “Just... everything! I'm happy because of life. Honestly, I feel like, this is the most beautiful moment of my life!” he exclaimed, reaching for Jimin's wrists as the latter joined him in his dance.

“This moment right now?” Jimin giggled, titling his head to the side.

To be fair, if they decided to proceed to talk to each other, they might need to consider going somewhere else, if they didn't want to lose their voice by tomorrow as they were currently yelling at each other to barely catch what the other one was saying.

“All of it! Each day I'm currently living is part of what I would consider to be happiness. Jimin-ah, I love you and Hoseok hyung and Jin hyung and Yoongi hyung and Namjoon hyung and even Jungkook-ah. All of you” Tae laughed happily, eyes lit up in complete fondness, joy glistening in
them.

“I think you've drank a little too much” Jimin giggled, yet he found his heart flutter as it agreed with the statement, feeling just the same.

Jimin loved his friends, loved the family that they were to him. They weren't related, but that didn't matter. Family didn't always mean blood related. They had created their own little family, taking care of each other and loving one another unconditionally. Frankly, Jimin had never had anything like this, had never had people to trust and love this very much.

It was beautiful to be part of it.

“I might have, but that's beside the point here. I'm just happy - happy to have found all of you” Taehyung added with a shrug of his shoulders.

Jimin smiled warmly, “I'm happy, too”

They grinned at one another, chuckling as they jumped around, the light amount of alcohol running through their system allowing them to feel utterly free, both of them singing along to the song at the top of their lungs.

Surely, they were going to regret it by tomorrow morning, but right now they didn't care.

They were happy.

Taehyung lifted Jimin's hand up, making him spin around. The action brought laughter to both of them, Jimin's eyes turning into little crescents as he took a glimpse to their group of friends still scattered over the sofa, also laughing over something.

However, Jungkook was already staring intently at him, Jimin capable to see the fond smile on his face that curled up the corners of his lips, eyes glistening in the faint light that was illuminating the room.

As their gazes met, their smiles grew bigger, Jimin breaking out into a shy giggle, dipping his head down as he felt his cheeks tinge a shade of rose.

How long had Jungkook been looking at him? Had he seen him dance like a fool, singing along to a song he barely knew the lyrics to?

Out of curiosity and with a sudden burst of courage, Jimin lifted his head again, glancing back at Jungkook who was still staring at him with intent eyes.

“Cute” Jungkook mouthed, Jimin chuckling as he shook his head.

The black haired boy only nodded, smiling at the way Jimin turned all shy and embarrased, his timid being causing him to be adorable by nature in almost everything he did.

“Minnie, stop flirting!” Taehyung scolded him, swatting his arm as he jumped around to the music.

“Ouch” Jimin whined, rubbing over the spot that had received a slap, “I wasn't even... We were just looking at each other”

“There's literal honey dripping from his eyes when he's looking at you! Just wait until you're actually dancing – poor dude is going to undress you with his eyes” Taehyung commented, laughing.

“Tae!” Jimin shrieked, now the one to swat his arm, “Shut up”
“What? I'm just warning you. I bet you won't even make it home, but he's going to drag you up into a room to f-”

“Shut up, Tae!” Jimin interrupted him again, eyes wide, yet a smile dancing around his lips.

Taehyung only giggled, amused by his own way of teasing.

As they proceeded to dance to several songs, the air around them turned warmer, sweat forming on their skin. Their throats were dry, begging for hydration, yet they kept telling one another 'last song, really, this time.'

It never was.

“We should go back now” Jimin shouted over the music, pointing to the sofa where their friends were still sitting, Yoongi now having returned to the group.

“We should” Taehyung agreed, but didn't make any indication to actually leave.

“Tae” the pink haired boy chuckled, tugging on his sleeve.

“I kow, just a moment” he promised, nodding erratically.

Rolling his eyes, Jimin smiled affectionately, shaking his head, but not leaving Taehyung's side either.

However, they should have left earlier.

“Heeey” a male voice slurred into Jimin's ear, a rough hand brushing past his arm, grabbing the flesh of the smaller boy as the stranger dragged his palm along the fair skin, “My friend and I have been watching you two dance for awhile now” he whispered, hot breath tickling Jimin's skin as the man pressed his body against Jimin's, the latter feeling something hard and thick press against his butt.

Jimin jerked away from the boy, the scent of smoke and alcohol filling his nostrils, the mixture somehow sickening. Swiftly, Jimin glanced at Tae, the blond haired one having pushed the other boy away from him.

“Don't touch me, bastard!” Taehyung cursed at him.

The two foreign boys appeared to be utterly drunk – maybe even high on some illegal substances - their eyes hollow, yet filled with desire as they stared intently at Taehyung and Jimin as if they were some kind of prey.

“Leave right fucking now or you'll find my shoe up your asshole” Tae threatened, pulling Jimin towards him who could only blink, frightened by the sudden turn of events. For some odd reason, Jimin felt dirty, felt disgusting because the boy had touched him while he had pressed his own body against Jimin's.

“Is that a promise?” one of the boys wondered with a smug smile, eyebrow arched up as he titled his head to the side, reaching for Taehyung's chin, “I'm all for that kinky shit, if you are, doll”

What now?

“What did you just call me?” Taehyung asked angrily, swatting his hand away.

“The feisty one is mine” the boy decided, smirking as he glanced at his friend who was still only looking at Jimin.
The other man smiled in satisfaction, “I’ll have him then. Pretty one”

Jimin swallowed hard, reaching for Taehyung’s sleeve and giving it a weak tug, silently begging Tae to just run away with him or scream for help. Frankly, Jimin simply couldn’t find an answer as to why he wasn’t able to do anything at all. It was almost as if he was completely frozen in his state of fear.

“Dare to come one step closer and I swear I’ll ram my foot in your pathetic little di-” Taehyung gritted through his teeth, clenching his hands into fists as he watched one of the boys try to move closer to Jimin.

“Step away from them” another male voice suddenly interrupted, Jimin feeling the warmth of another figure behind him.

It was a voice that Jimin would recognise anywhere.

Relief washed over him as Jungkook moved closer to them, grabbing Taehyung and Jimin by their shirts to pull them behind himself.

The other two boys shared an unimpressed glare, “And who are you?”

“You don’t want to find out” Jungkook answered, titling his head from side to side, “I’ll give you ten seconds to leave the house”

The males snorted in unison, “Or what?”

Jungkook arched up his eyebrow, “Or we’re going to have a problem”

“What problem would that be? I don’t think anyone asked for your annoying ass to be here so leave and mind your own fucking business” the taller of the two boys responded annoyed.

Jungkook clicked his tongue, a humourless laugh slipping past his lips before his expression completely changed into one of anger. In response, Jimin gulped, reaching for Tae’s hand as he watched Jungkook open the buttons of his shirt cuffs in order to roll up his sleeves.

Without a warning, Jungkook grabbed one of the boys by their collar and pushed him against the wall, the boy’s eyes going wide in horror.

“Yes, go on, Jungkook-ah! Punch him right in the face!” Taehyung cheered on, angry look on his face.

“Tae!” Jimin expressed in shock, shaking his head, “Don’t spur him on. Violence always means trouble” he added, terrified of Jungkook losing it and beating these guys up or Jungkook himself getting hurt in the process. That surely wasn’t something Jimin wanted to experience.

The blond haired boy furrowed his brows, “It’s what they deserve. Fucking perverts”

As Jungkook spoke up again, they averted their gazes from one another, drawing their attention back over to the taller one, “I gave you a chance to leave on your own, didn’t I? Why do you have to make it so much more difficult, huh? You’re practically begging to feel my fist in your face, hm?” Jungkook asked, tightening his grip around the guy’s collar.

The guy attempted to laugh, yet his voice was shaking, “C-Calm down, dude, we were just joking”

“Is anyone here laughing? I don’t fucking think so” Jungkook gritted through his teeth, glancing at
Jimin to check on him, heart clenching at the fear in his eyes, “Touch them without their consent ever again and I’ll personally cut off your dick” the black haired boy threatened as he made eye contact with the stranger, the latter swallowing hard, clearly terrified at the threat.

The other guy interfered, shoving at Jungkook's shoulder to gain his attention, “Let him go, asshole” he prompted angrily, eyes narrowed.

Taehyung clenched his hands into fists, pushing the guy away from Jungkook, “Fuck off’

“L-Let's just leave” Jimin begged, voice soft and vulnerable as he reached for Taehyung's and Jungkook's shirts, giving them a weak tug so they would leave with him. However, they didn't budge.

Instead, Jungkook's grip became tighter, the guy he was trapping against the wall gasping as he scanned the room for his friend, nervousness glistening in his eyes. The latter dropped his cup to the floor, clearly having had enough as he harshly pushed Jimin away from Jungkook in an attempt to reach and harm the black haired boy more easily.

Barely keeping his balance, Jimin yelped at the shock of the harsh treatment, watching Jungkook spin around as he noticed the way Jimin had been shoved. After making sure that Jimin wasn't hurt, Jungkook turned towards the culprit, clicking his tongue.

“Fuck you” Jungkook cursed before he punched his fist right into the boy's face, the latter stumbling backwards into the wall at the force of the hit.

Jimin gasped, clasping his hands over his mouth, “Jungkook-ah!”

“Finally!” Taehyung yelled, kicking the other guy right in the balls.

“Tae!”

The smaller boy scanned the room, feeling helpless as he didn't know what to do. Surely, this situation was about to escalate to an even worse extent, Jungkook most likely not managing to hold his temper.

Jimin had to interfere before this incident ended horribly. Snapping out of it, Jimin rushed towards Jungkook, pulling on his shirt firmly, “Kook-ah, leave him alone!”

As predicted, Jungkook didn't budge, frustrating Jimin who decided to hug the boy from behind in order to gain his full attention. Surely, there was no way to ignore Jimin's attempt to prevent him from being in major trouble this way.

Wrapping his arms around Jungkook's stomach, Jimin pressed his cheek against his back, hugging him tightly, “Stop, please, Kook-ah”

The black haired one looked back over his shoulder, finally taking notice of Jimin's presence. Slowly, Jungkook's tension eased, his eyes becoming softer at the sight of Jimin.

Swiftly, Taehyung rushed over to them, pointing to one of the guys that had fallen to the floor, the guy wincing in pain.

“I guess I kicked his dick a little too hard there” Tae noted, shrugging his shoulders.

“Leave right fucking now” Jungkook demanded, staring intently at the guy that was still standing, yet who was hiding his face behind his hands.
The boy gave a nod, stumbling away from the wall and picking up his friend. Quickly, they hurried away from the scene, taking one last glimpse back before they rushed outside.

“I should make sure and see whether they're actually leaving” Jungkook decided, slipping away from Jimin's grasp to follow them, but Jimin was there to stop him, closing his petite hand around the younger male's wrist.

“Don't go” he begged, voice soft, “Leave them be. I'm sure they learned their lesson”

Taehyung cracked his knuckles, “They better. I was about to thoroughly kick their asses”

For some odd reason, Jimin couldn't help but smile – clearly, there must be something wrong with him because quite honestly, there was nothing funny about this situation. At least, there shouldn't be. Yet, Taehyung’s demeanor whenever he was angered and cursing around was actually a quite cute sight.

Then again, truthfully, for a moment, he had even intimidated Jimin when he had kicked the guy right into the balls.

Jungkook turned towards the pink haired boy, taking a step closer. In response, Jimin unconsciously took a step away, his back hitting against the wall.

“What did I tell you?” Jungkook asked, placing one of his üalms against Jimin's cheek while he pressed his other hand against the wall next to Jimin's head.

The smaller male gulped, big eyes staring up into Jungkook's brown orbs, “About what?”

Jungkook lifted his hand, brushing strands of Jimin's pink locks out of his face, anger still vivid in his eyes although there was the oh so familiar and soothing softness hidden beneath, “About you calling me whenever you're touched inappropriately or you're uncomfortable due to anyone – for whatever reason”

Jimin dipped his head down, cheeks flushing a faint shade of rose, “I-I was shocked”

“Let's go back, guys. I've had enough of this corner of the house” Taehyung decided, reaching inbetween Jungkook and Jimin to grab the latter's palm, intertwining their hands and pulling Jimin away from Jungkook, “Are you okay, Minnie?”

“Mhm” the boy hummed, looking back to make sure that Jungkook was following them, the black haired boy right at the heels of their feet, “Are you?”

“Yeah, I'm fine” Taehyung assured, giving a nod as they approached the others.

Namjoon grinned at their sight, “There he is! Our soon-to-be-model!”

“Shut up” Taehyung mumbled, not exactly kind, yet surely still dealing with the prior event.

The other guys shared a glance, “What happened?” Jin had the courage to ask, looking back and forth between Jungkook, Taehyung and Jimin.

“Two guys were being pieces of shit and getting way to close to Taehyung-ssi and Jimin-ah” Jungkook answered, crossing his arms over his chest as he leaned against the wall.

“What?” the other ones exclaimed in unison.

“We were dancing” Tae expressed, straddling Hoseok's lap, the brown haired boy staring back and
forth between Taehyung and Jungkook as he wrapped his arm around his boyfriend, “They were hitting on us, groped us and shit”

Suddenly, they all – excluding Hoseok as he was restricted due to Taehyung straddling his lap - jumped up, “What?” they yelled in unison.

Jungkook pointed towards the hallway, “I kicked them out”

All of them exhaled a breath of relief, sitting down again. Yoongi nodded, “Good” he uttered once he was seated again.

“What the fuck even were those guys?” Hoseok wanted to know, rubbing his hand over Taehyung's back in a protective manner.

Jungkook shrugged his shoulder, sighing as he rolled down his sleeves again, fastening the buttons on his shirt cuffs. “I don't know, but I don't care either. I was this close to beating up these bastards” he stated, pushing his hair out of his face, exposing his forehead.

“You did punch one of them” Taehyung reminded him as he nuzzled against Hoseok, “Thank you for helping us by the way”

The black haired boy only hummed, sharing a glance with Hoseok who nodded at him, silently thanking him.

“Are they outside now?” Yoongi wanted to know.

“Mhm” Jungkook confirmed, “At least that's what I'm guessing. I better not see them again. Who the fuck even are all of these people here, hyung?” the taller one asked, brows furrowed as he pointed to the crowd.

“I'm not sure” Yoongi answered genuinely, shrugging his shoulders, “People just invite their friends and those invite their friends and it always ends up being more people than initially planned, so quite honestly, I have no damn idea who some of these people here are”

Well, then Jimin wasn't the only one oblivious.

Hoseok pressed a kiss to Taehyung's cheek, “Did they touch you? Are you hurt?”

Taehyung shook his head, smiling faintly as he nudged his nose against the brown haired one, “No, I'm fine, hyung”

Jungkook reached his hand out to Jimin, “Come here, little one” he uttered.

Without an ounce of hesitation, Jimin placed his hand in Jungkook's, allowing him to pull him closer to his body, closing his arm around the smaller boy's back. Immediately finding comfort, Jimin nuzzled his face into the curve of Jungkook's neck, “Are you mad at me?”

Jungkook shook his head, caressing Jimin's back, “No, baby”

“You are mad, though, aren't you?” Jimin wondered, lifting his head just enough to lock eyes with the taller boy.

Softly, he brushed Jimin's hair out of his face, stroking the pad of his thumb over Jimin's cheekbone, “Not at you, Jimin-ah. I'm mad at those guys for behaving the way they did” he responded, leaning in to press a kiss to his forehead.
Jimin's eyes fluttered shut at the gentle touch, “Thank you for protecting us”

“Always” Jungkook whispered against his skin.

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It was a little later that night, Jungkook and Yoongi the remaining ones on the sofa, the others having scattered around the house. Jin and Namjoon were no where to be found while Hoseok, Taehyung and Jimin had decided to move to a corner on their own to dance. However, they weren't exactly dancing, rather talking and laughing while moving from side to side, too caught up in their conversation to pay attention to their dance moves.

“Fuck, he deserves the world, hyung” Jungkook suddenly uttered, gaze still fixated on the pink haired boy giggling about something next to Hoseok and Taehyung, eyes turned into small crescents, sweaterpaw covering his mouth, cheeks flushed due to the slight amount of alcohol running through his system.

Yoongi followed his gaze, mirroring Jungkook's expression, “I know he does” he agreed, “I would give him the world”

Jungkook furrowed his brows at that statement, glancing at the older man.

“Hyung, do you like Ji-”

“Oh, no, don't worry, kid” Yoongi interrupted him, chuckling as he met Jungkook's gaze, “I love Jimin, but not in the way you do. I love him as a brother, but I still wanna give him the world. He deserves it”

Relief washed over Jungkook, the thought of Yoongi having feelings for Jimin wouldn't exactly have sat well with him. After all, he wouldn't want to see Yoongi be emotionally hurt, yet Jimin was his and that would never change, “He does, but I... I don't know how to give it to him. I don't know shit about this relationship stuff. I have no idea how it actually works” Jungkook confessed, leaning back in his seat on the sofa.

Yoongi snickered, “I don't think there's a formula, Kook” he commented, taking a sip from his drink.

“Well, there should be. It's damn hard to figure out”

The blond haired boy studied his features, contemplating for a moment as he swallowed his drink down, “It's just... well, trusting each other, being with one another through bad and good things, it's bringing each other happiness, doing nothing, yet still feeling complete – stuff like that”

Hoseok, Jimin and Taehyung laughed whole heartedly, Jungkook almost certain to be able to hear Jimin's sweet giggles over the loud music, filtering it out from the noises of his surroundings.

“Do you think I make him happy?” Jungkook then asked, not able to tear his gaze away from Jimin.

“You better” Yoongi stated.

“Seriously, hyung. Do you think he's happy being with me?” Jungkook elaborated, glancing at Yoongi.

The smaller man smiled comforting at him, giving his shoulder a squeeze, “Kook, I've never seen him be this comfortable and happy with anyone else. You helped him through shit none of us were able to and you give him something no one else has ever before. His smile when he looks at you-
fuck the way his eyes light up when he looks at you just prove that he's happy to be with you”

“Is what I'm giving him enough though?” Jungkook asked, pulling his brows together in a frown as it was something he was doubting over himself.

“What do you mean?” Yoongi wondered, frowning.

“I wanna give him the world, but I don't know how to do that” the black haired boy clarified.

Yoongi smiled, shrugging his shoulders, “It's the little things that count, Kook”

“We spend every day together. We talk a lot, we cuddle, we fuck.”

“Gosh, fuck you, Jungkook-ssi, I didn't wanna know about that part” Yoongi interrupted him, groaning in frustration.

Jungkook laughed, shaking his head at the reaction, “Shut up, hyung, you know that we fuck. You literally asked me to off-”

“I know, don't remind me” the older male interrupted him again.

Both of their smiles faltered at the memory of Jimin tearing down after the revelation of the offer. Either of them refused to replay that heartwrenching memory, swiftly wanting to move on.

“I mean, come on, we're in a relationship. We're not just holding hands” Jungkook chuckled, taking a sip from his drink.

“I know, asshole. I just don't want to imagine Jimin... I just... I don't know. I want him to be happy, of course, and I know that he's having sex, but I just can't imagine my cute innocent Jimin being fucked by you” Yoongi pointed out.

Snickering, Jungkook shook his head again, “He's not a child anymore, hyung”

“I know” Yoongi murmured, sighing, “Still weird, though”

“Well, but what I was trying to say is that we do a lot of stuff together, but I don't know if that's enough for him” Jungkook picked up the previous point again.

Yoongi frowned, “Do you go on dates?”

Slight hesitance on Jungkook’s behalf.

“You do go on dates, right?” Yoongi pressed, arching up his eyebrows in curiosity.

“We hang out at each other's places, watch movies and eat dinner and stuff like that. We talk a lot, cuddle...” Jungkook listed, figuring that the other one wasn't pleased with his answer.

“Take him out!” Yoongi prompted, eyes wide at the information of them not going on dates.

Jungkook blinked, “What?”

“Show him the world, Kook!” Yoongi demanded, lifting his hands up as if he was poiting to the world around them.

“I can't just fly around the damn world with him. We have jobs, we have responsibilities” Jungkook reminded him, leaning back in his seat.
“I'm not talking about other countries, idiot, I'm talking about Seoul, cities in Korea. Take him to a restaurant, go watch a movie at a theater, fuck, go sit in a park and look at the damn sky, travel to a town nearby – shit like that” Yoongi elaborated, swatting Jungkook's shoulder, “Dates don't have to be outside, you can have a date at your place, too, but it's exciting to do something different for once”

Frankly, Jungkook had never actually done those things with a romantic partner - ever. Fuck, there hadn't ever been a romantic partner to take to any of these places prior to Jimin in the first place. All of this shit was new for him, hence it wasn't exactly obvious for Jungkook to figure out what to do.

However, he should have been able to guess that much. Fuck, he wanted to take Jimin to places, wanted to do all of that cheesy ass shit, if it was for Jimin.

Then again... life wasn't exactly on their side right now. It currently wouldn't be easy to take him out.

“We once went to a park, when we weren't a thing yet. You all ditched on us so it was just us two. I mean, I guess, it wasn't really a date, or maybe it was without us realising, but it was nice” Jungkook responded, recalling the night at the park, Jimin having had no idea about how he had already been on his way to steal Jungkook's heart back then, although he hadn't even realised it himself at that point.

“See. Ask him out on a date, ask him what he wants to do or surprise him with something. I'm sure he would love that. Jiminie has never been on dates before you. I don't think he's expecting anything because he probably doesn't know how to go about relationships as well. So show him, surprise him, he'll love it. Like, small stuff, too. He will love that. Gift him flowers or chocolate for no reason at all. Little things like that” the blond haired boy added.

“Flowers?” Jungkook echoed, eyebrows arched up.

Yoongi nodded, “Yes, Jimin-ah loves flowers”

“Of course he does” Jungkook smiled, gaze travelling over to his lover, “There is no flower as beautiful as him, though”

There was a puking noise audible next to him, Yoongi the source of the noise as the man made an expression as though he was vomitting.

“Fuck you” Jungkook laughed, shaking his head.

“What happened to you? When did you become this sappy and cheesy?” Yoongi asked, amusement in his voice.

Chuckling, Jungkook shrugged his shoulders, “I don't know, he does that to me” he answered, voice slightly softer.

Yoongi smiled warmly, “I'm just joking, Kook. I'm really happy for you in all seriousness. Both of you. You helped Jimin a lot and he's so happy since he's been with you. You seem brighter, too. I couldn't be happier having two of my closest brothers bring happiness to one another like that”

“He does things to my heart that I didn't even know existed. As cheesy as that sounds. I sometimes find myself say stupid shit like that and I can't even contain it. I just wanna let him know how much he means to me and that he's the one for me” Jungkook expressed, corners of his lips curling up at the thought of Jimin.

Yoongi's eyes went wide, “The one? Slow down there, Kook” he chuckled, giving Jungkook's
shoulder a gentle squeeze.

Smiling, Jungkook looked over to Jimin, the smaller boy lifting his head and meeting his gaze in that exact moment. A shy smile appeared on his face, affection in his eyes as he stared back at Jungkook.

There was no doubt in his mind.

As Jungkook glanced at Yoongi again, as he noticed the glistening of his eyes as he stared at their friends, he wondered if... Yoongi might have referred to someone else with his earlier statement.

“Did you ever tell him?” Jungkook suddenly asked, voice almost soft as he took a glimpse at the boy sitting next to him.

Yoongi furrowed his brows, meeting his gaze with confusion plastered on his face, “Did I ever tell whom what?” he wanted to know instead, wonder flashing in his eyes.

“Did you ever tell him what actually happened back then?” the younger one elaborated, yet not exactly decreasing Yoongi's confusion, his words not bringing him clarity.

“What are you talking about?” Yoongi wondered, leaning back in his seat.

Jungkook gave a nod, “So you haven't” he concluded, taking a sip from his cup.

“Jungkook-ah” Yoongi called out to gain his attention, “Be a bit more precise here” he insisted, pointing at Jungkook.

The black haired male fixated his gaze on him, eyes almost piercing through him as the words slipped from his lips, “Hoseok hyung”

Yoongi's face froze, the boy swallowing hard as he averted his gaze, running his index finger over the side of his cup. Evidently, he was tensing at the mention of one of their closest friends, attempting to uphold a demeanor of nonchalance.

“Don't be silly” Yoongi uttered, shaking his head at the absurd question.

Jungkook studied his features for a moment, uttering, “You should have”

“There's a lot of things we should have done- or shouldn't have” Yoongi stated, dipping his head down, “We were drunk” the blond haired boy reasoned quietly, shaking his head yet again. It was almost as if he was trying to make sure that Hoseok wouldn't be able to hear any of their conversation – which was silly, as the boy was several feet away, loud music playing in the room.

“So?” Jungkook questioned, raising up his eyebrow.

Finally, Yoongi met his gaze again, “We just fooled around. It didn't mean anything” he expressed, shrugging his shoulders, but there was something glistening his eyes that told Jungkook different, an emotion opposed to the one he was claiming to uphold.

“Then why do you keep staring at him like that - after all this time?” Jungkook wondered.

Obviously, it wasn't any of his business, yet... he cared. Yoongi was one of his closest friends and there was clearly something going on with him.

“I'm not staring. I'm just looking at my friends, is that prohibited now? Fuck” Yoongi defended himself, on edge now as he averted his gaze.
“Hey, I didn't mean to start shit, hyung. I'm sorry. I was just wondering” the taller boy apologised sincerely, tone softer, “You never spoke about your feelings with him then?”

“There was never- Jungkook-ah, stop” Yoongi demanded, tone defensive, but also annoyed.

Jungkook lifted his hands up, “Okay, calm down. I'm sorry” he uttered.

Silence settled between them, the music ringing loud in their ears, distracting them from the awkwardness that was in the air between them.

“He didn't remember anything, why would I've told him about it?” Yoongi then broke the silence, voice softer again.

The taller boy stared at him for a moment, studying his features, “Because maybe it had meant something to you?” Jungkook responded, pointing out the obvious here – yet maybe, it wasn't as obvious after all. Maybe, Yoongi was oblivious to what he was actually feeling, maybe he had suppressed it for so long that he couldn't be sure whether or not it truly existed anymore.

Yoongi shook his head, “Clearly, he didn't want to remember. It's a long time ago anyway”

“It's not that long ago” the black haired boy pointed out, shrugging his shoulders.

Yoongi stole a glance at Hoseok, forcing his gaze away almost immediately, “It doesn't matter anyway. He's with Tae-ssi now. They're happy and I'm happy for them. I got over it a long time ago”

“Did you?” Jungkook digged, cocking his head to the side.

“Fuck, Jeon, stop with this interrogation shit” Yoongi snapped.

“Okay, I'm sorry, hyung”

The blond haired boy took a one-shot of the remainder of his drink, bottoms up as the liquid flowed down his throat.

“I got over it” Yoongi claimed, grimacing at the burning the alcohol caused.

Jungkook set his cup down on the small table next to the sofa, eyebrows arched up as he turned his body towards the older one, “Does Taehyung know? Do any of the others know?”

A humourless laugh, Yoongi shaking his head at the absurdity of the question, “No, why would I have told anyone, if Hoseok-ah himself doesn't remember?”

“You told me” Jungkook reminded him, voice still steady and calm, in contrast to the slight frustration that was displayed in Yoongi's tone. It wasn't that Yoongi was mad at him, yet the whole conversation really twisted a knife in the wound that he had attempted to stitch up, having prayed that it would somehow heal on it's own – and it had, at least that's what Yoongi had always told himself.

“That's because you saw us. There was no point in hiding any of it” the shorter man reasoned, shrugging his shoulders.

Jungkook gave a nod, “Fair enough”

A loud scream interrupted their conversation, the noise of something falling down on the floor audible a moment later. They scanned the room for the source of the noise. As it turned out, it was a
glass that had been dropped to the floor, the girl that had caused it to fall yelling out an apology.

“I told them not to use glasses when they are drunk” Yoongi sighed, but trailed his attention back over to Jungkook, “Thank you for not saying anything about it to him”

“You don't have to thank me. It wouldn't have been my place to tell him and it still isn't” Jungkook stated, smiling weakly to reassure his friend.

“I guess” Yoongi murmured, nodding in agreement.

“Will you ever tell him?” Jungkook wondered, watching Yoongi glance back at the brown haired boy who was dancing close his boyfriend, Taehyung giggling as Hoseok’s hands travelled down his body.

The older man gulped, tearing his gaze away, “I don't think so” he responded then, “Well, I guess I should go and check out what exactly had been dropped there – and make sure to clean that shit up so no one gets hurt”

Slight guilt washed over Jungkook as he watched his friend walk away, the boy feeling responsible for Yoongi's mood dropping by a good sixty or seventy percent, making an a hundred-and-eighty turn there. This hadn't been his intention at all. Jungkook's purpose was to figure out what was going on in Yoongi’s head, what was bothering him and whether or not he had found closure to the thing with Hoseok. Clearly, he hadn't, despite him not being capable or maybe refusing to admit that.

The black haired one decided to follow after him, wanting to make sure that his closest friend wasn't hurt.

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“Have you seen Jungkook-ah?” Jimin asked, big eyes staring intently at Taehyung, slight sadness glistening in them at the absence of the black haired boy.

“I think I saw him go upstairs. Have you seen Hoseok hyung?” Tae wondered, tilting his head to the side as he scanned the room.

The pink haired one shook his head, “No, sorry. I'll go and look for Jungkook-ah”

“Okay”

Jimin made his way through the crowd, pulling his sleeves over his delicate hands as several people stumbled into him, Jimin wincing at the way they were utterly careless with their actions and behaviours, the alcohol causing them to completely forget simple manners or an awareness of their surroundings.

The smaller boy was tipsy as well - maybe had a few too many drinks to consider him being only tipsy – yet Jimin still behaved decent and had a sense of people being around him.

Sighing, Jimin walked up the stairs, head slightly dizzy as he stumbled along the hallway.

“Jungkook-ah?” he called out, knocking on one of the closed doors and opening it a brief moment after, just to reveal an empty room.

Disappointment bloomed in him as he shut the door close again, proceeding to go down the hallway in search for Jungkook.
“Kook-ah?” Jimin yelled out, frowning as he walked past another door, noticing that it was only partially shut, a rather bigger gap remaining, Jimin managing to look right through it into the room.

The pink haired male froze in his stance, mouth agape as he watched the scene in front of him.

Unfortunately, Jimin hadn't found Jungkook.

Well, but he had found Hoseok after all.

There he was – kissing another boy.

That boy being

_Yoongi._

Chapter End Notes

uh-oh... what's going on there? :o

I hope you enjoyed the chapter, it was a rather long one again :) Please don't kill me, though, for that last part :( 

I hope your days are filled with happiness, stay healthy <3

See you in the next chapter :)

Love you <3
No Control

Chapter Summary

The aftermath of a heartwrenching event at the party leaves Jimin with repercussions that he doesn't quite fathom...
Days later, Jimin wants to try something new.

Chapter Notes

Hiii my lovely friends!

I'M SO SORRY! My stupid butt forgot to wish you a happy new year during the last chapter because I didn't realise that the next time I post, it will already be the new year :(
So now, I wish you a very belated happy new year! May your year be filled with happiness and only good things. I hope all of you can achieve what you desire to do!
Please stay healthy! <3

Also, I'M SO SORRY that it took me literal years to update this new chapter. I feel so bad :( I had quite a few things I wanted to happen in this chapter, but it took me longer to write them as I had planned out for. I guess I overestimated myself. I hope you can understand. <3

Thank you to the people who have been worrying about me, I'm fine, no need to worry :) I just wasn't able to finish the chapter as quickly as I had hoped for. <3

I hope you enjoy this chapter despite it being very late. <3
This is the longest chapter I've ever written, I hope it's not too long that it's an inconvenient length. ^^

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Jimin gasped, taking a step back, legs suddenly buckling and knees eventually giving in. The smaller boy was barely capable to keep his balance by holding onto the wall, steadying himself on his shaky legs.

It couldn't be true. Jimin didn't want it to be true.

For some reason, he couldn't avert his gaze, eyes fixated on the way their lips were moving against one another. However, his heart was screaming at him – to run, to run and not look back, to run and pretend this had never happened.

It was the alcohol, Jimin decided, trying to convince himself – trying to make himself believe whole heartedly that this was only a hallucination the alcohol in his delicate body was creating.

This night couldn't turn any worse than this.
“No” he breathed, shaking his head in disbelief as he stumbled further away.

Jimin squeezed his eyes shut, attempting to banish the picture from his mind, yet it was as if the sight was engraved into his eyes, permanently there for him to stare at.

It was horrible.

The pink haired boy's heart clenched, stomach twisting as he stumbled along the hallway, trying to get as far away as possible.

*Don't run away! Face them!*

“I'm dreaming. It's not real” Jimin muttered to himself, chest burning at the thought of this being entirely real, at the thought of Taehyung finding out.

_Taehyung._

Just weeks ago, Tae had mentioned the possibility of being deeply in love with Hoseok, having proved how much the brown haired boy truly meant to him.

That exact boy was currently making out with someone else – not anyone, but one of their closest friends.

It would break Taehyung's heart. Entirely.

It would shatter into pieces, broken by the boy he truly liked or even loved being with someone else.

“No, they wouldn't” Jimin whispered, shaking his head again, desperately trying to convince himself.

Hoseok had a kind soul, just as much as Yoongi had. They would never hurt Taehyung like this... *Never._

Frankly, Jimin loved all of them dearly, has known Yoongi and Taehyung for years now, has known Hoseok long enough to consider him one of the closest people in his life. They wouldn't hurt each other like this... no... no, they wouldn't.

Yet, they had.

“It wasn't them” Jimin murmured, stomach stirring again.

The smaller boy's heart was pounding firmly against his chest, begging to jump out of his ribcage to end the turmoil of emotions his chest was enduring.

Yes, Jimin knew them long enough to know their hearts, their characteristics and traits, knew them long enough to trust them – but that also meant that he knew them long enough to recognise them anywhere, even in the darkest room, even in the biggest crowds.

Jimin saved images of the people he loved in his heart, deeply within to never lose them.

There was no doubt in his mind that these two boys had indeed been Hoseok and Yoongi. It didn't help that Jimin attempted to desperately make himself consider the possibility of being wrong. It was useless. Yet, he still tried, begging his heart to believe – all the more did it hurt to be aware that the truth looked different.

*Go back. Go back and check! Face them! Don't run away!* His heart demanded, screaming at him to assure himself of what his brain already knew it saw.
However, Jimin simply couldn't.

“No” he breathed, tears prickling in the corners of his eyes as he shook his head.

The pink haired boy wouldn't bear to see them again, wouldn't bear the knowledge of his heart finally realising that his brain wasn't lying.

Maybe, that just made him a coward.

Clumsily, he approached the staircase, stumbling along the hallway in his attempt to run away. Hastily, he rushed down the stairs, taking two steps at once, barely missing one each time and merely preventing an accident.

As Jimin finally reached the ground floor, he felt helpless, people around him like a wall, dancing to the music and chatting among each other, not taking notice of his heart that was breaking for his best friend.

Shaking his head, Jimin squeezed his eyes shut, trying to push past the crowd, yet walking right into someone. That exact person grabbed his hips, stilling him.

“Minnie!” Tae called out in joy, chuckling as he brushed Jimin's hair out of his face, “There you are. Were you upstairs? Have you found Jungkook-ah? I can't seem to find Hoseok-ah anywhere either. Is he upstairs?” he screamed over the music.

Jimin blinked, bottom lip wobbling.

“Min-ah, hey, what's wrong?” Tae worried, concern immediately replacing the bliss in his eyes as he cupped his best friend's face, “Are you not feeling good?”

The inevitable happened - Jimin hunching to the side, stomach twisting again as he threw up. It was a natural reaction of his body after the events of tonight. Alcohol, stress and anxiety a toxic combination.

The acid taste in his mouth caused him to grimace, the poor boy whining as tears rolled down his cheeks.

“What the fuck! Did you just fucking puke over my shoes!” a boy yelled at him, disgusted by the vomit that had dropped on his shoe.

“Calm down, prick” Tae shushed him, a warm hand placed on Jimin's back to soothe him, “Min-ah, hey, what is-”

Too weak to hold himself up, Jimin dropped down to his knees, barely missing his own puddle of vomit. A shriek was audible next to him, Taehyung gasping as he watched Jimin fall down.

The guy next to them was visibly annoyed, cursing at them as he lifted his hand as though he was about to hit Jimin.

Whimpering in pain, Jimin pressed his palm against his stomach, breathing heavily as spit drooled out of his mouth, trailing down into the puddle.

Frankly, Jimin couldn't explain what was happening to his body. It was almost as if everything was simply too much for his heart, causing his body to shut down.

Suddenly, the world around him was spinning, head dizzy as he attempted to get up again.
“Jimin-ah!” a male voice screamed out, the voice somehow muffled, Jimin scanning his surroundings to find the source of the sound. Yet, his vision was blurry, Jimin faintly making out Jungkook's figure that was rushing towards him, “What the fuck have you done to him?” Jungkook shouted angrily, pushing the guy next to him, causing him to tumble back into the wall, his drink spilling in the process.

“Jungkook-ah, he didn't do anything!” Taehyung yelled, pulling the black haired boy back, “Jimin-ah just started vomiting. I don't know what's wrong with him, he must be sick”

Swiftly, Jungkook rushed to his side, dropping to his knees next to Jimin, a soft hand caressing his cheek.

“Little one, hey-” he whispered.

Then, everything was black.

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There was softness beneath Jimin, no longer a hard floor, his body feeling warm instead of the previous coldness he had suffered. The pink haired boy was entangled into comfy blankets that were wrapped around his delicate body, engulfing him in warmth.

“No, he hasn't woken up yet, hyung. Yeah, I'll call you as soon as he does. Don't worry. Good night, hyung” Jungkook's familiar deep voice spoke, his tone somehow softer and quieter.

Jimin's eyes fluttered open, a whimper slipping from his lips at the sudden pain that spread through his body, the emotion having somehow not been present prior. Carefully, he lifted his petite fist up to his face, rubbing it over his tired eyes.

In the meanwhile, Jungkook was pacing around the room, his footsteps audible on the wooden floor, yet muffled whenever he walked along the soft rug.

Gently, Jimin sat up, moaning in pain at the aching of his body, head spinning in his attempt to sit up, causing him to swiftly lie down again.

“You're up” Jungkook noted, a breath of relief leaving him as he rushed towards the smaller boy, taking a seat on the bed next to him, “Hey, little one” he whispered, taking Jimin's tiny hand into his own, rubbing his thumb along the soft skin on the back of his hand soothingly.

“W-What happened? Where am I?” Jimin wondered, voice quiet and raspy as he stared into Jungkook's doe eyes, searching for answers that weren't there. Yet, there was concern and something Jimin wanted to define as affection.

The taller boy reached up, caressing his soft cheek with the pad of his thumb, “We're at my place” he answered, pulling the blanket higher up Jimin's body, tucking him in.

“How did I get here? What exactly happened?”

To be honest, Jimin couldn't recall anything that had occurred at the party after he had danced with Hoseok and Taehyung. somehow, the remainder of the night was blurry, odd pictures flashing in front of his eyes, some making his heart clench for a reason he didn't understand.

Jungkook sighed, shaking his head. There was an emotion glistening in his eyes upon that question, almost as though he was recalling a frightening event, “I'm not too sure, but I assume you must have passed out. I drove us here and carried you upstairs”
“T-Thank you” Jimin uttered, heart fluttering as he observed Jungkook pressing a kiss to the knuckles of the hand he was holding, “Why... why did I faint, though?”

“I'm not sure, but I guess because of dehydration. You didn't drink anything else besides alcohol earlier, did you, little one?” Jungkook responded, brushing Jimin's pink strands of hair out of his sweaty forehead, “Hyung’s drinks weren't such a good idea for your delicate body that isn't quite used to that high amount of alcohol. Combine that with you dancing the whole night, the stress from those dudes that harassed you and Taehyung-ssi and the lack of water your body received, and that's what happens”

Evidently, neither of them were anything close to major knowledgable in the field of medicine, yet the explanation did sound plausible to Jimin. After all, his body surely wasn't used to that much alcohol and there had been quite a few incidents that night that had stressed him out... one, that he couldn't quite recall, but that made his heart clench all the same.

Jimin caught his bottom lip between his teeth, dipping his head down, “I'm sorry”

The black haired boy shook his head, grabbing Jimin's chin to guide his face back up, locking eyes with him, “Nothing to be sorry for. But, fuck, you scared the absolute shit out of me. I was about to drive you to a hospital, but you were still moving and mumbling before you fell asleep in my car, just not answering to anyone who talked to you. Hyung advised me to take you home and give you loads of water and a warm bed, no loud noises so that's exactly what I did”

It was so odd and scary to Jimin how he couldn't remember any of these events. Several hours of his life just gone, forever vanished from his mind, no memory left at all. Yet, maybe he would be able to get them back, recall what had actually happened.

“Where was I when you found me? For some reason, I can't really remember what happened at the end of the party” Jimin wanted to know, pulling his brows together in a frown, attempting to reminisce about what had occurred at the party, but failing miserably.

Jungkook straightened his posture, still playing with Jimin's fingers, “I found you next to Taehyung-ssi, by the stairs. I thought a guy nearby had hurt you so I was about to fight him, but Taehyung-ssi told me that he didn't do anything, but that you just suddenly started to feel sick. I was calling your name, but you didn't respond at all. At that point I already knew that something was wrong. You were just lying on the floor and my heart literally dropped. You scared the shit out of me, baby” Jungkook added, shaking his head as he recalled the event, “As soon as I was holding you, Yoongi hyung and Hoseok hyung appeared at our side. They were scared just as much until you started mumbling again which calmed us a little bit. They told me to take you home” the taller boy elaborated, “They were all so scared. They made me promise to text them as soon as you wake up”

“Oh” Jimin breathed, his heart clenching at the mention of Yoongi and Hoseok, yet his brain not entirely certain what exactly was causing such a reaction within him.

What had happened? What incident was evoking this pain in his heart?

“Jimin-ah, hey, are you okay? You look alarmed” Jungkook's voice interrupted him, concern in his tone as he placed his soft hand against Jimin's cheek.

“I... Yeah... just-just tired” Jimin replied, forcing a half smile as he met Jungkook's gaze, attempting to uphold a non-concerning demeanor.

“Jimin-ah, your eyes look empty. You're worrying me, angel” Jungkook voiced, sliding his hand through Jimin's hair before he placed it back against his cheek.
The smaller boy caught his bottom lip between his teeth, averting his gaze, “I'm sorry. It's just... Did something happen at the party? I mean, to Hoseok or Yoongi hyung?” he asked eventually.

Jungkook frowned at his question, reaching for his chin to guide his face back up, “What are you referring to?”

“Nothing specifically” Jimin responded, sighing as he fidgeted with his fingers, “I just... I feel like something happened to them” he murmured, voice softer with each of his syllables, his gaze flickering back and forth between Jungkook's eyes.

The latter cocked his head to the side, “Not that I know of” he replied, shrugging his shoulders, “The last time I saw them, the boys were all with us and worried about you. Then, they sent me off to go home with you. They all looked fine, though, apart from the concern they all felt for you”

Relief bloomed within Jimin at Jungkook's words, the pink haired male giving a nod as a faint smile adorned his delicate features.

“Are you okay?” Jungkook wondered, stroking Jimin's cheek.

“I was just worried, sorry, it's just... I guess I'm just really tired” Jimin murmured, smiling warmly as he grasped Jungkook's bigger hand and intertwined their fingers, their palms aligning. As Jimin observed the spot they were connected at, he noticed a faint injury on the back of his hand, “Your hand” he worried, gently running his thumb along his knuckles.

Jungkook followed his gaze, “What about it?”

“It's bruised” Jimin noted, almost as if Jungkook wasn't aware of that fact in the first place, but he was, of course, Jimin's eyes were blown wide as he felt his heart clench at the sight.

The black haired boy smiled warmly, “It's fine. It will be gone soon”

It must be a result of Jungkook punching the guy that had harassed Taehyung and him at the party earlier. Essentially... it was yet another bruise he had received simply for protecting Jimin.

Jimin leaned up to place a kiss to his cheek, ignoring the way his body was aching at the movement, “Thank you for always protecting me” he whispered against his skin, pressing his forehead against Jungkook's.

“I promised to keep you safe” Jungkook declared, “I won't ever let anything happen to you. As long as you want me, I'm going to protect you”

Providing Jimin with safety was something Jungkook had promised, was something he would strive for until it would kill him. That was something he had established fairly early in knowing Jimin. Something about him just evoke that in Jungkook.

He loved him too much to let anything happen to him.

“My head is killing me” Jimin whined, choosing to ignore the nagging of a voice in his head that proceeded to remind him of something unsettling having occurred at that party.

Perhaps, Jimin had only seen Hoseok and Yoongi argue about something? In all honesty, they all argued from time to time – it wasn't anything too out of the ordinary and completely natural. Of course, Jimin wanted them to always get along and be happy, yet a small argument wasn't that heartwrenching. Surely, they would make up quickly. Potentially, they already had.
Jimin's sensitive heart was just exaggerating that incident, causing it to clench in pain.

The black haired boy pointed to the bedside table, “I made you some soup, brought you some bread, pain killers and more water. Your stomach must be empty now that you've puked all over hyung’s floor” Jungkook revealed.

Jimin's eyes went wide at the information, “I did?” he uttered, simultaneously recalling that exact incident. Evidently, his stomach must have felt upset for a reason – clearly the alcohol simply being too much for him, “I'm so sorry. I hope hyung isn't mad at me”

Jungkook smiled soothingly, shaking his head to reassure him, “No, don't worry. He didn't care about that at all, just wanted to make sure that you were okay”

The pink haired boy smiled faintly, giving a weak nod.

Jimin took a mental note to call Yoongi as soon as he woke up in the morning in order to apologise for making a mess without cleaning it up. Obviously, Jimin hadn't even received the chance to clean up in the first place as he had fainted, yet he still felt bad for creating that mess to begin with. Despite it being unintentional, Jimin figured that he should apologise.

“You should drink more, Jimin-ah. Here” Jungkook insisted, reaching for a water bottle and opening it up for Jimin before he handed it to the shorter male.

Jimin wrapped his hand around the bottle, “Thank you” he murmured before he lifted the water up to his lips and took several long sips, the cold liquid flowing down his throat.

“There you go” Jungkook uttered, observing Jimin empty half of the bottle, “Soup?” he then offered once Jimin had given him the bottle back in order for him to set it back on the bedside table.

Frantically, Jimin shook his head at the mention of food, “No, I don't feel like eating”

The thought alone made his stomach stir, a meal right now surely only causing him to throw up yet again.

Jungkook smiled sympathetically, caressing Jimin's cheek, “Aww, angel, is your hangover kicking in?”

“It might” Jimin mumbled, shrugging his shoulders as he pouted, “Everything is hurting” he whined, pulling his sleeves over his delicate hands.

The taller one chuckled, tugging the blanket to the side in order to join Jimin beneath it, “Come here, little one, let me make it better” he muttered, closing his arm around Jimin's stomach and pulling the boy to his chest.

“How?” Jimin wondered, heart fluttering at the close proximity, the sweet gesture evoking a shy smile in him.

“Kisses and cuddles always cheer you up, hm?” Jungkook whispered against his ear, pressing his soft lips against Jimin's nape, placing several kisses against the sensitive skin, causing a shiver to run down Jimin's back as the corner of his lips curled up into a deeper smile.

“You want to kiss me even after watching me... me puke?” Jimin asked, voice soft and unsure as he looked back over his shoulder.

Thinking about it, it was quite humiliating for Jimin to imagine the scenery that Jungkook had found
him in – spread out on the floor, next to a puddle of his own vomit, drool running down his chin. In all honesty, that surely wasn't the most beautiful sight. It was quite disturbing, to be exact.

“Jimin-ah, I always want to kiss you. Puking is a natural reaction of your body. Shit like that happens, especially when you drink” Jungkook reassured him, grabbing his chin to tilt his head back while simultaneously leaning in to capture his lips in a swift, gentle peck.

“You're.. you're sweet” Jimin stated, cheeks tinged a faint shade of rose as he stared into Jungkook's doe eyes. The latter smiled at him, sinking back onto the bed, Jimin mirroring his motion and resting his cheek down on the pillow.

“But I am a bit concerned” Jungkook then revealed, pulling Jimin closer to himself, “I hope you won't be sick and this is really only caused by the alcohol. I'll definitely make sure you're feeling better before I'll leave your side for work tomorrow”

Jimin shook his head, “Don't worry about me. I'm sure I'll feel better after sleeping”

Jungkook hummed low, the sound vibrating in his chest, “Mhm, I hope you do” he murmured against Jimin's nape, “In case you feel like you have to puke again, let me know. I've moved the bin over here, right next to the bed”

“Thank you” Jimin whispered, nuzzling back against Jungkook.

“Mhm-mh”

As Jimin was lying there almost peacefully, he was able to smell himself. There was still the faint scent of vomit and alcohol clinging to him, sweat on his body due to him feeling extremely sick earlier. Why was Jungkook voluntarily choosing to cuddle with him? Why was he allowing Jimin to be in his bed?

“I feel... I feel really dirty” Jimin whispered, dipping his head down as he observed Jungkook soothingly rub his warm palm along Jimin's stomach beneath his shirt, “I smell. And I'm all sweaty and just... why are you even cuddling me?”

Jungkook chuckled, nudging his nose against Jimin's nape, “Because I love you”

Jimin's heart fluttered, cheeks flushing a shade of rose, “Even like this?” he wondered softly, voice quiet.

“Like this and every other way. I love you as you are, Jimin-ah” Jungkook assured him, reaching for his hand to intertwine their fingers, “Yet, if you want to, we could take a bath together, hm? Would you like that? I wanted to make sure you're feeling better first before I changed your clothes or bathed you”

To be quite honest, Jimin didn't want to move an inch right now. The poor boy's body was aching with each movement of his, the only solution being to lie entirely still to prevent him from suffering any kind of further pain. However, a shower was required in order for him to feel better – to make this state a little more bearable.

The pink haired boy gave a nod, “Yes, please”

“Come on then” Jungkook insisted, getting up from the bed and placing one hand below Jimin's knees while closing his other arm around his back. With little effort, he picked Jimin up, lifting him from the bed and up against his chest.
Jimin gasped at the sudden movement, pouting at the aching of his body. Swiftly, he hid his face in Jungkook's chest, whining.

"Sssh, I got you, angel" Jungkook whispered, distancing himself from the bed and moving over into the bathroom. On his way, Jimin stole a glance at the bed, making out a stain of drool and something he prayed not to be vomit on the pillow.

Jimin squeezed his eyes shut in embarrassment, “Your... your bed. I'm sorry, I ruined it. It's dirty with my-”

“Don't worry about it” Jungkook interrupted him, carrying the boy in his arms into the bathroom, “I'll change the sheets before we get in again”

Jimin felt disgusting.

All of it should be humiliating – and usually it would be to Jimin - yet Jungkook was so... so sweet about all of this and he comforted him in the most kind way. There was no reason for Jimin to feel anything else but loved, cared for and comfortable as long as Jungkook was with him.

The smaller boy caught his bottom lip between his teeth, hiding his face in the curve of Jungkook's neck before he was set down on the counter, Jungkook's hand slipping from his body as he moved over to the bathtub.

As soon as the water was running, Jungkook adjusted the temperature, Jimin scanning the sink to find the toothbrush that he had left at Jungkook's place, having figured that he would need it frequently as he did spend a lot of nights at his place. In fact, it had been Jungkook's idea. It didn't end there, he had an extra pair of clothes here, his shower gel and shampoo – just in case he ever decided to spontaneously spend the night here.

Well, it did definitely come in handy today.

Carefully, Jimin reached for his toothbrush, opening the tube of toothpaste and squeezing a small amount of it onto the brush before he held it below the water from the sink. Once satisfied with the amount of water on his brush, he lifted it up to his mouth and pushed it between his lips.

“Do you want loads of bubbles, Jimin-ah?” Jungkook wondered, pulling his shirt over his head and removing it from his body as he moved over to the bathtub.

Brushing his teeth, Jimin stilled the movement of his hand upon the sight of Jungkook's bare upper body. Almost choking on his own spit, Jimin coughed, giving a nod.

In response, Jungkook chuckled, turning back around to fill the bath with bubbles. In the meanwhile, Jimin was blushing at the way he had reacted to the sight of Jungkook, the latter still having that kind of effect on him – every single day.

As Jimin proceeded to brush his teeth, Jungkook opened his belt, zipping down his trousers before removing them from his legs. For his own good, Jimin tore his gaze away, focusing on cleaning his teeth thoroughly.

“Okay?” Jungkook wanted to know, voice soft as he slightly lifted the hem of Jimin's shirt, waiting for Jimin's permission.

Each time this happened, Jimin's heart fluttered. There was something so soothing about the fact of Jungkook always making sure Jimin was comfortable with whatever they did – even something as simple as removing his clothes for a bath. Of course, after all this time they've known each other, it
wasn't as necessary anymore because Jimin would let him do anything, yet it was still... sweet and comforting. After all, there might come a day where Jimin didn't want Jungkook to touch him at all – although the idea alone seemed silly to Jimin, it was nice to know that Jungkook wouldn't do anything Jimin didn't want him to, that he wouldn't cross any of his boundaries.

“Mhm-mh” Jimin hummed in approval around the tooth brush, nodding as he halted his movement and lifted his arms up in order to make the removal of his shirt easier for Jungkook who tugged it up over his head and dropped it down on the counter next to them.

“Hips up, baby” Jungkook insisted, having zipped down Jimin's pants.

The smaller boy obliged, lifting his hips up so Jungkook could pull the piece of clothing down his legs, allowing it to drop down to the floor. Now, the two of them were only dressed in their underwear, Jimin still brushing his teeth, but deciding that he had done it for a justified amount of time now.

Gently, Jungkook placed his hands on Jimin's milky thighs, rubbing his palms along the soft skin as Jimin rinsed out his mouth with water, spitting the water out before he set the toothbrush back in the small holder next to Jungkook's.

“Feeling a little better already?” the younger male wondered, soothingly rubbing the pad of his thumb along Jimin's skin.

“Mhm-mh, the awful taste in my mouth is gone now” Jimin affirmed, nodding as he observed Jungkook remove his underwear from his body, standing completely nude in front of him now.

Then, Jungkook wrapped his hands around Jimin's waist before he trailed his digits along the waistband of his underwear, hooking one finger around it, “Hips up again, little one” Jimin complied without an ounce of hesitation, allowing Jungkook to remove yet the last piece of clothing from his body, watching it drop to the floor next to his pants.

Tenderly, Jungkook lifted him up into the air again, “Let's get you into your nice bath then” he decided, Jimin immediately clinging on to him as he wrapped himself around Jungkook's upper body, holding him dearly.

Once they were both seated in the bathtub, Jungkook shifted in his position, adjusting himself behind Jimin while the latter exhaled a breath of content, the warmth of the water engulfing him, bubbles hiding their naked bodies in the water.

“Good?” Jungkook whispered as he wrapped his arms around Jimin's stomach, pulling the boy closer to his chest.

“Good” Jimin confirmed, giving a determined nod before he leaned his head back, resting it on Jungkook's shoulder. The black haired boy titled his head to the side, pressing his lips against Jimin's temple.

Slowly, Jimin allowed his eyes to flutter shut, all of this so very comforting, distracting him from the aching of his body, causing him to feel calm and sleepy.

“It's okay to fall asleep like this. I'll carry you back into the bed later, little one” Jungkook murmured against him, caressing Jimin's stomach and arms alternately by tracing the soft skin with his fingertips.

Jimin's sleepiness was notable to him, especially after an eventful day like this one.
“I won't fall asleep, I promise. Wanna cuddle with you” Jimin mumbled, shaking his head frantically. Despite sleep sounding like absolute bliss to him, cuddling with Jungkook was heaven and simply so much better.

The taller male chuckled, the sound vibrating in his chest, resulting in Jimin's heart to flutter at the noise, “Okay, baby” he uttered, hugging the boy closer to his body.

Peaceful silence settled between them, Jungkook proceeding to caress his skin or playing with his delicate fingers, loving how their palms aligned as though they were puzzle pieces, as though they were meant to be.

To Jimin, it was inevitable to let his thoughts run wild in a silent setting as this one. Although he didn't want them to, the voices inside of his head were amplified due to the absence of noise around him - Those voices nagging at him for something having happened to or between two of his closest friends.

“Kook-ah?” Jimin eventually broke the silence, the younger male having began to wash Jimin's hair with the shampoo, his fingers tenderly massaging it into his hair, his digits gently moving along his scalp.

“Mhm-mh” Jungkook hummed.

Jimin played with his own fingers, sighing, “Can I ask you something?” he wondered, voice soft and unsure, the boy not entirely certain where he was going with this one.

“Of course, Jimin-ah” Jungkook answered without hesitation.

“You're sure that nothing happened to Hosek hyung or Yoongi hyung, right? I don't know why, but my heart hurts at the thought of them. Do you think they might have argued at the party?” Jimin stated.

Jungkook pursed his lips in thought, “I can't tell. You might have seen something I didn't. But they seemed fine to me, when I saw them. Of course, they were worried about you, but I'm pretty sure that there was nothing going on between them as they looked close to me. And if there had been an argument between them, they must have resolved it. I think I even saw them walk off with Taehyung-ssi. So, even if they had, it surely wasn't anything bad” he responded, reaching for the shower head, “Lean your head back for me, baby” he insisted softly.

Immediataly, Jimin obliged, leaning his head back into his neck in order for Jungkook to rinse out his hair, the remainder of the shampoo trailing down his head and into the water.

Jimin's heart calmed at those words, relief washing over him as a soft smile adorned his features.

“Okay” he breathed, nodding, “That sounds good. Maybe, my heart is just exaggerating over something I saw”

Jungkook placed the shower head back into its designated spot, “Do you want me to call them and check whether everything is okay?” he then wanted to know, brushing Jimin's wet hair out of his face.

The black haired boy reached for his chin, titling his head to the side in order to make eye contact with Jimin, their position slightly restricting them.

Jimin smiled faintly, shaking his head. The offer itself was kind, yet also not exactly necessary. As long as Jungkook promised him that he had seen them together before he left Yoongi's place, it
assured Jimin that they weren't in urgent danger, that there was nothing hurting them. A simple
argument could always be resolved.

“No” Jimin declined, voice soft, “No, I don't want to annoy them tonight. Besides, they might
already be asleep. I'll just text them in the morning to check on them”

“Okay, baby” Jungkook hummed, rubbing his palms along Jimin's arms.

The taller boy attached his lips to Jimin's nape before he rested his chin on Jimin's shoulder, the latter
nuzzling against his cheek, heart fluttering.

For some reason, having this little exchange about his concerns with Jungkook had decreased his
own turmoil of emotions. Now he knew that his heart had reacted like that for no reason at all.

The thought alone broke his heart – the thought of something hurting Yoongi and Hoseok.
Fortunately, nothing like that had occurred, Jimin being entirely grateful.

“Stop pouting, little one” Jungkook whispered into his ear, nudging his nose against Jimin's cheek,
the latter not having noticed himself doing that, “Or do I have to tickle you again, hm?”

As soon as those words left his mouth, his hands closed around Jimin's waist, digits trailing up to
Jimin's sides to tickle the pink haired boy. In response, Jimin giggled, squirming in his seat as he
attempted to detach himself from Jungkook's grasp.

“I-I'm not pouting any-anymore” Jimin promised inbetween laughter, the younger male having no
mercy and proceeding to tickle him.

Carefully, Jimin picked up some bubbles into his palm and turned around to Jungkook, planning a
secretive attack back. Gaining a wave of courage, Jimin blew the bubbles into Jungkook's face.

The taller boy jerked back, palms withdrawing from Jimin's body, a shocked expression plastered on
his face as he wiped the back of his hand over his face.

Jimin could only chuckle at the reaction, hiding his giggles behind his petite hand that he clasped
over his mouth. However, his giggles died down as soon as Jungkook glared at him, an apologetic
expression adorning his delicate features as he made himself smaller.

“You didn't” Jungkook muttered, clicking his tongue, yet there was amusement glistening in his eyes
as he moved closer, Jimin somehow only able to giggle.

Slowly, Jimin scooted further away from him, “You didn't want to stop, what was I suppo- Ah!” the
smaller boy laughed, Jungkook having wrapped his strong arms around Jimin to pull him back
against his chest, proceeding to tickle him – however, now there was no way for Jimin to escape.

“No, please, I'm sorry, I surrender!” Jimin giggled, squirming around in Jungkook's embrace, kicking
his legs as he sank further down, essentially lying in Jungkook's arms now, staring up at him. Due to
him laughing whole heartedly at the way he was being tickled, his eyes had turned into little
crescents, the noise of his giggles sounding like a sweet melody to Jungkook.

Just like that, Jungkook stilled his movement, only staring at Jimin's endearing face and studying his
delicate features. Unconsciously, the corners of Jungkook's lips curled up into a soft smile, his eyes
glistening with affection.

Jimin's giggles died down, the boy smiling shyly as he stared up at Jungkook with big eyes, looking
back and forth between Jungkook's orbs to find the reason for his sudden act of mercy.
Yet, Jungkook was only looking intently at him, his gaze fixated on Jimin as though he held the stars themselves in his eyes – and maybe, to Jungkook, that was entirely the case.

“What? Do I have something on my face?” Jimin whispered, lifting his hand up to rub it over his cheek.

Jungkook smiled faintly, silently shaking his head as he leaned in, capturing Jimin's lips in a gentle kiss. The smaller boy's heart fluttered, Jimin smiling as he kissed back, his hand finding its way to the back of Jungkook's neck.

“I love you” Jungkook whispered against his lips, withdrawing and pressing his forehead against Jimin's.

Jimin nudged his nose against Jungkook's, smiling shyly as he sat up again, allowing Jungkook to wrap his arms around his stomach, pulling him close to his chest and resting his head on Jimin's shoulder.

Their eyes fluttered shut, Jimin feeling as though he could stay in this moment forever – simply here, being with Jungkook, doing nothing, but being in each other's company. It wasn't much, yet somehow, it was everything.

Jungkook gently traced his fingertips along the fair skin of Jimin's stomach, digits trailing up and down, along the soft skin of his collarbones and back down to the faint display of his abs. It was pure, as pure as it could be.

With each of his tender touches on Jimin's sensitive skin, a soft breath slipped from Jimin's lips, goosebumps forming beneath Jungkook's fingers.

They didn't know how long they remained in each other's embrace that way, but they didn't need to know either, wouldn't trade this moment right here for anything.

Whenever Jungkook's palm reached Jimin's inner thigh, the smaller boy's legs twitched visibly, a gasp escaping him as he eventually titled his head to the side, hiding his face in the curve of Jungkook's neck.

The black haired boy smiled against his nape, Jimin's lips parting with another gasp as he clenched his hands into tiny fists before he decided to grab onto Jungkook's thighs.

Despite this moment being soft, the faint caress on his sensitive skin – especially on his inner thighs – was almost teasing to Jimin, the mere touch of Jungkook's fingertips tracing along his skin arousing him. Certainly, Jimin didn't know why something as pure as this was making him feel somewhat desperate for more, yet it was.

To underline that statement, Jimin's penis twitched between his legs, his hips involuntarily bucking up as he sank further back into Jungkook. It was as though he was silently begging for something he didn't know. Jimin's cheeks flushed a faint shade of rose at the unintentional effect the taller one had on him – Jimin being responsive without any way to contain it.

Obviously, Jimin's reaction was notable to Jungkook, the latter pressing his lips to Jimin's shoulder before he rested his head on top of it, “Okay?” Jungkook then whispered, smiling warmly as his hand moved closer to Jimin's penis.

“Mhm-mh, p-please” Jimin affirmed, catching his bottom lip between his teeth, blush deepening.

Carefully, Jungkook wrapped his palm around Jimin's penis, giving it a tender squeeze. In response,
Jimin gasped, involuntarily spreading his legs further apart. A chuckle fell from Jungkook's lips as he nudged Jimin's cheek with his nose, his free hand wrapping around Jimin's stomach to hold his lover close.

Jimin whined softly, eyes falling shut as he allowed his head to fall back on Jungkook's shoulder. Slowly, Jungkook picked up a steady pace, moving his hand lazily along Jimin's hardened length.

“K-Kook-ah” Jimin whimpered, Jungkook peppering kisses all over his skin.

The black haired boy was pumping his hand along Jimin's throbbing member in a slow pace, gently running his thumb along the slit whenever he reached the tip, his other hand roaming over Jimin's upper body, warm palm caressing the skin, digits brushing over his sensitive nipples every now and then.

Simultaneously, Jimin was digging his fingers into Jungkook's thighs, grabbing the flesh while he occasionally squirmed around in his seat, body shaking at the stimulation he was receiving.

“K-Kook-ah” he breathed out, eyes fluttering shut as he leaned his head back into Jungkook's shoulder, plump lips parted, the softest little breathy moans leaving him.

Jungkook smiled against his nape, pressing his lips to the sensitive skin as he whispered sweet nothings into Jimin's ear.

It only took mere minutes for Jimin to reach the edge, one last stroke from Jungkook and the words “My good boy” uttered softly into his ear pushing him to his release.

“Ah, ah” Jimin moaned high-pitched and breathy, eyes rolling back into his head as he squirmed around in his seat, kicking his legs as he came.

Jungkook held him through it, the smaller boy's body trembling in his embrace as Jungkook tugged on his length several more times to prolong the sweet feeling of Jimin's orgasm.

“N-No more” Jimin whined quietly, shaky hand reaching down to wrap around Jungkook's wrist, stilling his movement as he hid his face in the curve of Jungkook's neck.

“Ssh, it's okay, Jimin-ah” the black haired boy whispered, attaching their lips in a gentle kiss. Jimin was panting against him, chest rising and falling quickly at his rapid breathing, caused by the intense stimulation.

The pink haired boy's body was still shaking at the overwhelming jolts of pleasure that were spreading through his body, fingers still digging into Jungkook's upper thighs as the latter peppered kisses over his skin.

“Thank you, Kook-ah”

Jungkook hummed low in his throat, proceeding to caress Jimin with his soft lips.

Slowly, sleepiness washed over Jimin, blooming alongside the ecstasy of his orgasm and accompanying the sweet haze he had been pulled into.

After enabling Jimin a moment to calm down, Jungkook shifted in his position behind him, “Come on, let's get you out of here”

The pink haired male whined at the mention of having to move his body, his heart disliking the idea of leaving the warmth and close proximity of Jungkook for even a second.
“Jimin-ah, baby, hey” Jungkook chuckled, getting up despite Jimin having made himself heavier and having pushed his body further against Jungkook in order to prevent him from leaving, “Let's move you over into the bed, hm?”

Jimin hummed in dissatisfaction, pouting as he watched Jungkook step out of the bathtub, the man approaching the counter to pick up a big towel and returning at Jimin's side a mere moment later.

“Up, little one” Jungkook ordered softly, reaching down and lifting Jimin up to his feet. Then, he wrapped the towel around Jimin's body, drying him faintly before he picked him up entirely into the air and out of the bathtub.

Swiftly, Jimin clung onto him, wrapping himself around Jungkook's body and hugging him dearly. The act evoke a chuckle in Jungkook as he walked over to the counter, setting Jimin down on it.

"Thank you” Jimin uttered, closing the towel tighter around his delicate body, yet not exactly drying the wetness from it, but rather choosing to simply stare at Jungkook as though he was the moon himself. However, even that wasn't the easiest task, his eyes falling shut every now and then as he wasn't able to fight the sleepiness as a whole after all.

Jungkook snickered and shook his head, placing a peck on Jimin's forehead. Then, Jungkook reached for the sides of Jimin's towel, drying the boy's body as Jimin didn't seem to do it himself. In response, Jimin giggled, the sweet sound evoking a soft smile in Jungkook, the corners of his lips curling up.

Once satisfied, Jungkook picked up another towel, briefly drying himself before he wrapped it around his waist. It gave Jimin an opportunity to have a proper glance at him, the smaller boy appreciating the view of his faintly wet body.

It was only then that Jimin noticed the very visible bulge of his crotch through the towel, somehow not having paid attention to that fact prior. Guilt blossomed within him as he parted his lips, hand reaching out while Jungkook stepped to the side in order to open the drawer of the dresser.

“Jungkook-ah” Jimin murmured to gain Jungkook's attention, voice soft as he observed Jungkook picking out two fresh pairs of underwear, the boy lifting his head to glance at Jimin, his eyebrows arched up in curiosity.

“What's wrong, baby?” the younger male wanted to know, moving closer to Jimin again and settling himself inbetween his legs, the underwear slipping from his grasp and falling to the counter for him to be able to rest his palms on Jimin's thighs, his thumb rubbing along the skin in a soothing way.

Rather than voicing his concern, Jimin chose to let actions speak, sliding closer to the edge of the counter and eventually dropping down to his knees in front of Jungkook, his crotch right in front of Jimin's face.

“You didn’t” Jimin whispered, hands reaching up to grab the towel that was the only fabric that was preventing Jimin from touching his penis. Gently, Jimin hooked his digits around the towel to give it a swift tug so-

“Don’t” Jungkook stopped him with a firm voice, his bigger hands closing around Jimin's wrist to halt his movement.

Jimin looked up at him with his big doe eyes, confusion written in them as he studied Jungkook's features, trying to find an answer that wasn't there. The taller boy reached down and lifted Jimin back up, the latter subconsciously clinging onto him, resting his head on Jungkook's shoulder as he was
carried into the bedroom.

Tenderly, Jungkook set him down on the soft sheets of the bed, withdrawing completely and turning around in order to disappear into the bathroom. In the meanwhile, Jimin crossed his arms over his chest, pouting at the way Jungkook had rejected his touch.

“Why can’t I-” Jimin wanted to know as soon as Jungkook returned to the bedroom, now dressed in some black briefs and carrying another piece of underwear that he had dropped on the counter earlier in his hand.

“You've had a rough day. You're almost falling asleep as he speak-” Jungkook interrupted him, coming to a halt in front of him and squatting down.

“I'm not” Jimin denied, pouting, “I can still... still suck you off” he declared, determination dripping from his eyes, yet his voice somehow acting opposed to that, sounding unsure. The smaller boy observed Jungkook sliding the underwear up his milky legs, arms still crossed over his chest.

“Hips up” Jungkook ordered softly.

Jimin obliged without an ounce of hesitation, too distracted by their conversation as he watched Jungkook tug up the piece of clothing. Once done, Jungkook staightened his back, reaching out to brush Jimin's wet hair out of his face, fingers trailing down to his cheek to caress the skin with his knuckles.

“Any other day you know I would love to see your pretty lips wrapped around my dick” Jungkook stated, the pad of his thumb running along Jimin's bottom lip, the latter swallowing hard as his gaze was fixated on Jungkook's face, noticing how his eyes had rushed down to Jimin's full lips, “But not tonight, little one. As long as I'm not certain whether or not you're actually getting sick, I want you to rest” he decided, dropping his hand and pulling away entirely as he walked over to the dresser.

Jimin puffed up his cheeks, huffing, “But I want to-” he whined, but was interrupted again.

“No, Jimin-ah” Jungkook argued, voice stern as he took a glimpse at Jimin before he drew his attention back over to the dresser, picking out some fresh bedsheets.

The smaller boy sighed, figuring that it was immature to whine over the fact of not being allowed to suck on Jungkook's- yeah.

“Stop pouting, little one” Jungkook uttered, voice softer again as he approached Jimin, dropping the clean sheets down on the bed in order to cup Jimin's face, guiding it up to lock eyes with the latter.

“You made me feel good, too, so I just thought... I just wanted to return the favour” Jimin expressed quietly.

Jungkook smiled, giving an understanding nod, “I know, Jimin-ah, but I hope you're aware that I love pleasuring you and seeing you be happy regardless of you returning anything. I don't pleasure you for you to owe me anything back. I do it because I want to” he reminded Jimin who bit down on his bottom lip.

“I-I know. I don't feel like I owe you anything, I just... I just want to” Jimin stated.

The taller boy hummed, “Next time, okay?”

Jimin gave a faint nod, smiling weakly as Jungkook pressed a kiss to his forehead.
“Drink some more water, baby. I'll change the sheets” Jungkook insisted, pointing to the bedside table where he had placed several bottles of water.

Jimin gave another nod, getting up on his wobbly legs and almost tripping over his own feet in an attempt to walk. However, fortunately, Jungkook was there to steady him, grabbing Jimin's hips and pulling him close to his own body.

“Careful, little one” Jungkook warned with a smile.

“Sorry” Jimin whispered, returning the smile shyly.

The taller boy lifted Jimin back up into the air, Jimin yelping at the suddenness his feet had lost the floor beneath them. Gently, Jungkook carried him over to the armchair that was standing in the corner of the room a few feet away from the bed, titled towards it.

“I'll change the sheets now” Jungkook announced, sliding his hand through Jimin's damp hair after setting the boy down on the piece of furniture, “You can fall asleep, if you want to”

Jimin shook his head, but smiled softly, “I won't”

Slowly, Jungkook increased the distance between them as he walked over to the bedside table, picking up a bottle of water and bringing it over to Jimin who thanked him quietly as he wrapped his palm around it.

As Jimin sat there and sipped on the water bottle, he watched Jungkook change the bedsheets that he had ruined earlier. Don't get him wrong, he surely wanted to help Jungkook, yet the boy would definitely refuse to let Jimin help him anyway.

The black haired male's back muscles stretched whenever he moved around, veins defined on his strong arms as he tossed the dirty sheets down to the floor.

Somehow, there was an odd feeling blooming within Jimin. Something... that was worrying him. It wasn't that he actively chose to genuinely believe the voices inside of him that brought up these concerns – knowing that they weren't sincere anyway – yet... they still occupied his mind.

“Jimin-ah, hey, little one-” Jungkook's muffled voice interrupted Jimin's thoughts, “Are you okay?”

Jungkook grabbed his chin, guiding his face up in order to lock eyes with him, concern displayed in Jungkook's brown orbs.

The pink haired boy smiled faintly, giving a nod, “Mhm-mh” he hummed, noticing that Jungkook had finished changing the sheets, “You're done” he noted.

“Yes, we can cuddle now”

Jungkook took Jimin's hand into his, intertwining them as they walked over to the bed, both moving beneath the soft blankets as soon as they arrived, covering themselves. Smiling at one another, Jungkook closed his arms around Jimin's delicate body, pulling the boy closer to his chest.

A content sigh slipped from Jimin's lips as he nuzzled his face into the curve of Jungkook's neck, feeling safe. There was something so beautiful about lying down in a freshly made bed after having taking a bath - combining that with the feeling of being next to Jungkook made him feel as though he was truly in heaven.

“Thank you for changing the sheets and for taking care of me” Jimin whispered, voice quiet as he
spoke against Jungkook's skin, tracing his fingertips along Jungkook's stomach, “I'm sorry for... making a mess like that”

Jungkook shook his head, pressing his lips to the top of Jimin's head, “You don't have to thank me, Jimin-ah. I've been through worse than this, believe me”

Worse than this? What did that imply?

Jimin arched up his eyebrows, tilting his head up in order to lock eyes with Jungkook who met his gaze, “Oh... your... your previous sexual partners puked over your bed often whenever they were drunk?”

“No, I did” Jungkook clarified, brushing Jimin's strands of pink hair out of his face that had fallen into his eyes.

The smaller boy's eyes went wide at the information, “You did?”

Jungkook hummed, giving a nod as he played with Jimin's hair absentmindedly, the touch causing Jimin's heart to flutter, “I drank a lot when I was a teen. I told you how I lost sense of reality and went the wrong path after my mother's death. It didn't only include getting in fights, but having my first encounter with alcohol fairly soon” he revealed, voice steady and calm.

“Oh” Jimin breathed, taking a moment to process those words.

“I went to many parties, did the usual shit and got wasted” Jungkook added, sighing, “But I'm glad I got out of that hole because it was horrible”

Jimin titled his head to the side, “You don't drink at all now?” he wondered.

After all, Jimin couldn't recall seeing Jungkook drink even once. In fact, he had told Jimin fairly early on – during one of their first encounters – that he doesn't really drink alcohol anymore.

“No, not really. I don't dislike the taste of it. It's just not something I need” the black haired boy answered, “I'll never go back to the way I drank back then, not even remotely close”

Jimin gave a nod, grateful that Jungkook had been able to get out of that continuous circle, that he had found a way out of that hole. Surely, it must have been difficult to break the pattern, especially when it was a way to escape the pain that his mother's death had caused.

Truthfully, Jungkook has been through so much in his life already. It was remarkable to see what a respectful and kind man he has become, choosing to be that way instead of hating the world and treating it as bad as he had been treated.

Smiling softly, Jimin leaned up to press a kiss to Jungkook's cheek, reaching down inbetween them to hold his hand. The younger male returned his smile, nuzzling his face against Jimin as he observed the latter play with his fingers.

As Jimin pressed his hand against Jungkook's to appreciate the sight of their size difference, he noticed the faint display of the injury on his knuckles again. Jimin's heart clenched at the knowledge and the visible proof of Jungkook having been in pain, a bruise left on his body to remind Jimin of that fact.

In a way, it was a result of Jungkook having protected Jimin from that guy at the party earlier. That fact was even more heartwrenching, Jimin feeling as though it was his fault – and maybe it was.
Jungkook had been in pain to prevent Jimin from being in pain.

“Your hand... I'm sorry” Jimin whispered again, gently tracing his fingertips along the knuckles of his hand.

“It's not a big deal, really. It will heal” Jungkook commented, shrugging his shoulders, “Don't worry about it”

Carefully, Jimin lifted his hand up to his lips, pressing gentle kisses against the bruised skin. In response, the corners of Jungkook's lips curled up into a soft smile as he pressed a peck against Jimin's temple, pulling the boy impossibly closer to him.

Jimin proceeded to tenderly play with Jungkook's fingers, caressing his skin while Jungkook was drawing shapes on Jimin's back that the latter wasn't capable to define.

Soothing silence settled between them, their steady breathing the only sound in the room, solely audible to one another. Jimin was able to listen to Jungkook's heartbeat right against his own, wanting to believe that they were beating in the same rhythm.

Their eyes fluttered shut almost simultaneously, sleep washing over them although they didn't want it to, preferred to stay in the comfort of one another, wanting to appreciate it in their awake state.

Then again, it was fairly late and it had been an eventful day. To be fair, Jimin was extremely tired and should probably choose to sleep soon. In the end, his body would win over his determination anyway.

“I spoke to my father this morning” Jungkook broke the silence, voice low and already fairly filled with sleep, “He suggested this friday evening for your meeting with him. Does that sound good?”

Jimin smiled, giving a nod, “That sounds great. Thank you”

“My father thought it might be good to have dinner at his place” Jungkook elaborated, fingertips still tracing along Jimin's back.

“At his place?” Jimin echoed, eyebrows arched up.

“Mhm-mh” Jungkook hummed in confirmation.

Wouldn't that be... Was it not odd to have a meeting such as this at his own home?

“Isn't that too... I don't know... less formal? I mean, after all, it's supposed to be about a job I'm going to potentially take, right?” Jimin voiced his concern, voice soft and unsure as he proceeded to rub his hand over Jungkook's stomach.

“It is about your job, yes. It's going to be professional. Yet, my father knows you already so you're not a complete stranger. He invited you, but if you don't feel comfortable, we can choose a different setting” Jungkook offered.

“No, it's... If your father sees that as fitting then I don't mind” Jimin decided, shaking his head. After all, Jimin was already grateful that Jungkook's father had agreed to meet up with him in the first place, he didn't want to cause any more inconveniences.

“Are you sure? I want you to be comfortable” Jungkook wanted to know, placing his index finger below Jimin's chin to title his head up, locking eyes with him.
“You're going to be there, too, aren't you?” Jimin asked instead, his doe eyes wide in curiosity.

“I am. After all, I own the company just as much as he does. We make most decisions together” Jungkook affirmed, giving a nod, yet cocking his head to the side a brief moment later, “Unless, of course, that would make you feel uncomfortable? I'm going to be professional, I promise you. In those hours I'll keep work and my personal feelings for you separated – as well as I can”

Jimin vigorously shook his head, smiling fondly, “No, you're not making me feel uncomfortable at all. In fact, I'm sure your presence will help me be comfortable enough”

Truthfully, Jimin wanted Jungkook and his father to treat him just like any other applicant. After all, that's just what he was. Jimin didn't want any special treatment simply for being Jungkook's boyfriend.

Yet, he was already receiving just that by having the meeting at Mr. Jeon's apartment, wasn't he? Essentially, that wasn't really a place to have a serious meeting at with an applicant now, was it?

Then again, Jimin might not be just another applicant. Being Jungkook's boyfriend was now a part of him. Besides, Jungkook's father wasn't a complete stranger to him either. In fact, Jimin had spend two days at his house, had eaten dinner with him already.

It wouldn't be any less professional to have that meeting in a comfortable setting as his apartment. It wasn't prohibited to have an easy going meeting while also staying serious and remembering to doing one's work.

“Okay” Jungkook murmured, leaning in to attach their lips in a kiss, remaining in that touch for just a moment longer before he withdrew, “We should sleep now, little one”

“Mhm-mh” Jimin agreed, despite his heart making a fuss as it wanted to cuddle Jungkook for a little longer.

However, their eyes still fell shut almost simultaneously upon Jungkook saying those words, hearts beating to the same beat as they slipped into a world of dreams.

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“No” Jimin whispered, vigorously shaking his head, “No, stop! Stop!” he screamed high-pitched, voice breaking as he wasn't capable to move at all, his heart clenching at the sight, tearing him apart from deep within.

Yoongi and Hoseok were standing there, repeatedly twisting a knife through Taehyung's heart, the latter crying, begging them to stop.

“Leave him alone! Why!” Jimin screamed, falling to his knees, trying to crawl towards them, yet something was holding him back.

The smaller boy jerked up, chest heaving as he was gasping for air, clasping his hand over his heart. Swiftly, he scanned the room, realising that he was sitting in Jungkook’s bed, darkness lying over them, evidence of the night still being among them.

“Just a nightmare” Jimin whispered to himself, sweat dripping from his forehead as he sank back down on the bed.

Almost urgently, Jimin closed his arm around Jungkook's body, hugging him tightly as he hid his face in the curve of Jungkook's neck, soon noticing that he was crying.
It was only then that he realised that the drop of sweat had actually been a tear of his own.

The dream had appeared so vividly, the sight absolutely horrifying Jimin who hadn't been able to do anything at all to help Taehyung. Yet, relief bloomed within him at the knowledge of Hoseok and Yoongi having been the culprits – assuring him that it truly only had been a nightmare. In fact, Jimin was more than just certain that Yoongi and Hoseok would never do anything like that to Taehyung, or anyone for that matter.

No, they would never pierce a knife through Taehyung's heart.

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When Jimin woke up the next morning, Jungkook was still by his side, already awake and dressed, having prepared breakfast for Jimin who munched on some bread to please Jungkook despite him not actually being hungry.

“Did you sleep well?” Jungkook wanted to know, sweeping Jimin's hair out of his face, a fluffy mess of pink locks adorning Jimin's appearance.

Evidently, Jungkook hadn't noticed how Jimin had woken up during the night, a terrifying nightmare forcefully drawing him out of his sleep, the events in said dream truthfully having made him cry.

The shorter male smiled shyly, giving a nod as he chewed on the food, “I'm feeling better” he reassured him “You can leave for work, Kook-ah”

Jungkook narrowed his eyes in suspicion, but hummed low in his throat, leaning in to press a kiss to Jimin's forehead, “Call me in case you're not feeling well, okay?” he insisted, getting up from the bed and fastening his tie.

“Okay” Jimin promised, giving a nod.

The pink haired boy also woke up to several messages from his friends – each of them worrying over how he was feeling.

The stirring of his stomach at the sight of Hoseok's and Yoongi's names appeared to be an inevitable reaction. However, he simply chose to ignore that feeling as he was pretty certain that it was caused by his nightmare – which wasn't reality at all.

Swiftly, Jimin texted all of them back, assuring them that he was feeling a lot better and that he was grateful for their concern about him.

The worst of it all was seeing Taehyung's name flash on the display of his phone, his name popping up with a long message declaring his concern and love for Jimin as though he had been seriously sick or injured.

Jimin's heart fluttered, yet it clenched all the same at the thought of that awful dream.

Why had Jimin dreamt of something as horrible as that? Why had his mind created such a terrifying scenario hurting the people he loved?

Surely, nightmares didn't mean anything, did they? They declared a fear you possessed, portrayed it in the most horrible way.

Obviously, seeing Taehyung in pain was one of his worst fears – seeing anyone he loved or cared for be harmed was one of his worst fears.
Yet, why were Hoseok and Yoongi the culprits?

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Dance class was tough. Not entirely because of the new choreography Hoseok was teaching them, but the fact of having to look at Hoseok in the first place – Jimin being reminded of something he knew wasn't real.

It was unfair, he was aware of that. It was unfair how his heart clenched at the thought of something that had never – and would never – actually occur.

The sight of Yoongi and Hoseok piercing a knife through Taehyung's heart flashed in front of his eyes, almost burned into his mind.

It bothered him. It bothered him that he wasn't able to let the nightmare go. After all, it was just that – a nightmare, an awful dream, a creation of his brain. Why did his mind torture him with it?

Now Jimin knew how Jungkook had felt like with his own nightmare, could relate to the turmoil of emotions in his heart upon a creation of his mind that appeared so very vividly – despite them knowing that it was utter nonsense.

"Jimin-ah, pay attention" Hoseok scolded him, but as their gazes met, the older one smiled softly at him, reassuring him.

Jimin gave a nod, swallowing hard as he mirrored the steps they were being taught, trying to focus solely on dancing.

Yet, another thing that occupied his mind was the fact that Dongha was absent. It's not that he really cared.... well, maybe, he partially did. It was just odd that he wasn't present as he had never missed one of their classes.

Somehow, dance class went by in a rush that day, Hoseok already announcing the end for the lesson, praising them before he sent them off with a grin. Breathing heavily, Jimin scanned the room, watching the other students grab their stuff and leave with a blissful expression, wishing Hoseok a good day.

Wiping his shirt over his sweaty face, Jimin approached his own bag as well, picking it up before he stole another glance at Hoseok who was occupied by organising his own stuff.

Hesitantly, Jimin observed the brown haired boy for a moment, digging his teeth into his bottom lip.

Shaking his head, Jimin squeezed his eyes shut as he inhaled a deep breath.

Once he had opened his eyes again, he found himself to be all alone in the room with Hoseok.

"Hyung" Jimin called out softly, closing the distance between them.

The taller male lifted his head, smiling as he saw Jimin approach him, “Hey, Jimin-ah” he uttered, waving at him before he proceeded to push his stuff into his bag.

“Do you know where Dongha-ssi is? Is he sick?” Jimin wondered, not certain when his heart had decided to ask that quesiton.

Hoseok shrugged his shoulders, shaking his head, “I don't know. Kid said he won't be able to make it today” he answered, not meeting Jimin's gaze as he was fixated on fitting all of his belongings into his bag.
Jimin gave a faint nod, furrowing his brows, “So he didn't leave for... ever?”

“No, Jimin-ah” the brown haired boy chuckled, shaking his head, “Why do you ask?”

“I was just... wondering. He never missed a class” Jimin noted, gulping as he shrugged his shoulders, concerned that his noisiness was an act that raised suspicion in Hoseok. Yet, it wasn't prohibited to ask where one of his fellow dance students was, right?

Hoseok hummed, “I was surprised, too, but he must have his reasons” he stated, glancing at Jimin again before he averted his gaze down on his belongings.

Jimin hummed, nodding in agreement. Certainly, Jimin had missed dance practice a couple of times as well due to personal things he was dealing with at that time. Obviously, it wasn't any of his business to know why Dongha hadn't attended class today, but he couldn't help the curiosity.

Silence settled between them, the rustling of Hoseok sorting his stuff into the bag the only noise in the room.

“Hyung” Jimin spoke up again, voice barely above a whisper, causing Hoseok to fixate his gaze back on him, eyebrows arched up in curiosity.

“Yeah?”

“Can I ask you something?” the pink haired male wondered.

Hoseok blinked, clearly wondering what was bothering Jimin's heart for him to want to ask something that would require his permission of being asked in the first place – almost as though the truth could harm him. The taller male finally shut his bag, straightening his posture again.

“I don't have much time right now, Jimin-ah” he responded, stealing a glimpse at his phone to check the time, “I need to head over to Jeon entertainment. The trainees are prob-”

“I just wondered whether or not you were alright” Jimin interrupted him, pulling on the hem of his shirt as he tilted his head to the side – finally wanting to find clarity over why his heart had reacted like that.

Hoseok hesitated as the question surprised him, gaze flickering back and forth between Jimin's eyes, something glistening in his brown orbs that he couldn't define, “Of course, I am. Why do you ask?” he chuckled.

“I just... wanted to check on you” Jimin responded, smiling warmly.

Hoseok returned his smile, “What about you, Min-ah? Are you alright? The party was kinda tough on you, hm? Too much alcohol?” he then wanted to know, ruffling through Jimin's hair.

“Yeah” Jimin snickered, giving a nod as he rubbed his palm over the back of his neck, “I did have quite a lot of hyung's drinks. That wasn't such a great idea”

The brown haired male hummed in agreement, “You scared all of us. We're glad you felt better really soon”

“Me, too” Jimin replied.

“Well, I need to leave now, Jimin-ah” Hoseok noted, pulling his bag over his shoulder and pointing to the door, “I'll see you during our next lesson” he uttered, smiling sweetly before he headed
towards the door.

“Goodbye, hyung” Jimin muttered, waving goodbye at him.

The other male exited the dance studio, not aware of how this simple exchange had comforted Jimin in a way the boy wasn't capable to explain either.

Perhaps, the nightmare could now vanish from his mind.

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“Do you want me to pick you up?” Jungkook offered.

Jimin shook his head despite the black haired boy not being able to actually see him as they were talking over the phone, the boy smiling at the kind gesture, “No, I'll meet you there. It would be weird for you to drive me there, wouldn't it? After all, you own the company as well”

Stupid past Jimin.

Why had he declined that offer?

Now, he was longing for nothing more than Jungkook's presence beside him, craved nothing more than to hold his hand for reassurance. In all honesty, it was quite scary to stand in front of the building, the sight alone causing Jimin to swallow hard.

Inhaling a shaky breath, Jimin approached the front door of the building, pressing the button with the name Jeon engraved in it. It was yet another fancy apartment complex that Jungkook's father was currently calling home for until he found a house to live in that he was satisfied with.

The door opened without Jimin having to introduce himself, the smaller boy not doubting that the security cameras were installed somewhere he wasn't aware of, that weren't visible to his naïve eyes, certainly picturing him up on a screen in Mr. Jeon's apartment.

Hesitantly, Jimin entered the building, heading straight towards the elevator and stepping into it.

Fortunately, he recalled the number of the floor that Mr. Jeon's flat was at, the boy reaching out to press the right button.

As soon as he had touched the button, the doors closed shut, the elevator moving up.

There was definitely surprise blooming within Jimin as he arrived upstairs at his desired floor.

There was a man dressed in black standing in front of the only door that existed in the hallway - it was almost as if he was protecting it, as though this was some kind of movie scene.

Who was he?

Carefully, Jimin approached the man, bowing politely and greeting him, but the guy didn't budge, wouldn't even take knowledge of his presence.

“I-I'm here to meet Mr. Jeon” Jimin expressed, pointing to the door the man appeared to be shielding.

The guy didn't respond, didn't even make eye contact with Jimin. To be fair, it was fairly rude to utterly ignore Jimin's existence, wasn't it? The least he could do was lock eyes with him, yet apparently, that was too much to ask for.

“He invited me” Jimin added, figuring the guy might reply, if Jimin elaborated his statement a little
Yet, he didn’t, but proceeded to stare straight ahead, right through Jimin.

"H-Hello? May I-" Jimin attempted again, lifting his hand up into the air to wave it around in front of the man’s face.

However, Jimin went silent upon the noise of a door opening, light illuminating the hallway as the door behind the man swung inside.

“Park Jimin!” Mr. Jeon exclaimed, the man in front of the door finally taking a step to the side, allowing Jimin to enter the apartment, “Come on in”

Smiling shyly, Jimin bowed to greet Jungkook’s father, stepping towards the door and taking off his shoes, “Good afternoon, Mr. Jeon, thank you for taking time out of your schedule for me” Jimin uttered once he entered the apartment, noticing how the man behind him took his prior spot right in front of the door again as soon as Jimin was inside. Frowning at the sight, Jimin watched how the door was shut, restricting him from looking at the man any further.

“There’s no need to thank me, Jimin-ssi. Jungkook-ah told me that you were curious about the offer I have so it’s my pleasure to have a conversation with the two of you present” Mr. Jeon responded, gesturing for Jimin to follow after him.

Jimin bowed deeply, shy smile adorning his delicate features, a faint shade of rose flushing his cheeks. Evidently, Jimin was fairly nervous, the poor boy scanning the room in search for Jungkook.

In the process, Jimin noticed how the apartment didn’t look that different to Jungkook’s – huge and decorated in a modern style, many shades of black, gray and white – yet, everything was very... well, almost sterile. It didn't look much like an actual home, no picture frames of family members, no personal objects scattered over the room, a very unnatural neatness.

Then again, this was only supposed to be a temporary stay for him. Most of his belongings must still be back in Busan until he found the perfect house to settle down.

“You have a very nice apartment” Jimin complimented, smiling at the man who chuckled as he gave a nod.

“Thank you” he responded, scanning the room himself, “I have only brought a very few of my personal items with me until I’ve found the right home” he added, confirming Jimin's assumption.

Jimin only smiled, giving a nod.

In all honesty, Jimin didn't know how to behave. It was somewhat odd for him to be here, knowing this could potentially become his new boss.

“Follow me. Jungkook-ah is already in the dining room” Mr. Jeon insisted, Jimin giving a nod as he followed the man into the dining room.

Jungkook was on his phone, leaning against the wall and munching on some grapes as his gaze was fixated on the display of the device, fingers typing away on the keyboard.

“Son, Jimin-ssi has arrived” Mr. Jeon announced, Jungkook's head snapping up at the information, a smile dancing around his lips as he locked his phone and slid it into his pants.

“Hey, little one” Jungkook greeted him, approaching the smaller boy and pressing a kiss to his
forehead, the display of affection in front of his father and co-owner of that huge company causing Jimin to blush a faint shade of rose, “I mean, Jimin hyung” he corrected, clearing his throat as though Jimin wouldn't appreciate his kind gesture, but rather preferred him to be professional.

To be honest, Jimin was way more comfortable now that Jungkook was present and wasn't treating him any different than he usually would. Obviously, Jimin wanted them to stay professional, yet he didn't want Jungkook to be cold and distant either.

“Hey, Jungkook-ah” Jimin replied with a soft smile.

“Why don't you take a seat already? I'll see whether Jiyoo-ssi is finished with the food already” the older man offered, pointing to the dining table to their right. It was already filled with plates, glasses and several little snacks like fruit and bread. However, apparently, the main dishes were still missing.

“Thank you” Jimin uttered with a smile, almost bowing, yet stilling as he felt Jungkook grab him by the back of his botton-up shirt and preventing him from bowing.

The taller boy stared at him with an amused expression, “You don't have to bow”

“Well, but it's polite” Jimin murmured, still bowing at Jungkook's father despite Jungkook's objection.

Mr. Jeon chuckled, giving a nod as he disappeared into the kitchen. Simultaneously, Jimin and Jungkook moved over to the dining table, taking a seat across from each other.

“Jiyoo is here?” Jimin then asked, eyes lighting up at the mention of her name. After all, she had been very kind and sweet when Jimin had met her on their trip back in Busan. Back then, Jungkook had revealed to him how she was a part of their family essentially - so it was only right for her to move to Seoul with them, Jimin assumed.

“Yeah” Jungkook affirmed, “She came here with my father once he decided to settle here”

Surely, she had been spending a lot of her life with Jungkook's family, a very long duration to be exact. However, it made Jimin wonder whether or not she had a family of her own that she had taken with her to Seoul? Or had she left them back in Busan? Then again, maybe the Jeon's were her family after all.

“I feel like I should say hello” Jimin noted, nibbling on his bottom lip as he recalled their last encounter. To be fair, he had never said goodbye to Jiyoo back then. The last time he had seen her, Jungkook and him had tried to sneak out of the house to meet that scary informant.

Oh, that informant. What a frightening experience that had been. That night, things had changed between them, Jungkook confessing his feelings for him, yet it had also been the night that Jimin had feared that they had hurt Jungkook – even killed him.

The thought alone sent a shiver down Jimin's back.

Jungkook snickered, pointing towards a door that presumably lead to the kitchen, “I'm sure she'll be out soon” he stated.

Jimin smiled, “I like her. She's nice” he declared, warmth blooming within his chest at the thought of Jiyoo. Despite him only really having spent one day with her, he was already utterly fond of her – something about her just very endearing.

“She is” Jungkook agreed, humming as he gave a nod, “I think she loves you” he added, smirking as
he leaned back into his seat.

The pink haired male arched up his eyebrows in surprise, “Why would you say that?”

“Because she kept asking where you were” Jungkook answered, chuckling.

*What?*

“Really?” Jimin wondered, furrowing his brows in disbelief.

The other boy nodded again, “Yeah, after you left our house in Busan back then, she wondered where you went to and was sad that she didn't get to say goodbye” he responded, “Then, as soon as we told her you were coming, she got all giddy and excited”

Shyly, Jimin smiled at the information, yet somehow a feeling of guilt appeared to be inevitable. After all, he should have said goodbye to her back then. However, things had been kind of hectic and very chaotic during that time, Jimin's mind and heart having had very different perceptions on what to do. In the end, his mind had overweighed everything else, causing him to leave Jungkook behind just as much, choosing to meet his father on his own while giving Jungkook and himself some space.

How heartwrenching that experience had been. Yet, they were here now... Together. Happy.

“She's sweet” Jimin uttered, a soft smile adorning his pretty features as he rested his chin on his hands, staring at Jungkook who snickered, the man wetting his lips.

“I think she has a slight crush on you” he claimed, arching up one of his brows, “Gotta watch out” Jungkook added, his tone a faint tone lower.

Jumin giggled, shaking his head, “Don't be silly” he responded, cheeks heating up at those words regardless, “She's just kind and we... well, she was very welcoming back then. We talked about you” the smaller boy revealed, blush deepening as he recalled the incident.

“Of course, you did” Jungkook sighed, rolling his eyes, yet a smirk was dancing around his lips, “What embarrassing shit did she tell you about me on top of the ones my father had to share with you that night, huh?” he wondered.

The pink haired boy shook his head as his lips curled up into a warm smile, “Nothing embarrassing. Just...” Jimin replied, reaching out to run his index finger along the side of the glass, “Just good things” he murmured, “I felt that she loves you a lot”

Jungkook stared at him for a moment, blinking as he smiled almost shyly, “She's... yeah, she's been there with us... with me through everything. She never left” he uttered, voice softer with each of his syllables.

Inevitably, Jimin felt his heart clench at the reminder of Jungkook's scarring past, the horrible events he had to endure. It was calming to know that at least, Jiyoo had been by his side as his father had been struggling with the death himself, not entirely capable to be that role for Jungkook during that time.

“I'm glad, she didn't leave. She saw you grow up and become this charming, respectful man. That's wonderful” Jimin declared, heart almost desiring to get up and hug the other male.

Just as Jungkook was about to reply, a loud squeal echoed in the room, startling both boys. Swiftly, they scanned the room for the source of the noise, watching a middle aged woman hurry into the
room.

Jiyoo.

“Jimin-aaah!” she beamed, the smaller one barely able to get out of his seat before he was pulled into a warm hug, the woman embracing him tightly, almost choking all the air out of his lungs.

Gasping for air, Jimin attempted to wave at Jiyoo, yet was slightly restricted in doing that as he was caught in her grasp, “H-Hello-” he murmured.

Gently, she allowed him to slip from her embrace, grinning brightly, “Noona, call me noona!” she exclaimed.

“Hello, noona. It's very-” the pink haired one tried again, yet was interrupted by Jiyoo.

“Waah, your hair!” she noted, clasping her hand over her mouth as her eyes lit up in something Jimin wasn't sure how to define – was assuming it to be affection or joy, “It looks so pretty! What a beautiful colour!”

Mr. Jeon and Jungkook snickered at her excitement, Jimin feeling his cheeks tingle a shade of rose at the compliment, “Thank you, noona, it's nice to see you-”

As she reached out to caress his cheek with her knuckles, Jimin went silent again, “Such soft skin, would you look at that? Waah, what ah-”

“Jiyoo-ssi” Jungkook emphasised her name with a chuckle.

At that, she dropped her hand, eyes going wide in shock, “Sorry, yes” Jiyoo swiftly apologised, bowing at Jimin before she brushed the dust of her clothes.

Jimin giggled, returning the bow, “Hello, noona. It's very nice to see you again” he finally responded, somehow affected by her overly joyful and positive demeanor, happiness blooming within him, calming his nervous heart.

“Oh, and what a pleasure it is for me!” she replied, clasping her hand over her heart as though to underline her statement, “Jungkook-ah talks so much about you! Ah, and Jungwhan-ssi, talked about you, too!”

The smaller boy arched up his eyebrows in surprise, stealing a glance at Jungkook, “They do?”

“Yeah!” she affirmed, nodding frantically.

“What do they say?” Jimin wondered, tilting his head to the side, lips curling up into a smile.

“Oh, well, Jiyoo-ssi, don't scare him away, hm? We've got the whole night to talk” Jungkook interrupted her swiftly, scratching over the back of his neck as he had jumped up to his feet, gesturing for Jimin to take a seat again.

“Right, right, right. Of course” she chuckled, giving a nod as she poked Jimin's nose, ruffling through his hair.

“Jiyoo-ssi appears to be very excited today” Mr. Jeon noted, smiling as he walked past them, carrying a glass of red wine in his hand as he took a seat next to Jungkook.

Upon his arrival, Jimin bowed out of politeness, figuring that he was never going to lose that mannerism despite Jungkook reminding him each time that it wasn't necessary.
Jungkook gave a nod in agreement, sitting down on his chair again before he reached for his glass of water, bringing it up to his lips, “This is going to be a fun night then…” he muttered beneath his breath, a smile still plastered on his face before he took a sip from his glass.

“Jimin-ssi, why don't you sit down again?” Jungkook's father suggested, pointing at Jimin's empty chair.

The smaller boy nodded, swiftly taking his seat back across from Jungkook as though Mr. Jeon had demanded for him to rush with his motion.

In the meanwhile, Jiyoo had reached for the handle of the big glass jug containing water, filling Jimin's cup almost until the brim before she set the jug back to its designated place.

“I can tell you more about all of that later” Jiyoo whispered once Jimin had thanked her for the water, winking at him.

Giggling, Jimin gave a nod, “I would love to know more about what Jungkook keeps telling you about me”

Jiyoo chuckled sweetly, clasping her hands together as though she was recalling the event, “Aah, Jungkook-ah is so enchanted by you, he keeps-”

“Jiyoo-ssi!” the black haired one interrupted her with humour in his voice, furrowing his brows, yet still smiling.

The older woman pressed her lips into a line, nodding, “Whoops, I see, gotta go and get the food” she remembered, spinning around and hurrying back into the kitchen.

The others snickered in unison, watching her leave before they trailed their gazes back over to the table, Jimin reaching for his glass in order to take a sip, his dry throat thanking him for the cold liquid.

Fortunately, his heart felt calmer now, somehow not as anxious anymore now that the ice had been cracked. Surely, one could argue that it wasn’t the most professional setting, yet honestly, Jimin didn’t mind at all. Truthfully, he preferred it this way… was almost reminded of something he had never been able to experience at home with his parents.

However, the behaviour of Jiyoo made him wonder what exactly Jungkook had told her about. Clearly, she had always been very kind and welcoming towards Jimin, yet this time she appeared to be even more endeared. What had caused her to be this fond of him?

“Does she know about us?” Jimin then wanted to know once he had swallowed down the water in his mouth.

The taller boy arched up an eyebrow, giving a nod, “Yeah, of course she does”

Jungkook's father chuckled beside him, wiping the napkin over his mouth, “Of course she knows about you because Jungkook-ah won't shu-”

“Appa, be quiet” Jungkook mumbled, glaring at his father, cheeks tingling a very faint shade of rose-wait, was Jungkook- was he blushing now?

Jimin's heart fluttered, warmth spreading through his chest at that revelation.

How utterly adorable.
“I will, I will” Mr. Jeon snickered, yet gave a nod to reassure Jungkook of him complying.

Jiyoo returned to the dining room with several big dishes in her arms, setting them down on the table in front of them. Immediately, the delicious scent of home-cooked meals filled Jimin's nostrils, mouth watering at the sight of his favourite dishes being presented for them.

“I would suggest for us to start eating already before we speak about the topic at hand, hm? I'm sure you must be hungry. We've got the whole night to discuss this anyway, right? Does that sound good, Jimin-ssi?” Jungkook's father suggested.

Jimin found himself nod at the word 'hungry' without even registering such a movement on his own, the boy agreeing with the suggestion before Mr. Jeon had even finished.

“Go ahead, then”

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It was a little later during the evening, laughter filling the room as Mr. Jeon shared a story of his absurd experience of an addition he had previously attended. There was never an occurrence of awkward tension lying among them, one of them always finding ways to lead the conversation.

In all honesty, it was so very comfortable – not scary or nervewrecking at all, as Jimin had feared of.

Then again, they hadn't actually started to talk about Jimin's application just yet, too caught up in the fun atmosphere upon them.

Mr. Jeon reached for his wine glass, taking a sip from it. As Jimin had noticed, it was already his second – and surely not his last - glass, them still in the midst of eating their dinner that Jiyoo had prepared. Frankly, Jimin didn't mind that at all, had wondered only for a brief moment whether that was so called for or even appropriate during a meeting with an applicant, yet their relationship was somewhat different to the one to an usual applicant anyway.

As long as they were still able to hold a serious conversation, Jimin was entirely fine with it.

Once Mr. Jeon had taken a sip from his wine, he drew his attention over to Jimin, fixating his gaze on the pink haired boy, “So, Jimin-ssi, how long have you been dancing for?”

Slowly, Jimin chewed on the food in his mouth, slightly surprised by the sudden question. Quickly, he swallowed his bite down, eyes lighting up at the mention of his passion.

“Oh, uhm, well, ever since I was a child. I didn't start dancing professionally up until I lived in Seoul several years ago. I loved dancing in school, too, so I guess it was only right for me to attend an arts school and major in contemporary dance” Jimin answered, recalling that they hadn't really talked about all of Jimin's past and inspirations back then in Busan.

“Contemporary?” Mr. Jeon echoed, arching up an eyebrow, “How interesting”

“Yes, Sir, it's... it's my favourite, I think” Jimin responded, shy smile adorning his delicate features, the boy setting his chopsticks down on the table.

“Fascinating” Jungkook's father uttered, interest and sincerity in his eyes, the man staring at Jimin attentively, “Was there someone in your family that inspired you to dance?” he then wanted to know out of curiosity, potentially- or rather unmistakably not aware of the fact that he hit a wound with that question.
Jungkook visibly tensed beside his father, chewing on his food slower now as he glanced at Jimin, an emotion flashing in his eyes that Jimin wasn't capable to define. It was almost as though he was silently assuring Jimin that he wouldn't have to answer this question, appearing to soothe him with a mere stare.

The smaller boy cleared his throat, shaking his head, “Uhm, no... nothing like that, really” he replied, but then titled his head to the side, “Well, my grandmother always supported me. She loved watching me dance and always cheered me on”

Mr. Jeon smiled, “That is very sweet. Does she still support you? She must be very proud of you for coming this far and achieving what you did” he commented, voice genuine.

At that, Jimin dipped his head down, heart clenching as he half smiled, “I... I hope so, yes” he agreed, lifting his head up again to maintain eyecontact with the older male, “She's... well, she's not with us anymore. She passed away several years ago”

“I'm very sorry to hear that” Mr. Jeon muttered, setting his chopsticks down on the table as well, simultaneously wiping his napkin over his mouth.

Jimin caught his bottom lip between his teeth, “I always feel like she's watching from above and... and supporting me from there” he then added, voice turning quieter with each syllable as he felt silly for having said that out loud.

However, Jungkook and Mr. Jeon both smiled warmly at him.

“I'm sure she does” Jungkook responded, affection glistening in his brown orbs.

Immediataly, Jimin returned the smile, noticing how his fingers were fidgeting with the hem of his shirt absentmindedly, playing with the fabric as a nervous habit of his.

“What about your parents?” Mr. Jeon wondered, surely only intending to lead the conversation on, yet twisting the knife in Jimin's wound.

Jungkook shook his head, “Appa, don't” he warned, glaring at his father who raised up his brows in surprise.

“What? I'm just very curious to know more about Jimin- as an applicant, but even more than that as the man that's by your side” the older male reasoned, pointing from Jimin to Jungkook.

The black haired one clicked his tongue, balling his hands into fists, “Appa, this isn't about my relationship with him. I told you to not corner him with any of that shit and to stay on”

“It's fine” Jimin interrupted Jungkook's rant, smiling softly as he shook his head, refusing to cause a fight between Jungkook and his father. “I don't mind. I don't have... I don't have...”

The smaller boy went silent, heart suddenly clenching.

Truthfully, he had meant to say that he didn't have any parents anymore, yet... that was a lie. Somewhere out there, his biological father was still alive – oblivious to the fact that he had another child living out in Seoul.

In all honesty, Jimin didn't spend that much time thinking about him. Maybe, that was horrible of him, yet the situation was... was still surreal to him even to this day, almost as though it had all only been a dream.
Of course, he had woken up a couple of times at night over the past weeks, wondering what his biological father might be doing right now, yet he had made a decision back then to not reveal his own identity to him.

It had been the right one – at least during that time.

Perhaps, he would never reveal the truth. However, perhaps, one day he would change his mind and contact the man that has no knowledge of his existence at all.

At least, that's what Jimin thought.

“My mother died before I was able to remember her” Jimin finally answered, “My father... died several years later, but he never supported me in my dream or... or anything really. Our relationship was very... toxic”

Mr. Jeon blinked, giving a nod as he averted his gaze, “That's... I'm very sorry to hear that, Jimin-ssi”

Silence settled between them, Jimin staring down at his plate as he moved the food from side to side with the chopsticks in his hand.

“I'm sorry” Mr. Jeon apologised, clearing his throat, “I didn't mean to dig in your past. It's really none of my business at all. I got carried away with my curiosity to find out more about you, but Jungkook-ah is right. I should stay professional and remember that you're here tonight as an applicant first and foremost. Obviously, I would ask any applicant for their inspiration or the reason for why they started dancing, yet I understand that I've crossed a line with asking about your parents”

Jimin stilled, smiling shyly as he shook his head, “It's fine, really. I... I'm fine. I really don't mind. It is a part of me-”

“Who wants dessert!” Jiyoo screamed joyful as she appeared in the dining room with two plates filled with cake and ice cream. Swiftly, she rushed over to the table, setting the dessert down in front of them, “Hurry up before the ice melts” she insisted with a smile before she disappeared back into the kitchen again.

“I have to excuse myself for my moment. You go ahead with the dessert already. I'll be right back” Mr. Jeon noted, getting up to his feet before he exited the dining room, leaving behind a somewhat awkward tension in the air.

Obviously, that hadn't been his intention at all and Jimin wished for it to disappear as quickly as possible as tonight had started out so wonderful. Initially, Jimin had felt nervous upon his arrival, but had calmed down fairly soon and had been rather happy the whole night.

“Hey, little one, is everything okay?” Jungkook interrupted his thoughts, concern in his eyes as their gazes met.

“Mhm-mh” Jimin hummed in confirmation, but avoided Jungkook's eyes.

The younger male got up from his seat, walking around the table in order to close the distance between them.

“Baby” Jungkook whispered, grabbing his chin and tilting his head up, “Don't lie to me”

Jimin shook his head, “I'm fine, really. I just hadn't expected to talk about this tonight. I've found my closure already. I won't let my own father ruin yet another thing for me. I'm past that point” he responded, entirely sincere with his words, heart convinced that it was stronger now.
After all, this whole thing was extremely important to him. Essentially, the treatment of his father has led Jimin to grow up to be a certain way – scars filling his heart that had taken its time to heal. There had been so many missed opportunities simply for the way that man had lacked emotional support or had been absent entirely. Despite him having passed away many years ago, his actions had left repercussions in Jimin's life that he had have to deal with even years later, dragging it along like a burden.

Yet, not anymore. No, Jimin refused to allow his father to have such power over his life any longer, refused to let the scars cut even deeper.

Gently, Jungkook ran the pad of his thumb along Jimin's chin, leaning in to press a soft kiss to his lips, withdrawing before he placed another peck on his forehead, “Okay”

“I forgot the whipped cream!” Jiyoo yelled from the kitchen, reappearing a brief moment later back in the dining room, immediately halting in her steps, “Oh. I'm sorry”

Jungkook was still leaning above Jimin, steadying himself by having one hand pressed to the table while the other one was grasping the back of Jimin's chair, their faces only mere inches away.

“It's fine” Jungkook assured with a smile.

Slowly, Jiyoo closed the distance between them, placing the whipped cream on the table. Then, she walked right back out – a joyful shriek visible from the kitchen.

The taller boy snickered, dipping his head down at the reaction of Jiyoo at the sight of their close proximity.

“Jiyoo” Jungkook uttered beneath his breath, shaking his head.

“She's cute” Jimin giggled, the sound evoking a soft smile in Jungkook, fondness glistening in his brown orbs. It was odd how a mere sound like this was capable to evoke such affection and happiness in Jungkook.

Love really worked in a fascinating way.

Jungkook chuckled, “You're cute” he uttered, smirking.

In response, Jimin rolled his eyes, yet wasn't able to hide the smile that curled up the corners of his lips, “Stop flirting” he insisted.

“What? I can't help myself when I look at you. You're the one to blame here” Jungkook argued, arching up his eyebrow as though he had made a valid point, returning to his seat with a smug smile.

“Me?” Jimin asked, eyes wide, “What am I doing?”

“Looking absolutely adorable” he answered, the sincerity in his eyes claiming that he was utterly serious with that statement, “That should be a crime”

Jimin giggled, shaking his head, “Then what about you, hm, Mr. As Handsome As A Darn Greek God?” he challenged, crossing his arms over his chest, but feeling his cheeks flush a faint shade of rose at his own words.

Jungkook's eyebrows shot up, “A greek god?” Jungkook echoed, a smug smirk adorning his handsome features as he leaned back into his seat.
“What?” Jimin asked, pretending to be oblivious.

“Can you say that again?” the younger male insisted, titling his head to the side, smirk deepening.

“No” Jimin declined, shaking his head as he reached for a spoon, choosing not to feed into Jungkook's ego – partially because it was kind of funny and partially for the fact of being embarrassed.

Jungkook leaned closer, resting his arms on the table, “That was quite the long name, though. I didn’t quite catch all of that. I think you have to rep-”

“Oh, shut up” Jimin interrupted him with a chuckle, shaking his head, both aware that Jungkook had indeed caught Jimin's comparison, simply choosing to tease one another.

Jungkook's heart warmed at the sound of Jimin's giggles, his eyes turned into little crescents, the sight piercing right through Jungkook's heart as though it was an arrow – here to collect the heart that rightfully belonged to Jimin already.

Suddenly, Mr. Jeon entered the dining room again, arriving to a room filled with laughter, the man smiling at the realisation – almost relieved that the awkward tension had vanished.

“What are you two laughing about?” he wondered, taking his seat back next to Jungkook.

“Oh, nothing” Jungkook answered, smirking.

“Mhm-hm” his father hummed, eyes glistening with affection as they reached for their spoons simultaneously, either of them picking a piece of the cake. Hesitantly, Jimin joined them, not certain whether any more food would even fit into his stomach, Jiyoo's meal having been that delicious that it had been quite difficult to actually contain himself.

Once they've finished a good amount of their dessert, half of it already filling their stomachs, Mr. Jeon spoke up again, “Jimin-ssi”

“Yes, Sir?” Jimin uttered, noticing how the ice cream was melting away on his plate next to the remainder of his chocolate cake.

“I was informed that you've received another offer? YK entertainment? Is that correct?” the man wondered.

“Yes, Sir” Jimin confirmed with a hum, swiftly chewing on the cake in his mouth and swallowing the bite down, “I did receive an offer and I've already met Yang as well”

Mr. Jeon pulled his brows up, visibly surprised by that news, “You did? What did he offer you?”

“Oh...” Jimin hesitated, stealing a glance at Jungkook who smiled comforting at him, giving a nod.

“Go ahead, baby, you can tell him”

Clearing his throat, Jimin fixated his gaze back on Mr. Jeon, “Well, he was very open about everything and wanted me to decide, but then told me that he would like for me to become an assistant choregrapher for now” the smaller boy responded, recalling the day at the company.

Oh, what a day that had been. Truly, an eternity had passed during that day. The meeting, that argument with Jungkook, the revelation of Jungkook's past – an awful event including his mother having scarred him.
“That sounds very good” Jungkook’s father stated, appearing to be pleasantly surprised by the offer, giving a nod as though to affirm it.

“It does” Jimin agreed, remembering how kind Yang had been, “I was very happy with the offer”

Mr. Jeon nodded, clearing his throat as he rested his arms on the table, “Well, I would like to share my offer with you now, then, Jimin-ssi”

The pink haired boy felt his heartbeat quicken, the organ pounding hard against his chest in a quickening pace, conveying his nervousness, “Okay, Sir” he uttered softly, straightening his posture.

“What actually, my offer isn't that different from Yang's as I had expected” he stated, grinning, “I was very intrigued by your performance at the Seoul Dance Championship. Your skills are truly remarkable” he complimented Jimin, the latter inevitably blushing at the praise, “You've got great control over your body and something that you can't be taught easily – the ability to feel and to convey that feeling when dancing. I felt like I was watching a story”

Surely, Jimin was dreaming. The CEO of Jeon entertainment had really just said that? Was this real?

“Thank you” Jimin uttered, his heart fluttering at the compliment, the boy bowing as well was capable of doing in his current position.

Mr. Jeon nodded, “I would love for you to teach certain trainees of ours”

At that, Jimin's eyes went wide, bis brain taking a moment to register those words, the boy truly caught in a state of disbelief.

“Thank you for the offer” Jimin ultimately answered, clasping his hand over his heart, “I really appreciate it. Yet, although I do love choreographing and wouldn't say that it's anything new to me, I'm still lacking, Sir. I need to learn a lot myself and practice hard to become someone who can teach others”

The older male titled his head to the side, humming, “I know that you don't have much experience, but that doesn't mean that you don't have the ability to teach someone what you already have. You can always improve yourself technically, everyone can. There's always things that we can do better and it's admirable when you keep practicing, but when you're gifted with something as you are, when you can convey such feelings as you do, it would be a shame to not spread that” he pointed out, leaning back into his seat.

Jemin caught his bottom lip between his teeth, dipping his head down in thought, “I would love to teach your trainees, but... I'm just not sure whether I'm ready” he declared.

After all, being a good dancer didn't equal to being a good teacher. In fact, Jimin had already had this mental discussion upon the offer he had received from Yang. However, that had been slightly different as he hadn't been offered a place as a full choregrapher, but only as an assistant one.

“Would you prefer becoming a trainee?” Mr. Jeon wondered, pointing his hand at Jimin, “I can make you a star that dances on huge stages, Jimin-ssi, if that's what you want” he promised, smiling.

Jungkook set his spoon down on the table, straightening his back at the mention of 'star.' Then, the taller male wiped a napkin over his mouth, titling his head to the side in order to look at his father.

“I... I'm not sure, if that's...” Jimin murmured, furrowing his brows at the question.

The idea of teaching someone – seeing the light in someone's eyes when they succeeded, seeing the
passion in their eyes when they dance, watching people evolve and improve themselves because Jimin was teaching them was just- was simply such a beautiful thing to dream of.

Surely, Jimin had always dreamed of dancing on big stages, but who decided that teaching someone to dance would restrict him from doing exactly that? Evidently, Hoseok was their teacher, too, but had danced on a big stage with them.

“What is your dream, Jimin-ah?” Mr. Jeon interrupted his thoughts.

The question surprised him.

Half smiling, Jimin’s eyes lit up, “I... I want to dance. No matter in what way, I want to dance” he answered, heart almost jumping in joy at the mere thought of one of his major aspirations in life.

Mr. Jeon hummed, giving a nod, “Is fame important to you?”

Well, that definitely wasn't anything he had expected to be asked.

Fame wasn't ever anything Jimin had set out to be his goal for. In fact, he simply aspired to dance, wanted to inspire and touch people, wanted them to feel what he feels when doing exactly that.

“No... not really. I mean, I don't know” Jimin responded, furrowing his brows at the confusing conversation going on within him, “I do love the look in people's eyes when they're touched by me dancing, but I don't know whether that whole fame thing is really for me” he trailed off, digging his teeth into his bottom lip.

After all, the negative side of being famous wasn't ever really perceived in society, wasn't exactly part of the narrative they were being taught when it came to fame. Clearly, they only ever discussed a small fraction of what it was actually like to stand in the public eye.

Surely, it had its many perks and many, many beautiful aspects to it, yet it also required you to allow a major part of your privacy to be gone entirely, people choosing to watch your every move, judge everything you do, deciding how you should behave and act – trying to control your life completely.

Certain people didn't stop there, criticising even the smallest action of yours, making it impossible to do anything right in their eyes, no way of pleasing them at all – you were ought to fail in their eyes.

Yet, there were people who would cheer you on, who would support you and declare their love for you, be inspired by you. Maybe, you were capable to change their life.

That alone made it worth so much.

In all honesty, it was a bittersweet thing.

“Here's my offer for you” Jungkook's father expressed, “I want you to work alongside Jung Hoseok who I've recently hired as our new choreographer. For now, you're going to work with him to assist, learn from him as he's got quite the experience” he added, stealing a glimpse at Jungkook before his gaze wandered back over to Jimin, “However, you do have a pretty face and I would offer you to dance as a background dancer for certain artists. During shows, music videos, etc. If that's enough for you, then that's wonderful. Yet, if you decide you want the spotlight solely on you, if you decide you want to be at the front as the main act one day then let me know and we'll modify your contract” he offered.

Jimin's eyes widened, mouth agape and heartbeat stilling for brief a moment, just to pound twice as fast against his chest.
Surely, he must have misunderstood that offer? Perhaps, he had misheard the words that his brain had believed to have registered. Evidently, this was too good to be true.

“W-What... really?” Jimin asked in utter disbelief, eventually shutting his mouth as he had noticed his jaw hanging down.

“Yes” Mr. Jeon affirmed, “You would receive a set payment for your work as a choreographer and then an extra amount for your work as a back-up dancer. The amount will vary from artist to artist, but I'm sure we'll be able to work something out”

This time, it was Jimin who glanced at Jungkook, observing how the black haired boy was sitting their attentively, his gaze fixated on Jimin the whole time, a reassuring smile adorning his handsome features, yet something that Jimin found to be concern flashing in his eyes.

“What about an audition? Shouldn't I... I don't know, properly audition?” Jimin wondered, ought to feel as though this was way too good to be true.

Mr. Jeon arched up his eyebrows, titling his head to the side as a faint smirk appeared on his face, “Of course, you could, but quite frankly, I don't see that as necessary. I've seen you perform already. I'm aware of your skills. I see this right here fit as your interview for the official job. As early as over the next couple of days, we could set a contract ready for you”

The pink haired boy wet his lips, mouth suddenly dry, “Just like that?” he questioned, voice suddenly a lot softer, almost displaying his faint emotion of disbelief.

“Just like that” Jungkook's father echoed, “Wouldn't take long at all. Depending on how quick you want in, we could accelerate the process and have the contract ready by tomorrow, assuring you to be able to start as soon as after tomorrow” he added, glancing at Jungkook as though to confirm that statement.

The younger male hummed in agreement, but leaned back into his seat as ne noticed Jimin's display of hesitation, the latter nibbling on his bottom lip as he ran his index finger along the side of his glass.

“Already?” Jimin then whispered, not entirely sure when his voice had decided to be that quiet, the boy not having intended to do that.

“If that's what you want to happen” Mr. Jeon responded, giving a firm nod, “Obviously, we can set later dates. It's really up to you”

“What about Hoseok hyung?” Jimin then wondered, furrowing his brows.

After all, Jimin wasn't certain whether or not Hoseok would appreciate this decision just as much. Then again, they were very close friends and got along very well. In fact, they shared a special kind of bond, Hoseok having been his teacher, having stayed by his side through a tough time and being the boyfriend of his best friend. Truthfully, Jimin didn't quite believe that Hoseok would be that opposed to the idea.

“What about him?” Jungkook's father muttered, clearly not quite fathoming why Hoseok was brought up as an objection.

“What if he... doesn't like this idea?” Jimin still voiced his previous concern.

Mr. Jeon chuckled, “Of course, I've spoken to Hoseok-ssi earlier today, he's more than delighted to work with you” the older male assured him, Jimin's heart making a jump in excitement.
To work alongside Hoseok... to work in Jeon entertainment – a company he had always dreamt of being part of – to teach other trainees... to dance on big stages even if it was only as a back-up dancer.

All of that would allow Jimin to live his dream in the most vivid and beautiful way.

“This is... I hadn't expected to be able to start this soon already. This is all happening so... quickly” Jimin murmured, brain quicker than his heart. Then again, his brain was right. Frankly, Jimin shouldn't just jump into the offer like this. After all, that wasn't as fair to YK entertainment, now, was it?

“Take your time, Jimin-ssi” Jungkook reassured him, “You don't have to feel pressured at all. We'll wait for you to make a decision” he added, glancing at his father who nodded in agreement.

“If it's okay, I would like to think a little more about it. I don't feel entirely comfortable with making a hasty decision right now” Jimin asked, shaking his head at his own busy and complicated mind.

“Of course, I understand. Take the time you need. It is a very important choice after all” Mr. Jeon accepted.

Smiling gratefully, Jimin gave a nod, “It is” he agreed quietly, reaching for his spoon in order to finish his dessert.

After all, this decision could very well change his life.

No, it would certainly change his life – in a way, the smaller boy had never even dreamed of.

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“I'll go and get me another glass of wine” Mr. Jeon announced once he had finished his dessert, getting up from his seat and disappearing into the kitchen.

Almost simultaneously, Jiyoo entered the dining room with a bright smile, “How was the food?” she asked as she approached the table.

“Absolutely delicious” Jimin complimented, smiling at her.

Gratefully, she ruffled through his pink locks, eyes glistening with fondness as she reached for his empty plate, “Would you like anything else?” Jiyoo then offered, Jimin's stomach already begging him to stop, threatening him to burst entirely, if he would dare to stuff any more food inside of his body.

“No, it was very good, but I'm full” the pink haired boy declined politely, shaking his head.

Truthfully, Jimin hadn't eaten that much in quite a while, the night having been filled with laughter and a very pleasant ambience that had lead him to enjoy himself quite a lot tonight. Of course, there had been the slight tension in the air upon their conversation about his past, yet that had quickly been forgotten, “I think I might have gained several pounds today”

Jiyoo shook her head determinately, humming in disagreement, “No, don't you worry about that. If it tastes good, it doesn't have any calories, hm?” she grinned at him, Jungkook chuckling as he lifted his glass up to his lips, taking a sip.

Slightly confused, Jimin pulled up his eyebrows, “Oh?”

“Jiyoo-ssi has been telling us that over the past years” the taller boy revealed to him, winking at Jiyoo
who giggled as she gave a nod.

“And? Have I been wrong?” Jiyoo wanted to know, placing her hands on her hips as she glared at Jungkook, waiting for him to answer.

“No, noona” the latter replied, amusement glistening in his eyes as he stole a glimpse at Jimin who giggled into his hand.

“There you go” Jiyoo noted, throwing her hands into the air as though she had made a valid point, the woman then starting to clean the dining table, stacking up the dirty plates in a big pile.

“Let me help you” Jimin offered swiftly, getting up to his feet as he noticed the shaking of the tower she was creating.

“Oh, no, no, no” she declined, vigorously waving her hand at him for him to take a seat again, “You sit down, sweety. I've got this”

“I really don't mind at all”

“I'll help you, Jiyoo-ssi” Jungkook then suggested despite her protest, wiping the napkin over his mouth before he got up to his feet, walking around the table and taking the pile from her with slight resistance from her.

The older woman swatted his arm, but smiled warmly at him, “Jungkook-ah, you disobedient man, always helping me even if I tell you no”

Jungkook rolled his eyes, but smiled at her, “It nothing, Jiyoo-ssi”

There it was – that spark of affection and fondness glistening in his eyes as he looked at the older woman, the emotions displaying his deep bond and caring for Jiyoo. In that moment, Jimin wondered whether or not she had almost been like a mother figure for him once his biological mother had died. Surely, she would never be able to replace his actual mother, but it appeared that she still cared for him as though Jungkook was her son, and he cared for her deeply, too.

“What a good man you've become, thank you, bunny” she uttered, caressing his cheek.

Silence.

All of them stilled, Jungkook's eyes going wide before he squeezed them shut, appearing to know what was going to happen.

What had she just called him?

“Fuck, no” Jungkook uttered beneath his breath.

“B-Bunny?” Jimin echoed, eyebrows shooting up as he turned around in his chair, gaze flickering back and forth between Jiyoo's apologetic expression and Jungkook's unimpressed one, “Bunny?”

The younger male shook his head in disbelief, almost as though he felt defeated, “Shit” he cussed.

“Language” Jiyoo scolded him.

“Bunny? Did you just call him bunny?” Jimin repeated, amusement in his voice, humour glistening in his eyes as he chuckled.

“Shut up, Jimin-ah” Jungkook mumbled, rolling his eyes at the smaller one.
Warmth bloomed within Jimin's chest, “Oh my god, that name is absolutely adorable, I-”

“I knew I was doomed tonight” Jungkook sighed, dipping his head down as he headed towards the door.

Jiyoo clasped her hands over her heart, “I'm so sorry, Jungkook-ah. I didn't mean to- It was just-”

“Let's just clean the table” Jungkook muttered beneath his breath, a faint shade of rose tingling on his cheeks as he exited the dining room and disappeared into the kitchen.

“I guess I shouldn't have said that. It just slipped” Jiyoo stated, rushing after him with more plates.

For some reason, Jimin couldn't contain his giggles, the knowledge of Jiyoo calling Jungkook 'bunny' absolutely endearing and simply just way too adorable.

In a way, it was just proving how much she really cared for him. After all, choosing an adorable petname as that one for someone was something very affectionate. Surely, she hadn't intended to tease him at all, but had just been pulled back into an old habit of hers.

After all, Jimin assumed that she had used that name for him when he was younger, perhaps only during several few occasions still today.

As Jungkook returned back to the dining room, Jimin immediately drew his attention over to him, smile adorning his pretty features as his eyes lit up in amusement, “Hey, bunny” he greeted the boy.

“Ha ha” Jungkook muttered in fake humour, rolling his eyes, yet a smirk was dancing around his lips, the boy appearing to be fond of listening to Jimin's giggles, “Dammit Jiyoo”

The pink haired boy watched Jungkook reach for the last few bowls that contained the small remainder of the meals Jiyoo had cooked for them, Jimin cooing at him, “I like it. It's cute” he assured.

Jungkook sighed, shaking his head in dissatisfaction, “Fuck, that name is so damn old. She called me that when I was younger, okay?” he reasoned, glancing at Jimin who titled his head to the side, smile not leaving him.

“Why?” he then wondered.

The taller boy shrugged his shoulders, “She claimed that I reminded her of a bunny when I was younger. I'm not too sure, though. It just kind of started one day and she has been using that ever since” he explained, stacking the bowls up in a minor pile.

Jimin's eyes lit up, the boy jumping up and down in his seat, “Can I call you that?” he wanted to know, the name simply too cute not to be used, although... Jungkook didn't quite appear to be that keen on the name, seemed slightly embarrassed by Jimin knowing about it.

“No” Jungkook denied, meeting Jimin's gaze.

“Why not?” Jimin wondered, “Don't you like it? It's adorable”

“Don't” the black haired male demanded beneath his breath, clicking his tongue.

Jimin pouted, “But it's so cute, bunny !”

“Don't, Jimin-ah” he insisted again, intent stare piercing through Jimin, causing him to feel weak.
Jimin arched up his eyebrows, wetting his lips, “What are you going to do, if I don’t?”

The younger male stilled, staring at Jimin for a brief moment longer before he walked up behind him, then sliding his hand through Jimin's hair before he pulled on it, manhandling the smaller boy who was forced to lean his head back into his neck, “Don't make me fuck that name out of you” he whispered into Jimin's ear, lips pressed against him, tone low, goosebumps immediately forming on Jimin's skin, the latter gasping as he drew his thighs together.

“I must say, I thought I had bought more than one red wine bottle. I can't believe I'm already out of it” Mr. Jeon stated as he reappeared in the dining room with a sigh, Jungkook allowing Jimin to slip from his grasp, Jungkook sliding his hand through his pink locks to comfort him before he picked up the bowls, “I found some white wine, though” Jungkook's father added as he took his previous seat before.

Jimin was still dealing with Jungkook's sudden change in demeanor to his teasing, the smaller boy oddly aroused, cheeks flushed a shade of rose as he exhaled a shaky breath, begging his heart to calm down as he reached for his glass of water, emptying it in one go.

“Would you like some wine, too, Jimin-ssi?” Mr. Jeon wondered, pointing at his full glass.

Smiling, Jimin shook his head, “Thank you, Sir, but I'm gonna stay away from alcohol for awhile” he declined, recalling his previous - not too long ago – encounter with alcohol that had lead to him actually passing out and forgetting about the remainder of the night.

“I understand, of course. You should, yes, you should. It's not good for you” Mr. Jeon agreed with a firm nod, almost as though he was scolding him like a father would, having his best interest at heart.

Suddenly, a younger woman entered the dining room, coming to a halt in the doorway as she bowed deeply, “Hello, Sir. I'm so sorry for interrupting your dinner and meeting right now” she apologised, her voice sweet, yet also... yes, almost seductive, as she made her presence known to the man that was sitting with his back towards the door.

Surprised, Mr. Jeon set his glass down, eyebrows shooting up as he turned around, “Ah, no, come on in. What is it?”

The woman smiled, the movement adorning her beautiful features as she entered the room, her high-heels audible on the wooden floor, a noise echoing in the room with each of her steps.

Jimin blinked, allowing his gaze to trail over her appearance, the woman dressed in a tight black skirt and a slim-fitting red blouse, matching her red lipstick that she had lined on her plump lips, her hair was a light shade of brown, curled and ending somewhere below her breasts.

“What the fuck is Minji-ssi doing here?” Jungkook asked annoyed as he returned to the dining room, now drawing all the attention over to him as he came to a halt in the middle of the room.

Mr. Jeon sighed, waving the woman – who Jimin now had learned to be called Minji – over to him, “Manners, Jungkook-ah, manners” he reminded his son, “She's my assistant, my right hand. She's what Jin-ssi is for you, you know that. It's only right for her to be here to let me know about changes in my schedule” Jungkook's father expressed, not faced by Jungkook's visible anger with her presence.

So she was working for Mr. Jeon? Has she been here all along? Frankly, Jimin hadn't expected anyone else to be here at all. Then again, that had been foolish of him to think as he had only really caught sight of the living room, but had spend the sole time of the night here in the dining room.
Jungkook snorted, taking his seat across from Jimin again as he rolled his eyes, “Jin hyung isn't hanging out at my place to let me know about my schedule” he pointed out, glaring at Minji who flipped her hair back, tucking some strands behind her ear.

“Well, you usually don't work a long amount of time from home either. Today, I've cleared my schedule at the company in order to be able to meet Jimin-ssi here at my apartment, but that doesn't mean that I don't have no work to do from here. Minji-ssi is just making sure that everything stays organised” he explained, “I hope you understand kindly, Jimin-ssi” he added, glancing at Jimin before he addressed Minji, “What is it?”

“I've just wanted to get over this request with you. Well, I just need your signature, really” she answered, squeezing herself in between the spot of Jungkook's and Mr. Jeon's seats, bending forward as she placed the piece of paper on the table, handing the older man a pen.

“I see, let me just skim through it quickly” Mr. Jeon murmured, taking the piece of paper as well as the glasses Minji handed him – as though she was very diligent with her work and always prepared. Surely, she must have worked for him for quite some time now.

“Mhm-mh” she hummed, smiling as she rested her hands on the table, her low cutted blouse revealing a sight on her cleavage as she was bending forward.

Jimin averted his gaze, swallowing hard as he noticed how Jungkook eyed her. Surely, it wasn't intentional, but simply his way of earning a sense of the situation as he didn't appear to be as pleased to see her here... right?

“Thank you” she uttered with a sweet voice as she leaned over to Jungkook, pointing to the piece of paper as she got closer to him, “You wanna look?” she asked, titling her head to the side as her cleavage was essentially right in front of Jungkook's face now.

The smaller boy clenched his hands into fists, yet not certain why his body was reacting in such a way to the sight.

“Ah, Minji-ssi, before I forget it, I have these papers that you need to sent off today” Mr. Jeon remembered with a gasp, getting up to his feet, “I'll be right back” he announced before he exited the room, leaving behind a somewhat awkward tension – yet again.

Annoyed, Jungkook snatched the piece of paper from her grasp, skimming through it as he had been asked to do.

“Hello, Jungkook-ah” she greeted him with a smile, “It's nice to see you, too” she added, “You look as hot as ever” she chuckled, leaning against the table as her eyes stayed fixated on him.

Jungkook arched up his brows, “That's not how you address your boss, is it?” he reminded her.

Minji rolled her eyes, but smiled sweetly, “Well, you're not exactly my boss, but your father is, hm?” she argued as she pushed his shoulder, cocking her head to the side, her hair falling into her face.

“It's Mr. Jeon or Sir for you” Jungkook simply insisted, handing her the piece of paper back.

The brown haired girl looked at him through her lashes, “Right, Sir. It was a pleasure seeing you again. We missed having your handsome face back in Busan” she stated, something seductive in her voice.

Jungkook rolled his eyes, but gave a nod, reaching for his glass and taking a sip in visible annoyance.
The smaller boy only blinked, having almost frozen in his place as he had observed the odd exchange between Jungkook and Minji. Quite frankly, Jungkook appeared to not be very fond of her, almost despise her to be exact as he was annoyed by her presence alone, yet, she on the other hand, was flirting with him right in front of Jimin's eyes, subtly bending forward to show off her cleavage.

“Oh, and you must be the applicant, then?” Minji then wondered, now addressing Jimin who was finally ripped out of his trance.

Nodding in agreement, Jimin smiled politely at her, almost wanting to bow, yet resisting the urge, “Mhm-mh” he affirmed with a hum, “I'm Jimin”

“Minji” she responded, reaching out to shake his hand.

Hesitantly, Jimin got up to his feet, shaking her hand as he didn't want to be rude.

Slowly, her eyes trailed over his appearance, her smile deepening.

“I feel like I have seen you before” she noted, brows pulled together in a frown as she attempted to recall the time she could have encountered him before.

Jimin titled his head to the side, “Uhm... well, maybe the Seoul Dance Championship? I attended that” he responded, not quite certain where else they could have met before.

Then again, she might have seen him at the company building in Busan before as Jimin had been there with Jungkook several weeks ago.

“Yes, right!” she exclaimed, eyes lighting up at that realisation, “You were- dammit, what was it? Hope- Hope something!”

“Hopeworld” Jimin corrected her.

What a wonderful experience that competition had been. Sure enough, it had been tough on their bodies, all of them having put their blood, sweat and tears into training, yet it had been entirely worth it.

“Right, yes! You were really good. I was rooting for you” Minji revealed, Jimin not having expected that at all.

Frankly, he wasn't certain how to behave now either. After all, he was slightly irritated by her blatantly flirting with Jungkook right in front of him. Then again, he didn't want to be impolite either, especially as she had praised him.

“Thank you” he murmured, cheeks flushing a shade of rose at the compliment.

Minji's smile grew, “Damn, you're handsome. No wonder you've been offered a spot”

“Minji, back the fuck off-” Jungkook muttered beneath his breath, staring at Minji in anger.

“Found them” Mr. Jeon announced as he entered the dining room, handing Minji a small stack of papers, “I almost forgot about them, but that would have been an absolute disaster. They need to go out tonight, Minji-ssi”

“I understand. Well, it was very nice seeing you again, Jungkook-ah-Sir” she noted, smiling at Jungkook, “It was really nice meeting you, Jimin-ssi”
Jimin only forced a smile at her, Jungkook rolling his eyes, yet also watching her leave, his gaze following after her. Truthfully, Jimin wasn't certain whether or not he had stared after her because he had wanted to assure himself of her absence or because... she simply was that beautiful that she demanded his attention – maybe, she purposely swayed her hips the way she did as she left.

For some reason, Jimin couldn't help but wonder whether or not something had occurred between them that would explain Jungkook's demeanor towards her. Evidently, she appeared to be more than intrigued by him – In fact, utterly attracted to him. Yet, maybe, it had only been harmless flirting that Jimin shouldn't worry over.

Jungkook's father took his seat again, a content sigh slipping from his lips as he reached for his glass of wine, bringing it up to his lips.

"Wah, I completely forgot to bring the snacks!" Jiyoo yelled from the kitchen, appearing in the dining room a brief moment later.

"I don't think those are necessary, Jiyoo-ssi" Jungkook declined, shaking his head, but smiling at her.

"I think it is. Let me just put them here" she protested, setting them down on the table before she cleaned the dirt and crumbs from the piece of furniture, wiping a wet cloth along it, "You always loved your snacks"

Mr. Jeon hummed in agreement, reaching for a biscuit, "Ah, yes Jungkook-ah really did love snacks and candies a lot when he was younger. Sometimes, he would sneak out of his room at night and steal them right from our secret cabinet where we hid all of-"

"Appa" the black haired boy interrupted him, rolling his eyes, but still smiling, clearly not wanting his father to share yet another story of his childhood with Jimin.

Jimin giggled, eyes glistening in amusement and affection for the younger male, "Are you going to tell more of Jungkook's childhood stories? I love hearing them" he expressed, heart always fluttering at all the new information he received about Jungkook, allowing him to fill in his puzzle.

Mr. Jeon chuckled, tapping the napkin over his mouth before he pointed at his glass of wine, "If I have a little more of this, I can't guarantee for not doing exactly that"

"I think you've already had enough, Appa. I swear, if you emba-"

Jimin and Mr. Jeon broke out in laughter collectively, Jimin clapping his hand over his mouth to hide his giggles, amused, yet also endeared by Jungkook's embarrassed reaction.

The taller boy sighed, rolling his eyes, yet he couldn't deny that weird fluttering shit his heart did at the sound of Jimin's giggles, "Yeah, yeah, it's so funny embarrassing me. I think you've done that quite a lot tonight"

Jimin shook his head, humming in disagreement, "It's not embarrassing. It's really cute, Kook-ah. I like to know more about how you were as a child" he noted, resting his head on his hands.

Jungkook smiled at him, titling his head to the side, "I think you've learned enough for today, little one"

In response to the pet name, Jimin's cheeks flushed a shade of rose, the audible display of affection in front of his father still new to Jimin.

Learning more about Jungkook was so fascinating and endearing, causing Jimin to feel that much
closer to the younger boy.

“Oh, please, tell that story with that dog again!” Jimin begged, jumping up in his seat.

“Let’s not” Jungkook objected, sighing.

Mr. Jeon cleared his throat, giving a nod, “Well, whenever Jungkook was very-”

“I gotta piss. I'll be right back” Jungkook then announced swiftly, getting up to his feet.

The other two snickered, Jungkook walking past Jimin and ruffling through his hair before he exited the dining room, going off to use the restroom. For a moment, Jimin just watched after him, heart skipping a beat at the mere sight of the younger male.

“You make him very happy” Mr. Jeon suddenly declared.

Hesitantly, Jimin turned back around towards him, only blinking.

Mr. Jeon shook his head at himself, resting his arms on the table, “I’m sorry. I just felt like I should say that. I can see the look in his eyes. It's just very nice to see. He smiles whenever he looks at you”

Jimin smiled shyly, a blush creeping up on his cheeks, “Ah, he... he makes me very happy, too”

“I'm glad he does. That's all I could have ever wished for. True happiness for my son”

Warmth bloomed within Jimin's chest at that. In the end, Jungkook's father was just that – a father who loved his only son very dearly and struggled with showing that sometimes. When he got home from work at night and stripped down that business facade, he was just a father of a loving son.

“You know, Jungkook-ah and I don't really have that much time to just sit down and talk outside of work” he then revealed.

“I'm sorry to hear that” Jimin stated.

Surely, they were both so caught up in their work sometimes that there was only little time left to talk about topics that didn't involve work. Clearly, that wasn't as easy on him.

“I would like for us to just, I don't know, find the time to at least sit down for a meal once a week” he elaborated, “It was very nice to have that chance tonight even if it was work related”

Jimin smiled, giving a nod, “It was very nice”

Mr. Jeon stared at him for a moment longer, fondness flashing in his eyes before he cleared his throat, snickering, “Well, where was I with that story...”

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Jungkook's father set his now empty glass of wine down on the table again, “And then... And then--” he uttered, voice quieter with each of his syllables before he went entirely silent, eyes falling shut as he hunched forward on the table.

Startled, Jimin jumped out of his seat, gasping at the sight, “Did he faint?”

The taller boy chuckled, shaking his head as he helped his father up into a straightened position, resting his weight on the back of the chair, “No, he just fell asleep” he assured.
“Is he okay?” Jimin worried, still slightly frightened.

Jungkook hummed, getting up to his feet as well. “Yeah, he just had a little too much wine. It always helps him sleep, though” he expressed.

Jimin stared at the man for a moment before he suggested, “Should we help him into his bed?”

“No, I'll do that” Jungkook declined, shaking his head.

“Let me help” the pink haired one insisted, walking around the table to his side.

“Little one, no-”

“You'll hurt yourself, if you do it alone” Jimin interrupted him, persistend on helping Jungkook.

The black haired boy sighed, ultimately giving in and nodding.

“Jiyoo-ssi! Can you help us for a moment?” he then called out.

Swiftly, the woman rushed into the dining room, scanning her surroundings to figure out what was going on.

“Did he fall asleep again?” she then wondered, appearing to not be surprised by the sight at all as she approached them.

“Mhm-mh” Jungkook affirmed with a hum.

“Again? Does that happen often?” Jimin couldn't help but ask, bewildered by the fact of them not being faced at all by the sight – as though it was a frequent occurrence.

Jungkook snickered, “I told you, baby. That happens everytime he has a little too much wine”

“Oh” he whispered, recalling Mr. Jeon having a little too much alcohol on their trip to Busan back then, too, Jungkook having to carry him upstairs into his bed as well.

“Jiyoo-ssi, open the door to his bedroom, please. We'll carry him into his bed” Jungkook then instructed, pointing to the door.

Jiyoo nodded, rushing out of the room.

Then, Jungkook picked up his father, throwing his arm around his shoulder, “Take his left side”

Jimin quickly nodded, obliging and closing Mr. Jeon's arm around his neck, splitting his weight on either of the boys.

Jungkook's father mumbled incoherent words, eyes still shut as they carried him out of the dining room, taking slow steps.

The smaller boy pressed his lips into a line, aware that Jungkook was dealing with most of the weight as Jimin simply couldn't handle any more than that – was already struggling with the small fraction.

“Did you have to carry me like that, too?” Jimin then wondered, staling a glance at Jungkook before he forced his gaze to the front again, focusing on not tripping.

“No, I took you bridal style” Jungkook informed him, shaking his head, “Besides, you weigh like
nothing so it's not a comparison to this one”

Jimin could only nod, not mustering to speak at all as his body required every ounce of air in his body to breathe, the poor boy breathing heavily as he started to sweat.

Finally, they reached the bedroom, Jiyoo having pulled the blanket of his huge king-sized bed to the side.

“Careful” she warned softly, helping them lie the older male down on the bed.

Apparently, Jimin hadn't been clumsy enough for the universe today - the pink haired boy tripping over his feet in his attempt to lie the man down on the bed and falling right onto the sheets with Mr. Jeon, his arm stuck beneath his heavy weight.

“Ouch” Jimin whispered, soft chuckling audible next to him.

Jungkook cocked his head to the side, arching up his brows as he observed the sight, “Well, really hadn't expected you to go for guys that much older”

Jimin rolled his eyes, “Oh, shut up and help me”

“My own father, damn, that hurts” Jungkook added, clasping his hand over his heart as though the sight was seriously harming his heart – despite it being evident that he was only acting.

“Jungkoo-ah!” Jimin whisper-yelled, arm almost going numb beneath the heavy weight of Mr. Jeon's weight.

Snickering, the younger male pulled him away from his father and picked him up from the bed, “Yeah, that's better” Jungkook smiled softly, pressing his lips to his forehead before he set the boy down on the floor next to him.

“Let's leave” Jiyoo decided, gesturing for them to follow her outside of the room.

The two boys complied, exiting the bedroom and shutting the door close behind them.

As they walked into the living room, Jimin noticed the sleepiness that was vivid in his own body. Sighing, he slowed down his steps, stilling in his tracks as they reached the front door, “I guess I should head home now, too. It's fairly late already and I'm tired” he expressed, pointing towards the door.

“Okay, little one, I'll drive you home” Jungkook offered, giving a nod.

“Shouldn't you stay here and make sure your father is okay?” Jimin objected, still faintly concerned about Jungkook's father who had just been knocked out in the midst of their conversation.

Jungkook smiled warmly, shaking his head as he brushed strands of Jimin's pink hair out of his face, the tender touch resulting in butterflies to spread throughout Jimin's stomach.

“My father is just going to sleep for hours now until he's sober again. Besides, Jiyoo-ssi is here in case anything happens” he pointed out.

Jimin caught his bottom lip between his teeth, “What if he needs you, though?”

“I highly doubt that, don't you worry” Jungkook murmured, leaning in to capture Jimin's lips in a swift peck.
The sound of high-heels walking on the wooden floor filled the room, drawing both of their attention over to the source of the sound.

Minji.

“Where is Mr. Jeon?” she wondered, brows pulled up in curiosity.

Jungkook closed his hands around Jimin's waist, meeting her gaze, “Asleep. Is something going on?”

“Well,” she emphasised, moving closer, “One of the papers he gave me contains incorrect information. We need to go through it again before I send it off. Should I wake him?”

Jungkook shook his head, “I don’t think he's quite capable to deal with this right now even if you wake him up” he noted.

Gently, Jimin tugged on his shirt to gain his attention, leaning up to whisper into his ear, “Go ahead and help her. I'll just take the bus”

The taller boy stared at him, looking back and forth between his eyes, clearly deliberating over whether or not to give in.

“I'll let Beomsoo know to pick you up. Let me just text him” he eventually decided.

“Kook-ah, it's not-” Jimin tried, yet went silent as he watched Jungkook walk over into the kitchen, reappearing a brief moment later with his phone, presumably texting Beomsoo.

“So, what now?” Minji asked, pulling up her brow as she waved the piece of paper around, “This needs to get done”

Jungkook sighed, giving a nod, “I'll be right up and help you with that. I'll just bring Jimin-ah down” he expressed, pushing his phone back into his pocket as he reached for his shoes, slipping into them.

“Kook-ah” Jimin emphasised his name, putting on his own shoes, yet gaze fixated on the black haired boy.

“I'll be quick” he assured her as he opened the door, gesturing for Jimin to leave with him, “Come on” he insisted, taking Jimin's petite hand into his own.

As they were about to exit the apartment, Jimin halted, gasping as he spun around, “Wait! I need to say goodbye to Jiyoo-ssi!”

Almost simultaneously, said woman appeared in the living room, gasping at the sight of Jungkook and Jimin leaving.

“Ah, you're leaving already?” she noted as she hastily approached them.

“Mhm-mh” Jimin affirmed with a hum, smiling as she pulled him into a warm hug, “It's already fairly late”

“Of course, of course. I understand. Wah, it was so nice to see you again, Jimin-ssi. I hope you'll visit more often, hm? Together with our Jungkook-ah” she wondered, a soft smile adorning her features, something that Jimin defined as hope shining in her eyes as she brushed his hair out of his face, cupping his cheeks.

“Eh, yes, I... I would love to” Jimin answered timidly, glancing at Jungkook who only smirked at him, winking as he lifted Jimin's hand up to his lips and pressed a kiss to his knuckles.
After all, Jimin would love to repeat a night like this, having almost felt as though he had been allowed to experience something he had never quite been able to experience before – a family dinner filled with laughter and minor arguments that simply were a part of something like that, almost inevitable to not occur.

“I'll make sure that Jimin-ah tags along whenever I visit so you get to see him again” Jungkook assured her, rubbing his hand over her back in a soothing way.

Her smile deepened, the corners of her lips curled up into a big grin, “That sounds beautiful!” she exclaimed, “I would love to see you two more often, hm?” she added as she bopped Jimin's nose, “What a beautiful couple you are. What beautiful children you two would create together” she complimented them, placing a hand on either of their cheeks.

Shyly, Jimin felt his cheeks tinge a shade of rose as he smiled timidly, Jungkook chuckling at her as he titled his head to the side, brows arched up.

“Well, Jiyoo-ssi, science doesn't quite work like that” he reminded her, “Yet, there are other ways, hm?”

Jiyoo's eyes widened, the woman clasping her hand over her mouth as she giggled, “Oh, I'm sorry, yes, you're right. I apologise”

“Nothing to apologise for” Jungkook assured her, smiling charmingly as he took her hand into his and pressed a kiss to her knuckles, surprising Jimin who had never been present for such a display of affection towards Jiyoo, “You should go to bed now, too, noona. You've worked a lot for us today”

A faint blush appeared on her cheeks, the woman smiling as she swatted his arm, “You've really got a charming one there, Jimin-ah”

“I know” Jimin giggled, affection glistening in Jungkook's eyes as their gazes met. That truly was one of Jungkook's many beautiful character traits indeed.

“Now get going. Have a good night, Jimin-ah” she uttered, waving her hands at them and gesturing for them to leave.

“You, too” Jimin responded, ultimately exiting the apartment, almost bumping into a black wall – which turned out to be a man's back and not actually a wall, “Whoops” Jimin exclaimed, dodging the man who took a step to the side in order to make room for them.

“Jeon” the man that had already been standing here upon Jimin's arrival took notice of their presence – or rather Jungkook's – and nodded at the black haired boy.

Jungkook returned the nod, taking Jimin's hand into his as they approached the elevator, an odd fluttering present in Jimin's heart as the previous conversation with Jiyoo replayed within him.

Together, they stepped into the elevator, Jiyoo waving at them with a big smile, the doors eventually closing and hiding her from their sight.

The taller boy leaned against the wall after having pressed the button for the ground floor, crossing his arms over his chest as he observed Jimin, a smirk appearing on his handsome face, “How was today? Was that okay? Did I behave good?” Jungkook wondered, arching up his brow.

Giggling, Jimin gave a nod, “The best. It was really nice, Kook-ah. I didn't feel nervous at all and the offer is just... it's unbelievable” he expressed.
Quite frankly, Jimin still couldn't fathom what an amazing offer he had received today. Truthfully, it appeared to be too good to be true – Jimin certain that he was going to wake up from this dream any moment now.

Jungkook's smile deepened, the boy reaching out for Jimin. Without an ounce of hesitation, the latter approached him, leaning up on his tippy-toes as Jungkook wrapped his arms around his waist, their faces mere inches away.

“Mhm, you deserve it, little one, even more than that” Jungkook whispered against him, brushing his soft lips over Jimin's, yet not granting him a full kiss, but the touch alone sent a shiver down Jimin's back, the smaller one having longed for Jungkook the whole night.

“Thank you, Kook-ah” Jimin uttered timidly, cheeks flushing a shade of rose as Jungkook finally attached their lips in a kiss, a breath slipping from Jimin as he kissed right back.

Heart fluttering, Jimin brought his hand up to Jungkook's neck, playing with his soft locks at the back of his head as they moved their lips against one another, Jungkook's tongue pushing past Jimin's parted lips to lick over his own.

Gasping, Jimin balled his hand into a fist, Jungkook pulling him impossibly closer as their kiss turned hungrier, the taller boy moving his palm beneath Jimin's shirt to rub it along the soft skin on his back, evoking a moan in Jimin.

Whimpering, Jimin withdrew, eyes fluttering back open as he shook his head, “We shouldn't risk anything, hm?” he noted, wetting his lips as he pressed his hand on Jungkook's chest, already having to catch his breath, “Besides, I'm pretty sure there are cameras around here”

“Well, I'm pretty sure you enjoy a little audience, hm?” Jungkook teased, clearly referring to him jerking Jimin off that one time at one of their hang outs at Yoongi's house.

Blushing, Jimin swatted his arm, “Oh, shut up, troublemaker” he mumbled as he pulled away, pouting as he crossed his arms over his chest.

Jungkook fixed his shirt, chuckling, “Well, if I have to remind you, you were the one just moaning for me, so-”

The smaller boy glared at him, “I hate you” he murmured, causing Jungkook to snicker again.

“No, baby, you don’t” Jungkook argued, tilting his head to the side as he reached out to slide his hand through Jimin's soft hair.

“I know” Jimin sighed.

Chuckling, Jungkook leaned in to press a kiss to his temple, the action bringing a smile to Jimin's face who begged his heart to calm down and to not make such a fuss all the time at the merest touch or stare by Jungkook.

The sound of a bell interrupted them, startling the two boys who withdrew from one another, watching the elevator doors open for them, allowing them to step out of it.

Gently, Jungkook reached for his hand, intertwining them as they exited the elevator and approached the front door. As they arrived in front of it, Jungkook pulled it open, gesturing for Jimin to go ahead.

“Thank you” Jimin uttered with a soft smile, leaving the building into the chilly night air, a breeze of wind brushing past him, blowing his hair out of his face. At the sudden change in temperature, a
shiver ran down Jimin's back, the cold air startling his body, “Well, Sir, thank you for bringing me
down” Jimin expressed his gratitude, giggling at Jungkook's expression.

The younger male smirked, arching up his brows as he walked closer, “Sir?” he echoed.

Jimin caught his bottom lip between his teeth, “Won't I have to call you that once you are my boss?”
Jimin wondered, “Minji has to” he pointed out, cocking his head to the side.

“Well” Jungkook responded, closing his hands around Jimin's hips, “You're not Minji, though, hm?
You can call me whatever you want, little one, but...” he trailed off, wetting his lips as his gaze
flickered down to Jimin's lips, “Fuck, 'Sir' does sound very pretty coming from your lips”

“Yeah?” Jimin breathed, swallowing hard as Jungkook lifted his hand up to his face, pressing the
pad of his thumb to his lips.

“Yes, fuck, but better not call me that during work” Jungkook stated, shaking his head to himself,
more distracted by Jimin's lips than anything else.

“Why not?” Jimin asked with big eyes.

Jungkook applied some pressure on his bottom lip, resulting in Jimin to part his lips almost
subconsciously, “Wouldn't want to distract me, do you?” the black haired boy murmured.

Frantically shaking his head, Jimin wet his lips, tongue poking against Jungkook's thumb in the
process, “No” Jimin whispered softly, gulping as he saw Jungkook's smug face, the boy clearly
pleased with his reaction.

“Mhm, you're my good boy, aren't you?” Jungkook praised.

Exhaling a shaky breath, Jimin swiftly nodded, “Yes.”

Humming in satisfaction, Jungkook leaned in to press a kiss to his forehead, the touch so much softer
than Jimin had expected- or had certainly predicted. In fact, it was slightly embarrassing to him how
excited he had turned, almost- yes, almost aroused.

However, the weather quickly disrupted their little moment, the chilly air blowing past them again,
Jimin shuddering as he was only dressed in his botton-up shirt, having left his jacket at home in his
prior nervous state.

“Are you cold?” Jungkook worried, pulling Jimin closer to his body in order to embrace him,
aspiring to engulf him in warmth.

“Thank you” Jimin murmured, pressing his face into the curve of Jungkook's neck.

“I'm sure Beomsoo will be here soon” he assured, staring down at Jimin who only hummed, “Should
we go back inside to wait?”

“I think I'll manage” he uttered, “Are you cold?” Jimin wanted to know, shaking his head as he was
more concerned over whether Jungkook was freezing.

“No, this is just fine”

Nuzzling closer against Jungkook, a content sigh slipped from Jimin's lips, the boy feeling comfort
deep within. In fact, he was quite certain that he would be capable to fall asleep just like this, the
sleepiness still very vivid in his body, the events of the night settling in.
“Shouldn’t you go back up to help Minji?” Jimin then remembered, presuming that it would take a little longer for Beomsoo to arrive, leaving Minji to wait for Jungkook’s return to get that work done, “That paper was important, wasn’t it?”

Jungkook hummed, the sound vibrating in his chest, audible to Jimin who had pressed his cheek against his chest, “She’ll manage some minutes without me. I’ll leave when Beomsoo has arrived”

Slowly, Jimin gave a nod, hesitant as he lifted his head, locking eyes with Jungkook who met his gaze, “Do you dislike Minji-ssi?” he then wondered, finally voicing his earlier assumption.

“Huh?”

“Minji-ssi” Jimin repeated, “Is there something about her that you don't like?” he clarified.

Surely, there must have been an occurrence that had caused Jungkook to dislike her quite a bit, his earlier reaction and behaviour towards her being any indication of that fact.

“Uh, well, I'm just not very fond of her” Jungkook responded, shrugging his shoulders as he brushed Jimin’s hair out of his face, the pink locks having been blowed into his face by the wind.

“Why? Did something happen between you two?” Jimin elaborated his previous question.

Jungkook pursed his lips, titling his head to the side, “Well, depends on what you're referring to”

“Did you two have an argument?” Jimin asked, pulling up his brows.

That was a plausible explanation, Jimin believed. If they had in fact had an argument before, it would make sense for Jungkook to act like that. After all, he was usually always very respectful. Then again, it wouldn't quite explain her behaviour as she had flirted with him quite a lot.

“Not really an argument. It's just... Well, she wanted more than I did” Jungkook revealed.

Hesitation on Jimin's behalf, his heart dropping.

“Oh, so you two...” Jimin muttered, allowing the remainder of the sentence to hang in the air between them.

“It wasn't anything serious. I was bored, she was willing so I allowed her to suck me off a couple of times at work in one of the restrooms” Jungkook clarified, sighing as he shrugged his shoulders.

“Oh” Jimin breathed, averting his gaze as he felt his heart clench.

Evidently, Jimin was aware that he shouldn't be as affected by this as he was because this was just a part of Jungkook’s past- which was, well, exactly that- past.

Yet, it was still odd.

Jungkook reached for his delicate hands, wrapping his bigger ones around them, “Hey, it was only that, really. It was two or three times that she sucked me off, that's it. I stopped it when I realised she wanted more. I never wanted more. Besides, she works for my father and that really wasn't a good combination”

The pink haired boy gave a nod, nibbling on his bottom lip.

Why did this information cause him to feel this insecure?
Jungkook's previous sex partners had all been so utterly... seductive and sexy in their mere appearance – at least the ones Jimin had met before. To Jimin, they screamed confidence, displaying a behaviour of high self-esteem and sexiness.

Truthfully, Jimin wasn't anything like that.

“I see....” Jimin murmured, voice soft and unsure, displaying his vulnerability that he wasn't quite good at hiding.

“Angel, hey” Jungkook whispered, cupping his face.

Sighing, Jimin shook his head at himself, guilt blooming within him as it was unfair to make Jungkook believe that there was anything wrong with this. After all, she was one of his past flings. Jungkook had been entitled to fool around with whoever he wanted to before Jimin and him had become a thing.

“No, it's fine” Jimin assured, half smiling.

Jungkook's gaze flickered back and forth between his eyes, “It was before we met” he stated, “It was a long time ago. It was back in Busan”

“She was flirting with you, though” Jimin noted, not quite able to forget her mischievous behaviour from earlier.

The taller boy chuckled, raising up his eyebrows, “She was flirting with you just as much. That's just what kind of person she is”


“Okay” Jimin uttered, giving a nod as he dipped his head down.

“Hey” Jungkook murmured, placing his finger beneath Jimin's chin to guide his face back up, “There is no way for me to avoid her. My father chose her as his assistant and I have to live with that”

“I know. It doesn't... doesn't bother me. It just surprised me. We've been through this before. Don't worry, I'll manage” Jimin reassured him, smiling.

Apparently, Jungkook wasn't satisfied, though, the boy shaking his head, “I don't want you to manage, Jimin-ah. I want you to be comfortable”

“I am, I am. I mean, I will be. It just surprised me to learn this about you and her. I'm sure I'll forget about it in the morning” Jimin stated.

Surely still doubting Jimin's words, but deciding to trust him, Jungkook gave a nod, pressing a kiss to his nose, “Okay”

A car honked beside them, both of the boys snapping their heads to the side to notice Beomsoo having parked right next to them.

Swiftly, Jungkook leaned in to capture his lips in a peck, “Text me when you're home” he whispered.

“Okay” Jimin whispered back, smiling warmly.

“Goodnight, little one”
“Goodnight... bunny” Jimin responded, giggling as he detached himself from Jungkook, running towards the car and climbing in before Jungkook was able to snatch him back.

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Taehyung was fidgeting with his fingers, his knees bucking up and down at least five times per second as he sipped on his iced Americano as though his life depended on it.

“Slow down, Tae” Jimin giggled, reaching for Taehyung’s hand and giving it a reassuring squeeze, “You’re gonna get a sugar rush, if you order another one. Besides, what if you really have to pee once the shoot starts?”

The blond haired boy halted, the straw slipping from his lips as he processed Jimin’s words, his anxious brain taking a moment longer to fathom what Jimin was saying, “You’re right” he agreed, pushing the cup away from him.

After staring at it for three seconds, he reached out for it again, pulling it closer in order to push the straw between his lips, swiftly sucking on it. Taehyung took big gulps, adam's apple bobbing with each of his sips.

“Tae-yah” Jimin chuckled, shaking his head, “You don't need to be nervous. You're going to pee yourself during the shoot!”

His best friend pulled the straw away from his mouth, big doe eyes glancing at Jimin, “I'm fucking scared, Min-ah. I've never been this scared and excited at the same time before. Well, except for the first time Hoseok hyung and I had sex. For some reason, I was so scared during that moment, but excited all the same”

Jimin could relate all too well. Somehow, many sexual encounters with Jungkook had been that way for him. On the one hand, he had always felt very nervous about what was to come, yet he had always been anticipant just as much – if not even more.

Taehyung ran his index finger along the side of his cup, expression blank – a display of him being in the midst of his own thoughts, perhaps caught in a dream of his own, creating an imagination of what could happen today.

“I'm so happy – I can't even express it in words, but.... It's just...” Taehyung tried to explain, timid smile adorning his handsome features, yet slight concern hidden beneath the happiness in his eyes.

“You feel pressured?” Jimin concluded, titling his head to the side.

Surely, this was all very nervewrecking for Tae. After all, he had never done anything like this before. Yet, there was no reason for him to be nervous, Jimin believed. There was no way he wouldn't do well.

“Yeah” Taehyung breathed, meeting his gaze, “I mean, she hasn't seen me actually model, you know? Yeah, I've posed for her, but what if I really suck? What if I look absolute garbage in her clothes? That would be the worst thing ever” he worried, shaking his head as he averted his eyes.

The smaller boy reached out for his hand, placing his delicate one on top of his, “Taehyung, there is no way you would look garbage in anything at all. You're one of the most gorgeous people I know. You're stunning. It doesn't matter what you wear, you make it look beautiful because you are beautiful” Jimin complimented him genuinely, the other male looking back and forth between his eyes as though he was searching for something that would give away that he was bluffing – yet, there wasn't. No, only sincerity and fondness.
Taehyung smile softly, “Thanks, Minnie” he responded, turning his palm around in order to hold Jimin's hand, giving it a tender squeeze.

“She chose you for a reason” Jimin assured him.

After all, someone as popular as he, someone as experienced as her clearly wouldn't just take anyone. No, essentially, she had chose Taehyung for a reason – for several reasons.

Taehyung chickled, shaking his head, “Well, because she's desperate to find a model and I'm quite good-looking”

Jimin rolled his eyes, resisting the urge to swat his arm, “First of all, you're more than quite good-looking and second of all- Tae, she chose you because- yes, you are beautiful, but also because you resemble something she wants to represent with her fashion. You're the one who's going to enable her concept, the one to look absolutely remarkable in her designs and prove to the world how beautiful Korean traditions are. You're going to stand for something- for change, for a development in the industry”

The blond haired boy blinked, eyes almost watery as he leaned in to pull Jimin into a hug.

“Minnie... I love you” he whispered against him, holding him tight.

Chuckling, Jimin nuzzled his face into Taehyung's neck, “I love you, too, Tae”

For some reason, it was so easy to say those words to Taehyung, yet it was difficult to say them to Jungkook. After all, they were different versions of love, weren't they?

Was that even a thing? Had Jimin just made that up?

No, surely not.

Loving Taehyung was loving family, was loving a brother who had been by his side for half of his life.

It was somewhat different in the sense to loving someone in a... in a romantic way- in a way where you want to spend every second of your life on this earth with them, a way where you want to grow old with them and have a family with them, a way where that person illuminates something in you that you've never felt before.

“Tae-yah” Jimin uttered, voice just above a whisper as the name fell from his lips.

The other one lifted his head, eyebrows arched up in curiosity, “Yes, Min-ah?”

Suddenly, a ringtone interrupted Jimin, the source of the noise Taehyung's phone that vibrated on the table they were sitting at. Stealing a glance at the display, Jimin noticed how Yoongi's name was flashing up on it, implying that he was calling Taehyung who swiftly reached for his phone.

“You can take it” Jimin assured, giving a faint nod as he watched Tae stare at it deliberately, presumably uncertain whether or not to take the call.

“I'll just tell him to call me back later” Taehyung stated, accepting the call and placing the phone against his ear.

In the meanwhile, Jimin reached for his own drink, bringing the straw up to his lips to suck on it, the
liquid filling his mouth before he swallowed it down.

“Okay, hyung, yes. I’ll see you later. Bye” Tae responded, soft smile on his face as he spoke to the older one. Then, he ended the call, placing his phone back down on the table.

Jimin stared at him for a moment, “Is... everything okay?”

“Yeah. Hyung says hi” Taehyung replied with a smile.

Happily, Jimin returned the smile, “Oh, well, say hi back to him for me when you see him later”

Taehyung chuckled, “Will do”

“Is hyung okay? Why are you two meeting later?” Jimin then wondered, titling his head to the side as he took another sip from his drink.

“Just to hang out... and stuff” Taehyung responded, a faint shade of rose adorning his cheeks as he shrugged his shoulders, notably avoiding eyecontact as he reached for his cup and pulled the straw inbetween his lips, “What where you going to say before we were interrupted by hyung?”

“Oh” Jimin murmured, deciding to ignore the way it appeared Taehyung was blushing.

In all honesty, Jimin couldn't quite recall what exactly he had wanted to ask Taehyung. Perhaps, even if he did, he wouldn't have the courage to ask anyway, having been hesitant in the first place.

Jimin shook his head, “It was nothing. Nevermind” he stated.

Taehyung hummed around the straw, “How are things going with Jungkook-ah?” he then wanted to know.

“Oh, good. We're good. Yes...” Jimin assured, heart warming at the thought of Jungkook, yet something unsettling blooming within his stomach, nagging at him.

“What's wrong?” Tae immediately caught on, concern in his eyes.

Swiftly, Jimin shook his head again, “Nothing, it's just...”

To be fair, Jimin wasn't certain how or even if he should approach this topic. After all, it wasn't anything seriously worrying, just his annoying insecurities speaking.

“Spill” Tae insisted, eyes suspecting as he frowned.

Jimin caught his bottom lip betweent his teeth, “It's stupid, I know, but... but I've been thinking about the girls Jungkook-ah has hooked up with before” the pink haired boy revealed, cheeks flushing a shade of rose as he avoided Taehyung's gaze.

“You think about them?” the latter echoed.

“Well, not in that sense, but just like... how they all like shared this confidence and... how they conveyed this... this sexiness. In fact, they were just so... I don't know, different from me” Jimin admitted, voice soft, barely above a whisper, yet Taehyung still registered his words, smiling comforting at Jimin.

“That's why he chose you, Minnie. Jungkook-ah didn't want them, no, he wanted you” the blond haired boy reassured him.
Smiling faintly, Jimin ran his index finger along the side of his cup, “I just keep wondering... Should I try to be a little more like that?”

Taehyung pulled his brows together in a frown, titling his head to the side, confusion written over his face, “What do you mean?”

Sighing, Jimin attempted to find the right words, yet was struggling quite a bit, “I don't know... I mean... I mean, should I try to...” he trailed off, apparently not capable to finish his sentence, leaving the remainder of the sentence hang in the air, there for Taehyung to interpret it on his own.

“Try to what? Don't change yourself, Minnie. Jungkook-ah loves you the way you are. Don't change yourself because you think he-”

“I don't want to bore him” Jimin interupted him softly.

Eyes going wide, Taehyung reached for his hand, “Bore him? What do you mean?”

The smaller boy hesitated, not certain what was bothering his own heart.

To be fair, Jungkook and him had talked about this before – about Jimin feeling as though Jungkook’s previous sex life must have been a lot more exciting as the other part has had experience as well, knowing what to do to please Jungkook, appearing to seduce Jungkook with a mere stare, just by the aura they displayed. Whereas Jimin... well, he had needed to learn all of that first – in fact, he was still learning a lot.

Then again, Jungkook had assured him that he loved them as they were, enjoyed having sex with Jimin. Yet, the pink haired one couldn't help but feel as though Jungkook might have only said that to comfort him, not wanting to hurt him.

Weren't his previous sexual partners evidence of what he was actually into?

Someone that was seductive, confident and sexy?

“These girls were clearly very... I don't know” Jimin sighed, frustrated with himself, “It appears he had a certain type. He went for confident girls that look like absolute models, sexy and- Ouch” Jimin elaborated, whining as Tae had slapped his arm, the smaller one rubbing his hand along the spot, “What was that for?”

Anger was plastered on Taehyung's face, the boy shaking his head as his features softened again, the anger ebbing away as Tae gave Jimin's hand a gentle squeeze, “Don't you dare go there, Min-ah. I'll not allow you to put yourself down – especially not in comparison to them. You're such a gorgeous person. You're kind and funny and supportive and so much more. You're the most beautiful person I know, from the inside and from the outside- well, apart from me, but that's beside the point” he replied, voice softer with each of his syllables, but a smirk adorning his handsome feature by the end of his sentence.

Jimin giggled, shaking his head at his best friend, but grateful for his way of cheering him up like that. Clearly, it had been Taehyung’s intention to hear him laugh, the taller boy smiling warmly, satisfied with his own joke.

“And how dare you say you're not sexy” he added, about to swat Jimin's arm again, yet the boy was able to dodge his hit this time, “Have you seen yourself dance before? Damn, you're sexy. Shit, no wonder Jungkook fucked you stupid that night”

“Tae!” Jimin exclaimed, eyes going wide as he blushed, praying that none of the other customers had
listened.

Tae only smiled sympathetically, “I'm just saying, please don't think of yourself as anything less than this. You're more than enough, Min-ah. Jungkook-ah sees that, Jungkook-ah loves you like that”

Smiling timidly, Jimin dipped his head down, “Thank you, Tae” he murmured genuinely.

Just like that, his heart felt more at ease, Taehyung always knowing what to say to comfort him. It proved that they shared a special kind of bond, Tae that aware of what Jimin needed in a situation like this. It only assured Jimin again in why Taehyung must be his soulmate.

Several people walked past their table, Taehyung sipping on his drink again as he glanced at them. Simultaneously, Jimin wondered whether Tae had ever felt like this, too.

“Tae?” Jimin muttered, drawing the blond haired boy's attention back over to him, his eyebrows shooting up in curiosity.

“Mhm-mh” he hummed around the straw.

Playing with the hem of his shirt, Jimin titled his head to the side, “Do you... Well, who usually takes the lead in your relationship?” he then wanted to know.

Taehyung chuckled, the straw slipping from his lips, “Hoseok hyung” he answered, nodding determinately.

“What are you referring to?” Jimin wondered.

“I don't know... I was just wondering whether... Have you ever, like, taken the lead and s-seduced him?” Jimin stumbled over his words, finally uttering out the question as he felt himself blush.

“All the time” Tae snickered.

“Really?” Jimin asked in awe, eyes big.

Laughing, Tae shook his head, “Well, no, but from time to time. When it comes to him, I'm more the submissive type, but I still like to seduce him every now and then”

“I see” Jimin murmured, nodding.

“Have you ever done that?” Taehyung wanted to know.

Digging his teeth into his bottom lip, Jimin shook his head, “No... No, I haven't”

“That's okay, Minnie. Don't do anything you don't want to” Taehyung assured him, eyes dripping in affection and sympathy as he stared at Jimin, the latter feeling his cheeks heat up at the conversation they were having in public.

“It's not that I... don't want to, it's just that I never really thought about it that way. After all, Jungkook is more the dominant type. He usually takes the lead” Jimin expressed, shrugging his shoulders. Usually, Jungkook made the first move, knowing what to do to arouse Jimin, knowing what Jimin needed in each of these moments, always taking care of him.

Yet, Jimin suddenly desired to take care of him like that, too.
“That's fine, Min-ah” Tae smiled, “However” he then uttered, lifting his index finger into the air as though he was about to make a valid point, “It's okay to want to spice things up. Hyung and I always try to do that. Have you... ever wanted to take the lead?”

“Oh, uhm” Jimin muttered, eyes going wide, “I... I'm not sure, not really. I'm not really the dominant type and he isn't the... submissive type”

Then again, they had faintly tried that before -- Jimin recalling having tied Jungkook’s hands to the bed and riding him. Yet, that had ended fairly soon with him begging for Jungkook to take the lead again, his needy state having taken over.

“I see. Well, if you can't see yourself doing that at all, then that's fine” Taehyung responded, smiling soothingly at him.

Nibbling on his bottom lip, Jimin leaned slightly closer, “Do you... I mean... Have you ever dominated... Hoseok hyung?”

Taehyung chuckled, shaking his head, “No, not Hoseok hyung”

“Someone else?” Jimin wondered, eyes going wide at the conclusion.

“Uh... yes, kind of” the blond haired boy affirmed.

“Oh” Jimin breathed, fascinated, “So you're... both? That's possible, too? To enjoy both parts of it?”

Quite honestly, Jimin had never thought that the possibility of being dominant and submissive simultaneously existed. Thinking about that now, it had been quite foolish of him not to consider that.

“Mhm-mh. That's called a switch, Min-ah. Sometimes, we prefer the one thing and sometimes we prefer the other one. With Hoseok, I'm always more submissive, but... I'm not exclusively only doing that as I've realised”

“Oh” Jimin responded, giving a nod as he processed those words.

*Switch*. What a funny word for a sexual term, yet very fitting, Jimin thought.

“Have you ever tried taking the control? I mean, you may know without trying that it's not for you at all, but if you're not sure, trying won't hurt you” Taehyung suggested, making a point.

“Uhm, well... we have kind of tried that before? But not... not really. It wasn't really for me, but I mean, I don't know, I can't really see myself doing that, I enjoy the way our dynamics are, but... I guess I could try again?” Jimin rambled, confused by his own heart that was considering the possibility to try again, something like- yes, like excitement blooming within him.

Taehyung gave his hand a gentle squeeze, “Don't force yourself to try it, Minnie”

“Yeah... I don't think I have it in me” Jimin murmured, brain quicker than his heart. After all, Jimin couldn't see himself really do that, was too anxious to take the full control.

“You don't have to entirely dominate him, if that's too much for you. You could just try taking the lead for once and- I don't know- order him to do something, hm?”

“O-Oh” Jimin whispered, eyes going big at the suggestion.

“You look scared” Taehyung giggled upon the sight of Jimin's adorable expression – doe eyes wide,
plump lips parted, cheeks flushed a shade of rose.

“I'm not, I'm just... thinking” Jimin responded.

Chuckling, Taehyung gave a nod.

Suddenly, his phone vibrated again, startling either of the boys. Swiftly, he picked it up, eyes going wide.

“My alarm” Taehyung revealed with a gasp, pointing the display of his phone towards Jimin in order to show it to him.

The smaller one blinked, slightly flabbergasted, “For what?” Jimin wondered, titling his head to the side.

“For the shooting! I need to leave now!” Taehyung exclaimed, yet not moving at all.

At that, Jimin's eyes went wide, the pink haired boy having entirely forgotten about that in the midst of their conversation.

“Come on then” he insisted, jumping out of his seat as he reached out for Tae.

Frantically, Taehyung shook his head, pressing his palm to his stomach, “No, I think I'm going to throw up” he declined, burping quietly as he made himself smaller.

“Tae, come on now” Jimin urged, taking his hand into his own, pulling on it, “You can't be late!”

“I can't, Minnie, I can't, I'll...” the other male objected, vigorously shaking his head as he stared up at Jimin with big eyes, fear glistening in them that caused Jimin's heart to clench.

Halting, Jimin observed his almost vulnerable appearance for a moment, sitting back down on the chair, not allowing Taehyung's hand to slip from his grasp.

“Hey, Tae, look at me” Jimin whispered, cupping Taehyung's face, “There is nothing to be afraid of. You're one of the most beautiful and talented people I know. You can do this, okay? You're going to be phenomenal” he reassured his best friend, the latter squeezing his eyes shut.

“I'm so nervous. I... Gosh, this feeling sucks” he revealed, sighing as he dipped his head down.

Jimin smiled comforting at him, chasing his gaze in order to enable eyecontact with him, “It's okay to be nervous, but they're going to make sure you're comfortable. You're just going to give it your best, I know you will do well. They're going to be amazed by you. Tae, they'll love you”

Taehyung returned his smile, biting down on his bottom lip, “I guess I just gotta try, hm?”

The pink haired boy tilted his head to the side, smile deepening, “This is something you've always dreamed of, Tae” he reminded him.

“You're right” Taehyung agreed, “I'm so happy that I received this opportunity and I can't believe that this is happening, but...”

“It's still nervewrecking” Jimin finished for him, the other male nodding at him.

Frankly, Jimin was more than aware of what a turmoil of emotions must currently be going on within him. After all, he had been through a similar experience at the dance championship. However, he had been able to control his anxiety, the anticipation of finally dancing on that stage and the concern...
of letting his group down urging him to go on.

“Yeah” Taehyung murmured.

Jimin brushed Taehyung's hair out of his face, “You're so much closer to your dream, Tae-yah. I know you're going to be amazing”

Determinately, the blond haired boy nodded, “You're right, you're right. I've wanted this for so long, so bad. Besides, I can't leave her hanging now” he decided, straightening his posture.

Smiling, Jimin reached for his hand again.

“Are you ready?” Jimin wondered.

Taehyung mirrored his smile, “Yeah” he whispered.

“Then, come on”

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Hesitantly, Jimin paced around the room, shaking his head as he decided against his idea and took a seat on the edge of the bed.

Swiftly, he reached for his pastel pink high-knee socks and pulled them up his legs, allowing them to rest slightly above his knees.

It was actually a gift that Taehyung had given him once, having bought matching blue ones for himself. Truthfully, Jimin never really wore them - well up until today, craving for very comfy clothes tonight.

Just as he was about to reach for his big sweater, he bit down on his bottom lip, his plan replaying in his mind, heart pounding fast against his chest as he spoke words of reassurance to himself.

This whole day he had deliberated over this, just to back out of it now? No, Jimin was determined to go along with his desire to try something new tonight.

“It's fine. You can do this” he whispered, squeezing his eyes shut as he gulped.

Surely, his plan could very well backfire, yet... he needed to stay positive.

Determined, Jimin nodded to no one in particular, getting up to his feet and exiting the bedroom. The smaller boy tip-toed over to the staircase, hands closing around the railing as he looked down and scanned the living room.

The black haired one was spread out on the sofa, working on his laptop as he was answering some of his mails regarding work. Earlier, Jimin had excused himself to take a shower, having declined Jungkook's cheeky offer of joining him because Jimin had different plans for tonight.

Swallowing hard, Jimin took a step back from the railing, making sure that Jungkook wouldn't see him, “Jungkook-ah? Can you come upstairs, please?” Jimin yelled.

Quickly, Jimin spun back around and rushed into the bedroom, dimming the lights on his way in before he came to a halt in the centre of the room, begging his heart to calm down, fearing it was about to pound out of his ribcage any moment now.

“Little one, are you okay?” Jungkook's concerned voice spoke before he entered the bedroom, “Are
Inhaling one last shaky breath, Jimin turned back around, shaking his head.

“Are you cold? Why aren't you dressed? What's wrong, baby?” Jungkook wondered, eyes trailing along Jimin's petite figure, the boy only covered by a white robe, his pink hair damp and sticking to his forehead.

Jimin's cheeks flushed a shade of rose as he opened the robe, allowing it to slide down his shoulders before it dropped to the floor, leaving Jimin completely bare except for his pastel pink high-knee socks.

It took every ounce in Jimin's very being to not shield himself, to not pick the robe back up to cover himself. Frankly, Jimin wasn't the most confident little bean out there, yet Jungkook loved him, had proven numerous times that he found him to be beautiful. That's all that Jimin needed.

The black haired boy's jaw dropped, eyes going wide at the sight, “Fuck” he breathed, swallowing hard as he approached Jimin with fast steps, surely not having expected anything like this from Jimin, “You're going to kill me” Jungkook groaned as he suddenly picked Jimin up, the latter yelping and clinging onto Jungkook as he was carried to the big windows that adorned the whole wall.

Hunggrily, Jungkook attached their lips in a sloppy kiss, pressing Jimin up against the cold glass of the window, the smaller one gasping into the kiss, not having expected the low temperature on his hot skin. Due to his nervousness, Jimin had completely forgotten to close the curtains earlier, his bare butt exposed to the whole city now.

For a moment, Jimin kissed back for he was getting lost in the moment, the boy whimpering against Jungkook's lips as the taller one grinded his crotch against Jimin's.

“N-No” Jimin uttered eventually, withdrawing as he pushed his hands against Jungkook's shoulders, shaking his head. The two boys were already breathing unevenly, having to catch their breath after their short making out session.

“No?” Jungkook echoed, immediately setting Jimin down to the floor, concern bubbling in his chest as the emotion also glistened in his brown orbs, “You don't want me?”

Wetting his lips, Jimin frantically shook his head at the way Jungkook had misunderstood his rejection, “I do want you more than anything” he reassured, reaching for Jungkook's hand, “Just not like this” he whispered, staring up at Jungkook through his lashes, “I-I want to...”

“What do you want, baby?” Jungkook wondered, voice softer.

“You don't get to decide tonight” Jimin responded, digging his teeth into his bottom lip.

Jungkook arched up his eyebrows, slight smirk dancing around his lips as he appeared to catch on, “Oh?”

The pink haired boy's breath hitched in his throat as he noticed the way Jungkook's pupils dilated, desire displayed in his brown orbs.

“You're not going to let me play with your cute little body tonight?” Jungkook wondered, leaning in, hot breath tickling on Jimin's skin, “Won't be begging me to fuck you by the end of this? I doubt that” he whispered teasingly into Jimin's ear, one hand curling around Jimin's waist, giving it a tender squeeze.
In response, Jimin gasped, eyes fluttering shut as his penis twitched inbetween their bodies. However, this was not how it was supposed to go! Jimin was already aware of how he was slipping into a more submissive mindset, yet tonight was ought to be slightly different.

“Where is your pretty collar, hm? Are you not going to wear it for me tonight?” Jungkook wanted to know, titling his head to the side as he traced his fingertips along Jimin's collarbones, moving closer to his throat before he loosely wrapped his hand around it.

Jimin swallowed hard, adam's apple bobbing against Jungkook's palm in the process. The pink haired boy shook his head, closing his petite hand around Jungkook's wrist to pull his hand away.

A smug smile adorned Jungkook’s defined features, eyebrows arched up at Jimin's act of control, the boy clearly wanting to take the initiative tonight.

“No?” Jungkook repeated.

“No” Jimin breathed, allowing Jungkook's wrist to slip from his grasp, “I-I want tonight to be different” the nervous boy revealed, legs almost buckling at the way Jungkook's eyes darkened, at the way he was intently staring at Jimin, gaze piercing through him.

“Different? How so?” Jungkook wondered, the man wetting his lips as he eyed the pink haired boy in front of him. In all honesty, he was so fucking aroused by the mere appearance of Jimin – his fair skin so inviting, almost urging Jungkook to leave marks everywhere, his flushed cheeks such an adorable sight, his doe eyes filled with desire, but affection all the same, his pastel pink hair still a damp, fluffy mess on top of his head. To sum it up – Jimin was a fucking living piece of art that Jungkook couldn't tear his gaze away from, that evoke the urge in Jungkook to ruin him, but protect him all the same. The taller one just wanted to fuck him senseless before cuddling him to sleep. That's how absolutely whipped he was for Jimin.

“I want to take the lead tonight’” Jimin whispered a response.

Jungkook's brows shot up in surprise, “You do? We have tried that before, haven't we?”

“I-I know, but I want to try again” Jimin replied, wetting his lips. Jungkook's eyes followed the movement, his pupils dilating, “I want to take care of you tonight” he added, voice softer. As soon as those words left his mouth, Jungkook's gaze rushed back up to stare into Jimin's doe eyes, fondness glistening in them, “You're always taking care of me, so now I want you to... to sit back and let me take care of you”

Jimin couldn't believe that he had actually just said that. The courage that had bloomed somewhere within him had made him manage to utter out those words without stuttering. It enabled him to be a little less vulnerable, yet Jimin could feel the bravery fading away – all of this simply too new and somewhat foreign to him.

Surely, it was in his nature to take care of people, to behave and to want to be good, yet having the entire control was slightly different and way scarier.

“Oh, kitten, I'm all yours” Jungkook declared, dropping his hands and nodding at Jimin, “What do you want to do?”

The smaller boy's heartbeat quickened, the knowledge of being in control tonight excited him, yet made him nervous all the same. After all, the last time they had done exactly that, Jimin had turned needy fairly soon, having desired Jungkook to take the lead.
The chances weren't slim that tonight would be any different than that, yet Jimin wanted to try.

Inhaling a shaky breath, Jimin got up on his tippy-toes, attaching their lips in a gentle kiss as he simultaneously reached for the top button on Jungkook's shirt, opening it up, “O-Okay?” he whispered inbetween their kiss, Jungkook humming lowly as his hands curled around Jimin's waist, pressing the boy against the window as he deepened the kiss.

“Do whatever you want to do” Jungkook assured him, catching his breath for a mere moment before he captured Jimin's lips in another hungry kiss, the shorter male mewling against his lips, breath hitching in his throat as soon as Jungkook pushed his tongue against his own.

Swiftly, Jimin buttoned down Jungkook's shirt, sliding it off his shoulders and allowing it to drop down on the floor behind the boy. Carefully, he withdrew, breathing rapidly as he admired the sight of Jungkook's bare upper body. Almost unconsciously, he lifted his hand, tracing his fingertips along Jungkook's defined abs, the boy swallowing hard as he felt the strong muscles beneath his touch.

It was as though Jimin was caught in a trance, gaze fixated on Jungkook's gorgeous features.

Gently, Jungkook gripped his chin, guiding his face back up in order to lock eyes with him. The softness hidden in Jungkook's brown orbs comforted Jimin, the boy trying to focus on it.

“Off?” Jungkook wondered, slight smirk on his face as he pulled up an eyebrow, playing with the waistband of his own pants.

Gulping, Jimin hesitantly nodded, eyes flickering back and forth between Jungkook's veiny hands playing with his belt and his smug expression that adorned his handsome features.

It was apparent that losing the entire control wasn't easy for Jungkook – potentially not something that was even possible for him at all. After all, Jungkook was rather dominant and authoritative by nature. Surely, giving all of that away wasn't in his bones.

Just as it wasn't in Jimin's bones to have the utmost dominance or control.

However, they were both trying.

In all honesty, Jimin wasn't quite certain what his true goal for tonight was. Obviously, he had wanted to surprise Jungkook with a new side of him, tried to be somewhat... sexy? Wanted to be the one to take care of him tonight as he was usually the one doing all the work, yet what did that include, how far would he go?

Was Jimin going to try and entirely dominate Jungkook tonight- because, to be fair, that surely wasn't happening. It simply wasn't within him to do that and it quite certainly wasn't in Jungkook to be submissive either, but... Jimin could try, right?

After all, essentially, it wasn't anything Jimin truly desired to be either. No, he didn't long for dominance during sex, enjoyed the way their dynamics had fallen and were established into them, how they worked together in the perfect way. However, how could he be entirely certain whether or not he actually didn't want to be dominant at all, if he never really tried it?

Then again, in all honesty, Jimin was somewhat scared and very nervous – for a reason he didn't know.

The black haired boy tugged down his pants, stepping out of them and kicking them to the side. Almost patiently, he was standing there, straight posture and head titled to the side as he waited for Jimin to go on. However, there was his ever-lasting smug smirk dancing around his lips.
Jimin noticed the display of a prominent bulge in his front, his black briefs tight around his crotch – a visible proof of Jungkook being aroused by all of this, by Jimin.

“What now, baby?” Jungkook wanted to know, reaching out to rub the pad of his thumb along Jimin's cheekbone.

Jimin exhaled a shaky breath, eyes almost fluttering shut, “C-Can you sit on the armchair, please?” he insisted, pointing to the piece of furniture.

Jungkook's smile deepened, “Whatever you want” he responded, giving a nod as he dropped his hand, confidently strutting over to the armchair, taking a seat.

For some reason, Jimin felt vulnerable, not certain what to do with himself. What was he even supposed to do now? How was he going to voice his desire of what he wanted to do with Jungkook, if he was lacking comfort in this foreign situation?

Slowly, Jungkook was studying his features, his eyes softening as he noticed the discomfort Jimin was experiencing, his doe eyes almost glassy as he stared back at Jungkook. The shy boy was just standing there, chest moving up and down in a rapid pace, cheeks flushed a pretty pink.

Swallowing hard, the smaller boy moved closer, playing with his fingers, “May I... Is it okay, if I... Only, if that's okay for you, but...” Jimin stuttered, puzzled by the fact of why this situation was overwhelming him despite Jungkook always being so very kind and respectful. Evidently, Jungkook was more than supportive in his attempt to change things up tonight, wasn't judging him in the slightest, but was trying his best to adjust to the new circumstances as well.

What was wrong with Jimin?

“Jimin-ah, kitten, hey, come here” Jungkook interrupted him softly, reaching a hand out to Jimin. The latter's bottom lip started wobbling as he tip-toed closer, placing his hand in Jungkook's bigger one. Tenderly, Jungkook pulled him onto his lap, closing his arms around Jimin's back to hug him close, “There is no need to be nervous, okay? Come on, deep breath for me” he whispered, noticing Jimin's quick heartbeat, his heart pounding fast against his chest.

Jimin obliged, inhaling a deep breath as he squeezed his eyes shut, trying to supress the tears that were forming in his eyes for a reason that was unknown to him. Swiftly, he hid his face in the curve of Jungkook's neck, taking deep breaths to comply Jungkook's instruction.

“Hey, angel, can you tell me what's wrong?” Jungkook murmured into his ear, rubbing his warm hand along Jimin's back, caressing the skin with the utmost care and tenderness.

“I don't know. I feel... I feel stupid. Is this weird?” Jimin mumbled, catching his bottom lip between his teeth as he lifted his head, taking a glimpse at Jungkook, “Is it... is it odd that I'm trying to take the lead for once? That I'm surprising you like that although I'm... I'm not like that at all?”

Jungkook shook his head, noticing how watery Jimin's eyes were as though he was about to cry. Upon the sight, Jungkook's heart clenched, the urge to protect the boy sitting in his lap blooming within him, “Little one, hey, look at me” Jungkook insisted, grabbing Jimin's chin to guide his face up in order to lock eyes with him, the shorter one appearing to try to avoid any eye contact – ashamed of his sudden burst of anxiety, “Deep breath, okay? Can you do that, angel?”

The pink haired male nodded, obeying as he took several deep breaths for Jungkook, staring deep into his eyes to focus on the softness, the affection that was glistening in them as it was comforting to him.
“There you go, baby, good boy” Jungkook whispered, leaning in to press a kiss to Jimin's forehead as he proceeded to trace his fingertips over Jimin's back.

After a moment of silence, Jungkook waiting for Jimin's heart to calm down, he smiled softly at the smaller one.

“This is not weird, Jimin-ah. It's beautiful that you've felt confident enough to try something new. I'm proud of you for having the bravery. You know that I want you to be comfortable though, always, hm?” Jungkook reminded him, an eyebrow arched up as he rubbed his thumb over Jimin's cheek, “Are you comfortable?”

To be honest, Jimin wasn't quite sure what he was feeling. At the beginning of all of this, he had felt nervous, but very excited to try this. However, although the excitement was still present, once he had actually been in the situation, his nervousness and anxiety had won the upper-hand, outweighing anything else.

Then again, Jungkook was soothing him, was assuring him in what he wanted to do.

“I... I was- I mean, I don't know. I feel nervous and... and stupid” Jimin voiced his thoughts, shrugging his shoulders as he was frustrated with himself for not being quite capable to express his thoughts – yet, also frustrated for feeling like this in the first place and not being able to just go on and take the control for once. “I thought... Your previous sex partners I've met before all appeared to be so... sexy and confident and I just thought that... I don't know... That I should try it, too? That I should try something else for once because I don't want to... bore you”

Jungkook halted his movement, his heart clenching and concern glistening in his eyes as he arched up his brows in surprise, “Jimin-ah, that is... Little one, no, you're perfect the way you are. You don't bore me at all. I enjoy the sex with you, I always do. Everything we do feels new to me. In fact, you're the most compatible sex partner I've ever had. I told you before that sex with you is so much better because I actually have feelings for you” Jungkook stated, cupping Jimin's face as the latter had attempted to avert his gaze.

“I just... I don't know. I wanted to try something new, but now I feel stupid and... and insecure...” Jimin revealed softly, shrugging his shoulders.

“There's no need to feel either of those things. I love you, Jimin-ah. You're the sexiest, most beautiful and stunning person I've ever seen. Fuck, do you even know how fucking attracted I am to you? I could get hard by the mere look at your pretty lips. You're the only one I'm looking at, the only one I need – just the way you are” Jungkook assured him, sincerity in his eyes.

Jimin blushed, dipping his head down.

“You're not stupid for trying something new and wanting to be more confident in sex. If you want to try being in control, then I'm more than happy to be there for you to see whether or not you enjoy it. If you do, then that's great, but if you don't, then that's just as great. But please don't feel forced to do anything, little one” he added.

Jimin bit down on his bottom lip, “I do want to try this. Just... the whole... the whole way I did it is just... I should have talked to you first and not stand in front of you completely naked, I mean-“

“You can always surprise me, little one. There's something even more exciting about that, hm?” Jungkook uttered, grabbing Jimin's chin and tilting his head up, locking eyes with his lover, “Do you know how fucking hot you looked when you dropped that robe?” Jimin's cheeks flushed a shade of rose at the compliment, the shy boy shaking his head, “Fuck, you look ravishing, Jimin-ah. I was
about to fuck you right against the window”

Jimin swallowed hard, lips parting as a soft breath slipped from him, yet he also smiled shyly at the softness in Jungkook's own smile.

Well, that would had been a great turn of events, too – after all, it was a known fact to either of the boys how much Jimin truly loved being taking up against a wall, the numerous prior incidents being any indication of that fact. Clearly, Jimin had a slight... well, rather very prominent strength kink.

“Yet, you don't have to do that. You don't need to surprise me like that. You're sexy to me either way” the black haired boy assured him, Jimin's blush deepening.

“Thank you, Kook-ah” Jimin uttered, “I feel better and less nervous now” Jimin responded softly, feeling his heart ease, “I just... I guess I should have talked to you about this after... after we had sex because...” Jimin murmured, playing with his petite fingers, a sigh falling from his lips, “I'm sorry for ruining the mood”

“You haven't ruined anything, baby” Jungkook reassured, leaning closer, “I'm still hard for you” he murmured, grinding up into Jimin to prove that point, the pink haired boy gasping as he felt his hard length brush over Jimin's butt, “Hm?”

Swallowing hard, Jimin gave a nod, glancing up through his lashes to meet Jungkook's eyes, the latter's hands roaming down to Jimin's thighs, giving them a gentle squeeze in reassurance.

“Do you want to go on now or do you want to stop? Feel better?” Jungkook murmured, warm smile still adorning his features, Jimin's heart fluttering at the sight.

“Yes, I feel better. Thank you” Jimin smiled shyly, nodding his head as he leaned in, capturing Jungkook's lips in a gentle kiss before he withdrew, “I-I want to go on”

It flabbergasted Jungkook how Jimin was even remotely insecure in his effect on Jungkook or his sole appearance itself. Frankly, the smaller boy was so gorgeous, so beautiful - so sexy, if he wanted to be. It was cruel how he didn't appear to see that himself. Yet, Jungkook would be there to remind him - Every single day of his life.

Jungkook would do anything for him. Fuck, if he could, he would pick the stars right from the sky and give them to Jimin, if he'd ask him to. Whatever it was, whatever Jimin wished for, Jungkook would do anything to realise that exact wish. If Jimin wanted the control tonight, then fuck, take it, take it all. Jungkook was going to do anything in his power to make sure that Jimin was comfortable and happy.

However, it truly wasn't an easy task, the dominance in his bones urging him on to simply pick Jimin up and fuck him right against the wall.

The younger male licked over his lips as he traced his hands over Jimin's soft skin, goosebumps forming beneath his touch. Slowly, his eyes travelled down to Jimin's pastel pink socks, a damn piece of clothing somehow making him appear that much more angelic and innocent despite of what they were about to do.

“Tell me what you want” Jungkook insisted, sinking back into the seat, hands not leaving Jimin's thighs.

Inhaling a deep breath, Jimin bundled up all the courage in his bones to respond, “May I tie your hands to your back?”
Jungkook's eyebrows arched up at the request, the boy evidently not having expected such a question, “Fuck, you're going to tease me, aren't you? Not being allowed to touch you is torture”

The smaller boy caught his bottom lip between his teeth, “We don't have to do that, if you don't feel comfortable” he assured, shaking his head.

“No, baby, go ahead. I'm all yours. Do whatever your sweet mind desires”

Jimin gave a nod, smiling softly as he got up to his feet, Jungkook's palms reluctantly slipping from his hips. Swiftly, he spun around, hurrying over to the dresser to pick out two of Jungkook's black ties. For a moment, he rummaged around the drawer, searching for one that was slightly thicker. In the end, he was able to find one.

Once he had picked what he had been looking for, he turned back around, strutting over to Jungkook who was already staring at him intently, gaze fixated on him as he observed Jimin's every move. His eyes were a dark shade of brown, pupils blown wide in lust as he spread his legs apart, leaning back into his seat as he waited patiently for Jimin's return.

*He loves you the way you are. You're beautiful to him.* Jimin proceeded to remind himself of Jungkook's words, his confidence blooming again, comfort settling within him.

Carefully, he straddled Jungkook's lap again, the latter's hands immediataly closing around his waist to pull him closer, fingers digging into Jimin's fair skin to undoubtably leave marks.

“Hands behind your back, please” Jimin ordered softly, lifting one of the ties up.

The taller boy wet his lips, obliging and placing his arms behind his back.

“Can you lean forward, please?” Jimin whispered.

Jungkook gave a nod, leaning forward against Jimin, his face brushing over the curve of Jimin's neck as the latter wrapped the piece of fabric around Jungkook's wrists. The pink haired boy fastened it tightly, yet still leaving some room as to not hurt Jungkook too much or to leave any deep red marks – just the way Jungkook had taught him.

“O-Okay, done” Jimin declared.

“Good boy” Jungkook whispered, smirking against Jimin's skin as he pressed open-mouthed kisses to the sensitive skin on his throat. In response, Jimin whimpered, hands clenching into fists as he involuntarily rocked his hips forward.

“No” Jimin protested, shaking his head and pushing against Jungkook's shoulders, “Lean back. You're not allowed to touch” he ordered.

Jungkook pulled up an eyebrow, cocking his head to the side, “I'm not?” he echoed.

“No” Jimin answered, determinately shaking his head.

“No even kisses?” Jungkook wondered, trying to lean closer again, yet restricted by Jimin who pushed him back by his chest.

Jimin bit down on his bottom lip, “Well.. I'll decide later” he murmured.

The taller boy was still dripping with confidence, smug smirk adorning his handsome features as he teased Jimin in just the way he knew would earn him an adorable reaction. There was something so
satisfying about teasing Jimin, watching him squirm and blush for him.

Yet, to Jimin, Jungkook's behaviour just spurred him on to try harder. By the end of this, he wanted Jungkook to desire him just as much, wanted him to long for Jimin.

“Can I... I brought another one” Jimin revealed, lifting the remaining piece of fabric in his hand up into the air.

Jungkook cocked his head to the side, pulling up an eyebrow in curiosity, “What do you have in mind?”

Swallowing hard, Jimin wet his lips, looking up at Jungkook through his lashes, “May I blindfold you?” he asked.

Jungkook's eyes were dark with lust, pupils dilated and stare intense as his gaze was fixated on Jimin's every move. Despite it surely not being Jungkook's intention, the mere stare caused Jimin's knees to buckle, a whimper almost escaping him as his heart urged him to drop to his knees and follow Jungkook's orders. There was always this kind of dominating demeanor dripping from him, that authoritative appearance that made Jimin want to beg for him. Hopefully, if he blindfolded Jungkook, his gaze wouldn't result in Jimin feeling like that any longer.

The younger male appeared taken aback, eyebrows shooting up in surprise as he opened his mouth, yet no words leaving him for a brief moment, “Blindfold?” he echoed eventually, running his tongue along his bottom lip in thought, “Fuck, you're trying to kill me, aren't you? Won't even allow me to see your pretty body or face?”

Shaking his head, Jimin felt his cheeks tinge a darker shade of red, “You told me that it would increase your sense of feeling, that any touch would be more prominent so I just thought...” Jimin reasoned, the remainder of the sentence hanging in the air between them.

“Go ahead, little one. You're allowed to do whatever you want tonight” Jungkook declared, pulling at his restraints, but noticing fairly quickly that he wasn't able to move his arms.

What a fucking pain in the ass this was going to be.

Giving a determined nod, Jimin leaned closer, staring into Jungkook's beautiful brown orbs one last time before he placed the piece of fabric over his eyes, tying it to the back of his head.

Jimin wondered how it was like, the urge to experience it on himself one day blooming within him. Wasn't that even more evidence of... dominance not exactly running through his veins?

The smaller boy shook his head at those thoughts, determined to try something else tonight.

“Fuck, this... fuck, this sucks” Jungkook cursed, pulling on his restraints and turning his head from side to side, “You want to torture me, hm?”

“No” Jimin assured, shaking his head as he pressed a kiss to Jungkook's cheek, “I want you to feel good” he added, somehow giggling at Jungkook's reaction.

To be honest, Jungkook had never been blindfolded during sex – or ever for that matter. It wasn't anything that he had ever desired to experience on himself, but rather chose and preferred to blindfold his sexual partners.

Fuck, it was such a pain in the ass to not be able to touch Jimin to begin with, but not even being allowed to see the beautiful boy? Even worse.
Despite it being not exactly something he had ever desired to experience, he was more than happy to go along with Jimin's plan in order to enable him to try out whatever he wished for tonight. After all, there were still so many things Jimin wasn't aware of or wasn't as comfortable in, so it was Jungkook's pleasure to help Jimin in that sense.

Furthermore, he was experiencing something new tonight himself. Truthfully, he doubted that he would get off on being blindfolded itself as he was already hating it, but he surely would be aroused by whatever Jimin decided to do to him.

“Is this okay? Do you want me to take it off?” Jimin wanted to make sure, slight concern blossoming within him, “You can use the safewords, too, Kook-ah”

“No, baby, it's fine” Jungkook assured him, wetting his lips.

“Okay” Jimin breathed.

So what now?

Silence settled between them, Jimin deliberating over his next move. It was odd to be in this position for once, to decide where this night was going to go, to decide what to do with Jungkook and having the boy grant him anything he wanted to do to him.

Cautiously, Jimin leaned in, attaching their lips in a hesitant kiss. A breath slipped from Jungkook's mouth at the touch, the boy parting his lips and pushing his tongue against Jimin's.

The latter grasped Jungkook's shoulders as he kissed right back, whimpering against Jungkook as he rocked his hips into his crotch, the other male groaning at the stimulation.

Jimin realised fairly quickly that he was already craving Jungkook's hands on him, longed for him to touch him, to leave marks on his body, to *dominate* him.

*Dammit.* This was going to be a lot harder than Jimin had imagined it to be.

As soon as Jimin withdrew, Jungkook attempted to chase after him, cursing under his breath as he wasn't able to reach Jimin, arms restrained to touch him as well.

Slowly, Jimin straightened his posture, allowing his fingertips to trace along Jungkook's chest and down to his stomach, observing how the muscles of his abs spasm beneath his touch. Then, Jimin got up from his lap entirely, dropping down on the soft rug in front of the armchair, adjusting himself on his knees.

“What are you doing, kitten?” Jungkook wanted to know, wetting his lips. Jimin noticed the way his chest was moving unevenly, a sign of his heavy breathing.

“W-Wanna suck you off” Jimin answered, voice soft as he reached for Jungkook's briefs, his fingers playing with the waistband before he hooked his digits around the fabric, giving it a swift tug, “Okay?”

“Fuck, yes, little one”

In order to help Jimin, Jungkook lifted his hips up, allowing Jimin to remove the last piece of clothing from his body. Gently, Jimin pulled it down his legs, dropping it to the floor next to him.

The pink haired boy had to bite down on his bottom lip in order to muffle any embarrassing sounds that had wanted to slip from his mouth as his gaze fell on Jungkook's semi-hard erection. The sight
itself made Jimin desperate, urged him to beg for Jungkook – for anything the boy would give him.

Swallowing hard, Jimin leaned forward, gently closing his palm around Jungkook’s penis and giving it a little squeeze. The taller boy cursed at the contact, Jimin observing the way his petite hand couldn't quite fit around all of Jungkook's member.

Slowly, he moved his fist up to the tip, running the pad of his thumb over the sensitive slit. In response, Jungkook's hips bucked up into the touch, the boy silently asking for more.

“Remember what to do?” Jungkook wanted to know, spreading his legs further apart as Jimin hovered above him, his lips lingering mere inches above the head of his erection. To be fair, it was quite embarrassing how Jimin's mouth was already watering, drool essentially almost leaking from his lips.

Frankly, Jimin simply loved to give Jungkook head – so, so much.

“Mhm-mh” Jimin hummed in confirmation, his cute tongue poking out against the base and licking a fat stripe up to the head before he pressed an open-mouthed kiss against the tip.

The smaller boy whimpered at the taste, own penis twitching against his leg as he finally sank down on Jungkook's erection, pushing the hard length between his full lips. Truthfully, Jimin couldn't recall the last time he had given Jungkook a blowjob, faintly replaying the time he had been finally capable to deepthroat Jungkook in his mind.

Jungkook's penis twitched against Jimin's tongue, the latter squeezing his eyes shut as he pushed his head down. As always, Jimin was determined to deepthroat Jungkook, attempted to fit all of him into his throat in one go – Yet, his gag reflex wasn't that generous.

As soon as the tip of Jungkook's penis hit against the back of Jimin's throat, the pink haired male was forced to pull off, annoyed by the way his body reacted. Coughing and spluttering several times, Jimin wiped the back of his hand over his mouth, breaking the streak of spit that had connected his lips with Jungkook's hard length.

“C-Careful, baby” Jungkook warned softly, yet again trying to reach out to Jimin, but cursing at the realisation of being restricted in doing exactly that.

“W-Wanna deepthroat” Jimin revealed quietly, giving Jungkook's erection a few pumps before he pressed the head against his tongue.

“There you go, baby” Slowly, Jimin slid the hard length back inside, head sinking down on Jungkook's throbbing member, Jimin digging his digits into Jungkook's thigh to hold onto something, simultaneously squeezing his eyes shut again.

In order to adjust to the size, Jimin pulled off until only the tip was between his lips and then sank down again, repeating that process in a slow pace several times. In the meanwhile, Jungkook was groaning, cursing beneath his breath at the almost teasing way Jimin was sucking him off.

Pride swelled in Jimin's chest at the knowledge of how worked up Jungkook was because of him, how he was receiving pleasure because of him. Determined to satisfy him even more than that, Jimin pushed his head further down, gag reflex rejecting almost immediately, yet Jimin didn't care.

Tears pricked in the corner of Jimin's eyes, body urging him to pull off, yet heart and his intial wish to satisfy and please refusing. Instead, Jimin coughed and spluttered around the length in his mouth,
drool trailing down the erection and making a big mess.

However, neither of them appeared to mind that at all, Jungkook praising him and Jimin just allowing himself to jerk off the remainder of Jungkook's penis more beneficial and easily.

“Don't force me down, kitten” Jungkook warned him, Jimin only humming around his erection, but not exactly listening to him either.

Slowly, Jimin began to bob his head up and down, swiftly picking up a quicker pace. With each motion of his, wet gagging noises and little whimpers from Jimin filled the room, Jungkook's erection twitching at the sounds Jimin was creating.

“So good, kitten, such a good boy” Jungkook praised, wetting his lips.

Gently, Jimin pulled off, chest heaving as he was gasping for air, proceeding to tug on Jungkook's penis, allowing his fingers to play with him.

“G-Good? Am I good?” Jimin wanted to know, voice soft and already faintly touched by fair raspiness.

Jungkook nodded, “The best, fuck, my good boy” he responded breathy.

Heart fluttering, Jimin bent forward again, poking his tongue out to twirl it around the tip, collecting some pre-cum on it. Humming at the taste, Jimin's eyes fluttered shut as he swallowed it down, lapping over the tip several more times to receive more.

“You're doing so good, kitten” Jungkook complimented him, Jimin smiling as he felt his cheeks tinge a shade of rose because Jungkook was showering him with praises.

Pressing the tip between his lips, Jimin gave it a tender suck, twirling his tongue around before he sank back down on the hard length. Once the tip hit the back of Jimin's throat, he forced it down even more, gagging around the throbbing member in his mouth, but yet too determined to deepthroat.

Swiftly, Jimin bobbed his head up and down several times, whining around the length in his mouth in his attempt to fit all of Jungkook inside of him. Pressing his eyes shut, a tear rolled down Jimin's cheek as he finally reached the base of Jungkook's erection, pride and joy blooming within him at that realisation.

“Shit, kitten” Jungkook groaned, head falling on the backrest of the armchair, his hands clenching into fists behind his back “S-So fucking good. Good boy”

It took every last ounce of self-control in him to not fuck right into Jimin's mouth.

The shorter one hummed in satisfaction and happiness around Jungkook's penis, ignoring the way his gag reflex urged him to pull off, ignoring the drool that was trailing down Jungkook's length and south to his balls.

For a moment, Jimin just remained in his position, breathing heavily through his nose as he dug his digits deeper into Jungkook's thighs, not certain whether to pull off entirely or allow Jungkook to thrust up into his mouth.

Involuntarily, Jimin's penis jerked up in excitement at the thought of Jungkook using his mouth – Jimin imagining the boy to just grab him by his hair and thrust into his mouth until he was painting his face with white stripes.
Jimin whined at the image in his mind, regret washing over him as Jungkook’s hands were tied – quite literally. There was no way to enable that wish right now.

Ultimately, Jimin pulled up to the tip, sucking on the length while simultaneously twirling his tongue around before he sank back down to the base, repeating the action several times until he picked up a steady pace, bobbing his head up and down.

“Holy shit, Jimin-ah, fuck” Jungkook cursed, almost bucking his hips up into the tight, wet heat of Jimin’s mouth, but his self-control and protective streak to not ever harm Jimin overweighing that wish.

The pink haired boy mewled around the hard length, his own penis begging for attention, almost hurting as it was being entirely neglected by Jimin.

Slowly, Jimin pulled off again, “Wanna- wanna play with myself” he begged softly, breathing heavily as he rested his head on Jungkook’s inner thigh, his hand still loosely wrapped around Jungkook’s throbbing member to jerk him off, own erection screaming for attention.

“Baby, you’re in charge. No need to ask” Jungkook reminded him, groaning in frustration as Jimin was barely moving his hand, almost lazily playing with him as he was desperate to touch himself.

Right.

To be honest, Jimin was simply too used to their dynamics – actually loved them the way they were. In fact, he was already longing for them to fall back into the way they used to, craved for Jungkook to order him around and tell him what to do, yet he had barely even tried at all.

In the end, Jimin decided against playing with himself as this was supposed to be all about Jungkook. The smaller one desired to pleasure Jungkook and focus solely on him tonight.

However, it surely wasn’t as easy as he was trying to convince himself for it to be, telling himself that his needy state wouldn’t take over despite him knowing better.

Truthfully, both were quite aware how this night was going to end – Jungkook unmistakenly the one to be in charge again - yet that didn't stop them from playing for now.

“S-Stop teasing, Jimin-ah” Jungkook gritted through his teeth, wetting his lips as he bucked his hips into Jimin's loose fist.

The latter dug his teeth into his bottom lip, withdrawing his hand and watching how Jungkook's penis slapped down onto his stomach, a loud sound echoing in the room. Gasping, Jimin tilted his head to the side, observing how the erection twitched as it was begging for attention, a drop of pre-cum leaking from the slit.

Gently, Jimin reached out, his delicate fingers tracing along Jungkook’s penis, brushing over the veins and applying only faint pressure in his touch. It was almost as though Jimin was mesmerised by the sight, drool trailing down his lip at the thought of just finally sitting down on it and riding-

“Fuck, don’t- don't do that” Jungkook warned, attempting to buck away from the touch, yet not exactly capable to do just that.

Pulling up his brows in curiosity, Jimin cocked his head to the side, “Why?” he whispered, yet proceeded to tease Jungkook by caressing his hard length with his fingertips – not providing him with much, yet surely just enough to bring him closer to the edge as he had been fairly close to begin with.
“You’re-” Jungkook murmured, but went silent as he groaned again.

“What?” Jimin wanted to know, inhaling a shaky breath as he collected some pre-cum on his index finger, licking the digit clean before traced his fingertips along Jungkook's shaft again.

Jungkook pulled on his restraints, “Be a good boy” he warned.

“I am” Jimin stated, eyes big in innocence as he rested his head on Jungkook's thigh again, teasing himself just as much by not sucking Jungkook off. Frankly, they were both kind of suffering here.

“Stop teasing, kitten” Jungkook demanded through gritted teeth.

“What if I don't?” Jimin challenged, voice quiet and soft, the words surprising Jimin himself.

Hesitance.

Jungkook clicked his tongue, yet his penis twitched beneath Jimin's touch, “Don't test me” he uttered, voice calm, yet tone low.

The smaller boy's breath hitched in his throat, Jimin swiftly biting down on his bottom lip to muffle the mewl that had threatened to slip from his lips, “W-What are you going to do to me?”

“Untie me and you'll find out” Jungkook responded, a faint smirk adorning his handsome features.

“Will you p-punish me?” Jimin whispered, swallowing hard.

“Wouldn't be as fun to let you know now, hm?”

It was embarrassing how the heat in the pit of Jimin's stomach grew at the mere idea of being punished. It was surprising how daring Jimin was, the ounce of courage he possessed not yet fading away and buckling under Jungkook's threat – Yet, was it even a threat? To Jimin, this was clearly arousing. The sole thought of what Jungkook would do to him excited him that much, whimper already slipping from his lips.

“No” Jimin simply uttered, digging his teeth into his bottom lip as he closed his entire hand around Jungkook's throbbing member, pumping the flesh in his hand almost torturing slow and watching more pre-cum leak from the slit, trailing down and making an even bigger, wet mess.

“Fuck” Jungkook grunted, pressing his lips into a line.

Proceeding to pleasure the taller boy, Jimin deliberated over whether or not he should make Jungkook come like this before having him orgasm again by riding him, yet he wasn't as certain on whether Jungkook would be able to handle another release in such a short amount of time.

However, before he was even remotely close to making a decision, Jungkook cursed beneath his breath, hips bucking into Jimin's fist, “Shit, kitten, I-I’m close”

The smaller one whined, but gave a nod despite Jungkook not being capable to see that. Swiftly, he leaned down again, lingering above Jungkook's hard length, lips parted as he poked out his tongue, rubbing it sensually over the tip – up and down, circling it with firm laps.

“J-Jimin-ah” Jungkook warned through gritted teeth, clenching his hands into fists.

As Jimin pressed the head of his penis against his tongue, barely pushing it between his parted lips, he noticed the faint trembling of Jungkook's thighs – the boy wondering whether Jungkook was attempting to prevent himself from coming.
However, he didn't quite manage to do that as Jimin sank down on him again, deepthroating him with an obscene noise of his gag reflex.

“Fuck, baby, yes- just-” Jungkook cursed, throwing his head back into his neck, groaning Jimin's name repeatedly. At that, Jimin pulled off, licking over his lips as he was moving his fist along Jungkook's length, pressing the tip against his tongue, “J-Jimin-ah”

Then, Jungkook was coming – hard. The pink haired boy shrieked, having jerked Jungkook through it, the prolonged pressure causing white stripes to spurt on his face, only a faint amount of it falling on his tongue.

Jimin observed the younger male's muscles spasm, penis twitching in his grasp as he was proceeding to move his hand slower, big eyes staring at Jungkook.

“Oh- Fuck- Shit, Jimin-ah”

Jungkook's chest was heaving, the boy breathing heavily as he was remaining in his position – almost as though he was spaced out, drawn into a sweet haze of ecstasy as he was riding out his orgasm, Jimin leaning down to lick the sperm from Jungkook's penis, savouring the taste on his tongue – desiring more.

“Oh, stop, baby. Enough” Jungkook insisted breathy.

In response, Jimin whined, but obeyed regardless, withdrawing to lick his hand clean, eyes fluttering shut at the taste of Jungkook on his tongue. There was something so fulfilling whenever he sucked Jungkook off, something so... intoxicating and addictive. Clearly, Jungkook was all of that to begin with, but this particular way of pleasuring the boy was one of Jimin's favourites.

In all honesty, he still wasn't certain what exactly the reason for his love for blowjobs was. Essentially, he reckoned that it was the fact of satisfying Jungkook and being good, yet Jimin enjoyed the mere fact of having his mouth stuffed with Jungkook's penis as well. Frankly, he didn't doubt that he could spend hours just sucking on it lazily, content with the fact of having it in his mouth while also taking care of Jungkook.

Was that a kink itself?

Jungkook wet his lips, finally moving his head again, “That was...” he trailed off, a content sigh falling from his lips.

“Y-Yes...?” Jimin murmured, eyes big in curiosity, the boy almost shy as he played with his fingers, gaze fixated on Jungkook's rose lips, waiting for him to talk.

“Fuck, I think that was the best head I've ever gotten” Jungkook muttered, slight smirk adorning his handsome face.

Jimin's eyes lit up at his words, cheeks tingling with a shade of red as he smiled shyly, “R-Really? The best?” he echoed, digging his teeth into his bottom lip to contain his excitement.

“Yes, shit, you did so fucking well, little one” Jungkook praised, giving a nod.

Pride swelled in Jimin's chest, the pink haired male slumping down on his knees as he felt his heartbeat quicken, endeared by the praise. Surely, Jungkook must have received so many blowjobs in his life already, yet here he was – declaring that Jimin's was his favourite one ever.

It was embarrassing but Jimin almost wanted to shriek in euphoria at that praise.
However, he noticed the way Jungkook was titling his head from side to side, shoulders shifting as a groan slipped from his lips, “Are you okay?” Jimin whispered, straightening his posture to rest his delicate hands on Jungkook's thighs, giving them a reassuring squeeze.

Jungkook smiled, giving a nod, “Yes, fuck, so good. The ties are a fucking pain in the ass though. No wonder you hate them” he noted with a snicker.

“I... I don't hate them. I like everything you do to me. I like... being at your mercy” Jimin expressed, voice just above a whisper. Swiftly, he bit down on his tongue, regret washing over him at that revelation as he was supposed to be the one taking the lead tonight.

Yet, Jungkook didn't mind – didn't mind at all.

“Fuck, I know, little one” Jungkook responded as he swallowed hard, licking his lips, “I like taking care of you, too”

They smiled at one another although Jungkook wasn't aware that Jimin was mirroring his expression.

Then, Jimin titled his head to the side, “Colour?” he still wondered, concerned by their exchange that included Jungkook expressing his discomfort with the restraints.

Jungkook chuckled at his adorable way of wanting to assure Jungkook's comfort, “Green, baby, green” he assured, “But give me a sec” he asked for, stretching his neck, “Are you okay, kitten?”

The smaller boy rested his head on Jungkook's thigh, staring up at him with big eyes, “Mhm-mh” Jimin affirmed with a hum, but whined as he noticed the throbbing of his own penis, his erection screaming for attention, begging to no longer be neglected, “Wanna- want more”

“What do you want?” Jungkook wanted to know.

“You” Jimin simply answered, tracing his fingertips along Jungkook's inner thigh, catching his bottom lip between his teeth.

Chuckling, Jungkook gave a nod, “Just a moment, baby”

Jimin whimpered, deciding that he wanted to ride Jungkook. Curiously, he scanned the room, figuring that he needed to grab the lube before going on with anything.

Inhaling a shaky breath, the pink haired male got up to his feet, legs buckling at the arousal that was vivid within him, excitement blooming. Hastily, he waddled over to the bed, not even noticing that they still hadn't shut the curtains.

“Where are you, baby? What are you doing?”

Suddenly, Jimin tripped over his own leg, tumbling into the bedside table and hurting his knee in the process, “Ow” Jimin whined, rubbing over the spot he had previously hit due to his own clumsiness.

“Are you okay, little one?” Jungkook worried, voice suddenly filled with such softness and concern that it made Jimin's heart flutter.

Jimin looked back over his shoulder, noticing how Jungkook was attempting to get out of his seat, clearly worried about him.

“I'm fine” Jimin responded, biting down on the inside of his cheek, wanting to slap himself for ruining the mood yet again.
“Okay” Jungkook uttered, a breath of relief falling from his lips as he sank back down, waiting patiently for Jimin to return.

In the meanwhile, Jimin had opened the top drawer of the nightstand, rummaging around it to find the item he was looking for, eventually picking up the bottle of lube before tip-toeing back over to Jungkook.

Once he had arrived in front of the younger male, Jimin lowered himself on the armchair, straddling Jungkook's lap. An audible breath slipped from Jungkook's lips at Jimin's close proximity, the boy attempting to lean closer in order to kiss Jimin.

Smiling, Jimin closed the distance between their faces, attaching their lips in a slow and passionate kiss, their lips moving against one another for several sweet moments before Jimin withdrew, nuzzling his cheek against Jungkook's.

“Your face is wet. Did you cry?” the taller boy suddenly worried, attempting to look into his direction, yet merely missing the actual position of Jimin's eyes, rather looking right past him.

Confused, Jimin wiped his fingers along his cheek, collecting the remainder of Jungkook's cum on his two digits, “Y-You came on my face” he noted, pushing his fingers between his lips to suck them clean.

“I did?”

“Mhm-mh” Jimin affirmed around his digits, pulling them out of his mouth.

“Made you all messy the way you like it, hm? Fuck, let me see” Jungkook insisted, running his tongue along his bottom lip.

The pink haired boy shook his head, “No”

“No?” Jungkook repeated, cocking his head to the side.

“Already licked it off” Jimin admitted, the flush on his cheeks deepening.

“Fuck” Jungkook cussed, titling his head from side to side before a smirk appeared on his handsome face, “Like my cum that much, huh?”

Exhaling a shaky breath, Jimin dipped his head down, slightly embarrassed by hat fact, “Yes, I like the taste”

Chuckling, Jungkook gave a nod, “You really love sucking dick, don't you?”

“Your... only your...” Jimin clarified.

“Ony mine, baby, I know” Jungkook murmured, a soft smile curling up the corners of his lips, Jimin more than delighted to press a kiss to them.

Silence settled between them, Jimin's palm still closed around the bottle of lube, Jungkook's chest rising and falling in a steady pace again, clearly having calmed down.

Gently, Jimin traced his fingertips along Jungkook's chest, his own erection still screaming at the lack of attention, reminding him of what he had wanted to do.

“I'm going to strech myself open now” Jimin announced, voice soft as he opened the bottle of lube, coating his index and middle finger in a good amount of the sticky substance. Simultaneously, he
bent forward, dropping the bottle on Jungkook's lap as he pulled his left buttcheek to the side.

“Let me watch, baby” Jungkook insisted.

“N-No” Jimin denied breathy, pressing his fingers against the ring of muscles, teasing himself for a brief moment before he pushed the digits past the rim, mouth agape in a silent scream.

“Fuck, no- Kitten, let me watch, just- Shit, just let me watch, I won't touch you” Jungkook gritted through his teeth, hips bucking up into nothing as he titled his head from side to side – clearly searching for Jimin's direction.

“No” Jimin whispered, tossing his head back at the feeling of the nice stretch he was experiencing.

Jungkook groaned in frustration, wetting his lips as he imagined how Jimin was currently looking like- all pretty and desperate, playing with himself.

“Ah, oh” Jimin mewled breathy, digging his teeth into his bottom lip as he proceeded to push his finger further into himself, a loud wet squelch filling the room.

“Fuck” Jungkook cussed, throwing his head back as his penis twitched beneath Jimin, the latter rolling his hips into his own fingers, attempting to reach deeper, yet failing miserably.

“Jungkook-ah” the poor boy whimpered, desperately trying to touch his prostate with frantic dabs of his digits, but his fingers were simply too short to enable that, “C-Can't reach deep enough”

“Fuck, let me help you, kitten. I'll strecht you open, hm? My fingers will strech you so nicely, I'll play with your prostate the way you like it, hm, baby?” Jungkook offered, appearing to be almost just as desperate as Jimin. Then again, that was a silly thought – Jimin already beginning to feel dazed, surely more desperate than Jungkook.

“N-No” Jimin declined, shaking his head although Jungkook wasn't even able to see him due to the blindfold, “No touching” he repeated his own rule in a soft voice, deciding to grind on his own fingers as he scissored his digits, allowing them to drag along his sensitive walls as he pulled them apart, “Oh, oh” he moaned, pre-cum leaking from his throbbing member.

Jungkook was utterly screwed. This was pure torture. Jimin was sitting on his lap, playing with his little hole and undoubtably looking all flushed and desperate as he was pleasuring himself and Jungkook- Shit, he wasn't even allowed to see his beautiful angelic boy do something as obscene as that.

“Kook-ah” Jimin moaned high-pitched, eyes fluttering shut as he proceeded to prep his own hole, loud squelches filling the room with each of his motions, audible alongside the cute noises that were slipping from Jimin's lips and the frustrated curses and groans by Jungkook.

“Baby” Jungkook growled.

“'nother one” Jimin whispered to himself, pulling his digits out and searching for the lube.

Swiftly, he opened the bottle with shaky hands, ignoring Jungkook's demand of untying his wrists so the boy would be capable to help him.

Once he had coated three of his fingers with lube, he allowed the bottle to slip from his grasp again, wasting no time to reach back behind himself, placing his digits against his rim and pushing them past the ring of muscles, crying out Jungkook's name at the nice stretch.
“Jimin-ah, just-”

“J-Jungkook-ah” Jimin whimpered, resting his forehead on Jungkook’s shoulder as he digged his other fingers into the flesh of his left buttcheck, still pulling it to the side to ensure that his fingers could reach as deep as possible.

“Kitten, be a good boy, let me help you” Jungkook whispered, pressing his lips to the back of Jimin’s ear, peppering gentle kisses all over his skin, “I’m gonna take such good care of you, hm?”

Whining, Jimin sped the movement of his fingers up, vigorously shaking his head, “N-Not yet”

Groaning in frustration, Jungkook pressed his own face into the curve of Jimin’s neck, his dick still hard and ready to pleasure Jimin. The desire to lose these annoying ties and fuck Jimin stupid grew with each passing second, the urge to just pick him up and fuck him until he cried and begged for Jungkook to stop blooming within him.

Gasping for air, Jimin shrieked as he noticed the growth of the heat in the pit of his stomach, announcing the release that was approaching him gradually. If he wanted to come with Jungkook inside of him, he should most certainly stop now.

Reluctantly, Jimin pulled the fingers out of his hole, dragging them along his sensitive walls and circling his rim before he dropped his hand to the side. His chest was heaving, uneven breaths slipping from his lips, cheeks flushed a shade of rose as he was still hiding his face in the curve of Jungkook’s neck.

It was as though he was noticing himself slipping into a more submissive and needy mindset, his heart begging him to untie Jungkook so the boy could take care of him again, break him apart and pull him back together the way he always did.

Shaking his head, Jimin straightened his posture, picking up the bottle of lube with a trembling hand as he reached for Jungkook’s hardened length simultaneously.

“W-Wanna ride you now” Jimin announced, squirting a good amount of lube on Jungkook’s erection, then wrapping his palm around his member to pump his penis several times.

Jungkook hissed, groaning as he leaned his head back into the backrest of the armchair, hips bucking up into the touch, “Fuck, baby, g-go ahead”

Urgently, Jimin pressed the tip of his erection against his rim, slowly pushing it past the ring of muscles while simultaneously sinking down on it. Gasping, Jimin’s eyes fluttered shut, his hole granting Jungkook’s penis entrance with only little resistance, the stretch so utterly nice and stimulating.

“Shit” Jungkook cussed, hands clenching into fists as he attempted to reach out for Jimin, yet the boy restricted in doing exactly that as the piece of fabric was still very much fastened around his wrists – Honestly, he would burn these fucking ties as soon as they were off.

The pink haired boy’s lips parted in a silent scream, Jimin lowering himself further down on Jungkook’s erection, a loud squelch echoing in the room and accompanying Jimin’s whimpers. Swiftly, he leaned closer to Jungkook, brushing his lips over Jungkook’s, yet not close enough to call it a proper kiss.

“Kiss me, little one” Jungkook uttered.

Without an ounce of hesitation, Jimin leaned in, capturing Jungkook’s lips in a slow kiss, the taller
one kissing right back. Gently, they moved their lips against one another, Jungkook the one to push his tongue against Jimin's, the latter not able to contain the moans that slipped from him, Jungkook catching each of those sounds within the kiss.

Finally, Jimin reached the base of Jungkook's hard length, his butt settling down on Jungkook's lap entirely, his whole penis filling Jimin's hole. A breath fell from either of them, both of them halting, allowing their lips to brush over each other as they caught their breath.

“Little one” Jungkook murmured, nudging his nose against Jimin's cheek before he pulled on his bottom lip, the soft flesh slipping from his own lips a brief moment later, “You're being such a good boy, Jimin-ah. You've done so well” he praised softly, allowing Jimin to adjust to the size inside of him or maybe wanting to distract him as though he believed Jimin was too far gone already, would surely start to bounce on his dick in desperation and ignore the faint uncomfortable burning of the stretch entirely.

Jimin whined, “N-Not done yet” Jimin whispered against his lips, “May I move?”

“Of course, baby, if you feel like you're ready” Jungkook assured him.

Hesitantly, Jimin rolled his hips from side to side, digging his teeth into his bottom lip as he placed his petite hands on Jungkook's broad shoulders, “Like this?”

“Up, kitten” Jungkook instructed.

Slowly, Jimin lifted his hips up, almost watching Jungkook's length slip from his hole, yet stilling as only the tip was settled inside of him. Swiftly, he dropped back down again, evoking a content sound from both of them.

To be fair, Jimin couldn't recall the last time had ridden Jungkook either. Obviously, his mind hadn't just magically forgotten what he needed to do, yet it was still difficult for him to decide how to move his hips as he was simply too needy.

Repeating the movement, Jimin picked up a steady pace, lifting himself up before sinking back down. In the process, he clenched around Jungkook's erection from time to time, earning him a groan from Jungkook who tossed his head back into the backrest of the armchair, pulling on his restraints.

The pink haired boy proceeded to move in a rather slow way, leaning in to attach Jungkook's and his lips in a deep kiss, the latter's head still titled back, yet Jungkook immediately leaned closer, moving his lips against Jimin's.

Jimin whimpered into his mouth, pride swelling within his chest whenever Jungkook groaned his name into the kiss, the stimulation so sweet inside of him, Jungkook filling him so nicely.

“Ah, ah” Jimin breathed softly.

Mewling, Jimin tossed his head back, fingers digging into Jungkook's shoulders as he continued to grind his hips up and down.

The taller one chased after him, trailing open-mouthed kisses down his throat, his soft lips brushing along Jimin's skin, nibbling on the flesh very gently.

With a particular motion of Jimin's hips, Jungkook's erection pushed into his prostate. In response, Jimin cried out, hunching forward and hiding his face in the curve of Jungkook's neck.

“There you go, kitten, found your prostate?” Jungkook whispered into his ear, Jimin whimpering as
he nodded frantically, confirming Jungkook's assumption.

“Kook-ah” Jimin murmured, soft and quietly, the boy currently not trusting his own voice, almost certain that it would break in his attempt to speak any louder than this.

The smaller boy was aware how close to his orgasm he already was, the excessive amount of pre-cum leaking from the slit of his penis any indication of that fact. After all, he had been aroused and stimulated for a long duration of the night, his erection having begged for attention as he had neglected it for quite awhile.

“Fuck, wanna see you, baby” Jungkook muttered, wetting his lips, the soft breaths that were slipping from Jimin brushing over his neck, resulting in goosebumps to rise on his skin.

“W-Wanna see your eyes, too” Jimin mewled, certain that the intent stare of Jungkook would make him submit, yet he was longing to look into his beautiful brown orbs so desperately.

“Little one” Jungkook whispered.

Whimpering, Jimin decided he had tortured Jungkook – and honestly himself – enough by blindfolding the taller boy. Finally, he reached for the piece of fabric and untied it, dropping it to the floor.

Jungkook groaned at the sight, having to blink several times to adjust to the faint lightning of his surroundings before he locked eyes with Jimin, affection immediately accompanying the lust in his orbs.

“Pretty, baby, so pretty” Jungkook complimented him right away, trying to touch him as well, yet noticing that the tie was still fastened around his wrists.

“T-Thank you, Kook-ah” Jimin responded, rosy flush on his cheeks deepening as he rolled his hips from side to side, heart oddly fluttering by the mere glance at Jungkook's eyes - the brown orbs so beautiful, emotion glistening in them.

“My pretty baby, aren't you?” Jungkook added, titling his head to the side as a smirk adorned his handsome features.

Jimin gave a swift nod, “Y-Yours, yes, only yours”

Slowly, Jimin picked up a quicker pace again, desperate to find his prostate and increase the stimulation on it, Jungkook's penis dragging along his sensitive walls not quite enough.

In all honesty, Jimin wasn't certain how much longer he would manage to last, wishing to make Jungkook come again before he would find his own release, the smaller boy attempting to maintain a pace and stimulation that would grant them a mindblowing orgasm each.

“Fuck, kitten, you're so- shit, so tight” Jungkook grunted at the way Jimin had sped up his movements, proceeding to clench around him with each of his motions.

“Kook-ah, ah, ah” Jimin cried out each time Jungkook's penis hit his sensitive bud of nerves, the feeling intense. Another drop of pre-cum dripped out from his slit, trailing down his length that swung around with his quick movement.

Hastily, Jimin bounced up and down on Jungkook's dick, pace almost frantic as he chased that
overwhelming feeling, moaning high-pitched right into Jungkook's ear.

“S-So gooood, oh my god” Jimin whimpered, grabbing Jungkook's shoulders.

“Yeah?” Jungkook murmured breathy, bucking his hips up into Jimin's tight heat.

“Mhm-ah, so deep” Jimin added, squeezing his eyes shut again, head dizzy.

Jungkook wet his lips at the sight of Jimin, the boy such a beauty, “Such a good boy, baby, you look so sexy”

Cheeks tingling a shade of rose, Jimin whined at the praise, thighs shaking as he proceeded to bounce on his lap, his muscles starting to ache, almost feeling as though they were burning.

“M-My thighs” Jimin whispered, hunching forward into Jungkook, rolling his hips from side to side as he slowed down, whining at the lack of stimulation.

“What is it, baby?” Jungkook asked, pressing a kiss against Jimin's temple.

“S-Sore. My thighs hurt, Kook-ah” Jimin elaborated, leaning his head to the side, lips brushing over Jungkook's neck.

The taller boy pulled on his restraints, trying to reach out to Jimin, “Fuck, kitten, you've taken such good care of me. Let me take care of you now” Jungkook suggested, nuzzling his cheek against Jimin's.

“N-No, I'm not finished” Jimin denied, vigorously shaking his head, chest heaving.

After all, Jimin had really tried tonight, had really wanted to take care of Jungkook, yet... his heart simply desired Jungkook too much, longed for him to touch him, craved to behave and to obey his orders.

“Kitten, you've done so well” Jungkook assured him, nudging his nose against Jimin's cheek, “You've been such a good boy for me, took the lead so well. Now it's time for me to reward you” he added.

The promise made Jimin's heart flutter, winning him over.

Hesitantly, Jimin reached down with shaky hands, finding the tie and unfastening it, finally freeing Jungkook's wrist.

With that, the dynamics of the night shifted.

The younger male cursed beneath his breath, barely shaking out his wrists before his hands rushed down to Jimin's hips, grabbing them tightly. As Jungkook dug his fingers into Jimin's fair skin, he leaned closer, licking over Jimin's bottom lip.

“Fuck, come here, baby boy” he uttered against Jimin.

With that, Jungkook got up from the armchair effortlessly, hands rushing down to Jimin's thighs as the latter hooked his legs around Jungkook's body, clinging on to him as he yelped at the suddenness of the movement.

Holding Jimin against his body with ease, Jungkook walked a few steps before he pushed Jimin against the glass wall firmly, the smaller one gasping at the contact of the cold material on his hot skin.
“K-Kook-ah, what- Aaahh !” Jimin shrieked, Jungkook wasting no time to ram his hard length back into him, immediately finding his prostate and dabbing his erection into it.

“Fuck, kitten” Jungkook grunted into his ear, pining Jimin into the window as his hands rushed down to Jimin's butt, his fingers digging into the soft flesh of the round cheeks.

The new position allowed Jungkook to ensure Jimin staying secure in his spot, enabling him to slam his hips into him, penis thrusting into his tight hole and reaching as deep as possible.

Jungkook's movement was nothing compared to Jimin's – whereas Jimin had bounced on him frantically, aimlessly rolling his hips around in desperate search for his prostate, Jungkook was skillfully ramming his hips into him, his erection not ever missing Jimin's sensitive nub of nerves once.

“Oh my god!” Jimin shrieked, rocking back into the window with each forceful thrust of Jungkook, penis leaking out more pre-cum at the intense stimulation on his prostate, causing him to forget about anything else, but the boy who was creating these feelings within him – Jungkook invading all of his senses, simply intoxicating, utterly intoxicating and addictive, “Jungkook-ah!”

The black haired boy smirked against him, sweat dripping from his forehead, not bothering either of them. In fact, both of their bodies were shining in sweat, the heat of the room and their bodies having created the wetness on their skin.

Jemin's eyes fluttered shut, head falling back into the window as he cried out, Jungkook's pace entirely relentless, hips snapping into Jimin hard and rough.

“Kook-aaah!” Jimin screamed, digging his teeth into his bottom lip to muffle his sounds as he noticed the volume of his own voice, the boy slightly embarrassed. Instead, only soft whimpers were audible from him now.

“No, baby” Jungkook ordered, giving a slap to the back of his thigh, causing Jimin to gasp at the punishment, “Let me hear you” he demanded into his ear, hot breath tickling on Jimin's skin.

The pink haired boy whimpered, “m sorry” he murmured, locking eyes with Jungkook who cursed at the sight, Jimin's eyes glassy, filled with lust and desperation, yet also so very dazed – evidence of how far gone he was.

Smirking, Jungkook brought one hand up to Jimin's hair, sliding it through it before he tugged on it harshly, pulling his head back into his neck.

Breath hitching in his throat, Jimin's lips parted as he swallowed hard, Jungkook leaning in to press open-mouthed kisses against Jimin's throat, still proceeding to thrust into him harshly, the heat growing in the pit of Jimin's stomach.

“Jungkook-ah, f-faster!”

Growling, Jungkook slapped his thigh again, “You're not in charge anymore, kitten. You get what I give you, baby boy, understood?” Jungkook reminded him, words whispered right into his hear as he tugged on Jimin's pink locks again, the smaller one wincing, yet a drop of pre-cum leaking from his penis all the same, “Beg for what you want”

Whining, Jimin gave a nod, “P-Please, faster, Kook-ah, I-I'm close, just- just- ah, oh god, please” Jimin begged, squeezing his eyes shut, flush on his cheeks turning a darker shade of rose.

Jungkook cursed at the image in front of him, Jimin's delicate features scrunched up in pleasure so
fucking pretty. The younger male wanted to shower him with orgasms, wanted to fuck him stupid and have him come multiple times until the only thing he would be able to remember was Jungkook’s name – Jimin a crying and babbling mess by the end of this.

“Fuck” Jungkook groaned at his own imagination, slamming his hips into Jimin roughly.

“Oh my god!” Jimin cried out, hunching forward to hide his face in the curve of Jungkook's neck, closing his arms around him as he was pushed into the window with each snap of Jungkook's hips, his prostate being stimulated dead on.

“Yes, kitten, just like that. You're so fucking tight, always so tight for me” Jungkook groaned, both of the boys breathing rapidly, choosing to place kisses on each other's skin rather than breathing, deciding that suffocating was more bearable than breaking apart for even a second.

“I'm coming! I'm coming, Kook-ah, stop, I-” Jimin shrieked, a particular harsh thrust bringing tears to his eyes, the feeling simply too overwhelming, but yet so sweet.

“What a good boy, baby. Are you going to come untouched for me, hm? Won't even need me to play with your little cock?” Jungkook praised him, smirking against Jimin as the latter sobbed, moaning as he nodded frantically.

“K-Kook-ah, I-I'm going to-” Jimin cried out, squeezing his eyes shut as his body trembled, the boy unconsciously squirming around in Jungkook's embrace.

“Go ahead, doll” Jungkook interrupted him, tone low.

At that, the pink haired boy tipped over the edge, orgasm washing over him as he screamed out Jungkook’s name repeatedly, head falling back. Swiftly, cum spurted out of his penis, painting their upper bodies white, Jungkook cursing at the way Jimin was clenching around him.

“Ah, K-Koo-” Jimin sobbed, body shaking vigorously, thighs trembling as Jungkook proceeded to snap his hips into him, prolonging the intense feeling of his orgasm.

“Such a good boy, kitten, aren't you? Made a big mess for me, didn't you?”

“Mhm-ah” Jimin mewled, giving a nod as he bit down on his bottom lip, Jungkook's pace not slowing down.

At that, Jimin was crying out, clinging onto Jungkook as he was fucked into oversensitivity, the younger male not allowing his penis to go soft at all, but maintaining the hardness and intense stimulation.

“K-Kook-ah” Jimin sobbed, hiding his face in the curve of Jungkook's neck as he was pushed against the window with each forceful thrust of Jungkook.

The pace was relentless, Jimin whining with each snap of Jungkook's hips, his penis leaking out more cum. It was greatly overwhelming, tears pricking in the corner of Jimin's eyes at the stimulation.

“I know, kitten” Jungkook shushed him, pressing his lips to his forehead, “I'm not done with you yet”

At that, Jungkook withdrew from the window, carrying Jimin over to the bed and setting him down on the soft sheets. Without allowing Jimin a moment of clarity, the smaller boy confused by the situation as he stared up at Jungkook with big eyes, the latter grabbed his hips, rolling him over onto
his stomach.

“Ass up” he ordered, hand coming down on Jimin's buttcheek harshly, the flesh jiggling at the hit.

Yelping, Jimin obliged, getting up to his knees, butt up in the air. Just as he was about to get up to his hands, too, Jungkook hummed in dissatisfaction, sliding his hand through Jimin's pink hair and grasping a bundle of it before he pushed his face back into the sheets.

“You're staying like this” he demanded, Jimin gasping as he nodded, titling his head to the side so his cheek was resting on the bed, enabling him to breathe properly.

In the meanwhile, Jungkook had joined him on the bed, kneeing on the soft sheets behind him, and giving his penis a few more pumps before he pressed the tip against Jimin's rim, circling the ring of muscles.

“K-Kook-ah” Jimin whined, too sensitive to any touch down there. Involuntarily, he pulled away, earning him a spank to his buttcheek.

“Stay still” Jungkook ordered sternly.

“S-Sorry” Jimin whispered.

Teasingly, Jungkook rubbed the tip of his hard length along Jimin's rim, pushing it in very faintly just to be gone a mere second later, driving Jimin insane. The pink haired male sobbed, attempting to prevent himself from moving, yet body still shaking at the prior orgasm and continuous stimulation.

“Colour?” Jungkook asked, voice notably softer as he ran his palm along Jimin's back, causing goosebumps to rise on his skin.

Inhaling a shaky breath, Jimin's eyes fluttered shut, “G-Green” he assured, deciding to listen to his heart that wanted to please and satisfy rather than his brain that was unsure whether he could handle any more.

At that, Jungkook rammed his erection back into him, Jimin shrieking as he clenched his hands into fists, twisting the sheets in his palms.

“Fuck, yes, baby” Jungkook grunted, repeatedly slamming his hips into him roughly, Jimin forced to rock up and down on the bed, loud whimpers and sobs falling from his lips.

“K-Kook-ah, t-too much” Jimin sniffed and squirmed around, whining as Jungkook slapped his upper thigh.

“You're going to give me another one, kitten” Jungkook ordered, leaning forward to grab a bundle of Jimin's pink locks, tugging on it harshly. In response to the action, Jimin was manhandled up into an uncomfortable position, tears rolling down his cheeks at the overwhelming feeling of the stimulation on his sensitive prostate inside of his hole.

“I-I don't think I can, Kook-ah, too-” Jimin cried out, vigorously shaking his head despite Jungkook still firmly grabbing his hair.

“You're going to, kitten. I know you can” Jungkook interrupted him, pushing his head back down into the bed, almost pining Jimin into the sheets as he proceeded to fuck him through overstimulation.

“Jungkook-ah, o-oh my god, s-stop!” Jimin shrieked, trying to get away from Jungkook, yet hips not moving according to that wish, but pushing back into the touch almost unconsciously, begging for
more.

“You were so keen on finding out what your punishment would be for teasing me earlier, hm, kitten?” Jungkook reminded him, spanking his left buttcheek twice, “You were a bad boy earlier, weren’t you? And you know what happens to bad boys, baby, don’t you?”

Jimin gasped for air, hiding his face in the sheets, body shaking as he gave a nod.

“Tell me, kitten, loud and clearly” Jungkook ordered, pulling on his hair again to tug him up.

Sobbing, Jimin only whimpered as Jungkook thrusted into him roughly, not slowing down yet.

“Answer me” Jungkook urged, spanking his thigh.

Wincing, Jimin organised his thoughts, trying to form a coherent sentence, “T-They get punished”

“There you go” Jungkook uttered, giving a nod, clearly satisfied with the answer, “Why are you being punished, kitten?”

Swallowing hard, Jimin wet his lips, inhaling a shaky breath, “I-I was bad. I teased you earlier” he uttered a reply.

“Good boy” Jungkook murmured, smirking at the response.

Moaning at the praise, Jimin hunched forward again as soon as Jungkook's hand slipped from his hair, his hands rushing back down to Jimin's waist as he proceeded to snap his hips into him.

Jimin gripped the sheets tighter, knuckles turning white at the pressure his was applying. The smaller one's mouth was agape in silent screams, drool trailing out of it and his eyes wide as more tears rolled down his cheeks.

Sobbing, Jimin squirmed around again, hips involuntarily trying to get away.

“Little one, can you tell me your colour?” Jungkook asked inbetween his thrusts, Jimin's comfort more important to him than anything else.

“G-Green” Jimin whined, the heat in the pit of his stomach gradually building again, penis still leaking a streak of pre-cum down on the sheets, ruining them yet again. Oh, what a mess that was. What a messy boy Jimin was.

Frankly, Jimin couldn't tell how much longer he would last, was almost certain that he would burst any moment at the oversensitivity, yet also aware that the orgasm was going to be completely mindblowing.

“Up, kitten, up” Jungkook insisted, manhandling Jimin up against his chest by pulling on his hair again, Jimin somewhat confused why that treatment was arousing him so much, “Aww, look at you, kitten” he cooed, tilting Jimin's head to the side in order to have a proper glance at him, “Such a pretty baby” he praised, pressing a kiss to the back of Jimin's ear.

With each word, Jungkook tugged on Jimin's hair again, the smaller boy sobbing as he felt his penis twitch, hands clenching and unclenching several times, thighs shaking as he spread his legs further apart.

“Crying and begging me to stop now, hm? Were so desperate for it earlier, weren't you? Now it's too much, isn't it, kitten?” Jungkook wondered, breath hot on Jimin's skin as he whispered into his ear.
Sniffing, Jimin nodded, trying to capture Jungkook's lips in a kiss, yet the boy pulled on his hair, securing him in the position he desired, “K-Kook-ah, please” Jimin begged, voice soft, but still faintly touched by raspiness, Jimin not entirely certain what he was asking for here.

“But you're my good boy, aren't you? You want to please me, don't you?” Jungkook ignored Jimin's pleading, slowing down the rhythm of his thrusts, but maintaining the forcefulness.

“Y-Yes, your good boy, wanna be good for you” Jimin affirmed, nodding frantically as he balled his hands into petite fists, the sound of their skin snapping against one another echoing in the room as Jungkook sped up his thrusts again.

Smirking, Jungkook hummed in satisfaction, “So, give me another one, baby, come on” he demanded, finally pressing his lips onto Jimin's nape, peppering kisses over the sensitive skin.

Jimin shook his head, “I-I caan't. Too much” he whimpered.

“I know you can, kitten” Jungkook responded.

The pink haired boy tried to dip his head down, yet was restricted in doing that as Jungkook was still grasping a bundle of his hair, not enabling such a motion on his behalf.

“Be a good boy”

Jimin gave a nod, eyes big and desperate as he looked back at Jungkook, the younger male having mercy as he leaned in and attached their lips in a kiss. Gasping, Jimin's heart fluttered as he moved his lips against Jungkook's, the latter humming as his big hands travelled down Jimin's stomach, fingertips tracing along the soft skin.

Without a warning, Jungkook wrapped one of his hands around Jimin's penis, giving his erection a gentle squeeze before he ran his thumb along the slit.

“Kook-ah! Oh my god!” Jimin sobbed, hunching forward in his attempt to reach for Jungkook's wrist, trying to prevent him from stimulating two of his most sensitive parts simultaneously, “T-Too much, N-No”

The younger male shook his head, spanking his upper thigh, “Behave”

Whining, Jimin parted his lips in a silent scream, body shaking vigorously as he fell back into Jungkook’s chest, head dizzy. Quickly, Jungkook moved his fist up and down, tugging on his hard length.

“I'm c-coming!” Jimin shrieked, eyes rolling back into his head.

“There you go, kitten, knew you were my good boy” Jungkook praised with a smirk, groaning at the way Jimin clenched around him.

Then, another orgasm hit Jimin, the feeling intense as it burst within him, ecstasy spreading through his whole body and making his toes curl.

For a moment, Jimin's vision was filled with black dots, a mantra of Jungkook's name slipping from his lips at the sweet haze he had been pulled into.

“Kook-ah!” Jimin screamed out, the black haired boy yet not stilling, but proceeding to jerk him off while simultaneously thrusting into him roughly.
“No, no, no” Jimin whined, tears rolling down his cheeks as he tried to move away, shaking his head vigorously.

Ultimately, Jungkook's penis slipped out of his hole, allowing Jimin to get away.

However, only for so long.

"Kitten" Jungkook whispered, rolling Jimin over onto his back, the pink haired boy just lying there with big, dazed eyes, cheeks flushed such a pretty shade of rose, “One more, kitten, can you do that for me?” Jungkook uttered breathy, lifting Jimin's legs straight up into the air, grasping his ankles to secure the boy in the position he desired him in.

Quickly, Jungkook rammed his penis back into Jimin's tight heat, groaning out at the soft walls around his erection.

“I wanna see you come again, kitten” Jungkook decided as he snapped his hips into him roughly, still holding his trembling legs up into the air.

"N-No"

Jimin squeezed his eyes shut, gasping as he clenched his hands into fists, grabbing the bedsheets tightly.

Somehow, it was all simply too much for Jimin, the discomfort not vanishing, the pain outweighing the sweet ecstasy he would be experiencing usually. Why was this more uncomfortable than anything else?

Jimin couldn't bear another one.

“Y-Thank you” Jimin whispered, vision still blurry, eyes teary as he rocked up and down on the bed at the forcefulness of Jungkook's thrusts.

The younger male proceeded to snap his hips into him, groaning out Jimin's name as he spanked his thigh again. In response, Jimin yelped, bottom lip wobbling.

Why wasn't he stopping?

Stop!

It hurts!

“Yellow!” Jimin sobbed out, squirming around as he cried.

Jungkook immediately halted. Stilling entirely as though he had been shot.

“Fuck” the black haired boy cursed, “Little one”

Then, he acted swiftly.

Carefully, he pulled out of Jimin, the latter wincing at the way his sensitive walls were stimulated at the movement, “I know, ssh, angel, I'll be quick” he assured, placing Jimin's trembling legs back down on the bed.

Then, he spread Jimin's legs apart, moving inbetween them and hovering above the crying boy by holding himself up on his hands.
“Shit, Jimin-ah, angel, hey, what's wrong?” Jungkook whispered, concern visible in his eyes as he reached down, wiping away Jimin's tears.

The smaller one sniffed, doe eyes big and watery as he only stared into Jungkook's brown orbs, focusing on the softness that was hidden in them.

“Little one, please talk to me”

“H-Hurts. I-It's too much, I-I don't think I can... No, no more” Jimin sobbed, shaking his head.

“Okay, ssh, okay, beautiful” Jungkook murmured, nodding as he leaned down to press a kiss to his forehead, his own heart clenching at the sight of the pink haired boy.

Frankly, it was tearing up his heart to know that he had caused Jimin to use a safeword, having misjudged the situation entirely. Truthfully, he had believed that Jimin would be able to push past his limit today, yet clearly, he had been wrong.

Fuck, did it hurt.

However, Jungkook was relieved that Jimin had spoken up instead of just enduring whatever discomfort he had been in due to Jungkook's actions. It assured him that he didn't need to fear Jimin not speaking up because his wish to please outweighed his own safety or comfort.

“I'm so sorry, Jimin-ah” Jungkook uttered, lowering himself down on the sheets next to Jimin in order close his arms around him, pulling him closer to his own body.

Immediately, the smaller one moved as close as it was possible, hiding his face in the curve of Jungkook's neck, his heart still pounding fast against his chest. Tenderly, Jungkook rubbed his warm hand along Jimin's back, the latter still silently crying as he was coming down from his high.

“IT-It's okay” he whispered, still trembling in Jungkook's arms.

“No, it's not” Jungkook sighed, shaking his head, “I'm so fucking sorry, little one”

“N-No, don't be. You-you didn't do anything wrong. I just couldn't handle anymore” Jimin assured him softly.

“Fuck, I should have sensed it and stop-”

Suddenly, the doorbell rang, interrupting Jungkook.

Chapter End Notes

Just a heads up that I can't say how my updating schedule is going to be over the next few weeks because of exam season. :( I'll try to update as often as I can, but I don't know whether time is going to be in my favour. :( Would you be fine with shorter chapters? I loooove writing longer ones, but shorter ones might be better than waiting for too long? <3

By the way, have you all seen the release of the webtoon of bts' fictional story (BU)?
Aaaaah I'm so excited to finally get answers! :)


I wish you wonderful days <3
Love you <3
See you in the next chapter <3
Jungkook takes Jimin to a place to have fun, yet in the midst of Jimin's every day life there might still be things that he is too oblivious to see, the boy not capable to put the puzzle pieces together.

The black haired one didn't move an inch, arms proceeding to stay wrapped around Jimin, holding the boy's trembling body close to himself as though he wanted to protect him.

"Y-You should check" Jimin whispered, nudging his nose against Jungkook's throat.

Vigorously, Jungkook shook his head, "No, I'm not going to leave you right now" he declined.

"What if it's important?" Jimin pointed out softly, figuring that no one would disrupt Jungkook this late at night, if it wasn't anything of certainly great significance. After all, if it wasn't urgent, it could at least wait until the morning.

"There is nothing more important but you in my life. Whatever- whoever it is can wait" Jungkook uttered, shaking his head yet again as he traced his fingertips along Jimin's back.

The smaller one's heart fluttered, but he pinched Jungkook's arm all the same, "It might be urgent, Kook-ah"

"Your comfort, safety and health is more significant to me than anything else, little one" Jungkook stated, locking eyes with Jimin, "I'm not going anywhere right now, Jimin-ah" he assured, leaning in to press his lips to Jimin's forehead, remaining in his touch for a moment longer – almost as though he was trying to convey something that words simply wouldn't be able to.

Gently, he ran the pad of his thumb along Jimin's cheekbone, wiping away the tears that had fallen from his pretty eyes – those exact eyes now filled with exhaustion and something that caused
Jungkook's heart to clench.

Was it discomfort? Was it fear? Was it disappointment?

Whatever it was, it tore Jungkook's heart apart.

“Little one” Jungkook murmured, gaze flickering back and forth between Jimin's brown orbs, trying to search for answers, trying to find the fondness he knew had to be there, “Jimin-ah, I-”

“Just hold me” Jimin whispered back, averting his gaze as he hid his face in the curve of Jungkook's neck, “Please, just hold me and don't let go”

Without an ounce of hesitation, Jungkook wrapped his arms tighter around Jimin's delicate body, their hearts beating for each other, the sound audible to either of them in their close proximity.

The smaller boy focused on it – the beating of Jungkook's heart. He found comfort in it, his own heart calming.

Apparently, the person that had disturbed them hadn't been in urgent need for Jungkook, choosing to leave rather than to ring the bell again. Almost bewildered, Jimin wondered who it could have been.

Why had they left without trying again?

The two boys remained in their gentle embrace for awhile, neither of them aware how many minutes had gone by, yet not caring about that fact either, needing to hold each other as though it was their way of breathing – as though they would suffocate if they chose to part.

Jumin found himself slip away into a haze of sleepiness, exhaustion vivid in his body. However, his heart was still reminiscing about what had occurred a few moments ago.

“You didn't hear me” Jimin whispered, Jungkook proceeding to trace his fingertips along Jimin's back, caressing the skin.

“Hm?” Jungkook hummed in acknowledgement of Jimin's voice, yet not having registered his actual words.

“You didn't hear me” Jimin repeated softly.

Slightly confused, Jungkook titled his head to the side, “When? What did you say?”

Jimin gulped, “You didn't stop, when I used the safeword for the first time” he then revealed quietly, almost fearful to say those words out loud for a reason he didn't know.

The taller one stilled, faintly detaching himself from Jimin in order to lock eyes with him, emotion flashing in his brown orbs.

“Fuck, Jimin-ah” he cursed, “When did you use it? I-I didn't hear you use it before” he stated, shaking his head to underline those words. Eyes wide, Jungkook attempted to recall a moment where Jimin could have said the safeword prior to the one he took notice of, yet there was no occurrence that appeared in his mind.

There was only one explanation – he must have missed it, Jimin having said it too quietly or Jungkook having been too caught up in his own pleasure to register it.

Whatever it was – it made him sick to his stomach.
“Just a few seconds before the one you noticed” Jimin elaborated, catching his bottom lip between his teeth, “I... I thought you just ignored me” he uttered quietly.

Jungkook’s heart broke.

“What? No, no, little one, shit, no” he assured, withdrawing in order to cup Jimin's face with his warm palms, “I-I didn't hear you say it. I would have stopped immediately, you know I would have”

Jimin averted his gaze, “I thought it was part of my punishment. I thought that's why you didn't stop” he murmured.

“No, no, Jimin-ah, no” the younger male clarified, evidently horrified of what had happened, “Scream at me, shout the safeword as loud as you can, punch me, slap me to get my attention. As soon as you feel like you can't handle anymore or you're uncomfortable, please let me know” he added as he rubbed his thumb along Jimin's cheekbone, “As soon as you say the safeword, I'm going to stop whatever I'm doing, regardless of whether or not I'm punishing you in that moment”

The pink haired boy gave a faint nod, “I thought I could handle it. I... I tried to push myself past the limit, but I just couldn’t” he expressed, shrugging his shoulders as he pulled his brows together in a frown.

“And that's completely fine” Jungkook responded, leaning in to capture Jimin's lips in a soft kiss, “I'm so sorry, little one” he then whispered once they withdrew from one another.

Jimin shook his head at him, meeting his gaze, “Don’t be” he assured, reaching up to grasp Jungkook's bigger hand in his tinier one.

“I'm sorry, I didn't hear you, baby. I should have noticed your-”

“It's not your fault” Jimin interrupted him, voice gentle, but sure, “I wanted this. I want you to be this way during sex. Another day, I might be able to handle this. Just not... just not today”

Jungkook's gaze flickered back and forth between Jimin's doe eyes, “Are you scared now?”

“Of what?” Jimin uttered confused.

“Of me?” Jungkook clarified, something like fear flashing in his eyes.

Jimin widened his eyes, violently shaking his head, “No, Kook-ah, no. How could I?” Jimin assured him, “The safewords are there for me to use whenever it's too much for me. I-I didn't use them prior because I had been able to handle it, yet this one was just too overwhelming, but you couldn't have known that. You can't look into my head”

“Still. It-”

“No, don't blame yourself. Please don't do that. It's not your fault” Jimin interrupted him, leaning up to press a tender kiss to Jungkook's cheek, nuzzling his face into the curve of Jungkook's neck once he withdrew.

There was no way Jimin would allow Jungkook to blame himself for his discomfort. After all, Jimin had been taught that sometimes things would get too far and push him to his limits. In those moments, only Jimin was able to decide whether he would be able to handle it or if he needed to use a safeword for it to stop. That's why Jungkook had provided him with these safewords – to create a comfortable and safe environment for them.
“Okay, baby. Come here” Jungkook murmured, closing his arms around Jimin's slim body again to hold him tight.

Silently, they decided to cuddle one another until they were pulled into a haze of sleep.

However, not as quickly as Jimin had expected.

In their close proximity, Jimin noticed the semi-hard length that was pressed against his own body, a display of Jungkook’s still faintly lasting erection despite the amount of long minutes that had already passed since their sexual intercourse.

“You're still...” Jimin muttered, weakly pushing against Jungkook’s shoulder to roll him onto his back, allowing Jimin to sit up and straddle his lap, thighs still sore and faintly trembling due to the exhaustion that was blooming within him.

Confused, Jungkook’s hands found their way to Jimin's waist, grasping his hips as though it was the place they belonged to. The taller male titled his head to the side, arching up an eyebrow as he waited patiently for Jimin to explain his behaviour.

“You didn't come” Jimin noted softly as he traced his fingertips along Jungkook's stomach.

At that, Jungkook smiled warmly, “That's okay, little one” he responded, giving Jimin's hips a tender squeeze.

“S-Should I make it better?” Jimin whispered, looking at Jungkook through his lashes.

“No, Jimin-ah. I don't always need to come. I'm fine like this” he stated.

“I feel bad, though... Let me just-”

“Angel, no” Jungkook chuckled, “It's fine, really” he assured as he applied light pressure on Jimin's back, silently asking him to lean down on his body. The pink haired boy obliged, lowering himself down on Jungkook's upper body, cheek pressed against his broad chest as Jungkook wrapped his arms around him.

Gently, Jungkook rubbed his palm over Jimin's back, the latter titling his head to the side in order to lock eyes with Jungkook, only staring, yet not saying anything.

Smiling, Jungkook reached out to slide his other hand through Jimin's hair, tenderly scratching over his scalp as he proceeded to play with Jimin's pink locks. The smaller boy's eyes fluttered shut, a content breath slipping from his full lips as he nuzzled his head into the soft touch.

“Kitten” Jungkook snickered quietly, causing Jimin to smile shyly, “I need to clean you up, little one” he then noted, nudging his nose against Jimin's temple.

The other male grumbled in dissatisfaction, hiding his face in the curve of Jungkook's neck as he shook his head, “No”

“My cum is gonna dry on your body, Jimin-ah. I'm pretty sure it already has” Jungkook pointed out with a sigh.

Whining, Jimin clung onto Jungkook, “I don't want to get up. I'm sleepy” he mumbled against his skin, voice muffled.

Chuckling, Jungkook gave his butt a gentle pat, “I promise we'll sleep after a bath, okay?”
Wiggling on top of Jungkook, Jimin shook his head again, “I wanna cuddle you. Don't wanna get up” he murmured.

“I'll cuddle you all night, I promise” the younger male whispered into his ear, hot breath tickling on Jimin's skin.

“Just five more minutes, please” Jimin begged, voice soft and quiet, displaying the sleepiness that bloomed within him.

“Fine” Jungkook gave in, “Five minutes, angel”

It wasn't five minutes.

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“No” Jimin whispered, vigorously shaking his head, “No, stop! Stop!” he screamed high-pitched, voice breaking as he wasn't capable to move at all, his heart clenching at the sight, tearing him apart from deep within.

Yoongi and Hoseok were standing there, repeatedly twisting a knife through Taehyung's heart, the latter crying, begging them to stop.

“Leave him alone! Why!” Jimin screamed, falling to his knees, trying to crawl towards them, yet something was holding him back.

Abruptly, Jimin jerked up into an upright position, chest heaving, the boy gasping for air.

Almost fearful, he clasped his hand over his heart, irritated by his rapid breathing, by the way his heart was clenching.

The smaller one quickly realised that it had only been a nightmare. Yet, that didn't stop it from torturing him.

Why that dream – again?

Why were Yoongi and Hoseok the culprits – again?

Was this dream trying to tell him something that he was too oblivious to see?

Jimin scanned his surroundings, heart dropping at the sight of an empty bed – Jungkook no longer by his side. Unmistakenly, that was the reason for the sudden coldness Jimin's body was enduring, no longer warmth and secure arms engulfing him.

“K-Kook-ah?” Jimin called out, lifting his hand up to his face in order to rub his fist along his tired eyes.

Silence.

Swallowing hard, Jimin tugged the blanket to the side, scooting closer to the edge of the bed.

The curtains hadn't been closed, allowing him to have a look at the skyline of Seoul – lights illuminating the city in the night that still lied among them.

Carefully, Jimin got up to his feet, a soft fabric sliding down his thigh and startling him. It was only then that he realised that he was wearing one of Jungkook's bigger shirts. Clearly, the latter must have put it on Jimin earlier.
The pink haired boy smiled shyly, also taking notice of the prominent scent of strawberries and vanilla that was filling his nostrils, surely enough clinging to his own body.

In that moment, Jimin faintly recalled Jungkook having picked him up and having carried him into the restroom earlier to wash him up – tenderly cleaning him from all the sweat, tears and cum.

Only a few images replayed in Jimin's mind, the boy having been too sleepy, causing him to fall asleep in Jungkook's arms.

"Jungkook-ah?" Jimin called out again, tip-toeing over into the restroom.

However, it was empty.

"Little one?"

Jimin jumped up with a yelp, startled by the sudden voice that didn't belong to himself, clasping his hand over his poor heart that had skipped a beat.

"Y-You scared me" Jimin stated, heart pounding fast against his chest at the shock.

The younger male chuckled, "Sorry" he muttered, entering the bedroom. Jungkook was dressed in a pair of briefs and a white shirt, walking over to the dresser.

As Jimin observed Jungkook, he noticed that he was carrying what appeared to be a piece of paper in his hand. In fact, at a closer look, it seemed to be some kind of picture, yet Jimin wasn't certain, assumed that his eyes must have deceived him.

"What is that?" Jimin wondered.

"Oh, nothing. Just... just work stuff" Jungkook replied, pulling the top drawer open to deposit it there, "Why are you up? Are you okay?"

The smaller boy was quickly reminded of the reason he had awoken – his heart still clenching at what it knew wasn't real, but that didn't stop it from hurting just as much.

"Oh, I... I had a nightmare" Jimin revealed softly, tip-toeing back over to the bed and kneeling down on it. "It was so vivid and... and I dreamed the same thing before. This is the second time it happened"

Frowning, Jungkook approached him, reaching out to place his hand against Jimin's cheek, "What happens in the dream?" he wanted to know.

"I... I... I don't even want to think about it" Jimin murmured, swallowing hard at the clenching of his heart.

The younger male gently grabbed Jimin's chin, guiding his face back up in order to lock eyes with the him, "Did someone hurt you?"

"No, not me, but... but Tae-yah" Jimin revealed, swallowing hard at the clenching of his heart.

"Taehyung-ssi?" Jungkook echoed, eyebrows arched up as he ran the pad of his thumb along Jimin's cheekbone, "What bastard hurt him in your dream?"

Oh, if he only knew...

"Hoseok and Yoongi hyung" Jimin responded, voice quiet and almost vulnerable, displaying the pain his heart was enduring for something that wasn't real at all.
“What?”

“It was just a dream so I know that it's not real, but it's just...” Jimin trailed off, something within him trying to tell him something that he was certainly missing, “It's just odd that it's them yet again, you know? Why are they the culprits in my dream?”

Jungkook tilted his head to the side, clearly attempting to find an answer to that question.

“Maybe one of your biggest fears is your closest friends hurting another one of your closest friends” Jungkook reasoned.

That was certainly true.

“Yes, but... but what triggered that fear? I don't think a nightmare like this happens out of nowhere, does it?” Jimin wondered, shrugging his shoulders.

It wasn't entirely common for a random dream as this one to appear out of nowhere, was it? Surely... there must be something more to this.

“What do you mean?” Jungkook asked, furrowing his brows, “Are you saying... do you wonder whether they've hurt him?”

“No! No, of course not” Jimin swiftly objected, frantically shaking his head, “I know that they would never do that, but... I don't know... I just thought that there must be a reason for this dream to reoccur”

Jungkook gave a faint nod, proceeding to caress Jimin's cheek, “What did they do to him in your dream?”

At the reminder, Jimin swallowed hard, inhaling a shaky breath, “Stab his heart with a knife”

The black haired boy's eyes went wide.

“Maybe... that stands for something?” Jungkook pointed out, confusion written on Jimin's face upon that suggestion.

“What do you mean?”

“Well, perhaps it resembles something else – maybe it conveys a message that's not actually referring to the physical thing you're seeing in your dream” Jungkook elaborated, yet not exactly decreasing Jimin's confusion.

“I... I don't understand” Jimin uttered.

“Maybe it represents an emotional way of hurting him. Maybe, they're not harming his heart with a knife physically, but with something else they did” Jungkook tried to explain, slowly bringing Jimin clarity to the situation.

Arching up his eyerbows, Jimin titled his head to the side, “You mean as in... they broke his heart? Not literally, but just... just by hurting him emotionally?”

Jungkook hummed in confirmation, but then lifted his hand up into the air to make another point, “Not in reality, though. They wouldn't”

Jimin swiftly nodded in agreement, frowning, “Yeah, no, they wouldn't. Besides, I saw Tae-yah days ago and he was excited to meet Yoongi hyung. Why would he, if something had happened,
right?"

The taller boy reached up to brush Jimin's hair out of his face, half smiling, “Yeah, I don't see that happen either”

However, his eyes displayed a different emotion.

Concern.

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“Are you free tomorrow afternoon, little one?” Jungkook wanted to know.

The pink haired male shut his door close behind himself, slipping out of his shoes as he dropped his bag on his sofa with little care. Carefully, he switched the position of his phone over to his left ear as he walked over into the kitchen.

“Uhm, well I have dance practice with hyung, but we finish at around 4pm” Jimin answered, opening the refrigerator to get himself some food, but grimacing at the sight of essential emptiness – only a few items left for him to eat, yet nothing that he was really craving. In fact, he wasn't as hungry anyway, having eaten some snacks at dance practice with Hoseok earlier.

Oddly enough, Dongha still hadn't appeared at dance practice today, marking it the third occurrence of his absence – not that Jimin was counting or anything.

It was almost as though he had... left? Without a notice of when he was going to return? Surely, he could simply ask Hoseok whether Dongha would attend dance practice any time soon again, but frankly, he didn't want to be nosy. After all, it wasn't any of his business.

“Why?” Jimin finally wondered as he opened the cabinet and reached for a clean glass.

“Perfect” Jungkook simply responded, ignoring Jimin's question as the smaller one turned on the tap at the sink, the sound of water audible in the room, “Be ready by 6pm. I'll pick you up” Jungkook added, confusing Jimin even more.

As Jimin filled his glass with water, he furrowed his brows, “Why? What are we doing?” he then asked.

Why would Jungkook want to pick him up at that particular time? Why would he need to be ready by then?

“Well, it's a surprise” Jungkook chuckled, rustling audible in the background on his behalf, their phone call hopefully not disrupting any important meeting Jungkook would have to attend at work any time now.

A surprise?

The water stopped running as Jimin turned the tap off, the shorter male titling his head to the side as he pouted, “Can't you give me a hint?”

“Nope” Jungkook snickered, Jimin rolling his eyes, but smiling fondly.

Where would he take him to?

“Is it the company? Do I need to-” Jimin concluded, figuring that essentially there were only two places Jungkook would take him to – his own place or the company.
Right?

Maybe, his father's home?

Yet, for what?

“No, little one, you're not getting anything out of me” Jungkook interrupted him, chuckling at Jimin's attempt to draw more information from him, “But” he added, “It's not work related”

“Hmm” Jimin murmured in thought, diligently trying to figure out where Jungkook would take him to.

“I'll see you tomorrow, Jimin-ah” Jungkook uttered softly.

“Wait” Jimin objected, shaking his head despite Jungkook certainly not being able to see that action at all, “You can't just leave me hanging now! Come on, give me a tiny hint!” Jimin begged, jumping up and down in anticipation – almost spilling his water - leading him to place his glass down on the counter.

“No, little one” Jungkook snickered, “I need to attend a meeting now. I'll see you tomorrow”

“Fine” Jimin mumbled, pouting, “Goodnight, Kook-ah. See you tomorrow”

“Sleep well, angel” the younger male responded, a smug smile surely adorning his handsome features.

“You, too” Jimin replied softly, still smiling despite his urgency to find out what Jungkook's surprise was.

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Jimin ran down the stairs, taking two steps at once in excitement, the boy apparently brave as though his clumsiness wouldn't really dare to make him trip tonight and cause an accident. However, somehow, he made it out of his apartment building without hurting himself on the stairs in his attempt to rush outside.

An affectionate smile appeared on his face as he caught sight of Jungkook's black Range Rover, his heart fluttering at the knowledge of Jungkook being not that far from him, Jimin hurrying over to the car and pulling the door to the passenger seat open.

“Hello, beautiful” Jungkook greeted him as soon as Jimin climbed into the car, leaning over to press his lips on Jimin's in a soft kiss, the black haired boy humming in contentment at the touch.

“Hi, bunny” Jimin uttered once they withdrew, Jungkook's hands finding their way back on the steering wheel as he pulled out of the parking spot.

The younger male sighed, “You're not gonna drop that, are you?” he asked as he rolled his eyes, yet a faint smile adorned his defined features all the same.

Jimin giggled as he fastened his seatbelt, “It's too cute not to use!” he stated, staring at Jungkook's profile.

Briefly, Jungkook glanced at him with an unamused expression before he forced his gaze back over to the road, driving off and leaving Jimin's apartment building behind, the smaller one barely taking notice of it flashing by out of the corner of his eye.
“I’m not cute, though” Jungkook noted, which Jimin dared to disagree with, believing wholeheartedly that Jungkook was very adorable in certain situations.

Surely, there were instances were Jimin would not exactly describe Jungkook's demeanor as cute at all... his dominant side during sex being any indication or certainly a great example of that.

“You are!” Jimin argued with a chuckle, but then slumped back into his seat as he considered that Jungkook was really not fond of the name at all. Perhaps, Jimin hadn't quite fathomed that fact in his choice to tease Jungkook lightheartedly with the pet name, “Do you really not like it? I don't want to make you uncomfortable” he swiftly noted, voice softer and unsure.

Jungkook shrugged his shoulders, “If it makes you happy, go ahead” he allowed, one of his hands reaching down to rest on Jimin's thigh, giving it a gentle squeeze, “Maybe just don't use it when other people are around”

“Just for us?” Jimin whispered.

“You like it that much?” Jungkook wondered, chuckling as he raised up his brows, locking eyes with Jimin who caught his bottom lip between his teeth to hide his grin, nodding vigorously.

“It's adorable”

Truthfully, it was fitting in a way, too, Jimin felt. Ever since he had been made aware of that name, he couldn't help but be reminded of similar features belonging to that of a bunny in Jungkook's face sometimes.

“Well, I would prefer Sir, but if it makes you that happy” Jungkook noted, shrugging his shoulders as he smirked.

“Of course you would” Jimin giggled and weakly slapped his arm, his cheeks heating up in a faint shade of rose.

“Careful, I'm driving, Jimin-ah” Jungkook reminded him, hissing as though Jimin had seriously injured him.

“I'm sorry” Jimin apologised, but chuckled as he noticed the smile on Jungkook's face, a clear display of him not actually having been hurt by Jimin's slap at all, amusement in his eyes.

“Oh, fuck, before I forget it-” Jungkook suddenly remembered, reaching back for something on the backseat as he paused mid-sentence, still proceeding to drive with his eyes fixated on the road and one hand gripping the steering wheel.

“What is it?” Jimin wondered, about to look back, yet stilling as Jungkook hummed in satisfaction, having found what he had been looking for.

“These are for you” Jungkook stated, handing Jimin the item in his hand.

“D-Daisies?” Jimin uttered with surprise in his voice, mouth agape as he took the bouquet of flowers into his own delicate hands, having immediately recognised the kind they were.

“Your favourite, right?” Jungkook wondered, arching up an eyebrow as he stole a glimpse at Jimin's expression before tearing his gaze back over on the road, smiling at the adorable surprised expression that adorned Jimin's face.

“Yes, but.. why did you buy me flowers?” Jimin wanted to know, confused as he eyed the flowers in
his hands, heart skipping a beat at the sweet gesture.

“Why not?”

The smaller boy narrowed his eyes, glaring at Jungkook, “What have you done? Who did you fight? Who did you kil-”

“Jimin-ah” Jungkook chuckled, interrupting the rambling boy, “You really think that low of me? Why do I have to have such a reason for giving you flowers?”

Jimin leaned back into his seat, still staring at Jungkook with narrowed eyes as though he was trying to read him, “It's suspicious” Jimin responded slowly, “What happened to you?”

Laughing, Jungkook shook his head, “Little one, I just wanted to give some flowers to my flower”

At that, Jimin's facade broke, the boy breaking out in cute laughter as he shook his head, eyes turned into small crescents, “Oh my god, what happened to you?”

Surely, this gift was very nice and sweet, yet also so unexpected, no? Was it that reprehensible of Jimin to consider that there was a deeper meaning to it instead of being a simple cute gesture?

“Oh, shut up” Jungkook responded, “I know you like it”

Jimin smiled shyly, giving a nod as he smelled on the flowers, being reminded of beautiful times, “I do” he agreed, voice softer and quieter, Jimin not certain why as he hadn't intended for it to sound like that, yet figuring that the sweet gift melted his heart as it did his voice, “They smell good and they're very pretty”

“Just like you” Jungkook commented with a smirk.

“Oh, stop it!” Jimin giggled, shaking his head as he leaned back into his seat, cheeks tinging a darker shade of rose.

“What?”

Jimin tilted his head to the side, “Are you going to flirt like that for the whole night?” he then wondered, an amused smile still plastered on his pretty features.

“Of course, don't I always?” Jungkook replied with a smirk, “What else did you expect?”

“Well, to be fair, I didn't expect anything because you literally told me nothing to at least give me an idea!” Jimin complained, throwing his hand into the air to underline his previous frustration.

Honestly, he had spent all of last night trying to figure out where Jungkook would take him.

Yet, he had no clue at all.

“I did tell you that it's not work related” Jungkook defended, lifting his hand up as though he had made a valid point.

“That's not very much though” Jimin argued as it had not exactly helped him figure it out either.

“It's supposed to be a surprise. It wouldn't be one, if I told you right away now, would it, little one?” Jungkook made a fair point as he smiled at Jimin.

Sighing, Jimin gave a weak nod, “I guess” he mumbled, “But, can't you tell me now? Where are you
driving us to? Are we going somewhere outside? Is it going to be cold there? Should I have put on some nicer clothes or do my hair differently?"

“Jimin-ah, you look as stunning as ever” Jungkook interrupted him with a chuckle, “But you’re really that curious, huh? Can’t even wait for twenty more minutes, baby?”

“Twenty more minutes?” Jimin echoed, arching up his brows, “Mhm, so it’s not that far away, is it?” he concluded, observing how Jungkook rested his palm on Jimin’s upper thigh again, giving it a tender pat.

“Little one, I-”

“Come on, just a tiny hint” Jimin begged, pouting as he jumped up and down in his seat, excitement and anticipation vivid in his delicate body.

Snickering, Jungkook shook his head, “Well, I’ve never been to this particular one” he revealed, Jimin jerking up in his seat at the information he was certainly going to receive now.

“This particular what?” Jimin dug.

“The place we’re going to” Jungkook simply replied, smiling at Jimin’s attempt to find out more.

“Mhm, well... that could literally be so many places!” Jimin expressed, his brain not managing to figure out where Jungkook was taking him, simply not capable to narrow it down to a certain palce with the lack of information.

“Yes” Jungkook simply agreed.

“Is it outside?”

“Yes”

“Is it-”

“Enough, angel” Jungkook interrupted him, shaking his head at Jimin's adorable excitement, “You’ve gotten enough clues now to play detective, but I don’t think you'll figure it out”

Jimin truly didn’t.

As predicted.

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For the remainder of the car ride, it stayed almost silent between them – apart from the brief small talk among them every now and then. For the most part, Jimin was quiet, staring out the window as he was trying to figure out where Jungkook was taking him.

The pink haired boy’s heart was pounding fast against his chest, conveying the excitement that was blossoming within him.

“How long until we're there?” Jimin wondered – now the second time during their car journey.

Despite Jimin having lived in Seoul for almost half his life now, he couldn't exactly recognise the part of the city they were in – blaming it on the lack of proper sunlight and the way the city looked different during that time.
The sun was already starting to go down, street lamps and the different small shops the major source of light in the streets.

Smiling, Jungkook gave his thigh a gentle pat, “It's not too far now” Jungkook answered, taking a turn to the right on the road.

Jimin hummed, noticing the increasing amount of people that were walking the streets the closer they were to their destination, “There are many people around here” Jimin noted, observing a group of people with ice cones walking in the opposite direction.

“Mhm-mh” Jungkook hummed in agreement.

The smaller boy tilted his head to the side, wondering whether that could be a clue.

Suddenly, the car's speed decreased, Jungkook pulling to the side of the street as he found an empty spot, parking the vehicle next to a shop that had already closed.

“Are we-”

“We gotta walk the rest” Jungkook responded to his unspoken question, smiling as he unfastened his seatbelt, “I hope that's okay?” he wanted to make sure, pulling up his brow as he stared at Jimin.

“O-Of course” Jimin affirmed, giving a nod as he observed Jungkook climb out of the car, shutting the door close behind him before he walked around the vehicle, opening the door to the passenger seat for Jimin.

“Out, little one”

Smiling shyly, Jimin climbed out of the car, thanking Jungkook who shut the door behind him before he locked the vehicle by pressing a button on his car key.

“Come on, baby” Jungkook smirked.

With that, he reached for Jimin's hand, intertwining their fingers and watching their palms align.

“It's not too far” the black haired boy informed him as they started to walk, Jungkook leading the way through the little huddles of people gathered on the streets.

“Can't you tell me now? The suspense is going to kill me!” Jimin claimed, pouting at the lack of information he was receiving.

Jungkook chuckled, shaking his head at Jimin, “We're almost there”

Indeed, they were.

A huge crowd of people revealed itself as they turned the street, certain ones leaving the place, others arriving just now.

“Is that-” Jimin trailed off, titling his head up and noticing the huge sign of the place, certain attractions and the few booths that were visible to his eye from his particular spot, “A fair?” he wondered, heart skipping a beat as he put the puzzle pieces together.

“Yes” Jungkook confirmed with a grin, nodding as they proceeded to walk past the crowd of people, making their way onto the fair.

“A fair!” Jimin exclaimed again in joy, heart fluttering.
“Yes, little one, a fair” Jungkook chuckled, amused by Jimin’s display of excitement, the boy beaming at him.

However, his current expression was replaced by one of confusion, the smaller one titling his head to the side, “Why a fair?”

What were they doing here? Why had Jungkook taken him to a fair of all places?

They came to a halt, Jungkook sighing as he scratched over the back of his neck, “Well, I... If I'm being honest, I did some talking to Taehyung-ssi and Yoongi hyung to help me” he revealed, smiling fondly, “I was trying to think of places to take you to and although they said that you would appreciate anything, they were keen on the idea of taking you to a fair as you’re apparently-”

“I love fairs” Jimin interrupted him.

“Yes”

“So you thought of it?” Jimin concluded, arching up his brows.

The taller boy nodded, “I heard that there was one currently in Seoul and the guys assured me in my idea so I thought that this would be a great place to take you to” he elaborated, pointing to the fair around them.

Warmth bloomed within Jimin's chest, a soft smile curling up the corners of his lips, “That's... that's really cute” Jimin murmured, voice gentle, “But... but why?”

“What do you mean?”

“Why are we here?” Jimin wanted to know, his brain not catching on, clearly amusing Jungkook who reached out to brush Jimin's pink locks out of his face.

“Jimin-ah, little one, we're here to have some fun together” Jungkook then answered with a smirk.

The smaller one gulped, suddenly shy, “Is this... Is this a.. date?” he dared to ask, somehow scared that he was wrong with his assumption.

Jungkook chuckled, “It really took you awhile to catch onto that one, huh?”

“Oh, you're so mean, shut up!” Jimin whined, swatting his chest.

Laughing, the younger male wrapped his arms around Jimin, pulling him into a hug, “I'm just kidding” he muttered, pressing his soft lips to the top of Jimin's head.

Gently, Jimin closed his arms around Jungkook's back, nuzzling his cheek against his chest and inhaling the familiar comforting scent that clung onto Jungkook, a mixture of sandalwood and something Jimin could only describe as Jungkook filling his nostrils.

“So, where do you want to go first, hm?” Jungkook asked as they withdrew, Jimin resisting the urge to whine at the lack of contact between them.

Looking around, Jimin titled his head to the side, observing how several children started to leave as it was getting darker with each passing second, “I don't know” he mumbled, gaze flickering back and forth between the two paths one could take.

“Come on, let's have a look around” Jungkook decided, taking Jimin's petite hand into his own and pulling him along.
As they proceeded to walk through the fair, Jimin struggled to choose where to fixate his gaze on, the bright lights of each booth or attraction drawing his attention over onto them. To anyone there, Jimin surely appeared to be in utter awe as though he had never been to a place like this – as though it was magical.

Frankly, it had been years since Jimin had last visited a fair. However, he had loved it each and every time.

The pink haired boy couldn't be blamed as his heart fluttered at the realisation of this being a date, a shy smile adorning his pretty features as he stared down at Jungkook's and his intertwined hands.

_A date._

Their first ever real date, wasn't it?

Then again, had they not had a date before? Where their usual hang outs at each other's places not considered a date?

Probably not.

So, in conclusion, this was their first official date – after all the times they've been together, they've known each other for – this was now their first date.

Jimin smiled timidly.

"Do you want anything?" Jungkook interrupted his thoughts, pointing to one of the food stands, an intoxicating sweet scent filling Jimin's nostrils.

"Hmm?" Jimin hummed, arching up his brows as he stared at the stand, eyes scanning over the selection of different items of food.

"They have cotton candy" Jungkook noted.

"Oh, look, they have cotton candy!" the smaller one simultaneously exclaimed, pointing at the particular type of candy.

Jungkook chuckled and gave a nod, immediately aware that he had to buy Jimin some cotton candy as it was one of his favourites, Jungkook reminded of their time at Han River a long while ago.

However, Jimin wasn't as pleased with his idea.

"Don't!" Jimin protested, picking out some coins from his pocket as he observed Jungkook pull out his wallet, "I'll pay" he insisted, "What do you want?"

"Baby, I invited you. You're not going to pay for anything tonight" the younger male objected, shaking his head as he closed his hand around Jimin's tinier one.

"But-"

"No arguing" Jungkook interrupted him, ordering some cotton candy after the owner of the shop had greeted them.

Jimin crossed his arms over his chest, frowning and pouting in dissatisfaction.
The woman smiled at Jimin, handing him the cotton candy once Jungkook had paid for it, “Anything else?” she then wondered, pulling up a brow in curiosity.

“Baby?” Jungkook drew his attention over to Jimin.

Shyly, Jimin's cheeks tinged a shade of rose at the pet name, a display of affection in public still somehow causing him to feel timid.

“No, thank you” Jimin responded softly, shaking his head to underline his refusal as he was more than satisfied – in fact, very delighted - with the candy he had been given.

“That's all then” Jungkook replied to the owner of the shop, the woman nodding as Jungkook reached for Jimin's hand, gesturing for Jimin to follow after him.

“Thank you” Jimin smiled at his boyfriend, trying some of the cotton candy, his grin widening at the sweet taste in his mouth.

The taller boy smirked, fondness glistening in his eyes at the sight of Jimin being happy.

“You wanna try?” Jimin wanted to know, arching up an eyebrow as he lifted up the cotton candy to Jungkook's mouth.

“Mhm-mh” Jungkook affirmed with a hum, yet closed his palm around Jimin's wrist to pull it down, leaning in to press his lips on Jimin's in a gentle kiss.

In response, the breath hitched in Jimin's throat, the boy not having expected the action at all. Instead, he had assumed that Jungkook would taste the actual candy he had offered him.

However, he was definitely not complaining, heart fluttering as he kissed back, moving his lips against Jungkook's.

A moment later, they withdrew from one another – way too early for Jimin's liking.

“Sweet” Jungkook commented and ran his thumb along Jimin's cheekbone, causing Jimin to hide his face in the curve of Jungkook's neck. The latter snickered, resting his chin on top of Jimin's head as he caressed his back.

Slowly, Jimin detached himself from Jungkook, reaching down to take his hand, “Come on” he then uttered, gently tugging Jungkook along.

A group of children ran past them, screaming at each other to hurry up because they were late already – Jimin assuming that they had to be home, but hadn't noticed how swift time had went by in the fun they had spent here.

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They walked for awhile, just holding hands while Jimin munched on his sweets, allowing the fair to just evolve around them, the boys taking everything in.

“You wanna try that?” Jungkook suggested, pointing towards the next booth that they were about to reach.

Jimin titled his heade to the side, swallowing down the cotton candy in his mouth as he observed the purpose of the booth, noticing how there were cute plush toys to win.

“You need to shoot at that?” Jimin asked, pointing at the plates.
Giving a nod, Jungkook hummed in affirmation, “Yes, you have to shoot the targets down”

They arrived in front of the booth, Jungkook already pulling out his wallet.

“Okay, let me try” Jimin decided, keen on winning something for Jungkook.

The smaller boy was handed a very real looking gun – at least it looked legitimate as long as Jimin was concerned – that was filled blanks. Carefully, Jimin closed his hands around it and eyed it for a brief moment.

For some reason, a shiver ran down his back at the sight, it somehow reminding him of an event that made his skin crawl.

It caused him to recall the night back in Busan, reminded him of the informant at the back of the gambling casino – the one that had threatened Jungkook with a gun. However, his gun had genuinely been real.

“Go ahead” the owner allowed, interrupting Jimin's unwelcome thoughts, the owner taking a step to the side as he revealed several targets to Jimin’s gaze.

“Okay” Jimin murmured to himself, narrowing his eyes as he tried to aim at the first target.

To Jimin's defense, he had never done this before – not even certain whether he was holding this gun in the right way, only aware that he was supposed to pull the trigger to shoot – which, well, wasn't that unapparent.

“No, no, baby” Jungkook chuckled, moving closer from behind and reaching for Jimin's wrists, fixing his posture and the way he was holding the gun, “Like this” he whispered, his cheek almost brushing over Jimin's in their close proximity, his chest already pressed to Jimin's back.

“O-Okay” Jimin whispered back, not certain why their voices had turned down in volume, yet not questioning it either.

Shyly, Jimin gulped, blinking as he noticed Jungkook's smile, the latter suddenly detaching himself and increasing their distance to enable Jimin enough space to move around.

“Now, shoot, little one” Jungkook instructed, pointing at the targets with an encouraging smile.

Nodding, Jimin fixated his gaze back on the targets, aiming the gun at the first one, pulling the trigger and-

“Missed” the owner announced, as though that wasn't obvious to Jimin at all.

“Try again, baby” Jungkook encouraged.

Smiling, Jimin nodded again, focusing on the target, pointing the gun at it, pulling the trigger and-

“Missed again” the owner informed him.

“I-I guess I'm not very good at this” Jimin chuckled, evoking a warm smile in Jungkook who hid his hands in the pockets of his jacket, shaking his head in disagreement at Jimin's statement.

“You're doing just fine, baby. Try again” Jungkook reassured him.

“Okay”
Well, Jimin did.

And again.

*And again.*

“Missed again” the owner let him know, irritating Jimin.

“I know” he mumbled to himself, doubting that it was necessary for that man to announce each of his fails as though they weren't obvious to Jimin to begin with, “Jungkook-ah, I'm really bad at—”

“Try to aim a little more to your right” Jungkook suggested.

Sighing, Jimin gave a nod, obliging and trying again.

This time, he shot the target down.

“Yes!” Jimin exclaimed happily, making a little jump in joy as he stole a glimpse at Jungkook who snickered at his cute excitement.

“Well done, little one” he praised, causing Jimin's heart to flutter.

“Good try, but no win for you, sorry” the owner announced, reaching for the gun.

To be fair, Jimin hadn't expected to be very good at it in the first place, hence he wasn't disappointed, but actually happy in a way that he had been able to shoot at least one target down.

Giving a nod, Jimin allowed the gun to slip from his grasp as the man pulled it to himself, reloading it.

“You did well, Jimin-ah” Jungkook praised as he approached the boy, leaning in to press a kiss to his temple.

The pink haired boy smiled, nudging his nose against Jungkook's cheek, “Now it's your turn!”

Arching up a brow, Jungkook titled his head to the side, “My turn?” he echoed.

“Yes! You go and try now” Jimin requested with a smile, keen on having Jungkook have a try, too. After all, Jungkook might be very good at it – well, essentially, it wasn't very difficult to beat Jimin's score there.

“Ohay” Jungkook agreed, nodding as he paid for another round.

The black haired boy was handed the same gun, Jungkook placing it almost skilfully in his grasp and aiming at the targets.

Well.

Jungkook shot every single target down. Effortlessly.

Jimin's eyes went wide, the boy utterly shocked, but also in awe, “You... You... Oh my god, you shot every single one of them down!” Jimin exclaimed as he pointed at the targets that were down.

“Congratulations” the owner expressed with non-existent joy, pointing at the prices, “What would you like?”
“That one” Jungkook grinned, pointing at a certain plush toy.

The owner picked it up for him and handed it to him, Jungkook thanking him before he approached Jimin who was still staring at him in bewilderment, but pure fascination, too.

“That was... amazing” Jimin murmured, eyes big as he stared up at Jungkook.

The younger male smirked, handing Jimin the little plush toy, “Here, little one, this is for you” Jungkook uttered.

A kitten.

It was a kitten.

Surprised, Jimin's eyebrows shot up, warmth spreading through his chest as he cooed at the sweet gesture, “That's sweet of you. It's so cute! Thank you, Kook-ah”

Jimin reached for the plush toy, smiling shyly as he patted its head.

“A kitten for my kitten” Jungkook commented with a smirk as he leaned in to press his lips to Jimin's forehead.

In response, Jimin's cheeks flushed a shade of rose, “Pssht” he uttered, scanning his surroundings to assure himself of no one having heard Jungkook refer to him as a kitten as it caused timidity to bloom within him.

“Cute” Jungkook commented, snickering as he pressed a kiss to Jimin's nose, the act causing the corners of Jimin's lips to curl up into a smile, “Let's go somewhere else, little one”

“Mhm-mh” Jimin agreed with a hum, distracted by the cute plushie he was observing, the fur of the item so very soft, the expression of the kitten utterly adorable.

Jungkook chuckled, closing his arm around Jimin's hips to pull him along.

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“Oooh, let's go on that!” Jimin exclaimed, pointing somewhere as he reached for Jungkook's hand simultaneously, pulling on the younger male's arm.

“What is that?” Jungkook wondered as he followed after Jimin.

“A caroussel!” Jimin answered despite it unmistakenly being one, as though Jungkook hadn't actually figured that out already, “Those are horses! I love horses!”

“You do?” Jungkook questioned, arching up his eyebrows as the came to a halt, Jimin turning to face him with a bright grin on his face.

“Yeah!” he affirmed, giving a vigorous nod, “This one time we went on a trip in school and visited a pony farm and I loved it so much!” the pink haired boy beamed, reminiscing about that exact time, replaying the day in his mind.

Truthfully, things hadn't really gone as planned that day, Taehyung and him causing some trouble that had almost left Tae with a broken leg. Well, it had certainly ruined the fun for the other children, yet it hadn't entirely been their fault... Really, it had not!

“You really do seem to love animals a lot, hm?” Jungkook noted, reaching out to brush Jimin's pink
locks out of his face, the breeze of wind having blown it into his face.

“I do” Jimin agreed with a chuckle.

“Did you ride on them?” Jungkook wondered, tilting his head to the side.

“No, we weren't allowed to” Jimin answered, digging his teeth into his bottom lip as he recalled how Taehyung had jumped on one of the horses without any one's permission, the two of them having sneaked away from the group. Well, obviously, that had not gone as planned – Jimin having to run back to the group and beg for help to save Tae who had entirely underestimated the act of riding a horse, having claimed he could just wing it.

Of course, he hadn't.

In the end, the owner prohibited their group to actually ride the horses, but they still had fun that day.

“But I really wanted to. I always wondered whether I would have been good at it” Jimin stated with a soft smile.

A smug smirk appeared on Jungkook's face, “Well, you certainly are now”

Jimin frowned, “Huh? How would you-” he asked confused, yet his eyebrows shot up as he finally caught on, “Oh, Kook-ah!” he whined as he swatted Jungkook's arm, but couldn't help and giggle all the same.

The taller boy chuckled, “Sorry, little one, I couldn't just not take that perfect opportunity” he expressed, rubbing his thumb along Jimin's cheekbone.

Fondly, Jimin shook his head, allowing his gaze to travel back over to the caroussel, Jungkook mirroring him.

“I'm pretty certain that's for children, though” Jungkook pointed out, Jimin noticing that there were indeed only children seated on the caroussel.

“Oh”

“Well, but you do have the perfect height for that, I guess, hm?” Jungkook teased him.

Offended, Jimin glared at him, mouth agape as he detached himself from Jungkook, crossing his arms over his chest, “You're so mean!” he claimed, pouting although he was aware that Jungkook was only teasing him.

Laughing – the sound warming Jimin's heart - Jungkook shook his head, closing his arms around Jimin's delicate body to hug him close, “I was just kidding, little one”

Obviously, Jimin forgave him easily, nuzzling his cheek into Jungkook's chest as he was embraced tightly, Jungkook's strong arms holding him close.

“Do you still wanna go on it?” Jungkook wanted to know, pointing at the caroussel, the children shrieking in joy as it went in circles.

The smaller boy shook his head, sighing, “No, I guess I am a little too old to ride that”

Jungkook smirked down at him, “Well, if it cheers you up, you can ride me if-”

“Don't you dare finish that!” Jimin warned him as he blushed, the boy swiftly clasping his hand over
Jungkook’s mouth, the latter snickering as he wrapped his palm around Jimin’s wrist to pull it away from his mouth.

“Cute” he noted with a chuckle, nudging his nose against Jimin’s cheek.

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“What about that one?” Jimin suggested, pointing towards the next attraction that revealed itself to their eyes.

Jungkook tilted his head to the side, frowning, “Are those cups?” he wondered as they arrived in front of it.

“Yes! Let's go on that!” Jimin affirmed with a nod, excited as he tugged on Jungkook’s sleeve.

The black haired boy hesitated, “Isn't that for children, too?” he asked, noticing the visible majority of children that were sitting in the cups.

“No!” Jimin exclaimed as he shook his head, “I see adults riding it as well! Come on, I don't see any height restriction” Jimin claimed, scanning his surroundings for any signs, yet not noticing any.

“I don’t know about this one, little one, it’s-”

“Oh, please!” the smaller one interrupted him with a pout.

Jungkook smiled, sighing as he gave a nod, “Fine” he agreed, “Go ahead, I'll pay”

With that, Jimin sprinted off, swiftly securing them an empty cup before someone else occupied it, taking his seat in one of them.

It didn’t take long for Jungkook to join him, the taller boy taking a seat across from him, looking around as though he was trying to get a hold of the situation, “Are these going to spin?” he then wanted to know, pulling up his brows in curiosity.

“Mhm-mh” Jimin hummed in affirmation, “Have you never been on something like this?”

“Nope” Jungkook responded, observing how a man who turned out to be a staff member approached them. The man shut their cup and advised – or rather demanded – for them to stay seated throughout the whole thing as they could potentially be injured if they chose to act opposed to the advice.

Frankly, Jimin hadn't planned on getting up while this thing was spinning anyway.

“It’s fun” Jimin stated as they watched the man walk over to the next cup.

Jungkook furrowed his brows, “It's going to make us dizzy” he noted, clearly not as amused by this whole idea, “If I throw up on you-”

“You wouldn't dare!” Jimin exclaimed with a gasp, lifting his plushie up to his face, pouting as he moved the kitten around.

“I can't guarantee for anything...” Jungkook mumbled, yet couldn't prevent the display of a soft smile to appear on his face, “Besides, what's even so fun about this? This shit is just spinning, isn't it?”

Jimin slumped down in his seat, “Well, but... it's still fun!” he then expressed, jerking up again.

“Is it?” Jungkook voiced his doubt.
“Just wait and see!”

Then, the attraction came to live.

Their cups started to spin, the whole thing slowly beginning to circle as well.

Jungkook didn't seem impressed, the boy leaning back in his seat as he waited for the whole thing to be over. Jimin, on the other hand, was beaming – a bright smile plastered on his face as the thing sped up.

Swiftly, Jimin pulled the plushie close to his body, keeping a tight grasp around it as he feared of it slipping from his hands in the midst of their fun.

The quick spinning forced the two boys back in their seats, Jimin giggling at Jungkook's expression, the boy appearing to be surprised by the sudden enhancement in speed.

Jimin's hair was blown out of his face, Jungkook's doing just the same.

The pink haired boy laughed brightly, eyes turning into little crescents as he couldn't keep himself from shrieking at the way the cups were spinning swiftly, making him all dizzy.

In that moment, Jungkook laughed too, his heart fluttering at Jimin's adorable expression – something about seeing him this happy and alive spreading warmth within his chest, endearing him.

They smiled at one another, the world around them blurred out – neither of them able to make out their surroundings anyway, even if they wanted to.

As their gazes were fixated on one another, they didn't notice the way the spinning slowed down, didn't notice how it came to a halt slowly, allowing their hearts to calm down.

Eventually, the whole thing stilled entirely, the two boys still laughing at each other's appearance, their hair a mess on either of their heads.

The man from earlier approached them, opening their cup before he went on to the next one.

Carefully, Jimin got up to his feet, keeping his balance by reaching out to the black haired boy. Somehow, his legs felt all wobbly, Jungkook chuckling at him as he grabbed him by his hips and lifted him out of the cup.

“And? How was it?” Jimin wanted to know, still smiling wide as Jungkook took his hand, both of them trying to ignore the stirring in their stomachs. Fortunately, they hadn't had any big meal before this as it surely wouldn't have stayed inside after this.

“Wasn't so bad” Jungkook responded, shrugging his shoulders as they left the attraction and walked back on the path.

Jimin narrowed his eyes, shaking his head, “Come on! I saw you smile! You had fun!” Jimin accused, chuckling when he saw Jungkook roll his eyes.

“Well, maybe a little” the younger male replied nonchalant.

Weakly, Jimin swatted his chest as he pressed his lips into a line, not buying Jungkook's statement.

In response, Jungkook laughed, wrapping his hand around Jimin's wrist in order to prevent him from trying to slap him again.
“You looked cute” he then uttered, “Do you still have your kitten?”

“Of course!” Jimin exclaimed, lifting his plush toy up to his face to prove that point.

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Jimin closed his arms around his delicate body, the chilly air causing him to shudder, goosebumps forming on his skin.

“Are you cold?” Jungkook wondered as he noticed Jimin's discomfort with the temperature.

Swiftly, Jimin dropped his hands, shaking his head, “No”

The taller boy halted, his hands gripping Jimin's waist, “You're shivering” he noted as he lifted his hand up to place his palm against Jimin's cheek.

“My muscles are just excited” Jimin lied.

Smiling at the response, Jungkook dropped his hands and removed his own jacket, “Kitten, come here, take my jacket”

“No, then you're going to be cold” Jimin objected, reaching out to grab Jungkook's wrist in order to halt his movement.

“Don't worry, I won't” Jungkook assured him, proceeding to take his jacket off before he spun Jimin around and helped him into the jacket.

Immediately, warmth engulfed the pink haired one, Jimin smiling as the prominent scent of Jungkook filled his nostrils, comforting him, “Thank you”

Jungkook turned him back around, wrapping his arms around his back and pulling him closer, “I should have warned you that we're going to be outside for awhile. It is pretty chilly at night after all” he stated, rubbing his palm over Jimin's back as Jimin nuzzled his face into the curve of Jungkook's neck.

“It's fine” he assured softly, voice muffled, “Besides, I'm having so much fun” he noted, titling his head to the side in order to lock eyes with Jungkook.

Smiling down at Jimin, Jungkook arched up his eyebrows, “You are?” he wondered, gently grabbing Jimin's chin.

“Mhm-mh” Jimin affirmed with a hum, mirroring Jungkook's smile, “Thank you for taking me here” he added, voice softer.

Jungkook dipped his head down, pressing his tongue into his cheek, “Maybe there are better places than this one to take you on a first date, but I—”

“This is perfect” Jimin interrupted him, violently shaking his head as he placed his palm on Jungkook's chest, “I love it”

Honestly, Jimin had so much fun tonight, felt alive and happy. To be fair, he couldn't imagine a place better than this to have their first date at. For some reason, fairs where something almost magical to him.

Then again, so many places were that for him, each one evoking some kind of emotion within him.
As they withdrew from one another with their gazes fixated on the other one, they smiled, Jungkook giving his hand a tender squeeze.

Suddenly, someone bumped into Jimin, the force of it causing him to trip over his feet and fall into Jungkook, the taller boy swiftly wrapping his hands around Jimin’s waist to catch him. In the process of it all, Jimin’s kitten slipped from his grasp, falling on the dirty floor – to his luck, really, the universe loved to mock him every now and then – it fell into a spot of mud.

The two boys looked after the person, noticing that it was a tall man with broad shoulders who didn’t even take a glimpse back to assure himself of Jimin’s wellbeing. Either he hadn’t noticed their collision or he didn’t care at all. The former appeared unlikely to Jimin as he was certain that one would unmistakenly notice of walking into someone with that kind of force and essentially causing them to fall. The latter seemed a lot more apparent.

“Look where you're going, asshole!” Jungkook shouted at him, indicating to follow after him as he clenched his jaw, the boy clearly being angered by the man’s behaviour.

To Jimin’s horror, the man halted, turning around.

Apparently, Jungkook’s voice had been audible to him, resulting in the man stilling in his stance and searching for the voice. Frightened, Jimin widened his eyes, shaking his head as he reached for Jungkook’s wrist.

“Yes, you fucking-” Jungkook gritted through his teeth, but Jimin tugged on his arm, pulling Jungkook back.

“No, please, don't!” Jimin begged, rushing in front of him, “Don't go there” Jimin uttered, placing his palms on Jungkook's chest to stop him, a fearful expression on his face as he stared up at Jungkook.

“Little one, he-”

“Please” Jimin interrupted him, something in his voice conveying the desperation on getting Jungkook to stay he was currently experiencing.

The black haired one's gaze flickered back and forth between Jimin's eyes, Jungkook clearly deliberating over whether to give in, yet the urge to go after that dude and beat some manners into him very tempting.

In the end, his eyes softened as he gave a nod, Jungkook wetting his lips as he closed his hand around Jimin’s hips, pulling him closer to his body, “Okay, I won't do anything” he assured, resting his head on top of Jimin’s.

Jimin was very certain that Jungkook was currently looking after the guy, making sure that he would leave or maybe still considering to go after him in order to do god knows what to him. However, Jimin was just praying that he wouldn't leave his side and cause an argument or an unnecessary fight.

“Thank you” Jimin whispered, a relieved breath falling from his lips as Jungkook caressed his back.

“Are you okay, Jimin-ah? Are you hurt?” Jungkook then wanted to know, withdrawing to lock eyes with Jimin.

Nodding, Jimin hummed in confirmation, smiling faintly, “Yeah, I'm okay” he assured genuinely. Jimin wasn't in any physical pain, had only been shocked by the collision and the following fear of Jungkook going after that guy.
“Okay” Jungkook uttered, reaching out to brush Jimin's pink locks out of his face as his gaze trailed down to the floor. The younger male furrowed his brows at his sight, bending down to pick something up from the ground, “Your kitten, baby”

Jimin gasped, eyes going wide as he observed Jungkook brush the dirt off of Jimin's toy, yet not exactly succeeding in that matter.

“Oh, no! It's all dirty now” Jimin whined, pouting as he was handed the plushie, Jungkook having tried his best to clean it.

“I'm sure it will be fine after a good washing” Jungkook pointed out, voice soft, but sure.

Jimin eyed his now dirty plushie, “Poor kitten” he murmured, patting its head.

Jungkook chuckled at Jimin's empathy for the plush toy – something that wasn't exactly alive or capable of emotions anyway. Obviously, it didn't bother the plushie whether or not it had fallen into mud, yet it was adorable how Jimin pitied it, the sight endearing Jungkook.

“Cute” he whispered to himself with a smirk, his voice not audible to Jimin, making it unable for him to register the comment.

“I guess I tend to attract trouble” Jimin murmured, more to himself than anything else, the boy sighing.

After all, wasn't that true? For some reason, wherever Jimin went, bad luck always appeared to stay by his side, causing him to get in trouble in some way or another – or even worse, cause other people, especially his friends, to get in trouble for him.

The universe must enjoy to see him struggle.

“You do not attract trouble” Jungkook objected, shaking his head.

“Are you sure? I feel like, wherever I go, something horrible almost always ends up happening” Jimin responded, shrugging his shoulders, recalling just a few incidents to prove that point, a handful of them immediately replaying in his mind.

“The world is a cruel place” Jungkook simply noted, “That's not your fault though, Jimin-ah”

Jungkook tenderly played with Jimin's fingers, smiling soothingly at him.

“You just feel like you're causing all of this shit, but you don't”

“Maybe” Jimin sighed, digging his teeth into his bottom lip as he proceeded to allow his mind to run wild, truly believing that there-

“You're bringing light to people's life” Jungkook noted, Jimin's heart fluttering at the comment.

A shy smile curled up the corners of his lips, the boy dipping his head down, “Thank you”

It was kind of Jungkook to say something like that, yet that didn't prevent Jimin from doubting that statement. In fact, he was certain that there must be something that-

“Stop pouting” Jungkook insisted, fingertips tracing up to Jimin's side in order to tickle him.

In response, Jimin broke out in giggles, hunching forward into Jungkook and hiding his face in the curve of Jungkook's neck.
“D-Don't” he chuckled, squirming around.

“Will you stop pouting?” Jungkook wanted to know, laughing simultaneously.

“I will, I will!” Jimin affirmed, swiftly nodding.

In the end, Jungkook did have mercy, stilling and dropping his hands, Jimin still chuckling, suddenly breathing unevenly as he slapped Jungkook's chest.

“That's so mean!” he accused, “You always use this because you know that it's one of my weaknesses!” Jimin whined.

Jungkook arched up one of his eyebrows, smirking, “Are you pouting again? Do I have to tickle you a-”

“No!” Jimin interrupted with a chuckle, detaching himself from Jungkook and running away.

The younger boy rolled his eyes, but the act still caused the corners of his lips to curl up in an affectionate smile, “Careful before you run into someone again, Jimin-ah” Jungkook warned him, rushing after Jimin.

It didn't take long for Jungkook to reach him, his longer legs enabling him to take bigger steps. As soon as Jimin was near him, Jungkook grabbed him by his hips and picked him up, Jimin shrieking as he was lifted into the air, but laughing all the same.

“And where do you think you're running off to, little one?” Jungkook asked with a smirk.

Almost subconsciously, Jimin clung onto Jungkook, closing his arms around his neck and his legs around his back, Jungkook securing him against his body. For a moment, they just stared at each other with smiles on their faces before they leaned in simultaneously, pressing their lips on one another in a passionate kiss, forgetting where they were.

It didn't take long for Jimin to notice though, the loud noises of his surroundings difficult not to note despite them being trapped in their little bubble.

Reluctantly, Jimin withdrew, placing a kiss on Jungkook's cheek before he was set down on the floor again, Jimin clearing his throat as he felt himself blush a faint shade of red, the very prominent display of affection in such a public place as this one suddenly making him feel timid.

A shy smile adorned his pretty features as Jungkook took his petite hand into his own, giving it a gentle tug, “Come on, baby. Let's have a look at the other stuff before I won't be able to stop myself and drag you back to the car” Jungkook insisted with a smirk.

In response, Jimin swallowed hard, the flush on his cheeks darkening as he bit down on his lip, his heart fluttering as he tagged along Jungkook.

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They decided to try their luck – or prove their skills on Jungkook’s behalf – at the next booth, the mission being to throw balls at a small tower of cans. Surely, it sounded like a pretty easy quest. However, if you were as clumsy as Jimin, aiming at something and actually succeeding in hitting it with a throw of yours was not a talent of his.

Obviously, you would only win anything, if every single one of these cans fell down. It wasn't surprising that Jimin already gave up on winning, but decided to cheer Jungkook on instead.
In the end, he would still try. After all, he hadn't been that bad at shooting at the targets earlier – actually exceeding his own expectations. Perhaps, he wouldn't be that bad at this as he reckoned himself to be.

This time, Jungkook decided to go first.

After paying the owner of the shop for both of them, Jungkook was handed three balls before he straightened his posture, fixating his gaze at the cans intently.

As predicted, he hit the tower with his first two balls, leaving only two cans remaining.

Excited, Jimin jumped up, clapping his hands together as he cheered Jungkook on. The latter smiled smugly, stealing a glimpse at Jimin before he threw the last ball.

However, this time - he missed.

“Fuck” he cursed, pressing his tongue into his cheek, “I slipped” Jungkook claimed as Jimin giggled, approaching his boyfriend and pressing a kiss to his cheek.

“You did well” Jimin assured him, now handed three balls himself, Jungkook reaching for his kitten in order to hold it safely for him.

Not expecting much, Jimin fixed his posture, focusing on the tower of cans and blurring everything else out, barely noticing how Jungkook distanced himself in order to allow Jimin to have enough room to move freely.

The first throw was a success, Jimin hitting three cans down.

Gasping, Jimin smiled brightly as he locked eyes with Jungkook, the latter applauding him with a grin, endeared by Jimin's excited expression.

The second throw hit only one can down, leaving two cans to remain.

Taking a deep breath, Jimin lifted his arm, aimed at the two cans and threw his ball and-

*Hit.*

They watched the two cans fall down to the floor. To Jimin's eyes, it was a sight that happened almost slower in time, the pink haired boy just staring at the fallen cans and blinking, only ripped out of his state of trance by the sound of the can hitting the hard ground.

“Congrats” the owner smiled at him, Jimin's mouth agape as he realised that he had actually won.

Clearly, Jimin was struck by luck tonight – at least when it came to this one.

“You can choose one of these” the owner informed him, pointing at the several prices in his little booth.

Blinking again, Jimin took a step closer, scanning the different items for one he liked.

At a particular one, his eyes lit up, a smile curling up the corner of his lips as he noticed it in the far back.

“This one!” Jimin exclaimed, pointing at the item he desired.

The owner gave a nod, picking it up before he handed it to Jimin, the latter hiding it behind his back.
The smaller boy grinned, skipping over to Jungkook who was already waiting for him, a smile adorning his handsome features, one hand hidden in the pockets of his trousers while the other one was still grabbing the plushie.

“Well, this didn't go as planned” Jungkook chuckled, lifting his hand up and scratching over the back of his neck.

Jimin's smile only grew as he showed Jungkook the toy he had won.

“This is for you” he beamed.

Surprised, Jungkook's eyebrows shot up, the boy's gaze flickering from Jimin's doe eyes to the toy and back up to his eyes.

“Thank you” he then uttered, taking the toy from him and laughing as he realised what it was.

“A bunny for my bunny” Jimin stated sweetly.

Jungkook rolled his eyes, but couldn't hide the smirk on his face, “Of course” he breathed, shaking his head as he leaned in to press a kiss to Jimin's forehead.

That damn name was never going to leave him now, was it?

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It was a little later that night, the two boys having decided to stop by at a little food stand and have a hot drink, simply talking to each other or enjoying the other one's company – neither of them requiring anything more as being with one another was simple, but everything all the same.

“Have you thought about the offer yet? Jungkook suddenly wanted to know, surprising Jimin who had not expected that question.

However, it wasn't anything he had not been thinking of for the past days – in fact, it was a topic that had occupied his mind for hours every single day ever since he had received it.

“Yeah, well... I have been thinking quite a lot about it” Jimin responded, giving a nod as he bit down on his bottom lip.

For a moment, his gaze stayed fixated on his cup of hot chocolate that was more of a source of warmth to his cold hands than anything else. Slowly, he ran his thumb along the side of the cup, the boy exhaling a breath.

Jungkook hummed, “And? Made a decision?” he asked, taking a sip of his coffee.

“I think I might have, I don't know” Jimin replied, shrugging his shoulders, “The offer your father made me is just... incredible. I would get to work in the same company as you, Hoseok and Jin hyung do while doing something that I love. How can I not choose that?” he added, aware that essentially his heart had made a decision already.

The black haired boy chuckled, “It is a pretty damn good offer. My father knows what he's doing” Jimin agreed with a faint smile, stroking the fur of his plushie absentmindedly as he was trying to organise his thoughts, “I just... I don't know, is it okay for me to work somewhere ... with you?”

Jungkook arched up his eyebrows, “Why wouldn't it?” he wondered, clearly surprised by that question.
“You're basically my boss then” Jimin answered, “I mean, you are my boss then, but we're also together” he elaborated, not sure what his heart was trying to get across there, but hoping that Jungkook was somehow capable to understand what he was attempting to say.

“Does that bother you?” the taller boy wondered, titling his head to the side, affection glistening in his eyes.

“No, just...” Jimin replied, sighing as he shook his head, “I don't know, whether we'll be able to differentiate between work and our personal feelings, you know?”

“Ah, I see” Jungkook uttered with a nod, fathoming what the obstacle for Jimin's decision was, “Well, don't worry about that” he swiftly assured, “I won't be your boss outside of work, thus I have no authority over you and honestly, I won't boss you around much at work either. I don't know shit about choreographing so you're independent and way more experienced in that field than me. Of course, I know what looks good and what doesn't, which enables me to determine my opinion on that and share it with you, but there is no way I would tell you how to choregraph. You and Hoseok hyung are more than capable to handle that on your own. My father and I will just check up on you, see what you've created and decide for certain concepts together with you. If we don't see anything as fitting, we'll tell you, but you're very free in that aspect” he added.

Jimin smiled, comforted by his words.

“If you don't want me to treat you any different than the other employees, I can try to do that. Is that what's worrying you?” Jungkook suggested.

“No, I... Well, I don't know what's really bothering me, if I'm being honest. I think I just can't comprehend what amazing offer this is” Jimin responded, smile widening as he shrugged his shoulders.

“You deserve it, Jimin-ah. You deserve even more than this”

Timidly, Jimin smiled, dipping his head down as he felt his cheeks heat up, “Thank you, Kook-ah”

“I mean it, little one. You deserve the whole damn world. I would love for you to take this offer, of course I would. Yet, I understand completely, if you want to take Yang's offer. I won't be mad at you, please don't forget that. Neither will my father. Please don't feel pressured. I will support you in your decision no matter what it may be”

“Thank you, Kook-ah. That means a lot to me” Jimin muttered sincerely, always amazed how easy the ability to comfort Jimin appeared to be for Jungkook, “I think... I think I already made my decision, though” the pink haired boy murmured.

Jungkook reached up to caress Jimin's cheek, “Yeah? Are you sure?”

Smiling, Jimin gave a nod, “I think, I am” he whispered.

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Holding hands, they were reaching the end of the fair, something that you surely wouldn't be able to miss catching Jimin's gaze.

“Should we go on the ferris wheel?” Jimin suggested as they were approaching it, the boy pointing at the attraction that was at least thirty meters high.

Jungkook gave his hand a tender squeeze, his gaze trailing up and down the ferris wheel, something
flashing in Jungkook's eyes that Jimin wasn't able to define in the darkness that lied among them, lights barely illuminating their surroundings, the moon almost the brightest source of light.

“Ah, well... Do you want to?” the black haired boy wanted to know, scratching over the back of his neck.

Jimin smiled as he nodded, “I'm sure the view is really nice from up there”

After looking back and forth between Jimin's eyes for a moment, Jungkook eventually agreed, “Well, then let's go”

It didn't take long for them to be seated in one of the passenger cars, mere minutes having gone by. After a few more seconds passing, they were sent off and the car started to move.

The beginning was a little rocky, their car buckling as it started to move. The pink haired boy scooted closer to Jungkook, unconsciously reaching for his hand that was resting on his thigh. Gently, Jimin intertwined their hands, yet not meeting Jungkook's brown orbs, but rather drawing his attention to the skyline that was slowly revealing itself to their eyes.

As their car rose up higher, Jimin's jaw dropped in awe, the sight so utterly beautiful, especially during night – Jimin reminded once again why Seoul was that precious to him, why he loved the city so dearly in all its glory and with all its flaws.

“Pretty” Jimin commented, voice barely above a whisper as he appreciated the view.

“Mhm-mh” Jungkook hummed softly in affirmation, Jimin titling his head to the side in order to meet Jungkook's gaze, noticing how the latter had already been staring at him.

Smiling shyly, Jimin leaned in to press a swift peck to Jungkook's lips, withdrawing way too early for the taller one's liking. Proving that fact, Jungkook closed his arm around Jimin's waist, preventing him from pulling back, but rather securing him in the position he was in. This enabled him to deepen their kiss, to prolong the sweet, but also spark erupting feeling of kissing Jimin as though he was the air he was breathing.

Surprised, Jimin gasped, his breath hitching in his throat as he placed his hand on Jungkook's chest. Jimin was more than delighted by the leading act, moving his lips against Jungkook's without an ounce of hesitation, their kiss turning hungrier.

The black haired boy hummed, but withdrew, his lips proceeding to stay hovering over Jimin's, brushing them, but not yet enough to call it a kiss. Involuntarily, Jimin whined, trying to close the distance between them, but Jungkook pulled back, shaking his head.

“If we keep doing this, you know exactly where that will lead, baby” Jungkook stated, reaching up to brush Jimin's hair that had fallen into his eyes out of his face, “I don't think you would appreciate my hand around your pretty dick when we get down again, little one”

Jimin's cheeks flushed at his words, the boy digging his teeth into his bottom lips as he drew his thighs together.

Jungkook smirked, his thumb running along Jimin's bottom lip, applying faint pressure as he titled his head to the side, amusement glistening in his eyes, “You would like that, huh, kitten?”

The pink haired boy's cheeks heated up a darker shade of red as he hid his face in the curve of Jungkook's neck, whining, “Shut up”
In response, Jungkook chuckled, sliding his hand through Jimin's pink locks as he leaned in to press his lips against Jimin's temple, leaving a gentle kiss there.

In the meanwhile, their passenger car had arrived at the highest point, Jimin lifting his head to appreciate the view, noticing that Jungkook was swallowing hard.

Arching up his brows, Jimin cocked his head to the side, glancing at Jungkook's expression that was somehow... conveying a rather uneasy feeling.

“Are you scared?” Jimin found himself wonder softly.

Jungkook frowned, “Me? No, I'm not scared of anything” he snorted, crossing his arms over his chest. However, there was an emotion flashing in his eyes that displayed something different.

“Oh my god, you are!” Jimin claimed, chuckling as he studied Jungkook's features.

Suddenly, their passenger car came to an abrupt halt, swinging back and forth at the sudden stilling. The two boys hunched forward, yet not far as they were secured by the solid and firmly locked bar in front of their upper bodies.

Jimin's eyes went wide, the boy gasping and reaching for Jungkook's thigh.

“Are you scared?” Jungkook teased him now, the smaller boy swallowing hard and swatting his arm.

“That's not funny! What's going on?” Jimin exclaimed, horror written on his face as his gaze flickered from Jungkook's eyes down to the ground and back up to Jungkook's eyes, amusement glistening in the latter one's.

Jungkook chuckled, pulling Jimin closer to his body.

“Maybe there are some technical difficulties” he reasoned, which was a rather valid and very legitimate sounding assumption of what was going on, Jimin figured.

“Oh-Oh” Jimin murmured, gulping as he grasped a fist of Jungkook's hoodie, holding onto it out of nervousness.

Inhaling a shaky breath, Jimin remained close by Jungkook's side, not moving another inch as he was scared of their passenger car swinging back and forth yet again. It was already scary enough to be stuck here as they were, this whole situation fearing Jimin to begin with.

However, having Jungkook by his side always comforted him and caused him to feel safe. That circumstance alone was able to keep him calm and feeling secure.

The taller boy sighed, “We shouldn't have come on here” he noted.

Jimin nuzzled his cheek into Jungkook's chest, “Are you scared of heights?” he wanted to know, having noticed Jungkook's earlier hesitation upon his suggestion of going on the ferris wheel.

Now, Jimin felt really stupid for that suggestion, wishing they had stayed down instead. Sometimes, he really wanted to scold past Jimin.

“No, I just don't like staying up here for who knows how long” Jungkook responded, shaking his head.

“I-It's nice, though, no?” Jimin uttered softly, “The view is pretty”
It was. So darn pretty. Truthfully, it was another circumstance that made this horrible experience a little more bearable.

“Well, it surely is, but it’s damn cold up here” Jungkook replied, pulling Jimin closer.

The latter gave a nod, his body shivering despite him wearing Jungkook’s jacket, proving that it was indeed very cold up here, “M-Mhm” he hummed in agreement, praying that the close proximity to Jimin’s body was somehow providing Jungkook with some more warmth.

“I like the floor beneath my feet and not some damn void” Jungkook added.

Jimin smiled, “Me too”

Only a few minutes had passed, silence having settled between them, yet it felt like an eternity to them. In the absence of anything happening around them, the voices within them were amplified, one of the many repercussions of being stuck up here as they were - not knowing how long they were going to have to stay here, not knowing when they were going to be saved.

“This sucks” Jungkook noted.

“Uh-huh” Jimin agreed, swallowing hard as he dared to take a glimpse down again, grateful that they weren’t up at the highest point of the ferris wheel.

People had gathered in front of the ferris wheel, staring up at it while other people rushed around – Jimin praying that they were working on a solution for this.

“Are you scared?” Jungkook asked, startling Jimin who had looked down intently, having focused his entire attention on the crowd on the ground he desired to join them on – alive, preferably.

The smaller boy glanced at Jungkook, meeting his gaze as he blinked, “N-No”

Smirking at Jimin’s lie, Jungkook arched up a brow, “You are”

Jimin pointed a finger at Jungkook, “So are you” he accused.

“I'm not scared at all” the younger male protested, leaning back in his seat as though this was not affecting him at all.

“Liar” Jimin claimed, crossing his arms over his chest. After all, he had seen the look in Jungkook’s eyes, had noticed his prior hesitation. Surely, being stuck up here without any knowledge of when they were going to come down was definitely getting to him, too.

“You’re calling me a liar now?” Jungkook asked, leaning closer to Jimin, smirking despite Jimin’s accusation.

“Yes!” Jimin exclaimed, giving a determined nod, but couldn't prevent the smile that danced around his lips either.

As Jungkook moved closer to him, their passenger car swung back and forth again, causing Jimin to shriek as he clung onto Jungkook.

“Don't mooove” he begged.

Chuckling, Jungkook wrapped his arm around Jimin’s delicate body, pulling him closer to his side, the smaller one wasting no time to hide his face in his chest, nuzzling against Jungkook.
“I hate this” he mumbled, “We're going to die”

“We're not going to die, baby” Jungkook reassured him, shaking his head as he rubbed his palm over Jimin's back, trying to soothe the boy.

“They will forget about us up here and everyone will go home and we will freeze to death or starve or this whole thing will crash and then-”

“Little one” Jungkook interrupted his rambling with a chuckle, “Nothing like that will happen. But, if it comes down to it, you can eat me before you starve, baby. I won't let you die out here”

“Jungkook-ah! I would never eat you!” Jimin exclaimed, whining as he slapped his chest at the suggestion.

The younger male shrugged his shoulders, proceeding to caress Jimin's back, “Well, I'm just saying that you could” he responded sincerely.

“No!”

Snickering, Jungkook pressed a kiss to his temple, “Okay, okay” he whispered amused, “They're probably already fixing it. I bet it won't even take five more minutes to get this thing on again”

Jimin sighed, swallowing hard, “Why did it have to happen to us?” he wondered quietly, pouting as he traced his fingertips over Jungkook's chest.

“Jimin-ah, hey, we're fine, okay? Nothing will happen. I promise you” Jungkook whispered into his ear, his breath tickling on Jimin's skin, causing goosebumps to form in that exact spot, but his heart fluttered all the same.

“You're scared, too, aren't you?” Jimin asked softly.

Slight hesitation on Jungkook's behalf before he parted his lips to answer, “No, little one, I told you that-”

“Your heart” Jimin noted, voice gentle, “It's beating so fast”

The beating of Jungkook's heart was audible to Jimin as though it was his own, Jimin somehow capable to feel each and every pounding of his vivid heart.

“It's not” Jungkook protested.

“It is”

The taller boy rolled his eyes, “Whatever” he murmured.

Jimin smiled warmly, deciding to drop the topic and instead attempting to concentrate on Jungkook's soothing words solely, “Don't worry. We're going to be fine”

Well, Jungkook was right.

As always, Jimin thought.

It didn't take long until the ferris wheel started to move, the two boys still cuddling as they arrived on the ground again, a relieved breath slipping from either of their boys as they detached themselves from one another – neither of them having noticed of holding that breath.
Maybe, they did hurry quite a bit as they left that thing, not entirely desiring to be stuck up there again.

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“I was not scared” Jungkook claimed again, snorting as he shook his head, “My heart wasn’t beating fast because we were up there” he added, meeting Jimin's gaze, engaging in the smaller boy's still blooming curiosity.

The latter arched up his eyebrows, desiring to know the reason for that particular reaction of his heart. Certainly, there must be an answer, “Then why was it beating fast?” Jimin wondered.

Jungkook studied his features for a moment, “Well, think hard, little one” he replied eventually.

In response, Jimin tilted his head to the side, “You were panicked?” he figured. After all, his heartbeat had quickened, too, skipping several beats essentially upon the shock of being stuck up high on the ferris wheel.

“No, Jimin-ah” Jungkook answered.

Jimin pursed his lips, contemplating, “You... had difficulties breathing?” he reckoned. Surely, that was a plausible reason for his quick heartbeat, too, wasn't it?

Jungkook shook his head, sighing, “You're unbelievable” he mumured beneath his breath as they proceeded to make their way through the fair, heading back to the entrance.

“What? What was it?” Jimin uttered, still confused.

“You, Jimin-ah” the younger male replied, stealing a glimpse at Jimin before he forced his gaze straight ahead again, fixating his eyes on his surroundings so he wouldn't trip over anything or bump into anyone for that matter.

“Me?” Jimin echoed, clearly confused by that revelation.

Jungkook smiled softly, giving a nod, “Yes, you”

What did that mean? What was he implying with that statement? Was it possible that...

“You... your heart does that, too?” Jimin whispered, relating all too well to that particular reaction of his heart. After all, his own heart acted like that all the darn time – had already been affected by Jungkook in that way upon the first time they ever even got to know each other.

The black haired boy chuckled, “Yes, baby, my heart does that, too” he answered. However, despite his clear display of smugness and amusement, Jimin noticed the faint shade of rose that flushed his cheeks in the midst of it all, “Of course, it does” he added, wrapping his arm around Jimin's waist to pull him closer to his body.

“Oh” Jimin murmured, biting down on his bottom lip to hide his smile, scolding his heart to cut it as it fluttered yet again.

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Jungkook's car came to a halt at the side of the street, the taller boy shutting off the engine once they had arrived.

“Thank you for taking me on a date tonight, Jungkook-ah. I really enjoyed it” Jimin uttered with a
smile, “I had a lot of fun”

After that minor disaster at the ferris wheel – which fortunately hadn't turned into a major chaos – the two of them had decided to head home, the cold temperatures and the late hours of the night winning the battle in the end.

“Me, too” Jungkook responded, reaching over to caress Jimin's cheek. The latter nuzzled against the soft touch, blushing faintly, “I'm glad that you had fun”

Hesitantly, Jimin unfastened his seatbelt, staring into Jungkook's brown orbs as he leaned closer to the latter. Slowly, he attached their lips in a kiss, certain he would withdraw just a brief moment later, yet then urging to feel Jungkook's lips on his for longer.

Gently, Jungkook moved his hand to the back of Jimin's neck, pulling the boy even closer. Gasping, Jimin parted his lips to push his tongue into Jungkook's mouth, the younger male humming in satisfaction as he met Jimin's tongue in the middle, licking over it.

Allowing his heart to take over, Jimin climbed over to Jungkook's seat, hooking his leg over Jungkook's lap in order to straddle the taller one.

Surprised, Jungkook grasped Jimin's hips, the two boys simply staring into each other's eyes for a moment. Smiling, Jungkook reached out to brush Jimin's pink locks out of his face as he wet his lips, leaning in to press them onto Jimin's.

Whimpering, Jimin deepened their kiss, moving his lips against Jungkook's hungrily – longing for more. Softly, he wrapped his arms around Jungkook's neck, attempting to close even the slightest bit of distance that existed between them.

“Jimin-ah” Jungkook whispered against his lips, trailing open-mouthed kisses down his throat and nibbling on Jimin's fair skin ever so softly.

The smaller boy gasped, digging his teeth into his bottom lip as he titled his head to the side, exposing more of his neck to Jungkook who was more than delighted to pepper more kisses all over his soft skin.

Suddenly, a phone rang, startling the two boys.

Jimin whined, shaking his head, “Don't” he begged, aware that it was Jungkook's phone that had interrupted them.

Jungkook sighed, hiding his face in the curve of Jimin's neck, his palm rubbing over Jimin's side soothingly, “I'm pretty certain it's my father”

Pouting, Jimin gave a nod, watching Jungkook reluctantly pull his phone out, confirming his assumption. In the meanwhile, Jimin had decided to slide his hand through Jungkook's hair, tenderly playing with the soft locks.

Instead of accepting the call, Jungkook declined it. For a brief moment, he just stared at his phone before he lifted his head to lock eyes with Jimin.

“I really don't wanna go right now, little one” Jungkook groaned in frustration, leaning in to press a kiss to Jimin's forehead, “But I have to”

“Come upstairs with me” Jimin whispered, biting down on his bottom lip.
“Fuck, you're really not helping me here, kitten” Jungkook cursed, gaze flickering down to Jimin’s plump lips before he forced it back up to his doe eyes, “I don't have a choice. I forgot that I promised my father to help him with that thing”

“What thing?” Jimin found himself ask before he was able to stop himself.

Jungkook blinked, “A meeting-thing” he then answered.

“Okay” Jimin sighed, obviously sad that Jungkook wouldn't spend the night with him, but would have to leave now, yet still understanding that his work required his attention and time at certain times of the day that were unusual.

The taller boy pressed his forehead against Jimin's, “I'm sorry, little one. I totally forgot about it. I know, this day was supposed to be-”

“No” Jimin interrupted him softly, shaking his head as he placed a kiss on Jungkook's cheek, “Don't apologise. I understand. I had a really nice day, Kook-ah. Don't worry about it” he assured him.

“Okay” Jungkook muttered.

Smiling shyly, Jimin detached himself from Jungkook and climbed back over onto the passenger seat.

“I'll talk to you tomorrow then?” Jimin wondered as he opened the door.

“Mhm mh. Of course, baby” Jungkook affirmed, then remembering something and reaching for something on the backseat, “Don't forget these”

“Oh, right, thank you”

“Sleep well, Jimin-ah”

“You, too. Don't work for too long, Kook-ah”

“I won't” Jungkook assured him with a smile.

Then, Jimin climbed out of the car, rushing over to his apartment building and opening the door with his key.

Before he entered, he looked back over his shoulder, waving at Jungkook as he noticed that he hadn't left yet.

Smiling, Jungkook waved back at him, Jimin's heart still fluttering as it reminisced about their date.

Eventually, Jimin stepped inside the building, Jungkook's car only leaving once he had shut the door behind him – the sound of his enginge turning quieter as he drove off into the distance.

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“I'm telling you!” Taehyung exclaimed, “She promised to send me the first preview pictures at 8pm because I begged her to!” he assured, snatching the bag of crisps from Jin's hand who glared at him with dark eyes at the theft of his snacks.

“We've still got some time to kill then” Namjoon noted, stealing a glance at his watch.

Taehyung hummed, pushing some crisps into his mouth as he plopped down on the sofa next to
Yoongi, “How about we order some food?” the blond haired boy suggested.

“You're already eating snacks – that belong to me” Jin reminded him, snatching the bag from Taehyung’s hand, the latter pouting as he swallowed his bite down.

“Hyung, come on, sharing is caring” Taehyung whined, trying to get the snack back.

However, Jin shook his head, lifting the bag up into the air, out of Tae’s reach, “You always finish my snacks without leaving anything for-” he accused him.

“Guys, calm down” Hoseok interrupted them, chuckling as he slid his hand through Taehyung’s hair, the gesture appearing to calm Tae who nuzzled into the touch, “We’ve got enough snacks for everyone” he pointed out, which was very true, “But I wouldn't say no to a pizza either”

“Fine, I'll order some food so you idiots won't starve or kill each other” Yoongi stated, getting up to his feet and disappearing into the kitchen.

The other's snickered, Taehyung smiling in a pleased way as he used the opportunity in which Jin was distracted by Yoongi to steal the bag of crisps again.

“Yah!” Jin exclaimed as he noticed the theft, the oldest one furrowing his brows, “Stop stealing my snacks! Why do you-”

“Guys, please, can you shut up? I'll buy you all the fucking snacks in the world, if you stop now” Jungkook sighed, rubbing his digits over his temple, appearing to be irritated by their bickering – or simply acting to be as there was a faint display of a smile on his face.

“Fine, here, I'm going to wait for the pizza” Taehyung gave in, handing Jin the bag of crisps back.

“No, no, this is a special day for you, you can have them” Jin assured him, voice suddenly softer as he shook his head.

Correct. Today was a special day. Taehyung would receive a first preview of some of the pictures from his shoot today, having begged to see some early. They were all almost just as excited as him, having gathered at their usual hang out place – Yoongi’s house – to celebrate together.

“Really? Thank you, hyung” Taehyung smiled.

“That's how easy you give in? You're supposed to decline and allow me the snacks-” Jin bickered again, the other guys sighing as they slumped down in their seats, wondering how long they would proceed to argue over some darn snacks.

“Shut up now or I'll beat your ass with this bag of damn crisps” Yoongi threatened as he walked back in the room.

“Is that a promise?” Taehyung asked cheekily, grinning as Yoongi approached him, the latter rolling his eyes, but smiling nonetheless as he took a seat next to Taehyung again.

“That's... keep your kinky fantasies to yourself” Namjoon mumbled, the others chuckling in unison, Jimin clasping his hand over his mouth to hide his giggles.

“I ordered some pizzas for us” Yoongi informed them, changing the topic as he snatched the bag of crisps from Taehyung's hand, the latter stilling his hand mid-air, startled by the theft by Yoongi, “Probably takes awhile, though”
“Hyung” Taehyung whined as he watched Yoongi eat some crisps from the bag he had prior stolen from Jin.

Chuckling, Yoongi offered him the bag, Taehyung grinning as he happily ate some more crisps.

Jimin could only observe their interaction with a smile, somehow bewildered how they were able to bicker that much about some darn snacks – despite there being more snacks scattered over the table just a few feet away from them.

Yet, food that belong to your friends surely tasted better, Jimin figured.

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“I'm staaarving” Taehyung whined, placing his hand over his stomach as he pouted, “How long is the delivery guy going to take?”

Jin pressed his lips into a line, Jimin very certain that he was about to bicker over those snacks again, surely wanting to voice his doubt of Taehyung being hungry despite him having finished Jin's bag of crisps.

“He'll probably be here soon” Yoongi responded, Hoseok simultaneously reaching out to pat Taehyung's head, the latter nuzzling into the touch.

“There is more snacks on the table, if you want any” Namjoon reminded him, pointing at the particular table he was referring to.

Eyes wide in curiosity, Taehyung hummed in satsifaction as he jumped up to his feet, waddling over to the table and rummaging through the different types of candy and snacks.

“He's just very nervous” Hoseok informed the others – although they were aware of just as much. After all, Taehyung having been to a photoshoot for such a big designer was amazing, but surely very nervewrecking, too. There was no doubt in any of their minds though that his pictures were going to look absolutely remarkable. Taehyung was way too gorgeous for them to look any less than that.

“Yeah, he can't stop checking his phone every five minutes” Yoongi agreed, Jimin giving a nod as he had noticed that behaviour, too, Taehyung somehow having fallen into a pattern of stuffing snacks into his mouth, engaging absentmindedly in their conversation, checking his phone and then cuddling to either Hoseok's or anyone else's side – that, well, had only been Yoongi so far.

“Distracting him isn't working out that well” Jin noted, perhaps having bickered with him intentionally to lessen his nervousness.

“Mhm-mh” Jungkook hummed in agreement, all of them attempting to keep their voices down, not desiring to have Taehyung eavesdrop on their slight concern over him.

The blond haired boy returned to the group, carrying a bag of gummy bears in his hand that he opened on his way over to them.

“I love these” he beamed, lifting up the bag to display what he was referring to.

Smiling, Taehyung sat down inbetween Yoongi's spread legs, leaning back against his chest and resting his head next to Yoongi's as he proceeded to eat his gummy bears. Evidently, Yoongi appeared to be surprised by the act, eyes wide as he cleared his throat. If Jimin wasn't mistaken – and surely, he must be – there was a faint display of a blush on Yoongi's cheeks.
Hesitantly, Jimin allowed his gaze to wander over to Hoseok, not exactly certain why he had the urge to do just that, yet not capable to resist that exact urge either as he studied Hoseok's features. The brown haired boy was only looking at the two boys with a smile – Jimin not able to define whether it was forced or genuine as Hoseok was pretty good at keeping a smile on his face despite there being something that bothered him - before he tore his gaze over to Jimin.

Swiftly, the latter averted his eyes, cheeks flushing as he felt like he had been caught doing something he shouldn't have - which clearly wasn't the case. After all, he had only stared at one of his very close friends. That wasn't prohibited.

“Hyung, I'm thirsty” Taehyung murmured, almost as though those words were only for Yoongi to hear, yet Jimin registered his words all the same, his close proximity to these two allowing him to, “Do you have some-”

“No alcohol” Yoongi interrupted him, shaking his head, “Some coke, though”

“Yeah, okay, I'll get me some then” Taehyung decided, handing Yoongi the bag of gummy bears before he got up to his feet, “Anyone else need anything?” he asked as he tilted his head to the side, interrupting the conversation the other four were having.

“No, thank you” they replied almost simultaneously, flashing Taehyung a soft smile that the latter mirrored.

As Jimin observed how Taehyung disappeared into the kitchen, he decided to follow after him – his body almost moving unconsciously, Jimn not quite certain why he had the urge to do that, almost as though it needed to something that he wasn't aware of yet, his brain only noticing a moment too late of what was occurring, Jimin already finding himself back alone with Taehyung in the kitchen.

The blond haired boy had just picked up a plastic cup, titling his head to the side as he noticed Jimin's figure entering the kitchen as well.

“Hey, Minnie” he smiled upon their encounter, Jimin returning the smile halfly, yet too distracted by the chaos that had suddenly erupted in his mind.

“Hey” he replied softly, walking closer to his best friend, “Are you okay? What's going on?” Jimin found himself wonder as he watched Taehyung fill his cup with coke.

“Huh?” the taller boy uttered, arching up his brows, yet his attention still fixated on his drink.

Jimin furrowed his brows, “You do know that Hoseok hyung is right beside you, right?” he reminded his friend.

At that, Taehyung halted, lifting his head to lock eyes with Jimin, “So?”

Swallowing hard, Jimin rested his hands on the counter, “Are you and Hoseok hyung... okay? I mean... is everything fine? You're essentially sitting on Yoongi hyung's lap this whole time, flirting with him and cuddling him and-”

“What are you trying to say?” Tae interrupted him, frowning at Jimin's words.

Guilt bloomed within Jimin, the boy shaking his head, not certain where he had actually desired to go with this, “Nothing” he responded, voice softer, “I'm sorry. I was just... I know that you're only doing this in a friendly way, but I just... I don't know... I thought Hoseok hyung might... Never mind”
Taehyung opened his mouth, but shut it right after as he closed the bottle of water, “It's fine, Minnie” he assured eventually with a smile, clearly not minding Jimin's nosiness, but brushing the whole thing off rather swiftly as he put the bottle of coke back in the fridge in its designated place before he returned to Jimin's side and picked up his cup, “I'm just very... nervous. I don't know why”

Jimin smiled sympathetically, “You don't have to be nervous, Tae. I'm sure your pictures will look absolutely stunning” he responded.

“Thank you” Taehyung muttered almost shyly, meeting Jimin's gaze as a timid smile curled up the corners of his lips.

As Jimin proceeded to look into Taehyung's brown orbs, a heartwrenching image flashed in front of his eyes, his own smile faltering.

“Tae-yah” Jimin uttered softly to gain the taller boy's attention, tugging the sleeves of his hoodie over his petite hands, a nervous habit of his that he had picked up on subconsciously.

“Mhm-mh?” Tae hummed as he lifted his head, arching up an eyebrow to convey his state of listening attentively.

“I keep having these weird dreams” Jimin stated, not entirely sure why his heart had decided to begin like this, not entirely sure why he was bringing this up at all.

The blond haired boy furrowed his brows, titling his head to the side, “About what?”

“About you?” Jimin answered, not certain why his voice sounded unsure despite him being more than aware that it had been Taehyung who had been attacked in his dream.

How could he doubt that for even a second with the vivid way it had been displayed in his dream – Jimin's heart clenching at the mere thought.

Taehyung's eyes went wide, sympathy flashing in his brown orbs as he chuckled and gave a nod, “Jimin-ah, that's okay” he assured, waving his hand at Jimin as though to brush Jimin's concern off, “I had that with you before, too. It was surprising, but of course it happened. It's just inevitable, honestly, we don't control our dreams. Don't worry about it” he added, shrugging his shoulders as he took another sip of his drink, affection glistening in his brown orbs.

Confused, Jimin blinked, “What do you mean?” he then wondered, not fathoming what Taehyung was implying there.

What was he thinking of?

Taehyung had seen Jimin being attacked by two of their friends in one of his dreams, too?

“A wet dream” he answered, ”Isn't that what you were referring to?” Taehyung asked, cocking his head to the side.

The pink haired boy widened his eyes, “No! No, I was referring to- Wait, you had a wet dream about me before?”

Taehyung's eyebrows shot up, potentially regret blossoming within him for talking too fast as he bit down on his tongue, “Well, this is awkward now” he mumbled, scratching over the back of his neck.

“Anyway” Jimin uttered, shaking his head to get back on track, “What I was trying to say was that I saw you in my dream. Hoseok hyung and Yoongi hyung were there, too” Jimin finally revealed.
“you sure this isn't a wet dream because it sounds pretty similar to mi-” Tae chuckled, interrupting Jimin, clearly trying to create a light mood.

“Tae! This is serious” Jimin expressed, shaking his head.

“I'm sorry” the blond haired one snickered. However, upon the expression on Jimin's face and the clear display of vulnerability, he went silent, concern visible in his eyes, “Hey, this is really serious, huh? What is bothering your heart?”

Jimin swallowed hard, a shiver running down his back as he was reminded of his dream.

“They hurt you in the dream. They... they stabbed you with a knife. It was horrible” Jimin stated, heart clenching at the picture in his mind, his voice soft.

“What?” Taehyung muttered, furrowing his brows, “Minnie, why do you look so scared? They would never do that to me” he swiftly assured his best friend, reaching out to place his hand on Jimin's delicate one.

“I know they wouldn't” Jimin agreed, giving a nod, yet noticing the stirring in his stomach all the same, “I know... I know that, but why do I keep dreaming about it?” he then wanted to know, not certain whether Taehyung would have an answer, but wishing that he would- wishing that someone would, “It happened three times already. Three. “ he emphasised, playing with the hem of his shirt, “I thought it would stop after I talked to Hoseok hyung when he assured me that everything was okay and I actually believed that it did, but it came back”

“It's just a dream, though, Minnie. Everything is fine. I promise you” Taehyung reassured him, smiling sympathetically at him to comfort Jimin.

“What if it's a sign?” Jimin suggested, moving closer to Taehyung, the voices of their friends coming from the living room muffled in the distance, “What if my heart is trying to tell me something that I... I don't know – that could happen in the future?”

“Like some psychic?” Taehyung clarified, titling his head to the side.

Now that Taehyung said those words out loud, it did sound ridiculous.

Jimin slumped down, resting his arms on the counter as he shook his head, “Well... No... I”

“I don't think so, Jimin-ah”

“I just wondered whether it's triggered by anything, you know? Whether I... I saw or heard anything that would explain this dream” Jimin attempted to explain his struggling heart.

“Well, when did it start?” the taller boy wanted to know.

That was a good question.

Frankly, Jimin couldn't quite recall the exact moment those dreams had first started...

“I'm not too sure” Jimin voiced his thoughts, “I had one yesterday and then a couple of days ago, but the first one... I think, yes, I think the first one was after the party. You know, the last one here at Yoongi's house. The one were I passed out”

Jimin widened his eyes, suddenly recalling something else.

“I remember my heart clenching at the mention of their names when Jungkook and I talked about
them that night, but I just didn't know why” Jimin revealed.

That night, Jungkook had recited the events of the party after Jimin had passed out, causing Jimin's heart to react in a certain way that he didn't understand at that particular time.

“Well, now that I think about it, you did look pretty scared when I saw you” Tae remembered, giving a faint nod, “That was the moment before you vomitted”

This time, it was Taehyung's eyes that went wide.

“What did you see when you were upstairs?” his best friend urged to know, leaning closer.

“Upstairs?” Jimin echoed, visibly bewildered by that exact question. Why was it of any significance what he had seen upstairs?

“Yes, you went to search Jungkook-ah upstairs during the party, but you came down looking so fucking scared and then you just-”

Suddenly, something clicked within Jimin.

The remainder of Taehyung's words were muffled to Jimin's ears, somehow blurred out in the chaos that arose in his mind, a turmoil of noises and images amplified in his head.

Several images flashed before Jimin's eyes, in a way explaining the nightmare he had suffered numerous times now.

One particular image didn't want to vanish, almost engraved into Jimin's eyes, there for him to permanently stare at.

“Tae... Tae, oh my god, I...” Jimin whispered, violently shaking his head as he clung onto the counter.

Finally, there was clarity.

Oh, but how it tore his heart apart.

_Yoongi and Hoseok had kissed._

Chapter End Notes

_Uh-oh :o
Will Jimin tell Taehyung about what he saw? What do you think?_

_For that scene with the cups at the fair I was inspired by Jungkook's G.C.F in Tokyo
If you haven't seen it already (which I doubt haha) I would like to recommend it! It's so well done and sooo cute! <3_

_I hope your days are filled with happiness! <3
Beware of the cold weather, always remember to wear warm clothes and don't catch a cold! <3_

_See you in the next chapter :)_
I love you <3
Decisions

Chapter Summary

Will Jimin be brave enough to speak up about the kiss? If so, what happens then?

Chapter Notes

Hello, lovely readers :)

How are you? :)
I'm halfway through with my exams and veeeery exhausted, but it's not much longer and then I'm finally done, yaay ^^

Thank you so much for waiting for me and for always supporting me and for loving this story so much. I'm very grateful <3

I'm sorry it took me a little longer, I hope you enjoy this chapter <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It was as though Jimin had been hit by a truck at full speed, the collision shooting him up high flying through the sky, the boy ultimately crashing back down on the hard floor – in the midst of it all, someone was stabbing his heart.

It wasn't pain that he was enduring for himself, no, but for his best friend.

Jimin's heart shattered into pieces as he looked into Taehyung’s eyes.

“Tae, I... I don't... I” the smaller boy stuttered, somehow not capable to say those words out loud – frankly not even certain whether it was his place to interfere and share this revelation with Taehyung.

After all, wouldn't it bring everything to ashes?

“Minnie, you-”

“Did you two get lost?” a voice chuckled, interrupting Jimin's and Taehyung's conversation, the two boys startled by the sudden figure that entered the kitchen, “I mean, my house is large, but it's not a maze, is it? It's not your first time here either” he added, amusement in his eyes as he approached them.

Yoongi.

At the sight of one of their closest friends, Jimin's heart clenched, his stomach twisting as he met the older one's gaze. Almost involuntarily, as though he wasn't capable to bear the sight, he averted his gaze, turning his body away as he inhaled a shaky breath.

For some reason, the only thing Jimin was able to think about when looking at Yoongi was that
heartbreaking image of the latter kissing Hoseok. Yet... was it just a twisted up creation of Jimin's mind?

However, Jimin doubted that, the image displayed way too vividly in his mind.

“Hyung” Taehyung smiled at him, “We... No, we just need to talk”

“I see” Yoongi responded with a warm smile, giving a nod as he walked over to the fridge to pick out the bottle of coke, waving at them before he exited the kitchen again, leaving the two boys to themselves.

“Minnie” Tae murmured softly, trying to gain Jimin's attention.

The pink haired boy was staring at the wall with a blank expression, gulping and squeezing his eyes shut as Taehyung called out his name.

What was he supposed to do now?

“Hey, Min-ah” Taehyung uttered, closing the distance between them, “What did you see upstairs that night?” he wanted to know, stepping in front of Jimin and cupping his face.

“I...” Jimin tried to murmur, but he simply didn't have it in him.

There was... there was no way he could tell Taehyung of what he had seen, was there? The mere thought alone broke his heart. It would tear Taehyung down entirely. No one had ever been as romantically important to him as Hoseok. In fact, he could very well be the love of his life. How could Jimin completely ruin that with this revelation? Wasn't he protecting Taehyung by staying quiet?

Yet, maybe, the refusal to share the truth with Taehyung just made Jimin a coward.

After all, Taehyung deserved to know, didn't he? If he didn't tell Taehyung about it, he would stay by Hoseok's side oblivious to what the boy had done behind his back.

That wasn't fair.

Jimin didn't know what to do.

Helpless. Utterly helpless is what he felt.

It was almost as though he was staring at something that would fall to ashes either way.

“Follow me” Taehyung interrupted his thoughts, Jimin noticing how the taller boy reached for his hand and tugged him along – the two of them exiting the kitchen and making their way upstairs.

Taehyung pulled him into the room that sent a shiver down his back – the room he had caught Hoseok and Yoongi kissing in.

Ironic, wasn't it?

Gently, he applied faint pressure on Jimin's shoulders as they halted in front of the bed, causing Jimin to take a seat on the soft sheets, Taehyung joining him as he sat down next to him.

“What is it, Jimin-ah?” Taehyung wanted to know, turning his body towards Jimin.

The latter was only staring at the shut door, biting down on the inside of his cheek as he dipped his
“Taehyung, I... I don't know what to do. I... I saw... I saw...” he tried again, yet unable to go any further than that.

“Hey, calm down, Minnie” Taehyung comforted him, placing his hand on Jimin's, “Just tell me. Please”

Jimin squeezed his eyes shut, shaking his head, “I-I can't”

“Why?” Tae pressed softly, clearly desperately needing to know the answer.

Almost... almost as though he was sensing something.

“I don't... I don't want to be the one to ruin everything” Jimin whispered, finally lifting his head again to meet Tae's gaze, the blond haired one staring right back into his eyes, attempting to search for something that simply wasn't there.

Or... was it?

Taehyung blinked.

“Is it... is it related to Hoseok hyung?” he murmured, voice quiet and soft, neither of them aware why their voices had decreased in volume as they were the only ones in the room anyway.

Jimin gave a weak nod.

An emotion flashed in Taehyung's brown orbs, “Is it... related to Yoongi hyung?”

The smaller one widened his eyes as he parted his lips, a clear display of his bewilderment. What had given that away? Had he sensed something all along?

“How...”

Taehyung got up to his feet, suddenly approaching the door. Jimin couldn't help but believe that he was creating distance between them as though he was trying to protect himself from something.

For a moment, Taehyung just stared at the wooden door before he spun around, leaning back into the door as he locked eyes with Jimin.

“You saw them kiss, didn't you?” Tae concluded, his words sending a shiver down Jimin's back.

Jimin opened his mouth, only blinking at the other one.

It was as though all the air had been kicked out of his lungs, the smaller boy struggling to speak at all. For a reason he didn't know, he clasped his hand over his heart almost unconsciously - like he was experiencing physical pain within his chest.

“Taehyung, I-” Jimin whispered, empathy in his pretty eyes as he got up to his feet.

“I know” Taehyung muttered, pushing himself away from the door as he shrugged his shoulders.

“What?” Jimin expressed, furrowing his brows.

“I already know” the taller boy simply repeated, closing the distance between them.
“You... you do?” Jimin questioned, swallowing hard as his brain processed those words, “Wait, what?"

How could he be close to Hoseok and Yoongi, if... if that had happened? Did it not bother him at all? That appeared to be very unlikely.

“I know that they kissed at the party” Taehyung elaborated.

Jimin blinked, “How can you be... are you not-” he tried to voice his thoughts, shaking his head upon the chaos that had erupted in his mind.

“Mad? Angry? Disappointed? Hurt?” the blond haired one finished for him, smiling faintly as he sat down on the bed again.

Jimin gave a nod, pulling his brows together in a frown, “Yes, all of that”

Taehyung caught his bottom lip between his teeth, “Well, it's... it's a long story actually” he muttered gently.

“I'm very confused” Jimin revealed, shaking his head, almost dumbfounded as he lacked the ability to make sense of the situation.

Taehyung smiled softly, giving a nod, “I was, too” he chuckled, “I mean, I still am” he added softer.

“About what?” the pink haired one asked.

“About everything, really. It's all very... I don't know... new? Confusing?” Tae answered, meeting Jimin's gaze as he fidgeted with his shirt absentmindedly.

“I.. I..”

“I reacted just like you when I found out” Taehyung uttered, “Well, at least on the inside I did...”

“When did you find out?” Jimin wondered, figuring that he must have been confronted with the situation a while ago, if he was talking about it this calmly.

How was there not an ounce of anger in his voice or demeanor? There was no pain, no disappointment either.

How was that possible?

“That same night” Tae responded.

Jimin's eyes went wide, “Really?” he questioned softly.

“Yeah” Taehyung affirmed, “After Jungkook and you left the party, they pulled me into Yoongi's bedroom and sat me down. They were both very... very apologetic and seemed so hurt and I was confused of what was going on and then they just... they just told me” he recalled, moving his hands along while talking.

Jimin couldn't imagine how painful that moment must have been.

“And then?” he whispered, urging to pull Taehyung into a hug, yet resisting the urge as the other one didn't appear to be sad at all, but still somewhat confused.

What had happened that night after Jimin and Jungkook had left the party?
“They begged for my forgiveness, saying that they didn't mean to, but that it just kind of happened”
Tae went on, “I... I was drunk. I mean, you know I was. I... I... well, one thing led to another and...
the night took a turn none of us expected I guess....”

Hoseok fell to his knees, reaching for Taehyung's hands as he stared at him with apologetic eyes, something like fear or guilt or potentially a mixture of both glistening in his gorgeous eyes as he stared at Taehyung, “Sunshine, I'm so sorry. Please, we didn't mean to hurt you, I-”

“Tae-yah, it's my fault. I'm sorry. I really am. It won't ever happen again. I... I'm horr-” Yoongi apologised simultaneously, their voices echoing in Taehyung's mind, the blond haired boy biting down on his bottom lip as his gaze flickered back and forth between their apologetic eyes.

“Let me kiss you, too” Taehyung found himself whisper.

“Huh?” the other two uttered in unison, both going silent upon Taehyung's request.

“What did you say?” Yoongi wondered, swallowing hard as he observed Hoseok getting up on his feet again, clearly also believing that his ears must have deceived him.

“Let me kiss you, too” the blond haired boy repeated, “That would be fair, wouldn't it?”

Somehow, it all made sense to Taehyung's drunk mind.

“Tae, I...” Yoongi stuttered, wetting his lips as he watched the taller boy approach him.

Hesitantly, Yoongi stole a glimpse at Hoseok who was staring at the scene with big eyes, not moving an inch though and not expressing his discomfort with the idea either.

“It's just a kiss” Taehyung whispered as he had closed the distance between them.

Yoongi looked back and forth between Taehyung's eyes, his heart doing a weird thing as the latter placed his hand in his neck, pulling him even closer.

"O-Okay"

The two were almost careful, feeling the other one's breath on their skin as they leaned even closer, their eyes fluttering shut.

Perhaps, it wasn't such a good idea, Taehyung decided as he felt Yoongi's lips on his, somehow reminded of a past crush he had had on the older one for the longest time – having felt as though Yoongi would never see him in that way and that staying close friends would essentially be better.

However, somehow, this kiss sparked an emotion that had long be gone – maybe never quite entirely, just suppressed by the fear of rejection or ruining their close bond that was similar to that of family.

They gasped, Taehyung licking over Yoongi's tongue as the latter pulled him tighter by his hips.

In the back, Hoseok cursed beneath his breath at the sight, plopping down on the bed almost mesmerised.

Carefully, they withdrew from one another, their lips proceeding to linger in the touch, brushing over the other one, yet not enough to call it a kiss.

Their gazes met, an emotion glistening in either of their eyes, but neither of them were able to define it – their drunk minds not allowing them to. However, they didn't need to, just knew... just knew that
something had shifted.

“Fuck” Hoseok cussed, wetting his lips as he stared at the two boys, honestly slightly bewildered that the sight wasn’t evoking any jealousy in him at all, but was rather... causing something entirely different to bloom within him.

Taehyung’s gaze flickered down to Yoongi’s lips again, Yoongi swallowing as he felt his heart pound fast against his chest as though it was about to jump out of his ribcage. In fact, he was certain that Taehyung’s was currently doing the same thing, the heartbeat of the latter audible to him in their close proximity.

Gently, Tae leaned in again, crashing his lips on Yoongi’s in another swift kiss before he pulled away - almost like he was waiting for Yoongi to reject him - yet, he didn’t.

Instead, Yoongi gasped against him, attaching their lips once again to kiss back, silently permitting Taehyung to do whatever he wanted.

Suddenly, there was a warm hand on Taehyung’s back, Hoseok having appeared at their side, nuzzling his face into Taehyung’s nape and inhaling deeply before he rested his head on his shoulder.

Yoongi blinked, catching his breath as he observed the two boys, begging his heart to calm down as they stared at him with an emotion in their eyes that he simply wasn’t able to define – perhaps lacking that ability due to the prominent alcohol running through his veins.

“Oh okay?” Hoseok whispered into Taehyung’s ear, the blond haired one giving a determined nod.

“Oh yeah” he murmured back softly, but sure.

“Okay?” Hoseok then addressed Yoongi, titling his head to the side as he waited patiently for him to answer.

The boy nodded, not quite aware of what exactly he was agreeing to, yet more than certain that he didn’t care, just wanted this.

Hoseok pressed a kiss to Taehyung’s forehead before he turned to face Yoongi, the smaller boy unconsciously catching his bottom lip between his teeth as Hoseok flashed him a warm smile.

Carefully, Hoseok ran his hand through Yoongi’s hair, moving his hand down to the back of Yoongi’s neck and applying faint pressure to pull the boy closer.

Yoongi’s breath hitched in his throat as he felt Hoseok’s soft lips on his, his eyes fluttering shut as he kissed back without an ounce of hesitation, warmth spreading through his chest.

In the meanwhile, Taehyung had moved back to the bed, kneeling down on the soft sheets as he watched his boyfriend kiss another boy – not envious one bit, in fact, having kissed that same boy just a few moments ago as well.

This was... a unique experience.

Taehyung whined at the lack of attention, Hoseok smirking into the kiss with Yoongi as he placed his hands on the back of Yoongi’s thighs and picked the boy up. Yoongi yelped at the suddenness his feet lost the floor beneath them, the boy swiftly hooking legs around Hoseok as he wrapped his arms around his neck.
Smiling, Hoseok crashed his lips on Yoongi's again, carrying the boy over to the bed to take a seat next to Taehyung. In the process of it, Yoongi was forced to straddle Hoseok's lap, not daring to admit how good it had felt to be carried and held by – fuck, to kiss these two boys.

Hoseok trailed open-mouthed kisses down Yoongi's throat before he withdrew, the two boys catching their breath, only staring into each other's eyes. A smile adorned either of their handsome features, the brown haired one leaning back on his hands, observing how Taehyung moved closer to Yoongi.

“Hyung” Tae whispered, Yoongi appearing to know what he was asking for as he leaned in to capture Taehyung’s lips in a passionate, hungrier kiss, almost sloppy in a way as they moved their lips against one another.

In his position, Hoseok was able to see their exchange perfectly, the sight causing him to wet his lips as he noticed how the two boys reached out for him - as though they didn't want him to feel left out. Smiling, Hoseok took either of their hands into his own, giving them a tender squeeze as they proceeded to make out.

Neither of them questioned what they were doing, perhaps not completely understanding what their bodies – or their hearts – were desiring for in this moment. They just knew that they didn't want this moment to stop.

As they withdrew from one another, Hoseok reached for the hem of Yoongi's shirt, playing with it while Taehyung removed his own shirt and tossed it to the side.

“Okay?” Hoseok asked, merely pulling the shirt up.

Hesitantly, Yoongi gave a nod, lifting his arms up into the air as Hoseok tugged the shirt up and off of him, dropping it somewhere on the floor behind the boy.

“O-Okay, I don't think you have to go into detail, Tae” Jimin interrupted him, shaking his head.

Tae smiled shyly, “Sorry” he apologised softly.

“That's...” Jimin uttered, “So you three... had... had.”

“Yeah” Taehyung affirmed his unanswered question, a faint shade of rose flushing his cheeks.

It took a while to comprehend all of that information, Jimin’s brain not entirely possessig the ability to process all of this in this current moment.

Taehyung and Hoseok – who were in a committed relationship – have had sex with Yoongi – another one of their closest friends – after Taehyung had kissed Yoongi as a result of Hoseok and Yoongi having kissed?

Surely, it would take a while for all of that to settle in.

“What... what happened after that?” Jimin wondered, “I mean... what... did you do then?”

How do you address something like that? What are the repercussions of a threesome when two of the parts are in a committed relationship?

Taehyung bit down on his bottom lip, “We were all kind of drunk that night so when we woke up
the next morning all cuddled up in Yoongi's bed it was...”

“Awkward?” Jimin finished for him, figuring that the situation surely must have been awkward.

“Funnily enough, no” Taehyung responded with a smile, “It was... I don't know. It's weird to explain. I mean, for a moment we were confused and stared at one another, but it was domestic in a way, too?”

“I-I-” Yoongi stumbled out of the bed, falling to the floor but swiftly getting back up to his feet, “I'll leave you tw-”

“Come back here” Hoseok grumbled sleepily, Taehyung smiling with his eyes only half opened as he gave a nod, somehow comforted by the warmth that the two boys were radiating at either of his sides.

Yoongi stared at them for a moment, a feeling spreading within his chest that warmed his heart as he gave a nod and laid back down in bed next to Taehyung. Gently, Hoseok tugged the blanket back over their bare bodies, his hand remaining on Taehyung’s stomach. Carefully, Yoongi placed his hand next to Hoseok’s on Taehyung’s soft skin, Hoseok’s hand brushing his before he placed his hand on top of Yoongi’s.

Slowly, they found their way back into that sweet haze of sleep, all huddled together, engulfed in each other’s warmth and comfort touch.

Perhaps, they would feel awkward and decide to never mention this again once they were entirely sobered up, yet for now...

this was nice.

“What happened once you were sobered up?” Jimin eventually asked.

Taehyung shrugged his shoulders, “We... we just ate breakfast and didn't really mention it. I guess we kind of brushed it off as something that happened because we were all drunk. It was weird. We... just acted as if it never happened, but.. I felt different and I sensed that they did, too. The air was different between us” he elaborated, fidgeting with his shirt again as he titled his head to the side, clearly reminiscing about that morning.

“Oh..” Jimin barely muttered out, somehow having lost his voice.

“Hoseok and I left after breakfast without a proper understanding of what had happened that night and we went over to my place to just get ready for the day” Tae added, “Then, we... we finally talked about what happened at Yoongi’s place and we both... we both admitted that we.. enjoyed it” Jimin gave a faint note to convey that he was listening attentively, waiting patiently for Taehyung to go on.

“Did you...” he wondered softly, leaving the remainder of his sentence hang in the air between them, frankly not certain what he had desired to ask the other boy.

“We talked to hyung again” Tae reavealed, “He... he was shy, not his usual being” Taehyung recalled, smiling softly as he drew shapes over his thigh, tracing his fingertips along the spot, “We... well, it happened again ”

“Again?” Jimin echoed, eyes big as he studied Taehyung’s features, noticing the way his cheeks flushed a shade of rose again. There was no judgement in Jimin’s voice, no, not all, only prominent
curiosity.

“Yeah” Tae affirmed, giving a nod, “I mean- I mean, we agreed that it was just sex, but... things got odd once we didn't just have sex” he added, biting down on the inside of his cheek as he averted his gaze.

“What do you mean?”

“We started to cuddle a lot and... and slept at each other's places and stuff like that. It wasn't just sex. It was... it was full of care and... and even loving in a way? Once the sex was over – and fairly enough, sometimes even during – everything was so gentle”

Jimin blinked, the boy tilting his head to the side as he stared at Taehyung.

“How many times did you... I mean, how ofted did it...” Jimin struggled to ask, somehow nervous and frankly not wanting to be too nosy. After all, this was very private.

“Honestly, I don't know. I lost count, but... a lot. Enough to... enough to wonder what it all means, you know?”

“I... I don't” Jimin uttered sincerely, “What exactly do you mean?”

Yet, was that true? The pieces were all there for Jimin to combine. Was he simply too oblivious to see what Taehyung was trying to tell him?

“I don't know, but... but I'm sure Hyung didn't just kiss Hoseok hyung that night because they were drunk, but because he has some sort of feelings for him. Similar to that, I don't think Hoseok hyung just kissed back for no reason either”

Jimin's heart clenched, his heart already aware or perhaps assuming of where this was going to go – a place that woud potentially leave at least one of them hurting.

“And... and... I don't know, we have a lot of thinking to do, I guess” Tae added, biting down on his lip, “I know the three of us have been thinking quite a lot about it already, but none of us are brave enough to speak up. After all, I mean... this is very confusing. I never knew that...” the blond haired boy trailed off, his voice turning softer and quieter with each syllable of his, barely audible to Jimin's ears, yet he did register his words, waiting for the other one to go on.

Yet, he didn't.

“What do you mean?” Jimin eventually wondered, staring at Tae with soft eyes, trying to display his empathy for the situation.

“Do you think you can like more than one person?” Taehyung found himself whisper, almost scared to know what Jimin was going to say.

The pink haired boy gave a nod, humming, “Of course, I like all of you dearly and...”

“No, Minnie” Taehyung interrupted him, shaking his head, “Not in that way” he added, meeting Jimin's gaze.

Jimin's eyes went wide as he fathomed what Taehyung had been referring to, “Oh” he uttered.

“Yeah” Tae murmured, dipping his head down.

“Oh” Jimin breathed, only now understanding the entirety of that statement and what it implied,
“You... you think you like Yoongi hyung, too?”

“I-I... yeah” the blond haired boy admitted, catching his bottom lip between his teeth.

“Oh” Jimin muttered yet again, not capable to wrap his head around all of this, too bewildered and stunned by all of the information he had received in the span of the last thirty minutes.

“I'm fucked” Taehyung cursed beneath his breath, falling back on the soft bedsheets and glancing up at the ceiling as though it guarded the answers to his problems.

“N-No” Jimin protested, violently shaking his head before he fell back on the bed next to Taehyung, the two boys proceeding to stare up at the ceiling, not meeting the other one's gaze.

“What am I supposed to do?” Tae asked softly, “There seems to be no real answer to this. Maybe I'm just too scared? I mean, I have been thinking about us these past days and it's just... I know they've been thinking about it, too, but none of us want to speak up because... what happens then?” Taehyung expressed, stealing a glimpse at Jimin's face before he averted his gaze back up.

“What do you mean?” Jimin asked yet again, feeling like it was the only sentence his brain was able to create, like he was lacking a proper knowledge of more than these four words.

Then again, could he be blamed for his clear confusion?

“What are we supposed to do?” Taehyung wanted to know, “This isn't... people don't do that” he expressed, voice turning quieter with each of his syllables, barely audible for Jimin to register.

“Do what?” Jimin asked, glancing at Tae who proceeded to look up at the ceiling.

“Well... I don't know” he murmured, eyes falling shut, “Like more than one person? Date more than one person simultaneously? Have a relationship consisting of three people?” he listed.

Finally, Jimin understood.

This wasn't about the repercussions of the kiss or the numerous threesomes amongst themselves - this was about their hearts that had caught feelings in the midst of it all, feelings that Taehyung wasn't certain they would be able to live upon, perhaps not certain whether they even wanted to and if so, then how were they supposed to do that?

The pink haired boy felt his heart clench as he reached for Taehyung's hand, the latter not hesitating to interlace their fingers.

Surely, there must be a solution to this, Jimin believed.

“Well, if you like each other and you're comfortable with each other then... then why not all be in a relationship, if that's what you want to happen” Jimin suggested softly, “I mean, why... why not? If you're all fine with that idea then who's going to tell you that it's not right? Just because it's not common?”

Hesitantly, Taehyung met Jimin's gaze, fear glistening in his brown orbs, “What if they don't feel the same, though?” he whispered, “What if Hoseok hyung is going to be mad at me and is going to dump me? What if... what if I ruin my bond to Yoongi hyung by suggesting it?” Taehyung asked, his voice displaying his vulnerability, “How does one even... I mean, how would that work? A relationship with three people? That's... that doesn't happen”

To be fair, Jimin didn't know anyone who had ever been in a relationship involving three people.
Quite frankly, he had never even heard of that either, yet... did that matter?

Why should it be wrong just because it's not common? Why would something that makes them happy be reprehensible?

They are allowed - they are entitled to feel happiness in all its entirety.

Jimin believed wholeheartedly that there wasn't anything wrong with this idea – regardless of whether it was common or not.

“Says who?” Jimin objected.

“I... I don't know” Tae murmured, “That's not really something you see in society, you know? I don't even know, if that's possible. How can you like more than one person in that way? How is this supposed to work? Is this just a short-term thing? But then my feelings are telling me something different. Then how are things going to work out long-term? What will people think? What if... I mean, we could never have a fam…” he rambled, stating fears that are occupying his mind – most likely having haunted him for a while now.

“Tae, hey, calm down” Jimin comforted him, voice soft, “If you're concerned because of what other people think, then don't be. It's none of anyone's business, but yours three. This is your life and your decision. No one else has the right to interfere in that and tell you what is right and what is wrong. As long as it makes you happy and... and it's healthy, as long as all of you are fine and comfortable with it, then how can it be wrong?”

Taehyung shook his head, “How long will something like that last, huh? What if it doesn't work out?” he asked, appearing to have in fact thought about this for a very long time.

“Then that's what's supposed to happen” Jimin answered, rubbing his thumb along the back of Taehyung's hand soothingly, “But how can you know, if you don't try at all? If they both make you happy then there is nothing wrong with it. If they both make you happy, then allow yourself to live that happiness with both of them. It doesn't matter if it's long-term or short-term as long as you're happy while doing it”

A half smile adorned Taehyung’s gorgeous features, carrying something like sadness within it, “Should I try something that I already know is destined to fail?”

Taehyung appeared to believe that in the end, at least one of them was going to be left hurting. Jimin wasn't going to lie and ignore the possibility of everything falling to ashes – ultimately potentially even causing all of them to break off on bad terms, yet... wasn't that the case with every single relationship out there?

What, if the exact opposite was going to happen? What, if this decision was going to be one of the best ones in their life – filling them with happiness in a way they have never felt before?

Wasn't that feeling worth enough to fight for? To strive for, the least?

“Who says that it's destined to fail, Tae?” Jimin objected, giving his hand a tender squeeze, “What if it works out? What if it's going to be fulfilling? What if the three of you live happily together, huh?”

“Be realistic, Min-ah” Taehyung protested, shaking his head.

“I am” Jimin emphasised sincerely, “I am, Tae-yah” he uttered, “Do they make you happy?”

“So damn much” Tae whispered.
Jimin smiled warmly, “Then allow yourself to live that happiness. If they make you happy, why not at least try?” he added softer.

“You wouldn't think of us as... as weird?” the taller boy worried, meeting Jimin's gaze.

Jimin's lips curved in a sympathetic smile, “No, Tae, how could you even think that? I mean, I didn't expect this at all, but it's not weird”

Surely this was new to Jimin – quite honestly potentially not something that he would manage to understand wholly as of now, but would take a couple of days to really let this settle in – yet that didn't matter.

Jimin did wonder how a relationship consisting of three people was going to work out, yet he believed that they would find a way to enable it, if that's what they wanted to do.

“Thank you, Minnie. I love you” Taehyung murmured, rolling over to hug Jimin, the smaller boy wrapping his arms around his best friend to pull him tighter.

“I love you, too, Tae” Jimin whispered back, Tae hiding his face in the curve of Jimin's neck as they remained in their embrace.

“Tae! Baby!” someone yelled, the voice muffled in the distance, the person presumably somewhere in the hallway in search for the blond haired one, “Jimin-ah!”

The two boys stared at one another before they sat up, several knocks on the door audible in the silence of the room. Slowly, the door was opened, a head peaking inside. Once the figure found the two boys sitting on the bed, they smiled, fully opening the door to step inside.

“Hey, are you two okay?” Hoseok wondered, titling his head to the side, “Sunshine, your phone keeps ringing. I didn't want to be nosy, but I'm pretty sure the pictures have arrived”

Gasping, Taehyung jumped up, eyes wide as his gaze flickered from Hoseok to Jimin and back to Hoseok.

“Already? I- We'll be right downstairs” Taehyung expressed.

Hoseok chuckled, giving a nod, “Okay, baby”

The older one left the room, shutting the door behind him, yet leaving a gap remaining as he disappeared. Taehyung caught his bottom lip between his teeth, nervous, but also filled with excitement as he fixated his gaze back on Jimin.

“What are you waiting for?” Jimin grinned, getting up to his feet as well.

“I don't know” Taehyung replied as he smiled shyly, “I guess I wasn't sure whether our conversation was done yet”

Jimin reached for his hand, “We can talk about it later, if you want to”

Taehyung’s smile grew bigger, his eyes glistening as he gave a faint nod, “Yeah that... that would be nice”

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It was odd to be in the presence of Yoongi and Hoseok, Jimin now aware of what had occurred during the past few weeks regarding their... love life?
Obviously, Jimin didn't think of them any differently now that he knew their secret. After all, they were always going to be part of his family – no matter whether they choose to become an item or not.

It was none of Jimin's business whether the three of them have had sex before and whether it would turn into anything more than that. In the end, all Jimin wished for was their happiness and if being together would bring them happiness, then Jimin would be more than delighted to support them in their doing.

“Damn... Tae-sssi, you look absolutely gorgeous” Namjoon stated, interrupting Jimin's thoughts and pulling him back into reality.

The pink haired boy smiled, giving a nod in agreement as he drew his attention back over to the photo. So far, it was only the third pic Taehyung had showed them – Tae having looked absolutely stunning in every single one of them.

“That is not part of korean tradition!” Yoongi claimed, pointing at the next picture of Taehyung dressed in a white, loose blouse, his lips parted sensually as he stared at the camera with blue contact lenses in his eyes.

Taehyung chuckled, “Well, she did request to take a few other pictures” he explained, “It was so much fun, really. I got to wear so many different clothes of her. I knew she would only send me a few pictures because she doesn't want anything to leak, but it's still nice to see this” he added with a smile, “That means you haven't even seen the best ones yet though!”

“Fuck, you look stunning” Hoseok commented, closing his arm around Taehyung's waist and pulling the boy closer to his side.

“Thank you” the blond haired boy uttered, his cheeks flushing a shade of rose.

Ultimately, there were only about six pictures that the boys got to see, the word *preview* really sticking to its meaning there. Evidently, they didn't mind that one bit, didn't complain at all as they were enjoying the time just being with one another, needing nothing more but each other's mere company.

Frankly, they used any excuse to have a reason to meet up, desiring to spend more time with each other despite it being difficult due to their very demanding schedules.

The pizza had finally arrived, all of the boys immediately diving in and stuffing their empty – well, not *that* empty as they did eat quite a lot of snacks - stomachs with the food. Just as Jimin took another bite from his piece, laughing along the other one's at a joke Jin had made, he noticed how Jungkook ran his hand through his hair.

“Jimin has made a decision on which company to choose” Jungkook informed the others.

The smaller boy halted his hand mid-air, chewing on the bite in his mouth as he blinked, noticing how the other boy's eyes widened as they fixated their gazes on him.

“He? Spill! Why haven't you said anything!” Taehyung gasped, excited as he jumped up and down in his seat.

Hesitantly, Jimin swallowed his bite down, his cheeks heating up at the sudden attention he had received, “Well, I... I wanted to wait until I signed the contract. Besides, today is your day!” Jimin answered, dropping his piece back in the box as he pointed at Taehyung.
“Tell us! Who is it, Minnie?” Taehyung wanted to know.

Smiling shyly, Jimin stole a glimpse at Jungkook before he trailed his eyes back over to the group, “I decided to go for... Jeon entertainment” he revealed the decision that had occupied his mind for the past weeks.

In the end, his choice might have always been evident, his heart having been aware of it long before he was.

The boys broke out in cheers, applauding Jimin as they congratualted him as though he had just won the lottery.

Well, maybe he had.

“That means we're going to be working together, Jimin-ah” Hoseok pointed out happily.

To be honest, that was just another perk of it all.

“Mhm-mh” Jimin affirmed with a grin, nodding at the brown haired one who ran his hand through Jimin's hair, ruffling it. Giggling, Jimin pulled away, Hoseok chuckling at Jimin's timidity.

“It's going to be great to have you there” Jin smiled at him, causing Jimin to be even more anticipant of this new chapter as they were all going to be working at the same company – despite Jin and him not particularly interacting in either of their professions there, yet surely still trying to make time to see each other often.

Jungkook wrapped his arms around Jimin's delicate body, pulling him to his chest as he rested his head on Jimin's shoulder.

“I can't wait” Jungkook whispered into his ear, pressing a gentle kiss to his nape.

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Jimin and Taehyung spent the whole night together – talking about everything, but nothing at the same time.

Clearly, the topic concerning Hoseok and Yoongi was still on their minds, inevitable to not bring up as they proceeded to talk all night.

“Don't tell me that!” Jimin shrieked, blushing as he clasped his hands over his face.

“I'm sorry! I'm sorry!” Taehyung chuckled, rolling over onto his side in order to reach for Jimin's wrists. Gently, he pulled his hands away from his face, enabling them to lock eyes again, “I was just letting you know that Yoongi hyung knows what he's doing”

“Tae!” Jimin scolded him, slapping his arm, but still giggling as the other one snickered into his hand.

Taehyung lifted his hands up in defense, “Okay, sorry, I won't say any more than that” the blond haired boy apologised, pretending to seal his lips, but then still speaking up, “Just that... it's always nice” he added softer, catching his bottom lip between his teeth.

“The sex?” Jimin wondered, not certain what Taehyung had referred to.

“No. Well, yes, that part is mindblowing, but I meant... just being together with each other” Taehyung clarified, his soft smile growing as he recalled those moments, “Sometimes, we met up to
fu-” he paused, clearly taking into consideration that it was Jimin who he was talking to, “you know, but we just ended up watching a bunch of movies while cuddling and making out in bed”

“That sounds sweet” Jimin whispered, smiling softly as he imagined them all huddled up in bed, engulfing each other in warmth as they allowed their hearts and bodies to express what their voices were too scared to say.

Somehow, it was reminding him of how he loved to just watch movies with Jungkook at night and cuddle with him until they fell asleep - those moments so incredibly precious to him.

“Mhm-mh. It is” Tae agreed with a hum, “I... feel so safe with them. I mean, I always felt that way with Hoseok hyung, but Yoongi hyung makes me feel safe, too, since... forever. From the day he promised to protect us I never felt anything less but safe with him. Hyung just fits so well to... to us”

Yoongi had truly been their guardian angel in a time that they had been very impressionable and scared of the future. Surely, they had caused a lot of trouble in their days, yet those actions had always caused repercussions that they weren't always as capable to handle on their own. Yoongi had always been there to look out for them, guiding them and holding their hands along the way of them growing up to become the people they were today.

Their bond had always been tight, a string of fate perhaps even connecting all of them - now having added four more ends for four more people, their family having grown bigger over the past months - to ensure them keeping each other happy and safe, almost like an unspoken promise between them.

Yet, he had never questioned how close Taehyung and Yoongi had actually been for a certain period of their lives.

Now that Jimin allowed the past years to replay in his mind, there were many instances that made a lot more sense to him.

All the times he had walked into Yoongi and Taehyung snuggling in bed, Taehyung having gone a good two months staring at Yoongi longingly whenever the other one wasn't looking, Taehyung having cuddled Yoongi whenever he had the opportunity... Back then, Jimin hadn't thought much of it, having cuddled the two of them often enough to not be suspicious of such behaviour.

Yet, perhaps he should have been suspicious the day all of that had suddenly stopped.

Not the cuddling part – they had still all cuddled whenever they felt like it. Yet, Taehyung hadn't been as clingy towards Yoongi anymore, Jimin just having assumed him to have grown a little older and not having needed that human connection from Yoongi any longer because he was receiving it from other men.

Maybe that was the day he had realised that he had a crush on Yoongi – Taehyung having tried to supress that feeling as he didn't want to ruin their friendship, potentially fearing that Yoongi wasn't even feeling the same way.

Somehow, that thought caused Jimin's heart to clench, the boy wishing he had known back then that Taehyung has had a crush on Yoongi.

However, Tae had never mentioned it, having appeared to be fine all that time and eventually having found Hoseok who made him so darn happy. Evidently, these feelings must have been gone after the years that had passed since they had ignited.

Yet, clearly, they had not vanished entirely, always having stayed deep within Taehyung's heart.
Had it just been a slight crush back then that years later had turned into something stronger after the kiss they had shared?

Whatever it had been – it had grown into a feeling that Taehyung no longer wanted to keep hidden.

“That's beautiful, Tae” Jimin finally commented.

“Yeah” the other boy uttered with a shy smile.

Rolling over onto his side, Jimin met Taehyung's gaze, “How did it start? I mean... your liking for hyung?” he asked curiously, wondering whether his assumption might carry some truth within them.

“Actually... I... I don't know” Taehyung answered sincerely, biting down on his bottom lip as he pulled his brows together in a frown, “I had a crush on him years ago. It started off as small, you know, I just thought he was handsome and he... he cared for us and I was just very endeared by that. It wasn't anything huge, but I found myself longing for his touch” he stated, tracing his fingertips along the space on the bedsheets between their bodies, drawing shapes that Jimin wasn't able to make out – certainly not trying either as he averted his gaze back up to Taehyung's eyes, “One night when the three of us were hanging out, I took my place right by his side the way I always did as if I belonged there” he added, chuckling as he recalled that night, “But... I found myself wanting to kiss him” he admitted softly.

“Oh” Jimin only responded, not knowing what else to say. That sudden urge to kiss the older one must have been confusing – perhaps even scaring him?

“Yeah. I mean, I never had that with him before. I always thought that it was just admiration, you know? Hyung was that boy that no one dared to disrespect at school, he always protected us, took care of us and he was good in everything he did” Taehyung expressed, shrugging his shoulders, “I soon realised that it wasn't just admiration, but something more”

“You liked him a lot?” the pink haired one concluded.

“Well... it never got to that part, I guess. I shut my heart off when it came to him. I didn't allow myself to feel that for him because I was scared” Taehyung answered, an emotion flashing in his eyes that Jimin wasn't able to define in the dim light that surrounded them.

“Why?” Jimin wondered.

“Hyung was like a brother to us and I didn't want to ruin that” Tae replied.

“So it was just a crush?”

Giving a nod, Taehyung rolled on his back again, staring up at the ceiling, “It was a small crush that grew into a bigger one and something I never admitted to myself because I was too scared to do that. I never allowed myself to fall into that feeling”

“You never said anything” Jimin whispered.

Smiling faintly, Taehyung stared at Jimin again, “I didn't think it would help” he explained, “Maybe I was scared to talk about it because that would mean that I would have to admit it to myself. I'm not sure” he added, frowning at his own confusion with his past decision, “After that day where I wanted to kiss him, I decided that it wasn't such a good idea to feel that way about him and I was able to suppress it”

“That must have been difficult” Jimin murmured, stating something that had undoubtedly been the
“Well, it... it was a bit tough, but at that time I thought it was better that way” Taehyung expressed softly.

“Where you scared of him not feeling the same?”

“Yes. Fuck, I still am” the blond haired boy admitted, chuckling.

Jimin's eyebrows shot up in surprise, the boy tilting his head to the side, “You think he might not feel the same about you?”

The other one hesitated, averting his gaze up to the ceiling, “I'm very sure that he feels this way about Hoseok hyung, but I don't know whether he feels this way towards me. I mean, he treats us equally, does everything with me that he does with hyung, but...” he trailed off, allowing the remainder of the sentence to hang in the air between them.

“You can't help, but still be scared” Jimin finished for him, the taller one meeting his gaze as he said those words.

“Yeah” Tae affirmed softly, “After the kiss, I felt this feeling ignite in my heart that I had forgotten long ago. I haven't thought about hyung in that way for such a long time, but that kiss alone was enough to bring that back”

“Had you still felt that way when you met Hoseok hyung?” Jimin found himself ask.

“No” Taehyung denied, shaking his head, “I had long forced myself to forget about that feeling and it had actually worked quite well... until that night”

“I can't believe I never noticed” Jimin mumbled, rolling on his back as he stared up at the ceiling, feeling almost stupid for never having suspected anything like this at all.

How had he missed all of that?

Looking back on it now... the signs had been there all along.

“Seriously? You? It's not surprising for you to miss that. You're the most oblivious person I know!” Taehyung giggled, pointing accusingly at Jimin.

“What?” Jimin gasped, mouth agape in shock, the boy perhaps feeling slightly offended by those words there too.

“Yes! I could name at least ten instances right now of you being completely oblivious to what's essentially right in front of you” Taehyung claimed, nodding frantically as though he was very determined in his statement.

“That's... that's not true!” Jimin protested, not noticing the way he pouted.

Taehyung seemed unimpressed, a smile still curving his lips, “Remember back in arts school? We were on our way to grab lunch. Jaeun-ah walked past you and checked you out – literally bit his lip while looking at you – and you thought he was eyeing you because he was annoyed by you!” Tae recited the events of that particular occurance.

“Well, that... that was the case, though! How can you know that he checked me out?” Jimin argued, frowning at the other one.
Taehyung rolled his eyes, “Because I have eyes!” he exclaimed, throwing his hands in the air.

“That... that doesn’t...” Jimin mumbled in his defense, yet struggling to come up with anything, going silent as he remained pouting.

“Fine. Second incident” the blond haired boy went on with his list of evidence, clearing his throat as though he was about to make several more valid points, “We were in dance class, you were stretching, do you remember what Namil-ssi asked you?”

Jinm blinked.

“Tae, that is literal years-” Jimin commented, not at all possessing any minor memory of what incident Tae was referring to.

“He asked you whether you would show him how flexible you really are. Privately. Later, when everyone has left” Taehyung interrupted him, amusement glistening in his eyes.

“Oh, yeah... I remember” Jimin responded slowly, giving a faint nod as he finally recalled that exact moment despite it being that long ago.

“Now, what did you do?” Taehyung wanted to know.

Jinm blinked again.

“Well, I... I showed him right then and there by touching my toes” the pink haired boy uttered.

Taehyung clasped his hand over his face, “Exactly!” he exclaimed.

“Well, but that what he was asking for, no?” Jimin uttered confused, not managing to catch on to what Taehyung was trying to tell him with this example.

“Min-ah, he was referring to... He wanted to-...” Tae tried to uttered, yet appeared to refrain from his attempt as he shook his head, “God, anyway, my point is that you miss a lot of things that are going on right in front of you” he added, meeting Jimin's gaze.

“To be fair, you did hide it pretty well” Jimin pointed out, arching up a brow.

Surely, there had been many signs, yet Taehyung had been very adamant and diligent in his conviction to keep this part of him hidden.

“Fair enough” Tae agreed with a nod, “I didn't want to talk about it back then. Even if you'd noticed anything and had addressed it, I would have played it off”

Jinm dipped his head down, catching his bottom lip between his teeth, “I feel guilty now that I know that you dealt with those confusing feelings all on your own” he whispered.

Taehyung smiled softly, reaching for Jimin's hand, “Don't be. I was fine. I wasn't in love. Back then it was just a crush that I didn't allow to grow”

The smaller boy titled his head to the side, “And all of it got brought up with that kiss?” he asked almost in awe, somehow fascinated that a feeling as this one could ignite with a mere kiss – bringing back something that had long be gone, yet evidently never entirely.

“Yeah. Well, that was the first string. I guess. We three saw each other almost every day since then... It was inevitable for this crush to turn into something more, something that I had forced myself to forget or even deny a long time ago”
Jimin hummed in agreement, “Spending that much time with each other while even having the smallest fraction of attraction for each other surely does result in these feelings to grow”

“Yeah” Tae breathed, “I mean, especially when you touch each other emotionally and physically”

Jimin gave a nod, a voice inside of him wondering yet again how sex involving three people actually even worked, the boy somehow not capable to imagine that part.

Not that... not that he imagined his closest friends having sex, just... just... he was just curious.

However, Jimin was too timid to ask that question, not wanting to make Taehyung uncomfortable either.

Then again, this topic had never made Taehyung uncomfortable, that thought appearing almost silly to Jimin.

“You okay?” Tae whispered, having noticed Jimin's lack of attention, the latter having just stared at Taehyung's face absentmindedly.

“Oh, yes” Jimin assured with a nod, “I was just... I don't know... wondering about something” he revealed, his cheeks flushing a faint shade of rose.

“What is it?” the blond haired boy wondered, eyebrows shooting up in curiosity.

“Uhm...”

“You can ask me whatever it is, Minnie” Taehyung assured him.

Swallowing hard, Jimin pulled his sleeves over his petite hands, “I was just wondering... How does... I mean... during sex... does one part only watch while-... I just-... How does that work?” Jimin found himself utter, surprised that he dared to ask.

Taehyung stared at him for a moment before he giggled, arching up a brow as he tilted his head to the side, “Do you really want to know?” he asked cheekily.

“Maybe not” Jimin mumbled, taking Taehyung's words as a warning.

“Well, it depends, really” Taehyung still went ahead and responded, “Sometimes, one of us only watches or does... something else while the other two are... you know” Tae answered, Jimin now regretting having ever brought that question up, “But, you know, we have two holes for a reason”

“Oh my god, Tae!” Jimin exclaimed, eyes wide as he swatted Taehyung's arm.

“Sorry” Taehyung chuckled, his eyes glistening in amusement as he ran his hand through Jimin's hair, “We found a way to make it work” he added softer.

“No one feels... left out?” Jimin wanted to know, his voice carrying slight concern.

“No” Taehyung denied, shaking his head, “We always make sure all of us feel included and... and cared for. I mean, that's how I know how deeply I care for both of them. I just want them to be happy and feel satisfied. When I'm too tired, watching them for a while or making out with them is enough for me”

“I see” Jimin uttered, giving a nod as he averted his gaze, staring back up at the ceiling to hide his timidity – despite the fact that Taehyung had already noticed.
The taller boy chuckled, “Anything else you're curious about?”

“Uh... n-no” Jimin answered, shaking his head.

“you sure?”

“Yeah. I just... I just want you all to be happy” Jimin smiled softly, meeting Taehyung's gaze again, the other one having rolled over onto his stomach.

“I know” Tae responded, “Thank you, Minnie”

They smiled at one another, yet Taehyung’s smile faltered as he caught his bottom lip between his teeth, avoiding Jimin's gaze for a brief moment before they locked eyes again.

“Please don't tell the others that I told you about all of this. I mean, once we talked about it among us three and... and figure out what to do, I'm sure we will let all of you know anyway, but...” he requested.

“I understand, Tae. Don't worry” Jimin assured him, giving a nod.

“It's just that it's really something that's been sitting like a burden on my heart. I'm scared of what to do. So, I needed to talk to someone – needed to talk to you. I was too scared to approach you and speak up about it, but I'm glad the topic got brought up regardless” Taehyung elaborated, a relieved breath falling from his lips.

“I understand, Tae. This isn't easy and I'm sure it's very confusing” Jimin empathised with him.

“Yeah” Taehyung whispered, the two boys sharing a soft smile.

Gently, Jimin rolled closer to Taehyung, snuggling to his side.

Time went by fast. By the end of their all-nighter, Taeyhung felt more at ease, the two boys having laughed wholeheartedly about everything, but nothing at the same time, eventually falling asleep cuddling the other one.

Before Jimin fell asleep entirely, he prayed that the three of them would find a way to make this work – wishing for his friends to find the happiness they deserved.

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Bing.

The elevator doors opened, revealing busy people dressed in a formal attire walking around as they were doing their work. A chaos of voices that was audible in the entrance room filled Jimin's ears, none of it clear enough for him to decipher though.

Jumin noticed that he was the only person remaining in the elevator, the other people having already stepped out of it to head to their desired destination. Hesitantly, Jimin exited the elevator with wide eyes, scanning the huge entrance room on his way.

The pink haired boy almost tripped over his feet as he didn't focus his gaze on the floor, but on everything else as he walked towards Mr. Jeon's office – having been told where to find him in detail upon his question downstairs.

As he walked passed a desk where a woman was sitting at, he slowed down, meeting the woman's face. It only took a moment for him to realise that it was Minji.
Appearing to recognise Jimin, the girl waved him through, smiling at him.

Greeting her with a slight bow, Jimin gave a nod as he went ahead, lifting his head again and focusing his attention on the door of the office he was approaching.

Suddenly, he stilled in his steps, his heartbeat quickening.

To his surprise, there were two people standing right next to the door to Mr. Jeon's office.

**Jungkook and Seoyun.**

The two of them were currently having a deep conversation, Seoyun nodding along to something Jungkook had said to her. For some reason, Jimin's stomach stirred at the sight of Seoyun – being reminded of something that had broken his heart a long while ago.

Slowly, he walked closer, hesitant in his steps as he pulled his sleeves over his petite hands.

As he approached them, the two of them tore their gazes away from one another, their eyes falling on Jimin.

The corners of Jungkook's lips curled up into a fond smile at the sight of Jimin, his eyes glistening with affection as he turned his body towards the latter.

“Ah, you're Jimin-ssi, right?” a female voice asked, drawing Jimin's attention over to her.

“Y-Yes” Jimin responded, giving a faint nod as he met Seoyun's gaze, “You're... Seoyun-ssi?”

She smiled, something warm lying within it as she hummed in affirmation, “I am, yes. I'm sorry. I guess I never properly introduced myself. It's so nice to meet you without all of that- you know - mess” Seoyun chuckled as she gave a slight bow, clearly referring to that whole mess regarding their fake relationship – Jimin having believed for the longest time that all of that had been real, the thought having broken his heart.

“Y-Yeah” Jimin agreed, slightly bewildered by her sudden kind demeanor as she had never acted anything like this in Jimin's presence.

“Alright. I'm sorry, I gotta head down now” Seoyun sighed, brushing the dust of her clothes before she pointed towards the elevators, “Thank you, Jungkook-ah. I'll see you around” she uttered as she waved at Jungkook, then turning to look at Jimin “Nice to meet you, Jimin-ssi” she added as she walked past them, flashing them one last kind smile.

With that, she left, leaving behind a very baffled Jimin who looked after her, mouth agape.

What had just happened?

Had that really been Seoyun?

_The Seoyun that had made him cry? - Well, not her particularly, but the fact that she had been an item with Jungkook – or at least had appeared to be one._

“How, little one” Jungkook greeted Jimin, not hesitant to lean in and press a peck to Jimin's cheek, startling the boy who had been staring after Seoyun intently – still dumbfounded by their prior encounter.

At the display of affection, Jimin felt his cheeks flush, the boy blinking as he met Jungkook's gaze, “Hey, Jungkook-ah” he responded softly.
Chuckling, Jungkook reached up to caress Jimin's cheek, “Are you okay, baby? Nervous?”

“Was that just... was that really Seoyun-ssi?” Jimin asked instead, eyes big as he stared up at Jungkook.

“Yes, why do you ask?” the taller boy responded, pulling up his eyebrows.

“Well, she was... nice?” Jimin murmured, tilting his head to the side, not wanting to be rude, but still surprised.

Jungkook laughed, giving a nod as he brushed Jimin's hair out of his face, “She can be nice, yes”

“I mean, towards me?” Jimin clarified.

“Why wouldn't she? You're not annoying her like I was” Jungkook expressed, shrugging his shoulders.

“Well, she wasn't nice to me in the past” Jimin stated, not capable to name at least one incident where she hadn't essentially ignored his presence or had been rude in another way.

Jungkook hummed, giving a nod, “That is true. However, that is partially due to her anger towards me that she let out on you during the time and the fact that she believed you might snitch on us, if she didn't keep that act of mad girlfriend up” he explained.

“Mhm, yeah...” Jimin mumbled, catching his bottom lip between his teeth as he dipped his head down, clearing his throat, “What were you two... talking about?” he found himself ask, trying to sound nonchalant.

Jungkook smiled, amused by Jimin's attempt to be subtle, “Just boring work stuff. She had a question and I helped her”

Jimin gave a nod, nuzzling against Jungkook's chest, briefly forgetting that they were standing right in front of Mr. Jeon's office, clearly not at all hidden to anyone else on this floor.

Not that it mattered. In fact, they didn't have to hide, were proud and happy to be together.

“You're going in now?” Jungkook wanted to know, closing his arms around Jimin's body to hug him.

“Mhm-mh” Jimin hummed in affirmation, his stomach stirring at the realisation.

“Okay. Good luck, little one. Don't be nervous” the taller boy encouraged him.

“I'm not” Jimin lied, evoking another chuckle in Jungkook who pressed his lips against Jimin's temple.

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“Good afternoon, Jimin-ssi” Mr. Jeon greeted him with a bright smile, immediately removing the glasses from his nose and dropping them on his desk before he got up to his feet and approached the smaller boy.

“Good afternoon” Jimin responded, bowing deeply at the man, “Thank you for having me” he uttered, shaking Mr. Jeon's hand.

“It's my pleasure. I was delighted when you called to inform me that you'd like to accept the offer”
Mr. Jeon shared as he gestured for Jimin to take a seat.

Smiling shyly, Jimin walked past the man to take a seat in front of his desk, noticing how Mr. Jeon shut the door close before he joined Jimin at the desk, taking a seat in his chair respectively.

“I will have to go over some basic things with you first. It’s a procedure that has to happen, you know, for the paper work” Mr. Jeon informed him, appearing to try and clean the slight mess on his desk, merely succeeding in his attempt to place each item in its designated spot, yet eventually giving up and simply reaching for a particular paper that he picked up, “Just to make it fair to the other employees, of course” he added, flashing Jimin a warm smile before he skimmed through the piece of paper.

Clearing his throat, Mr. Jeon narrowed his eyes in concentration, muttering words beneath his breath that Jimin wasn't quite able to register, the voice too quiet to be audible to his ears. Yet, Jimin was capable to pick up fractions of his sentences, somehow combining the syllables that were audible to him.

“Age... Previous jobs... Experience in the field...” Jimin partially heard him utter these words inbetween, the pink haired boy pulling the sleeves of his shirt over his petite hands as he waited patiently for the man to address him, not noticing the nervous habit of his own, “Well, that's it” Jimin blinked, “Huh?” he murmured confused, pulling his brows up in surprise.

Mr. Jeon removed his glasses, settling the sheet of paper down on the desk again as he chuckled, “This is just basic information that I'll have to write down, but I'm certain that we can skip these things as I'm already more than aware of all of these things when it comes to you”

“Oh” Jimin breathed.

“But, we haven't had a proper talk about your salary yet” Mr. Jeon pointed out, cocking his head to the side.

“Right” Jimin agreed, giving a faint nod.

Frankly, money wasn't that important to Jimin. Surely, he would need it to afford his living necessities like his monthly rent for his apartment, food and several other things, yet he didn't want it to be his number one priority.

If anything, Jimin just wanted to dance and teach.

“I've informed you that you will work as an assistant choreographer alongside Jung Hoseok, haven't I?” Mr. Jeon stated, arching up his eyebrow.

“Yes, Sir” Jimin affirmed with a nod.

Humming, Mr. Jeon put his glasses back on, having a look at a particular sheet of paper, Jimin assuming that it was the contract, “I've listed that as your official employment position. You will receive a set salary for your work as a choreographer. However, I've also listed the position of a back-up dancer in your contract. As we've discussed before, this payment will vary from artist to artist and also from how big your part in each of these performances is. Are you still agreeing with that?” he added.

“Yes, Sir” Jimin confirmed.

Mr. Jeon placed the contract back down on the desk, “We can set a limit of payment for each of the
performances whether it be on stage or in music videos. That limit will be the least amount you receive for any of these performances no matter how small your part is. Of course, I can assure you to not abuse my power and never pay you way below average if you chose not to include this condition in the contract, but I would still recommend it to you” he noted.

Jemin blinked.

That was actually very nice of him, Jemin thought. Essentially, it was another piece of evidence that Mr. Jeon wanted to establish a fair and friendly bond and environment for Jemin - Not one where Jemin would be exploited.

As businessman that didn't care about his employees surely wouldn't have mentioned a condition as this one.

“Thank you, Sir. I... I would appreciate a limit” Jemin agreed, yet swiftly shook his head as he leaned closer, “It's not that I don't trust you, I just-”

“No” Mr. Jeon interrupted him with a warm smile, shaking his head, “You don't have to justify yourself. It would be an... unintelligent move to reject this condition. After all, in certain situations, I might not be in charge”

Well, that seemed unlikely, if Jemin was concerned. After all, hadn't Jungkook told him once that Mr. Jeon always made the final decision? Surely, there was nothing going on in this building, in this company, that he wasn't aware of. In fact, he had eyes and ears everywhere – wasn't that something else Jungkook had shared with him before?

“Let me give you an example of an amount that I have in mind” Mr. Jeon interrupted his thoughts yet again, reaching for an empty sheet of paper and a pen before he scribbled something down, “Tell me what you think about it”

With that, he slid the piece of paper over to Jemin, the pink haired boy picking it up and turning it around.

At the sight of the number, Jemin's jaw dropped, his eyes going wide as he met Mr. Jeon's gaze.

“This is-” Jemin murmured.

“Add another zero?” Mr. Jeon suggested, arching up his eyebrows as he smirked.

“No!” Jemin protested swiftly, “I mean, that's... that's a lot already. What if I only stand in the back of a video for like a second?”

Mr. Jeon dropped his pen on the desk, chuckling, “I wouldn't hire you to stand in a music video for a second, Jemin-ssi. It's a justified amount for the work you're going to put in beside the work you're already going to be doing as a choregrapher”

“This is... so much, though” Jemin whispered, staring at the digits on the paper in his hand.

The amount of money he would receive for being a back-up dancer for one performance was the same amount of salary he received for working at the library for three months. Honestly, he had never made much money at the library to begin with, but this was still a lot more than he had ever expected.

“You're talented, Jemin-ssi. That has its price” Mr. Jeon commented, lifting his hands up as though it was a valid point. Perhaps, it was to him, yet Jemin couldn't believe that he found him to be that
“Are you sure?” the pink haired boy asked softly, almost assuming that Mr. Jeon would break out in laughter any second now and tell him that this was a prank.

Mr. Jeon snickered again, giving a nod as he noted something down on another sheet of paper, “Yes, I am sure” he then voiced his determination.

Jimin blinked, wetting his lips as he scooted to the edge of his seat, “This is what I will receive besides a set salary?” Jimin asked for clarity, still not certain whether he had truly understood this part or whether his brain was deceiving him.

“Yes. The amount of money you receive for your work as a choregrapher is written down in the contract already. You can have a look at it” Mr. Jeon affirmed, searching through several sheets of paper before he slid one over to Jimin, “Here you go”

“Thank you” Jimin uttered, picking the piece of paper up, searching for what he was looking for. Upon him finding the desired information, his eyes went wide again, the poor boy almost choking on his own spit.

Okay. There was no doubt in Jimin's mind now – this was definitely a prank. Subtly, he tried to scan the room for any signs of something recording them, yet couldn't find anything that looked like a camera in the short span that he was searching for.

Slowly, his gaze trailed back down to the digits, Jimin advising himself to double check just in case his eyes had in fact deceived him.

Yet, surely enough, it was still the same number.

“No” Jimin breathed.

“No?” Mr. Jeon echoed, chuckling as he leaned back in his seat.

“This is...” Jimin trailed off, shaking his head.

“A lot more than your work at the library, hm?” Mr. Jeon noted.

“Yes” Jimin affirmed softly, nodding his head absentmindedly as he stole a glance at Mr. Jeon before he averted his attention back down on the sheet of paper, staring intently at it as though it was about to tell him a secret, as though it was about to vanish.

This was crazy.

“Of course, you'll have to work hard to earn that money, Jimin-ssi” Jungkook's father reminded him, “The choreography and dance itself are a very important part of why the artists I create are as successful as they are” he added, “A great choreography catches people's eyes, can legitimately be the reason for or at least be a huge influence on a song to be popular or not at all. A lot depends on it”

Jimin swallowed hard, being reminded yet again that this job was very important. Evidently, Jimin had already been aware of that fact. After all, dance had always been significant to him and his happiness, proving the effect it can have on someone's life.

“I would hope for you to be successful in the teaching process of our trainees” Mr. Jeon added. What if he couldn't live up to that?
“I will give it my all, Sir” Jimin promised him, bowing slightly despite him still being seated in the chair across from Mr. Jeon.

Certainly, this was a task Jimin would take very serious.

“You have Jung Hoseok-ssi by your side” Mr. Jeon stated with a grin, “I know you two will make a great team” he added, appearing to be more than pleased to hire the two of them in his company.

“I'm sure we will” Jimin uttered, bowing again.

The smaller boy was over the moon – wanted to jump around and hug the whole world, wanted to run and dance as his heart was beating for it.

“When would I start to work?” Jimin wanted to know.

Mr. Jeon's smile grew, “As early as tomorrow, if you see that as fitting” he answered, pointing his flat hand at Jimin.

“That sounds perfect”

“Great. I'll adjust the conditions in the contract regarding the salary for your work as a back-up dancer” Mr. Jeon informed him, organising the pieces of paper and scribbling something down on it, “Any other condition you would like to set? Any more questions regarding your work here - or anything else for that matter?”

“Uhm, no... No, not that I know of, Sir” Jimin murmured, shaking his head to underline that answer.

“Okay, fair enough” Mr. Jeon smiled, giving a nod before he got up to his feet, Jimin immediately mirroring him, “Are you busy now? For how long are you free this afternoon?”

“I switched my shifts, so I'm free the whole afternoon, Sir” Jimin answered as he followed the taller man to the door.

“I'll make sure to send the contract with it's adjustments over to Minji-ssi who will get a new one ready for you to sign. It won't take long at all. If you'd want to, you can wait in the artists lounge while we get everything ready” Mr. Jeon suggested.

Jimin smiled, giving a nod, “That would be nice, Sir”

“Once we have everything ready, I'll make sure to send someone qualified in who can answer any of your question in case there may arise one when you read over the contract – which, please do” Jungkook's father informed him with an almost fatherly stern look, clearly interested in Jimin knowing entirely what he was getting himself into – which was nice of him, Jimin thought.

“Of course” Jimin responded swiftly.

“Unfortunately, I won't be able to join you again as I'll have to attend a meeting shortly, but I'll be available for any questions, if my assistant won't be able to answer them” the older man assured him.

“Okay. Thank you, Sir” Jimin uttered, bowing at the man.

Mr. Jeon's eyes trailed over to the door, a smile adorning his defined features.

“I bet my son is waiting outside, isn't he?” Mr. Jeon then noted.

Jimin smiled as his gaze flickered from Mr. Jeon to the door and back up to Mr. Jeon's eyes, “Well,
he did sit down in front of your office before I went in, but I'm not sure if he's still there”

Mr. Jeon hummed in acknowledgement, “Jungkook-ah wanted to be present during all of this” he shared with Jimin.

“Did he?” Jimin questioned, arching up his eyebrows in surprise.

“Yes, but I forced him to leave” Mr. Jeon elaborated, “I believed he would have been too biased to have a clear mind when it comes to things as this one for you. My son is a smart boy, but... well, we all have our weaknesses. It's fair to say that you cloud his mind”

“I-I-”

“I'm not blaming you. I'm happy that he's found you” the man interrupted, “We are all searching for someone like that”

Jimin felt his cheeks heat up, “Yeah, I... I'm happy with him, too” he murmured, voice softer and an ounce quieter.

“I must say, I might have been a little biased with you, too” Mr. Jeon chuckled, “Please don't be offended by that. You're very talented, Jimin-ssi. I would have wanted you to join my company either way – even if you weren't in a relationship with my son. You're an amazing dancer, Jimin-ssi, please don't forget that. Don't let you be told any different, either” he assured Jimin, reaching out to pat his shoulder.

“Thank you, Mr. Jeon” Jimin smiled shyly, a faint blush appearing on his cheeks.

Giving a nod, Mr. Jeon opened the door for Jimin, “I'll send the documents right over to Minji-ssi who will get everything ready for you”

“Thank you, Mr. Jeon”

“In case any questions arise and my assistant isn't able to answer them, don't hesitate to ask me” Mr. Jeon repeated.

“Okay, Sir, thank you” Jimin uttered yet again.

Humming, Mr. Jeon gestured for Jimin to leave first, the latter bowing at the man before he exited his office.

Immediately upon him stepping out of the office, a figure got up from its seat next to him, startling Jimin.

“Hello, Mr. Park” Jungkook greeted him, smirking as Jimin met his gaze.

The smaller boy giggled, “Hello, Mr. Jeon” he responded, waving at the other one.

“How did it go?” Jungkook wanted to know, moving closer to grab Jimin's hips.

“It went well” Jimin responded, stealing a glimpse at Mr. Jeon who was standing right beside them, “I have to wait for a new contract as there need to be some adjustments”

“Really?” Jungkook asked, glancing at his father, “Well, then Mr. Park can join me for a very late lunch in my office, right? As he has to wait anyway”

Mr. Jeon sighed as he checked the time on his watch, “Jungkook-ah, we have a meeting in about ten
minutes, I don't-"

Suddenly, Jungkook lifted his fist up to his mouth, coughing into it, “Ah, appa, I don't want to disrupt the meeting with my coughs, you see”

“Do you have a cold?” Jimin worried, reaching up to place his palm against Jungkook's cheek.

Mr. Jeon shook his head, humming in dissatisfaction, “No, my son is just trying to ditch the meeting” he corrected.

“Appa-”

“Jeon Jungkook, you're not missing this-”

“I won't be making any decisions anyway” Jungkook interrupted his father, “Let's be honest here, you just want me in there to please his daughter” he claimed.

The older man blinked before he sighed, “Well, she does like you”

“Well, good for her” Jungkook commented.

“He's an important business partner” Mr. Jeon reminded his son, clearly not pleased with his current act.

“And he'll choose to stay with us even without his daughter trying to fuck me with her eyes” the black haired boy stated, Jimin's eyes going wide as his gaze flickered back and forth between their faces.

“Jungkook-ah, langu-” Mr. Jeon was about to scold him, yet went silent upon Jungkook speaking up.

“Don't pretend to be all innocent in front of Jimin-ah” Jungkook accused, “You're the one that's always swearing. Do you know who taught me all the cuss words-”

“Enough” Mr. Jeon interrupted him, clearing his throat as he fixed his tie, “Fine. I'll go see Min without you” he eventually gave in, evidently truly not that in need for Jungkook's presence, “It's nothing new anyway. If his daughter complains though, that's on you” he added, pointing at Jungkook.

“Yeah, yeah” Jungkook smirked as he waved it off, his father rolling his eyes, but still smiling as he sent the two of them off to Jungkook's office.

Jungkook reached for Jimin's hand, interlacing their fingers as they entered the elevator. Jungkook pressed the button for the desired floor before he lifted Jimin's hand up to his mouth and placed a kiss against his knuckles, causing Jimin to smile softly.

“What was that?” Jimin then asked.

“Min is a loyal and long business partner of my father. For each meeting they have, his daughter tags along” Jungkook answered him, proceeding to play with Jimin's delicate fingers.

“Why?” Jimin wondered, tilting his head to the side, “Is she working with him, too?”

“No, she's an english major in college” Jungkook denied, shaking his head, “I'm pretty sure she has no clue of what we talk about in the meetings, but she still tags along”
“Why? Because of you?” Jimin wanted to know, furrowing his brows, trying to ignore the now no longer unfamiliar feeling blooming within his stomach.

“Apparently” Jungkook affirmed with a sigh, rubbing the pad of his thumb along the back of Jimin's hand, “Min told my father that his daughter has a crush on me. I mean, it wasn't difficult to see anyway. She never pays attention to anything else but me”

“Did you...” Jimin trailed off, voice suddenly a lot quieter.

“No, hell, no” Jungkook answered his unspoken question, “I'm not keen on getting my head cut off by her father. I'm not one for relationships - I mean, I was not before I met you. Besides, I wasn't interested in her anyway, but I'm sure her father wouldn't have appreciated me having a one night stand with her either way”

Jimin only hummed, giving a faint nod.

Bing.

The elevator doors opened, revealing a man and a woman impatiently waiting for the elevator to arrive. However, upon their realisation that Jungkook was present, their demeanor changed, a polite smile plastered on their face as they bowed at him.

Jungkook and Jimin returned the action, stepping out of the elevator and walking past them. The black haired boy lead the way, his hand on the small of Jimin's back as they arrived in front of his office.

“After you” Jungkook insisted as he gestured for Jimin to enter.

“Thank you” Jimin smiled at him, stepping inside the office room that was quite similar in size to the one of Mr. Jeon, the slightest bit smaller, “It looks nice” he commented softly as he scanned the room.

“Thank you”

The younger male shut the door close behind them, pointing at the seating area to their side where the table was filled with a few dishes.

“I already ordered food from downstairs” Jungkook informed him upon Jimin's surprised look.

“Downstairs?” Jimin echoed, slightly confused as he walked further into the room, spinning around to face Jungkook.

Jungkook hummed in confirmation, “Yeah, from the cafeteri” he then answered.

“You have a cafeteria downstairs?” Jimin asked with wide eyes like that was such an unbelievable thing to imagine.

“Yes, of course” Jungkook chuckled, “They sell pretty nice food down there. Everything from snacks to warm meals” he informed Jimin, giving a nod as he leaned against the wall, crossing his arms over his chest.

“Really?”

“Mhm-mh, tastes pretty good” the black haired boy affirmed, “I'll show you around the company properly once you have signed the contract” Jungkook then decided with a nod, more to himself than
Frankly, Jimin couldn't wait until he got the chance to see the practice rooms. Would they look as amazing as the ones in Busan? Surely. Potentially even better. Then again, Jimin just wished for a place to feel comfortable in – needing not much more than that.

“That would be nice” Jimin uttered.

Jungkook returned the smile, pointing at the table, “I might have ordered more than I was supposed to, so we can share” he stated, drawing their attention back over to the food.

“Thank you” Jimin responded, yet didn't take a seat to eat, but rather allowed himself to check out Jungkook's office room.

The taller male proceeded to remain leaning against the wall, observing Jimin intently, yet with fondness and perhaps even slight amusement in his eyes.

“Are you searching for anything?” Jungkook wanted to know as he watched Jimin walk past the shelves on the wall behind his desk, big eyes observing each item.

“No” Jimin answered with a chuckle.

Suddenly, Jimin halted, eyebrows shooting up as he reached for a particular thing.

“What is this doing here?” the pink haired boy wondered as he picked up the item, smiling as he showed it to Jungkook.

The latter's eyes went wide as he pushed himself away from the wall, approaching Jimin with swift steps, “That’s... what?”

“The bunny?” Jimin clarified, waving around the plush toy that he had won for Jungkook at the fair, having exceeded his own expectations that day.

Gently, Jungkook snatched the plush toy from Jimin's hand, the smaller boy allowing it to slip from his grasp with a smile, “Well, it’s... yeah, whatever” Jungkook mumbled, clearing his throat as he placed it back in its designated place, his cheeks flushing the faintest shade of rose.

Jimin really wanted to know the answer to why Jungkook had palced the plush toy in his shelf at his office, wondering whether it had a certain meaning or reason. However, Jimin didn't want to make the boy uncomfortable or put him on the spot.

On his hand, Jimin had allowed his kitten plush toy that Jungkook had won for him to sleep in his bed – cuddling it at night when Jungkook wasn't around to hold him. Fortunately, after a good two washings, the toy had been freed from any dirt or mud stains, looking as new as ever.

“Cute” Jimin whispered, giggling as he walked over to the glass wall, glancing down at the streets – people busy and going about their daily lives.

Every single time Jimin watched over the city and had the chance to appreciate the sight of Seoul, there was this sense of affection blooming within him.

Jimin envied people who had such an astonishing view as this one, believing that it was nice to work in an environment like this one.

For a moment, Jimin wondered whether there would be an office room provided for Hoseok and him
as well, yet then again, it wasn't essentially anything they would require as they would probably spend most of their time in the practice rooms.

Suddenly, Jungkook was right behind him, his strong arms wrapping around Jimin's delicate body as he pressed his chest to Jimin's back, hugging him close. The unexpected close proximity and contact of their bodies startled Jimin for a brief moment, yet he smiled fondly and leaned back against Jungkook right after.

“It's pretty” Jimin noted, referring to the part of the city they were able to see from their spot.

The younger male pressed a kiss to his nape, his hot breath tickling on Jimin's skin as he brushed his lips along his nape, “Mhm-mh” Jungkook agreed with a hum, voice soft, but low as he spoke, “You're pretty” he added with a smirk, rubbing his palm over Jimin's stomach.

“No” Jimin murmured, shaking his head as a breath slipped from his lips, Jungkook pressing another kiss to his neck.

“What no?” Jungkook asked, his lips right against Jimin's ear, all of this causing Jimin's heart to skip a beat.

“We're not going to have sex in your office” Jimin decided, determined as he gulped.

Jungkook halted, hesitating before he smirked against Jimin's skin, “I wasn't going to” he revealed with a chuckle.

Oh.

“But now that you mention it...” Jungkook added, his palm trailing down to Jimin's pants, playing with the waistband as he ran his other hand through Jimin's hair.

The shorter male gasped, “No”

“You were thinking about it, hm?” Jungkook whispered into his ear, “Would look so pretty when I bend you over my desk, wouldn't you, kitten?”

Jimin caught his bottom lip between his teeth, merely capable to contain the whimper that had threatened to slip from him. The air between them had taken a complete one hundred and eighty turn in the span of a minute.

“S-Stop” Jimin uttered quietly, not wanting to admit that he didn't want this to stop at all.

Jungkook smirked smugly, satisfied with how responsive Jimin was already, how he was affected by the smallest gestures or words, “Why? Is my kitten all excited now, hm?”

“I-I have to go through the contract soon, don't distract me” Jimin whined quietly, not trusting his voice in this current moment, certain that it would break.

Jungkook chuckled, allowing Jimin to slip from his grasp as the smaller boy fled away on the sofa, a faint shade of rose adorning his pretty face.

“Cute” Jungkook commented softly before he joined Jimin in the seating area, sitting down on the armchair across from Jimin.

Shyly, Jimin met Jungkook's gaze, the taller boy smiling fondly back at him and reaching out to caress Jimin's cheek.
Then, he dropped his hand and pointed at the food, “Eat, little one. I'm sure you're hungry” Jungkook insisted as he handed Jimin a pair of chopsticks.

In that moment, Jimin's stomach grumbled, confirming that statement.

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“Do you think it's going to take much longer?” Jimin wondered after he had swallowed down his bite, not wanting to be impatient, but clearly not capable to contain that feeling as he waited for the contract.

“What, baby?” Jungkook asked, pulling up his brows in curiosity.

“For the contract to be ready?” Jimin clarified, setting his plate down on the table.

Jungkook shook his head, “No, I'm sure Minji-ssi will come up here any moment now” he answered.

“Oh. Okay. Do-”

Suddenly, there was a knock on the door, said door swinging open a brief moment later as a figure entered the room, carrying several sheets of paper in its hands.

The tall man halted as soon as he noticed that he wasn't alone in the room.

Jin.

Jin's gaze fell on Jimin and Jungkook, his eyes widening in surprise before he narrowed them, crossing his arms over his chest.

“Aren't you supposed to be in a meeting now?” Jin asked suspecting, appearing to have skipped over his manners, not mentioning a greeting, but getting straight to the point. Then again, they were too close of friends to care much about mannerisms.

“Yes” Jungkook confirmed, giving a nod before he lifted his chopsticks up to his mouth.

“Then why aren't you?” Jin then pressed.

The younger male shrugged his shoulders, chewing on his food, “I didn't want to” he simply responded after swallowing his food down.

Jin huffed, “Jungkook-ssi, that's-” he scolded, about to cuss at Jungkook, yet going silent upon Jungkook interrupting him with a chuckle.

“I didn't just skip it” Jungkook clarified, placing his chopsticks down on the table next to his plate, Jimin still munching on his food as his gaze flickered back and forth between Jungkook and Jin, “I let my father know. Don't worry, hyung”

“Mhm...” Jin grumbled, then allowing his gaze to fall on Jimin, his eyes softening, “Jimin-ah, hey” he greeted the pink haired boy with a smile.

Jimin returned the smile, waving at his friend as he swallowed his bite down, “Hey, hyung. Nice to see you”

“You, too” Jin responded, smile widening.

Jungkook frowned, pointing at Jin, “What about me? I don't get one?” he asked offended.
Jin smirked, shaking his head, “Well, I’m not particularly happy seeing you here as you’re ditching one of the meetings” he noted, making a fair point he believed.

The black haired boy rolled his eyes, sighing, “It's Min again, hyung. It's basically the same thing every damn time and we all know my father doesn't need me in there for anything business related, but for... you know” he defended, eyebrows shooting up at the end as he was indicating something that Jimin was now aware of, too.

“Fair enough” Jin agreed, giving a nod as he approached Jungkook's desk, “Well, I was just dropping by to leave these papers here for you. Your father wants you to have a look at them first” he informed Jungkook as he placed the papers on his desk.

Jungkook gave a hum, wiping his napkin over his mouth, “Okay, I'll take care of it after lunch”

“Yes, yes” Jin smiled, waving it off as he moved back to the door.

“You want anything, hyung?” Jimin asked, lifting his plate up to Jin, the latter smiling bright at him, but shaking his head.

“No, I already ate” he declined, “Thank you though, Jimin-ah”

“Okay” Jimin uttered with a smile, placing his plate back on the table as he proceeded to eat his food.

“You two enjoy your meal. See you later” Jin grinned at them, about to leave just as another figure entered the room.

Minji.

“Ah, there you are” she noted, barely acknowledging Jin's presence with a slight bow before she approached the two boys on the sofa, her high-heels clicking on the floor with each of her steps.

She halted in front of Jungkook's table, having invited herself in his office room without Jungkook's permission, yet she didn't seem bothered by that fact at all.

“Park Jimin, this is your contract” Minji informed him, handing him several sheets of papers, “An employee is waiting downstairs in Mr. Jeon's personal meeting room for you to help you with the contract, in case you don't understand anything”

Hesitantly, Jimin reached for the contract, taking it from her as he blinked, “Thank you” he uttered, bowing politely at her.

“Once you've gone through it, sign it and bring it back to me” she added.

“Okay” Jimin responded with a nod.

Minji gave Jungkook a once over, smirking at him, “Don't forget to stop by later, Jungkook-ah. Sir.” she reminded him, “It needs to get done today”

The black haired boy rolled his eyes, “I know. Don't worry”

Fiercely, Minji flipped her hair back before she spun around and exited the room, swinging her hips from side to side on her way out.

Jin was still standing in his prior spot, now having placed his hands on his hips as he watched after her, then fixating his gaze on the two boys on the sofa.
“Why does she treat me like thin air?” the older one wanted to know.

Jungkook snorted, “Minji-ssi treats any male like thin air, if she doesn’t want to fuck them” he claimed, shrugging his shoulders as he chewed on his food.

“Jungkook-ah!” Jimin exclaimed, swatting his arm.

“What? It’s true. If she isn’t forced to interact with you through work or any other circumstance, she won’t pay you dust – unless she wants to hop in bed with you” Jungkook stated.

“That-” Jimin was about to talk, yet went silent upon Jin speaking up.

“So what? I’m not attractive enough for her to want me?” Jin wanted to know, throwing his hands in the air.

Jimin and Jungkook furrowed their brows.

“Hyung, do you want to have sex with her?” the younger male asked with a chuckle, confused by Jin’s choice of words.

Jin pulled his head back as he frowned, “No, fuck, what is wrong with you, Jungkook-ah?”

Jungkook blinked, “Well, you-”

“I’m taken - just to remind you! How dare you assume that?”

“I wasn’t assuming-” Jungkook swiftly tried to defend himself, yet Jin didn’t give him an opportunity to.

“I’ll see you two later” Jin interrupted him, waving at them before he spun around and left, pulling the door shut behind him.

“Later” the boys responded in unison despite the other one being out of their sight already, the two of them slightly flabbergasted by Jin’s conflicting demeanor regarding Minji.

“Well, that...” Jungkook trailed off, still staring at the door with a dumbfounded expression.

Jimin titled his head to the side, humming before he suggested, “Maybe hyung hasn’t slept much last night”

Jungkook gave a nod, “Yeah, seems about right”

In that moment, the door burst open again, Jin peeking inside with a nervous chuckle.

“Hyung, I was just messing with you” Jungkook swiftly took the chance to amend the situation, figuring that Jin had actually been offended by his banter.

“I know. I was just kidding” Jin assured him.

“Okay”

Jin cleared his throat, “Just wanted to let you know that I was just kidding”

“Okay?” Jungkook repeated, tone displaying the faint confusion due to Jin’s behaviour.

“You know, you’re my boss after all” the older one then noted, clearly referring to the way his
behaviour towards Jungkook just moments ago could potentially appear disrespectful as Jungkook was his superior at work, “Sorry about that” he added.

Jungkook rolled his eyes, smiling, “Hyung, shut up” he responded, seemingly not having minded Jin acting that way towards him – well, they were very close friends after all – but taking the situation with humour.

Perhaps, Jin had reconsidered their banter regarding Minji and had felt that it might have come off the wrong way, thus deciding to come back to ease the air and make light of the situation – just to be certain that they were all on the same page.

Jin gave a nod, “Right. I'll see you later”

“Later” Jungkook waved him off, Jin leaving and shutting the door behind him.

A silent moment passed.

“Idiot” the black haired boy then commented as he shook his head, a smile still adorning his handsome face.

“Jungkook-ah!” Jimin scolded, swatting Jungkook’s arm again.

“What? He is an idiot – well, sometimes” Jungkook responded with a shrug of his shoulders, “So am I. It's not like he never called me that” he added, ”Besides, he was just fucking with me because of my position again"

Jimin rolled his eyes.

“I know, your relationship to him is different than mine” Jungkook then stated, reaching for the trash on his table and cleaning up the mess as he appeared to be done with his lunch.

“Well, you know him a lot longer than I do” Jimin noted – which was true.

“Fair point” Jungkook agreed, “However, hyung grew to like you very quickly” he added with a smile, “You just-... well, damn, how do you do that, huh?” Jungkook wanted to know, meeting Jimin's gaze.

Confused, Jimin only blinked at him, “Do what?”

“How do you wrap everyone around your pretty little finger?” Jungkook explained with a smirk, nodding at Jimin – yet, not particularly decreasing Jimin’s confusion with that answer.

The smaller boy furrowed his brows, tilting his head to the side, “What do you mean?”

“Well, every man that meets you falls to his knees for you”

Jimin's eyes went wide, “That is not true at all” he protested with a shaking of his head.

Certainly, that was not the case. In fact, the opposite appeared more likely than that. Immediately, there were a just few instances that replayed in Jimin's mind – those men having threatened to harmed him during those occasions.

“You just have something about you that makes it impossible to not be fond of you” Jungkook noted, drawing Jimin out of his thoughts.

“Oh really?” Jimin wondered, a faint smile curving his lips at the compliment.
Jungkook's smirk grew, “Yes, really” he affirmed.

The pink haired boy shook his head, “You're the one talking, having both men and women fall to their knees for you”

Smugly, Jungkook shrugged his shoulders, “Well, what can I say-”

At that, Jimin broke out in laughter, “Oh, shut up” he expressed with affection displayed on his face.

“There is only one that I want, though” Jungkook stated softer, leaning closer to press his lips against Jimin's forehead, evoking another set of butterflies within Jimin's stomach.

Shyly, Jimin made himself smaller, “Stop” he mumbled, his cheeks flushing a faint shade of rose.

“Cute” Jungkook chuckled with fondness in his eyes.

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Jimin stared at the contract in his hands, a feeling of nervousness blooming within him for a reason he didn't know. Certainly, there was excitement, yet Jimin wasn't sure why there was this sense of nervousness.

“Are you okay, little one?” Jungkook wanted to know, clearly having noticed Jimin's current state.

“Mhm-mh” Jimin affirmed with a hum, “I think I should head down now to go through this” he decided, pointing at the contract.

Jungkook titled his head to the side, “I could help you with the contract” he suggested.

Jimin arched up his eyebrows, “Can you?”

“Yeah” the other one answered.

Jimin caught his bottom lip between his teeth, this offer surely being tempting, yet then again, Jimin didn't want to bother him despite Jungkook being the one who had suggested the idea in the first place, “Don't you have anything more important to do?”

Jungkook smiled, “First of all – there is nothing more important to me than you. Secondly, I can do my paper work now while you read through the contract and whenever you have a question, just ask me”

“Are you sure?” Jimin still asked.

“Yes, of course” Jungkook responded with a determined nod, “Unless, you want it to be someone else. I mean, I see myself qualified enough to explain the details and conditions of the contract in case you don't understand anything, but I wouldn't mind for you to prefer a neutral person” he added.

“No, this is fine” Jimin declined, smiling softly as he leaned back on the sofa, delighted by the idea of having the chance to spend even more time with Jungkook today.

“Get comfortable then” Jungkook insisted, pointing at the sofa as he noticed how Jimin had swiftly backtracked on sitting on the piece of furniture as though it was his own, but rather maintaining a straight posture.

The smaller boy glanced at him, “I don't want to ruin your sofa” he explained.
“Just take your shoes off, if you want to get your feet up, and you'll be fine” Jungkook assured him with a wave of his hand, smiling encouraging at him.

“Thank you” Jimin uttered, “Oh. What about the person that's waiting for me downstairs?” he then remembered with a gasp.

“I'll let them know that you won't come down” Jungkook responded, getting up to his feet and approaching his desk in order to pick up his phone.

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“What does 'working hours in company building' mean exactly? Will there be times where I won't work in the building?” Jimin wondered as he read over that part of the contract, having managed fairly fine in understanding bits and pieces on his own for the vast majority, yet still struggling every now and then and having preferred to ask Jungkook just to make sure that he wasn't off with his assumption of a certain meaning.

Jungkook looked up from his own sheet of paper, clearing his throat, “It's only necessary for you to be here during training period and for meetings regarding the steps of the teaching process of certain trainees or artists. In the case of creating a choreography, working as a back up dancer or the paper stuff, you can choose to do that from home or any other required place – as long as you get the shit done when it's due” he explained.

“Oh” Jimin uttered.

“Of course, you can choose to do all of that here, but you have the possibility of doing certain work from home as well” Jungkook then added.

The pink haired boy gave a slow nod, pulling up his brows in curiosity, “Does every employee have that option?” he wanted to know.

The possibility to work from hom was very tempting. Not that Jimin was lazy and would use any chance he got to stay home rather than to come here – after all, this company was a dream itself, Jimin couldn't wait to come here every day to work – yet, it was nice to know that whenever he wasn't feeling that well, he wasn't required to force himself to come and stay here for the whole day, but could choose to stay home and get certain work done from there.

That was a nice option.

“No, certain employees are required to work solely from here” Jungkook responded, shaking his head.

“What about you?” Jimin wondered with big eyes.

Jungkook smiled at Jimin's curiosity, the latter's expression adorable, “Only minimal work. For the vast majority, I have to work from here, but I mean-”

“You own all of this” Jimin finished for him, concluding that Jungkook as the CEO couldn't just decide to work from home whenever he desired to, but would have to be here to run this company.

“Yeah. I gotta take care of stuff that no one else – if you exclude my father – can essentially take care of to run all of this” Jungkook affirmed Jimin's thoughts.

“True” the smaller boy agreed with a nod, trailing his gaze back down on the contract in his hands to proceed reading through it thoroughly.
Comfortable silence settled between them.

“I have to have medical check ups?” Jimin asked surprised as he read over those words a few moments later.

The younger male looked up and met his gaze, ‘Yeah. You're going to tire your body out physically - as you’re not only a choreographer, but also a back-up dancer. We need to make sure you stay healthy’

“Oh. Okay” Jimin responded with a faint nod, glancing down at the paper again.

“It's nothing major. Don't worry, little one” Jungkook assured him.

Although Jimin didn't glimpse at him this time, he still acknowledged his encouraging words and uttered a soft “Okay”

It didn't take much longer for Jimin to come across another condition that surprised him.

The smaller boy furrowed his brows as he lifted his head, staring at Jungkook who was fixated on his own work, “Dating a trainee is prohibited? Why is that in my contract? Your father knows that we are dating” Jimin wondered, confusion written on his face.

Humming in affirmation, Jungkook gave a nod, “Of course, he does. However, it's a condition that is part of every contract. In case you would ever break up with me, that would enhance the chance of you dating a trainee” Jungkook reasoned, locking eyes with Jimin.

The way Jungkook worded that statement made Jimin's heart skip a beat, but caused it to clench all the same.

In case you would ever break up with me.

That implied that Jungkook did not consider ever breaking up with Jimin on his own – meaning that he chose to believe that they would stay together forever as long as he was concerned.

Surely, Jungkook had only meant it in the way of the only possibility of them ever breaking up being by Jimin chosing to leave him as Jungkook wouldn't do that himself, yet that also indicated that he did consider the possibility of Jimin leaving him.

“I will never” Jimin found himself whisper.

Jungkook cocked his head to the side, “Never what?” he echoed as he skimmed through his own paper stuff absentmindedly.

“I will never break up with you” Jimin elaborated firmly, but still with a hint of softness that his voice always carried along.

For a moment, Jungkook just stared at him. Then, he leaned over to crash his lips on Jimin's in a swift peck, yet appeared to refrain from that action in the midst of withdrawing as he leaned back in to attach their lips in another kiss. This time, he moved closer to Jimin, placing his hand in the back of his neck to pull the pink haired boy closer to him.

It was as though Jimin was a sweet drug, Jungkook having only meant to have a taste, yet the boy not capable to stop just there, but craving for more and falling completely into the sweetness of Jimin.

He couldn't get enough. Never.
“I-I need to get this done” Jimin mumbled inbetween the kiss, yet not chosing to detach himself from Jungkook either, but rather longing for more as he moved his lips against Jungkook's. Unfortunately, the sane side of him did currently not have the upper hand.

The younger male grumbled in dissatisfaction, trailing open-mouthed kisses down Jimin's throat, “Just a moment” he whispered against his skin, Jimin biting down on his bottom lip.

“Kook-ah” Jimin whined, capable to grab the sane part and shake it awake.

After all – anyone could come in right now and they were both quite aware of where this would lead, if they didn't choose to part. Besides, Jimin really wanted to go through the remainder of the contract to finally sign it.

“Bunny” Jimin called out softly.

Jungkook halted, groaning at the pet name as he withdrew from Jimin, “That fucking nam-” he cursed, falling back against the backrest of the arm chair.

The smaller boy giggled in his delicate hand, Jungkook rolling his eyes but still smiling at the other one.

“You are really enjoying that, hm?” Jungkook wanted to know, arching up a brow as he wet his lips – still tasting Jimin on them.

Jimin chuckled gently, “Well, it worked” he answered with a weak shrug of his shoulders.

“Mhm, well, we will see, whether you'll still call me that tonight, hm?” Jungkook noted with a low tone.

“What do- O-Oh ” Jimin whispered, swallowing hard as he realised what Jungkook was implying.

The black haired boy smirked smugly as he got up from his seat, approaching his desk while Jimin fixed his posture, blushing at Jungkook's suggestiveness.

Swiftly, Jimin picked up the contract again, choosing to ignore the heat that had bloomed in the pit of his stomach. If he wasn't mistaken, Jungkook was still staring at him intently, endeared by Jimin's shy reaction to his teasing.

Diligently, Jimin worked through the last part of the contract, focusing solely on the words he read to not miss anything important.

“The salary is... so high ” Jimin whispered as his gaze fell on the large number again, something within him still doubting that what he saw was real, certain that his eyes must deceive him.

“It's a justified amount, baby” Jungkook commented.

Jimin looked up, meeting Jungkook's gaze, “Your father said that, too, but how can that be? It's so much for... for doing something that I love so dearly? I don't know whether I deserv-”

“Don't you finish that, Jimin-ah” Jungkook interrupted him with a stern tone, shaking his head at the smaller boy. “You're not being handed that money for free, little one. You're working here – and that for several long hours, which is physically as well as mentally exhausting. This is an eminently respectable company – one of the biggest one's in Korea – that has established a certain level of power and influence. Every artist we manage is successful in a rather large extent – there is only excellency occupied in this building and for that we require qualified people who will know how to
and will play a great part in turning someone into a star. That has its price, Jimin-ah. You fit right in. You're worth every penny”

Jimin dipped his head down, a faint flush adorning his cheeks.

“Thank you, Kook-ah” Jimin murmured timidly, not wanting to argue, yet still not quite agreeing with that whole statement. Surely, this company was in fact just that what Jungkook had described, but Jimin didn't believe he was anywhere near that level yet, “You haven't even seen me teach, though. What if I suck?” Jimin voiced his doubt.

“You won't suck, baby” Jungkook assured him, “Besides, Hoseok-ssi will be there to lead you for a while. You're starting as an assistant and will surely quickly pick up the necessities and be able to do all of that on your own”

“Maybe” Jimin uttered.

“Certainly” Jungkook added.

Jimin only smiled bashfully, his eyes trailing back down to the paper to finish it.

Only mere minutes later, he had finally finished reading through it.

“I think... I'm done” Jimin announced slowly, a relieved breath falling from his lips. There wasn't anything in it that worried him or needed adjustments on his behalf. In fact, Jimin was more than pleased with the contract and its condition. Surely, there were rules that partially confused him, yet he didn't mind them and was certain to be capable to follow them.

“Yeah?”

“Mhm-mh” Jimin affirmed as he stole a glimpse at Jungkook, the latter already staring at him with soft eyes.

“Any more questions?” Jungkook wanted to know, pulling up an eyebrow in curiosity.

Jimin shook his head, “No”

Giving a nod, Jungkook pointed at the contract with an encouraging smile, “Well, then you can go ahead and sign it now”

Jimin blinked, staring down at the sheet of paper.

Taking a deep breath, the smaller boy reached for the pen Jungkook handed him.

Slowly, he placed the tip of the pen on the contract, applying faint pressure on his wrist.

Then, he signed it, the letters of his name curving over the paper.

For a brief moment, he just stared at his own signature.

It was official now.

“Welcome to Jeon entertainment”
Taegiseok!!!
Well, it's out now!
I was very conflicted on how to tag the story concerning Tae/Hoseok/Yoongi. I came up with this twist halfway into the story, but I wanted to keep it a surprise so I didn't tag it right away.
I want to apologise in case any one is mad at me for not tagging this from the beginning. I'm still not very sure how to tag this because I don't want to give away just yet how the whole thing plays out between them. Does anyone have suggestion on whether I should tag it and if so, in what way? Thank you <3

Jimin is part of Jeon entertainment now! Did you all guess that he was going to pick Jeon entertainment? ^^

See you in the next chapter :)

Love you <3
Trepidation

Chapter Summary

Jimin's nerves get the best of him, leading him to ask Jungkook for a favour...

Chapter Notes

Hiii, lovely readers <3
I missed all of you! <3
I'm finally done with my exams! Yaay ^^

Thank you so much for your lovely comments wishing me good luck and caring about my health! That means so much to me, really, from the bottom of my heart <3

As I was very busy during my exams, I didn't get to answer all of your comments and I want to apologise for that. :( Now that I'm not anxious or stressed because of my exams anymore, I finally have the time to respond to all of your lovely comments. <3

There are quite a lot piled up in my inbox, but I promise that I'll eventually get to all of them! <3 I handled it in a chaotic way by responding to the ones at the top first when I should have replied to the older ones first... :(  

So, I'm very sorry, if my reply is very late (for some comments very very very late), but I did read all of your comments and I will always do that! <3

I apologise again, I hope you can understand <3

I hope you enjoy this chapter <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Welcome to Jeon entertainment” Jungkook stated, the tone of his voice warm, welcoming.

The pink haired boy's gaze lingered on his signature for a moment longer, the significance of this very moment erupting within him.

Now, he was officially a part of Jeon entertainment.

Wasn't that insane?

Jimin's smaller self – Jungkook would surely remark on his height that hadn't changed *that* much compared to his sounger self, if he'd share this thought with him - would be absolutely dumbfounded by this. Hell, present Jimin was just as flabbergasted!

This was exceeding any dream past Jimin had ever had. Frankly, Jimin's younger self would have
never even dared to dream of such a step as this one – would never even believe Jimin, if he'd possess the ability to go back in time and tell past Jimin about all of this.

Then again, he wouldn't believe Jimin claiming he had a boyfriend in the future, either. No, Jimin's younger self had never even imagined a life as the one Jimin lived today. A lot of the things that had happened to present Jimin could be considered a miracle to his past self.

“Thank you” Jimin uttered softly.

Jungkook reached out to him, his fingers gently grabbing Jimin's chin to guide his face up, enabling them to lock eyes, “Are you okay?” he wondered, his brows knitted.

“Huh?” Jimin murmured.

“You look dazed” Jungkook noted, patting his lap.

Understanding, Jimin obliged Jungkook's silent command and got up from his seat as he moved closer to the other one. Tenderly, Jungkook grasped his hips and pulled Jimin onto his lap, the latter straddling him.

“Do you regret signing it?” Jungkook asked him concerned, lifting his hand up to Jimin's face, brushing his fringe out of his forehead as his fingertips traced over Jimin's skin.

“No!” Jimin swiftly denied, shaking his head, “No, not at all” he added softer, “I don't know, I just thought about this new chapter of my life. I'm both hopeful and excited, but also nervous” Jimin elaborated, lowering his head as he played with the hem of his shirt, faintly shrugging his shoulders.

Evidently, Jimin did not regret signing the contract – No, that was far from what Jimin was currently feeling. Opposed to that emotion, he was filled with anticipation for what was awaiting him in his future.

“I understand” Jungkook noted, his hand finding its way to the small of Jimin's back, playing with the hem of his shirt before he allowed his hand to slip beneath the fabric, his warm palm resting on Jimin's soft skin. At the immediate contact, Jimin's heart fluttered, “It's great to have you here” the taller boy added as he leaned closer, “Gives me an excuse to see you every day” he whispered against Jimin's lips before he captured them in a slow kiss.

Jimin smiled into the touch of their lips, “I wouldn't want to disturb you during your important work, though” he still objected with a faint shaking of his head.

Jungkook hummed lowly, the sound vibrating in his chest, “Work is important, but I can make an exception for you, baby” he declared with a smirk, “I will find time to see you” he added, wetting his lips.

The smaller boy blinked as his eyes rushed down to Jungkook's lips, following the motion of his tongue. Gulping, Jimin closed his arms around Jungkook's neck as he leaned in, “You're going to get us both in trouble,” he predicted quietly, his gaze flickering back and forth between Jungkook's eyes.

“I'll be good, I promise” Jungkook muttered against Jimin, something suggestive in his voice as his smirk deepened, the boy then attaching their lips in another kiss - this one longer, hungrier.

Jimin's breath hitched in his throat as he kissed right back, his eyes fluttering shut as Jungkook pulled him impossibly closer – his embrace soft and warm, evoking a feeling of comfort within Jimin.

Gently, Jungkook trailed open-mouthed kisses along Jimin's throat, the latter digging his teeth into
his bottom lip to muffle any embarrassing sounds that had threatened to leave him, “I-If you're going to distract me-” Jimin attempted to note, yet went silent upon Jungkook licking over his skin, a whimper slipping from Jimin's lips instead.

“Then what? Hm?” Jungkook whispered into his ear, daring him to answer, but quite aware of his effect he had on Jimin – enjoying the reaction he was receiving.

Whining, Jimin nuzzled against Jungkook, “T-That's unfair” he stuttered softly, swallowing hard as Jungkook’s lips were still very notably lingering above his skin, the smallest amount of distance between them.

“What is, kitten?” Jungkook asked him, pretending to be unaware of the answer to that question, although he knew – oh, how he knew.

“I can't concentrate when you do that” Jimin murmured, blushing at his declaration.

It was inevitable for Jimin to lack the ability to concentrate when Jungkook was being even remotely suggestive or flirting with him – his charming being simply too affective on Jimin. Evidently, it was one of Jimin's weaknesses.

Jungkook hummed lowly, “Do what, baby? Tell me” he insisted, his breath tickling on Jimin's skin as he closed his hand around his hip, giving it a tender squeeze.

“Kiss me, touch me, talk to me like- Just all of it ” Jimin responded with something that could be considered a near whine.

The black haired boy smirked, giving a nod, “Hm, then you need to concentrate on work” he concluded.

“Exactly” Jimin agreed with a determined nod of his head, but proceeded to stay close to Jungkook, not desiring to detach himself from the other one.

“I see. You're right. I'll stop then” he stated, withdrawing from Jimin as he gripped his hips again, indicating to lift Jimin off of his lap.

“W-What?” Jimin murmured, eyes wide as he stared at Jungkook, the latter refraining from pulling Jimin off of his lap, but leaning back into his seat instead.

The younger male chuckled at Jimin's shocked expression, the look making him appear even more adorable.

*Of course,* Jungkook was enjoying this, Jimin thought, He just loved to tease Jimin.

“Meanie” Jimin pouted, crossing his arms over his chest.

“Me?” Jungkook wondered, arching up an eyebrow as though there was anyone else Jimin could currently address.

“Yes” Jimin affirmed.

Jungkook's hands caressed his back, the man titling his head to the side, “Isn't this what you asked me to?” he wanted to know, pointing out that Jimin had essentially implied that he wanted him to stop as he was distracting him.

Jimin blinked.
“Yes, but... not now. I won't start working until tomorrow” Jimin protested with a pout, leaning in to hide his face in the curve of Jungkook’s neck.

The black haired boy's eyebrows shot up in surprise, his hand sliding through Jimin's hair to gently grab a bundle of his pink locks, “What are you proposing, hm? Want me to fuck you right here?” Jungkook whispered into Jimin's ear, giving his hair a soft tug.

Jimin swallowed hard, his cheeks turning a shade of rose as his guts stirred in arousal, heat building in the pit of his stomach.

Suddenly, the door burst open.

“O-Oh” a man mumbled, Jimin being startled by the sudden presence of another figure, causing him to be entirely frozen in his place instead of detaching himself from Jungkook as quickly as possible, “Hello. I'm here to get Mr. Park” the man announced, clearing his throat. Jimin didn't recognise the voice.

The smaller boy looked back over his shoulder, figuring that this was the man that had been instructed to wait for him downstairs to get over the contract.

“Minji-ssi sends me” the man added, pushing his glasses up his nose.

“Oh, yeah” Jimin murmured, finally snapping out of his trance and lifting himself off of Jungkook's lap.

Reluctantly, Jungkook allowed the pink haired boy to slip from his grasp, his eyes following Jimin's movement before they trailed back over to the man that had barged in the room just a moment ago.

At Jungkook's stare, the man froze in his place, his eyes going wide. Swiftly, he bowed deeply, uttering out an apology, “I'm sorry. I didn't mean to disrupt”

“Are you aware of the decent mannerism called knocking before you enter a damn room?” Jungkook asked the man, furrowing his brows at him, but not sounding annoyed, rather just appearing to want to remind the man of simple decency.

However, the employee didn't seem remotely calm, rather nervous as he took another bow, “I-I am terribly sorry, Mr. Jeon”

“Mhm” Jungkook only hummed, “Don't say a word about what you saw or you're fired” he demanded as he got up from the sofa, fixing his tie before he straightened his back, his shoulders broad in his straight posture.

The black haired boy held so much power – was displaying that in the effect he had on the employee. There was something so authoritative and dominating to his demeanor that had always intrigued Jimin. Sometimes, he was intimidating, yet to Jimin it represented something entirely different - safety and protection.

Surely, it depended on the situation. During certain events – particularly regarding the bedroom – Jungkook's demeanor exuded something demanding, something that forced you to obey - at least it had such an effect on Jimin.

With a mere stare, he would drop to his knees for Jungkook and oblige.

Yet, it caused Jimin to feel safe and protected all the same.
“I won’t” the man answered, “I assure you, Mr. Jeon”

“Mhm-mh” Jungkook only hummed again, waving him off.

Jimin blinked, a faint display of a blush still adorning his pretty features. It was slightly embarrassing to have been caught straddling Jungkook’s lap by an employee – now colleague of Jimin – with the potential of this having turned into something way more explicit.

What if the man had seen them having sex?

The smaller boy gulped at the thought.

For some reason, Jimin was scared of the man sharing what he had burst into with the rest of the employees – word spreading quickly until the whole company was aware of the news.

It wasn't that Jimin was concerned by the fact of them knowing about their relationship – No, that was far from the truth. Jimin was more than happy to be with Jungkook, wanted to whole world to know.

However, Jungkook was now his boss. Frankly, Jimin couldn't help but feel scared that the other employees would judge him for being in a relationship with Jungkook. Maybe, they would think that he wasn't deserving of working here. Maybe, they would think that he had only been hired because he was having sex with Jungkook.

Yet maybe, he was just reading too much into the situation – being paranoid for a reason he didn't need to be.

“Mr. Park, would you please follow me?” the employee asked him, gesturing for Jimin to follow him with a wave of his hand.

Gently, Jungkook reached for his wrist, pulling Jimin closer to himself to press a kiss to his forehead, “I'll see you later, little one”

“Later” Jimin responded with a soft smile, heart fluttering at the touch of Jungkook's soft lips on his skin.

Hesitantly, Jimin detached himself from Jungkook, picking up his contract and waving at the taller boy before he made his way over to the employee.

“Follow me” the man repeated again, the two of them exiting the office room collectively.

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“Don't worry” the man spoke up, breaking the almost awkward silence that had settled between them once the elevator doors had shut in front of their eyes and had reduced their space to a relatively small cubicle, “I won't say a word to anyone”

Jimin met his gaze, smiling shyly as he gave a nod, “O-Oh. Thank you” he uttered out, the flush on his cheeks turning a darker shade of rose. To be fair, it wasn't any less embarrassing to now address the events that had occurred just moments ago. In fact, the mere mention of the incident painted a flush on Jimin's cheeks.

“I mean, besides liking my job enough to not want to be fired – I do have some decency and respect for Mr. Jeon's and your lives” the man added with a warm smile, scratching over the back of his neck.
Surely, the sight alone had made him a little flustered himself to say the least. Well, Jimin could relate to that all too well. After all, Jimin wouldn't want to walk into his own boss during one of his very intimate moments involving anyone - but particularly another employee - himself.

At his words, Jimin's heart eased, a soft smile curving his lips, “Oh. Thank you”

Evidently, Jimin's earlier concerns regarding the man telling anyone of what he had barged into at the office had been unsubstantiated. Actually, the particular employee appeared rather nice and had clearly assured Jimin of not sharing what he had seen with anyone.

The man shrugged his shoulders, “It can be tough here” he stated.

“What do you mean?” Jimin asked, frowning at his choice of words.

What was he referring to? How was it relating to their prior topic regarding Jungkook's and Jimin's intimate moment?

“The industry isn't fairy tale like” he wanted to enlighten Jimin, yet it wasn't exactly anything Jimin wasn't already aware of – or hadn't been told quite a lot before. Despite Jimin believing that this was a beautiful job, that sole narrative simply wasn't the whole truth. There were parts that weren't easy, weren't as enjoyable.

Jimin's perception regarding this job wasn't an entire starry-eyed one anymore as it had been years ago.

Well, at least that's what Jimin told himself.

“I know” the pink haired boy finally responded with a weak nod, stressing his answer.

The employee pointed his flat hand at Jimin, “If wrong people find out about you and Mr. Jeon, it might not play in your hands” he elaborated, causing Jimin to knit his eyebrows.

“What do you mean?” he then wondered.

“People tend to be jealous” the man emphasised as though it was an obvious point – and perhaps, to him it was, “ Mr. Jeon isn't particularly unwanted by several employees and trainees, especially in this company. In fact, the list of people who do want to be with him is quite long”

Jimin tilted his head to the side, “How do you know that?” he asked softly. Surely, Jimin wasn't blind and had noticed quite a lot of people turning their heads and staring longingly at Jungkook whenever he had walked past them, yet... he had never been quite certain whether those people were only intrigued by his power or his attractiveness – either way, he couldn't blame them.

“Well, everyone knows” the man snickered, “I have eyes” he then added, “You see girls drooling over him whenever he walks past them – a mile away”

Jimin smiled faintly, lowering his head as he gave a nod, “Can't blame them” he noted.

The employee chuckled.

“I mean, he is Jeon Jungkook after all” he stressed.

“So... I won't exactly be welcome here?” Jimin eventually figured, meeting the other one's gaze again.

The man shook his head, “That's not what I mean” he protested, “There are enough civil and decent
people working here. Like me” he declared, pointing at himself with a grin, “You don't have to worry about that. Sure, some people might be jealous, but just ignore them. They'll probably choose not to be your friend anyway or they will pretend to be your friend”

“Why would they do that?” Jimin wanted to know. After all, why would someone pretend to like Jimin's company, if that was actually opposed to what they were really feeling? What would they gain from it? Jimin could comprehend the idea of treating someone in a kind way even if you didn't particularly like them – in order to maintain a respectful and polite environment. Yet, why would someone go as far as to pretend to be his friend?

Bing.

The elevator doors opened, interrupting their conversation, the prior silence that had surrounded them before now filled with chatter and numerous other chaotic noises audible on the entrance floor.

The employee went ahead and exited, Jimin stepping out of the elevator and catching up to him in order to walk beside him.

“To receive advantages? To be closer to Jeon Jungkook? I don't know. Just be careful once the company does know about you two” the man answered his question as they headed towards an office.

“I see…” Jimin murmured, an unsettling feeling blooming within him.

“Again, don't worry” he repeated as he came to a halt, Jimin barely capable to prevent himself from bumping into his back. The man spun around, flashing him a genuine smile, “That's really only a small fraction of people here. I mean, I guess it depends on the people you work with in your closer environment, but the majority of people are very nice. At least the ones I associate and interact with. There are rarely any arguments between employees”

Jimin gave a nod, not quite sure what to reply to that, “What do you do here?” he changed the topic, actually quite curious about that, too.

The man pushed his glasses up his nose, “I'm an accountant. Can't you tell?” he chuckled.

Smiling, the smaller boy tilted his head to the side, “Well, it would be a little prejudiced to assume your profession solely based on your behaviour and appearance, wouldn't it?”

“Fair enough” the man agreed with a smirk, “Well, but it isn't hard to guess what you've been offered here. Are you a trainee? A dancer? A model?” he wanted to know, turning back around and walking ahead.

Swiftly, Jimin rushed after him, “Assistant choreographer” he answered as he had caught up with the man, almost tumbling into another person that had hurried past him.

“Aah, I see” the man hummed, “I wasn't so far off, then”

“No, you weren't” Jimin agreed, “I do dance”

“I figured” he grinned at Jimin.

“Why?” Jimin wondered, arching up his eyebrows, curiosity written on his face. After all, Jimin had not said a word about why he was here. Then again, Minji might have told him? Yet, why would she?
“I have a sense for that” the man claimed with a smug expression on his face, shrugging his shoulders, “You've got the face and the body for that”

Jimin chuckled, shaking his head as he called his bluff, “You have no idea about dancing, huh?” he noted, amusement glistening in his brown orbs.

“Nope”

“Minji-ssi told you?” Jimin figured eventually.

The man met his gaze, “Yep” he replied, his smile growing.

Jimin giggled, rolling his eyes at the man, “How long have you been working here?” he then wondered.

“Just a year” the other one responded after a moment of hesitance, potentially having taken some seconds to think of when he had first been hired here.

“Interesting” Jimin commented, the two of them coming to a halt again.

“Yeah. It's nice here” the taller man claimed, “Well, if you exclude the people that are rude” he added with a weak shrug of his shoulders.

“That are?” Jimin wanted to know, assuming that it would be better to stay away from these people, if they were considered rude.

“I'll let you be a judge of that on your own” the employee simply responded, shaking his head.

“Thank you” Jimin mumbled, yet reckoned that he should base his opinion of of his own experiences rather than the claims of someone else – especially if they've only just encountered each other mere minutes ago.

“I'm Ryan, by the way” the man finally introduced himself, reaching out to shake Jimin's hand.

The pink haired boy shook his hand, cocking his head to the side, “Ryan?” he echoed.

“Yes, half-korean” Ryan replied proudly, dropping his hand again.

“And the other half?” Jimin asked curiously, pulling up his eyebrows as he waited patiently for the other one to respond.

“Take a guess” Ryan insisted with a smirk.

Jimin caught his bottom lip between his teeth as he narrowed his eyes, certain that there was no way he would be able to pin it down to the exact one, “Australian?” he tried, taking an utterly wild guess.

“Damn, you're good” Ryan breathed, eyes wide, “How did you know?”

Attempting to uphold the false narrative of Jimin having been very sure of his answer, he shrugged his shoulders with a grin, yet was actually dumbfounded by the fact of having been correct – Perhaps, Ryan was just fooling him, though, “I have a sense” he simply responded, referencing Ryan's earlier answer. The other man smiled at him, “I'm Jimin” the smaller boy introduced himself, despite the other one surely already being aware of that.

“Nice to meet you, Jimin”
“You, too” Jimin smiled at him.

“Well, here you go” he then announced, pointing at the doors behind them, “Minji-ssi is waiting in the meeting room”

Giving a nod, Jimin's gaze wandered from Ryan to the door and back to Ryan's eyes, “Okay, thank you” he muttered as he walked past the taller man.

“I'll see you around, Jimin-ssi” Ryan waved at him, watching Jimin approach the door.

“See you around” Jimin responded, waving at the other one before he lifted his hand up to the door, knocking gently on the hard material.

However, there didn't come an answer, causing Jimin to hesitate.

Nervously, he knocked again, dropping his hand as he pressed his ear against the door, waiting patiently for someone to grant him access. Silently standing there, Jimin even held his breath in hopes to pick up any noise from inside of the room.

Yes, he was aware that his behaviour could be considered rude – potentially... most likely - but he couldn't help but worry that the room was empty, thus wanting to make sure that it was even occupied at all.

Suddenly, the door was pulled open, almost causing Jimin to fall to the floor as he had balanced his weight on the door, the sudden absence of the material against his body resulting in him falling forward.

Fortunately, he didn't tumble into the person that had allowed him entrance either, Jimin swiftly capable to balance himself and fix his posture.

“Hello?” Jimin uttered, lifting his head to lock eyes with the figure.

“Ah, Mr. Park” Minji responded, flashing him a faint smile. Curiously, Jimin studied her features, noticing how flushed her cheeks were, but figuring that it might be her make-up that had painted them in a rose colour. Minji's eyes were glassy, her hair pulled up into a ponytail as she stared at Jimin impatiently.

The smaller boy blinked, “Yes, hello” Jimin uttered, “I'm here to bring you the contract”

She raised her eyebrows at him, holding out her hand, “Ah, yes. You signed it?” she asked him.

“Yes” Jimin answered, giving a nod.

“Great. Hand it over” she insisted with a wave of her hand.

Jumin stepped closer, handing her the contract. Swiftly, she snatched it from him, taking a short glance at it, “I'll inform Mr. Jeon about it once he's done with the meeting”

“He's still in there?” Jimin found himself wonder, recalling Mr. Jeon having to attend the meeting even before Jimin and Jungkook had started eating their lunch. Did it really take that long? What were they discussing that profoundly – considering how he had claimed that it wasn't actually that significant, resulting in Jungkook being allowed to skip it?

“Yeah. Those can take a while” Minji informed him casually with a shrug of her shoulder.

Jumin only gave a weak nod, “Oh. Okay” he murmured.
Minji blinked at him, arching up her eyebrows as though she was irritated by the fact of Jimin not being absent already, “Well, you don’t have to wait” she expressed, waving her hand at him again, “You are free to go home now,” Minji added, “Be on time tomorrow morning”

The pink haired boy parted his lips in confusion, “When exactly do I have to be here? And where do I have to go?” he then wanted to know, pulling his brows together in a frown.

“You’ll have to check up with Mr. Jung” she answered like it should have been obvious – well, she did make a valid point there as Jimin was going to be Hoseok's assistant after all, “You’re his assistant and he’ll inform you where to meet, when to be here, all that stuff”

“Okay” Jimin responded, bowing politely at her, “Thank you. Goodbye”

“Goodbye” she uttered, flashing him another smile before she waved him off again.

Taking the sign, Jimin finally spun around and exited the room, the door being shut behind him as soon as his butt was out.

Slightly bewildered, Jimin shook his head, distancing himself from the meeting room and taking slow steps towards the entrance desk.

Replaying that prior moment in his head now... Jimin was almost certain that there had been a person in the back of the room this whole time, yet Minji had blocked the sight to actually establish that fact by standing right in front of Jimin. Perhaps, it had just been a shadow, but then again Jimin couldn’t brush off the feeling of an actual third person having been present in the room.

Shaking his head again, Jimin sighed, scanning the room to figure out where to go now.

Suddenly, he caught a bundle of brown locks run past him.

“Hyung!” Jimin called out with a grin, skipping over to the person that took an immediate halt in their tracks and spun right back around in search for the source of the voice.

Hoseok’s eyes widened as he met Jimin's gaze, his brown orbs glistening with affection, “Jimin-ah, hey! What are you doi- Ah! You signed the contract today?” he assumed, reaching out to pull Jimin into a warm hug.

“Yes!” Jimin affirmed with a chuckle, nodding in joy as he rested his chin on Hoseok's shoulder, the other male rubbing over his back before they detached themselves from one another.

“Amazing” Hoseok grinned at him, running his hand through Jimin's hair, “Welcome”

Frankly, it still hadn’t quite hit Jimin just yet that he was now officially a part of Jeon Entertainment. Surely, it would take a little longer to settle in entirely, his heart still keeping it's guard up just in case it had been deceived and this whole thing somehow turned out to be just a prank.

A shy smile adorned Jimin's pretty features as he lowered his head down, “Thank you”

“Are you staying?” Hoseok wanted to know, “Or are you on your way out?”

“Well, I just got done here” Jimin answered, locking eyes with the taller man, “I was about to head home now, but I actually meant to call you, too. I'm your assistant and I was told to ask you when to be here?”

“Ah, yes” Hoseok nodded, “Well, I get here by 9am and get started on my own first. Usually, I meet
the trainees at around 10-ish, if there is a practice period planned. If there isn't, I'm working on some new choreography on my own” he explained.

Jimin hummed and gave a nod, “Okay. Then, I'll be here by 9, too?”

“Perfect” Hoseok grinned at him, “Well, I gotta head back down now. I'm so excited for you to meet everyone tomorrow” he added, pointing at the elevators. Surely, he had been in a rush to get down before Jimin had interfered by stopping him, considering how he had essentially ran down the room just a brief moment ago.

“Me, too” Jimin agreed with a smile.

Truthfully, he could not wait to finally start working here. Although it was only a mere day away, it felt like an eternity. Presumably, that lack of patience was caused by Jimin's very prominent excitement, yet he couldn't contain that feeling.

In fact, Jimin believed that he was that excited that he wouldn't be able to find any sleep at all tonight.

“See you tomorrow, kid” Hoseok interrupted Jimin's thoughts, waving at him before he stepped away.

Swiftly, Jimin lifted his hand to mirror his action, waving at the other one who made his way over to the elevators, “Tomorrow, hyung”

With that, Hoseok disappeared into an elevator, leaving behind Jimin who still hadn't figured out what to do now.

At the realisation of Hoseok's absence, Jimin found himself regret the fact of not having asked him about Taehyung or Yoongi. You know, regarding their... situation.

Then again, Jimin had promised Taehyung to not let the others know about him being aware of the whole thing and he was not going to break that promise. After all, they might not even have come to a solution yet, potentially still just attempting to uphold a platonic relationship between the three of them as none of them were brave enough to speak up.

However, Jimin hoped to be wrong with that assumption as it caused his heart to clench.

“Little one, are you lost?”

At the low voice that didn't need any introduction, but would be recognised by Jimin in a crowd of a thousand people, the pink haired boy spun around and lifted his head.

Jungkook smirked at him, closing his hands around Jimin's hips to pull the boy closer to his body.

“Hey, are you okay, Jimin-ah?” Jungkook wanted to know, his voice softer as concern flashed in his gorgeous brown orbs, his hand reaching up to Jimin's face, caressing his cheekbone with the pad of his thumb.

“Mhm-mh” Jimin hummed in affirmation, still faintly startled by the interruption of his thoughts regarding three of his closest friends, “I was just thinking”

“Okay” Jungkook murmured, leaning in to press a gentle peck to Jimin's lips, “Did you drop off the contract?” he then wanted to know.
“Yes, just now” Jimin confirmed softly with a nod, his cute tongue poking out to wet his lips, the taste of Jungkook still lingering on them, causing Jimin to long for more. The taller man's eyes followed the motion of his tongue, a smirk curving up his lips as he leaned in again to capture Jimin's lips in another swift kiss, “What are you doing down here?”

“I was about to head over to Minji-ssi because she asked me for help earlier” Jungkook informed him, pointing at her desk. However, it was empty as Minji was currently present in the meeting room.

“Oh” Jimin breathed, giving a nod as he recalled Minji having asked Jungkook for help earlier, “Yeah” he added, dipping his head down.

Gently, Jungkook grabbed his chin, guiding his face back up to lock eyes with the shorter male, “Are you jealous?” he wondered, raising up his brows.

“Huh?” Jimin murmured.

“Are you jealous, angel?” Jungkook repeated, slight amusement glistening in his eyes.

Jimin caught his bottom lip between his teeth, “N-No” he mumbled, not exactly choosing to allow this emotion of envy to blossom within him, yet certainly not capable to simply banish it either.

“We're just going to talk” Jungkook told him, caressing Jimin's cheek, “It won't take long” he assured his lover, his smile conveying a feeling of comfort.

“I know” Jimin huffed, not wanting Jungkook to notice his slight jealousy regarding something this petty. It was such a minor thing- In fact, something very kind of Jungkook to do as he was willing to help her. Yet, for some reason, the whole thing did bother Jimin's heart a fair bit as the two of them did have a sexual past.

Then again, it was just that – the past.

Jungkook was now his, Jimin being his just as much. A prior fling of Jungkook's shouldn't bother him.

“Cute” Jungkook commented with a chuckle, brushing Jimin's hair out of his face.

The comment caused Jimin to pout almost unconsciously, warmth spreading through Jungkook's chest as he ran the pad of his thumb over Jimin's bottom lip before he pressed a tender kiss to his pouting lips.

“I love you, little one” Jungkook whispered into the kiss, “Only you”

Jimin's heart fluttered, the corners of his lips curling up in a shy smile.

“Jungkook-ah, there you are!” a female voice screamed, interrupting their intimate moment.

Involuntarily, Jimin narrowed his eyes, almost urging to whine at the realisation of the temporary loss of Jungkook as the sound of high-heels clicking on the marble floor beneath their feet was audible to their ears, the volume increasing with each step the person took.

“I guess I gotta go now” Jungkook sighed, not tearing his gaze away from Jimin, but remaining just as close to his body, his eyes fixated on Jimin's delicate features.

“Okay” Jimin murmured softly.
“You're done here now, hm? Are you going to head home?” Jungkook wanted to know, the previous sound of the high-heels suddenly having disappeared. Neither of them cared enough to check why there was a lack of that particular sound, “I mean, you could wait until I get done, but I don't want to pull you through that. It's several more hours until I can leave work. As much as I would love to have you here, I would want for you to be home and rest for a bit, hm?” Jungkook suggested, his palms roaming down Jimin's body to rest on his hips again.

“I could wait, if you want me to” Jimin offered with a smile, not minding to wait for Jungkook as he didn't have anything planned for the remainder of the day anyway.

“If I have you for the remainder of the day all by myself in my office, I can't promise to keep my hands to myself, baby” Jungkook noted, his voice lower as he leaned closer, “I won't be able to get any work done”

Jimin's cheeks tinged a shade of rose, but he also found himself giggling, “O-Okay” he gave in, “Yeah. I'll head home then” he added, reckoning that his presence might actually affect Jungkook's concentration as it wasn't exactly an unproven fact that they couldn't keep their hands off of each other for long – their earlier attempt to go through the contract just one of the many instances to validate that point.

Jungkook smirked, pressing a kiss to Jimin's forehead, the touch soft, “I'll head over to your place once I'm done here, hm?” the younger male suggested, delighting Jimin's heart.

“Okay” Jimin agreed to that idea, “Will you call me later once you're done?” he wanted to know, detaching himself from Jungkook, the other male only reluctantly allowing Jimin to slip from his embrace.

“Of course, Jimin-ah” Jungkook assured with a smile, giving a nod as he watched the smaller boy walk away from him.

“Okay. Have fun. I'll talk to you later” Jimin uttered, waving at him.

“Later, little one” Jungkook responded, waving back at him until Jimin disappeared into the elevator.

The black haired boy didn't tear his gaze away, their eyecontact only breaking once it was forced to as the elevator doors shut right in front of them.

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It was much later that day, Jungkook having kept his promise of stopping by at Jimin's place once he had got done at work. However, it had become quite late already, Jimin having almost fallen asleep on his bed, yet then having been shaken out of his sleepy state with a ringing of his doorbell.

The two boys were now snuggled up in Jimin's bed, cuddling while watching a movie, but Jimin wasn't quite capable to focus much on the events occuring in his TV. Rather than that, he couldn't help but allow his mind to imagine at least a thousand different scenarios - obviously, that was not exaggerated - of how his first day at Jeon Entertainment would go. After all, that particular moment was only mere hours away now.

The thought excited Jimin, but made him very nervous all the same, although he didn't quite know why. Surely, it was just the common nervousness one experienced whenever there was a change in one's life, right? After all, this was a major step in Jimin's life that could entirely shift and shape his career and future.

No, it would certainly do that.
That scared him - as much as it excited him. It was an odd mixture of emotions.

The smaller boy wished there was something to calm him down... something to distract him.

Well, maybe there was? There were certainly some ideas that appeared in Jimin's head...

*You know what,* a voice accused him, making him blush, *Just ask.*

However, Jimin was just too timid to ask for it out loud.

“Jungkook-ah” Jimin whispered and rolled onto his side in order to lean closer to Jungkook. The latter met his gaze, eyebrows arched up expectantly as he hummed in acknowledgement of Jimin addressing him.

As Jungkook reached out for him, Jimin leaned up to crash his lips on Jungkook's, his breath hitching in his throat at the sweet touch. Immediately, Jungkook placed his hand on Jimin's side, rubbing it soothingly as he kissed right back without an ounce of hesitation.

A soft breath slipped from Jimin's lips as he withdrew for just a brief moment, his eyes then fluttering shut as he captured Jungkook's lips in another kiss. Swiftly, his hand wandered up to the back of Jungkook's head, tenderly playing with his black locks.

“What is it, little one?” Jungkook wanted to know, peppering kisses down his throat and then back up to Jimin's plump lips.

The pink haired boy took a deep breath, bundling up all the courage he could muster, “Would you... Please, spank me?” he asked softly, feeling his cheeks heat up immediately.

Jungkook's eyebrows shot up in surprise, clearly not having expected that request as he halted the movement of his hand, “You want me to spank you?” he repeated, a slight ounce of doubt causing him to ask for clarification.

“Y-Yeah” Jimin breathed, wetting his lips as he averted his gaze, “Please”

“Is there a reason?” Jungkook wanted to know, reaching up to grab Jimin's chin, guiding his face back up in order to lock eyes with the shorter male.

“I just...” Jimin murmured, but didn't finish his thought, “No, it's weird”

Jungkook hummed in disagreement, “No, baby. Whatever it is - it's not weird, little one. Tell me” he urged him gently, moving closer to Jimin.

“Well, I... It helps me release stress?” the smaller boy declared, not even certain of that reason himself, but deciding it was the closest one to express this feeling, “I... I don't know. Whenever we have sex and you're- you're a little rougher with me, you know, in the way of breaking me down and putting me back together, I always feel so relieved and calmed afterwards. I feel taken care of and safe. I... I like that feeling”

It wasn't exactly a fact either of them were unaware of. In fact, the two of them knew very well that Jimin had a liking in being spanked. Despite Jimin never actually being quite able to pin the reason to that down to one particular thing, he had always just believed that he was intrigued by the pain and being disciplined, finding enjoyment in it.
Certainly, that was still the case. The pink haired boy had found a liking in a specific amount of pain, only being capable to handle so much, but finding pleasure in it combined with the fact of being disciplined by Jungkook.

However, those feelings always ended with Jimin feeling so... so small and taken care of. In those moments, Jimin didn't feel anything less but safe and protected, was able to forget about anything else and live in that current moment as if it was ever lasting.

By the end of it, Jimin felt blissful, felt happy and comforted as odd as that may sound.

Surely, any of their most intimate moments lead to that particular feeling... yet some more intensely than others.

“Why are you stressed, baby?” Jungkook interrupted his thoughts, “Did someone-”

“No” Jimin swiftly interfered, having assumed Jungkook was concerned about someone having harmed Jimin, “No, it's just... I don't know. I think it's the nerves” he admitted softly.

“As it's your first day?” Jungkook clarified, referring to Jimin's first day at the company tomorrow.

“Yeah” Jimin breathed, giving a faint nod, “Y-You don't have to. I'm sure you're tired after-” he swiftly added.

“No, I'm not” Jungkook protested, shaking his head as he brushed Jimin's hair out of his face, “I will do anything for you- or to you – that you ask me to, baby. You know that”

Jimin smiled shyly, hiding his face in the curve of Jungkook's neck. As predicted, the prior courage that Jimin had experienced was now fading away, his timidity outweighing that feeling.

“Please, can you...” he trailed off, gulping as Jungkook's hand caressed his back, but then wandered down to his butt in order to give it a tender tap.

“Yeah” Jungkook breathed, giving a nod, “Whatever you want, little one”

Gently, he pushed Jimin away from him, the latter observing how Jungkook got up from the bed entirely and unbottened his shirt cuffs. Then, he rolled up the sleeves of his shirt, exposing his bare arms to Jimin's eyes, the pink haired boy swallowing hard at the sight of his defined veins.

The younger male titled his head from side to side before he took a seat on the edge of the bed.

“Come here, kitten” Jungkook ordered softly, patting his lap, “I want you over my lap”

Swallowing hard, Jimin lifted himself up, obeying Jungkook's demand and crawling over to Jungkook's side. The latter did not hesitate to grip Jimin's waist, pulling the boy over his lap, his ass up in the air.

“You weren't naughty, but you still want me to spank you, hm?” Jungkook commented, placing his hand on Jimin's clothed butt and giving it a gentle squeeze.

“Y-Yes” Jimin breathed, gulping hard as he felt his heartbeat quicken in anticipation.

Carefully, Jungkook reached for the waistband of his trousers, “Colour?” he asked once he had hooked two of his fingers around the fabric.

Taking a shaky breath, Jimin titled his head to the side and rested his cheek on the soft bedsheets, “Green” he assured.
At that, Jungkook tugged firmly on his trousers, pulling them below his butt, his briefs sliding down right with them. Jimin's breath hitched in his throat at the sudden action, his hands gripping the bedsheets beneath him.

Slowly, Jungkook's fingertips traced over Jimin's milky skin, goosebumps raising beneath the touch of his digits. “So pretty” Jungkook whispered, wetting his lips as he admired the sight of Jimin's round, perky cheeks. The skin of the smaller boy was so fair, almost urging Jungkook to paint it a gorgeous rose colour to contrast that image, “Are you sure you want this, little one?”

“P-Please, spank me, Kook-ah” Jimin found himself beg, involuntarily pushing against Jungkook's hand in a silent request to finally be spanked.

*Swoosh.*

“Ah” Jimin gasped, eyes fluttering shut at the suddenness of the hit, Jungkook's palm having come down on his left buttcheek in a harsh smack. The pink haired boy sucked in a breath, digging his teeth into his bottom lip to muffle his sounds.

“You get what I give you, understood?” Jungkook reminded him.

Swiftly, Jimin gave a nod, grabbing the bedsheets tighter as he nuzzled his face into the bed.

*Swoosh.*

“Answer me when I talk to you, kitten” Jungkook pressed, his voice low and attractive, sending a shiver down Jimin's back.

It was fascinating how swifty Jungkook had fallen into a state that exuded pure dominance. Jimin assumed that it was due to the fact of it being anchored in his very nature, but it was still admirable to Jimin that Jungkook did this for him – for Jimin, who had asked him to be like this.

“I understand, Jungkook-ah” he uttered softly, the urgency and desire to behave blooming within him.

“Good boy” Jungkook praised as he hummend in satisfaction, Jimin's heart fluttering at the praise, “How many do you want, hm?” the younger male went on, rubbing his hand over the spot he had prior spanked, the pinkish colour causing Jungkook to lick his lips.

Jimin blinked, taking a shaky breath as he tried to organise his thoughts. It was embarrassing to Jimin how he was already lacking the ability to think clearly despite them only having started mere seconds ago. The usual submissive state he fell into during those moments was already drawing him in, resulting in a struggle to form a coherent sentence, “I-I-”

*Swoosh.*

“K-Kook-ah” Jimin mewled, clinging onto the bedsheets.

“Always so pretty” Jungkook admired, his voice sounding raspy to Jimin's ears. The younger male's smacks didn't carry unbearable force, but enough to be considered painful. Well, as painful as something could be that Jimin found pleasure in.

*Swoosh.*

“Oh god!” Jimin cried out, jerking away from the touch, yet it took mere seconds until jolts of pleasure filled his body, causing him to push right back into Jungkook's hand.
“Sssh, baby, you don't want to wake your neighbours, hm?” Jungkook insisted, rubbing his palm over Jimin's butt, the colour now a faint shade of rose. The taller boy wasn't done yet, wanted the shade to be prominent, wanted Jimin to break down so he could put him back together – just as he had asked him to.

“I-I- Sorry” Jimin uttered, gulping as his body trembled in anticipation for the next strike.

“Mhm-mh” Jungkook hummed, his hands withdrawing from Jimin's bottom, the latter squeezing his eyes shut.

Swoosh.

The next smack was placed below Jimin's buttccheek, Jungkook's hand coming down on Jimin's upper thigh. In that particular spot, the pain was remotely more vivid, causing Jimin to shriek.

“A-Ah Kook-ah, oh, please” Jimin whimpered, twisting his fists in the bedsheets until his knuckles turned white. With each of Jungkook's spanks, Jimin's body rocked forward at the force of the strikes, causing his private area to brush against Jungkook's leg. The friction was faint, but it was enough to result in Jimin's penis to harden.

Swoosh.

“Kitten, be quiet” Jungkook ordered sternly, tugging on Jimin's pants again to pull them further down, eventually allowing them to drop to the floor. Now, Jimin's lower body was entirely bare and at Jungkook's mercy.

Jimin took another shaky breath, his thighs shaking at the realisation of there being no cover whatsoever to protect his lower region from Jungkook's smacks.

“I-I'm trying- ah !” the pink haired boy whined, then inevitably shrieking as the next spank was delivered to his upper thigh.

Swoosh.

“Be a good boy, hm?” Jungkook insisted with a certain amount of dominance, yet his voice still carried the faint softness that Jimin adored so much, “Do I have to gag you, kitten?”

The high-pitched whine that slipped from Jimin at those words was embarrassing, but he couldn't help himself. The thought of being gagged by Jungkook had always been something that had intrigued Jimin – ever since he had first found out about what that implied.

Jungkook swore beneath his breath, sliding his hand through Jimin's hair to grab a bundle of his pink locks. Gently, he gave it a tug, forcing Jimin to lift his head.

“Do you want that, kitten? Want me to fill your mouth so you can keep quiet?” Jungkook asked, having leaned close enough to whisper into Jimin's ear.

Jimin sucked in a breath at the uncomfortable position he was manhandled into, but couldn't deny the arousal that spread right through his body, “I-I-” he attempted to voice again, but simply couldn't.

“Answer me” the taller boy urged him, tugging harsher on his hair.

“Yes” Jimin moaned, eyes fluttering shut.

Jungkook loosened his grip, yet didn't let go entirely, “Yes what?”
“Yes, please” Jimin begged softly, his voice just above a whisper, barely loud enough for Jungkook to register, but he did.

Satisfied, Jungkook allowed Jimin’s hair to slip from his grasp, the smaller boy too weak to hold it up, causing him to drop back down on the soft bedsheets.

Suddenly, there was rustling next to Jimin, the taller boy's hands no longer on his hot skin, resulting in Jimin to whine at the loss.

“Be good, kitten” Jungkook warned him, having noticed Jimin's dissatisfaction with the lack of contact, yet his hands were occupied with another task.

Slowly, Jimin titled his head to the side, attempting to steal a glance at Jungkook. In that moment, Jungkook ran his hand through Jimin's hair again, pulling on the pink locks to tug his head back up.

“Open your mouth” Jungkook demanded.

Without an ounce of hesitation, Jimin complied, not needing a word of reason or clarification. Instead, he acted accordingly to what his heart told him, almost subconsciously.

“Good boy” Jungkook praised him, “I'm going to gag you know, little one. You won't be able to speak – which also means that you won't be able to use your safewords” Jungkook informed him, meeting Jimin's gaze, the latter's eyes glassy and dazed, desperation glistening so very visible in them, “If you need me to stop, tap on the bed three times, okay?”

Jimin gave a nod, only blinking after having processed Jungkook's words.

“No, baby, do you understand?” Jungkook pressed, “You won't be able to use your safewords. I need to trust that you will tap on the bed, if you really want me to stop” he added, slight concern displayed in his beautiful brown orbs.

“O-Okay” Jimin promised.

The other male stared deeply into his eyes for a moment longer, studying his features as his gaze flickered back and forth between Jimin’s eyes.

Apparently, Jimin's promise wasn't enough to ease Jungkook's concern.

“Show me, little one” Jungkook demanded, “What if it gets too much, what do you do?”

Hesitantly, Jimin lifted his weak arm up, bringing his hand down on the bedsheet three times in a row. The sound was audible, yet could easily go unnoticed in Jimin's cries or Jungkook's voice.

“I might be able to see that, but the sound it makes isn't loud enough” Jungkook uttered, appearing to talk more to himself than anything, “I'm not sure this is safe enough” he added, furrowing his brows as he looked around in search for another solution, “Slap my side, little one, okay? If it gets too much for you and you need me to stop, I want you to slap my side three times”

Jimin blinked again, giving a nod, “O-Okay, Kook-ah”

“Show me, Jimin-ah”

Carefully, Jimin reached for Jungkook's body, gently slapping his side. The hit carried only weak strength as Jimin didn't want to hurt Jungkook, but that didn't seem to please Jungkook.

“No, baby, harder than that” Jungkook objected, shaking his head, “I need to feel that you actually
need me to stop. If that is the case, you're going to slap me as hard as you can, okay?” he urged, reaching out to brush Jimin's hair out of his face.

At the soft touch, the smaller boy's eyes flutered shut, Jungkook's fingertips then tracing down to caress Jimin's flushed cheeks. Almost unconsciously, Jimin nuzzled into the touch, nearly forgetting that he was supposed to answer.

Jimin opened his eyes again, Jungkook patiently waiting for him to reply. It wasn't until Jimin allowed his words to replay in his mind that he registered them entirely, a frown appearing on his beautiful features.

“W-Why? I don't want to hurt you” Jimin murmured gently, his voice sounding almost foreign to him already, but it still carried the softness Jungkook adored so much.

A soft smile adorned Jungkook's handsome features at his words, “And I don't want to hurt you either, little one. I'd rather have you hurt me than me hurting you. Your gentle slaps might go unnoticed by me. I need this to be safe”

The pink haired boy's gaze flickered back and forth between Jungkook's eyes, “Okay. Fine” he agreed eventually, understanding the significance of safety and trust during those very special intimate moments between them.

Jimin always felt safe with Jungkook, was certain that he could always rely on Jungkook to establish a safe and comfortable environment for him – with each and every circumstance. In those moments, Jimin's lack of experience was displayed by him not quite contemplating over certain repercussions of particular decisions or actions.

Right now, for instance, Jimin was way too aroused to have even considered the impossibility of the ability for him to use his safewords as he would be restricted in speaking at all by the piece of fabric in his mouth.

However, Jungkook was always there to protect him.

“Promise me” Jungkook demanded, cupping Jimin's face to lock eyes with him.

“I promise” Jimin uttered.

A pleased smile curved Jungkook's lips, “Good boy” he praised Jimin again, leaning down to place a tender kiss to Jimin's shoulder, “Now” he added, “Open your mouth”

Jimin obliged right away, Jungkook grabbing his jaw with one hand while he stuffed a piece of fabric into Jimin's mouth with the other hand. The shorter male bit down on the bundle of fabric in his mouth, now fully aware that he wouldn't be able to scream out his safeword – or anything for that matter.

It wasn't utterly horrifying or as scary as Jimin had first imagined it to be – partially, or rather especially, because Jungkook had enabled another way for him to put a final stop to this, if he really needed to.

“Is that okay, little one?” Jungkook asked for reassurance, determined to make sure that Jimin felt comfortable.

Swiftly, Jimin gave a nod, humming around the piece of fabric.

Jungkook smirked, then he placed his hand on Jimin's back and applied faint pressure. The latter
understood the nonverbal command and went slack on Jungkook's lap again, lying down on him and the bed entirely.

“Good boy”

Jimin inhaled a shaky breath through his nose, swallowing around the piece of fabric in his mouth as his hands found their way back to the bedsheets. He grabbed onto them tightly, clenching his hands into fists as he noticed the rapid beating of his heart simultaneously for it was awaiting the next blow in anticipation.

Gently, Jungkook rubbed his palm along Jimin's soft skin again, satisfied at the sight of goosebumps raising beneath his touch. Firmly, he gave his buttocks several taps with his fingers, the action causing Jimin's body to tremble in excitement.

Swoosh.

The pink-haired boy shrieked around the fabric in his mouth, nuzzling his face into the sheets as he jerked away from Jungkook's hand, but pushed right back against him a brief moment later.

“Fuck, you love this so much, don't you?” Jungkook cursed, licking his lips as he could no longer ignore the arousal in his own body.

Jimin's cheeks flushed a darker shade of rose, the boy almost grateful that he was restricted to talk at all - that way unable to answer Jungkook, even if he wanted to. Genuinely, Jimin did love this so much, but it was almost humiliating for him to admit to that.

Then again, Jungkook was already aware of this fact anyway.

After all, Jimin had conveyed his liking in being spanked by requesting Jungkook to do this to him in the first place just moments ago. Yet, his leaking hard length rubbing against Jungkook's leg over the course of the past minutes was simply another evidence of that fact.

Swoosh.

Jungkook swore beneath his breath, “Love being disciplined so much, don't you, kitten?” he then commented as he rubbed his palm over Jimin's pink buttocks, caressing the spots he had prior smacked before he lifted his hand into the air again.

Swoosh.

“Love when I spank your pretty little ass, hm?” the black-haired one noted, his tone low and so utterly attractive to Jimin that it caused just another shiver to run down his back.

Swoosh. Swoosh. Swoosh.

“Ow Gwahd!” Jimin shrieked around the piece of fabric in his mouth, the whine that slipped from him high-pitched as he squirmed away from Jungkook's hand.

“Stop moving, kitten” Jungkook ordered firmly.

Jimin nodded, breathing unevenly through his nose, his chest heaving as he awaited the next strike of Jungkook's hand.

Frankly, Jimin wasn't sure how many smacks he would be able to bear tonight, yet he was aware that his brain and his heart were already debating over that question. While his heart desired more, his
brain wasn't quite certain how much more he would be capable to take, thus resulting in his body to jerk away every now and then.

Suddenly, the other male pulled Jimin's buttcheek to the side, exposing Jimin's pink hole to his eyes, instead of delivering another spank to his skin.

“Shit” Jungkook cussed at the sight, licking his lips.

Without any warning, Jungkook spat right on Jimin's rim, the act so obscene, yet somehow arousing to Jimin as he felt his stomach stir, his penis twitching all the same. The pink haired boy gasped, twisting the sheets in his fists as his body trembled in anticipation for what Jungkook was going to do to him – Then again, he already had an idea...

Slowly, Jungkook pressed two of his fingers against Jimin's entrance, playing with it for a moment before he pushed one finger past the tight ring of muscles.

At the touch, Jimin's eyes went wide as he grabbed the bedsheets tighter, “Koo-ah!” he tried to moan, but his voice was muffled due to the fabric in his mouth.

“Sssh, kitten” Jungkook hushed him, pushing his digit further inside of Jimin's hole, the latter biting down hard on the piece of fabric in his mouth as his eyes fluttered shut. The pain of being fingered with only spit as a usage of lube was very faint to Jimin by now, the feeling more just welcome as he couldn't deny the pleasure that spread right through his body, “Remember what to do, if you need to stop, baby. Just slap my side, okay, little one?” Jungkook added softer, having leaned down to Jimin to be closer to him.

Jimin's heart fluttered as he gave a determined nod, grateful for Jungkook reminding him throughout this in case Jimin would forget about his new way of putting a final stop to this.

The younger male pressed a kiss to the top of his head before he straightened his back again, his finger still very much resting inside of Jimin's hole, Jungkook now picking up a pace again as he moved his digit around.

“I love playing with your little hole, kitten” Jungkook revealed with a smirk as he loosened Jimin's hole by pushing his finger from side to side, “You love it, too, don't you? Love when I play with you, hm?”

The pink haired boy's blush deepened as he nuzzled his face further into the sheets, too embarrassed to admit to that either, but... yes. Yes, oh god, he loved it so much.

It didn't take long for Jungkook to add another finger alongside the one that was already penetrating Jimin, the taller one spitting down on Jimin's hole again before he pressed two of his digits past the tight ring of muscles. He was able to push them inside with only little resistance, Jimin's hole granting his fingers entrance as it clenched around them.

Simultaneously, Jimin pushed back into the touch as he moaned around the piece of fabric in his mouth, the stretch so utterly nice, Jimin feeling so full already.

Jungkook chuckled at Jimin's notable desperation, “Fuck, you're that aroused, hm? So needy for my fingers, kitten”

Swoosh.

The next spank was delivered right on Jimin's sensitive hole, causing Jimin to shriek as he squirmed around on Jungkook's lap, the pain sending jolts of pleasure through his body.
“Stay still, kitten”

Obeying, Jimin gave a nod, not able to prevent his body from trembling though – despite how hard he was trying. It was nearly impossible – well, it was impossible to him!

“Do you want another one, hm? Want to feel full, kitten, don't you?” Jungkook asked, although he didn't exactly expect an answer anyway. It was more just to tease Jimin, to evoke anticipation in Jimin – well, it worked.

The pink haired one lifted his hips up, silently begging Jungkook to grant him a third finger. However, it was a clear violation of Jungkook's command – that Jimin obviously didn't disobey on purpose!

*Swoosh. Swoosh.*

“What did I tell you, kitten? Stop. Moving” Jungkook demanded sternly, withdrawing his fingers from Jimin's hole entirely. Now, the latter felt all empty, his hole clenching around nothing but air.

Jimin whined at the loss as he looked back over his shoulder to steal a glimpse at Jungkook. Yet, that too wasn't the smartest move either as he was just violating Jungkook's order – *again.*

“Kitten” Jungkook warned as he grabbed a bundle of Jimin's pink locks and tugged harshly on them, “Don't make me use my belt” he threatened with a growl, those words whispered right into Jimin's ear.

In that moment, Jimin was almost grateful that Jungkook's fingers were no longer pressed into his sensitive hole as he was nearly certain that he would have came right on the spot, if that had been the case.

Jimin whimpered around the ball of fabric in his mouth, noticing how pre-cum leaked out of the tip of his penis at that threat, surely staining Jungkook's trousers, but the other boy didn't seem to care at all.

For a moment, Jimin wondered whether there was something wrong with him, whether he was sick. Shouldn't the threat of being spanked with a belt absolutely horrify him? Yet, here he was, being even more aroused than he already was.

“Are you going to be good?” Jungkook asked him, interrupting Jimin's thoughts.

Swiftly, Jimin nodded, breathing heavily through his nose as his gaze flickered back and forth between Jungkook's brown orbs, Jungkook's pupils dilated, displaying his lust, but also the familiar and comforting affection that was always hidden in there.

“Then stay still now, kitten” the black haired boy insisted as he pushed Jimin's head back into the sheets, Jimin spreading his legs further in the process, but then trying his utmost best to keep entirely still – if you exclude the shaking of his body, “Good boys receive rewards, remember?”

Jimin gave another nod.

The younger boy hummed as he placed his fingers back against Jimin's rim, not hesitating to push three of his digits past the tight ring of muscles this time, thus evoking another shriek in Jimin who grasped the sheets beneath him.

“Aw Gaaawhd, Kooo-aah!” Jimin moaned around the piece of fabric in his mouth, Jungkook dragging his fingers along his sensitive walls as he pushed them further inside.
As Jungkook was more than familiar with Jimin's anatomy and knew where his sensitive areas where located, it obviously didn't take long for him to find Jimin's prostate. In fact, he had found it after mere seconds, Jimin screaming out and jerking up as Jungkook's fingers brushed the sensitive nub of nerves.

“There it is. The spot that drives you absolutely insane, hm?” Jungkook chuckled as he pushed his fingers firmer against Jimin's prostate, deliberating over whether or not to tease him for much longer and avoid his prostate, but then deciding that he preferred to play with Jimin's prostate until the smaller boy cried from overstimulation.

Slowly, he picked up a steady pace, rubbing his fingers against Jimin's sensitive prostate in a circular motion. The action caused Jimin to cry out, the sensation utter bliss, but also so very overwhelming.

Jungkook sped up the motion of his digits, rubbing them against Jimin's prostate swifter and firmer, resulting in Jimin to squeeze his eyes shut as he tried his utmost best to not move an inch, but how was he supposed to do that with the absolute intense mixture of sensations he was experiencing simultaneously?

Jimin was doomed.

“That's it, kitten”

The smaller boy's eyes rolled back into his head as he felt his orgasm approach him much faster than he wanted it to.

It was inevitable for Jimin to move. It really wasn't his fault though! His body didn't behave accordibly to what his brain told it to do! In fact, his brain didn't seem to be certain on what it wanted either. One second, it was all too overwhelming, causing it to prefer to jerk away from the touch, yet the next second it longed for even more.

“Look at you, look at how naughty you're being” Jungkook scolded him as he dabbed his fingers against Jimin's prostate, rubbing over the sensitive nub firmly, “What did I tell you? Stop disobeying”

Swoosh.

Jimin cried out, too many sensations stimulating him simultaneously. The poor boy was squirming around on Jungkook's lap, humping his leg, yet also not certain whether to pull away from his fingers or push back against them. It was all so confusing, too overwhelming.

Swoosh. Swoosh.

The black haired boy altered between spanking Jimin's butt and absolutely abusing his poor prostate with firm dabs of his digits, Jimin leaking pre-cum all over his leg without any ability to prevent himself from doing that.

Involuntarily, Jimin was making a big fuss on Jungkook's lap, not capable to stay still at all as Jungkook continued to stimulate his prostate while also spanking his sensitive skin.

Swoosh. Swoosh. Swoosh.

Crying out, Jimin's hands flew back to his bottom as he kicked out his legs, tears prickling in the corner of his eyes as he tried to cover his butt.

“Isn't this what you begged me to, hm? You wanted this, kitten, now take it” Jungkook demanded as he grabbed Jimin's wrists with one hand and pinned them to his back as he proceeded to fuck him
with his finger simultaneously.

The pink haired boy sobbed, humping Jungkook's leg in a desperate chase for his orgasm, but he halted immediately at the realisation of Jungkook not having given him permission to come. At that, Jimin sniffed again, not sure how much longer he would be able to take this without coming.

Swiftly, Jungkook let go of Jimin's wrists, slowing the movement of his fingers, “Sorry, little one” Jungkook uttered softer, confusing Jimin who barely registered his words, but then didn't quite fathom what Jungkook was apologising for, “Fuck, you're leaking all over my lap, kitten” Jungkook added, voice audibly lower and raspier again as he picked up a quicker pace of his fingers.

Jimin couldn't even ask for permission to come! How was he supposed to warn Jungkook that he was so close already? The poor boy sobbed as he tilted his head to the side, attempting to steal a glance at Jungkook.

“Aww, are you crying, kitten?” Jungkook cooed, soothingly rubbing his palm over Jimin's back, “Is it too much? Can't stay still, can you?”

The shorter male shook his head, sniffing as a tear trailed down his cheek.

“Go ahead, baby, make a fuss, if you want to” Jungkook permitted, giving a nod as he figured that he had tortured Jimin long enough, the latter always having struggled to stay still when he was this aroused.

Upon the permission to move, Jimin sobbed in relief, nuzzling his face back into the sheets as he rolled his hips against Jungkook's leg, the younger male still very much playing with his prostate as he delivered spanks to his pink cheeks and upper thighs, altering between each spot as Jungkook didn't want to actually harm his baby.

The heat in the pit of his stomach grew exponentially, bundling up in a knot that was destined to explode and fill his entire body with pure ecstasy very soon.

“My pretty baby” Jungkook commented, curling his wrist in just the right way, ignoring the aching of his hand or the presence of his own hardness of his dick, but focusing solely on Jimin's pleasure.

The pink haired boy cried out, wanting to scream out in order to warn Jungkook that he wouldn't be able to prevent himself from coming, if the taller boy was going to proceed with the fast and skillful movement of his hands and fingers.

“What? Are you close?” Jungkook asked, smirking as he noted Jimin's frantic squirming in his lap, the trembling of his body as he made a real effort to contain his orgasm.

It was so hard though. Oh god, Jimin couldn't bear much more. It was all too good, too overwhelming. Jimin was right at the edge, wouldn't need much more to tip over the edge and crash right down into a state full of bliss.

“Are you going to make a big mess for me, hm?” the black haired male commented, observing how Jimin attempted to reach back for his wrists, presumably trying to stop his action as he didn't want to come without permission.

Yet, Jungkook wanted that, wanted Jimin to come just like this.

Harshly, he delivered two more spanks to Jimin's upper thigh before he pulled out his fingers with a loud squelch that accompanied Jimin's muffled cries and whimpers in the room. The smaller boy squeezed his eyes shut, twisting his fists in the sheets.
In that moment, Jimin finally tipped over the edge, not capable to stop himself as the intense feeling burst within him, sending jolts of pleasure all throughout his body. The poor boy was shaking vigorously as he kicked his legs, still humping Jungkook to prolong the sweet, but also very overwhelming feeling that he had been granted.

“There you go. Good boy” Jungkook praised him, rubbing his palm over Jimin warm skin as he watched the pink haired boy get lost in a feeling of ecstasy, “What a good boy you're being, baby” Jimin sobbed at the praises, his heart fluttering all the same as he went entirely slack on Jungkook's lap, too weak to hold himself up, too overstimulated to proceed his self-pleasuring on Jungkook's leg.

“Did so well, little one” Jungkook whispered as he ran his hand through Jimin's hair, playing with the soft locks as he observed Jimin's back falling and rising rapidly, a visible display of his heavy breathing.

Inhaling deep breaths, Jimin titled his head to the side, his sight still faintly touched by blurriness due to his tears that he had shed while being pleasured and punished simultaneously – the mixture of pain and pleasure always confusing and overwhelming him, but it felt so darn good.

Gently, Jungkook grabbed Jimin's jaw, pulling out the piece of fabric that had gagged Jimin over the course of the last moments. The smaller boy wrinkled his nose at the feeling of his now empty mouth, noticing the dryness of it that caused him to wet his lips immediately.

Cautiously, Jungkook picked Jimin up from the bed, lifting him on his lap in order for the smaller boy to straddle him, “Sssh, don't cry, little one” he comforted him, cupping his face and wiping his tears away, “It's all good now. You took it so well, didn't you? You were such a good boy for me, Jimin-ah” Jungkook praised Jimin, brushing his fringe away from his sweaty forehead, the words whispered right against his lips before Jungkook pressed a sweet kiss on them.

“T-Thank you” Jimin uttered softly into the kiss.

Jungkook smiled as he placed more sweet kisses on Jimin's cheeks and forehead, “Did it hurt a lot?” “F-Felt so good” Jimin answered as he leaned down to hide his face in the curve of Jungkook's neck.

“Yeah?”

“Mhm-mh” Jimin affirmed with a soft hum.

Tenderly, Jungkook closed his arms around the small of Jimin's back, allowing his warm palm to stroke over Jimin's back to comfort him, “Cuddles or a bath first, little one, hm?” he asked, the words whispered into Jimin's ear.

The pink haired boy only blinked, but didn't respond.

Carefully, Jimin got up from his position instead, body still shaking all over, but feeling so relaxed at the same time. The pink haired boy was floating again, trapped in a state of pure bliss and a haze of utter sweetness.

Once Jimin had gotten up, he dropped right back down on his knees, moving inbetween Jungkook's spread legs – the sudden act surprising Jungkook.

“What are you do-” he asked, but went silent as Jimin spoke up.

“You took such good care of me” Jimin declared softly, his voice carrying slight raspiness due to him
screaming and crying so much as he reached for the waistband of Jungkook's trousers, “Want to take
care of you, too. Wanna make you feel good, too” he expressed, staring up at Jungkook through his
eyelashes.

“Little one-” Jungkook wanted to object, yet didn't get to finish as Jimin beat him to it.

“Please, let me?” Jimin begged, “Please, I really want to... really want to suck you off, Kook-ah”

Jungkook wet his lips, his gaze flickering back and forth between Jimin's beautiful doe eyes. Fuck,
what was he supposed to do? Say no?

“Okay, kitten” the younger male gave in, leaning back on his hands as he stared at Jimin intently.

Delighted, Jimin zipped down Jungkook's pants, tugging on them almost frantically in an attempt to
pull them off quickly. However, Jungkook gripped his wrist to halt his movement, Jimin complying
immediately as he stilled entirely, glancing up at Jungkook curiously.

“Careful, baby, take your time” he instructed softly.

Giving a nod, Jimin reached for the waistband again, pulling on his pants gentler now. In the midst
of his action, he noticed a stain of sperm on Jungkook's trousers, Jimin feeling a wave of guilt
washing over him as his cheeks flushed a shade of rose.

“S-Sorry about your trousers” Jimin whispered in embarrassment, true apology glistening in his eyes.

“Don't be” Jungkook reassured him with a soft smile.

Eventually, Jimin had removed his trousers and briefs entirely, watching Jungkook's hard length
spring free, the tip a shade of red, the veins defined. Right away, Jimin felt his mouth water at the
sight.

Frankly, Jungkook was almost certain that he wasn't going to last long anyway, having watched
Jimin break apart in pleasure always being so fucking hot to him. The combination of Jimin humping
his leg and squirming around on his lap had brought him to full hardness quickly, the friction of it
having stimulated Jungkook as well.

“May I?” Jimin still found himself ask, a habit that was a part of his submissive nature.

Jungkook smirked in encouragement, giving a nod, “Go ahead, kitten”

The smaller boy didn't need to hear any more than that, instantly kneeling closer and nearly losing his
balance in the process of his hastic movement. It was a clear display of the excitement that was vivid
within him, his streak to please so very prominent in his body.

Jimin's mouth lingered above Jungkook's erection, a shaky hand reaching up to close around
Jungkook's throbbing member, yet his delicate hand not fully grasping around the entire girth.

Gently, Jimin placed his unoccupied hand on Jungkook's thigh for leverage, poking out his cute
tongue to twirl it around the tip of his penis and collecting some pre-cum on his tongue. At the taste,
Jimin hummed in satisfaction, parting his lips further to push Jungkook's hard length past them.

A breath escaped Jungkook at the feeling of Jimin's wet heat around his length, his head falling back
in his neck as he retained any ounce of self-control he could muster as to not thrust right up into
Jimin's mouth. Truthfully, it wasn't as difficult to prevent himself from such an act, to contain the
urgency and desire to use Jimin's mouth for his pleasure as that would never beat his number one
priority – Jimin's comfort and safety.

Yet, Jimin was out to tease him. Jungkook could assess that by the way he sank down further on Jungkook's dick, simultaneously glancing up the black haired boy through his eyelashes with the utmost innocence glistening in his brown orbs despite the obscene act he was performing.

“Fuck” Jungkook cursed as he licked his lips, Jimin breathing heavily through his nose as he squeezed his eyes shut. Forcefully, Jimin sank down further on Jungkook's erection, desperately needing to deepthroat Jungkook. In the midst of it, he essentially ignored the burning in his throat, ignored the rejection of his gag reflex that caused him to cough and splutter around Jungkook's penis, “Little one-”

Upon Jimin hollowing his cheeks and sucking on Jungkook's penis, the latter went silent and groaned in pleasure instead. The sound pleased Jimin all the more, the boy's heart fluttering at the praise that was conveyed by an audible display of Jungkook enjoying what Jimin was doing to him.

“Don't- Don't force me down, Jimin-ah” Jungkook warned him as he wet his lips again, but Jimin didn't oblige, was too lost in the desire to please Jungkook. Instead, he pumped the remainder of Jungkook's hard length that didn't quite fit into his mouth just yet while he bobbed his head up and down.

The room was filled with the obscene noises that were created by the motion of Jimin's mouth on Jungkook's erection and the little whimpers that slipped from him every now and then.

Involuntarily, the pink haired boy was drooling all over Jungkook's penis, developing an even bigger mess in his groin that contained of a mixture of pre-cum and Jimin's spit. It was messy, but somehow, that was even more arousing to Jimin.

For leverage, Jimin tightened his grasp on Jungkook's thigh, digging his fingers into his flesh as he forced more of Jungkook down his throat, making a real effort to relax his throat so his gag reflex wouldn't reject, yet it didn't behave accordingly and thwarted that plan.

Unfortunately, Jimin had to pull off as he began to cough and sputter, a streak of spit connecting Jungkook’s erection to his mouth that broke apart as Jimin licked his lips. It frustrated Jimin to this day that his stupid gag reflex didn't allow him to just deepthroat Jungkook without any struggles. Was that really too much to ask for?

“Careful, little one” Jungkook noted softly, Jimin pouting, but giving a nod as he dived right back in, not wasting another moment of Jungkook's penis not filling his mouth.

This time, he sank down rather quick, not remotely minding the burning of his throat as he moved inch for inch until he had nearly reached the base, pride swelling in his chest at the realisation.

“Holy shit” Jungkook groaned, almost bucking his hips up as Jimin bobbed his head up and down in a quick pace, but was capable to contain the urge with the utmost self-control he could muster.

Jimin was drunk on his desire to please, was still trapped in a rather submissive headspace that intoxicated all of his senses. He wanted Jungkook to use him, to use his mouth for his own pleasure until he filled him with his sperm.

Perhaps, Jimin had turned insane.

Perhaps, he was just addicted, addicted to a drug named Jungkook.

“G-Good?” Jimin asked softly once he had pulled off again, still tugging on Jungkook's length, his
fist loosely wrapped around his erection as he jerked him off, “I'm good?”

“Yes, fuck, baby, you're good. You're doing so good” Jungkook affirmed in low tone, nodding as he brushed Jimin's fringe out of his face, his fingertips then tracing down to caress his flushed cheek, “The best boy. My pretty baby”

The praises made Jimin euphoric, his heart pounding so fast against his chest as it fluttered in joy all the same.

Slowly, Jimin reached for Jungkook's wrist, wrapping his tiny hand around it before he pulled it up to the top of his own head. Slightly confused, Jungkook ran his hand through Jimin's pink locks, playing with his soft hair and placing a gentle pat on his head before he indicated to refrain from the touch and pull his hand back.

However, that's not what Jimin wanted.

“N-No” he uttered softly, shaking his head as his cheeks tinged a darker shade of rose, “Please” he begged as he took Jungkook's hand again and moved it up to his head, making him grab a bundle of Jimin's pink locks.

“Baby-” Jungkook went silent as Jimin pushed his dick back into his mouth, the wet heat welcoming him and evoking a groan in him.

The smaller boy was too timid to ask for what his heart truly desired. To be honest, Jimin wished for nothing more than for Jungkook to just force his head down his length and use his mouth relentlessly. Frankly, Jimin wasn't quite aware where that desire came from, just knew that he had been intrigued by that idea for a while now.

“So fucking good, kitten” Jungkook noted with another groan, apparently getting too hot in his clothes as he reached for the front of his shirt and unbottoned it with a quick motion of his fingers, “You always suck me off so well, baby”

Unconsciously, Jimin stared up at Jungkook through his lashes, still occupied with pleasuring him with his mouth, yet becoming temporarily distracted as the piece of fabric slid down Jungkook's shoulders and exposed his bare upper body.

At the absolutely breathtaking sight, Jimin swallowed hard, his gag reflex kicking in and forcing him to pull off of Jungkook's penis. After the coughing and spluttering had subsided, Jungkook cupped his face, wiping away the tears that Jimin hadn't even noticed of rolling down his cheeks prior.

“Are you okay, little one?”

Jimin wet his lips, his gaze rushing down to Jungkook's abs before he forced it back up to Jungkook's eyes. The younger male smirked as he realised how affected Jimin was by his naked body – it wasn't exaggerated to say the least that it fed Jungkook's ego quite a bit to see what an effect he had on Jimin.

Instead of responding, Jimin leaned forward and pressed his full lips on Jungkook's chest, surprising the latter who dropped his hands back on the sheets, observing what his lover was doing with an intent stare.

Slowly, Jimin trailed open-mouthed kisses down Jungkook's torso, peppering kisses over his skin in an erratic path down to his stomach. Perhaps, Jimin did remain a little longer above his strong muscles that adorned his stomach with abs, but could you really blame him?
The sight of Jungkook's naked body always made Jimin weak – reminded him of the difference in their size and the fact of how strong Jungkook actually was.

A breath escaped Jungkook as Jimin nibbled on his skin, licking over his stomach before he proceeded to place kisses on his skin.

“Little one” Jungkook murmured gently, lifting his palm up to Jimin’s head to slide it through his hair, but only resting his hand in his pink locks, not exactly grabbing a bundle of it.

The shorter male withdrew, closing his hand around Jungkook’s erection as he lingered above it. Sensually, he pressed the tip against his bottom lip, parting his lips and poking his tongue out to twirl it around the head before he pushed the tip past his lips.

Jungkook groaned, his head falling back in his neck as he tightened his grip in Jimin’s hair, the action causing Jimin to whimper.

Over the course of the past minutes, Jungkook's penis had received enough stimulation to bring him right back up to the edge as Jimin forced him down his throat right away. Swiftly, Jimin bobbed his head up and down, squeezing his eyes shut as he noticed tears prickling in the corners of them.

His throat was probably going to retaliate against him – at last by tomorrow when his voice would be touched by raspiness – because of the reckless abuse he was forcing it to endure by pushing Jungkook’s penis down his throat.

It was just- He was so keen on pleasing, so entirely striving to be good and to please Jungkook that the thought alone caused his heart to flutter.

“Jimin-ah, I’m close” Jungkook warned him.

The pink haired boy hummed in acknowledgement, speeding up the bobbing of his head and ignoring the aching of his neck and knees, having completely forgotten about the pain on his bottom, but still lingering in the sweet haze of his prior orgasm.

“Kitten, I wanna come on your face” Jungkook announced, wetting his lips as he forced Jimin up with a tug on his hair, Jimin whimpering as he was being manhandled, his stomach stirring in arousal.

“Y-Yes, please, Kook-ah” Jimin begged, proceeding to jerk Jungkook off as he pressed his tip against his tongue.

“Yeah? Want me to come all over your face?” Jungkook asked with a smirk, “You love being messy, don’t you?” he noted, stating a rather true fact there as Jimin loved it so darn much, “My messy boy”

Jimin nodded frantically, whining as he drew his thighs together, finally noticing that he was hard again – despite his mindblowing orgasm just moments ago.


“K-Kook-ah, please, come on my face” Jimin begged softly.

And Jungkook did – He came hard as sperm spurted out of his penis and shot right in Jimin's face, only some of it falling on his tongue. The pink haired one shrieked as the sticky substance hit his face, but he didn't hesitate to swallow down the puddle that had fallen on his tongue, savouring the taste.
Jimin desired to lean over to lick over Jungkook's penis again, but was nearly caught in awe as he stared up at Jungkook.

“Shit, little one” Jungkook groaned again as he fell on his back, then closed his hand around Jimin's wrist to still his movement as the smaller boy had still proceeded to jerk him off to prolong his orgasm.

Jimin halted and obliged, pulling his hand away and dropping it back to his side as he observed Jungkook's chest heaving, his breathing uneven as he pushed his hand through his hair, his muscles tensing at the motion.

Curiously, Jimin propped his chin on Jungkook's thigh, trying to ignore the aching of his penis, making a real effort to focus on anything but his throbbing member – but he simply couldn't, somehow still lost in the arousal that drew him right back in.

As he moved even closer to Jungkook, his erection brushed Jungkook's leg, the friction oddly stimulating, causing Jimin to whimper. Almost unconsciously, Jimin pushed his hips forward again, mewling at the jolts of pleasure and the near relief that bloomed within him. Carefully, he grabbed Jungkook's thighs, rocking his hips forward repeatedly.

Obviously, Jungkook noticed his movement, the taller boy sitting up on his elbows and glancing at Jimin with a frown on his face. For a brief moment, he just observed Jimin with intent eyes.

Watching the pink haired boy use his leg to pleasure himself was very fucking hot, if Jungkook was being honest, yet also rather unexpected, “Are you fucking humping my leg?”

Jimin stilled, his cheeks flushing as he realised what he had done there – and that he had been caught doing it, “I-I-” he stuttered, not certain what he was supposed to answer to that as there really was no way to make it appear anything else than it really was or to justify his almost primal action. It was quite obvious what he had done there – despite him not fully noticing it himself prior to Jungkook mentioning it.

“Fuck, you're unbelievable” Jungkook chuckled, shaking his head as he bent over to grab Jimin's hips. Effortlessly, he picked the smaller boy up on his lap, “Come up here, let me take care of you, baby”

Nervously, Jimin gulped, the flush on his cheeks deepening, “I-I'm sorry, I didn't mean to”

“It's okay, little one. I will help you” Jungkook assured him as he crashed his lips on Jimin's in a gentle kiss, simultaneously wrapping his big hand around Jimin's sensitive erection. At the touch, Jimin gasped, whimpering into the kiss as he moved impossibly closer as though he needed to close even the smallest fraction of distance that existed between them.

“Jungkook-ah” Jimin whispered as he held onto Jungkook's shoulders for leverage, his eyes fluttering shut as the younger male tugged on his penis, the pad of his thumb tracing over the tip to play with the considerable amount of pre-cum that had already leaked out, “A-Ah” Jimin whimpered, catching his bottom lip between his teeth as Jungkook smirked, giving his hard length a tight squeeze.

“You're insatiable, hm? Always so needy for me” Jungkook noted, his voice low again as he pressed his lips to the back of Jimin's ear, “No matter how many times I fuck you, you always want more” he added, speeding up the pace of his movement.

“I-I-” Jimin tried to utter, not capable to form a coherent sentence as he was lost in the distraction that was embodied in Jungkook jerking him off in just the way he knew would drive Jimin insane.
Jungkook's dirty words always had an effect on Jimin – one that Jimin still couldn't quite explain nor pin-point to a certain reason, but he had long decided to just take it for what it was, no longer eargently needing a reason. Those words and the way Jungkook said them – the fact that he was the one that said them – always sent a shiver down Jimin's back, just as much as it caused his stomach to twist in arousal.

The black haired boy just knew how press his buttons – with a touch, his tone in voice, the way he exuded himself, a stare, a damn word – you see, the list could go on and on and on.

Jungkook just knew how to make Jimin feel alive in every fibre of his very being.

“Hm, kitten?” Jungkook urged, nudging his nose against Jimin's cheek, “Got all hard again because you sucked me off? You love having my dick in your pretty mouth, don't you?” he asked as he reached up to grab Jimin's chin with his unoccupied hand, a smirk curving his lips as he ran the pad of his thumb along Jimin's bottom lip, applying faint pressure. It was enough for Jimin to react, his lips parting instinctively as his gaze flickered back and forth between Jungkook's doe eyes.

“I-I do” Jimin affirmed breathy.

“You do what?”

“I love-” Jimin's breath hitched in his throat as Jungkook pushed his thumb past his lips, the shorter male almost frozen in his place as he forced himself to stay entirely still – especially not to suck on Jungkook's finger like a voice within him urged him to do.

Jungkook arched up an eyebrow, proceeding to jerk Jimin off with a quick motion, the latter digging his fingers into Jungkook's shoulders as he moaned around his finger.

“ Aren't you going to answer me, baby? Forgot how to use your voice after I gagged you?” Jungkook wondered, clearly teasing him now – if the slight amusement in his eyes was any indication.

Shyly, Jimin shook his head, Jungkook pulling his thumb out of his mouth, “I love sucking you off, Kook-ah” he whispered, the blush on his cheeks darkening.

“Good boy” Jungkook praised him with a smirk, stroking the pad of his thumb over the sensitive tip of Jimin's penis, the touch causing Jimin to whimper in pleasure.

“K-Kook-ah, I'm close” Jimin announced with a gasp, squeezing his eyes shut as he rolled his hips into Jungkook's fist.

The younger male brushed Jimin's fringe out of his face, wetting his lip at the sinful, but also heavenly sight of Jimin falling apart on his lap – again, “Yeah? Humped my leg like a little dog in heat, didn't you? My naught-”

Jimin came with an embarrassing shriek, curling in on himself as he pushed Jungkook's hand away to avoid any more stimulation. The sudden abscene of Jungkook's hand and the way Jimin had pushed it away caused his penis to bounce from side to side, his sperm spurting out in thick streaks that painted Jungkook's stomach and the sheets white. Jimin's vision turned blurry for a moment, black dots appearing in front of his eyes at the intense orgasm washing over him.

“Ssh, I got you, little one” Jungkook whispered as he closed his arms around Jimin's back, embracing the smaller boy who was still shaking vigorously as he nuzzled against Jungkook, “Cuddles?” Jungkook suggested softly, pressing a kiss to his temple as he caressed his back.

“Mhm-mh, please” Jimin murmured back, hiding his face in the curve of Jungkook's neck as the
black haired boy laid down on his back, not detaching himself from Jimin for even a split second.

Carefully, Jungkook moved up the bed to lay down on the soft pillows, Jimin's body nearly entirely slack on top of him, all the energy that he had possessed earlier now drowned from his small being.

“Jimin-ah, are you good?” Jungkook wanted to know, running his hand through Jimin's hair as he tightened his grip around Jimin's back.

“Mhm-mh” Jimin hummed, his eyes fluttering open as he lifted his head in order to meet Jungkook's gaze, “Are you good?”

Jungkook chuckled as he gave a nod, affection in his eyes, “Yeah, little one. I'm good, too” he responded as he leaned in to press a peck to Jimin's full lips, “Tired you out, hm?”

“Yeah” Jimin breathed in affirmation.

“Sleepy?” Jungkook asked him, stroking Jimin's cheek as he tilted his head to the side.

“Mhm-mh” the pink haired boy mumbled as he went limp again, lowering his head back down on Jungkook's warm chest to rest, his eyes falling shut.

The younger male snickered at the adorable sight, shaking his head as he leaned closer to Jimin's ear, “Can't fall asleep yet, baby. We have to take a bathe, hm?” he reminded him, pressing a kiss to the back of his ear.

Jimin grumbled in dissatisfaction, shaking his head as he clung onto Jungkook, hiding his face further in the curve of Jungkook's neck, “Don't wanna” he protested, inhaling a deep breath that comforted him as it was filled with Jungkook's familiar and soothing scent.

“Little one, you have my cum all over your face. Don't you want me to clean that up?”

Oh.

Well, Jimin had definitely forgotten about that.

What a waste, he thought. If he hadn't been as desperate and needy earlier, he would have clearly cleaned that mess up himself by licking the cum off.

The smaller one lifted his head again, propping his chin on Jungkook's chest as he stared at him with his big doe eyes. Smiling, Jungkook reached over to the nightstand and picked up a tissue.

“Close your eyes, baby” Jungkook demanded softly.

Jimin obliged and shut his eyes, feeling the soft tissue rubbing over his skin as Jungkook cleaned up his face, removing any left over tears or sperm.

“Thank you” Jimin murmured once Jungkook was done, the latter tossing the tissue somewhere on the floor beside the bed with little care.

“How is your butt? Does it hurt a lot?” Jungkook then wanted to know.

As always, Jimin had entirely forgotten about the pain his bottom had endured for a certain amount of time. Actually, he had not even counted how many spanks he had received, not that it really mattered. However, now that Jungkook mentioned it, it was as though Jimin finally noticed the stinging on his butt and upper thighs.
The pink haired boy wrinkled his nose, reaching back to rub his palm over his butt cheek, “Hurts” he whined.

“A lot?” Jungkook asked, concern in his eyes as he nudged his nose against Jimin’s cheek, his hand reaching back to Jimin’s butt to tenderly rub his palm along the reddened skin.

“No, just a bit” Jimin assured him with a shaking of his head.

Jungkook hummed as he pressed a kiss to Jimin’s temple, smiling against his skin, “Took it so well, baby. Were such a good boy for me, Jimin-ah”

“Was I?” Jimin whispered back, meeting Jungkook’s gaze.

“Yeah, always so good for me, little one” Jungkook responded, his smile deepening, “The best boy”

At the compliment, Jimin found his cheeks flush a shade of rose again, the smaller boy catching his bottom lip between his teeth as he nuzzled his face in Jungkook’s neck again, “I love when you say that” he admitted quietly, just for Jungkook to hear.

“Yeah?” Jungkook breathed.

“Mhm-mh. I love when you... when you praise me” Jimin added.

Frankly, it wasn’t anything Jungkook was unaware of. The younger male definitely knew that Jimin had a praise kink – long before the other had ever even began to comprehend what that was. However, it was still nice that Jimin felt comfortable enough to share that with him and admit to it in the first place.

“What about the gagging? Was that too much?” Jungkook wondered.

For a moment, Jimin allowed his mind to think before he answered, “N-No, it... it was odd for a moment and very foreign, but it wasn't too much” he answered genuinely.

Jungkook smirked, “I must say, I missed hearing your voice and pretty noises. You always make the most adorable sounds for me, kitten”

“Thank you” Jimin murmured, touched by faint embarrassment. It was nice to know that it was something that Jungkook found a liking in and that it wasn't anything that irritated him. After all, it was very difficult for Jimin to contain these sounds. Despite him feeling embarrassed by it, it was a comforting contrast to hear that Jungkook didn't share that view, but had actually missed his noises in their absence.

Suddenly, the mood shifted, the endearment on Jungkook's face being replaced by something that evoke uneasiness within Jimin. The shy smile on his own face faltered as he met Jungkook’s gaze, trying to search for the answer to his change in expression in his eyes.

“I'm sorry, Jimin-ah” the younger male apologised, unsettling Jimin even more as he wasn't able to understand what Jungkook was apologising for – wasn't even capable to imagine any reason for it.

“Sorry for what?” Jimin wanted to know, furrowing his brows.

The black haired boy pressed his lips into a line before he answered, “Earlier, I... I got a bit lost in the moment and I held onto your wrists” he answered.

“That's okay, Kook-ah” Jimin reassured him, figuring that he should be honest and admit to how
much he actually enjoys Jungkook manhandling him in order to soothe the other one's concern, “I... I
like that. I mean, I like when you manhandle me”

For a moment, Jungkook just stared at him, a faint smile curling up the corner of his lips, but then he
reached out for Jimin face and shook his head, “In that moment, I shouldn't have done it though, little
one. I temporarily forgot that I had gagged you just a moment prior, thus also having restricted you in
using your voice” he elaborated, yet didn't decrease Jimin's confusion, “I'm so fucking sorry”

“I still don't understand” Jimin murmured, partially distracted by Jungkook's soft hand against his
cheek that was caressing his cheekbone tenderly. Yet, even if it wasn't for that, Jimin still wouldn't be
able to fathom what exactly had been wrong in that certain moment. Was Jimin really that oblivious?
Perhaps, just stupid? Essentially, the incident had been very arousing to Jimin, so what could have
been wrong?

“I held your wrists to your back, Jimin-ah. I reduced you to.. to having no possibility to tell me to
seriously stop” he went on, sincere concern in his eyes, “I told you to slap my side in case it gets too
much, but then I restricted you from doing that, I.”

“Kook-ah” Jimin interrupted him, placing his delicate hand on Jungkook's cheek, “I appreciate your
concern, but I didn't even notice that. I was so lost in that moment... in my passion that I really didn't
notice at all. In fact, I didn't even care-”

“That doesn't matter” Jungkook objected firmly, appearing to be more angered by his own behaviour
- that was inevitably displayed in his tone, “I know in what headspace you fall into in those
moments” he added softer, “I'm supposed to make sure you're okay. I'm supposed to establish a safe
environment for you”

The smaller one shook his head, not agreeing with that statement, “You're not supposed to do that.
You-”

“I am” Jungkook pressed, “That's why you trust me”

Jungkook's fingers still caressed Jimin's cheek, but Jimin fixated his sole attention and focus on
Jungkook's eyes and the urgency to mend his blaming heart, “I still trust you, Kook-ah. This isn't-
Don't dwell on that one moment. It was so minor. In fact, you realised two seconds in that you had
done it and had quickly removed your hands from my wrists. You ensured a safe environment. You
always do. This is one instance in so many where you have been nothing but protective and
comforting”

There was no way Jimin was going to stay here and allow Jungkook to blame himself for such a
minor thing. Well, at least it was minor to Jimin. After all, everyone is ought to make mistakes.
People tend to make bad decisions or do something that could potentially put them or someone else
in danger.

Yet, that was human. That's what made them human. That's what made them living beings that feel
and learn - that are flawed in a lot of ways. Jungkook was no different. Neither was Jimin.

The two of them had never went as far as to restrict not only Jimin's sense of touching, but also his
usage of voice. Matter of fact, this was a new area for both of them to explore together. Obviously,
mistakes could arise – would arise. However, they were only learning as they went.

As long as Jungkook realised what he had done wrong – even if it was only a false action in his own
eyes – and fixed it as early as he was capable to, then wasn't that entirely comprehensible?
“Nothing happened, Kook-ah” Jimin finally responded.

Something flashed in Jungkook’s eyes, yet Jimin lacked the ability to define it in his current state, “It could have” Jungkook stated softer.

“This was new for both of us” Jimin pointed out, determined to convince Jungkook to forgive himself, “We learn as we go, hm?” he added, pressing his lips to Jungkook’s cheek.

The other one was silent for a moment, turned his head to the side as though he wanted to kiss Jimin, yet he halted. Their lips were brushing one another’s, but the smallest fraction of distance remained between them that it wasn’t quite enough to title it a kiss. They could feel the other one’s breath on their skin, felt so close as though they were one.

“I...” Jungkook started, but paused before he went on, “Fuck, I don’t know. The idea of having proceeded without noticing it scares the shit out of me” he admitted, his voice almost quieter as though those words were only meant for Jimin to hear, “I would never be able to forgive myself, if I'd went on while you were trying to get me off of you” Jungkook added as he tightened his grip around Jimin’s back, their chests pressed to one another, each of them feeling the warmth the other one was radiating.

“Kook-ah, please don't do this to yourself” Jimin pleaded, his heart clenching, “I'm the one who you think who was in danger, right? I'm telling you that I'm fine” he assured as he cupped Jungkook’s face to allow them to lock eyes, “See, I'm fine. I'm more than fine. I'm so happy because of you. To me, you did nothing wrong”

Yet, to Jungkook, this was fucking him up. Hurting Jimin would break his heart – he was certain of that. Mistakes like this shouldn't happen to him - especially not with Jimin. He was so fucking mad at himself for letting something like this happen, even if he did notice it so damn quickly.

“Kook-ah” Jimin interrupted his thoughts, having leaned closer to nudge his nose against Jungkook’s, “We're fine” he added softly, capturing Jungkook’s lips in a sweet kiss as he placed his hand in the back of Jungkook’s neck.

The black haired boy slid one hand through Jimin's hair while the other one rested on his back to caress his soft skin. Goosebumps formed beneath his touch as his fingertips traced over Jimin's milky skin, the latter exhaling a shaky breath inbetween their kiss before he withdrew and pressed his forehead against Jungkook’s.

“You would never blame me for something like this so please have the same forgiveness for yourself” Jimin whispered against his lips.

A soft smile curved Jungkook’s lips as he pressed a sweet peck to Jimin's full lips.

“I love you” Jungkook declared, Jimin's heart fluttering in the way it always did when it heard those words from the boy that owned his heart.

They leaned in simultaneously to crash their lips together in another kiss, this one longer, deeper to express what their words sometimes lacked.

Jungkook was the one to withdraw, his lips tracing over Jimin's skin to place kisses down his throat and back up. Certain areas on Jimin's skin were particularly sensitive, some even ticklish, causing him to giggle as he jerked away.

The younger male smiled against his skin, his hand finding its way back up to Jimin's hair to play with his pink locks. That action always evoke comfort in Jimin, his eyes fluttering shut as he lowered
his chin back down on Jungkook's chest.

“You like me playing with your hair, hm?” Jungkook commented with a chuckle after Jimin had purred as Jungkook had gently tugged on his hair, “Love when I tug on it, don't you?”

Jimin's eyes fluttered back open, “Yes, I do” he responded with a sleepy smile, Jungkook proceeding to tenderly scratch over his scalp every now and then.

Suddenly, a thought resurfaced in Jimin's mind, something his heart had desired earlier in the heated intimate moment between them, yet his timidity had prevented him from actually voicing his desire. The pink haired boy swallowed hard as he averted his gaze and traced his fingertips over Jungkook’s chest to draw shapes on it that he wasn't able to define himself as he was distracted by the attempt to bundle up all the courage he could muster, “Actually, earlier I... I wanted you to... I-” Jimin murmured, but went silent as his shyness reminded him of its existence.

“What is it, baby” Jungkook encouraged him, pressing a kiss to his temple as he rubbed his hand over Jimin's back.

Jimin inhaled a shaky breath, his cheeks flushing a faint shade of rose, “I really wanted you to- Nevermind. It's odd”

“Little one, look at me” Jungkook insisted as he grabbed his chin, guiding Jimin's face back up to lock eyes with him, “Nothing you want me to do to you is odd, okay? Whatever it is, it's totally fine. You can trust me, yeah?” he assured him.

The smaller one sighed, biting down on his bottom lip as he gave a weak nod, “I know I can. It's just... Sometimes I'm scared of myself because of the things that you.. that you make me want” he admitted softly, displaying his vulnerability.

“What do you mean?” Jungkook asked.

“Well, it's not that you force me to like them” Jimin clarified, “But the... the dominance you exude just makes me want to obey” he tried to explain.

Jungkook smiled as he stroked his thumb over Jimin's cheek, “That's okay, Jimin-ah. As long as it stays in a healthy state and you don't feel obligated to have to obey to anyone outside of the bedroom, that's totally fine”

“It's more than just obeying, though” Jimin revealed, “I-I told you before that I... like it when you use me” he reminded Jungkook – well, not that it was anything Jungkook needed to be reminded of in the first place as he surely would never forget about it - “Earlier, I... I wanted you to use my mouth by forcing my head down and thrusting into me” Jimin admitted quietly.

Jungkook's lips parted, his eyebrows shooting up in surprise (or maybe shock, Jimin wasn't sure) for a split second before his prior attentive expression replaced it.

“You want me to fuck your mouth?” the younger male echoed, choosing slightly different words than Jimin.

Jimin whined, embarrassed as he hid his face in the curve of Jungkook's neck, “Yes, I- I want you to do that to me someday. I don't know why, I just... I just do” he affirmed softly, his voice just above a whisper and muffled into Jungkook's skin, yet the taller one registered every single word of his.

“Little one, that's fine” Jungkook reassured him, wetting his lips as he was almost certain he
would’ve gotten hard at the thought, if he hadn't just come by Jimin giving him head some minutes ago, “That's- Fuck, it's actually so damn hot” he added as he rubbed his warm palm over Jimin's back, “You don't have to have a reason for liking something. I won't ever force you to have a reason either. Sometimes, we just like stuff for the sake of it”

Curiously, Jimin lifted his head again, stealing a glimpse at Jungkook’s face to assure himself that he was genuine – and he was, clear sincerity glistening in his brown eyes – before he hid his face back in the curve of Jungkook's face.

“Okay” he whispered, earning him a chuckle from Jungkook who pulled him even tighter before he pressed a kiss to the top of Jimin's head.

“Cute” Jungkook commented, “Come on now, little one, let's take a bath, hm?”

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Jimin sipped on his iced Americano, hoping to wake up from the cold liquid. Inevitably, his eyes fluttered shut every now and then, but he forced them back open each time. Hopefully, the caffeine was going to banish the sleepiness from his body.

As he walked through the hallway, his steps were audible on the wooden floor, the old material creaking in certain spots under his weight. Perhaps, that noise was going to help him stay awake, he thought.

Jungkook and him had stayed up very long last night, only having fallen asleep far into the hours of the next day. Despite Jimin having loved nothing more than to cuddle Jungkook and having fallen asleep all snuggled up to his side, dawn had risen so utterly fast. It was as though Jimin had just shut his eyes as the irritating sound of his alarm had ripped him out of his peaceful sleep already.

Before arriving at Jeon Entertainment this morning, Jimin had to get some things done first. Well, one major thing.

It was his last day at the library.

After turning in his resignation just moments ago, it was now time for him to empty his locker of any belongings he had stored here. The farewell with his superior hadn't actually been as awful as he had imagined it to be. It had been rather short and quick like she was trying to get done with it fast, the woman only shaking his hand and wishing him success in his decision and further career – which was kind, Jimin believed.

Carefully, Jimin entered the staff room, the door falling shut behind him with a thud. The room was empty, as he had expected. Usually, there was no one around here this early in the morning apart from his superior or rarely one other employee.

To be fair, Jimin knew that it was Somi's shift this morning, allowing him to talk to her before he left. Actually, Jimin had already texted her days ago to share his decision with her. After all, they had been colleagues for years now. It was different to leave this place behind now - with her still being stuck here. It was almost odd in a way to say goodbye to her and to know that he wouldn't see her nearly every day at work from now on.

Jimin set his cup of coffee down on the table before he crouched down to his locker and opened it one last time.

There weren't many of his belongings in there. In fact, it was only an umbrella and a jacket he had forgotten here a long time ago. Apart from that, his locker was empty.
Once he had emptied the locker and had put the stuff in his bag, he got back up and threw the bag over his shoulder. Sighing, he picked up his iced Americano again, his gaze lingering on his locker for a moment longer before he spun around and exited the room.

It didn’t take long of him scanning the hall of the library to find Somi’s brown haired head sorting books back into their designated places on the shelves. Smiling, he skipped over to her, tapping on her shoulder to gain her attention.

“Somi-yah” he made his presence known by voice, too, causing the girl to spin around with a shriek.

An expression of horror was replaced by one of affection as she realised who the intruder was. Her face lit up as she threw her arms around him to pull him into a hug, “Jimin-ah! I would have killed you, if you’d just left without saying goodbye”

“How could I ever” Jimin chuckled as they detached themselves from one another, her hands resting on his shoulders as she shook her head in disbelief, yet a smile was still curving her lips.

“I can't believe you're going to leave” she stated.

Jimin dipped his head down, smiling as he gave a nod, “Yeah, I've worked here for such a long time”

“Yes!” she exclaimed, swatting his arm, “You were the first one that was nice to me around here”

The smaller boy surpressed the urge to whine at the smack he had received, but simply rubbed his hand over his irritated spot, “I will miss you a lot” Jimin expressed, his smile almost carrying some sadness, but he didn't want this moment to be sad.

“I can't even express how much I'm going to miss you!” Somi noted.

However, Jimin found his composure again, “It's not like we won't be seeing each other anymore, though” he reminded the two of them, both of their smiles softer again.

“I know, but it's going to be weird to not see your beautiful face every day I come to work” she stated as she booped him on the nose. The act caused Jimin to giggle as he shook his head at her.

“I thought the same thing” he agreed, “It's going to take some time to adjust to not seeing you at work every single day. It's definitely going to be weird for a while”

After all, they had worked together at this place for such a long time. In all honesty, it wasn't the most exciting job there was which usually tended to lead to boredom very swiftly, yet with Somi around, it had made the job all the more bearable and fun at times.

“You're leaving me all alone around here, hm?” she sighed, propping her chin up on her fist after she had rested her ellbow on the little carrier of the books.

“Don't say it like that” Jimin uttered, “You know that I dreamed of this for so long”

Truthfully, Jimin had always known that this was only a temporary stay for him. Yes, he had enjoyed working here, but his heart beat for something entirely different. All of his life, Jimin had practiced and strived to be a dancer, it had been inevitable for him to choose this path and make this decision one day.

It was luck, too.
A lot of luck to have been giving this opportunity in the first place.

“I know” Somi smiled at him, “I can't express how proud and happy for you I am” she responded, but then her smile faltered, “It's just that I feel weird... because I'm still here, you know?” she murmured, “Is this going to be my life?” she asked as she lifted her hands up to her surroundings, her brows knitted, “Sorting books for fifty years?”

“It can be fun at times” Jimin pointed out with warm smile, intending to cheer her up.

Somi rolled his yes, but chuckled, “Jimin-ah, be serious”

“I didn't hate the job” Jimin responded genuinely, “It's just not...” he trailed off, leaving the remainder of his sentence hang in the air between them.

“Not your dream” Somi concluded, finishing his sentence for him.

“Yeah” he affirmed with a nod.

The girl caught her bottom lip between her teeth, “Well, it definitely isn't mine either” she mumbled.

“What is your dream?” Jimin asked her, titling his head to the side. Surely, their bond had been close, yet they had never been as close to exchange their deepest thoughts or desires – neither their dreams.

Well, that wasn't entirely true. Jimin had shared his dream with her. Now, he felt utterly horrible for never having asked Somi about her dream, yet then again, she hadn't asked either, it had been Jimin who had revealed his to her.

Perhaps, she just didn't have one? Surely, not everyone had one. People weren't ought to have one – weren't forced to have such a deep desire as a dream.

“I don't know” she admitted with a sigh, shrugging her shoulders, “I want to travel the world. That's for sure”

Jimin smiled brightly, “That sounds like so much fun. That's going to be an adventure”

“Yeah, but it's pretty damn expensive, too” she chuckled as she nodded, “I've been saving up for it for the past year and I've got quite a lot already”

“What are you waiting for then?” Jimin wondered, eyebrows arched up.

“I don't know” she murmured, shaking her head more to herself than anything, “Now that I've actually got the money, I'm too fucking scared to go along with it” she shared with Jimin, frowning at herself.

In all honesty, Jimin was almost certain that he would be too scared to go all on his own, as well. What if he wouldn't be able to communicate well with people? What if he was going to get lost somewhere and never return home?

However, Jimin didn't want to project all of his own fears on to her. After all, they were two completely different people. Jimin was timid and a little scared of a lot of things by nature whereas Somi had always seemed more open and braver than him.

Then again, Jimin had also been scared in deciding to walk this path – to sign with Jeon Entertainment and start an entirely new chapter of his life. Frankly, he was still scared. Yet, this was what he had always dreamed of – this feeling alone was enough to surpress the fear and spread hope
through his very being.

If this was Somi's dream, overcoming that fear would surely be easier, too, as there was something awaiting her at the end of the road that was worth fighting the fear for – something she had always desired.

“You'll meet so many people, be inspired by so many things. Learn about cultures, history, traditions and so much new-

“Food! I know” she added with a chuckle, “That's why I want to go so bad”

“Then don't let your fear get the best of you. I was scared to choose this path, too. Hell, I'm still scared. What if I suck so bad? What if I'm going to disappoint them all? But how can I know, if I don't try? I've always dreamed about this and now the day has finally come. I'm so grateful that I have people around me that support me and inspired me to do this” Jimin revealed to her.

She smiled at him, but then laughed, “Yeah, well, my parents think I'm crazy”

“It's not crazy” Jimin assured her, “It's an adventure that's waiting for you to be explored”

“I might do it” Somi noted eventually.

“I want pictures from every place!” the smaller boy expressed.

“Okay, you will get them, don't worry. I promise” she chuckled as she pulled Jimin into another hug. Jimin joined her laugh, resting his chin on her shoulder in their embrace before they pulled apart.

They stared at each other for a moment longer, but their peaceful silence was disrupted by a rahter loud yell from the hall of the library. The two of them scanned the room for the souce of the voice, on their toes already as they were about to rush over to that person and remind them to be quiet. However, they noticed a woman getting up to their feet, a phone pressed to her ear as she rushed out of the building.

“Well, at least she had the decency to leave the library entirely to have that phone call. Some people have their loud ass conversation in here” Somi noted, reminding Jimin of oh so many instances that had left them to maintain silence in the room.

“Yeah” Jimin agreed with a snicker, observing how Somi picked up a book to place it back on the shelf, her gaze still ingering on the reading area of the library.

“Herpes isn't here today. That's new” she noted with a frown on her face, proceeding to sort the books on the shelf.

“Herpes?” Jimin echoed, not familiar with that name. Who was she referring to? Was that a codeword for something? Well, it didn't ring any bell in Jimin.

“Yeah” Jimin listed.

“Never has taken a book to his seat? Bald?” Jimin finished for her, almost certain that he knew who she was referring to now.

“Yes, him” she affirmed with a chuckle.

“Well, because he never leaves. Like herpes. And even if it leaves - It comes back every damn time”
she laughed at her own joke, appearing to find herself being very witty.

“Mhm, yeah, he never missed a day” Jimin mumbled, knitting his brows in thought, suddenly remembering something occurring weeks ago, “Actually, do you remember him talking to you a long while ago?”

It had always nagged Jimin somehow.

“About what?” she asked, her eyebrows shooting up in curiosity.

“That one day he asked me to carry some books with him to his car and I was surprised because he knew my name” Jimin shared with her, “He said you told him?”

“Your name?” she clarified.

“Yeah” the pink haired boy affirmed with a nod.

Somi shook her head, “I never talked to him”

“You didn't?” Jimin asked, his eyes going wide.

“No, I never did”

“O-Oh” the smaller one breathed, dumbfounded upon receiving the information.

Why had that man lied about that?

“Weird” Jimin commented.

“Did he say that?” Somi wanted to know, refraining from sorting the book on the shelf, but dropping the one in her hand back down on the carrier.

“Yeah” Jimin breathed.

Somi titled her head to the side, “Why would he?”

“I don't know” the pink haired boy responded. After all, why would he?

“Strange” she mumbled.

“Mhm-mh”

They proceeded to stare off into the distance for a fraction longer, but Jimin was then reminded of him having to arrive at his first day at his new workplace on time. There was no way he could even dare to be late today!

“I guess I should get going now” the smaller boy announced.

“Let's meet up for lunch next week to catch up” Somi suggested with a grin.

“Great idea” Jimin agreed.

“Okay. I'll see you around, Jimin-ssi”

“See you, Somi-ssi” Jimin responded, the two of them embracing each other one last time before they pulled apart.
Somi waved at him as he left, the smaller one waving back as he walked off into the distance.

Slowly, Jimin stepped out of the building, inhaling a deep breath of the fresh air that wasn't poisoned by dust pollution today. It was such a nice day, actually, the sun shining brightly in the morning as it illuminated the city.

The pink haired boy stood there for a moment longer, the door falling close behind him with a thud.

A smile curled up the corners of his lips to adorne his pretty features.

As he shut a chapter of his life, a new one was just awaiting him.

Jimin was happy.

Chapter End Notes

I'm sorry that it wasn't as eventful, but I hope you enjoyed it regardless <3

Please stay healthy and I hope you are all happy <3

See you in the next chapter <3

Love you <3
Broken Heart

Chapter Summary

Finally, Jimin starts working at Jeon Entertainment, yet in the midst of his happiness, there are also struggles.

Chapter Notes

Hii, lovely readers <3

How are you feeling? :)

I was actually able to finish this chapter a little quicker this time! Yaaay :)

I hope you enjoy it <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Wow, this practice room looks amazing” Jimin uttered in awe as he entered the room with big eyes, impressed by the interior design and the advanced equipment that was visible to his eyes.

“Jimin-ah, you're early” Hoseok greeted him, flashing him an affectionate smile as he was in the midst of crouching down to rummage through his bag.

The pink haired boy mirrored his smile, lifting his hand up into the air to wave at his friend, “Good morning, Hyung. I brought us some breakfast” Jimin announced as he pointed at the small paper back he was carrying in his hand, having stopped by at a bakery to buy some food for them.

“Waah, you're an angel” Hoseok exclaimed with a grin, jumping back up to his feet to rush over to Jimin's side, “I wasn't able to eat anything this morning” he revealed as Jimin handed him the paper back.

“Why?” Jimin wondered, titling his head to the side as he observed Hoseok opening up the paper back to pick out a sandwich.

“I overslept” the brown haired boy answered him, “Cheese?” he asked and arched up an eyebrow, referring to the sandwich in his hand.

“Mhm-mh” Jimin affirmed with a hum, “Why did you oversleep? Didn't hear your alarm?” he assumed.

It wasn't anything Jimin had never experienced, either. On certain days, he had been drawn too deeply into his slumber, not even the irritating sound of his alarm managing to rip him out of a sweet haze of sleep.

“I-... Well, we had a long night” Hoseok elaborated as he unwrapped the sandwich and took a bite, Jimin almost certain that he noticed a faint display of a flush on his cheeks at those words.
Truthfully, Jimin was merely capable to resist the urge of asking any further questions to dig deeper into the subject. What had only been an act of curiosity and a way for him to keep the conversation going had swiftly tipped over into an area that flashed red lights at him.

Surely, it could be something entirely innocuous – embodied in Taehyung and him having watched too many movies or having been too caught up in a conversation, thus staying up longer than previously intended.

Yet, with the information Jimin had received from Taehyung regarding Hoseok being entangled in an issue involving Taehyung and Yoongi, the reason for his lack of sleep could also be something entirely different.

Essentially, it wasn't far-fetched to imagine a very intimate moment between the three of them having lead to them only going to bed way into the hours of the next day – especially with the display of faint timidity represented in the flush on Hoseok's cheeks and the usage of the word 'we.' As Yoongi was now also a part of their intimate bond – in whatever way – it wasn't reprehensible to include him into a possible scenario.

Whatever reason it was, Jimin didn't even want to risk crossing any appropriate line by asking further questions regarding this issue, potentially putting his very close friend on the spot who might not feel comfortable enough to talk about this issue. Besides, Jimin had a promise to keep.

However, Jimin couldn't deny his curiosity either. Frankly, he did wonder quite often whether the three of them had unveiled their feelings to one another. If so, what were the repercussions of that decision? Had the three of them found a solution?

Clearly, it was a very vulnerable action – to confess one's feelings.

Certainly, neither of them were aware of how the other one felt – could only assume it by assessing the way they treated each other.

To Jimin, it sounded as though they felt deeply for each other. Taehyung's vivid discription of most of their days ending with them all cuddled up in bed and falling asleep next to each other was something that appeared to be more than just a platonic act.

*Perhaps, they knew*, Jimin thought. Perhaps, they knew what the other one felt because their bodies conveyed what their hearts were too afraid to say.

“Well, I say we stretch first before the trainees arrive” Hoseok suggested, interrupting Jimin's thoughts. The smaller boy shook his head to snap out of it, scanning the room for the other one and noticing that Hoseok had moved over to the other side of the room, “They are scheduled to be here in about half an hour” he added as he took another bite of his sandwich, stealing a glimpse at his watch to confirm the time.

“What are we showing them?” Jimin wondered, his heart skipping a beat at the horror of being unprepared.

There was only half an hour left? How was he supposed to learn anything that swiftly and then possess the ability to teach it to someone else?

“Oh, yes” Hoseok nodded, chewing on his food before he swallowed it down, “Well, the group of trainees we'll meet today already knows the choregraphy as I have taught it to them over the past week” he informed him as he picked up his phone, “Today, they're just supposed to show us the finished product and we will assess their performances”
Surprised, Jimin titled his head to the side, not having expected such a task on his very first day. In fact, he wasn't even certain what this would imply, “In what way?” he asked.

“Well, Mr. Jeon is in the works of a new group he wants to debut” Hoseok elaborated, “Currently, he's looking for the most talented people in this company to include in that group. We're responsible for their dance performances and have to evaluate their skills in that field” he informed Jimin who knitted his brows at those words.

“Wait, so... so our opinion can determine their future?” he wondered for clarification, but realised a brief moment later that it had been a redundant question. After all, he was already aware of the answer.

Mr. Jeon had emphasised that Jimin was ought to teach these trainees and create choreographies for them. This wasn't anything minor at all.

Jimin reminded himself once again of what significance his job truly held.

“Of course” the brown haired boy chuckled, “We're also responsible for developing their choreographies. If we fail to create something that catches people's attention, that could also determine their future. This job comes with responsibility, Jimin-ah. We should take it very seriously”

“I know, hyung” Jimin responded, giving a determined nod, “Of course. I understand”

“Mr. Jeon has created sheets for us to have a certain amount of guidance of what he's looking for” Hoseok let him know, finishing his sandwich and skimming through several sheets of paper that were scattered over a small, but high table, “For instance, we should pay attention to how powerful their executions are, whether they are conveying emotion with their dancing, things like that”

“Mhm” Jimin murmured, furrowing his brows, “Is it supposed to be entirely objectively?”

“Well, we are supposed to assess their skills, but you might see something in one of the trainees that I don't see” Hoseok responded, pointing his flat hand at Jimin, “You can scribble it down on your evaluation sheet and bring it up in a meeting with Mr. Jeon. In the end, he will make the final call, but our opinion is valid and he will take it into consideration”

“Wow” Jimin breathed, slightly intimidated by the magnitude of all of this, “That's what we do everyday?”

“No, not every day” Hoseok denied with a grin, shaking his head, “It depends. It's a little hectic these days because of the preparations for a new group. Usually, we have evaluations every two weeks between the particular teams for dancing, singing and rapping. Then, once a month, Mr. Jeon and Jungkook-ah evaluate the trainees themselves”

“I see” Jimin uttered.

To be fair, Jimin had been aware that his job wasn't going to be meaningless, but he hadn't known that his opinion regarding a trainee's performance would be that valid and could determine their future that much. Then again, despite Mr. Jeon claiming that their opinions were valid, he might not actually take them into consideration that much.

“In between those times, we create choreographies for the existing artists, have dancing classes with the trainees or receive a certain task from Mr. Jeon in a meeting” the taller man added.

“Okay, so today, we just evaluate how far they've come with the choreography you've taught them?” Jimin asked just for reassurance, closing the distance between them by walking over to Hoseok's
“Correct” Hoseok affirmed, “I’ve prepared the sheets already. We are going to stretch now and then it’s not long until the trainees arrive. Don’t worry, I won’t push you into deep water on your first day. We’ll take it slow today. Just write down what you think of their performance, okay?” he comforted Jimin, the latter’s concern depicted on his face notable to Hoseok as he handed him the evaluation sheet.

How was Jimin entitled to determine whether someone was worthy of debuting, when he barely had any experience himself?

“Mhm-mh” Jimin mumbled, dipping his head down, “I just don’t... I don't know” he sighed, struggling to voice what was bothering his heart, “I don't feel like I'm deserving of doing this. I'm barely a professional dancer. I don't have that much experience. How can I—”

“Jimin-ah, stop that” Hoseok interrupted him sternly, but with affection in his eyes, “I don't want to hear you putting yourself down, okay? You're deserving of being here and you're deserving of doing the same work I'm doing. You are a professional dancer. Mr. Jeon wouldn't have chosen you, if it wasn't for that. It's my first time being a part of this process, too. I haven't been here long enough to watch any of them debut yet. If I want to include you, that's what I'm going to do, hm?” Hoseok expressed.

“Thank you, hyung” Jimin responded bashfully, his cheeks flushing a shade of rose, “Okay, hyung” Hoseok ruffled through Jimin's hair with a grin, the latter chuckling and pulling away, “Great. Then let's start.”

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It wasn't much later when the room was suddenly filled with presumably thirty more people, multiple of them appearing to be a lot younger than Jimin. They were divided into rows of six, fixing their postures and standing there patiently, waiting for further instructions.

“Good morning, kids” Hoseok greeted them with a nod of his head, “This is Park Jimin, a new addition to our team. He's a choreographer and will work by my side from now on” he added as he pointed at Jimin with a grin.

Warmth spread within Jimin's chest at the way Hoseok was introducing him. There was not one occurrence where he mentioned the word 'assistant' – despite that being exactly what Jimin was. For some reason, Jimin found himself wonder whether Hoseok had done that because he wanted to establish the norm of the trainees seeing Hoseok and him as equals.

The trainees gave a deep bow as they greeted Jimin with a “Hello” in unison. The pink haired boy smiled at them, a faint blush adorning his pretty features at all the attention he had suddenly received.

“Say something, Jiminnie” Hoseok encouraged him softer, flashing him a smile.

Nervously, Jimin pulled the sleeves of his shirt over his delicate hands, giving a weak nod as he cleared his throat.

“Hi” Jimin uttered, waving his small hand at them, “I'm Jimin” he declared, but regret washed over him as soon as those words had slipped from his lips. After all, Hoseok had already introduced him, thus it wasn't exactly necessary for him to repeat his own name, “Uhm... Well, I'm excited to be here. I'm looking forward to teaching you and seeing you perform today. I hope you've worked hard and give it your all today. Always remember to have fun and... and don't forget what you're doing this
Hoseok grinned at him before he drew his attention over to the crowd of trainees.

“Today, Jimin-ssi and I will evaluate your performances. Every week, your group grows smaller as certain people are eliminated from the final line up of the new group Mr. Jeon is planning to debut. This week is no different. It is important for you to work hard and show us your everything. Don’t disappoint us” Hoseok stated, a serious expression on his face, but there was always something so soft behind his eyes despite the stern and strict demeanor he exuded whenever he was teaching.

The brown haired boy possessed the ability to convey the seriousness of a moment, but never forgot to establish a comfortable environment for the students around him. It was admirable to Jimin. That's what made him such a great teacher, Jimin thought – Besides all the knowledge, experience and utter talent he owned, of course. Jimin could only wish to be a teacher like him someday.

“Yes, Mr. Jung” the trainees responded in unison.

Hoseok smiled brightly as he clapped his hands together, “Great. Then let's get started”

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“I like his expressions” Jimin noted quietly as he had leaned closer to Hoseok, subtly pointing at the boy in the centre.

The second group of trainees was currently performing, the entire group of them having been split up in ones of five. Randomly, to mention. Just minutes ago, to mention.

As long as Jimin was concerned, that appeared to be a challenging task itself. After all, you were immediately and inevitably compared to the people performing in your group. Besides, you had no chance at all to practice with the exact group of people you were chosen to perform with today, thus not enabling you to match up your synchronisation with the other's or adjust to the position you were asigned to.

It was harsh, Jimin believed, but Hoseok had explained that it was a request by Mr. Jeon.

“Jeong-ah's?” Hoseok whispered back, arching up an eyebrow.

“Yeah” Jimin breathed, his gaze fixated on the boy's movement.

“I agree” Hoseok uttered, humming in approval, “I'm pretty sure Mr. Jeon is going to pick him as one of the members. Kid is in the top ranks”

“I can definitely see why” Jimin murmured as he made notes regarding the boy's performance.

Soon, the next group of trainees aligned in a row before they took their respective positions and the music echoed in the room once more, amplified by the numerous speakers installed in the walls.

There was a kid in the back, somehow drawing Jimin's attention over to him every couple of seconds. The poor boy was struggling, Jimin could sense it, but could also see it in the way he wasn't able to control his facial expressions, causing his fear to be depicted.

The execution of his steps was... sloppy. The boy was slightly slower than the others, hence creating a faintly visible display of unsynchronisation that didn't go unnoticed to Jimin's eyes – and surely not to anyone else, if they were watching.
He's too nervous, Jimin thought.

Every now and then, he appeared to be able to lower his anxiety and catch up to the others. In those moments, Jimin was baffled by his sudden change. From one second to the other, he was an entirely different person. No longer shy, no longer lacking, but strong and powerful. There was emotion in his execution – He was feeling what he was trying to convey.

Jimin was in awe.

Yet, he fell right back into his shell, all of that gone again as he lacked what the others were performing.

The pink haired boy narrowed his eyes.

Certainly, he had seen a glimpse of what that boy was actually capable of, but it was gone way too quickly. There was definitely something holding him back from showing his full potential.

“Hootak-ah” Jimin whispered to gain Hoseok's attention.

“Yeah?” the taller man responded, but his gaze remained on the performance of the trainees as he scribbled something down.

“How young is he?” Jimin wanted to know.

Hoseok glanced at him before he averted his eyes again, “Fifteen” he answered.

“Wow” Jimin breathed, his gaze somehow still attached to Hootak's movements, “He's incredibly young”

“Yeah” Hoseok agreed, a sad expression on his face, “I don't think he's going to make it” he added quietly, shaking his head as he sighed, “I've been pulling him along – tried to give him another chance, but the other kids are just better”

Jimin knitted his brows, but gave a nod as he pressed his lips into a line.

There was something to him, Jimin felt that in his core.

“Ah, Ong-ssi, a great candidate, too” Hoseok informed him with a grin, interrupting Jimin's thoughts. The smaller boy scanned the row to find the particular trainee Hoseok was referring to. Once he did, Jimin tilted his head to the side while he studied his movements, “Amazing vocals” Hoseok added.

“His dancing is...” Jimin trailed off, not finishing his sentence as he wasn't certain how he should voice his thoughts.

“He's a perfectionist” Hoseok claimed.

“The steps are clean” Jimin praised.

“Yeah, they always are” the brown haired one agreed.

The way the boy executed the steps was remarkable. They were clean and there was nothing Jimin could criticise regarding the technics. However, there was... there wasn't emotion, at all.

Now, Jimin finally understood what Mr. Jeon had alluded to with his words when he had praised Jimin's ability to evoke emotion in someone when dancing. It wasn't just about executing certain movements in a clean way. It was about conveying a story, making the audience feel something.
Not everyone possessed that ability.

“Do you think he's good?” Jimin wondered, raising up his eyebrows.

“Yeah” Hoseok responded with a nod, still taking notes.

“Okay” Jimin replied, giving a nod before he focused on the trainees again.

The taller one frowned, turning his head to the side to stare at Jimin, “Don't you?” he asked.

“He's great” Jimin uttered.

“But?”

Shyly, Jimin caught his bottom lip between his teeth, aware that he was only Hoseok's assistant and that his opinion might be more valuable than Jimin's. The smaller boy didn't want to offend Hoseok by disagreeing.

Then again, he was angered by himself for even allowing a thought like that to arise. After all, Hoseok was one of his closest friends and had never been anything but nice and supportive. Why would he be offended by Jimin sharing his opinion? – Especially after emphasising that he wanted to include Jimin in this task and that his opinion was just as valid.

“Well... I don't feel anything” Jimin finally responded.

“What do you mean?” Hoseok asked, titling his head to the side.

“Technically, he's amazing, but he doesn't feel anything when he dances, thus I don't feel anything either” Jimin tried to explain, “To me it seems as though he's too focused on executing the steps in the way he was being taught, rather than conveying an emotion”

Hoseok studied his features for a moment longer before he averted his attention back over to the trainees.

“Interesting” he expressed, a smile curving his lips.

“Sorry, I didn't mean to-” Jimin swiftly apologised.

“No, never apologise for voicing your opinion, Jimin-ah” Hoseok interrupted him, shaking his head as he met Jimin's gaze, a smile still apparent on his face.

Jemin smiled shyly in return.

“Write it down” the brown haired boy encouraged him, pointing at Jimin's sheet.

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“What happens now?” Jimin wanted to know as he handed over his evaluation sheets, the students slowly scattering and leaving the room to go eat lunch as the evaluation of their performances had finished.

There had been no words of assessment for the individual trainees. All they had been granted with was this one performance – one simple chance they had been provided with – and now they were left to pray and hope that it had been enough.

“We turn the evaluation sheets over to Mr. Jeon who will have a look them over course of the
next days” Hoseok responded as he organised the sheets, “Once he went through them, he might call for a meeting with us to discuss them and then we collectively decide about the next steps”

Jimin gave a nod, watching the students exit the room after waving goodbye at Hoseok and him as a hopeful smile curved their lips, determination and esperance glistening in their young eyes.

For some reason, Jimin's heart clenched.

To imagine that soon, someone would have the heartwrenching task to deliver the message to them that some of them wouldn't make it and were going to be eliminated was just... – Their dreams were going to shatter right in front of their eyes... *just like that.*

_Painful._

This was a lot harsher and tougher than Jimin had prepared his heart for it to be.

“Isn’t it harsh to just decide who to choose according to these sheets? What if they have been amazing before and simply lacked today because they were nervous?” Jimin commented, furrowing his brows as he pointed at the evaluations sheets.

“Well, prior performances will be taken into consideration, too, but at this point into the race, you can’t allow major mistakes to happen. Besides, their dance performance isn’t the only field they will be evaluated in. They will have evaluations in singing and rapping, as well. Hence, they have chances to make up for what they lacked today” Hoseok explained, running his hand through Jimin’s hair before he gave his shoulder a tender squeeze, “I’ve grown close to all of them and I wish they all could debut, but that’s just not the reality”

The pink haired boy half smiled as he gave a nod, but then stared off into the distance to steal another glimpse at the crowd of trainees. Jimin’s gaze fell on Hootak, the boy plopping down on his butt to tie his shoes.

“Some of them will have to leave then?” Jimin asked, although he already knew the answer.

“The group, yes” Hoseok affirmed, “They will be eliminated from the possible line-up of the next group, but they are not eliminated from the company” he informed Jimin, increasing Jimin's curiosity.

“What happens with them?” Jimin wondered, meeting Hoseok’s gaze again.

“They stay trainees and keep practicing” Hoseok replied.

“For how long?”

Hoseok pursed his lips, glancing at the crowd of trainees as he answered, “Until another opportunity arises for them to debut. Mr. Jeon might hire them as back-up dancers though so they aren't unemployed”

“That’s...”

“It's sad, but that's what they sign up for” Hoseok reminded him, “It's not uncommon that people leave the company eventually. Sometimes, they train for years and years and years, but just don't get to debut because Mr. Jeon chooses someone else. It's tough. It really is, thus why some of them leave to try their luck at another company in hopes that they have a better shot there”

_It's not as fairy tale like as you think._
Suddenly, Jungkook's words echoed in Jimin's mind. Those exact words he had said to Jimin back then in Busan in regards to Jimin having received interest from Mr. Jeon who had implied his consideration of Jimin becoming a trainee at his company.

Clearly, Jimin wasn't as naïve any longer to believe that narrative that being a part of the industry was something utterly magical with sole happiness. That was just not the truth.

However, to be in the midst of it all now and be made aware of it first hand was just a slap in the face to shake the last bit of starry-eyed behaviour out of him.

“How many will be eliminated this week?” Jimin found himself ask.

“I'm not sure” Hoseok responded with a sigh, scratching over the back of his head, “I think about six of them”

“Six?” Jimin echoed, brows shooting up in surprise.

“Yeah” Hosoeok confirmed, “Come on now, let's get some lunch”

With that, he reached for Jimin's wrist and gave it a gentle tug to pull him along, yet Jimin's gaze wandered back over to Hootak who was standing there isolated from everyone else as he was about to make his way out.

“Hyung, I think I might stay a little longer” Jimin announced, pulling his wrist out of Hoseok's grasp, the latter not hesitating to allow that action.

“What do you want to do?” Hoseok asked, curiosity written on his face.

Jimin hesitated, stealing one last glance at Hootak, but then being certain of the decision his heart had made, “I want to talk to Hootk-ah about his performance”

“Jiminnie-”

“I will be quick, I promise” Jimin interrupted him, clasping his hands together as though he was praying, “I will join you for lunch once I'm done here”

“Why are you so adamant?” the brown haired boy wondered, arching a brow up, but there was a faint display of a smile on his face.

“I think he has a lot of potential, hyung” Jimin responded, assuring himself that Hootak hadn't left yet before he met Hoseok's gaze again.

After a moment of hesitance, Hoseok gave a nod, “Okay, I trust you. Go ahead. I'll meet you in the cafeteria, yeah?”

“Okay, hyung”

With that, Jimin rushed over to Hootak in order to talk to him before it was too late. Swiftly, he arrived at his side, clearing his throat to make his presence know, “Hey, Hootak-ah, right?”

The boy lifted his head up, visibly surprised to see Jimin as his eyes went wide, “Uh, yes, Mr. Park” Jimin pointed back over his own shoulder, “Would you mind staying for a little longer?”

Hootak blinked, swallowing hard as he scanned his surroundings, clearly assuming a scenario that evoke nervousness in him, “Uhm.. I-I-”
“It's nothing bad” Jimin assured him with a warm smile, “It won't take long either”

Hootak's gaze flickered back and forth between Jimin's eyes before he gave a nod, “Okay, Mr. Park”

Soon, the room had cleared, all the trainees having exited except for Hootak, leaving behind only him and Jimin who remained in the practice room.

The boy appeared to be rather nervous, pulling the sleeves of his shirt over his hands to hide them – a nervous habit that was more than familiar to Jimin.

“How long have you been a trainee for?” Jimin asked as he sat down on the floor.

The other male proceeded to stand in front of Jimin, perhaps preferring to stay on his feet or to remain above Jimin in order to create a sense of safe distance – the pink haired boy wasn't certain.

Yet, perhaps Hootak was just too nervous to have even noticed that Jimin had sat down. Whatever reason it was, Jimin didn't mind at all.

“Three years” Hootak replied after taking a moment to think.

“Wow, that's a long time” Jimin uttered with wide eyes.

“If you compare it to how long some of the other trainees have been training for, it's not that long” Hootak objected, shrugging his shoulders, “Joon hyung has been a trainee for eight years” he shared with Jimin, despite that being someone that Jimin didn't know.

“Wow” the pink haired one breathed, his heart wondering how that boy was able to bear such a long training period without any promise of a soon to come debut. Surely, that boy must be so utterly strong – both emotionally and mentally.

Hootak caught his bottom lip between his teeth, seemingly waiting for Jimin to unveil the matter for calling him back.

“Would you mind dancing for me again?” Jimin wanted to know, smiling softly.

The other boy's eyes went wide at the request, “N-Now?”

“Yes” Jimin affirmed with a chuckle, giving a nod.

“Uhm...” Hootak mumbled as he wet his lips, the boy scanning the room before he met Jimin's gaze again, “What should I dance?”

“Whatever you want” Jimin responded, somehow not nervous or shy at all himself.

It was as though Hootak's display of nervousness was evoking a sense of urgency in Jimin to comfort the boy and to restore his calmness. In a way, there was no room for Jimin to be shy as the urge to soothe Hootak was superior.

“Okay” Hootak uttered with a nod.

---

“You were under pressure earlier, hm?” Jimin asked with a smile, getting back up to his feet before he closed the distance between them.

After watching the boy perform without anyone else in the room, Jimin was in awe. The way he had
executed the steps was a lot better than earlier – almost as though he had improved in the course of the past hour without any practice at all. However, Jimin could imagine why there was such a significant difference in his performances.

The corners of Hootak's lips curled up in a shy smile, “Yeah, I... I was very nervous”

“I can understand that, but in those moments you have to try and blur that out” Jimin advised him, coming to a halt in front of him, establishing enough room between them to assure Hootak feeling safe and comfortable, “If you're too nervous, people will see that. If you let your anxiety win, your performance will be affected” Jimin added, titling his head to the side, “In those moments, think of what you're doing this for. Think of what you want the people to feel when they see you dance. Focus on that and not how nervous you are or how many people are watching you. You can dance and you definitely convey emotion, when you do. That's valuable”

Hootak's smile grew, something flashing in his eyes at the compliment, but also at the advice he had received, “Thank you, Mr. Park” he expressed as he gave a bow.

“Do you look at your own performances?” Jimin wanted to know.

“Huh?” Hootak murmured, presumably considering that his ears must have deceived him.

“Do you look at yourself when you dance?” Jimin repeated, titling his head to the side.

“N-No...” the younger boy responded, shaking his head, “Well, sometimes when I rehearse, but only until I learned the steps. It makes me nervous to watch myself dance. I get distracted” he added, biting down on the inside of his cheek.

“Hootak-ah, it's important to look at yourself while dancing” the pink haired boy noted, certain that Hootak's reason for lacking in executing all of the steps the way they had been taught being attributed to him not monitoring his own performances, “There's so many things you catch that you won't notice, if you just dance without any attention on your reflection”

“The others keep telling me, too, but... it distracts me and it's awkward” Hootak reasoned, shrugging his shoulders.

A soft smile curved Jimin's lips, “Not looking at your own performance is putting you at a disadvantage, though. There are things you don't see that you would notice, if you’d look at your reflection while dancing” Jimin added gently, “You are a little slower than the others when you dance, thus creating an unsynchronisation”

Hootak pressed his lips into a line as he scratched over the back of his neck, “How can I fix that?” he wanted to know.

“Besides monitoring your own performances, to even catch a mistake like this, I think counting to the rhythm in your head might be beneficial. It will help you to stay on beat” Jimin advised him.

The other male gave a nod, “Thank you, Mr. Park”

“I think you have potential, Hootak-ah” Jimin revealed, “You convey emotion and that's rare”

It's fascinating how this one evaluation had contributed to Jimin understanding the meaning behind Mr. Jeon's words. During their conversation, Jimin had been too bashful to fathom the entirety of Mr. Jeon's statement and had simply thought of them as compliments regarding his skills. However, Mr. Jeon had emphasised that Jimin possessed an ability that not everyone appeared to have.
Today, he had finally seen it himself.

“I will work hard, Mr. Park” Hootak promised as he gave a deep bow, flashing Jimin a smile.

Maybe, Hootak reminded him a little bit of himself.

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The remainder of the day went by fast, Jimin having lunch with Hoseok before the two of them returned to the practice rooms for Jimin to be introduced to another set of trainees that had been hired as back-up dancers for an artists tour.

It had been their duty to teach them the choreography Hoseok had been working on over the course of the past weeks. Jimin hadn't been prepared for that task as he hadn't been taught the choreography himself, thus leaving him to stay by Hoseok's side for most of the time and watch him dance.

However, Jimin was a fast learner, causing him to have saved the choreography in his memory while watching Hoseok teach it to the trainees in no time.

It enabled Jimin to pay more attention to the trainees and notice whether or not they were able to follow along quickly and what they were lacking. Hence, it allowed Jimin to notice issues that Hoseok might not have caught in the midst of the concentration on teaching the steps. That way, they had been able to discuss where they needed to lay their focus on during their next lesson regarding teaching them the choreography.

Before Jimin realised it, Hoseok announced the finish line of his first day, flashing Jimin a smile that carried fondness. The brown haired boy appeared to be satisfied – in fact, even more than delighted that Jimin was now working with him. After praising Jimin's work and expressing how suitable they were as co-teachers, he sent Jimin off.

“Aren't you coming, too?” Jimin found himself ask in disbelief, pointing to the door as he got up to his feet.

The brown haired boy smiled at him as he shook his head, “No, I gotta finish some stuff before I can leave”

Jimin blinked.

“Then I'm staying, too, until you're done” he decided, crossing his arms over his chest to underline his determination as he plopped back down on the floor.

“As much as I appreciate that, Jiminie, that's not necessary” Hoseok objected, shaking his head at Jimin's behaviour as he approached him, “I need to get over some paper work and sent it over to Mr. Jeon before I head home” he informed him, his voice soft, but carrying slight firmness to convey his seriousness.

“I can help you” Jimin suggested with a smile, the other one mirroring it, but protesting yet again.

“Jiminie, really, that's-”

“I'm your assistant now, Hoseok hyung, but even more than that, I'm your friend” Jimin interrupted him as he titled his head to the side, “I don't mind staying longer and helping you. If we do this together, you'll be done way faster”

Hoseok flashed him a smile, shaking his head as he ran his hand through Jimin's hair, “Fine” he
eventually gave in, “You're an angel. Let's start”

In the end, Jimin had been right. The task was done in no time, Hoseok having to explain some terms to him regarding certain ways of how to revise the paper work, but they were still done rather fast. Besides, now that Jimin had learned about it, he would be capable of helping Hoseok whenever this needed to be done, thus saving Hoseok time on those days, too.

Soon, it was time to leave, Jimin almost baffled at how fast the day had gone by.

The smaller boy was rather sad that he hadn't been able to talk to Jungkook – or even catch a glimpse of him – at the company at all. Surely, he hadn't expected either of them to have much time to hang out with each other as their schedules might overlap, yet he hadn't doubted to at least see him once or twice – even if it was only something as minor as walking past him.

However – Apparently, someone was soon going to make up for it.

“This isn't the route to my house” Jimin pointed out, watching familiar houses flash by, yet realising that they weren't leading to his own apartment.

Slowly, he caught on to what the true destination appeared to be.

Beomsoo met his gaze in the rearview mirror, “I'm aware, Jimin-ssi, but Mr. Jeon requested for me to drive you to his place” he revealed.

The pink haired boy furrowed his brows. Clearly, he was delighted to see Jungkook, but also quite confused why Jungkook hadn't asked him first or at least let him know about this. After all, they had texted just minutes prior to Jimin leaving the company, yet Jungkook hadn't mentioned a word about this.

“Why can't Mr. Jeon let me know about that first?” Jimin wanted to know, but already predicted Beomsoo's answer.

“I'm afraid I don't know, Jimin-ssi” the other male replied – Jimin having been accurate with his assumption of what his respond was going to be like, “I apologise”

“It's not your fault” Jimin noted with a soft smile before he pulled out his phone and tapped on the chat with Jungkook.

*If you wanted me to come over to your place anyway, I could have waited for you until your meeting is finished – Jimin*

It didn't take long for Jungkook's reply to appear and flash up on Jimin's phone display.

*I don't want you to have to wait here all on your own until I'm finished. I don't know how much longer this meeting is going to last. My apartment is a lot more comfortable and safer than waiting here – Bunny*

Jimin frowned at his choice of words. *Safer? Save from what? From whom?*

*I don't even have any stuff with me to wear tomorrow – Jimin*

*I can tell Beomsoo to stop by at your place – Bunny*

The smaller boy stole a glimpse at Beomsoo before he glanced outside, noticing that they weren't far from Jungkook's apartment. Certainly, it wouldn't make much sense to stop by at his own apartment
and then drive all the way back here.

_We’re almost at yours now, I don’t want him to drive all the way back to mine... – Jimin _

_Are you angry? – Bunny _

Well, Jimin wasn't angry. However, he still wished that Jungkook would have asked him before making such a decision without a word to Jimin.

_No, I just wish you would have asked me first – Jimin _

_I want to see you. I haven’t seen you today at all after you left early this morning. I want to spend some time with you, baby – Bunny _

_I want to see you, too – Jimin _

_Great. I can't really text right now, little one. I'll talk to you later, hm? I'll try to be home soon – Bunny _

_Okay – Jimin _

The pink haired boy locked his phone and lowered it down on his lap before he lifted his head back up, meeting Beomsoo's gaze in the rearview mirror, “Mr. Jeon just requested for me to stop by at your place to receive some clothes for you, Jimin-ssi” he informed Jimin.

“No! No, that's not necessary, Beomsoo-ssi” Jimin protested, shaking his head, “I will steal some of Kook-ah's tomorrow”

“Alright” Beomsoo responded, an amused smile curving his lips.

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After taking a shower and thoroughly washing himself, Jimin wrapped a soft towel around his delicate body and waddled back into Jungkook's bedroom. On his way back, drops of water cascaded from his hair, causing him to lift the towel up to his head and ruffle it through his hair until it was damp.

Once he was satisfied, he wrapped the towel back around his body, engulfed by warmth again as he approached Jungkook’s dresser. Carefully, he pulled the top drawer open, rummaging through it and picking out some socks and a fresh pair of briefs. As he had just closed his hand around the piece of fabric, his fingers brushed over a slightly different material that brought a frown to his face.

Curiously, he lowered his head to find out what it was, surprised when he realised that it was something that appeared to be a document or a picture – he couldn't tell as it was almost blank, only a few letters scribbled on to it that he wasn't able to decipher from the distance.

Just as he was about to reach for it, his phone vibrated loudly on the nightstand, interrupting the heavy silence of the room. Startled by the noise, Jimin jerked away, shutting the drawer again and carrying the underwear and socks over to the bed before he picked up his phone.

_Meeting is going to take longer than expected. I'll try to be quick, little one – Bunny _

The pink haired boy sighed, tossing his phone on the bed before he dropped the towel from his body and put on the underwear and socks he had provided for himself to wear just seconds ago.

Then, he walked back over to the dresser and opened the lower drawer to pick out a white shirt from
Jungkook. Once he had found one, he slipped into it, the fabric reaching just below his butt.

The familiar scent of Jungkook’s detergent filled his nostrils as he inhaled a deep breath, yet his heart was slightly disappointed that it didn't smell like Jungkook entirely as his cologne and a scent that Jimin could only describe as Jungkook was missing. Unfortunately, he wasn’t able to deceive his heart to make it believe that Jungkook was present by wearing his shirt.

Jimin scanned the room, dropping his hands back to his side.

What was he supposed to do know?

Sighing, Jimin plopped down on the bed, staring up at the ceiling as he waited for minutes to pass by. There wasn’t very much he could do. Surely, Jimin could watch some TV, but somehow, he wasn't really keen on doing that right now.

Perhaps, he could take a nap until Jungkook arrived. After all, the last night's sleep he had received had been rather short as the two of them had stayed up way into the hours of the next day after Jimin had requested Jungkook to... take care of him.

At the thought, Jimin's stomach stirred in arousal, the remainder of the past night sending a shiver down his back as he felt his cheeks tinge a shade of rose.

Swiftly, he shook his head, sitting up before something within him developed some dangerous ideas that would lead to naughty actions. Carefully, he got up from the bed, deciding to clean the minor mess he had created before and after taking a shower.

Diligently, he cleaned Jungkook's floor of any laundry or towels he had dropped earlier and carried them over into the bathroom to toss them into the laundry basket. Then, he decided to turn on the washing machine and to do the laundry entirely as he was already at it anyway.

As soon as the washing machine was running with a good amount of clothes, Jimin left the bathroom and returned to the bedroom. After blowing his hair out of his face, Jimin's stomach grumbled, reminding him that he hadn't eaten anything since lunch.

The smaller boy caught his bottom lip between his teeth, but then decided that Jungkook surely wouldn't mind, if Jimin was going to have a look at what's inside his refrigerator. It was probably going to take awhile until he arrives anyway.

Cautiously, Jimin tip-toed downstairs into the kitchen, somehow not very comfortable to be in such a huge apartment all on his own.

Perhaps, his discomfort was caused by his slight fear of... well, frankly, he didn't know. After all, this apartment building was high on security. This flat itself was locked with a password and cameras were installed in every single hallway of the building.

There was no one that could enter this building unnoticed and intrude this apartment.

There was nothing that could happen to him.

Perhaps, Jimin's discomfort was just caused by the lack of Jungkook's presence. Honestly, Jimin simply didn't particularly enjoy being apart from Jungkook for long. It was as though they were connected by an invisible string, being apart from one another for too long causing them to hurt, urging them to be back together.

Jimin approached the refrigerator and opened it up, the sudden wave of low temperatures sending a
shiver down his back.

“What should I eat...” Jimin mumbled as he skimmed through the inside of the fridge, ignoring the chills running over his arms, his gaze falling on some eggs.

It wasn't anything unknown that Jimin's wasn't the best chef out there. In fact, he had a fair share of burned food and dangerous incidents having occurred in the kitchen under his name. However, he was just so very hungry and cooking some scrambled eggs certainly wasn't the most difficult task.

Well, Jimin hadn't been that wrong.

Surely, he had predicted to mess up the food somehow, but it was going rather well so far – at least as long as Jimin was concerned.

The eggs weren't burned – and neither was the pan! That was a success itself, Jimin thought.

Soon, Jimin decided that the food was ready, the eggs having a nice shade of yellow and just the right texture, causing him to pick a plate from the cabinet in order to serve the food on it.

Suddenly, the sound of the front door falling shut echoed in the room with a loud thud. The abrupt noise startled Jimin who lost his balance, the plate slipping from his hand and crashing on the floor in his attempt to grab onto the counter to keep his balance.

In the midst of his action, he somehow managed to swat his arm down in just an unfortunate way that caused him to come in contact with the handle of the pan, resulting in that pan to go flying up into the air before it dropped down to the floor in a loud clank, merely missing Jimin's feet.

The egg was now scrambled, but scattered all over the kitchen floor in the mess of the broken plate.

“Little one? What happened?” Jungkook's concerned voice spoke as his figure appeared in the room, Jimin catching sight of him out of the corner of his eye.

The pink haired boy blinked, watching the mess on the floor with blown eyes. Somehow, the sight just evoke the feeling of crying within him. It was frustrating that his clumsiness just always found a way to thwart his plans and make his day harder.

“I tried to cook” Jimin responded, gaze still fixated on the floor rather than meeting Jungkook's eyes. In a way, Jimin hadn't even been able to entirely process Jungkook's presence at the shock of his little accident.

Hastily, Jimin dropped down to his knees, reaching for the pieces of the broken plate in an attempt to clean up the shambles.

“Baby, are you okay?” Jungkook wanted to know, his footsteps audible on the floor as he closed the distance between them. Apparently, Jungkook hadn't removed his shoes yet, had hurried into the kitchen as soon as he had heard the noises echoing from here.

“Yes...” Jimin murmured, picking up another broken piece, yet not expecting it to be as sharp as it was. As the smaller boy picked up the piece of the plate in a way that caused it to cut into his digit, he hissed at the faint jolt of pain, dropping the piece as though it was burning hot, “No” he added quietly as he watched a drop of blood trailing down his finger.

“Don't touch that” Jungkook insisted firmly, crouching down next to Jimin and wrapping his hand around Jimin's wrist. Gently, he turned his palm over, resulting in the pieces on his hand to drop back down on the mess. Then, Jungkook grasped Jimin's hips and picked the boy up effortlessly, “Come
The pink haired boy caught his bottom lip between his teeth, feeling apologetic for breaking a plate of Jungkook's and for being responsible for such a mess in his kitchen.

“I'm sorry” Jimin uttered softly, intending to hide his face in the curve of Jungkook's neck, yet in that exact moment, he was already set down on one of the stools in front of the counter.

“Don't be” Jungkook assured him, his gaze flickering back and forth between Jimin's doe eyes before it trailed down to Jimin's hands. As soon as Jimin noticed what his eyes were focused on, he pulled the sleeves of his shirt over his delicate hands in an attempt to hide them, “Are you hurt?” the younger male asked, reaching for Jimin's hands and rolling his sleeves back up in order to unveil his palms.

“I cut my finger” Jimin mumbled, flushing at the revelation. It was just Jimin's luck to cut his digit on a stupid piece of a plate that he had prior dropped on the floor.

Tenderly, Jungkook lifted Jimin's delicate fingers up in order to have a proper glimpse at them. It was inevitable for him to catch the minor injury, the droplets of blood a clear display of Jimin having hurt himself.

“Wait here, little one. I'll be right back” Jungkook demanded, pressing a kiss to Jimin's forehead before he exited the kitchen.

The pink haired boy lowered his head, swinging his legs back and forth as he waited for Jungkook to return.

Suddenly, a tear rolled down his cheek, dropping down on his naked thigh without any prior warning. It was odd, but Jimin simply couldn't explain the minor turmoil within his heart that had brought tears to his eyes.

“Why are you crying?” Jungkook wanted to know, asking the exact same question Jimin had wanted to ask himself. The sudden appearance of Jungkook startled Jimin who jerked up and glanced at the other male who had returned back to his side.

“Why am I such a mess? I can't even cook some stupid scrambled eggs” Jimin found himself whine, meeting Jungkook's gaze with wide, glassy eyes. Gently, Jungkook placed his palm on Jimin's bare thigh, giving it a tender squeeze as he shook his head at Jimin's words.

Was that the actual reason for Jimin's tears? Jimin wasn't certain. Yet, what else would it be?

“Jimin-ah, you can cook” Jungkook protested, “It's not your fault that I scared you by entering the apartment. Dropping something on the floor happens to all of us, hm? It's not a reason for you to cry, little one” he comforted Jimin, rubbing the pad of his thumb along Jimin's skin.

Jimin blinked, giving a faint nod as he sniffed, “I don't even know why I'm crying”

“Was your first day harsh?” Jungkook wanted to know, seemingly assuming that Jimin's tears might be related to his overall experience of the day or a certain even that had occurred today, “How was hyung? Do I have to have a word with him?” he added, a smile curving his lips at his clear attempt to lighten up the mood.

After all, the two of them were aware that Hoseok certainly wouldn't be the reason for Jimin's tears. Surely, he was a stern teacher sometimes, but he was never rude or mean – to anyone, really, but especially never to Jimin.
“No, it was such a great day” Jimin objected, shaking his head as he sniffed again, “I loved it so much. I was so scared, but hyung was as nice as ever and I had a lot of fun, despite it being a lot tougher emotionally than I had expected it to be” he revealed, the mixed feelings that had blossomed within him earlier resurfacing.

“That's good to hear” the black haired boy uttered, his hand reaching up to Jimin's face to caress his cheekbone, “Yeah, it is quite tough. I can imagine that it's even tougher on someone as kind hearted as you, hm?”

Jimin sniffed again, a half smile adorning his pretty features.

“Stop crying, Jimin-ah” Jungkook whispered, closing his arms around Jimin's petite body to pull him against his warm body. Immediately, Jimin found himself find comfort and safety in the close proximity to him, “It's all good. I'm here now and you did nothing wrong” Jungkook added as he pressed a kiss to the top of Jimin's head, the latter inhaling a deep breath, his eyes fluttering shut at the comforting scent of Jungkook. This time, it wasn't necessary for Jimin to deceive his heart into believing that Jungkook was present – This time, he really was, “I'll clean up the mess and then we'll cuddle, hm? Please, I hate seeing you cry like that”

Then, the younger male withdrew, Jimin surpressing the whine that had threatened to slip from his lips at the loss. Carefully, Jungkook stuck a plaster to Jimin's injury after having wiped away the blood with a tissue, Jimin not even having noticed that Jungkook had carried these items with him upon reappearing in the kitchen.

Jimin's heart fluttered as he observed how Jungkook pressed a kiss to his finger, the latter reaching up to wipe away Jimin's tears, “Better?” he wanted to know.

“Mhm-nh” Jimin affirmed with a hum, “I'm hungry”

Well, that was random.

Jungkook chuckled, running his hand through Jimin's hair before he pressed a kiss to his temple, “I brought some left-overs with me. I had some chinese food for dinner” he noted, Jimin's mouth watering at those words, hunger still vivid within him, “Baby, why didn't you tell me that you didn't eat yet? I could have stopped by at a restaurant to get you some more food”

“I didn't know I was hungry until after I took a shower” Jimin responded with a pout.

The taller boy hummed lowly as he leaned in, “Mhm, you smell good” he noted, his lips brushing over the back of Jimin's ear as his hand found its way back to Jimin's thigh.

“Thank you” Jimin uttered softly, nuzzling into Jungkook's touch.

For a moment, they just remained in that stance, Jimin believing that he wouldn't mind staying like this for an eternity, if it meant that Jungkook would be this close to him through all of it.

“Why don't you go upstairs and get comfortable in bed while I clean up the mess in here and warm up the food for you, hm?” Jungkook suggested as he withdrew, his fingertips tracing over Jimin's fair skin on his thigh.

Warmth spread within Jimin's chest and he nearly found himself crying again at Jungkook's sweetness.

It was so fascinating how many layers Jungkook posseessed.
On some occasions, he exuded such dominance and power that it was almost intimidating, in others he was just a teenage boy cracking some jokes or being as vulnerable as everyone else – and then during certain moments, he was the most sweetest and protective being there was.

Jimin couldn't believe that the universe had allowed him to have an angel as this one.

“No, I made this mess” the smaller boy declined, shaking his head as his hands stroked over Jungkook's sides, “I'm going to clean up” he decided.

However, Jungkook hummed in dissatisfaction, “I don't want you to hurt yourself, Jimin-ah” he protested, “Go upstairs and wait for me, hm?”

“You've had a way longer day than I did. You're probably tired, Kook-ah” Jimin objected.

Having Jungkook clean up the mess that Jimin had created wasn't fair in Jimin's eyes – in fact something that Jimin wouldn't be able to square with his conscience – Especially as Jungkook has been working the whole day with barely any breaks and had only just returned home.

“I'm not tired” Jungkook stated, “Come on now, up with you. I'm not going to say it again” he insisted as he gave Jimin's thigh a tender tap. Despite Jungkook's clear order, his voice remained a soft tone.

There was no use in arguing with him, Jimin figured.

The smaller boy rolled his eyes, but leaned up to press a peck to his lips, “Thank you. I'll go upstairs then”

“Good boy” Jungkook praised him, watching Jimin hop down from the stool and giving his butt a gentle tap on his way out.

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Soon, Jimin was all snuggled up in bed, his delicate body hidden beneath the soft blankets as he waited patiently for Jungkook to arrive. In the meanwhile, he had turned on the TV, the silence in the room having made him feel lonely.

It didn't take that long for Jungkook to enter the bedroom, the younger male appearing at Jimin's side with a plate of food in his hand.

“Here, little one. I'll go and take a shower. Eat up, hm?” Jungkook informed him as he handed Jimin the plate, the latter smiling at him as he reached for the dish.

“Thank you” Jimin uttered, his stomach threatening to do some flips and turns in delight and joy at the knowledge of soon being filled with a meal.

“I'll be quick” Jungkook promised, pressing a kiss to the top of Jimin's head before he disappeared into the bathroom, not caring to shut the door before he removed his clothes and stepped into the shower.

As soon as the water was running, Jimin dived right into his meal, his eyes fluttering shut at the taste of the warm food, his stomach thanking him.

The pink haired boy sat there in silence as he munched on his food, his gaze fixated on the events on the TV, yet barely keeping up as he hadn't paid much attention to the beginning of the show, the sudden turn of events too confusing for him.
It wasn't long until the water stopped running, Jimin finishing the last bite of his food and swallowing it down before he placed the dish on the nightstand. A mere minute later, Jungkook walked into bedroom, barely covered by a towel wrapped around his waist as he approached his dresser.

Jimin observed Jungkook’s movements, his eyes fixated his broad back as the younger male opened the top drawer to pick out some underwear.

“Did you take some of my clothes?” Jungkook wondered, turning around to look at Jimin with furrowed brows. The latter smiled shyly as he pulled the blanket up higher to hide his delicate body, figuring that Jungkook hadn't noticed him wearing a shirt of his upon their encounter downstairs in the kitchen.

To be fair, there hadn't been much time to really study each others appearances in the midst of the chaos that Jimin had been responsible for downstairs.

“Yes, I didn't have any clothes with me to change and I wanted to take a shower” Jimin answered, watching Jungkook have another glimpse into the drawer before he shut it and closed the distance between the two of them.

“Well, you know how I feel about you wearing my clothes” Jungkook noted with a smirk as he came to a halt in front of the bed, Jimin's eyes still glued to his handsome face, but rushing down to his exposed upper body, the sight causing Jimin to swallow hard. A few drops of water were cascading from Jungkook’s hair, his chest still faintly depicting dampness as the light fell on it.

Swiftly, Jimin forced his gaze back up, his cheeks flushing a shade of rose at the amusement glistening in Jungkook's eyes, the latter having caught Jimin staring at him in a clear display of him being distracted by Jungkook's naked body.

“Kitten”

“Mhm?” Jimin murmured, blinking as the flush on his cheeks darkened, Jungkook's smirk growing as he dropped the underwear on the bed next to Jimin.

It was entertaining to see Jimin be affected like that and earn such an adorable reaction from him, yet it also fed Jungkook's ego quite a bit.

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“Well, you know how I feel about you wearing my clothes” Jungkook wanted to know, cocking his head to the side as his fingers casually played with the hem of his towel, the taller boy hooking two of his digets around it as though he was about to drop it any second now to expose the entirety of his god-like figure.

"Oh god."

“Y-Yes” Jimin affirmed, his eyes involuntarily following the movement of Jungkook's fingers as he gulped at the sight. Unconsciously, Jimin drew his thighs together, aware of Jungkook's mischievous behaviour as he was cleary trying to tease Jimin.

Well, he was succeeding.

With a smirk adorning his handsome features, Jungkook dropped the towel without any warning. The smaller boy's eyes went wide at the sight, his stomach stirring as he felt the blush on his cheeks darkening. Swiftly, he pulled the blanket up higher to hide his face, too shy to remain eye contact with Jungkook who exuded such self-assurance.

At Jimin's reaction, Jungkook chuckled, putting on his underwear before Jimin was going to have a heart attack, “Cute” Jungkook noted softly, shaking his head at Jimin's timidity.
Just a day ago, Jimin had essentially *begged* Jungkook to be spanked until he came as a crying and babbling mess for him, then had dropped to his knees for Jungkook and had begged to suck his dick off as though his life depended on it.

The mere thought caused Jungkook to wet his lips, the image of Jimin's full lips wrapped around his dick such a sinful one. An angel as Jimin doing such obscene things shouldn't be as fucking arousal to him as it was.

Now, here he was was – that same endearing boy too shy to even look at Jungkook's naked body despite him having seen and touched it numerous times now – having done things to it that would make Jimin blush, if Jungkook were going to mention them now.

“I'm dressed now” Jungkook announced, reaching down to tug on the blanket in order to unveil Jimin's pretty face, “Little one, why are you hiding?” Jungkook chuckled once he had pulled away the duvet.

The smaller boy lowered himself down on the bed, swallowing hard as his eyes trailed over Jungkook's figure to ensure that he was in fact dressed – at least covered by some black briefs.

“I'm not hiding” Jimin protested softly, shaking his head as he met Jungkook's gaze.

“Good” Jungkook noted, brushing Jimin's fringe out of his face before his fingertips traced over his flushed cheek, “There is no reason to”

Clearly, Jungkook would never force Jimin to anything – not even something that was rather minor in Jungkook's eyes, like staring at the naked body of his boyfriend. The taller boy was aware that Jimin's timidity wasn't caused by him being scared by Jungkook.

No, on some occasions he just tends to be shy because that was part of his nature and Jungkook would always respect that.

After all, Jimin appeared to trust him enough and felt comfortable enough with him to allow his walls to fall down every now and then.

“I just... I was surprised” Jimin claimed.

Jungkook arched up and eyebrow as he lowered himself down on the bed next to Jimin, “Surprised, huh?” he echoed, lying down beside Jimin and propping himself up on his elbow sideways to enable himself to stare at Jimin.

“Yes” Jimin affirmed, clearing his throat, “You can't just... can't just do that” he added quieter, stealing a glimpse at Jungkook, yet averting his gaze right away as he caught the smug expression depicted on Jungkook's face.

“I can't?” Jungkook asked, leaning closer, “Why can't I?” he wanted to know, placing his hand on Jimin's covered stomach.

“Because...” Jimin whispered, swallowing hard as he observed Jungkook's hand, his palm remaining in its spot, but then rubbing slow circles over his stomach.

“Because?” the younger male repeated, urging Jimin to complete his sentence as he studied his features, endeared by Jimin's adorable expression.

The smaller boy wet his lips, inhaling a shaky breath as he noticed the way of goosebumps rising on his skin as a result of Jungkook caressing his stomach.
“You... You were doing that on purpose” Jimin answered eventually, forcing his gaze up to Jungkook's eyes, but his eyes rushed back down to Jungkook's hand as he felt the latter's palm wander beneath the fabric to touch Jimin's soft skin.

“Doing what?” Jungkook asked, Jimin gasping as Jungkook's fingertips traced over his bare skin, daring to move lower. The motion caused Jimin to draw his thighs together as he clenched his hands into petite fists in anticipation, yet Jungkook never went along with it entirely, was only teasing him and moved his hand back up, “Hm, kitten?”

“You dropped your towel on purpose” Jimin finally answered, his brain having completely forgotten about Jungkook's question upon the gentle caress on his skin that had utterly distracted him. His brain had needed a moment to organise its thoughts and prevent a shut down.

“Me?” Jungkook wondered, his eyes wide as though he was surprised by such an accusation, but the smug smirk on his handsome face gave him away, “Why would I do that?”

“Because you know” Jimin responded.

Slowly, Jungkook leaned in, pressing his lips to the back of Jimin's ear before he whispered, “I know what, little one?” His hot breath tickled on Jimin's skin, the latter's eyes fluttering shut as a whimper threatened to slip from his lips.

“That I... That you...” Jimin stuttered, but gave up.

“Yes?” Jungkook pressed, smirking against Jimin's skin before he pressed a kiss to his neck.

Jimin caught his bottom lip between his teeth, “It's naughty” he whispered.

“It's naughty?” Jungkook echoed, his voice a tone lower as his lips brushed over Jimin's ear, his palm proceeding to caress Jimin's stomach.

Those two mere sensations were already driving Jimin absolutely insane, causing arousal to bloom within him. Frankly, it was embarrassing how Jimin became utter putty in Jungkook's hands and was affected by him.

“Yes” Jimin affirmed softly.

Jungkook hummed lowly as his tongue licked a small stripe over Jimin's neck before he pressed a kiss to that exact spot, “Is this naughty, too?” he whispered into Jimin's ear with a smirk.

The pink haired boy whimpered, “Y-Yes”

“And this?” Jungkook asked, his palm trailing down to the waistband of Jimin's underwear, daring to wander below the fabric.

Unconsciously, Jimin arched up into the touch, his body silently begging for something before his voice was, “Mmh-mh”

“Was it naughty when you sucked me off yesterday, hm?” Jungkook wanted to know, stilling his hand as he waited for Jimin to reply.

“No” Jimin denied softly, shaking his head.

“No?” Jungkook echoed, pulling up his brows as he glanced at Jimin's face.

“I was being good” Jimin expressed, meeting Jungkook's gaze.
“You were” Jungkook agreed with a smile, “Such a good boy, hm?” he added as he leaned back in and peppered open-mouthed kisses over Jimin's throat.

“T-Thank you” Jimin breathed, tilting his head to the side in order to expose his neck to Jungkook, the boy smirking against his skin at how responsive Jimin was being.

“Good boys deserve to be rewarded, don't they?” the younger male reminded him as his fingers played with the waistband of Jimin's briefs.

At the action, Jimin gasped, his gaze rushing down to Jungkook's hands, but his eyes fluttered shut at the way Jungkook was kissing his neck, “I was already rewared” Jimin noted, “You... you made me come. Two times”

As soon as Jimin reminisced about that night, his stomach stirred in arousal. The images of Jungkook taking such good care of him resurfacing in his mind sent a shiver down his back. The pink haired boy had already been rewarded with mindblowing orgasms which had been more than fulfilling.

Jungkook hummed as he lifted his head, “You were being such a good boy” he stated, his pupils dilating in lust, “I want to reward you again”

Unconsciously, Jimin caught his bottom lip between his teeth, his heart pounding fast against his chest as he observed Jungkook's movement with big eyes. For a moment, Jungkook just stared at him as though he was awaiting for Jimin to permit him to touch him any further than this.

Gently, Jimin gave a nod in a nonverbal permission, yet Jungkook only smirked at him with dark eyes, but didn't play with him – like Jimin had hoped for.

“When was the last time you played with yourself, hm?” the black haired boy wanted to know instead, appearing to enjoy teasing Jimin a little too much.

“K-Kook-ah, please” Jimin begged, arching up into Jungkook's touch in order to convey how much he needed him.

How had it turned into this? Just half an hour ago, Jimin had cried after messing up Jungkook's kitchen. Now, here he was, begging Jungkook to touch and play with him as though Jungkook hadn't granted him two mindblowing orgasms just last night.

Was Jungkook right? Was Jimin really insatiable?

Yet, could you really blame him? How was he supposed to resist Jungkook?

“Want me to, hm?” Jungkook commented, needing Jimin to say it out loud.

“Y-Yes, please” Jimin whispered, mewling as soon as Jungkook's palm had wandered beneath the black briefs he was wearing.

“Aren't you going to answer me?” Jungkook wanted to know.

For a moment, Jimin believed that his brain had actually shut down. Somehow, he couldn't recall the question Jungkook had asked him just seconds ago. The desperation and sexual frustration of being touched was simply clouding his mind.

Suddenly, he remembered, relief washing over him as Jungkook's words rang in his mind.

Yet, Jimin couldn't recall the last time he had played with himself. Honestly. The sex with Jungkook
was more than fulfilling – *every single time*.

Besides, Jimin preferred Jungkook's touch in comparison to his own by far. Surely, Jungkook had emphasised that he wanted Jimin to know his body just as well as Jungkook did, yet Jimin was never able to evoke the same intense feelings as Jungkook did – no matter how hard he tried.

The way Jungkook could make him feel just went beyond anything else Jimin had ever experienced.

“I-I don't know” Jimin responded breathy, “I can't remember” he added sincerely.

Tenderly, Jungkook closed his hand around Jimin's semi-hard length, giving it a squeeze before he ran the pad of his thumb along the sensitive tip.

“A-ah” Jimin gasped, twisting the sheets in his fists as he arched up his back.

“Sssh, little one” Jungkook cooed, pressing a kiss to Jimin's temple, but then lifting himself back up in order to be able to look at Jimin's face while he pleasured him. It was a sight itself to watch Jimin's pretty features scrunch up in pleasure, was a sensation itself to listen to the cute noises that slipped from his plump lips as he begged Jungkook for more. The black haired boy would never get enough of this.

“Feels good?” Jungkook asked as he tugged on Jimin's erection, intrigued to evoke more of those heavenly sounds from Jimin as though they were a beautiful melody he wanted to listen to for the rest of his life.

“Uh-huh” Jimin responded breathy, whimpering as he bucked up into Jungkook's fist, his penis now having grown to full hardness in Jungkook's hand.

“There you go” Jungkook praised him, speeding up the pace of his hand, his motion as skillful as ever as he curved his wrist in just the right way and tightened his grip at the tip to earn a moan from Jimin, “That's it, kitten”

“K-Kook-ah” the pink haired one mewled, his body shivering at the hot jolts of pleasure that Jungkook evoke in him. Involuntarily, his spread his legs further apart, deliberating whether to bend his knees or leave them be, yet then distracted by Jungkook's tight grasp around the tip of his erection, “O-Oh”

“What a good boy” Jungkook whispered into his ear after he had leaned close enough, the close proximity, the heat that was radiating from Jungkook's body and his breath that was fanning against Jimin's hot skin made this all the more effective.

Slowly, Jungkook tugged on the waistband of Jimin's black briefs, indicating to pull them down his legs in order to have better access to Jimin's intimate parts. The smaller boy's body twitched at the sudden act, Jungkook's hand immediately stilling.

“Okay?” he asked softly, refraining from touching Jimin and waiting for him to permit him to be touched again.

Inhaling a shaky breath, Jimin met Jungkook's gaze, searching for the softness that was hidden behind his gorgeous brown orbs. The younger male smiled at him in reassurance before he pressed a kiss to his forehead.

“Okay” Jimin whispered, permitting Jungkook to do whatever he desired. It's not that Jimin had hesitated due to his dislike or discomfort of Jungkook's touch or actions. No, he had simply been surprised by his intention to remove Jimin's briefs.
Evidently, Jungkook had touched and seen his bare body often enough for Jimin to be in a state where he felt entirely comfortable with the other one's touch or the fact of him seeing him naked. Yet, he couldn't suppress or deny the faint presence of nervousness that bloomed within Jimin whenever they were intimate.

Sometimes, he still felt shy for Jungkook to see him in his most vulnerable state. Not because he didn't trust him, but simply because... well, frankly, Jimin didn't know why. Certainly, he was just timid without any knowledge of why or how to banish it from his nature.

Gently, Jungkook pulled down his underwear to reveal Jimin's boner to his eyes, a smirk curving up his lips as he closed his hand around the erection.

“All good, hm?” Jungkook uttered, forcing his gaze away from Jimin’s dick that disappeared between his fist up to his beautiful brown eyes to ensure that he felt the utmost comfort.

“Y-Yes” Jimin affirmed with a nod, immediately drawn into the previous state of absolute pleasure as Jungkook began to pump his hard length.

The black haired boy proceeded to play with Jimin's penis for several minutes, loving how responsive Jimin was and how swiftly Jungkook was able to push him close to the edge.

“Lift your shirt up, baby” Jungkook insisted, watching drops of pre-cum leak from the slit of Jimin's dick. “We don't want you to get all messy again, hm?” he added with a smirk.

Jimin whimpered as he reached for the hem of his shirt with a shaky hand, obliging and pulling it up to reveal his bare upper body and to ensure that the piece of clothing wouldn't get dirty in the process of this.

“There you go, kitten” Jungkook murmured, “Are you close?” he asked, noticing the way Jimin's body was trembling in pleasure, his dick essentially throbbing in Jungkook's hand and the pretty sounds Jimin was making having increased in pitch and frequency.

“K-Kook-ah, please, a-ah,” Jimin begged, twisting the sheets in his hands as he arched up his back, his thighs shaking as he accelerated towards the edge, merely tipping over and falling into a state of utter ecstasy.

“Go ahead” Jungkook permitted, leaning in to lick over Jimin's sensitive nipple as he ran the pad of his thumb along the tip of Jimin's erection.

The smaller boy shrieked as he came, sperm spurting from his hard length as he rolled in on himself, the heavenly feeling exploding within him and sending jolts of pleasure through his entire being.

“Good boy” Jungkook praised him as his tongue lapped over Jimin's nipple, proceeding to tug on his hard length to prolong Jimin's orgasm.

“Jungkook-ah, o-oh god” Jimin whimpered, his body shaking vigorously as his hand reached up to slide through Jungkook's black locks. Gently, he gave it a tug in a silent request to get Jungkook to stop.

However, Jungkook looked up at him with arched up eyebrows, lifting his flat palm into the air before it came back down on Jimin's inner thigh as a warning. The pink haired boy gasped at the smack, another drop of cum leaking from his tip at the pain.

“Careful, little one” Jungkook whispered into his ear, his fingertips tracing over the puddle of cum on Jimin's stomach and collecting a good amount of it on his digits.
“P-Please, Kook-ah, n-no more” Jimin begged, realising he should have used his voice prior to tugging on Jungkook's hair. Yet, his mind was clogged with all of Jungkook and the mindblowing pleasure he had been granted. Frankly, it wasn't easy for Jimin to have any clear thought at this point. The haze of the pleasure was simply too sweet.

“Mhm-mh” Jungkook hummed in acknowledgement, pressing his fingers to Jimin's lips, “Open” he ordered as he stared deeply into Jimin's eyes.

Without hesitance, Jimin parted his lips to comply, his eyes fluttering shut as Jungkook pushed his digits past his lips with a smirk.

“Suck” Jungkook demanded.

The pink haired boy obeyed, closing his lips around his fingers and twirling his tongue around them. In the midst of his desire to behave, Jimin completely overlooked the fact that he was tasting his own cum on Jungkook's fingers.

Attentively, Jungkook studied Jimin's features, his eyes rushing up and down from Jimin's pretty eyes where something sultry was glistening in them to his pretty plump lips that were wrapped around his fingers.

Slowly, Jungkook removed his digits from Jimin's mouth, wetting his own lips at the sight of a streak of spit connecting his fingers to Jimin's mouth.

“Good boy” he praised, the other one smiling shyly.

“Thank you” Jimin uttered, swallowing hard at the intent stare of Jungkook.

“Let me clean up the rest” Jungkook decided with a smirk before he lifted himself up above Jimin, moving inbetween Jimin's spread legs and placing his hands on either side of Jimin's head.

For a moment, he was distracted by Jimin's angelic features, his hair having fallen in his face, yet the remainder of the pink locks sprawled out on the pillow and creating the image of a halo. The flush on his cheeks was pretty and matching the colour of his hair and his lips.

So fucking beautiful.

Jungkook reached down to brush Jimin's fringe out of his face before he lowered himself down and pressed his lips to Jimin's throat, “K-Kook-ah” Jimin breathed, catching his bottom lip between his teeth.

Tenderly, Jungkook placed a line of open-mouthed kisses down his upper body until he reached the faint display of a v-line on his body. Goosebumps had risen beneath his lips, the smaller boy unconsciously arching his back up into the touch of Jungkook's lips.

Slowly, Jungkook licked a trail up Jimin's torso to collect any left over sperm. The action tickled Jimin, causing him to giggle. As soon as he did, he clasped his hand over his mouth, seriously wanting to slap himself for ruining the mood. This was supposed to be a sensual moment – and it was, in all its entirety – but Jimin's giggling really wasn't the most appropriate reaction – yet don't blame Jimin for being ticklish!

The black haired boy glanced up at him with arched up eyebrows, the image of Jimin's crescent eyes and the sweet sound of his giggles doing that shit to his heart again that made it flutter.

“Sorry” Jimin apologised, his cheeks tinging a darker shade of rose as he made himself smaller.
Jungkook smiled at Jimin and shook his head, still lingering above Jimin's. The other one's arms closed around Jungkook's neck as he kissed right back, a breath slipping from his lips as Jungkook licked over his bottom lip before he pushed his tongue past his lips and met Jimin's.

They pulled apart too early for Jimin's liking, Jungkook withdrawing after pressing one last kiss to Jimin's nose.

Gently, he rolled off of Jimin and lowered himself down next to his lover before he reached for his briefs and pulled them back up to cover Jimin's private parts. In the meanwhile, Jimin slid down the shirt again, Jungkook then reaching for the blanket to tug the two of them in.

Jimin blinked, a soft breath falling from his lips as he rolled onto his side to snuggle up against Jungkook.

“Kook-ah” Jimin whispered, his hand moving beneath the fabric of the blanket to touch Jungkook's stomach. Then, his fingertips traced over his skin, down towards his most private parts, “Should I-”

“No, little one” Jungkook interrupted him, appearing to be aware of what Jimin had meant to ask and answering his unspoken question.

“Why?” Jimin wondered, meeting Jungkook's gaze with his innocent eyes.

Certainly, Jungkook had rejected Jimin's touch a few times before. The insecure and vulnerable part of Jimin tried to convince him that it was due to Jungkook's lack of interest and attraction to him.

Yet, the part that trusted Jungkook and felt secure in their relationship emphasised that Jungkook had declared his love for him during numerous occasions, had displayed his attraction to Jimin and the effect Jimin had on him during several incidents.

Somehow, it still caused him to feel insecure sometimes though. Evidently, Jungkook wasn't ought to allow Jimin to touch him whenever Jimin asked for it. On some nights, he might just not feel like it. In case Jimin would ever reject his touch, Jungkook would surely respect that, too.

Maybe, Jungkook just wanted Jimin to learn and understand that he didn't owe Jungkook anything back? Every time Jungkook had touched him, Jimin had desired to take care of him as well. However, not because Jimin felt obligated to, but because he wanted to.

Yet, perhaps Jungkook believed that Jimin did in fact feel forced to repay the favour.

“I wanted to reward you, baby” Jungkook responded, his hand gripping Jimin's chin to guide his face back up, “This isn't about me” he reminded him softly, stroking the pad of his thumb along Jimin's cheekbone.

“It can be” Jimin pointed out.

The younger male smiled, but shook his head, “Jimin-ah” he stressed, his voice carrying faint sternness in it.

“You always take care of me... I-” Jimin tried to reason, but went silent as he attempted to look for the right words.

“You take care of me, too. I just don't need to come right now, hm?” Jungkook noted, tilting his head to the side, “When I give, Jimin-ah, you don't have to give back, okay? I find enough pleasure in making you happy, little one” he added.
To be fair, Jimin found pleasure in making Jungkook happy as well. There was just something about being good and having such an effect on Jungkook that caused his heart to burst in joy.

“I know, but I want to give back” Jimin replied with a pout.

Jungkook smiled at him before he pressed a kiss to his cheek, sincerity visible in his brown eyes, “You give back by being mine, little one”

At those words, Jimin's heart fluttered, yet he also whined in disagreement. The pink haired one wanted to give him more than just that. Yes, all of Jimin belonged to him, but that wasn't enough in Jimin's eyes to justify the way Jungkook made him feel as alive as he did.

“Kook-ah” Jimin emphasised his name with a pout.

“You give back to me on other nights, hm?” Jungkook expressed, leaning closer to Jimin's ear, “And how you give back, baby”

The smaller boy's cheeks flushed at the low tone in Jungkook's voice, Jimin swiftly hiding his face in the curve of Jungkook's neck, “Just cuddles then?” he murmured.

“Sounds perfect”

At that, Jungkook closed his arms around him to embrace the boy, Jimin nuzzling his face into the crook of Jungkook's neck and inhaling his comforting scent, his eyes fluttering shut at the safety and warmth that engulfed him.

For minutes, they just remained in that stance, neither of them aware of how much time had passed, yet not caring either as they desired nothing more than to be as close as this to one another.

They could fall asleep like this, all snuggled up together, their hearts beating to the same beat, but Jimin wasn't as tired just yet. Despite his eyes falling shut every now and then, his mind was still wide awake.

“Did you have a hard day at work?” the pink haired boy asked quietly after several moments of silence.

Gently, Jimin reached up to slide his hand through Jungkook's hair, playing with his black locks as he waited for the other one to answer.

“No, just long” Jungkook answered, “Two meetings and I had to do some revision. There is a potential investor my father has his eyes on” he informed Jimin.

The smaller boy hummed to display that he was listening, his fingertips gently scratching over Jungkook's scalp as he was proceeding to play with his hair.

At the tender touch, Jungkook's eyes fluttered shut, his features softening simultaneously. Curiously, Jimin tilted his head to the side, studying Jungkook's face that appeared a lot younger that way.

Sometimes, Jimin forgot how young he was, forgot that he was actually two years younger than Jimin himself. However, Jungkook was just so much more mature, had so much more authority and power that it slipped from Jimin's memory sometimes that he was only in his early twenties. Despite his young age, he was already the head of such an impactful company, all of those people dependant on him and his father.

That must be burdensome, Jimin thought, although Jungkook surely wouldn't ever admit to that. The
black haired boy was simply too determined to uphold a strong demeanor.

“I met a lot of trainees today” Jimin shared with him, “I didn’t expect to feel that way” he added softer, a faint display of a pout adorning his beautiful features.

“What way?” Jungkook wanted to know.

“It was kind of... I don't know, I can't explain it, but my heart ached at the realisation of all of them sharing the same dream, but only some of them making the final cut. That must be so mentally challenging” Jimin responded, his voice carrying sadness.

“It is” Jungkook agreed, his fingertips tracing over Jimin's back, “I talk to my father quite often about the necessity of a psychologist that would be provided for the trainees to talk to, check on their mentality and stuff” he informed Jimin.

The smaller boy's eyebrows shot up in surprise, his hand stilling its movement as he met Jungkook's gaze, “What did he say?”

“It's one of the things we argue about quite often” Jungkook revealed with a sigh, shaking his head, “My father doesn't think it's necessary and that the trainees can choose to see a therapist or psychologist themselves, if they see the need to” he added and wet his lips, “The thing is, that shit is expensive and these kids might not have the means to see one or even realise that seeing a psychologist is helpful or even necessary. I just don't get why he doesn't get that into his head. We've both been through therapy so he's one that should know about what wonders it can do”

“Kook-ah, it's amazing that you thought of something like that” Jimin commented, his heart warming. After seeing the trainees today, Jimin wouldn't disagree with the necessity of a psychologist to help them in any way they could, “Your father might not agree with you because he believes your situations are different. After all, you two experienced a trauma”

Obviously, one wasn't only entitled to see a psychologist at the premise of having experienced a trauma. There was no such thing as a requirement that you had to fulfill in order to be allowed to talk to someone professional about whatever bothered your heart.

In any case, you were entitled to see one, if you felt the need to or simply because you wanted to. Perhaps, Mr. Jeon didn't agree with that narrative, though. Perhaps, his perception on this issue was different. Perhaps, he believed that one was only ought to see a psychologist, if they've experienced some heavy stuff.

Apparently, what the trainees experienced mentally every single day wasn't enough for him.

After all, Jimin couldn't even assume that Mr. Jeon didn't want to hire a psychologist because of the necessity to pay them and the refusal to do that. For that, Mr. Jeon possessed way too much money. There were so many assets to his name, a whole fortune that belonged to him. It was unlikely that his rejection would be attributed to his lack of money – especially at the knowledge of how many accountants he had employed.

One psychologist wasn't much to ask for, was it?

“That's stupid” the taller male ranted, anger displayed on his face as he frowned.
Jimin shook his head at Jungkook, proceeding to play with his hair in hope of calming him down, “Kook-ah, don't insult your father”

“I'm not insulting him” Jungkook claimed, “I'm annoyed by his actions”

Well, Jimin would be lying, if he'd say that he wasn't able to understand Jungkook. Frankly, Jimin couldn't comprehend why Mr. Jeon was so keen on refusing this idea.

“I really like your idea” Jimin stated, smiling softly as he propped his chin up on Jungkook's chest, “Seeing those trainees today was just...” Jimin expressed, his smile faltering as the images of today resurfaced in his mind, “They were all so nervous. I think some of them even cried. I felt so bad... It must be so utterly challenging. Physically, mentally and emotionally. They must be so scared of the uncertainty of their future. Talking to someone professional to not lose yourself in all of that might really help” Jimin noted.

Jungkook hummed lowly, the sound vibrating in his chest, “Thank you. Can you come upstairs next time we argue about that shit and say that again? You might be able to talk some fucking sense into my father”

“Can't you make that decision on your own?” Jimin wondered, figuring that Jungkook had a major influence himself. After all, he had been the CEO of that particular building for as long as Mr. Jeon had been absent. Surely, now that he had merged the two separate headquarters into one sole one in Seoul, he had returned to the final spot as the CEO with the utmost power, but Jungkook was still a co-owner. In the end, he was even the heir, wasn't he? Surely, he possessed a certain amount of power, too.

The taller boy's hand moved below Jimin's shirt, his warm palm rubbing over Jimin's soft skin on his back, “Well, technically, I can go behind his back and organise that stuff on my own, but he's the one who makes the final call on things so he'll be pissed off, if I do that without his permission” Jungkook answered, but then furrowed his brows, “Fuck, I might just do it”

Swiftly, Jimin shook his head, giving Jungkook's chest a gentle smack, “Don't get yourself in trouble, Kook-ah” he warned the other one, “Maybe you can convince him during another conversation with him” Jimin suggested, believing that intentionally violating his father's refusal might not be the most beneficial move for Jungkook.

In the end, he might even be in a lot of trouble for that and increase the distance between them despite all the work they've put into rebuilding their bond over the past months. Frankly, Jimin didn't want to see them be distant. That relationship was important for both of their hearts that had needed such a long time to mend.

After all, Jungkook was the only son he had – and Mr. Jeon was the only parent Jungkook had left. They needed one another.

Jungkook snorted, “Yeah, right”

Jimin titled his head to the side, “I thought your father listens to you”

“Sometimes” the younger male answered with a shrug of his shoulders, “I wouldn't be where I am today, if he didn't value my opinion and actions somehow, but he values his own opinion more – which I guess I can understand” he added.

The smaller boy stared at Jungkook's face for a moment longer before he lowered his head again and rested his cheek on Jungkook's broad chest, “I hope you can convince him” he noted softly.
“Me too” Jungkook sighed.

Gently, Jimin nuzzled his cheek against Jungkook's chest, still playing with Jungkook's hair while the other one was caressing his back. For a moment, they just remained in that stance, not noticing how much time was passing by, but not really caring either.

In the silence surrounding them, it was inevitable for Jimin's mind to run wild as it always did, thoughts resurfacing that he had surpressed or hidden somewhere for them to not occupy his mind too much.

Somehow, Jimin couldn't help but wonder how Tae, Hoseok and Yoongi were doing. Every moment that Jimin spent thinking and worrying about them, he wished to be able to simply ask them and find out how things were going.

The pink haired boy withdrew his hand from Jungkook's hair, refraining from playing with it as he lifted his head up. However, the black haired one hummed in dissatisfaction, appearing to dislike Jimin's loss. Tenderly, Jungkook closed his hand around Jimin's wrist and moved it back up to his own hair, his eyes still pressed shut as though he was soon going to fall asleep.

Softly, Jimin smiled, giggling as he ran his hand through Jungkook's hair again to play with his black locks, obliging Jungkook's nonverbal request.

“Jungkook-ah?” Jimin then asked quietly, averting his gaze and instead resting his head on Jungkook's chest again.

The other one hummed in acknowledgement of Jimin addressing him, “Yes, little one” he then murmured.

“How do you feel about threesomes?” Jimin found himself wonder before he was able to withhold his heart.

Jungkook knitted his brows as soon as those words had slipped from Jimin's lips, “What did you just say?” he wanted to know, clearly believing that his ears must have deceived him.

“What do you think about threesomes?” Jimin repeated his question, clearly not catching on to the red lights that were flashing at him, trying to warn him. Instead, Jimin was proceeding to play with Jungkook's hair, almost casual about the question.

Well, Jimin's lack of timidity was attributed to Jimin's curiosity regarding something that three of his closest friends were involved in. Usually, Jimin would find himself be a blushing and stuttering mess by now, if this was anything sexual that he would want to try with Jungkook.

Suddenly, Jungkook's eyes shot back open as he met Jimin's gaze, “What I think about them?” he asked, his hand on Jimin's back having long stilled, no longer caressing his soft skin.

Jimin blinked, “Yes” he responded softly.

“Why do you ask?” Jungkook wanted to know, his gaze flickering back and forth between Jimin's eyes.

Abort. Abort. Abort misson!

The smaller boy swallowed hard, trying his utmost best to resist the urge to be honest – sincerity just being a trait within his nature, thus making it difficult and a real effort to not just burst out the truth.
However, Jimin needed to protect Tae, Hoseok and Yoongi. After all, Taehyung had asked him – even begged him to promise him – to not say a word to any of the others. Obviously, Jimin was going to keep that promise.

“I'm... just curious” Jimin answered, which wasn't even that far from the truth as he had asked Jungkook in the first place in an attempt to subtly learn about how Jungkook viewed such a situation.

“Jimin-ah, are you trying to propose something here?” Jungkook asked him, “If you are, then fuck no” he declined, shaking his head.

Jimin furrowed his brows, “Huh?”

“We are not going to have a threesome” the younger male decided, his grasp around Jimin tightening, “There's no fucking way I'm sharing you with anyone”

The pink haired boy's eyes went wide.

Well, this had backfired. Clearly, Jimin had not mentioned this topic because he wanted to have a threesome!

“I was-” Jimin tried to clarify, but went silent upon Jungkook speaking up again, the latter appearing to not even have registered Jimin's voice.

“There will not be one fucking person on this planet that will see you in your most vulnerable state like that, but me” Jungkook stated, seemingly angered by the mere thought of it as he pulled Jimin even closer to himself as though he was trying to close even the smallest fraction of distance between them, “Fuck no. That's not going to happen. You're min-”

“Kook-ah!” Jimin interrupted him, raising his voice in volume in an attempt to gain Jungkook's attention, “I wasn't asking you because I want one” he clarified, his cheeks flushing a shade of rose.

Finally, Jungkook met his gaze again, his eyes staring deeply into Jimin's, “Good” he simply uttered, loosening his grasp around Jimin.

At his behaviour, Jimin rolled his eyes, but couldn't contain the smile that curved his lips, “You're unbelievable” he murmured, nuzzling his face in the curve of Jungkook's neck.

“And you're mine” the younger male repeated, pressing a kiss to Jimin's temple.

“Silly” Jimin mumbled, although his heart fluttered at the sweet action.

Jungkook gave his butt a tender tap, “What was that?” he asked.

The pink haired boy giggled as he lifted his head to meet Jungkook's gaze, “I said you're silly” he repeated, his voice no longer muffled.

Jungkook arched up an eyebrow, a smirk adorning his handsome features, “Careful, little one” he warned as he gave Jimin's bottom another gentle tap.

“Be quiet” Jimin chuckled, swatting Jungkook's chest, “I was just asking you out of curiosity” he added softer, addressing the topic once more as he was very curious after all. In fact, he wondered whether Jungkook had ever have one himself, “Did you ever have one?” he asked after mustering enough courage.

A moment of hesitance.
Jungkook stared into Jimin's eyes for a moment, studying his features before he decided to answer. Due to that reaction, Jimin wondered whether there had been an ounce of hesitation as Jungkook had seriously needed to contemplate whether or not he had ever been involved in one – which, well, seemed unlikely as Jimin was certain that one would surely remember such an experience, no? – or wether Jungkook had to think about whether or not he wanted Jimin to know the truth – Perhaps assuming that it might hurt Jimin.

“Yes, I have” Jungkook responded with a nod, his hand moving below Jimin's shirt again to rub his palm over his back.

Jimin furrowed his brows, “Wait, so you're allowed to have one, but I'm not?” he concluded. Just moments ago, Jungkook had clearly displayed his dislike of threesomes and his refusal of allowing Jimin to have one, yet he had had one himself?

Jungkook gripped Jimin's chin, guiding his face up in order to lock eyes with him, “Do you fucking want one?” Jungkook asked, frowning at Jimin, but as soon as Jimin shook his head, his features softened, “Dammit, Jimin-ah, stop that”

The smaller boy wrapped his delicate hand around Jungkook's wrist to softly pull his hand away from his chin, “I don't want one, but you had one and that's...” Jimin trailed off, digging his teeth into his bottom lip, “I never knew that”

Jungkook wet his lips, “Well, I don't remember much of it anyway” he declared, frowning as he appeared to be reminiscing about that incident – or at least attempting to do so, “I was pretty drunk that night” he revealed.

“That was the only time?” Jimin found himself ask, not able to contain his curiosity.

“Yes” Jungkook affirmed with a nod, his gaze flickering back and forth between Jimin's eyes again before he added, “I won't ever have a threesome again”

At that, Jimin pulled up his eyebrows, “Never?”

“No, not as long as you're mine. I can't share you. The thought alone makes my blood boil. Fuck, just imagining you moaning out another name makes me sick” the black haired boy responded, his jaw locking as he digged his fingers into Jimin's soft flesh.

“I don't want one, really” Jimin reassured him softly, leaning in to press his lips to Jungkook's neck, the action appearing to calm Jungkook who loosened his grip, “I was just... I don't know... I just thought about some things and that's one thing that occupied my mind” he elaborated, attempting to convey that he wasn't interested in having a threesome himself, yet aware that he wasn't capable to tell the entire truth as that could put Tae's 'secret' and the promise Jimin had made at stake, thus Jimin tried to be subtle.

Jungkook knitted his brows, “You thought about threesomes?” he clarified, “How so?” he wondered, curiosity depicted on his face.

“Well, I...” Jimin uttered, but went silent as his mind was racing in an attempt to establish an answer that would not give away Tae's secret.

However, whenever Jimin tried to think of anything else, but that one particular thing he didn't want to think about it, it appeared that his mind couldn't manage to think about anything else but that certain thing.

“I saw something that.” Jimin eventually murmured, reckoning that it wasn't reprehensible or that it
lacked in probability to have come across a topic as this one somewhere – anywhere. In fact, Jimin had actually done some research on polyamorous relationships just out of curiosity and in hope of confirming his desire that a relationship like that could truly work out.

“Did you watch porn?” Jungkook interrupted him, his brows shooting up in surprise.

*What?*

Jimin's eyes went wide, the boy vigorously shaking his head, “No! No, I didn't see it in porn! Kook-ah!” he exclaimed, almost whining.

Jungkook chuckled at Jimin's adorable reaction, amusement glistening his eyes as he rubbed his palm over Jimin's back for comfort, the latter's cheeks flushing a shade of rose at Jungkook's accusation.

“Have you ever... even watched porn?” the younger male then wondered, arching up an eyebrow as he cocked his head to the side.

There was no doubt that this was an intimate question, but somehow Jungkook couldn't even imagine Jimin having ever watched anything pornographic at all – Not with the lack of knowledge and experience he had possessed prior to their relationship.

“No, I haven't” Jimin answered, his blush darkening as he shook his head, resisting the urge to hide his face in the curve of Jungkook's neck, but remaining eye contact instead.

“Interesting” Jungkook noted.

“Have you?” Jimin found himself ask, not certain whether he actually wanted to know the answer to that question, though.

Jungkook smirked, brushing Jimin's fringe out of his face, “Well, I'll leave that up to your imagination” he responded.

“Answer me!” Jimin pressed with a whine, giving Jungkook's chest a gentle smack.

At the action, Jungkook chuckled again, closing his hand around Jimin's wrist to restrain him from hitting him any more than that, “Feisty today, hm?” he commented teasingly, his voice lower.

“Kook-ah!” Jimin expressed, pouting.

“I have” the taller boy answered, allowing Jimin's wrist to slip from his grasp after having pressed a kiss to his knuckles, “Of course, I have”

“Do you... do you still watch it?” Jimin wanted to know, dipping his head down in timidity and faint embarrassment.

“No, kitten, I don't” the other one responded without an ounce of hesitation.

“Be honest. It's okay, if you... if you do” Jimin pressed softly, figuring that Jungkook might have lied because he believed Jimin might be hurt or feel insecure by learning about the truth.

Frankly, Jimin didn't understand why someone would voluntarily even watch porn at all because he was certain that the thought of watching other people have sex was frightening. Then again, it might not be the case for other people.

“I am honest, little one” Jungkook reassured him.
“Okay” Jimin uttered, giving a nod.

After all, Jungkook was always truthful with him, wasn't he? Hence, there was no reason for him to lie about something as petty as this.

Gently, Jungkook grabbed Jimin's chin to guide his face back up, “Now, do you want to tell me why you brought up threesomes?” he asked.

“I just read something about polyamorous relationships” Jimin responded softly.

In fact, Jimin had read quite a lot of things about relationships of that kind. All the more did it ease Jimin's heart to learn that people were able to make a relationship like that work and that it wasn't actually as uncommon as Jimin had believed for it to be.

“Oh?”

Jimin cleared his throat, “I was curious about what that was and then I just wondered about how threesomes work and... and so on” Jimin reasoned as he wet his lips, “I was curious to know what you think about that”

Hopefully, Jimin hadn't made it so obvious.

For a moment, Jungkook just stared deeply into his eyes. Perhaps, he was trying to find more answers in Jimin’s eyes. Perhaps, he was able to catch that there was more to this than Jimin gave away.

The smaller boy shifted in his position, remaining eye contact with Jungkook to maintain the subtle demeanor. Fortunately, it seemed to work.

“I mean, I don't remember much, but it was an interesting experience” Jungkook stated eventually, furrowing his brows as he appeared to recall the night, “Slightly more work to pleasure both, but I have good stamina-”

“Of course” Jimin mumbled, shaking his head, but smiling at Jungkook's answer.

Jungkook chuckled, “Yeah, we both know how much you enjoy that for yourself, kitten” he pointed out with a smirk, brushing Jimin's hair out of his face.

“Be quiet” Jimin murmured, indicating to swat Jungkook's chest again, yet the latter closed his hand around Jimin's wrist, managing to restrain him from smacking him.

“I guess everyone has to decide for themselves whether that's something they want to do and whether they actually enjoy it when they try” Jungkook added, resuming the conversation about the topic at hand, “I wasn't romantically into those girls, so having a threesome in a polyamorous relationship is surely a completely different experience than mine was. I've told you before that sex with you is different to any sex I've had before. I'm sure it's the same in that case”

The pink haired boy hummed after he had processed those words, finding himself agreeing with that statement. Clearly, Jimin had never had that experience himself, yet Jungkook's words seemed plausible.

“Do you think it could work?” Jimin found himself whisper.

“What?”
“A relationship like that?” Jimin clarified.

Jungkook tilted his head to the side, “If they can make it work somehow where all of them feel included, sure. It might not be the most common thing, but fuck that. For me, that's not a possibility though. I will never be able to share you with anyone else” he expressed, shaking his head again. For a moment, he studied Jimin's beautiful features, furrowing his brows at the concern he was able to define in Jimin's eyes, “You're worrying me, angel. Are you sure you don't want to tell me something?”

“Yeah, it's nothing” Jimin assured him, brushing it off as he wasn't allowed to talk about the actual reason for his curiosity.

“There is no other boy I need to look out for?” Jungkook wanted to know, his grasp around Jimin tightening again.

The smaller boy giggled, shaking his head, “Kook-ah, don't be silly. There is only you, I promise you”.

The thought of there being someone else was... impossible for Jimin. Truthfully, he didn't believe that there would ever be someone that could make him feel as alive and happy and loved and... and safe and taken care of and... and so much more. No one, but Jungkook. There was no one that could compare to that.

“Good” Jungkook commented smugly.

As they were at the topic of rare sexual practices – well, maybe they weren't as rare, but to Jimin they were – his brain couldn't help but bring up another thought that had occupied his mind for a while now...

“Can I ask you something else?” Jimin wondered softly, “Something entirely different, but something I've been thinking about, too?”

Jungkook's gaze flickered back and forth between Jimin's brown orbs, amusement flashing in his own eyes, “What's up with all of these questions today? Did you do some research, little one?” he asked.

“No” Jimin chuckled, shaking his head, “Just... I don't know, I thought about it before, but I was too scared to ask you” he added quieter, sounding almost unsure as he lowered his head down.

“Why?” Jungkook asked, pulling his brows together in a frown as he grabbed Jimin's chin, guiding it back up to lock eyes with him.

“I don't know” Jimin answered genuinely.

“Baby, you don't ever have to be scared, understood?” Jungkook stated, caressing Jimin's cheek.

Of course, Jimin was aware that Jungkook would never judge him or laugh at him for raising any of his many questions regarding any topic at all, but especially their most intimate moments. However, he couldn't help the timidity that bloomed within him whenever he was curious about stuff like this.

“I know” Jimin murmured, giving a nod as he inhaled a deep breath, “I just... Have you ever thought about bottoming?” he asked softly, having bundled up all the courage he could muster and deciding to just ask away as long as the bravery hadn't faltered yet.

The younger male's eyes went wide as he choked on his own spit. Swiftly, Jimin sat up, concerned
by Jungkook's behaviour and determining that allowing him enough space to move around freely was the most beneficial thing.

“Are you okay?” Jimin asked, his voice full of worry as he reached over to the nightstand for a bottle of water that he opened up and handed Jungkook. Carefully, he reached out to caress Jungkook’s cheek, wondering whether he shouldn’t have asked that question. However, a small percentage of Jimin assumed that this reaction might have been caused by another phenomenon or event.

Yet, that seemed to be less probable.

“B-Bottomed?” Jungkook echoed, still coughing.

Hesitantly, Jimin gave a weak nod, feeling his cheeks heat up as he watched Jungkook jug down his water in order to calm his throat.

Once he set the bottle down again, Jungkook appearing to have been able to banish the irritating itch in his throat, his gaze rushed back and forth between Jimin's doe eyes, the boy studying his features intently.

“Y-Yeah...” Jimin affirmed quietly, “Have you?”

From the first day on, Jimin had never even considered to be the one penetrating Jungkook – ever. Right from the get go of their encounters, Jimin had always only desired for Jungkook to be the one penetrating him. For some reason, Jimin had never even seen himself playing the other part, had lacked the ability to even imagine that scenario.

After Jungkook had first had sex with him, the pink haired boy had realised that he enjoyed sex in that particular dynamic so much that he never wanted to change it and had been determined in that decision. In the end, Jimin had believed that he had found his part and would be a bottom through and through.

Yet, one conversation with Taehyung had evoke curiosity in Jimin. As soon as Jimin had learned about the term 'switch' he had realised that people didn't have to be squished into boxes. One didn't have to label themselves as only a bottom or a top, no, one could enjoy being both simultaneously.

Nevertheless, Jimin hadn't desired to be the one penetrating Jungkook. Yet, he couldn't help but feel curious whether Jungkook had ever been active as the other part. From the very first day, their dynamics had fallen into place like perfect puzzle pieces, Jungkook having known from the very beginning that he would be the one penetrating Jimin without even having to ask Jimin.

However, perhaps he had never asked Jimin because being a bottom was not an option for Jungkook himself.

Quite frankly, Jimin wondered whether he could even decide entirely whether being a bottom was the only imaginable way for him, if Jimin had never tried being active as the other part.

“No. No, I haven’t” Jungkook eventually answered, shaking his head.

*Interesting*, Jimin thought.

Maybe, Jungkook just enjoyed the dominant top role way too much to even consider being the other part. Maybe, it was just not part of his nature just like being dominant wasn't in Jimin's.

“Oh” Jimin uttered, “Never never?”
“Yes, never” Jungkook affirmed with a nod.

“Why?” Jimin found himself wonder.

Surely, he didn't need to have a reason for not doing something, yet Jimin was curious whether there was one.

Was he scared? That seemed very unlikely.

Just not interested? Potentially.

Enjoyed being active as the other part way too much? Probably.

“I just never wanted to” the black haired one answered, shrugging his shoulders.

“Oh, okay” Jimin responded, giving a nod as he snuggled closer to Jungkook again, the latter closing his arm around his delicate body to caress his back.

“Why do you ask, little one?” Jungkook wanted to know, glancing down at Jimin, but the other one didn’t meet his gaze.

“I was just... curious” Jimin answered.

“Are you thinking about topping?” Jungkook asked, arching up his eyebrows. There was no humour in his voice, just plain curiosity.

“N-No. No, I just...” Jimin stuttered, the flush on his cheeks darkening as he shook his head.

“Tell me” Jungkook insisted softly, his fingertips tracing over Jimin's back.

“I just wondered what it felt like” Jimin replied, “Honestly, I love our sex life the way it is, but I just wondered... what it would feel like to... you know, be the other part for once. I'm not sure, if it's really for me, but... yeah”

The feeling of being penetrated by Jungkook was utter bliss, but Jimin wondered how it felt like to be the other part for once – whether he found pleasure and enjoyment in that, too.

“So, you want to try it?” Jungkook concluded, not amused or mocking at all, just attentive and taking Jimin serious.

“I don't know” Jimin murmured, digging his teeth into his bottom lip, “Maybe? One day? I understand, if you don't want to, especially if you've never done it before... It must mean that you enjoy the way things are”

For a moment, Jungkook just stared at Jimin, the other one feeling shy under the intense gaze, thus not capable to meet Jungkook's gaze, but nuzzling his face into the curve of Jungkook's neck instead.

“I don't see myself bottoming” Jungkook decided, breaking the silence, “I don't know why”

“That's okay” Jimin uttered, half smiling, “I understand” he added, shaking his head at himself, “It was a stupid thought anyway” he mumbled, his voice carrying something vulnerable within it.

“No, little one-” Jungkook protested swiftly, pulling the boy closer to himself and grabbing his chin to lift his face back up in order to lock eyes with Jimin, “Fuck, let me think about it, okay?” he suggested, the pad of his thumb gently running along Jimin's cheek.
“Really?” Jimin asked, eyes wide as a smile curved his lips.

“Yeah” Jungkook affirmed, giving a nod before he pressed a kiss to Jimin's forehead.

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“What a coincidence to see you here, Jimin-ssi” a male voice noted, earning Jimin's attention, the boy having been focused on the papers in his hands that he had offered to get for Hoseok who had forgotten them upstairs at Mr. Jeon's office.

The smaller boy smiled at the realisation of who the voice belonged to, a familiar face getting on the elevator with him.

“Ah, Ryan-ssi, hey” Jimin uttered, “It's nice to see you again”

Meeting Ryan again was definitely a pleasant sight. Today was only Jimin's second day working at the company, meaning he hadn't met that many people yet to befriend. Aside from Jungkook, Jin and Hoseok, there was no one he was really close to.

“You, too” Ryan responded with a grin, as he pushed his brown hair back, “How's your second day going?” he wanted to know.

“Good so far” Jimin responded truthfully.

Earlier, Hoseok and him had completed their task of teaching a new part of a choregraphy to a certain group of trainees. Honestly, it had been so much fun to be as involved as he was today. The pink haired boy couldn't wait for more experiences like that.

“Haven't pushed over a stack of important papers that someone has spent two hours to organise yet? Or spilled coffee all over someone? Wow, then your day must be going incredibly well” Ryan commented, causing Jimin to raise up his eyebrows in surprise at the very specific description and questions.

“What?” Jimin uttered, “Did that happen to you?”

Ryan remained silent, only clearing his throat.

Jimin narrowed his eyes in suspicion.

“It might have” Ryan responded eventually, “It definitely isn't one of my proudest days” he added with a chuckle, scratching over the back of his neck.

The smaller boy giggled, parting his lips in the midst of voicing his pity for Ryan, yet went silent as the elevator came to a halt again before the doors opened to grant another figure entrance.

Jungkook.

Immediately, Jimin's heart fluttered at the sight, a soft smile adorning his beautiful features as he observed Jungkook getting on the elevator with them.

“Hello, Mr. Jeon” Ryan greeted the black haired one, managing a polite bow at his boss.

“Ah, hello, Sir” Jimin uttered softly as he bent forward to bow at Jungkook as well.

Clearing his throat, Jungkook stared at Jimin for a moment before he arched up an eyebrow at Jimin's suspicious smile, then coming to a halt next to Jimin and turning around to face the elevator doors
that were about to shut, yet Ryan swiftly put his feet between the doors to prevent them from closing.

“I have to get off now” Ryan announced, appearing to remember that it was the floor he had desired
to go to, “See you around, Jimin-ssi” he smiled at Jimin before he addressed Jungkook with a nother
bow, “Mr. Jeon”

With that, he left the elevator, Jimin watching the doors shut close in front of his eyes, thus being left
behind with Jungkook who cleared his throat again.

“See you around, huh?” he noted, stealing a glimpse at Jimin, “So you two are friends now or
what?” he wanted to know.

The pink haired boy met his gaze, his eyebrows shooting up in surprise, “Mhm? Ryan-ssi?” he
clarified, although he was aware that Jungkook was referring to him.

“Yes” Jungkook responded firmly, wetting his lips.

“Well, he's being nice to me” Jimin reasoned with a sweet smile.

“I see” Jungkook murmured, his gaze rushing down to Jimin's lips before he forced it back up to his
eyes.

“Is that bad?” Jimin wanted to know, finding himself frown at the way Jungkook was appearing to
be a little annoyed.

“No” Jungkook replied, turning to the front again and looking at the elevator doors, “As long as he
doesn't make a move on you” he added.

“Kook-ah” Jimin emphasised his name, the other one turning to stare at him again.

“What?”

“Nothing” Jimin muttered, shaking his head and leaning against the wall.

The taller boy turned his entire body towards Jimin, crossing his arms over his chest, “You're going
to tell me, understood?” he insisted firmly.

“Tell you what?” Jimin asked, confused by the sudden demand.

“If he makes a move on you – or is mean to you. Whatever. Matter fact, let me know, if anyone in
this company at all is rude or mean to you” Jungkook elaborated, his eyebrows knitted.

“Kook-ah” Jimin murmured again.

Certainly, Jimin was not going to rush off to Jungkook and inform him, if anything like that would
occur. There was not a doubt in Jimin's mind that hell would break loose as soon as Jungkook knew.
Then again, they had established a prominent level of trust and honesty in their relationship and it
might not be a good idea to keep something like that from Jungkook either.

After all, what if something as frightening as the incidents with Dongha would occur again?

A shiver ran down Jimin's back at the thought of Dongha. The two of them hadn't seen each other in
a while. Frankly, it was almost as though the brown haired boy had vanished entirely without a
word.

*It was weird.*
Jimin shook his head, drawing himself out of the thoughts about Dongha and forcing his concentration on Jungkook who was staring at him intently.

“What?”

“What would you do, if anyone is mean to me?” Jimin found himself ask – although he could already assume the answer to that question. It wasn’t difficult to assess Jungkook’s behaviour and conclude that there would be bad repercussions for the culprit that would be mean to Jimin.

“Well, fire them” the other male responded nonchalantly.

“Kook-ah!” Jimin exclaimed again, shaking his head at the statement.

“What? I don't need anyone working for me that's a piece of shit” Jungkook stressed firmly.

“What if they just don't like me?” Jimin pointed out, titling his head to the side, “Not everyone has to like me”

“First of all, if anyone doesn't like you that's already suspicious behaviour” Jungkook claimed, frowning as though it was a ridiculous thought for someone to dislike Jimin, “How can anyone not like an angel like you? Secondly, not liking someone and being rude or mean towards someone are two different things” he explained.

“I'm not going to tell you” Jimin decided, crossing his arms over his chest, “I would feel awful running off to you like a little kid telling their parent that they've been teased in school. I'm old enough to handle a conflict on my own, if any should arise”

After all, Jimin wasn't a child anymore. The pink haired boy possessed the ability to take care of himself. Surely, other employees didn’t run off to Jungkook, if there was a minor conflict either. Jimin didn’t want to use his relationship to Jungkook like that. That was unfair.

“Jimin-ah-” Jungkook pressed.

“Kook-ah, please” Jimin interrupted him softly.

“I don't want you to have to work in an uncomfortable environment like that” Jungkook stated, “If anyone is mean to-”

“Then let me handle it on my own” Jimin interfered again, taking a step closer, “Please”

The taller boy’s gaze flickered back and forth between Jimin’s eyes before he groaned and shook his head, yet couldn't hide the smile that curved his lips, “Fuck, you're damn stubborn” he commented.

“You're the one talking” Jimin giggled, shaking his head.

They stared at each other for a moment longer, Jimin certain that he was getting lost in Jungkook’s gorgeous eyes, yet fortunately, the taller boy averted his gaze down to his arms.

Still smirking, Jungkook reached for the cuffs of his shirt, opening them up before he rolled up his sleeve, then repeating the action for his other arm.

At the sight of Jungkook’s bare, veiny arms, Jimin found himself gulp. Swiftly, he forced his gaze back up to Jungkook’s eyes, his cheeks flushing a shade of rose as he noticed the amusement in Jungkook’s brown orbs as the boy had caught Jimin staring longingly at him.

“What's up with that Sir, hm?” Jungkook asked, his stare intent as he wet his lips.
The smaller boy swallowed hard, surprised by the sudden question, “You're my boss now” Jimin responded softly, “I was just being polite” he reasoned.

In fact, the two of them had decided that Jimin didn't need to refer to him as *Sir* whenever they encountered one another at work. For some reason, Jungkook just didn't want Jimin to feel inferior to him at work – despite Jungkook just genuinely being his boss and simply being superior in his position in comparison to Jimin's.

Yet, it was a kind and sweet gesture of Jungkook to be as considerate at that. In the end, Jimin had managed to convince him to refer to him just like every other employee, thus at least going along with calling him by his last name.

However, somehow, Jimin couldn't help, but use the term *Sir* intentionally – too curious to see how Jungkook would react.

Was he being naughty?

“I know what you were doing, baby” Jungkook commented, closing the distance between them. The smaller boy gasped, pushing himself into the wall to enable more space between them, yet Jungkook placed his hands on either side of Jimin's head, leaning closer until their faces were mere inches away.

*How long is this darn elevator ride?*

*Abort. Abort.*

This was tipping into territories Jimin didn't know he would be capable of resisting – which was bad, as they were present in a public place and could be exposed to strangers any moment now.

“H-Huh?” Jimin stuttered, his gaze flickering back and forth between Jungkook's eyes as he tightened his grasp around the papers in his hands to resist the urge to touch Jungkook, yet then watching something glisten in Jungkook's eyes that spurred Jimin on to play along.

“Come on, kitten” Jungkook whispered, brushing his lips over Jimin's as his hand found its way to Jimin's hip, curling around it and grabbing it tight to secure Jimin in the position he desired.

“I'm not doing anything, *Sir*” Jimin responded innocently, proud of himself for having managed to speak without stuttering or using a shaking voice that was usually attributed to his timidity.

The pink haired boy was making progress.

Jungkook cursed, wetting his lips as he turned his head to the side to lean closer to Jimin's ear, “Fuck, you really want to play, hm?” he whispered lowly into Jimin's ear, his hot breath tickling on Jimin's skin and sending a shiver down his back.

Determinately, Jimin tried to uphold his unaffected demeanor and to not crumble, yet his knees began to get weak already and it took everything in him to not whimper out, “*Sir, I—*”

“If you like calling me *Sir* so much, how about you call me that when I fuck out your brain next time, huh?” Jungkook interrupted him, almost growling into Jimin's ear.

Jimin swallowed hard, his breath hitching in his throat as Jungkook's hand played with the hem of his shirt, daring to wander below the piece of fabric.

*Oh please, Jimin thought, touch me.*
They were swift to distach, increasing the distance between them before the elevator doors opened. Jungkook fixed his tie, Jimin clearing his throat as the flush on his cheeks darkened.

“I have to get off now” Jimin announced, flashing Jungkook a flustered smile before he stepped outside.

Jungkook gave a nod, smirking at him as he waved him off, clearly satisfied with the way Jimin was affected by him, “I’ll see you later, little one”

“Later, Sir” Jimin responded innocently, waving at Jungkook as he smiled sweetly.

The younger male poked his tongue into his cheek, a daring emotion flashing in his eyes as his smirk grew.

Oh, Jimin was going to be in so much trouble for that.

---

The pink haired boy inhaled a deep breath of the air that carried the scent of a rainy day, a smile curving his lips at the pleasant smell. For a moment, Jimin deliberated whether or not to speed up and rush home or whether to enjoy the feeling of utter freedom and the beautiful weather.

Just as the first day, the second day at work had flown by so fast, Jimin already finding himself walk home, liveliness and happiness still vivid in his body.

As soon as Jimin took a turn, his phone rang, indicating that he was receiving a call. Swiftly, he pulled out the device, smiling at the sight of the heartfluttering name flashing up on his screen. With a quick swipe of his thumb, he accepted the call.

“Where the fuck are you?” Jungkook nearly yelled through the phone, startling Jimin who had expected a sweet or kind greeting the way he always received whenever Jungkook called him.

“What do you mean?” the smaller boy uttered, his voice conveying the confusion that had erupted in his heart.

“Where are you, Jimin-ah” Jungkook pressed, something unsettling audible in Jungkook's voice.

Maybe, Jimin's ears were deceiving him. Yet, there appeared to be something having evoked uneasiness or even anger in Jungkook. Clearly, there was something bothering him. The sudden fear of something awful having happened to Jungkook struck Jimin.

“I'm on my way on home, Kook-ah” Jimin answered gently, “Are you okay? What is-”

“Why the hell are you not with Beomsoo-ssi?” Jungkook interrupted him sternly, decreasing Jimin's confusion and allowing him to understand what this was all about.

The pink haired boy furrowed his brows, merely able to prevent the impulse to answer sincerely. However, judging by Jungkook's temper and his audible display of anger, Jimin feared that Beomsoo's absence would result in negative repercussions regarding his job.

Earlier, Beomsoo hadn't been present, hadn't been waiting for Jimin in front of the building the way he would usually be. Each day, his car would already be parked in front of the place that Jimin was at before Jimin even left the building. Within seconds, Jimin would be settled inside the car and be
driven to wherever he desired to be.

Yet, not today. Somehow, not today.

It was unusual, but Jimin had believed that Beomsoo might have been caught up with another task somewhere. In the end, he had waited several minutes for Beomsoo to arrive – yet, he never did. Ultimately, Jimin had decided to walk home, not minding the weather and in fact having missed to walk to places on his own without Beomsoo.

Not that Jimin disliked Beomsoo or his presence – not at all – but Jimin had long started to feel as though he was constantly being looked after like he was a child. Surely, the act of providing a driver for Jimin was kind, yet also unnecessary.

As Jimin wasn't in possession of Beomsoo's number, there was no way for him to contact him either. Of course, Jimin could have simply called Jungkook to check on Beomsoo's destination, yet he feared that Beomsoo might have gotten in trouble, if he had done that.

“Jimin-ah. Answer me” Jungkook pressed, dissatisfied with Jimin's hesitance.

“Well, it's a beautiful day” Jimin responded eventually, deciding to not mention that Beomsoo hadn't picked him up.

“It's fucking raining” Jungkook pointed out.

“It stopped” Jimin objected, noticing that a few raindrops were still falling down on him, but he didn't mind them, “Kook-ah, what's the matter?” Jimin wanted to know, proceeding to walk home.

It was already dark, the streets nearly cleared of any other living soul walking by. Well, it was a rather small street to begin with that was rarely busy at all. It wasn't surprising that it was almost empty around this time of the day. In fact, Jimin was certain that he was the only one around for several blocks.

“Stay where you are” Jungkook demanded.

The pink haired boy stilled for a brief moment, but then proceeded to walk as he shook his head at Jungkook's silly request.

“What? That's ridiculous, Jungkook-ah” Jimin responded, “I'm almost home”

“Stay where you are” Jungkook repeated firmly, “I'm not going to say it again”

“Jeon Jungkook, I'm not going to wa-” Jimin objected, intending to scold Jungkook any moment now for his odd behaviour. Surely, Jimin wasn't new to Jungkook ordering him around, yet he didn't understand what the fuss was about.

Why was it so horrible for Jimin to walk home by himself?

“Please, Jimin-ah” Jungkook tried to convince him again, his voice softer as he spoke, “Stay and wait for me”

The smaller boy checked the road before he crossed it, noticing the very familiar buildings he was walking by that were announcing the close destination of his own apartment. It would only take about two more minutes for Jimin to be home. Waiting for Jungkook to get here and drive him home would be ridiculous and very unnecessary.
“I can almost see my apartment” Jimin responded, “It would be utter nonsense for you to drive all the way here just to drive me that last bit home, Kook-ah. The weather isn't even that bad and I'm perfectly capable to walk on my own” he added softly.

“I-” Jungkook tried again.

“Goodbye, Jungkook-ah” Jimin interrupted him, assuming that Jungkook wouldn't stop arguing with him until Jimin would finally give in, “I will text you when I'm home”

With that, he hung up.

---

“Are you mad at me?” Jimin asked softly, resisting the pout that had threatened to adorn his pretty features.

Once Jungkook had finished his work for today, he had immediately rushed over to Jimin's place as though it was the place he belonged to.

Well, it was.

However, there was definitely some tension in the air between them – Not the good kind. Not the sexual kind of tension that Jimin had accustomed to and had learned to deal with – Well, had he really, though? The poor boy ended up whining and begging for Jungkook to touch him whenever he was horny and sexually frustrated... So maybe scratch that prior statement again.

Anyway.

No, instead a rather uncomfortable and unsettling tension had settled between Jungkook and him. The two of them had eaten dinner in silence, barely even exchanging any words or stares.

*It was hurting Jimin.*

For what? Why was there this sense of tension between them?

Was it all due to their minor argument on the phone earlier?

“Kook-ah” Jimin whined, crawling closer to Jungkook who had barely acknowledged Jimin's presence.

“I'm not mad” Jungkook claimed, poking his tongue into his cheek.

“Don't lie” Jimin insisted softly, shaking his head.

Weren't they working to try things out regarding their communication? They should talk about what bothered their hearts, should address issues that arose in their relationship and try to find solutions in order to solve them.

The younger male turned his body towards Jimin, knitting his eyebrows in anger, “Why do you have to do the exact opposite of what I tell you? That's not the first time this happened” he accused Jimin.

“I'm sorry” Jimin apologised, lowering his head as he fidgeted with the hem of his shirt, “I didn't.. I didn't mean to” he added quietly.

However, wasn't Jungkook at fault, too? In fact, Jimin wasn't forced to do whatever Jungkook advised – no, *demanded* – him to do.
“But why do you expect me to do what you tell me to?” Jimin asked, meeting Jungkook's gaze again, the other one's eyebrows raising, “Weren't you the one that taught me that I don't have to obey anyone outside of the bedroom? Where did that go, huh?” Jimin elaborated, crossing his arms over his chest.

All this time, Jungkook had been so adamant to make Jimin understand and learn that their dynamics in the bedroom weren't the same in their daily lives. Each time, Jungkook had been certain to stress that Jimin would never have to obey anyone like that and be as submissive as he was outside of the bedroom.

“I-” Jungkook uttered, but went silent, “Jimin-ah, I didn't... I didn't mean it like that” he added softer, reaching for Jimin as he shook his head, something flashing in his brown orbs.

Suddenly, the door bell rang, interrupting their conversation.

The irritating noise startled Jimin who jerked up in his seat, stealing a glimpse at the door before he averted his gaze back on Jungkook.

“I should check” Jimin noted, placing his feet back on the floor and standing up.

“You should” Jungkook agreed, giving a nod as he leaned back against the armrest, waiting for Jimin to go ahead.

Hesitantly, Jimin approached the front door of his apartment, wondering who would require him this late at night. After all, Jimin could only imagine the dearest people in his life to need him at this time of the day, yet even then, they had access to Jimin's phone number and could simply ring him up.

Cautiously, Jimin opened the door.

Surprise and heartclenching pain bloomed within his chest simultaneously upon the sight of the figure standing in front of his apartment.

“Tae?” Jimin uttered, not certain whether his eyes weren't deceiving him there.

The blond haired boy sniffed, tears cascading down his cheeks, “Can I come in?” he asked, his voice strained and quiet, Jimin's heart aching even more.

“You aren't” Jimin assured him, “What is going on?”

Taehyung blinked, staring at Jimin for a moment before he addressed Jungkook, “I need to... need to talk to Minnie, please” he requested softly, “Would you mind?”

The black haired one shook his head, “No, of course not” he answered, grabbing his jacket while
Taehyung dragged his body over to the sofa to take a seat, “I guess, I'll- Yeah, I will go and catch some fresh air” Jungkook decided, following Taehyung's movement before his gaze fell on Jimin.

Gently, Jimin pulled Jungkook further away from Taehyung, increasing the distance between them to ensure that their voices weren't audible to him. Fortunately, the TV was still running in the background, Taehyung staring at it with a blank expression as he wiped away his tears.

Jimin's hand was still on Jungkook's shirt, his gaze fixated on Taehyung's poor appearance, yet he forced his eyes back up to Jungkook's face, “Kook-ah, it looks like it's serious” Jimin stated quietly, “Taehyung-ah rarely cries, unless it's really bad”

“What does that mean?” Jungkook wanted to know, arching up his eyebrows, “Do you want me to stay? Should I wait until he reveals what happened and then go beat the shit out of whoever hurt him?”

“No, I mean that he really needs me tonight and that this might take a lot longer than you think” Jimin responded, shaking his head at Jungkook's suggestion.

There had rarely been any times Jimin could recall where Taehyung had cried like this – over anything, really. This was definitely unsettling and causing Jimin's stomach to stir in fear.

Whatever it was. It wasn't good at all.

“I don't mind waiting” Jungkook assured.

“Kook-ah, I need to be here for him and I can't guarantee you that he'll feel any better, when you return” Jimin expressed, dropping his hand back to his side, “I can't expect you to wait outside for hours. It's cold and it's pretty late already. You have work tomorrow and-”

“You want me to leave” Jungkook concluded, having interrupted Jimin who parted his lips, but couldn't manage to say a word.

“I... It's not that” Jimin then protested, shaking his head, “Maybe I'm reading him wrong. I'll text you once I know, okay?” he suggested.

“No, I understand, little one” Jungkook assured him, “I'll head home. Don't worry about me. Take care of him now. Call me in case you need me, okay?” he added, leaning in to press a kiss to Jimin's cheek before he withdrew and slipped into his shoes.

“Okay. Thank you” Jimin answered, watching Jungkook leave before he fixated his gaze back over on Taehyung.

Carefully, he approached his best friend, closing the distance between them, “Tae, what's wrong?” the pink haired boy asked as he sat down on the sofa next to Taehyung.

“We talked” Tae answered quietly.

“Who?”

“I... confessed” Taehyung revealed softly.

To whom? Jimin had nearly meant to ask, yet was able to resist the urge as it was redundant. After all, it was obvious who he was referring to.

“O-Oh” Jimin breathed, swallowing hard as he studied Taehyung’s features, trying to find answers
that were clearly displayed there, but Jimin didn't want to assess the situation without Taehyung officially declaring anything as Jimin's heart already ached at the assumptions it created, “What... what happened?”

“I admitted to what I feel” Taehyung expressed with a smile that carried pain, “I told them how I feel about both of them and that I... that I want us to be more than just a platonic thing” he added.

“What did they say?” Jimin wondered quietly, his heart scared of learning the truth, but it was too late.

“Hey, can we talk?” Taehyung asked softly once he reentered the bedroom, Hoseok withdrawing from kissing Yoongi, the smaller boy lying on top of Hoseok the way Tae had left them to be before he had went to the restroom.

The two boys stared at him affectionately, nodding their heads. Gently, Yoongi lowered himself down on the bed next to Hoseok in order to make room for Taehyung, yet the latter remained standing in the center of the room.

“What is it, baby?” Hoseok asked him, rubbing his hand over Yoongi's back as he waited patiently for Taehyung to proceed.

Taehyung swallowed hard, playing with the hem of his shirt – a nervous habit of his – as he inhaled a shaky breath.

Frankly, there weren't many incidents Taehyung could recall where had been this nervous. The blond haired boy was just someone that rarely felt that way as he was self-assured and optimistic regarding most things in life.

However, right now, he was almost shitting himself.

“I'm just going to say it before I'm too scared again and can't utter out a single word. I just- I want you to- IlikeyouYoongihyung” Taehyung blurted, believing that it would somehow make this confession easier to get over with, if he spoke swiftly.

Surely, a part of Taehyung had wished and also imagined this moment to be romantic, yet a big fraction of him was scared of what the other two were going to say, thus resulting in him blurting his words out.

Upon that revelation, Yoongi parted his lips, the boy sitting up slowly, “I like both of you so damn much. In a way that makes my heart skip when I even think about the two of you. I never thought that it would turn into this, but it did” Taehyung elaborated, his gaze flickering back and forth between Hoseok and Yoongi, “I realised that you both own my heart and I want nothing more than to be with both of you”

Cautiously, Yoongi got up from the bed, just standing there like a deer caught in head lights.

“Hyung” Taehyung breathed, a soft smile on his lips as he took a step closer, his heart rate picking up as it imagined Yoongi to return his feelings and to confess to them, “I know that this... this is not-”

“I-I-” Yoongi uttered, interrupting Taehyung, but then going silent as he wet his lips instead.

“Hyung” Taehyung whispered, watching something flash in Yoongi's brown orbs.
No, Taehyung thought.

The blond haired boy's heart clenched.

“N- I ca- I’m sorry” Yoongi responded, shaking his head. Out of the corner of his eye, Taehyung noticed how Hoseok sat up on the bed, observing the scene in front of him.

“W-What?” Tae uttered quietly, somehow no longer trusting his own voice, maybe not even capable to speak any louder than this.

Yoongi stared deeply into his eyes, another emotion glistening in his orbs, but then he averted his gaze, “I’m sorry” he whispered.

With that, he rushed past them, leaving the room without another word.

For a moment, Taehyung just stood there, frozen in his place as Yoongi’s words rang in his mind, his apologetic face engraved in Tae’s eyes.

Then, Taehyung snapped out of his trance.

“Hyung!” the blond haired boy called out, urging to run after Yoongi, but right in that moment, the thud of the front door falling shut echoed in the apartment, indicating that Yoongi had left already.

No.

Yoongi would come back.

Right?

Yes, he would. Yoongi loved them. Yes, he did. He did.

The taller boy inhaled a shaky breath, staring at the door with a blank expression, desperately trying to convince himself that Yoongi had not just walked out and had left them behind because he didn’t return the feelings that Taehyung had confessed.

What about the past weeks? What about the shared intimate moments between them? All the kisses? The sweet promises? The cuddles?

Had it all been a lie?

A tear rolled down on Tae's cheek, two strong arms embracing him from behind to pull him closer.

“I don’t think he’ll come back, baby”

“Tae, I...” Jimin tried, but couldn’t muster to finish that sentence. The smaller boy was lost for words, to say the least. Jimin’s poor heart clenched as he studied Taehyung’s features, the latter’s eyes displaying how heartbroken he was.

The eyes were really the door to one's soul, Jimin thought.

“Yoongi hyung just left” Taehyung whispered, his bottom lip wobbling, “Just... just like that”

“I'm so...” Jimin attempted again, but he was speechless.
Frankly, Jimin couldn't believe what had happened. All this time, he had been convinced that Yoongi returned their feelings and wouldn't hesitate to confess back to them. The only issue Jimin had considered of might arising was the way to make a relationship like that work.

Not this.

“I was so stupid” Tae murmured, shaking his head at himself.

“No, Tae, you were not stupid” Jimin stressed, furrowing his brows at his friend.

The blond haired boy met his gaze, “How had I been so foolish to think that this could work?” he expressed, a tear rolling down his cheek.

“Tae-yah, stop that” Jimin begged, shaking his head, “You were not foolish” he emphasised.

“I ruined everything” Taehyung claimed.

“No, you didn't ruin anything” Jimin protested, not bearing to watch his best friend blame himself and be in utter sorrow and heartbreaking pain.

“I really thought he felt the same way” Tae whispered, lowering his head down as a sad smile curved his lips.

“Oh, Tae” Jimin breathed, gently pulling him into a hug and wishing that he possessed the ability to mend Taehyung's heart that way.

The smaller boy teared up as Taehyung trembled in his embrace, muffling his cries by clinging to Jimin's shirt.

“I'm so sorry, Tae” Jimin whispered.

Chapter End Notes

Poor Tae :(

I hope you liked the chapter :)

I'll try to update as quickly as I can ^^

Please stay healthy and happy <3

See you in the next chapter :) 

Love you <3
Distance

Chapter Summary

Distance - The amount of space between things.
You can choose to distance yourself from people - physically or emotionally - in order to protect yourself, even if you don't want to.
Yet, sometimes, you are forced to stay distant due to other circumstances, even if you don't want to.
Then, which one is more painful?

Chapter Notes

H-Hello, it's me... I-I hope you haven't forgotten about me? <3
First of all, I need to apologise. I'm terribly sorry for being gone for literal ages without a word. I was busy and a little stressed which then influenced my motivation to write. I needed some time away from writing to recollect my love for it and I'm so glad I did because I came back to writing loving it as much as I ever have.
Thank you so much for your lovely comments! They motivated me a lot and they meant the world to me, really. I thought you all might be a little mad at me for being gone for so long, but you all were so encouraging and made me feel so comfortable and emotional <3
Thank you so much <3
How have you been this past month? I hope you had days filled with happiness <3
This chapter is very long, so I hope it can make up for my absence. <3
P.S. I'm sorry for my poor summary, but there are so many different things happening so I never know how to summarise them shorty. Please forgive me and please enjoy the chapter <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“I'm pathetic” Taehyung whispered, staring up at the ceiling, his head resting on Jimin's lap as the latter played with his hair in a soothing manner.
Neither of them were aware of how much time had gone by, yet that certainly wasn't important to either of them right now. For the majority of the time, Taehyung had cried in Jimin's arms while the smaller boy had whispered comforting words into his ear to soothe him. In the end, Tae had refused to cry anymore and had actually managed to resist the urge to do that, reducing his mourning to faint sniffing and blank stares.
“Tae, what?” Jimin uttered, shaking his head in disagreement as he stilled the movement of his hand, “No, you’re anything, but pathetic” he stated. If anything, Taehyung's reaction to the earlier event was more than justifiable. After Jungkook had rejected Jimin, the pink haired boy had cried for days.

“Look at me” Taehyung insisted, jerking up and turning to face Jimin, “I look disgusting” The blond haired boy's eyes were glassy and puffed, a faint shade of redness depicted in them. Due to his prior crying, his cheeks were still damp from him shedding tears, snot still resting below his nose as he couldn't be bothered to remove it.

Gently, Jimin pulled the sleeve of his shirt over his petite hand, thus creating a sweater paw that was usually a display of a nervous habit of his. With a tender touch, he reached out and wiped his covered palm over Taehyung’s face to remove his snot and tears. The other male squeezed his eyes shut, sniffing at Jimin’s action.

“No, you look as gorgeous as always” Jimin reassured him softly, not lying one bit, his voice carrying sole sincerity. Frankly, Jimin doubted that there would ever come a day where Tae would not look gorgeous. That was just something that appeared to lack even the smallest fraction of probability.

“Don't lie to me” Taehyung murmured, swatting Jimin’s arm – although his smack carried only little strength nor real heat – yet there was still a display of a faint smile curving his lips.

For some reason, that slight image of a smile on Taehyung's face eased Jimin's heart and created a new wave of hope that Tae was going to be happy again.

“Minnie” he whispered softer, dipping his head down as he fidgeted with the hem of his shirt. Subconsciously, Jimin's eyes followed the movement of his hands and noticed the nervous habit.

“Yes?”

“Do you think hyung might change his mind?” Taehyung asked shyly, his voice full of insecurity and vulnerability that it pulled on Jimin's heart strings, yet there was a fraction of hope in his voice that conveyed that he believed in the possibility of a happy end.

The smaller boy blinked, an ounce of hesitation bubbling within him as he parted his lips to answer, but it was as though he lacked the ability to speak.

Honestly, Jimin wasn't certain whether or not Yoongi would change his mind.

All this time, Jimin had been so adamant and convinced that Yoongi did in fact have feelings for them and would confess those at one point – but he had been utterly wrong.

Hence, Jimin didn't know *what* to believe at this point.

However, he wasn't able to be honest with Taehyung and share such uncertainty with him. Yes, maybe that did make Jimin a coward as he should be truthful with his best friend, but he couldn't bear to hurt Taehyung's heart any more than it already was this night. The poor boy had suffered enough.

Maybe, Jimin wasn't wrong with his initial conviction though? Maybe, Yoongi did truly have feelings for them, but simply wasn't ready? After all, neither of them were aware of *why* Yoongi had rejected the two of them.

“I... Maybe” Jimin responded eventually, giving a weak nod, “Yoongi hyung might want to talk to
you again” he noted, seriously believing that it should be a considered option. Perhaps, Yoongi had simply been overwhelmed by the sudden confession, thus having needed to increase the distance between them to clear his mind and make up his heart.

At those words, Taehyung's head snapped back up, his eyes going wide as he shook his head, a state of horror depicted on his face, “I don't think I can face him again” he declared, making himself smaller as he leaned against the backrest.

“Tae” Jimin whispered, placing his hand on Taehyung's thigh in an attempt to calm him down, hoping to establish a safe environment for him and make him understand that he wasn't alone.

“I feel so... humiliated” Taehyung stated, “I feel foolish for having believed that he might love us, too. No, I can't face him again. It would hurt too much”

Puzzled, Jimin's eyebrows shot up at Taehyung's choice of words. For a moment, Jimin even considered that his ears had deceived him.

“You love him?” he echoed, his voice soft as he met Taehyung's gaze, “You love both of them?”

The blond haired boy averted his gaze, sliding a hand through his blond locks in distraught as he stared at the ceiling, “Fuck, I don't know, Minnie” he admitted, wetting his lips as he proceeded to glance at the ceiling for several seconds before he stole a glimpse at Jimin, “If this isn't love, then what is it?”

Jimin's heart clenched as he studied Taehyung's features. How much more painful must it be to have your feelings be rejected, when it was the emotion of love for that person that was vivid in your very being?

“Have you told Hoseok hyung?” Jimin wondered.

“What?” Taehyung asked, appearing to be confused by what exactly Jimin was referring to.

“That you love him?” Jimin clarified softly.

“No...” Taehyung denied, shaking his head before he lowered it, “No, I haven't”

The smaller boy wished that he knew.

Each day, Jimin waited for a sign that would declare to him that he was in fact truly, madly and deeply in love with Jeon Jungkook.

Yet, there never came one.

“Why?” Jimin asked.

“I don't know” the other one replied with a faint shrug of his shoulders, “I guess... I've only truly realised it today” he added with a frown on his face, appearing to be bewildered by the sudden confession himself, “Just now I said those words out loud for the first time. I mean, I've thought about it for weeks now, but I just didn't have the guts to say it. I never felt like this before and I didn't want to rush anything, you know?” Taehyung elaborated, meeting Jimin's gaze again.

Oh, how Jimin could relate.

“Yeah, I know what you mean” Jimin stated with a nod.

For a moment, silence settled between them, the two boys staring at the TV that had long been
muted, yet was still running in the background as neither of them had been bothered to shut it off.

“Is Jungkook-ah coming back?” Taehyung broke the silence, sinking down on the sofa again in order to rest his head on Jimin's lap, mirroring the stance he had prior been lying in.

“No, I sent him home” Jimin responded quietly.

Being reminded of how he had essentially kicked Jungkook out of his apartment sent a wave of guilt over Jimin's being. Surely, Jungkook had offered to leave, but Jimin couldn't deny the guilt that bloomed within his chest at the image of Jungkook leaving.

However, Taehyung needed him and Jungkook had been understanding of the situation.

“Damn” Tae mumbled, “I'm sorry”

“Don't be” Jimin reassured him, taking a mental note to call Jungkook as soon as Taehyung fell asleep, but then changing his mind and preferring to text him as the taller boy might already be sleeping whenever Taehyung was going to go to bed and he definitely didn't want to wake his boyfriend up, “By the way – Where is Hoseok hyung?” Jimin then wondered.

“Home” the other one replied with a sigh, “At his place”

“Why isn't he with you?” Jimin wanted to know, estimating that it was a valid question. After all, Taehyung hadn't expressed at all how Hoseok had responded to the whole situation back during the confession.

“I told him that I wanted to be alone tonight” Tae stated, fidgeting with his fingers again, “I just wanted to talk to you tonight” he added softer.

“How did Hyung react, when you confessed?” Jimin found himself ask.

The blond haired boy hesitated, meeting Jimin's gaze with a faint shaking of his head, “We haven't talked about it yet” he admitted quietly.

“You haven't?” Jimin echoed, arching up his eyebrows in surprise. Honestly, Jimin would have expected Hoseok to respond to the confession in any kind of way – at least reassure Taehyung and declare his own feelings.

“No, I started bawling as soon as Yoongi hyung left and Hoseok-ssi just hugged me for like an hour while whispering comforting words to me” Taehyung expressed, “I decided to leave because it all just got too much”

“So you don't know how he feels about Yoongi hyung?” Jimin concluded.

“I have no clue” Taehyung affirmed Jimin's assumption, causing a wave of concern to bloom within Jimin. It must be utterly painful on top of everything to not be certain about how Hoseok felt either. In the midst of all of this chaos, Taehyung was hurt and surely confused.

If there was only something Jimin could do to mend his broken heart. - He would. In a heartbeat.

“Minnie?” Taehyung murmured, nuzzling his cheek against Jimin's thigh as his eyes fluttered shut.

“Mhm-mh?” Jimin hummed in acknowledgement of his voice, stealing a glimpse at his best friend before he slid his hand through his hair and played with his blond locks.

“I'm tired” Tae mumbled sleepily, a yawn falling from his lips.
The smaller boy smiled warmly, “Then sleep, Tae”

Taehyung gave a faint nod, silence settling in the air between them as Jimin was allowing Taehyung to fall asleep on his lap, not minding the position they were in as long as Taehyung was comfortable.

“Minnie?” Tae whispered, breaking the silence with his soft voice again.

“Yes?” Jimin responded, awaiting for the other one to speak.

“Hyung loves us, right?” the blond haired one wondered quietly, his voice carrying such hope and vulnerability that it caused Jimin's heart to clench.

“I'm sure he does, Tae” Jimin reassured him.

A soft smile curved Taehyung's lips, Jimin believing that he was going to dream of a place where him, Yoongi and Hoseok were living their happy ever after the way that they deserved.

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The pink haired boy hummed a melody to himself as he revised the choreography he had observed Hoseok dance along yesterday and had been quick to memorise in little time.

Just as Jimin had spun around to execute a certain step, the elevator came to a sudden halt and the familiar bing echoed in the small space, announcing that he had reached his desired floor.

Immediately, Jimin stilled his movements, straightening his posture and clearing his throat as the elevator doors opened and revealed a familiar face.

“Mr. Jeon” Jimin uttered at the sight of Jungkook's father, exhibiting a polite, deep bow before he flashed him a sweet smile and exited the elevator.

“Ah, Jimin-ssi” Mr. Jeon replied as he returned the smile, stepping into the elevator, but then spinning back around as he appeared to have remembered something, “I just talked to Hoseok-ssi to deliver the message to him that I have scheduled a meeting for this afternoon regarding the evaluations of the trainees” he revealed as he pressed one palm to the side of the elevator doors in order to prevent them from shutting, “I would like to discuss your assessments and consider further steps. As you've contributed to the evaluations as well, I would require you to be present, too” he added.

At his words, Jimin pulled up his eyebrows in surprise, “Oh. Y-Yes, of course, Mr. Jeon” he replied, giving a swift nod.

Well, declining this demand wasn't exactly an option anyway, but even if it had only been an offer or suggestion, Jimin wouldn't have hesitated to accept as it was an honour for him to be even considered, let alone join such an important event.

“Excellent” Mr. Jeon expressed with a smile, waving his hand at Jimin as though he was gesturing to send him off, “I'll see you later, Jimin-ssi”

The pink haired boy managed to execute another polite bow before the elevator doors shut in front of his eyes, “Later, Mr. Jeon”

As soon as Mr. Jeon was absent, Jimin spun back around and rushed along the hallway in order to reach the practice room on time. With fast steps, Jimin hurried into the room, hoping that Hoseok wouldn't mind him being late – even if it was only mere minutes – as his arrival had been delayed by
Mr. Jeon starting a minor conversation with him at the elevator.

Upon Jimin's presence – having caught Jimin's reflection in the mirrors – the brown haired boy turned around and faced Jimin with an affectionate smile.

“Hey” he uttered, pushing his hands into the front pockets of his sweatpants as he closed the distance between them, an emotion glistening in his eyes that unsettled Jimin.

“Good morning, hyung” Jimin responded with a faint smile, “I'm sorry for being late” he apologised, pulling the sleeves of his shirt over his hands as he pressed his lips into a line.

Hoseok brushed it off with a wave of his hand, “Don't worry about it. It's just a minute” he reassured Jimin, shaking his head before he scratched over the back of his neck, “Taehyung-ah was at your place last night, right?” he changed the topic, catching Jimin off guard who parted his lips in a display to answer, but shut them again.

“Yes” Jimin affirmed eventually, not bearing to lie, “Did you... two talk?” he wanted to know, clearing his throat as he walked further into the room, approaching the table and dropping his bag on the piece of furniture before he turned to face Hoseok again.

“He didn't answer my call this morning” the taller boy revealed, “Is he okay?”

No.

Well, yes?

Maybe?

He will be?

Hopefully.

The pink haired boy swallowed hard as he caught his bottom lip between his teeth, “Well, he...” Jimin tried to speak, but went silent as he allowed the remainder of his sentence to hang in the air between them.

“You know, don't you?” Hoseok accused him softly, both of them aware of what he was referring to without him having to spell it out specifically.

“Hyung, I-” Jimin tried to defend, refusing to let this damage their bond as Hoseok was way too important to him.

“It's okay” Hoseok assured him with a smile, “It would be weird, if you didn't. I know how tight you two are. Tae-ssi always talks about how he believes that you two are soulmates” he elaborated, closing the distance between them.

“I don't want to lie, Hyung, but I don't want to...” Jimin trailed off, hoping that Hoseok was comprehending what he was attempting to say. Certainly, Jimin didn't want to lie to Hoseok and pretend that he didn't know about their relation to Yoongi, but there was also the promise to Taehyung that Jimin didn't want to break.

“It's fine” the other one uttered, “I understand. Don't say anything then” he suggested, waving his hand at Jimin who shut his mouth with a weak smile, “But... please, tell me this. Is he okay? Was he able to sleep? Did he eat?” Hoseok wanted to know, concern glistening in his eyes.
At the sight of his faint display of distress, Jimin's heart ached.

“‘We talked a lot and I forced him to eat’ Jimin responded softly, “Yes, he did sleep, but not much. I woke up a couple of times during the night, when I heard him cry” he added, believing that it was only right for him to be honest and not to sugar coat the truth, “I cuddled him until he fell asleep again”

“Fuck” Hoseok cursed, running his hand through his brown hair. It seemed as though Hoseok was tearing up, this whole chaos clearly having had its toll on him as well. Clearly, Hosoek couldn't handle the image of his boyfriend crying and being in emotional distress without any way of reaching him and helping him bear the pain or mending his poor heart, “Why doesn't he answer my calls?”

“I think he might still be sleeping” Jimin answered, estimating that it was the most probable case, “When I left this morning, he wanted to stay in bed and told me that he was going to sleep a bit more” he explained, but then added softer, “I think he's scared, hyung. Scared and hurt”

Hoseok met his gaze at those words, “Scared of what?”

Of losing you.

Of having ruined everything.

“You should talk to him, hyung” Jimin suggested, shaking his head in an attempt to resist the urge to allow his heart to speak entirely.

Clearly, Taehyung was scared of having ruined everything and maybe even losing both of them as a repercussion of his confession, but those were things that Taehyung had entrusted to Jimin and Jimin wasn't going to blatantly reveal all of that to Hoseok without his permission. After all, it was better for Hoseok to talk to Taehyung about everything face to face so the two could find their closure.

“I want to” Hoseok expressed, “Fuck, I tried to, but he doesn't answer my calls or respond to my texts” he explained, pulling out his phone and staring at it with furrowed brows.

“You could go over to my apartment” Jimin offered softly, certain that Taehyung was still asleep in his bed anyway.

“Now?” Hoseok clarified, eyebrows shooting up at the suggestion, “I can't leave now, Min-ah” he protested, pointing at their surroundings.

For a brief moment, Jimin had forgotten that they were in fact at work and supposed to meet the scheduled set of trainees soon.

However, that shouldn't be that big of a problem... right?

“You taught me the choreography, right? I will manage, hyung, I promise” Jimin assured him, not exactly aware of where he was going with this, but his heart was quicker than his brain, “I will teach the trainees and I won't disappoint you. You go and comfort Taehyung. Just make sure you're back until the meeting with Mr. Jeon and no one will notice. I won't say a word to anyone and I'll tell the trainees that you are stuck doing another task today”

The other male blinked, shaking his head at Jimin's suggestion, “I can-” he was about to object, but Jimin interrupted him.

“Go, hyung” Jimin insisted firmly, but with a warm smile.
For a moment, Hoseok just stared at him, but then he smiled, “Fuck, thank you, Minnie. I owe you”

“You don’t” Jimin assured him, shaking his head as he opened his bag and pulled out his keys, “Take my keys” he added, tossing them over to Hoseok who caught them in his right hand.

“Thank you” Hoseok expressed again, “I'll be back for the meeting”

“You better or we're both in trouble” Jimin warned him with a chuckle, not desiring to be yelled at by Mr. Jeon for Hoseok's absence.

Hoseok pressed a kiss to the top of Jimin's head before he picked up his stuff and rushed outside of the room, on his way to comfort his lover.

As soon as he was gone, the pink haired boy went limp, crouching down on the floor as he gasped for air.

What had he done?

*How was he supposed to pull this off now?*

It was only his third day and he was now ought to teach the trainees all on his own?

Jimin was doomed.

---

“This is my first ever meeting” Jimin revealed quietly, nervousness but anticipation all the same blooming within him as he pulled the sleeves of his shirt over his delicate hands.

“Is it?” Hoseok wondered, pulling up an eyebrow as he met Jimin's gaze.

“Yes” the smaller one affirmed with a nod, “Well, I've only ever worked at the library before and we never had any meetings there. I've never worked in such a huge and prestigious company as this one. To think that my first ever meeting is such an important one already...” he trailed off, a shiver running down his back at the reminder.

“Don't worry, Min-ah” Hoseok comforted him with a grin, reaching out to pat Jimin's head, “Hyung will lead you”

Grateful, Jimin returned his smile shyly, but it faltered as his heart remembered Taehyung.

“How did... How did things go with Tae-yah?” Jimin found himself ask.

“Well, I-” Hoseok wanted to answer, but was interrupted as another sudden voice was audible to their ears.

“Minji-ssi, I need you to reschedule my meeting for 5pm” Mr. Jeon requested, “I'll be going over to Min's company today”

“Of course, Mr. Jeon” Minji responded.

“Am I joining you?” Jungkook wanted to know.

“No, I need you to be here” Mr. Jeon declined, shaking his head as he appeared in the room.

Immediately, Hoseok and Jimin got up from their seats, simultaneously executing a bow at their
bosses that had entered the room to join them for the meeting.

For some reason, the sight of Jungkook caught Jimin off guard, causing his heart to skip a beat. Upon Mr. Jeon's demand earlier this morning for Jimin to attend the meeting regarding the evaluations of the trainees, Jimin hadn't considered Jungkook's attendance at all.

“Ah, Jimin-ssi, Hoseok-ssi” Mr. Jeon greeted them with a nod of his head, a polite smile curving his lips as he gestured for them to sit down again, “What a pleasant sight. Please, have a seat. We'll start right away”

Jimin's gaze flickered over to Jungkook, the black haired boy's eyes already fixated on Jimin in an intent stare. Feeling his cheeks flush a shade of rose, Jimin flashed him a shy smile before he averted his gaze and plopped down on one of the chairs next to Hoseok.

“Thank you, Mr. Jeon” Hoseok responded with a faint bow.

“Minji-ssi, would you mind?” Mr. Jeon addressed her, waving his hand at her.

The woman smiled sweetly at Mr. Jeon before she approached the center of the long wooden table, reaching for the tray that had been deposited there ever since Jimin had entered the room ten minutes ago.

Ten minutes weren't a long duration on most of Jimin's days, yet this time, Jimin had been extremely anxious over the course of the past ten minutes.

The poor boy had fidgeted with the hem of his shirt, had checked the time a million times, hadn't managed to prevent his legs from wobbling as he had whispered prayers of Hoseok making it on time.

Just one minute prior to the scheduled time of the meeting, Hoseok had rushed in with messy hair and a relieved smile on his face, Jimin having to comb through his hair with his fingers and restore his usual appropriate appearance for the meeting. Honestly, Jimin couldn't express what a burden had fallen from his shoulders as soon as he had caught sight of Hoseok.

“Would you prefer water, tea or coffee?” Minji asked them.

“Coffee” Hoseok responded, “Water” Jimin answered simultaneously, causing their voices to overlap.

Minji smiled at them before she filled either of their cups with their desired drinks, then heading over to Mr. Jeon and Jungkook and filling their cups with coffee without even having to ask them. Apparently, she was already aware of what they preferred to drink.

“I didn't know Jungkook-ssi was going to be here, too” Hoseok revealed with a grin, appearing to be calm and comfortable – opposed to Jimin who was utterly nervous. The brown haired boy lifted his cup up to his lips and took a sip as he remained eyecontact with their bosses who were seated across from them.

“My meeting got cancelled so I had some spare time” Jungkook replied, the low tone of his voice evoking comfort in Jimin who inhaled a deep breath before he fixed his posture and took a sip from his water. The cold liquid flowed down Jimin's dry throat, freshing his senses.

“Minji-ssi, please distribute the sheets over to them” Mr. Jeon insisted, pointing to several sheets of paper lying in a small stack in front of him.
“Yes, Mr. Jeon” the woman uttered, giving a nod before she picked up the sheets and approached Hoseok and Jimin.

“I’ve had a thorough look at your evaluations over the past two days. I’ve made my decision for three trainees who will be permanently eliminated from the final line-up as of tomorrow” Mr. Jeon expressed conversationally, Minji placing the sheets in front of Hoseok and Jimin as Jungkook’s father proceeded to talk to establish an equal knowledge of the circumstances, “If you have a look at the sheets in front of you, I've highlighted their names in red. I'm uncertain about the performances of three more trainees as their vocal or rap performances are extraordinary, yet their dance performances don't come remotely close. They lack in that field” he added, Jimin reaching for his set of papers, “What would you two suggest? Their names are underlined as well. Please, go ahead and have a look. Feel free to share your thoughts with us”

Diligently, Jimin skimmed through the papers, recognising the faces on the sheets. Fortunately, Jimin had a fairly good sense of memory, thus enabling him to remember dance steps very fast, but also names and faces.

Upon a red circle around a certain name, Jimin's heart dropped.

Hootak.

Hootak had been eliminated?

“I have noticed that the two of you assessed Ong's performance very differently” Mr. Jeon spoke again, drawing Jimin's attention back over to him, “He is one of our best new vocalists. In fact, I would even go as far as to say that he's one of the best we've ever had” he elaborated, leaning back in his seat with a smile, “Hoseok-ssi, would you mind to share your thoughts about him?”

“No, Mr. Jeon, of course not” Hoseok responded calmly with a smile.

The pink haired boy admired how calm and collected Hoseok appeared to be. Maybe, Hoseok had been part of a meeting as this one often enough to allow him to have a grasp of the situation and remain comfortable.

Jimin, on the other hand, was somehow anxious due to the foreign situation and wasn’t quite certain what to expect or how to carry himself. A slight fraction in Jimin's very being even prayed that he wasn't even going to be addressed or asked about his opinion as he was sure that he would end up stuttering – Perhaps even lack the ability to talk at all as his mind was nearly blank.

“I believe that Ong has a successful future ahead of him” Hoseok stated, “Whatever he's being taught, he executes it in a professional and clean way. He is a fast learner and very ambitious. Definitely one of the upper ones” he added with a determined nod.

Mr. Jeon hummed, Jimin not sure whether it was in acknowledgment of his opinion or whether it was in agreement. Either way, there was a smile on his face as he turned his head to Jimin, “Jimin-ssi”

The smaller boy cleared his throat as he straightened his posture, clenching his hands into petite fists in an attempt to release some nervousness, “Yes, Mr. Jeon?” he responded softly.

“I saw your evaluation and I believe you don't share that view?” Jungkook’s father noted, arching up an eyebrow.

Swallowing hard, Jimin's gaze flickered from Mr. Jeon to Jungkook and back to Mr. Jeon, “I-I-”
“Don't be nervous” Jungkook interrupted him softly, “Just be honest. We want to hear your opinion so don't be shy”

Inhaling a shaky breath, Jimin gave a nod, trying to banish the nervousness within him and brush that feeling off entirely, “Ong is a good dancer when you look at his performance from a technical perspective” he stated, stealing a glimpse at Ong's picture on the evaluation sheet, the boy's performance replaying in Jimin's mind.

Certainly, Ong was a great dancer. There was no way Jimin would deny that. However, the prior hesitance and doubt when it came to his overall performance resurfaced in Jimin's mind, reinforcing his initial decision as to why he had criticised Ong's performance.

“I cannot argue that he executes the steps in a clean way” Jimin added as he locked eyes with Mr. Jeon again, “I agree that he seems ambitious, but I feel as though he's... well, he's doing it with such concentration that he blurs out his heart” Jimin noted.

For a moment, he feared that they would laugh at him for his choice of words. After all, this wasn't exactly a very technical or professional way to express one's opinion regarding a certain matter – especially not during a meeting as this one, Jimin figured. However, none of them laughed at him. Instead, the other men stared at Jimin attentively, waiting for him to resume.

“This song was emotional as much as it was supposed to be powerful, but he danced as though all he could think about was being good and going further in this competition. To me it seemed as though he didn't connect with the song, thus his movements weren't conveying any emotion at all” Jimin explained his heart, sharing his genuine opinion with the group and hoping that his sincerity wouldn't be misunderstood. After all, this was only Jimin's third day and he certainly didn't want to offend anyone.

Mr. Jeon stared at him for a moment, the intent gaze causing Jimin to avert his eyes, “Would you eliminate him?” Mr. Jeon wanted to know.

Hesitantly, Jimin lifted his head again, parting his lips to answer, yet very caught off guard by the sudden question, “I—”

“Be honest” Mr. Jeon insisted.

To be honest, it wouldn't be quite fair to eliminate Ong – and frankly, it wouldn't make much sense either. In the end, Ong was a good dancer and there was no arguing that. However, there was a part that required some improvement, Jimin believed.

“No, Sir” Jimin responded eventually, shaking his head, “I think he might be able to learn how to convey emotion, if someone teaches him”

After another intent gaze, Mr. Jeon waved his hand at Minji, “Minji-ssi”

“Yes, Mr. Jeon?” the girl uttered, still present in the room, standing by the door and awaiting further instructions.

Upon Mr. Jeon addressing her, she immediately approached the table, her steps echoing in the room due to her high-heels clicking on the material of the floor.

“Note down Ong's name for me” Mr. Jeon insisted.

“Yes, Mr. Jeon” Minji replied, having carried a big planner in her hands this whole time that she opened up. Then, she noted something down, Mr. Jeon drawing his attention back over to Jimin and
Hoseok.

“Alright. Next we have-” Jungkook’s father went on.

“Mr. Jeon?” Jimin interrupted him softly.

Everyone in the room lifted their heads at Jimin's voice, their gazes falling on Jimin's face.

“Yes, Jimin-ssi” Mr. Jeon responded.

Clearing his throat, Jimin scooted closer to the edge of his seat, “I'm sorry to interrupt you, but I would like to ask why Hootak has been eliminated?” he found himself wonder, hoping that he wasn't going to be in trouble for raising this question as Mr. Jeon had mentioned right from the get go that he was set on these decisions already.

Mr. Jeon titled his head to the side, “Hootak has been lacking for weeks now” he stated indifferently, “I've been close to eliminating him in the last round, but Hoseok-ssi had convinced me to give him a second chance” he elaborated, pointing his flat hand at Hoseok, Jimin stealing a glimpse at him before he drew his attention back over to Mr. Jeon who proceeded, “Hootak just doesn't have it in him. His vocals are average and could certainly improve with more vocal training to have him become a solid vocalist, but he's lacking in dance” he explained, pressing his lips into a line, “I had to eliminate him”

Clearly, Jimin wasn't entitled to judge Hootak's vocal abilities as he had never heard the boy sing, yet Jimin had watched him dance. Maybe, he lacked in comparison to the other trainees, but he had definitely potential, Jimin felt that in every fibre of his very being.

Didn't he deserve a chance?

“So, let's move on to-” Mr. Jeon went on, but Jimin wouldn't forgive himself, if he'd just drop this topic without trying at all.

“Mr. Jeon, I saw him dance on my own” Jimin interrupted the man again, shaking his head as he clasped his hand over his heart, “I saw that he has potential. I think he's-”

“I'm sorry, Jimin-ssi, but he's not going to-” Mr. Jeon intererefered this time, raising his hand up in a nonverbal demand to shush Jimin, but the smaller boy didn't oblige despite the clear display of dissatsifaction in Mr. Jeon's demeanor.

“Please, Mr. Jeon” Jimin stressed, “Hootak-ssi was nervous and I think he just needs a little boost of confidence to unveil his full potential” he added with a warm smile, “If I could just-”

“Enough” Mr. Jeon interrupted him firmly, the stern tone startling Jimin, “I made my decison” he expressed with a wave of his hand.

“Appa” Jungkook warned him, impulsively straightening his posture as he glared at his father with a frown, clearly not satisfied with the way he had raised his voice at Jimin.

The pink haired boy had went silent, making himself smaller as he gave a nod, fearing that he might have crossed any appropriate line and had unintentionally tipped over into inappropriate territory.

Jungkook's father stared at Jimin for a moment longer before he gestured for Minji to step closer again, “Minji-ssi”

“Yes, Sir” the girl responded.
“Remove Hootak's name from the elimination group for now” Mr. Jeon insisted, surprising Jimin who lifted his head again, eyes wide as he glanced at his boss, “Note down his name on the list as well”

What list? Jimin thought, but didn't dare to ask, frightened that he was going to be scolded for speaking up, if not being addressed.

“Let's move on now” Mr. Jeon decided, Jimin stealing a glimpse at Jungkook who was already staring at him intently.

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Soon, the meeting was over, a breath of relief slipping from Jimin's lips as he got up from his seat. Minji collected the remaining sheets that were scattered all over the table before she left the room.

“Come on, Minnie” Hoseok uttered, placing his hand on the small of Jimin's back as he urged him to follow him outside. The pink haired boy hummed softly as he walked beside Hoseok, glancing back at Jungkook who was looking at him with an unreadable expression.

The two of them hadn't really spoken since last night. After comforting Taehyung, Jimin had fallen asleep without texting Jungkook as he had planned on doing.

Earlier, Jungkook had talked to him during the meeting, yet only regarding the purpose of the meeting and not their minor argument they did have last night, thus Jimin wasn't certain how the air between them was.

“Jimin-ssi” Mr. Jeon's voice interrupted Jimin's thoughts, the smaller boy halting and turning his head towards Mr. Jeon's direction, “You are going to join me now” he stated, gesturing for Jimin to leave the room beside him.

Slightly puzzled by the request, Jimin glanced at Hoseok who only shrugged at him before he rushed after Mr. Jeon as he didn't want to be in trouble.

“Join you for what, Mr. Jeon?” Jimin wondered quietly as he had caught up with Mr. Jeon, pulling the sleeves of his shirt over his delicate hands, unconsciously embodying his timidity.

Jungkook's father looked at him, fixing his tie as he stilled his steps in front of the elevators, Jimin mirroring him and halting next to him, “Sometimes, I'm not certain about a decision regarding a particular trainee, so I call them down for an individual evaluation and watch them perform myself” Mr. Jeon explained, pressing a button next to the elevators in order to call them up, “If I'm satisfied, they get another chance, if not then, well you get it” he added with a wave of his hand.

Despite Mr. Jeon not spelling it out for him specifically, Jimin got the gist of it. If the trainees that did in fact obtain another opportunity to dance individually for Mr. Jeon succeeded in their performance, they were allowed to go a round further. Yet, if they didn't, they were eliminated entirely.

“Yes, Mr. Jeon” Jimin muttered, giving a nod to convey that he did understand what Mr. Jeon had referred to, “If you don't mind me asking, why am I joining you?” he found himself ask.

Bing.

The elevator doors opened, revealing an empty space to them that they stepped into simultaneously.

“Your evaluations contributed to my uncertainty” Mr. Jeon responded, pressing another button for the designated floor the desired place was located, “I thought my decisions were set, but I might have
“Why, Mr. Jeon?” Jimin asked softly, not able to contain that question from slipping from his lips.

“Why what, Jimin-ssi?” Mr. Jeon responded.

The pink haired boy met Mr. Jeon's gaze, “Why did you listen to me?”

At that, Jungkook's father smiled again, “I know a lot of things, Jimin-ssi, but even I can be wrong sometimes” he declared.

Jimin blinked, giving a faint nod as he averted his gaze.

“But, never do that again” Mr. Jeon warned him.

Nervously, Jimin guided his face back up and stole a glimpse at Mr. Jeon's defined features, “D-Do what?”

“Don't interrupt me” Mr. Jeon demanded, his voice carrying slight firmness, but more just a justified seriousness, “I don't allow my employees to talk to me like that. I know that you're my son's boyfriend, but I won't make an exception for you, Jimin-ssi” he added.

The smaller boy executed a deep bow, swiftly nodding his head, “I'm sorry, Mr. Jeon” Jimin apologised sincerely, not having meant to interrupt or offend Mr. Jeon with his behaviour, “I apologise. I didn't mean to”

Mr. Jeon gave a nod, the elevator doors opening up and revealing the long hallway of practice rooms, “Just don't let it happen again”

“I won't” Jimin assured him, following Mr. Jeon who had stepped out of the elevator, “I promise”

Jungkook's father hummed in acknowledgment of Jimin's genuine apology as he headed towards a certain practice room. Frankly, Jimin still wasn't quite sure what exactly his task was going to be, but he was too shy to ask. For now, he was just going to follow Mr. Jeon and await further instructions.

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“Ong” Mr. Jeon called out, getting up from his seat and fixing his tie.

Earlier, Ong and Hootak had been sent into this room to perform yet again – this time being evaluated by Mr. Jeon himself for their individual performances in order to conclude a final decision.

This whole time, Jimin had wobbled with his leg, the action attributed to his vivid nervousness while watching Hootak perform.

Hootak had still been anxious – if not even more anxious as he was being watched by Mr. Jeon
himself. For a moment, Jimin had wondered whether the two of them were aware of this being a chance to save themselves or whether Minji had left them in the dark about the whole narrative and the significance of this performance.

Then again, surely, they were able to assess the circumstances of this situation themselves and assume what this was all about. At least, that's what Jimin hoped was the case.

Unfortunately, Hootak hadn't managed to control his facial expressions during his performance, his executions lacking in close comparison to Ong's, yet Jimin was still determined in his decision that Hootak did have potential.

“Yes, Mr. Jeon” the boy responded, bowing at the CEO as soon as he was being addressed and then straightening his posture, his hands clasped in front of his body, chest heaving and sweat dripping from his face in a clear display of him having exercised.

Mr. Jeon crossed his arms in front of his chest, “You’re one of the top trainees and in close consideration to debut” he revealed to the boy who smiled at those words.

“Thank you, Mr. Jeon” he uttered, performing another deep bow to convey his gratitude.

“It's a pity that you lack this close to making the final cut” Mr. Jeon added, Jimin observing how the smile on Ong's face faltered, “You’ll have individual lessons with Mr. Park who will teach you how to convey emotion when dancing” he decided, pointing at Jimin who gave a nod as his brain needed a moment to register and fully process those words. As soon as he did, his eyes went wide as he glanced at Mr. Jeon with parted lips, “You look like a machine when you dance” Mr. Jeon commented, still addressing Ong.

The boy gave a nod, his gaze flickering over to Jimin, a faint smirk curving his lips as he bowed yet again, “Yes, Mr. Jeon”

The taller man cleared his throat, waving his hand at them, “You two can leave”

Swiftly, the two boys bowed in polite respect, then exited the room to oblige Mr. Jeon's demand.

For a moment, Jimin just stood there with a blank expression.

What had just happened?

“What about Hootak-ssi, Mr. Jeon?” Jimin found himself ask, his voice soft as he turned to look at Mr. Jeon who was already approaching the door.

Maybe, it was obvious.

Maybe, Jimin already knew, if he'd just allow his heart to listen to his brain that had already assessed the situation.

Obviously, Hootak had not been addressed at all, thus there didn't appear to be any change in Mr. Jeon's prior decision.

However, Jimin refused to allow his heart to listen to that objective assessment – it ached at the mere probability of that thought.

No, he needed to hear Mr. Jeon say it out loud.

“Eliminated” Mr. Jeon responded nonchalantly.
At those words, Jimin's heart clenched, “Mr. Jeon, please-” he tried, but went silent upon the sight of Mr. Jeon's raised hand.

“My decision is final” Mr. Jeon stated firmly, “I'm sorry, Jimin-ssi, but he's just not good enough” he added softer, pressing his lips into a line and tapping his flat hand on the wall before he left the room.

For a moment, Jimin just stood there, the image of Hootak's heartbroken face reappearing in his mind, causing his heart to ache yet again.

*This job was harsh.*

---

“No, I need three copies of this” Jungkook instructed, pointing at the sheets of paper the employee was carrying, “Right now” he stressed to convey the urgency of this task as the employee appeared to not having understood it the first time around.

“Yes, Mr. Jeon” the employee responded, bowing before he spun around and hurried off to exhibit the order.

In that exact moment, a figure stepped out of the elevator in a fast pace, the sight drawing Jungkook's attention over as he couldn't prevent being curious why one was in such a rush.

As soon as Jungkook recognised who it was, he furrowed his brows.

*Jimin.*

Why was he in such a hurry? What was going on?

The black haired boy narrowed his eyes to take a closer look, his heart clenching upon the sight of Jimin's face.

Swiftly, he approached the boy, grasping his wrist and withholding him from running away, “Hey, are you okay?” Jungkook asked, his voice full of concern as he pulled Jimin closer to him, studying his features.

The smaller boy tumbled into his chest, his bottom lip wobbling as he glanced up at Jungkook with big eyes. For a moment, he just stared at Jungkook, tears cascading down his pretty cheeks before he shook his head.

*Fuck.*

After scanning his surroundings, Jungkook pushed the door beside them open with little care and entered the room, his hand still curled around Jimin's wrist as he pulled the boy along.

A gasp was audible in the room, Jungkook noticing that they weren't alone. The employee Jungkook had prior asked to copy some files was startled upon Jungkook and Jimin bursting into the room without any warning.

“Mr. Jeon” the man uttered, executing a bow at Jungkook's appearance as he stared at him in surprise, clearly not having expected nor able to explain them barging into the room like that.

Hesitantly, the man's gaze flickered over to Jimin's teardrenched face before he forced it back over to Jungkook again, his eyes wide in shock.

“Out” Jungkook demanded, nodding his head towards the door.
The pink haired boy sniffed, his hand grabbing a bundle of Jungkook's shirt as he nuzzled his face into Jungkook's back. At the action, Jungkook's heart ached again, making it difficult for him to resist the urge to kick his employee out violently, if he wasn't going to hurry up.

"But, I have-" the man tried to reason, but went silent at the sight of Jungkook's face.

"Leave" Jungkook insisted through gritted teeth, annoyed by the man not immediately complying his order and preventing him from comforting Jimin, "Right now. I'm not going to ask you again".

The employee gave a swift nod, dropping his papers on the table next to the printer before he rushed past the two boys and shut the door close.

As soon as he was gone, Jungkook turned towards Jimin, reaching out to brush his fringe out of his face, "What's wrong, little one?" he wanted to know, his gaze flickering back and forth between Jimin's glassy eyes as he tried to search for answers that simply weren't there.

"I don't know" Jimin whispered, lifting his sweaterpaw up to his face to wipe away his tears, yet it was useless as more drops of tears rolled down his cheeks right away.

"Don't cry, look at me, baby" Jungkook uttered softly.

However, Jimin averted his gaze and shook his head, somehow ashamed of his tears or maybe too timid for allowing Jungkook to see him in such a state despite the younger male having seen him cry so often already.

"Little one" Jungkook whispered, leaning in to nudge his nose against Jimin's cheek as he reached down and picked the boy up by his thighs without effort. Impulsively, the pink haired boy hooked his legs around Jungkook's body as he clung onto him, hiding his face in the curve of Jungkook's neck.

For a brief moment, Jungkook scanned the small room, deliberating over whether or not there was a place for him to sit. In the end, he decided to choose the table, approaching it while carrying Jimin in his arms. As soon as he was seated, Jimin straddled his lap, still clinging onto him, his face nuzzled into Jungkook's neck.

"Jimin-ah" Jungkook murmured, his hand rubbing over Jimin's back, "Jimin-ah, look at me" Jungkook insisted gently, the shorter male withdrawing, yet not meeting Jungkook's gaze.

Tenderly, Jungkook gripped Jimin's chin and guided his face back up in order to lock eyes with him.

"Talk to me, baby" the younger male whispered, stroking the pad of his thumb along Jimin's chin.

Sniffing, Jimin reached up with his sweaterpaw to wipe his tears away as he inhaled a shaky breath, not quite certain how to voice his sadness- not even certain what exactly was harming his heart to begin with and creating these tears.

"Maybe this isn't for me" Jimin murmured, allowing his heart to speak.

Maybe, all of this was too harsh on Jimin's heart. Maybe, he wasn't strong enough to bear such a burden and responsibility.

"What isn't for you?" Jungkook wanted to know, not yet understanding what the reason for Jimin's tears appeared to be.

"I feel so bad" Jimin expressed, "My decision could contribute to deciding whether or not any of
these people with beautiful dreams succeed and will be able to fulfill their dreams” he added, his voice carrying sorrow as he pointed back to the door at no one in particular, “How do I have the right to do that?” he emphasised, clasping his hand over his chest as he shook his head, clearly not believing that he was entitled to do exactly that.

The other male furrowed his brows, his palm proceeding to caress Jimin's back to comfort him, “You have the right because my father chose you. My father hired you for this job, Jimin-ah” Jungkook reminded him with slight firmness in his voice, just to underline his statement.

A sad smile curved Jimin's lips as he shook his head, “I didn't know that it was going to be this tough” he whispered, dipping his head down, “I feel... I feel-” he trailed off, allowing the remainder of the sentence to hang in the air between them.

“You feel pressured” Jungkook concluded, leaning in to press his lips to Jimin's forehead.

“Y-Yes” Jimin breathed, his eyes fluttering shut as he made an effort to contain any more tears that threatened to leak from his eyes.

At the sight, Jungkook's heart ached again, Jimin's pretty features adorned by tears of sorrow such a heartbreaking image. Gently, he wrapped his arms around Jimin's body and pulled him closer to his chest, “Come on, baby, come here”

For a moment, Jimin just remained in that stance, inhaling a deep breath, Jungkook's comforting scent filling his nostrils and soothing him.

“I didn't want Mr. Jeon to notice that Ong doesn't convey emotion when he dances” Jimin stated, his voice muffled as his face was nuzzled into Jungkook's neck, “Prior to my stupid comment he was so convinced of him being amazing and I flawed that because I didn't keep my mouth shut” he elaborated, lifting his head again to lock eyes with Jungkook.

“Don't you dare say that, Jimin-ah” Jungkook protested sternly, shaking his head at Jimin's words, “I don't ever want to hear you blame yourself like that again, okay? My father asked for your opinion and you were honest. That's what he wants. If he wanted you to lie, he would have asked you to lie. If he didn't care about what you think, he wouldn't have asked for you to speak”

Jimin's brain took a moment to comprehend Jungkook's words, yet even as it did, Jimin couldn't help but doubt them. After all, Jimin wasn't wrong with his assertion. If he'd just not said anything, Ong wouldn't have been judged again and be forced into the situation he is now.

Then again, maybe Jungkook did make some valid points there as well. In the end, Jimin never wanted to lie – in fact, refused to lie for as long as he was capable to maintain his honesty. Frankly, Jimin wasn't able to promise to never tell a lie as he might turn to lie in order to protect or save someone he loved, yet he would always prefer the pure way of being truthful.

Hence, upon Mr. Jeon asking Jimin for his opinion regarding the evaluations, telling a lie hadn't been an option for Jimin. No, to him, there had been no other way but being entirely honest.

Thus, hadn't he just done what Mr. Jeon had asked him to?

Be honest?

“You telling him what you noticed about Ong's performance was what he requested for you to do and it's good that you did because maybe it would have gone unnoticed to his eyes until a week or a month later” Jungkook interrupted his thoughts, his hand wandering below the fabric of Jimin's shirt to rub his warm palm over Jimin's soft skin, the immediate contact sudden to Jimin, but more than
welcome, “That late into the decision, he would be eliminated immediately. Now, you gave the kid an opportunity to improve and learn how to do what he flaws” he added softer, a small encouraging smile adorning his handsome features.

“What if I fail?” Jimin whispered, “What if I can't teach him how to convey emotion?”

Would Jimin be able to forgive himself, if he was going to fail that certain task?

After all, it was partially his own fault for Ong having to attend those lessons now in the first place and it would be heartbreaking for Jimin to be the reason for him not improving and eventually being eliminated.

“You can, baby” Jungkook reassured him, “You need to believe in your abilities, Jimin-ah” he stressed, “You're such a talented boy. You will be a great teacher. If Ong isn't able to learn what you teach him, then that's his fault, not yours”

The smaller boy found himself smile shyly, his cheeks turning a shade of rose, the effect attributed to his bashfulness.

However, even if Jimin was going to succeed in teaching Ong how to convey emotion... what about Hootak? To Jimin's sorrow, he hadn't managed to save Hootak from being eliminated.

Was there really nothing Jimin was able to do?

“What about Hootak-ssi?” Jimin whispered, meeting Jungkook's gaze.

Confused, Jungkook titled his head to the side, “What about him?”

“He's been eliminated” Jimin revealed, his voice carrying sadness.

Jungkook leaned in to press a kiss to Jimin's cheek as he hummed in acknowledgment of Jimin's words, “That's not your fault” he assured softly.

“I wish he could get a second chance” Jimin stated with a sigh, catching his bottom lip between his teeth as he shook his head, “I think he's just very nervous. Hootak-ssi can dance. I know he can. If I could just help him out, maybe he would be able to come out of his shell”

In Jimin's eyes, Hootak had potential.

So much potential.

So much raw potential that just needed some sharpening to unveil the diamond that lay below.

“Baby, let him go” Jungkook murmured, shaking his head as he brushed pink strands of Jimin's hair out of his face, “You won't be able to convince my father and it will break your heart to hold onto him and think that you can fix this somehow. You tried everything you could. Without you, Hootak-ssi would have been eliminated right away. There is nothing you can do” he stressed with a warm smile.

Was it just over?

Just like that?

Was there really nothing Jimin could do to help Hootak in some way?

“Can't you... Can't you talk to your father again?” Jimin asked, not able to prevent the faint vividness
of hope he still possessed to speak.

After all, if there was anyone who could influence this situation in any way and save this somehow – it was Jungkook. The black haired boy was the only one with a true impact on his father- on this company- on anything significant regarding this issue.

It was only Jimin's third day here working at the company – what sort of strings was he really capable to pull in order to help Hootak – or regarding anything, really - for that matter?

Frankly, none.

At least, there was nothing unveiling itself to Jimin's mind.

There was only Jungkook who could help him at this point.

“What is it about that kid?” Jungkook wanted to know, a slight display of a smile on his face as he tilted his head to the side, his voice curious, yet still carrying a hint of firmness.

“I don't know…” Jimin responded sincerely as he truly wasn't sure why he was so adamant to help Hootak.

Yes, he was talented, but so were all the other trainees, weren't they? Was it fair for Jimin to treat Hootak differently?

Maybe, he did in fact possess an ability that Jimin had perceived to fail to see in any other trainee.

Maybe, he did in fact remind Jimin a little of himself.

Maybe, that was the fragment that drew Jimin to him.

Maybe, that evoke a sense of protectiveness in Jimin.

Frankly, Jimin wasn't sure what the reason for his reluctance or denial regarding Hootak's elimination was, he just knew that he didn't want Hootak to go without a chance to pursue his dream.

“I think he reminds me of myself” Jimin whispered, aware of the words that were going to slip from Jungkook's mouth in response. Clearly, it wasn't difficult to assume what Jungkook was going to reply to that statement.

After all, Jimin was supposed to be a choreographer, but also a teacher.

A teacher that was fair and didn't favour any trainees in any way – but certainly not by begging their boyfriend to use his connection to his father to save that particular trainee – thus Jimin's behaviour was inappropriate.

This wasn't professional.

Was it?

“Don't do that” Jungkook murmured, shaking his head.

“Do what?” Jimin wondered, daring to meet Jungkook's gaze despite the fear of watching disappointment glisten in his brown orbs.

Yet, there wasn't.
Instead, Jungkook stared at him with soft eyes, a sympathetic expression adorning his handsome features.

The black haired boy leaned in to press a kiss to Jimin's forehead.

“Don't allow such a deep bond to evolve” Jungkook advised, “It will break you, Jimin-ah. You can't control how my father is going to decide and if you bond too deeply with each of these kids, a kind heart like yours will break apart” he added softly, shaking his head.

For a moment, Jimin just stared at him, his heart taking a moment to register those words.

Jungkook was right.

The smaller one lowered his head down, a breath slipping from his lips as he caught his bottom lip between his teeth, “Maybe I'm just not strong enough for this”

Gently, Jungkook placed his index finger below Jimin's chin and guided his face back up in order to lock eyes with him, “Little one, you're one of the strongest people I know” he stated with a frown on his face, “You've been through so much shit. After all the damn shit that life has put you through, after all the many ways it has fucked you over, you came out smiling and happy and kind” he elaborated, “You're such a pure soul. You are strong, Jimin-ah. So fucking strong, baby”

Shyly, Jimin smiled as his cheeks flushed a pretty shade of rose, “Thank you, Kook-ah” Jimin murmured timidly, not sure how to feel about his words.

Was Jimin really strong? Was there truth to Jungkook's words?

At least, there was sincerity glistening in Jungkook's eyes proving Jimin that he was in fact genuine.

However, Jimin wasn't sure whether he was capable to agree with him.

“Don't be discouraged” Jungkook interrupted his thoughts, “This job is tough, but you will learn to adjust to it and how to handle it”

In the end, it was only Jimin's third day of working in this foreign and quite severe industry. Perhaps, he should be more lenient with himself. Perhaps, Jungkook was right and it was going to be easier for when Jimin had adjusted to this new environment and responsibility.

Of course, Jimin had been aware that it wasn't going to be an easy profession, but he had not quite believed that it was going to be this emotionally challenging this early on. Potentially, that had been foolish of him as it had lacked the narrative he had created for this job.

However, there was no real way to prepare your heart for such a job, Jimin believed.

“No more crying, hm?” Jungkook insisted, “Come on, little one”

Tenderly, he wiped away Jimin's tears, the shorter male's eyes fluttering shut as he sniffed again and gave a nod. Fortunately, he had actually been able to withhold his heart of causing any more tears.

Jungkook was a vast reason for that.

The boy simply possessed the ability to mend Jimin's heart and comfort him so easily. It was fascinating, made Jimin's heart flutter all the same.

“I have to get back to work” Jimin announced with a sigh, reminding himself that he was still present at the company as he was currently required to work, yet not doing what he was being paid to do.
“Okay, little one” Jungkook replied as he got up from the table and set Jimin down on his feet, “Promise me to stop crying now, hm?”

The pink haired boy wiped his sweaterpaw over his face before he fixed his appearance by straightening out his shirt.

“Little one” Jungkook emphasised, leaning closer to Jimin's face.

“I will try to not cry anymore” Jimin responded softly, meeting Jungkook's gaze, “I promise”

Satisfied, the other male hummed as he reached for Jimin's hand and interlaced their fingers, “Alright. Then let's go”

As the two of them approached the door, Jimin realised how it could potentially look like to anyone currently present on the other side of that door, if they chose to leave together after having been in here for several minutes on their own.

“M-Maybe we shouldn't leave together” Jimin noted gently, halting in his steps and turning to Jungkook, “It might look weird” he whispered.

For a moment, Jungkook just stared at him before he smirked, “Mhm, like what?” he wondered, his voice a tone lower.

Jimin swallowed hard, but only nudged his shoulder, “Kook-ah”

Amused, the other male chuckled, but gave a nod as he leaned in to press a peck to Jimin's plump lips, “Okay, baby. You go first”

Reluctantly, Jungkook allowed Jimin's hand to slip from his grasp as the shorter male reached for the door handle.

“Thank you, Jungkook-ah” Jimin uttered with a shy smile, waving at his boyfriend, “I'll see you later”

Jungkook smiled back at him, his eyes glistening in affection, “Later, angel”

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“You did well, Jimin-ah” Hoseok assured him, reaching out to give Jimin's shoulder an encouraging squeeze as he flashed him a sweet smile.

“I felt like I was going to faint” Jimin admitted, chuckling softly as he replayed the earlier event of having to teach the trainees all on his own. At first, he had been utterly terrified, had wanted to hide himself in the corner and make himself as small as possible.

In the end, it hadn't been as bad as he had imagined, but it had still been an occurrence that had proved to him that he still lacked in possessing the ability that Hoseok had.

The brown haired boy carried himself with self-assurance and calmness, exuding such a sense of authority, yet then never seeming as superior to the point of intimidating anyone. No, he was serious, if he needed to be, but established a sense of comfort.

Opposed to that, Jimin had not been calm at all, frozen in his stance for the first five minutes, the students chattering and laughing as they had waited for the lesson to start. Apparently, at the absence of Hoseok, they had assumed the lesson had been delayed for several minutes, thus not
taking Jimin's presence serious or perhaps having disregarded it entirely.

After collecting all the courage Jimin could muster, he had inhaled a deep breath and declared the beginning of the lesson, having stared into the confused faces of the trainees, their unimpressed expressions and mumbling having thrown Jimin off.

However, one of the students had scolded the other ones, Jimin having felt grateful for his interference. Presumably, he was one of the older ones, perhaps possessing a sense of leadership as they had went silent right away – allowing Jimin to finally start the lesson properly.

As it had just been a practice of a choreography the trainees had already learned, Jimin simply asked them to perform and pointed out certain mistakes, if they occurred.

Fortunately, that had enabled him to move some of the attention away from himself, thus obtaining the opportunity to calm down and ultimately finding comfort in the situation.

“I know you did well, Min-ah. Thank you, by the way. Again. For stepping in, hm” Hoseok smiled at him, the two of them stepping out of the company building, the long day finally having come to an end.

A fresh breeze of air brushed past the two boys, blowing Jimin's pink locks out of his face, a smile curving his lips as he turned to Hoseok.

“You're welcome, hyung. I'm glad I could contribute in some way” Jimin responded, “Are you going over to Tae's place?”

“No” Hoseok denied, shaking his head as he hid his hands in the pockets of his denim jacket, “I asked him whether he wanted to spend the night at my place. I think he's already waiting for me”

At his words, Jimin grinned, happiness blooming within him at those soothing words. - They were going to spend the night together.

Hoseok snickered, scratching over the back of his neck as his gaze trailed over to something behind Jimin, his eyes going wide in surprise before a smile curled up the corners of his lips.

“I think there's someone waiting for you” Hoseok noted, nodding his head towards a spot behind Jimin.

Puzzled by Hoseok's words, Jimin spun around, his eyes falling on Beomsoo who was standing in front of a black Range Rover, awaiting Jimin's arrival the way he naturally would. As their gazes met, Beomsoo exhibited a polite bow, smiling at Jimin as he lifted his hands up in to the air.

Conspicuously – without any probability of Jimin missing it – there was a huge bouquet of flowers secured in Beomsoo's grasp.

“I'm gonna head home then, Min-ah” Hoseok announced, “I'll see you tomorrow, hm?”

“Y-Yes, hyung” Jimin uttered, still distracted by the sight of the huge bouquet of flowers resting in Beomsoo's palms as he turned back to Hoseok, “I'll see you tomorrow. Have a good night”

“You, too” Hoseok replied, pulling Jimin into a tight hug before they withdrew, the taller male waving at him as he distanced himself, off and heading home to see his lover.

Once Hoseok had turned around the corner of the block, Jimin spun back around and approached Beomsoo who was still standing in his exact spot as though he hadn't moved an inch at all.
“Hello, Beomsoo” Jimin greeted him with a smile, his eyes still big as they glanced at the flowers.

“Good afternoon, Jimin-ssi” Beomsoo returned, handing Jimin the bouquet of flowers without a word.

Hesitantly, Jimin reached for them, taking them from Beomsoo's grasp, the man then walking past him and opening the door to the back seats for Jimin to enter the car – which he did right away.

As soon as Jimin was seated inside, Beomsoo shut the door and walked around the vehicle in order to take his respective driver's seat in the front.

“Who are these for?” Jimin found himself wonder, a soft smile curving his lips.

Perhaps, that question was redundant, yet Jimin wasn't going to assume that those flowers were meant for him simply for the fact of it being the most obvious assessment.

“For you, Jimin-ssi” Beomsoo revealed, meeting Jimin's gaze in the reaview mirror with a chuckle, “Mr. Jeon asked me to get these for you” he added, twisting the key in the ignition, the engine coming to life.

“Why?” Jimin asked, furrowing his brows.

“I'm afraid I don't know” Beomsoo expressed, giving a weak shrug as he pulled out of the parking spot.

Still puzzled, Jimin stole a glimpse at the flowers again.

Daisies.

Inevitably, the pink haired boy's heart fluttered at the realisation of Jungkook still remembering that those held a certain meaning to him and were one of his absolute favourites.

“Thank you” Jimin uttered softly in spite of Jungkook not even being present at all.

Carefully, Jimin deposited the flowers beside him, enabling him to pull out his phone a lot easier. With a swift motion of his digit, Jimin opened his chat with Jungkook.

Why flowers? – Jimin

It didn't take long for Jungkook to reply.

Why not? – Bunny

At his simple answer, Jimin chuckled, rolling his eyes.

Is there a reason? – Jimin

Surely, there must be a reason for Jungkook's gesture. In no means was Jimin suspicious or anything like that – no, not at all. However, there was definitely curiosity blooming within him as to why Jungkook had gifted him these beautiful flowers.

You were upset earlier because of Hootak. I wanted you to smile, little one. You look so pretty, when you smile, Jimin-ah – Bunny

As if on cue, Jimin smiled softly, nearly giggling at how giddy his heart felt at the sweet gesture of Jungkook and his endearing words. It was almost as though it was an inevitable reaction of Jimin
after all the stress he had to endure today.

Evidently, it had been a rather harsh day on Jimin's emotional state. In the morning, he had still been worried about Tae. Later, he had to lead a lesson all on his own. Then, there had been the terrifying experience of his first meeting and then the elimination of Hootak that had caused his heart to ache all the more.

Yeah, by all means not an easy day on Jimin's heart at all.

You're sweet. – Jimin

I try. – Bunny

Jimin chuckled softly at Jungkook's response, shaking his head as he caught his bottom lip between his teeth.

Will you come over once you're done at work...? – Jimin

To fall asleep in Jungkook's arms tonight sounded like pure heaven. In a way, Jimin was certain that it would make him feel so much better, would allow his day to end in a comforting and positive way.

You know I would love to. Fuck, I would leave right now, if it meant I could just spend the rest of the day with you. I can't, though. My father leaves early next morning for a meeting in Busan and we're probably going to end up working the whole night once he returns from the meeting with Min. – Bunny

The smaller boy would be lying, if he claimed that his heart didn't clench at Jungkook's reply. Indeed, Jimin was aware that this was Jungkook's profession and when duty called, Jungkook was obligated to answer. After all, he was the co-CEO, thus his attendance, skills and opinion were required a lot. However, Jimin couldn't help but feel the slightest bit disappointed at the thought of not falling asleep in Jungkook's arms tonight.

Busan.

Jungkook's father was going to Busan?

Would Jungkook join him?

Will you accompany your father? – Jimin

No, I will not accompany him. He needs me to run the company for the time he is absent. – Bunny

Plausible.

You work so much... I won't be able to see you tonight then? :( – Jimin

Maybe, it was useless to ask as Jungkook had initially stated that he was going to work for the whole night, thus implying that he wasn't going to sleep much – or at all - anyway. However, a boy could hope... no?

I'm sorry, little one. I would love to be with you, especially after you had such a bad day, but I can't. – Bunny

Jimin sighed, pouting as he read over those words.

Can I stay with you? - Jimin
For a split second, that suggestion appeared clingy to Jimin. Then again, could you really blame him? The two of them hadn't spend the previous night together either as Taehyung had needed Jimin, Jungkook having decided to leave to allow the two of them to have some space.

To be without Jungkook another night was... was hurting his heart.

Was Jimin sick?

After all, it wasn't as though they were never going to see each other again... The world wasn't going to stop.

Yet, here his heart was, crying at the thought of spending another night without Jungkook as it was longing to be with him.

Maybe, it was simply attributed to the fact of Jimin having had a tough day...

However, frankly, this wasn't the first time his heart felt like this...

Lately, his heart always ached the longer he had to stay without Jungkook.

Perhaps... was this... was this-

The buzzing of Jimin's phone startled Jimin, drawing him out of his thoughts as he averted his gaze back down on the screen of the device in his hands.

You need to sleep, baby. I don't want you to bore yourself sitting in the office with us, hm? I'll see you tomorrow. – Bunny

It was only another night, Jimin reminded himself. Somehow, he would manage.

In the end, Jungkook was right. If he chose to stay in the office with Jungkook, he wouldn't quite know what to do with himself as he surely wouldn't be included in the confidential conversation Jungkook and his father were going to have anyway. Essentially, he wouldn't be allowed to spend actual time with Jungkook – although the mere close proximity to Jungkook was enough for Jimin's heart.

I understand. I'll see you tomorrow. Don't work for too long, Kook-ah. – Jimin

Sleep well, angel – Bunny

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“Hyung?” Jimin called out, hesitantly pushing the door further open and stepping inside with caution as someone had definitely opened the door for him to allow him entrance – yet barely a gap wide as though they had pulled the door open and then sprinted away – and was now nowhere to be found.

Slightly puzzled, Jimin scanned the entrance hall, noticing the noises that were audible from the living room. For a moment, he paid close attention, trying to decipher the voices. Just as he was about to-

“Jimin-ah, hey, come on in” Yoongi yelled from the living room, a breath of relief slipping from Jimin's lips as he shut the door close.

In the end, there was no intruder then.

Yoongi was still alive.
Thank God.

Slowly, Jimin’s heart rate steadied again as he removed his shoes and placed them next to the other pairs that were scattered around next to the door.

With hesitant steps, Jimin entered the living room, a musty scent filling his nostrils as soon as he passed the doorway.

There were two figures present in the living room. For one, there was Yoongi who was munching away on some piece of pizza, an earphone sitting in his left ear as he nodded along to the song he was listening to.

As Jimin's gaze followed the string of the earphones, he noticed that it was connected to a laptop that was placed on the other figure’s lap – Namjoon's.

In that moment, there were several emotions blossoming within Jimin.

The pink haired boy was relieved as a small fraction of him had partially believed that Yoongi might have been murdered as he had essentially vanished for several days. Fortunately, he appeared to be fine – at least, alive and in flesh, smiling along as he listened to a song.

However, Jimin was also confused as to what the reason for Yoongi's sudden lack of contact could be.

But... was he really?

Truthfully, Jimin's heart already knew.

Surely, Yoongi wasn't ought to text them every second of the day, but he had cut of almost any contact for the past four days. That was out of character – even for Yoongi – who had never been fond of communication through devices to begin with, but preferred to be face to face with his dear ones whenever possible and spend some quality time with them. Yet, he had always replied to them whenever they had reached out.

Well, not these past days.

For the majority, Jimin was just concerned - concerned in every fibre of his very being.

Concerned as to why Yoongi had isolated himself – Well, scratch that as he had cleary not isolated himself entirely, but had cut himself off from only a few selective people – Tae, Hoseok and Jimin included.

For a small fragment within Jimin, it even scared him to know why Yoongi had chosen to not contact any of them aside from Namjoon.

“Jimin-aaaah! Hey, how are you?” Namjoon beamed at him with a grin, interrupting Jimin's troubling thoughts.

The smaller boy shook his head to snap out of his trance, a smile adorning his pretty features as he approached the two other boys, “I'm great, hyung, how are you?”

“Amazing” Namjoon responded, his voice carrying joy, “Hyung and I are working on some sick beats” he claimed, lifting the earphones up to Jimin, “You wanna listen?”

“I would love to, but I've actually stopped by to talk to hyung” Jimin replied, shaking his head at his
friend, “Is that okay?” he wanted to know, certainly not wanting to interrupt anything, yet needing to talk to Yoongi as he had come here to thoroughly check on him and his well-being.

So far, his behaviour was suspicious.

Immediately, Yoongi got up from his seat, flashing Jimin a smile as he gestured for him to follow him, “Sure, of course”

Namjoon waved them off with a smile, placing the earphones in his ears as he proceeded to work on his laptop, Jimin’s gaze lingering on him for a moment longer before he forced it over to Yoongi’s back, the boy already approaching the kitchen. Swiftly, Jimin followed after him, entering the kitchen alongside him.

At the sight of the room, Jimin halted abruptly in the doorway.

“What’s up, Min-ah?” Yoongi wanted to know, opening his fridge and pulling out a can of coke, “Do you want anything?” he asked, arching up an eyebrow.

The smaller boy shook his head, “I’m fine, thank you” he responded, the other male giving a nod as he shut the fridge again and opened his can, “How are you?” Jimin wondered softly, his gaze trailing over the mess that was the kitchen.

There were several old pizza boxes scattered over the counter, the dirty dishes all pushed into the sink into a dangerous pile and old, empty coke cans left standing next to the sink as though there had not been anyone cleaning in here for at least a week.

“I’m... well, we’re working a lot these days” Yoongi answered, taking a sip from his coke, his eyes on Jimin, yet as soon as Jimin met his gaze, the other one averted his eyes.

Genuinely, Yoongi was one of the closest and crucial people in Jimin's life – Jimin would go as far as to refer to him as a brother, that was something that had already been established within Jimin a long time ago.

There was definitely something going on with him – Jimin could assess that by a mere look at his kitchen, yet also by a thorough look at Yoongi.

The older one's hair was hidden beneath a snapback, Jimin assuming that he had not cared about doing his hair for days now. There were several stains on his white shirt, Jimin presuming that he had not cared to change his clothes for days. Additionally, there was an unpleasant scent in the air, a mixture of musk and sweat, Jimin guessing that Yoongi had not taken a shower in days.

This was not Yoongi.

“You are” Jimin agreed, not doubting that Yoongi was in fact working a lot – as he was always doing that, “When was the last time you took a shower? Or cleaned your house?” he wanted to know, deciding to be honest.

“Yah!” Yoongi scolded him, placing his can on the counter as he furrowed his brows at Jimin, but his facial expression softened immediately, so did his eyes as he sighed and scratched over the back of his neck, “I don't know... Is it bad?” he mumbled.

The pink haired boy scanned the room, wrinkling his nose at the sight of a particular pizza box – or rather the pieces of old pizza that had been left in there.

“Hyung, there is mold growing in your old pizza boxes and- How old is this?” Jimin noted, pointing
at the certain spot before he crossed his arms over his chest.

Flustered, the other one cleared his throat, “I haven't paid attention to the mess in my house” he murmured before a proud smile curved his lips, “Namjoon-ah and I have continuous creative epiphanies. We've made like three songs in the last four days”

“Your hygiene has suffered through that then, hm?” Jimin uttered with a soft smile, but shook his head.

The older one mirrored his smile, but rolled his eyes, “I'll take a shower. I get it” he chuckled.

Scanning his surroundings once more, Jimin believed that he wouldn't bear to leave this place a mess as it was. Slowly, he approached the trash can and picked it up. Without another word, he collected the left over pizza boxes and tossed them away.

“Jimin-ah, why are you really here?” Yoongi wanted to know after several seconds, just having observed Jimin move around, the latter proceeding to clean up his kitchen, “You're not here to clean my kitchen. I can do that on my own”

Jimin narrowed his eyes as he stole a glimpse at Yoongi, an amused smile adorning his pretty features, yet something that conveyed doubt depicted on his face, “Can you?” Jimin challenged.

“I can, if I want to” Yoongi assured him, approaching Jimin and snatching the trash can out of his hand, “Stop cleaning” he insisted softly, placing the trash can back on the floor before he crossed his arms over his chest and stared at Jimin with intent eyes.

For a moment, Jimin's gaze flickered back and forth between Yoongi's eyes, attempting to find answers that were somewhere within them, yet not clear enough for Jimin to define them.

“Hyung, what's wrong?” Jimin found himself ask, his voice soft and almost unsure.

Yoongi frowned, “What do you mean?”

“You're not like this usually” Jimin expressed, pointing at him before he gestured towards the door, “I'm sure Namjoon hyung has noticed it, too” he added, dropping his hand back to his side.

“Noticed what?” Yoongi wanted to know, Jimin not certain whether he was actually not figuring out what this was all about or if... perhaps, he was just pretending to be unaware.

The pink haired boy inhaled a deep breath, bundling up all the courage he could muster for where he was going to take their conversation now – despite all the risks it would imply.

This could go either way – awful or utterly fine.

You could guess which one Jimin would prefer by, well, by everything.

Nevertheless, Jimin would have to live with the repercussions – whatever they might be.

“You've invested all of your time and heart into your work for the past days” Jimin stated, “You barely stay in contact with us or answer any of our texts. I know that you're not fine. Please don't lie to me, hyung” he urged softly, taking a step closer.

“I am fine, Min-ah” Yoongi stressed, “Don't worry about me” he assured him, yet there was something glistening in his eyes that told Jimin otherwise.

“Why don't you-” Jimin tried, but went silent before the damage was done.
If Jimin really wanted this to go anywhere lasting and pleasant, the right wording for his sentences was crucial.

*Why don’t you allow your heart to feel?* is what he had meant to say.

Where the three of them all that messed up? In the same way? In at least a similar way?

Where they all cursed with the issue of being unable to committ to a serious relationship and allow yourself to fall into it in all its entirety, allow your walls to crumble down and unveil your heart to feel each and every emotion that may bloom along the way?

For all that Jimin knew, Yoongi had only had one serious relationship.

However, it had not been going on for long, thus Jimin had always wondered whether it had been that serious to begin with. Yet, who was he to define that? No one, but Yoongi and his partner were entitled to judge the significance and validity that their relationship had held.

Yoongi had never explicitly talked about his prior relationship.

Ever since, Yoongi had either been too busy with work and making his dream of being a producer a reality or preferring casual hook-ups that were completely without any sort of feelings involved – *no strings attached.*

Maybe, he was scared of allowing his heart to feel.

Just as Jimin had been scared.

Just as Taehyung had been scared.

Maybe, the three of them shared that fear.

“How don't I what?” Yoongi wanted to know.

How was Jimin supposed to address this issue in a subtle way?

Telling Yoongi straight up that he knew everything about him and his intimate relation to Taehyung and Hoseok wasn't an option.

For one, there was the promise he had made to Taehyung to not tell another soul until they themselves chose to let the others know. Secondly, Yoongi might close in on himself even more, if Jimin approached the issue that way.

No, there needed to be another way.

*Even if it was going to be brutal.*

“I saw you that night at the party” Jimin revealed quietly.

The older boy knitted his brows at Jimin's revelation, seemingly not fathoming what he was referring to – or perhaps simply pretending to be unaware, “What?”

“Upstairs” Jimin clarified, “I saw you”

“Saw me doing what, Min-ah?” Yoongi pressed, still confused.

*There was no turning back now.*
“You kissed Hoseok hyung” Jimin stated, his heart rate picking up as soon as those words had slipped from his lips.

Immediately, Yoongi's eyes went wide, but he tried to play it off, a confused expression replacing the one full of horror. However, Yoongi was not very good at upholding such a facade in front of Jimin – For that, the two of them knew each other way too long and deeply. There was visible shock depicted in his brown orbs, a sign of him knowing very well what Jimin was referencing.

“W-What?” Yoongi blurted, snorting as he shook his head as though the accusation was absurd, “How much did you drink that night? I'm pretty sure you-” he added, crossing his arms over his chest as he attempted to maintain a nonchalant demeanor, but his body language embodied a defense mechanism, conveying his actual vulnerability he tried to hide.

“Hyung” Jimin pressed softly, his gaze never leaving Yoongi's.

For a moment, Yoongi just stared at him – his facade eventually crumbling under Jimin's stare. Slowly, his arms dropped back to his side as he averted his gaze, the boy shaking his head as he caught his bottom lip between his teeth.

“It's not what you think it is” Yoongi claimed, meeting Jimin's gaze again, “I didn't... I wasn't... Tae-ssi knows” he assured, clasping his hand over his heart, “I apologised” he added with sincerity in his eyes, not aware that Jimin already knew all of these things, “We-”

“Why did you kiss Hoseok hyung?” Jimin wanted to know, desperately clinging onto the fraction of hope within him that Yoongi would be truthful and allow his heart to unveil the emotion that Jimin simply knew he felt towards these two boys.

The blond haired one hesitated, avoiding Jimin's eyes as though he feared they possessed the ability to look right into his soul and expose all the answers that Yoongi was too scared to admit to himself.

“I... I was drunk” Yoongi expressed.

“You were drunk?” Jimin echoed, titling his head to the side, “That wasn't the first time you were drunk. Do you go out and kiss your friends in a segregated place all the time once you had one too many drinks?”

“Fuck, what is this, Jimin-ah?” Yoongi cursed, glancing at Jimin with a frown on his face, clearly angered by Jimin's behaviour, “A damn interrogation?” he raised his voice at the other.

Apologetic, the smaller boy shook his head as he took a step back, realising that he might have taken this too far and shouldn't corner Yoongi as he was by accusing him, “No, hyung” Jimin responded softly, “I'm sorry. Of course, not” he added, averting his gaze as he made himself smaller.

There were only a few instances Jimin could recall where Yoongi had yelled at him – all of them naturally in regards to protecting Jimin or scolding him for putting himself in danger by doing something stupid.

Of course, Jimin had understood that Yoongi had only acted that way because he had been scared of Jimin being in danger and potentially hurting himself in some way, thus they had always made up right away.

There were rarely any occurrences of Yoongi raising his voice at Jimin because he had a soft spot for the pink haired boy.

All the more did it hurt Jimin to be yelled at by him for having crossed a line.
Yoongi's features softened at the sight of Jimin, “I'm sorry” he uttered gently as he took a step closer, “I didn't mean to snap at you” he added, his eyes displaying a mixture of guilt and fear, conveying that he regret losing his temper or maybe his lack of honesty – Jimin's wasn't certain – yet that he was scared of something all the same, “It's just... I can't talk about this” he expressed, his voice turning quieter and more vulnerable with each syllable.

“Why?” Jimin breathed.

The other one parted his lips as he tried to answer, but shook his head as he oppressed his heart, “I don't... I can't”

“Why?” Jimin wanted to know softly, refusing to leave this without trying to help Yoongi in some way.

Yoongi increased the distance between them, his back hitting against the refrigerator. For a moment, he just remained there, lifting his head up and staring at the ceiling, “It will just... It will cut deeper” he whispered, clasping his hand over his chest.

“What will cut deeper?” Jimin asked, his heart pounding fast against his chest at the chance of Yoongi possibly opening up to him and allowing Jimin into his own heart.

“The wound” Yoongi responded, meeting Jimin's gaze again, “The damage is already done, but I can prevent it from turning worse by-”

“Ignoring it?” Jimin interrupted him, “Investing yourself in work? Hyung, you're going to break yourself apart” he added, his voice carrying concern.

Why was he wounded?

What had created such wound?

Was Yoongi comparing the vivid phenomenon of having feelings for someone to being damaging?

Why?

The older boy didn't respond, just stared at Jimin's face.

“Hyung, do you like Hoseok hyung?” Jimin found himself ask, no longer capable to resist the urge.

Yoongi appeared to be caught off guard, his eyes going wide as he shook his head, “Don't be-”

“Hyung, stop that” Jimin pressed, grabbing a fist of his own shirt and pulling on it as he stepped closer, “Please, I'm begging you, be honest with me”

“What if I was?” Yoongi responded with a shrug of his shoulder, “Does it even matter?”

“It does” Jimin replied with a determined nod of his head, “You know, it does” he added softer.

At those words, Yoongi's head snapped back up in order to lock eyes with Jimin.

For a moment, his intent gaze flickered back and forth between Jimin's eyes, the boy studying his features before his own eyes grew big.

It was as though he had an epiphany, no longer just suspicious of Jimin's behaviour.

*It all made sense now.*
“You know, don't you?” Yoongi accused Jimin, his voice quiet.

*Shoot.*

Without any warning, Jimin's heartbeat quickened, a voice within him screaming at him to turn around and run away as fast as he could. That certain voice urged him to leave because Jimin had been exposed in the midst of it all.

*Abort. Abort.*

Yet, maybe, he was referring to something else.

Maybe, he wasn't talking about Jimin knowing about their relationship.

Maybe, it was something entirely different.

That was plausible. Yes, it was. Right?

A small percentage within Jimin refused to do anything but cling onto that ounce of oblivion in order to maintain a subtle demeanor.

“W-What?” Jimin stuttered, shaking his head as he swallowed hard.

“Of course, you know” Yoongi breathed, “Why didn't I think of that? How stupid of me” he added, talking to himself more than anything, a humourless laugh slipping from his lips.

“Hyung-” Jimin tried to defend himself, but went silent upon the sight of Yoongi parting his lips in order to speak.

“I didn't want anyone to find out” Yoongi commented with a frown, Jimin not certain whether he was angry or hurt or... perhaps just both simultaneously.

“What was he supposed to do, hyung?” Jimin responded, slightly frustrated, “Taehyung-ah appeared in front of my apartment in the middle of the night crying! He was hurt, hyung! He needed to talk to someone” he reasoned.

At those words, Yoongi's expression softened, concern in his eyes as he took a step closer, “Tae-ssi was... he cried?” Yoongi asked quietly.

“Yes, he cried” Jimin affirmed, “Taehyung-ssi is hurting and you're ignoring him because you're scared” he accused the other boy.

“I'm not scared” Yoongi claimed with a frown.

For some reason, Jimin found himself turning mad at Yoongi's lack of acknowledgment of his own feelings. Clearly, his absence and intentional isolation from the other two boys was hurting them and he chose to ignore that.

For what? For what was he actively ignoring them?

“You are!” Jimin exclaimed, not noticing that he had raised his voice, “You're scared of committing yourself to them!”

The blond haired one shook his head, “I'm not scared, Jimin-ah!” he yelled.

“Stop lying to me!” Jimin yelled back, having had enough of his lies, “Stop lying to yourself! You
are scared of being hurt! You are scared of ruining everything, if it doesn't work out because you
don't want to lose them as friends!” he added firmly, “They make you happy, hyung. I know they
do. I see it in your eyes when you talk about them”

Yoongi averted his gaze, but he couldn't see what Jimin saw, couldn't see the glistening in his eyes
when he talked about Hoseok and Taehyung.

“You love them” Jimin whispered, “You love them, but you're scared of admitting it because you've
never felt that way before – Especially not for two people at once” he elaborated.

Obviously, Jimin was aware that this situation might scare Yoongi, might be obscure to him as
evolving feelings for one person was already overwhelming enough to begin with, let alone have
those feelings amplified as they were residing in your heart for two people simultaneously.

Yet, was that justifying the act of pushing everyone around you away despite their love for you?

“You didn't plan on it to happen, but it did” Jimin noted softly, “And hyung, that's okay. You're
allowed to feel that way. You're allowed to love them and be with them. You're allowed to feel
happiness by being with them” he reassured him, “Why don't you see that? Why don't you see that
you deserve them and that they deserve you?”

“I-” Yoongi tried, but couldn't muster to finish, choosing to shut his mouth.

Perhaps, there was no answer.

“If you actually don't return their feelings or don't want to be with them, at least have the guts to tell
them” Jimin insisted, “They're your friends first and foremost. They'll love you no matter what.
Whatever you decide, you won't lose them. But ignoring them like this is hurting them. And it's
hurting you. And I can't stay at the side any longer and watch you ruin yourselves like that”

The majority within Jimin was certain that Yoongi did in fact return their feelings, but there was
something that scared him that much from allowing himself to fall into that feeling entirely.

Yet, the small percentage of Yoongi not returning their feelings did exist. Despite Jimin not believing
in that possibility, only Yoongi knew the full truth and the entirety of the emotions his heart withheld.

However, even if he didn't feel the same about them, it wasn't fair of him to simply ignore them.

After all, they were his friends at last. They were hurting the longer Yoongi chose to ignore them –
not as potential partners, but as his closest friends.

Although Yoongi surely didn't want to admit to it – maybe would never – he was hurting, too.

Jimin couldn't bear to watch them hurting any longer.

“Don't lose them just because you're scared” Jimin uttered, “Don't let your fear withhold your heart
from finding what it deserves” he pressed, “Even if you think that it won't work out, then at least
allow your heart to feel that happiness and love for what it's worth”

For a moment, Yoongi just stared at him, blinking as he stood there frozen in his place.

“Jimin-ah” Yoongi muttered, but went silent again.

Perhaps, he was puzzled. Perhaps, he needed time to process those words. Perhaps, he would scream
at Jimin any moment now because he felt disrespected.
Yet, perhaps, he did in fact agree and just wasn't ready to admit to that out loud.

“Go and take a shower before Namjoon hyung suffocates in here” Jimin advised with a sigh, a small smile on his face as he glanced into the living room and caught Namjoon standing by the doorway, “And clean up your kitchen before your dishes grow into their own living beings” Jimin added, pointing at the stuffed sink before he turned around and headed towards the door.

Before leaving, Jimin turned back to the oldest one, a soft smile adorning his pretty features.

“I love you, hyung” the pink haired boy expressed quietly, “Call me when you're ready to talk”

With that, he spun back around and left, slipping into his shoes as silence settled in the house, Jimin aware that Yoongi and Namjoon were both staring at him.

“Jimin-ah” Yoongi uttered, Jimin’s hand grasping the handle of the front door in order to pull it open.

“Yes” Jimin responded, turning his head towards the other boy.

“I love you, too” Yoongi whispered.

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“What is this doing here?” Taehyung wanted to know, picking up an item that Jimin wasn't capable to identify from his spot. Diligently, Jimin narrowed his eyes, attempting to figure out what the questionable thing was and nearly dropping the two mugs he was currently carrying upon the realisation of what Tae was holding there in his hand.

Swiftly, Jimin placed the two mugs down on his nightstand before he rushed over to Taehyung's side and reached for the item, “I-I forgot that I left it there” he stuttered, his cheeks tinging a shade of rose.

His collar.

_How long has that actually been lying there?_ Jimin found himself wonder, not exactly remembering the moment he had depicted or rather _left_ the item lying there on his dresser _that_ openly and clearly visible for anyone to find, if they were to enter Jimin's bedroom.

It must have been some time, Jimin estimated, recalling running out of Jungkook's apartment upon Mr. Jeon's arrival one day and entirely forgetting that it had still been wrapped around his throat.

The blond haired boy jerked his hand back, hiding the item from Jimin's reach, thus withholding him from snatching it from Taehyung's possession as he had tried to.

“Don't be embarrassed, Min-ah” Taehyung reassured him with a chuckle, inspecting the item in his hand as he increased the distance between them.

“I-I'm not” Jimin murmured, swallowing hard as he studied Taehyung's features, attempting to figure out what he was thinking about.

“It's really pretty” Tae commented with a smile, his fingertips brushing over the little pendant that had Jungkook's name engraved into it.

Frankly, Jimin couldn't even explain how utterly embarrassed he felt. Honestly, he wished that the ground would open up and swallow him whole in order for him to vanish from this conversation.

Clearly, Taehyung had no reluctance regarding this topic at all, did not feel flustered or at least reserved about this one bit. In a way, he was rather casual about all of this, whereas Jimin was
blushing and digging his teeth into his bottom lip.

Naturally, the pink haired boy was more reserved when it came to things such as this one, wasn't as open as Taehyung was despite there being no reason to feel shy in Tae's presence. After all, he was his best friend, a comfortable environment always being established when they were together and Tae always being understanding.

“Mhm-mh” Jimin murmured timidly.

“Jungkook-ah loves spoiling you, hm?” Taehyung noted with a grin, stealing a glimpse at Jimin, amusement glistening in his eyes.

“H-He- That's...” Jimin stutered yet again.

Maybe, there was faint truth to that.

The black haired boy definitely always insisted on paying for Jimin, loved showering him in gifts and whatnot... but, that didn't imply that he was spoiling Jimin... was it?

“Well, he definitely knows what you like and what suits you” Taehyung commented, his index finger trailing over the soft inside of the collar.

“Yeah” Jimin agreed, giving a nod as he reached for the collar again.

This time, Taehuyng allowed for it to slip from his grasp, enabling Jimin to have it back in his possession. For a moment, he eyed the item in his hand with big eyes, his heart fluttering at the mere thought of it being wrapped around his throat.

“Do you like wearing it?” Taehyung wanted to know, his voice softer as he studied Jimin's features, clearly having noticed the endearment and fondness displayed on Jimin's face when he looked at the collar.

“Yes” Jimin breathed with a smile, “So much”

The feeling of the collar being wrapped around his throat was one of pure bliss. In a way, Jimin couldn't quite explain why he adored it so much, just knew that he loved what it embodied and represented.

*There was a sense of belonging.*

Evidently, that certain feeling of belonging to Jungkook was there without wearing the collar just as much, but there was a small fraction of enhancement in that feeling for when Jimin wore it – as though it just underlined and maybe highlighted what Jimin always felt in an embodied form.

*Jimin belonged to Jungkook.*

At the thought of Jungkook, Jimin's heart fluttered but clenched all the same.

Lately, the black haired boy had been immensely busy at the company. Each day, he had to stay long overtime and work throughout the whole night alongside his father. According to Jungkook, it was attributed to a potential new investment that required all of their time aside from the already huge amount of preparations of the new idol group they were dealing with.

In addition, Mr. Jeon would fly to Singapore in a couple of days for a meeting that was going to address and finalise a new vast project the company was currently working towards. *It was huge,*
Jimin had heard from several employees that were keen on gossiping in the lunch room, yet then he had also heard it from Jungkook himself.

In the end, all of it had prevented Jimin and Jungkook from having spent much time together these past few days, the two of them actually not having shared a bed since even before that day Taehyung had appeared in front of Jimin's appartment crying over Yoongi.

*It's been a while.*

At the thought, Jimin's heart ached as it was missing Jungkook *so much.*

Surely, the two of them called each other every day, inevitably encountered one another at the company to talk for a while or intentionally met up in the lunch room to share a meal, yet it just wasn't the same as falling asleep in each other's arms by the end of the day.

In order to fill that void Jimin's heart was enduring these past days during the night, Jimin had snuggled his little kitten plushie that Jungkook had won for him at the fair as a substitute, having intently tried to make himself believe and deceive his heart that it could make up for Jungkook's loss.

Obviously, that didn't work out that well.

The plushie didn't resemble Jungkook, didn't carry the scent that Jungkook possessed that comforted Jimin so much, could evidently not replace Jungkook by no means – *nothing would ever.*

Yet, it was still a reminder of Jungkook in some way as it was a gift of his, having mended Jimin's heart a little at least.

However, *this pain wasn't going to last forever,* Jimin reminded himself as he remained professional and respected Jungkook's work. Soon, this period was going to be over, allowing them to finally spend more time with each other again.

Frankly, Jimin's heart was already so utterly excited for the night he would be able to fall asleep next to Jungkook again.

In a way, Jimin felt giddy at the mere thought, an inevitable soft smile curving his lips.

“I really want one, too” Taehyung drew Jimin out of his thoughts, a small sigh slipping from Tae's lips as he stared at it, “I might ask hyung for one”

The smaller boy smiled at him, but found himself giggling as well.

This was quite a new situation for both of them. Usually, it wasn't Jimin's sex life that would inspire Taehyung to try something new. So far, it had always been Taehyung who had shared his intimate moments quite too explicitly during certain conversations that it had lead Jimin to be curious to explore them as well.

Taehyung chuckled at him before he approached the bed and took a seat. In the meanwhile, Jimin placed the collar back on the dresser, staring at it for a moment longer.

For some reason, at the sight of Jimin's neglected collar, an ounce of guilt blossomed within the pink haired boy. All these days, it had just been lying there on Jimin's dresser without being used or even looked at.

*Maybe, keeping it here wasn't the best option...*
Silence settled in the room.

Averting his gaze from the collar, Jimin turned towards Taehyung.

The taller boy fell back on the soft sheets, staring up at the ceiling while Jimin's gaze was fixated on him.

Whenever Jimin looked at Taehyung, having the image of his teardrenched face standing in front of Jimin's apartment upon the rejection from Yoongi resurface in his mind was inevitable.

Jimin wondered whether that would end someday, whether his mind would stop replaying that heartwrenching image in front of his eyes.

“Did... Did Yoongi hyung answer your texts? Did he call you?” Jimin found himself ask, deciding to keep his visit at Yoongi's house a secret for now.

“No, still no word from him” Taehyung responded quietly, his voice soft, carrying a hint of vulnerability.

“Are you okay?” Jimin wanted to know, contemplating whether that question was redundant or potentially even stupid as this whole issue certainly wasn't easy to deal with.

The blond haired boy sat up on his elbows, Jimin approaching him and taking a seat next to him, “Every single day I have this... this burning urge to just run to his house and slam at his door until he lets me in and talks to me, but... I don't want to corner him” Taehyung expressed his troubling battle within his heart, “Yet, then I feel as though his absence and clear refusal of any form of contact might just be his way to convey his rejection” he added, lowering his head down, “Maybe, I should just put an end to my misery and give up. Waiting and praying that he will turn around and change his mind might be more painful than letting him go”

The smaller boy blinked, averting his gaze and staring down at his lap, “Tae, I-”

“I know” Taehyung interrupted him, “You agree. You think I should let him go so I'll stop hurting” he uttered, falling back on the soft sheets as he ran his hand through his hair.

“No” Jimin protested, following Tae and lying down on the soft bedsheets beside him, “I... I just want you to be happy” he stated softly, “I don't know which decision in this confusing matter might be the right one and which might be the wrong one” he admitted.

Yet, did such a thing even exist?

Was there a right decision for this matter?

After all, there were somany factors one would have to take into consideration and that would contribute to finding a definite choice for one self, but even then – who had the right do decide whether the choice being made was a wrong one?

Were right and wrong even existing in the matter of love?

“In the end, there might not be a certain answer as that one” Jimin elaborated with a small frown, “Maybe, there is no right or wrong. Only you can decide what more your heart is able to endure” he added softer, turning his head to the side in order to stare at Taehyung's face.

The other one met his gaze, his eyes big, “Would you wait?” Tae wanted to know, his voice quiet.
“I-” Jimin tried, but went silent upon his brain rethinking his choice of words.

Well, Jimin had, hadn't he?

*For Jungkook.*

Oh, and how his heart had waited and prayed despite Jimin's desperate attempt to forget him.

“Sorry, don’t answer that” Taehyung mumbled, shaking his head at himself and forcing his gaze back up to the ceiling.

Jemin stared at his profile for a moment longer before he mirrored his stance and looked up to the ceiling, “I don't think it's of any significance whether I would wait for him because you're the only one who can make this decision for yourself, Tae” he responded softly.

Jemin's heart had waited for Jungkook even if it had been an impulsive and subconscious act.

Yet, Jemin didn't want to project his own situation and decision onto Taehyung. In the end, that wasn't fair. In the end, it was Taehyung who would have to bear the burden of that decision and have his heart be forced to endure such pain – in one way or another.

However, it would be solely his choice for which path he ultimately had decided to walk on.

“I know” Tae agreed with a sigh, “You're right. I just... *I don't know what to do*”

The smaller boy tended to feel the same way in certain situations where there didn't seem to be an obvious – or more so endurable – way out of the dark tunnel that had suddenly surrounded him.

What were you ought to do in such situations where you felt absolutely helpless?

Desperately, Jimin wished he possessed the ability to mend Taehyung's heart in some way – by a simple hug, some wise words that would cause all the pain to vanish – yet that was just not the reality.

“We always feel that way at times” Jimin uttered, drawing a shape on the soft fabric of the sheets, not quite paying attention to what form he was creating, rather too distracted by his own thoughts and voice, “Sometimes, there just doesn't seem to be an answer. We might not see it at all or we choose to not want to see it” he added, “However, in the end, our heart always knows. You might not realise it now, but if you allow yourself to listen to your heart, you might already know the answer”

What if there was no answer at all though? Weren't there times where you just simply could not find an answer despite how desperately you longed for it to unfold itself?

Yet, your heart knew, right?

*It had to know.*

“Shouldn't I listen to my brain?” Taehyung questioned.

“I guess that's a decision each and everyone has to make for themselves” Jimin replied, “Whether you listen to your heart or your brain is solely your choice, but I believe that your brain is going to look out for you on a wider, more sane spectrums – even if it means withholding you from things that will bring you happiness” he expressed.

Perhaps, listening to your brain was the more logical solution and perhaps even considered more sane, but your brain also withheld you from certain situations and decisions that might actually be
Wholesome for you, but your brain was just way too scared to allow yourself to fall into them.

Would Jimin have gotten with Jungkook, if he'd chosen to listen to his brain?

“A situation as yours will make any logical person turn around and walk away because it is unique and scary” Jimin elaborated, reaching for Tae's hand that was resting between their bodies, “Your brain might advise you to save yourself from what it believes won't work out as it wants to spare you from that pain”

“But not my heart” Taehyung uttered, giving Jimin's hand a tender squeeze.

“Exactly” Jimin agreed, “Your heart knows what you really need. It sees what you desire and it urges you to go for things even if they do seem hopeless or... or scary because it wants you to find that happiness for what its worth. Even if it doesn't last, even if it seems hopeless, that doesn't mean that it can't be beautiful for the time it lasted”

Weren't things that weren't lasting forever just as worthy to strive for? After all, they could be just as beautiful for the time they were existing for.

In no means did Jimin want to imply that having a polyamorous relationship wouldn't last. However, he did want to remove such fears from Taehyung, if they were to exist within his heart.

Maybe, this wouldn't lead to anywhere. Maybe, Yoongi would not change his mind.

Yet maybe, he was right around the corner, waiting to confess his love to them.

In the end, Taehyung would obtain such happiness and love from being with them, if it were to work out between the three of them – regardless of whether or not it would last a year or an eternity.

It was beautiful, in every single shape and form.

Taehyung proceeded to look up the ceiling for quite some time, his chest rising and falling in a steady beat, his hand remaining in Jimin's grasp.

Then, he turned to Jimin, a small smile on his face.

“I want to fight for him” Taehyung uttered, “I want to be with him, Min-ah”

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*Upstairs. My office. Right now. – Bunny*

For a brief moment, Jimin just stared at the letters that were displayed on his phone screen, confusion settling within him upon reading the message he had just received from Jungkook.

What could-

Suddenly, realisation bloomed within him. The pink haired boy's eyes went wide as he nearly choked on the food in his mouth. Coughing, he dropped his phone down on his lap and picked up his water bottle in order to jug down some of the cold fluid, thus hoping to calm down his throat.

“Min-ah, are you okay?” Hoseok worried, lowering his chopsticks down on his plate as he stared at Jimin with concern in his eyes.

Swiftly, the smaller boy nodded, taking one last sip before he placed the bottle back down on the table next to his plate.
“I'm fine, hyung. Thank you. I just ate too quickly” Jimin found an excuse, way too shy to admit to the actual reason that had caused the reaction of his body.

The brown haired one smiled at him before he reached for his chopsticks again and proceeded to eat his food.

*Perhaps,* Jimin had done something rather naughty earlier – something that would explain Jungkook’s message.

However, it wasn't of low probability that Jimin was wrong with his assumption... *right?* There might be another reason for his message. After all-

No. It had to be attributed to Jimin's earlier action.

*Oh god.*

Swallowing hard, Jimin picked up his phone again, his fingers swiping over his phone screen in order to open the chat with Jungkook. Hesitantly, he created a response, not noticing the quickening of his heartbeat.

*I'm eating lunch with hyung, Kook-ah. Is everything okay? I'll be done in like ten minutes.* – Jimin

*Ten minutes. My office.* – Bunny

Despite Jungkook's cute nickname depicted at the top of the screen, Jimin found himself gulp at the thought of going upstairs into Jungkook's office and facing him, an inevitable shiver running down his back.

It wasn't fear. It was... *anticipation.*

Jimin *might* have stuffed his food into his mouth a little faster after that last message he had received, nearly choking on the amount of rice in his mouth again as he barely chewed on his meal in order to swallow it down faster.

Hoseok *might* have given him some weird looks, clearly puzzled by Jimin's sudden behaviour.

“I'm done, huyng” Jimin announced, wiping the napkin over his mouth before he cleaned up his spot at the table, “I'll meet you for the next practice” he uttered before he got up to his feet and collected his plate and trash.

The taller boy titled his head to the side, furrowing his brows at Jimin, “Are you okay, Min-ah?”

“Mhm-mh” Jimin hummed in affirmation, flashing him a warm smile.

“Okay” Hoseok responded with a nod, waving him off, “Later, then” he chuckled.

Swiftly, Jimin turned around and rushed out of the lunch room.

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The smaller boy knocked on the heavy wooden door before he captured the door handle and twisted it in order to open the door and grant himself entrance to Jungkook's office. Hesitantly, he peeked inside, swallowing hard as he caught sight of his boyfriend sitting at his desk, “Kook-ah?” he called out softly.

Jungkook looked up from his papers, something flashing in his eyes upon the sight of Jimin, the
action sending another shiver down Jimin's back. The black haired one got up to his feet, dismissing his papers and waving Jimin inside, “Sit down, kitten”

**Kitten.**

That petname was usually reserved for moments revolving around their most intimate times.

“Y-Yes” Jimin uttered, his heart rate picking up as he entered the office and shut the door behind himself.

Shyly, Jimin approached the designated chair and sat down, Jungkook leaning against the desk rather than taking a seat again, his stare intent as he looked at Jimin. Under his dark eyes, Jimin felt vulnerable and timid, causing him to avert his gaze, his eyes glued to his lap instead as he fidgeted with the hem of his shirt.

"Look at me" Jungkook demanded, Jimin swift to oblige as he lifted his head, meeting Jungkook’s dark eyes, “What is this doing in here?” Jungkook wanted to know, picking up an item and displaying it to Jimin.

**Oh.**

**Jimin's pink collar.**

In the end, Jimin had in fact been right with his assumption.

Inhaling a shaky breath, Jimin’s gaze flickered from the collar in Jungkook’s hand up to his brown orbs that had never left Jimin's face – almost as though he was proceeding to study Jimin's features, trying to read his eyes.

“I... I wanted to give it back to you” Jimin responded softly, squirming in his seat under the intense stare, the boy digging his teeth into his bottom lip.

Maybe, Jimin omitted the fact of why he had actually placed it there. The prior courage and excitement that had been present in his body earlier this morning had now vanished, replaced by timidity under the intent gaze of Jungkook’s.

“Give it back to me?” Jungkook echoed, titling his head to the side, confusion visible on his handsome face.

“Yes” Jimin affirmed with a faint nod.

“Why would you give it back to me, little one?” he wanted to know.

At the thought of his answer, Jimin found his cheeks tinge a faint shade of rose, “I... I like the thought of you having it” he revealed, avoiding eye contact.

However, Jungkook wasn’t having it.

Gently, he reached out and grabbed Jimin’s chin, guiding his face back up in order to lock eyes with him, “And why is that?” he wondered.

“You can put it on me whenever you want, if it's in your possession” Jimin reasoned, his blush darkening.

At those words, Jungkook arched up his eyebrows, a slight display of a smirk adorning his handsome features, “Whenever I want, hm?”
“Y-Yes” Jimin affirmed breathy.

The black haired male ran the pad of his thumb along Jimin's bottom lip, his gaze fixated on Jimin's plump, pink lips, “What a naughtly little thing you are, aren't you, baby? Sneaked into my office just to give me this? Placed it on my desk so there was no way I wouldn't find it, didn't you, kitten?” Jungkook stated, his voice low and attractive, “What about the note, hm?”

Oh.

The note.

Jimin parted his lips in an attempt to answer, but couldn't find any words, seriously lacked the ability to form a coherent sentence – or any sentence for that matter. The poor boy only blinked as he observed how Jungkook slid the piece of paper over to Jimin.

I miss you. Please play with me tonight, Kook-ah.
- Kitten

“Isn't that what you wrote, Jimin-ah? Want me to play with you, hm? Even signed it with Kitten, didn't you?” Jungkook expressed, Jimin's cheeks flushing a darker shade of rose.

Oh.

The pink haired boy had been missing Jungkook so much, had missed his close proximity, falling asleep next to him, his hands on Jimin's body, his sweet, but sometimes dirty words, his arms around Jimin's delicate body, having sex with him. All of him.

Yes, maybe Jimin had been tempted – had been tempted to evoke a reaction in Jungkook by his behaviour, the thought of a potential punishment maybe having lurked him into this idea, the thought of Jungkook playing with him so addicting.

Could you blame him?

It has been so long.

After Taehyung had made him aware of the presence of the collar in his room, Jimin hadn't been able to stop his imagination from running wild, having craved Jungkook to play with him in whatever way he wanted.

Make him wear the collar. Punish him. Be rough. All of that beautiful stuff.

“I-I didn't sneak in” Jimin protested, shaking his head, “I wanted to give it to you, but you were in a meeting so I asked Jin hyung whether it would be okay for me to drop something off” he declared.

“What if hyung would have came in to check what it was?” Jungkook asked.

The pink haired one parted his lips, but shut them right after.

“Fuck, you would have loved that, hm?” Jungkook whispered, wetting his lips at the sight of Jimin's flushed cheeks.

For a moment, Jungkook just stared at Jimin, but then he forced his gaze down to the collar in his hand.

“Whenever I want?” Jungkook repeated, his digits playing with the pendant that had his name engraved into it, his eyes rushing back up to Jimin's, “Want me to play with you, baby? Want it
rough? Just say the word, little one, and I'll do anything”

Yes. Yes. Yes. Oh, please.

“Yes, please” Jimin whispered, his heart almost knowing where this was going, unconsciously triggering a wave of arousal, but there was also gratitude and happiness blooming within Jimin.

“What if I put it on you right now, hm?” Jungkook prompted, his pupils dilating as he leaned closer, “Made you wear it for the rest of the day”

The smaller boy gasped, subconsciously drawing his thighs together as he bit down on his bottom lip in order to muffle the whimper that had threatened to slip from his lips as well.

Apparently, Jungkook enjoyed that reaction, his smirk growing as he wet his lips, “Are you getting horny, baby? Love the thought so much, don't you? Love showing everyone who you belong to?”

“Yes” Jimin replied breathy.

There were plenty of reasons for why Jimin adored wearing the collar so much.

The fact of it displaying a sense of belonging was definitely a huge fraction of it.

Jimin loved it so much.

“Yes what” Jungkook pressed, Jimin not quite certain what he desired for Jimin to say, yet then assuming that he might needed for Jimin to say more than just a simple yes to convey his consent.

“Yes, I-I do love that, Kook-ah” Jimin elaborated, his gaze falling on the collar in Jungkook's hand, the taller male dangling the collar from one side to the other before he pushed himself off from the desk and walked past Jimin.

“Mhm, no, kitten” Jungkook protested, humming in dissatisfaction as he unfastened the collar, “It's Sir” he added, clearly emphasising the term and sending a shiver down Jimin's back as the boy felt how Jungkook wrapped the collar around his throat, “Do you understand?” he asked, leaning in to whisper those words right against Jimin's ear, his breath tickling on Jimin's hot skin as the younger male fastened the collar around Jimin's neck.

“Yes” Jimin breathed, swallowing hard.

“Yes what” Jungkook reminded him.

“Y-Yes, Sir” Jimin stuttered, swiftly correcting himself.

Frankly, Jimin had always waited for that day when Jungkook would finally make him call him that – had waited for it ever since the day that title had first been brought up in the midst of a conversation about their working relationship upon noticing the visible effect it had on Jungkook, yet also on himself.

However, now the usage of this word was not related to their work environment at all, but was used in a whole nother context – a sexual one.

Jimin was ecstatic.

In a way, it was just a simple word. Maybe, not one of particular huge significance, but then it had the same or at least a similar effect to the one Jimin felt whenever he was called a good boy or was referred to with any of the many petnames Jungkook called him by.
These words did hold a certain significance – at least to the two of them – despite them potentially just appearing to be simple words to anyone else.

There was something so beautiful and appealing to that.

“There you go” Jungkook praised, pressing his lips to the back of Jimin's ear, “Good boy”

At the praise, Jimin's heart fluttered as it was entranced, his hand reaching up to the collar, his fingertips brushing over the item wrapped around his throat. Pure happiness bloomed within Jimin upon the realisation of finally wearing the collar again.

It was intriguing.

“T-Thank you” Jimin whispered, “Thank you, Sir” he added, meeting Jungkook's gaze.

The black haired boy smirked, an emotion that appeared to be one of lust flashing in his gorgeous brown orbs. At the sight, Jimin's stomach stirred in arousal.

“Up, come on” Jungkook insisted, distancing himself from Jimin and taking a seat on his respective chair on the other side of the desk, across from Jimin.

Puzzled, Jimin blinked, observing Jungkook for a moment and watching him unbotten the cuffs on the wrists of his shirt before he rolled up his sleeves.

“W-What are you-” Jimin murmured.

“You were naughty, kitten, weren't you?” Jungkook interrupted him, not meeting his gaze, but rather focused on rolling up his sleeves or at least pretending to be, “Come here, you know what happens to naughty boys” he added.

The pink haired boy whimpered, the front of his pants growing tighter at the implied promise that had left Jungkook's lips.

“Bend over the desk” Jungkook ordered, pointing at his wooden desk.

“N-Now?” Jimin clarified.

“Did I stutter?” Jungkook wanted to know, arching up an eyebrow.

Hesitantly, Jimin approached Jungkook's side, halting in front of his chair, his eyes big in innocence, yet touched by a grasp of lust as he stared at Jungkook for the boy to manhandle him into the position he desired.

“Down” Jungkook demanded.

With that, Jungkook placed one of his palms on the small of Jimin's back, applying faint pressure in order to push him down, causing Jimin to bend over the desk the way Jungkook had ordered him to.

“There you go” the younger male uttered, his hand brushing over Jimin's inner thigh, “Your colour?”

Inhaling a shaky breath, Jimin looked back over his shoulder, “G-Green” he assured, Jungkook's palm resting on Jimin's bottom.

“You have to keep quiet” Jungkook informed him, his gaze fixated on Jimin's perky ass, almost urging him to deliver several spanks on it.
The pink haired boy nodded, swallowing hard, his adams apple bobbing against the collar around his neck in the process.

“Do you understand, Jimin-ah?” Jungkook wanted to know, sending a gentle tap to Jimin's butt in order to earn his attention, “Answer me”

“Y-Yes” Jimin breathed, giving another nod, “I'll keep quiet” he promised.

“Try again” Jungkook insisted, wetting his lips as he raised his hand up into the air.

Swiftly, Jimin tried to fathom what he had done wrong, his heart skipping a beat in horror. For a moment, his mind was racing, yet then he realised, “Sir” Jimin added, “Yes, Sir” he whispered.

“Good boy” Jungkook praised, kneading the flesh of Jimin's right buttccheek before he delivered a gentle smack to it, Jimin gasping and rocking forward at the blow, “Stay still” Jungkook commanded.

“Yes, Si-”

Suddenly, there were several knocks on the door.

For a moment, Jimin was frozen in his stance, caught off guard by the abrupt intruder, causing his mind to be blank for multiple seconds. Yet then, he acted quickly upon feeling Jungkook's hands on his hips that pulled him away from the desk.

“Baby, up” Jungkook uttered, Jimin obliging and fixing his posture, the door bursting open with Jimin barely able to create enough distance between the two of them to not make it seem too suspicious.

A sighing Jin walked into the room, carrying several sheets of paper in his hands, “Jungkook-ssi, I need your signature for these- Oh, hello, Jimin-ah” Jin changed the course of the sentence upon the sight of Jimin standing beside Jungkook, the smaller boy's cheeks flushed.

“How are you?” Jin wanted to know, a bright grin adorning his face as he started a conversation with Jimin in spite of the latter preferring to disappear from this moment as swiftly as human possibly, “I have barely been able to see you ever since you started to work here”

Unfortunately, that was actually true. The two of them had not been able to spend much time together at all, had barely caught sight of the other one whenever they were present in the company building simultaneously.

“Uh, y-yes, that's true. I'm good, thank you, hyung. How are you?” Jimin responded.

“I would be a lot better, if Jungkook-ssi would finally sign these” Jin commented with a faint hint of frustration, dropping the papers down on Jungkook's desk, “You left them downstairs, JK”

“Shit, right” Jungkook cussed, giving a nod as he picked them up with a swift motion of his hand, “Thank you, hyung”

“I-I'll go back down then” Jimin murmured, embarrassed by what Jin had nearly walked into. If the
other male would have actually caught them in such an intimate moment, Jimin would have wanted to leave this planet for good, “See you around”

“Wait, I didn't mean to interrupt” Jin noted, an apology audible in his voice as he turned to Jimin, “Why don't you-”

“I have to go back down to Hoseok hyung anyway” Jimin interrupted him swiftly, walking past the boy with a wave of his hand, not courageous enough to meet either of their eyes, missing Jungkook's smug smirk, “Bye” he muttered before he rushed out of the office, heading back downstairs as quick as possible.

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To Jimin's dismay, the poor boy did not quite notice that he was still very much wearing the pretty collar around his neck. In the midst of his embarrassment and his hurry to get back to work, he completely omitted that particular fact from his awareness.

Surely, it was pure bliss to have it on, yet Jimin wasn't certain whether this was the most appropriate environment.

It was the moment upon entering the practice room that Jimin realised, fortunately no one else currently occupying the room and catching him. As soon as Jimin saw his own reflection, he gasped, his hand rushing up to the collar around his neck, Jungkook's name dangling from side to side.

There was something almost daring about this...

Suddenly, Jimin's phone vibrated, startling the boy who immediately pulled it out from his trousers and checked his phone screen, a message having popped up on it.

You may take it off, little one, if you feel more comfortable that way. I don't want it to interfere with your work. – Bunny

The smaller boy caught his bottom lip between his teeth, lowering himself down to the floor and adjusting his position against the wall by leaning his back against it.

I like wearing it... – Jimin

I know you do, pretty. I love seeing you wear it, too. Just remember that you're present in the company building, hm? – Bunny

Evidently, Jungkook was right.

There was a fair line between wanting something and something being right or considered appropriate. Maybe, that line wasn't as obvious some times, but this occurrence definitely was one of those moments where it was not appropriate despite how much Jimin loved wearing it.

After all, what if someone saw him wear it? Clearly, there was Jungkook's name dangling from his throat. Undoubtedly, that would catch the attention of someone and might cause rumours to evolve in the company that would spread like wild fire until the two of them were in some deep trouble.

You're right... May I wear it later? – Jimin

Gently, Jimin reached up to his neck and unfastened the collar.
The smaller boy’s gaze trailed down to the front of his pants, noticing that it was still rather tight around the groin area due to Jungkook’s promise of punishing Jimin. The arousal was still very much vivid within Jimin, causing him to anticipate a continuation of that moment later on.

*Kitten, you can wear it all day every day, if that’s what makes you happy. – Bunny*

*I wanna wear it later, when we get home... – Jimin*

*You’re gonna put it back on as soon as we leave this building. I wasn’t done with you yet. - Bunny*

At those words, Jimin's heart fluttered in excitement.

The pink haired one caught his bottom lip between his teeth, pulling his knees up to his chest as he inhaled a shaky breath.

*Was I very bad? – Jimin*

*You were, kitten. – Bunny*

*What are you going to do to me? – Jimin*

Jimin blushed at the mere thought of being spanked tonight, Jungkook manhandling him over his lap, his big hands smacking his bottom a pretty shade of rose before he-

Maybe, it wasn't as favourable to allow his mind to run wild like this in his current environment.

*You'll find out soon enough, kitten. – Bunny*

“Jimin-ah, you're already here” Hoseok's voice startled Jimin, causing the boy to jerk up and drop his phone on his lap.

“A-Ah, hyung, yes” Jimin stuttered, giving a nod as he clumsily got up to his feet and brushed the dust off of his trousers.

“Great” Hoseok grinned at him, “Would you mind going over the choreo already?”

The pink haired boy shook his head, returning the smile, “No, not at all. We can start right away”

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“Mr. Jeon, you can't leave yet” a female voice noted, having approached Jimin and Jungkook who were heading towards the elevators on their way home.

It was much later that same day, the two of them finally having gotten off work after dealing with the heavy sexual tension and quite large extent of sexual frustration on Jimin's part. The poor boy couldn't wait to get home, had struggled to focus during practice and force his imagination to create anything but thoughts about a certain black haired boy.

Jungkook’s warm palm was resting on the small of Jimin’s back, keeping the boy close to his side and exuding a sense of safety for Jimin.

“And why is that?” Jungkook wanted to know, having halted upon hearing the voice, then turning towards the source of that particular voice.

“Your father needs you” Minji simply responded, not elaborating at all, once she had arrived at their side.
In a way, such an answer would frighten Jimin for at least a fraction of a moment. After all, what exactly was he needing Jungkook for, if they had just seen each other fifteen minutes ago?

Was he in urgent need? Was he in danger? Was he not feeling well?

“Now?” Jungkook wanted to know, Jimin's gaze flickering back and forth from Jungkook's to Minji's face in the midst of their exchange.

“Yes” Minji affirmed, giving a nod.

“What for?” the taller boy wanted to know.

Visibly, Minji hesitated, her gaze rushing to Jimin before she met Jungkook's eyes again, “This is confidential information, Mr. Jeon, I-”

“Jimin-ah won't spill shit” Jungkook interrupted her, his grasp around Jimin's waist tightening, “I trust him”

“Well, you can trust whoever you want, but I have my job and my orders” Minji replied, rolling her eyes at him.

It was odd to see her behave like that in Jungkook's presence. In the end, Jungkook was the son of her immediate boss and technically her boss just as much as he was the co-CEO of this entire company. Did she not fear him firing her for talking back to him like that?

Apparently, she felt very safe in her position.

Jimin couldn't imagine anyone else daring to speak like this with Jungkook.

“It is related to his trip” Minji revealed eventually, “It is crucial for you to do this right now. It's urgent, Jungkook-ah” she stressed, ultimately leaving Jungkook with little choice as it was his father that had demanded for him to meet him once again.

“Mr. Jeon” Jungkook corrected her, slightly annoyed by her addressing him with his first name – in an informal way.

“Yes. Right” she uttered, yet appeared to not care much about such reminder, “So, would you mind?” she pressed, pointing back over her shoulder.

Jimin bit down on his bottom lip, slightly bummed out that he had to wait even longer for Jungkook to take him home.

However, Jimin comprehended the urgency of this issue and was aware that Jungkook's profession required him to be available during times of the day that were supposed to be considered his free time. Co-owning a company had many perks, yet also many more obligations.

Besides, especially the last few days had demanded Jungkook's presence at the company a lot more than before as he was more than simply necessary as the co-CEO, thus this wasn't that surprising to Jimin.

With a sigh, Jungkook turned to Jimin, the smaller boy staring up at him with big eyes, “Little one, I'll be as quick as I can, I promise” Jungkook assured him, leaning in to press a kiss to Jimin's cheek, then lingering close to Jimin's ear, “You're going to wait downstairs in the car for me, understood? No touching yourself” he whispered into Jimin's ear, his hot breath tickling on Jimin's skin before he pressed another kiss on the spot behind Jimin's ear. At the touch and that order, a shiver ran down
Jimin's back and his cheeks flushed a shade of rose.

“Yes, Sir” Jimin whispered back, Jungkook humming in satisfaction and giving Jimin's waist a tender squeeze before he withdrew and followed after Minji.

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“Good afternoon, Beomsoo” Jimin greeted the man with a bright smile, Beomsoo returning the smile and executing a deep bow before he opened the door to the back seats in order to allow Jimin access.

“Jimin-ssi” Beomsoo replied joyful, “It is a wonderful afternoon indeed” he noted, giving a nod as he watched Jimin climb into the car. As soon as the smaller boy was seated inside, Beomsoo shut the door close.

Then, he climbed into the car as well, taking the driver's seat and twisting the key in the ignition, the engine coming to life a brief second later.

“Your place or Mr. Jeon's, Jimin-ssi?” Beomsoo wanted to know, meeting Jimin's gaze in the rearview mirror.

“Uh, neither” Jimin responded, shaking his head as he placed his delicate hands in his lap, “Not yet, Beomsoo. Jungkook-ah wants me to wait here until he's finished” he declared.

“I understand” Beomsoo replied as he shut off the engine, silence settling in the small space between them, “Would you want some music, Jimin-ssi?” he suggested.

“Uhm, whatever you want. I don't mind” Jimin uttered softly.

If anything, Jimin was longing for Jungkook solely – didn't want anything else, but that certain black haired boy. In the midst of his desire, he couldn't think of many other things, wasn't sure he wanted anything else at all.

Beomsoo hummed in acknowledgement, deciding to ultimately switch the radio on, a soft and quiet melody audible in the background a brief moment later, breaking the silence that had fallen upon them.

Hopefully, Jungkook wasn't going to take too long.

It wasn't that Jimin was turning impatient, it was just... okay, maybe a little bit – a tiny bit. The sexual frustration just didn't want to vanish from within him.

Yet, could you blame him?

Sighing, Jimin wobbled his leg up and down, pulling out his phone and checking whether he had received any new messages from Jungkook that he might have missed. However, he didn't.

Approximately fifteen minutes later, Beomsoo climbed out of the car, the sound of his door shutting after he had left waking Jimin who had been drowsing, his head leaning against the cold window of the vehicle, yet then jerking up at the noise.

Sleepily, the smaller boy rubbed his petite fist over his eyes, a cold breeze of air suddenly washing over him upon the door to the back seats being pulled open. At the low temperatures, Jimin shuddered, chills running down his skin as he glanced at the culprit.

A figure climbed into the car next to Jimin, the latter's heart skipping a beat as he realised that it was
Jungkook who took a seat beside him.

“Hey, little one” he greeted Jimin, leaning in to press a kiss to his temple, “I’m sorry you had to wait”

A content breath slipped from Jimin's lips as he nuzzled against Jungkook, shaking his head at his apology, “Don’t be. It's fine” he assured his boyfriend, Beomsoo returning to the driver's seat before he started the engine and pulled out of the parking spot, “Is everything okay?”

“I believe so” Jungkook answered, yet didn't elaborate.

Frankly, Jimin surely wouldn't understand much of their business related issues anyway, thus he didn't ask any further questions, but decided to rest the topic there.

Tenderly, Jungkook took Jimin's hand and interlaced their fingers, a smile curving Jimin's lips at the sweet gesture.

“Are you hungry, Jimin-ah?” Jungkook wanted to know, pressing his lips to Jimin's knuckles, “Should we have dinner at a restaurant, hm?”

At the suggestion, Jimin found himself whine.

Surely, it sounded endearing to have dinner with Jungkook at a restaurant, yet... yet Jimin just wanted to have Jungkook all for himself for the remainder of the night.

“I... That's a nice idea, but... but I just want to go home with you” Jimin responded, “Please” he added softer.

Jungkook smirked, humming in approval, “Okay, little one”

As the pink haired boy stole a glimpse at Jungkook, he noticed the lacking of the latter's seatbelt. Eyes blown wide, Jimin reached over and pulled at his respective seatbelt, causing Jungkook to raise an eyebrow at him.

“Safety” Jimin commented softly, fastening Jungkook's seatbelt with a gentle hand, then resting his palm on Jungkook's chest for a moment longer, his eyes still glued to Jungkook's handsome features before he met the other one's gaze.

“Thank you, kitten”

Hesitantly, Jimin leaned up, his eyes fluttering shut as he intended to press a kiss to Jungkook's lips, yet he never did. Instead, Jungkook grabbed his chin and halted his movement, Jimin's eyes fluttering back open.

“No?” Jimin whispered, nearly pouting at the rejection.

For a moment, Jungkook's gaze just flickered back and forth between Jimin's eyes, then a smirk adorned his defined features, “Beomsoo, the window”

“Yes, Mr. Jeon” Beomsoo responded, appearing to understand what Jungkook had referred to without further elaboration – opposed to Jimin who was lacking the knowledge. With a swift movement of his hand, a black window rolled up and segregated the backseat area from the front, allowing Jimin and Jungkook some privacy.

Oh.

“K-Kook-ah” Jimin breathed, leaning closer again in desperate esperance to be granted a kiss this
However, Jungkook hummed in dissapproval, his hand brushing Jimin's fringe out of his face before he leaned in, “Try again, kitten” Jungkook insisted, speaking right against Jimin's ear.

Gulping, Jimin caught his bottom lip between his teeth, containing the gasp that had threatened to slip from his lips, “I'm sorry” he apologised, immediately comprehending why Jungkook was dissatisfied with him.

“Mhm-mh”

“Sir, p-please-” Jimin tried again, yet then he wasn't quite certain what exactly he was begging for.

Was it a kiss? Was it a touch?

Frankly, Jimin would adore anything – at all.

“Yes?” Jungkook urged him, satisfied as he watched Jimin slip into that familiar submissive state, slowly but steadily. It was always such an intriguing, but beautiful sight to observe it happening. Slowly, Jimin's cheeks flushed a pretty shade of rose, his pupils dilated as there was lust and desperation visibly glistening in them and his sounds- *Fuck*, those pretty sounds.

“Please touch me” Jimin murmured, nuzzling against Jungkook's hand that was still caressing his cheek.

“I am” Jungkook pointed out smugly, amused by Jimin's response as the smaller boy huffed in frustration and shook his head at his words.

“N-No, more” Jimin begged.

“Do you think you deserve that?” Jungkook challenged, arching up his brows at Jimin.

Innocently, Jimin blinked, parting his lips to answer, but shutting them again as he didn't know what to say.

Jimin was a good boy, wasn't he? Yes, he was!

“I.”

“After trying to tease me today, hm?” Jungkook added, tilting his head to the side in a concentrating manner, “Placing the collar in my office like that? You wanted a reaction, kitten. Here it is”

*No.*

This is not what Jimin wanted!

Yes, Jimin wanted Jungkook to play with him, but... but not like this!

*Jimin wants to be touched. So badly.*

The smaller boy whimpered, his heart pounding fast against his chest as he turned to Jungkook. Hastily, Jimin fidgeted with his seatbelt, unfastening it in order to straddle Jungkook's lap.

However, as soon as Jimin had hooked one leg over Jungkook's lap, the latter hummed in dissatisfaction, shaking his head and giving Jimin's thigh a gentle tap.
“No, kitten” Jungkook protested, gripping Jimin's hips and lifting him back over into his respective seat.

“Kook-ah” Jimin whined.

“Safety, hm?” Jungkook reasoned in clear reference to Jimin's earlier concern, reaching over for the seatbelt and securing Jimin back in his seat, his hand brushing over Jimin's chest with the tips of his fingers, the touch sending a shiver down Jimin's back.

Somehow, Jimin couldn't help but believe that it was just a poor excuse for Jungkook to deny Jimin any ounce of control and restrict him from having any further contact like he desired.

The black haired one just wanted to tease Jimin.

“Stay still” Jungkook demanded, his voice firm, but the softness in his eyes always evoking comfort in Jimin.

“Yes” Jimin mumbled, “Yes, Sir” he swiftly added.

“Where is your collar, kitten?” Jungkook asked him, placing his hand on Jimin's thigh and giving it a tender squeeze before he rubbed it lower and caressed Jimin's inner thigh, thus so dangerously close to Jimin's most private parts.

For a moment, Jimin was distracted by Jungkook's touch, the poor boy blinking and stealing a glimpse at Jungkook's hand before he swallowed hard.

“Kitten?”

“My bag” Jimin answered softly, “It's in my bag”

In little to no time, Jungkook had fished the collar from Jimin's back, glancing at the item as a smirk curved his lips before he met Jimin's gaze, “Lean forward for me, baby”

Without an ounce of hesitation, Jimin complied and leaned forward, not needing a verbal explanation for what Jungkook was going to do as his behaviour didn't leave much room for imagination.

“Good boy” Jungkook praised him, his smirk growing upon noticing the whimper that slipped from Jimin's lips.

Gently, Jungkook wrapped the collar around Jimin's throat, fastening it in a skilfull motion and humming in satisfaction.

“Colour?” Jungkook wanted to know, curling two of his digits around the collar and giving it a tender tug.

“Green” Jimin breathed, gulping at the anticipation that was vivid within him, his adam's apple bobbing against the material around his throat.

“Up, kitten” Jungkook insisted, giving the collar another pull, forcing Jimin up in his position. The pink haired boy gasped at how he was being manhandled, his stomach stirring in arousal.

“Thank you, Sir” Jimin whispered, digging his teeth into his bottom lip.

“Now stay still, hm?” the younger male demanded.

“Yes, Sir” Jimin responded with a faint nod, placing his delicate hands in his laps, his chest rising
and falling quickly.

*How was he supposed to stay completely still for the entire car ride?*

*Jimin was doomed.*

Without any warning, Jungkook's hand found its way back on Jimin's inner thigh, his warm palm rubbing over it before he traced it further up towards Jimin's most priva-

“*Ah*” Jimin breathed, his thighs twitching at the feeling of Jungkook's hand brushing over his clothed penis that was already semi-hard – as embarrassing as it was, “*K-Kook-ah*”

“Sssh, kitten” Jungkook shushed him, his voice soft as he murmured those words right against Jimin's ear.

“Please” Jimin whispered, digging his teeth into his bottom lip as he bucked his hips into Jungkook's hand, frantic to be granted more of that heavenly feeling.

“What did I tell you?” Jungkook asked him, delivering a faint smack to Jimin's inner thigh, “Still, baby. Stay still” he reminded Jimin, the latter whimpering as he gave a nod.

“I-I'm sorry, Sir” Jimin apologised softly, inhaling a shaky breath as he clenched his hands into petite fists, trying his utmost to refrain himself from moving an inch.

The taller male hummed in acknowledgement, proceeding to caress Jimin's inner thigh, yet never moving closer to where Jimin needed him the most.

This was *torture*.

An eternity later – at least, that's what Jimin swore he had to endure – the car came to a halt, the engine shutting off before Beomsoo left the car and walked to the other side of the vehicle to open the door for them.

In order to exit the car, Jungkook withdrew from Jimin, the smaller boy suddenly no longer engulfed by the warmth the man was radiating or his prominent touch on his inner thigh that had not only teased him, but had also evoke a sense of comfort and protection.

From one second to the other, Jimin was feeling so cold – *so cold, and lonely*. The lack of contact was evidently having a physical effect on him.

Truly, an awful one.

The temporary loss was painful on Jimin's heart.

Maybe, the collar did have an emotional impact on Jimin? Maybe, it influenced his emotional capability, amplifying certain emotions and accelerating the approach towards his submissive state?

“*Jungkook-ah*” Jimin whined, swiftly unfastening his own seatbelt and scooting closer to the edge of the seat.

Suddenly, Jungkook lifted Jimin out of the car and tossed him over his shoulder, causing Jimin to shriek at the abrupt event, “*Kook-ah!*”

The black haired boy chuckled as he gave Jimin's bottom a gentle smack, silencing him immediately. In response, Jimin giggled, clinging onto Jungkook as the other one headed towards the apartment building – at least for what Jimin believed of occurring.
“Aren’t we going to say goodnight to Beomsoo?” Jimin wondered, a faint display of a blush on his face at the realisation of Beomsoo still being present by the car and surely witnessing the scene.

“Goodnight, Beomsoo” Jungkook called back, lifting one of his hands into the air in order to wave at the man.

“Goodnight!” Jimin yelled, merely managing to lift his head just as much as to catch a glimpse of Beomsoo, a fond smile plastered on the man's face as he waved back at them, “Are you going to carry me upstairs?” Jimin then wanted to know as soon as they had entered the building.

“Yes” Jungkook responded plainly.

“I can walk” Jimin pointed out, his head upside down, causing all the blood to rush down into it and making him feel slightly dizzy.

“I know you can, but you don't have to” Jungkook replied.

The pink haired male only rolled his eyes, but in all honesty – he didn't mind this at all.

Soon enough, they were upstairs in front of Jungkook's apartment, Jungkook still carrying Jimin as though he weighed nothing at all.

 Upon exiting the elevator, Jungkook set Jimin back down on his feet and took his hand into his own, the pink haired boy giggling again as he followed after Jungkook.

As Jimin lifted his head, his gaze fell on a man dressed in all black that was standing in front of Jungkook's apartment door.

For a moment, Jimin froze, a wave of fear washing over him for a reason that he couldn't explain. Frankly, it might just be the shock of the unexpected sight of another figure apparent in front of Jungkook's apartment, yet a shiver ran down Jimin's back all the same.

Who was this? What was he doing here?

“Joon” Jungkook addressed the man, giving a faint nod as he headed towards his apartment door, Jimin right at the heels of his feet, the hands of the two boys still interlaced as he flashed the man that Jungkook had referred to with 'Joon' a polite smile.

Seemingly, Jungkook appeared to know the man, thus Jimin didn't need to be concerned... right?

The other man returned the bow, Jimin almost certain that there was even a slight smile depicted on his face as he stared at Jimin, his strong features softening for a mere second before they retreated to his prior expression.

“Who is that?” Jimin wanted to know after he had entered the apartment, Jungkook shutting the door behind him.

“Joon” Jungkook simply answered as though that would decrease Jimin's curiosity solely. After all, Jungkook had just said his name five seconds ago to greet the man. Evidently, Jimin was now aware of the man's name, but that didn't elaborate who he was at all.

What was he doing here?

However, Jungkook didn't appear to be keen on having that conversation right now – Frankly, Jimin didn't need to know much more right now either. In the end, he was way too aroused to care much at
all, just wanted Jungkook.

“Now, come here” Jungkook prompted.

A few seconds later, Jungkook had Jimin pushed up against the bedroom wall in a swift and effortless motion, his hands curled around Jimin's thighs, his fingers digging into Jimin's soft flesh.

Slowly, Jungkook leaned in, lingering close to Jimin's lips, yet not close enough to call it a kiss, just gently brushing over Jimin's lips and evoking a whimper in the smaller boy who longed for more than this – already so entranced.

One of Jungkook's hands found it's way to the back of Jimin's neck, the taller man then finally crashing his lips on Jimin's and attaching them in a heated kiss.

Firmly, Jungkook pushed his hips forward, rubbing their groins together and creating such friction that earned him a moan from Jimin.

“Off, off” Jimin begged, pulling on Jungkook's shirt, yet Jungkook didn't seem pleased by his behaviour for he grasped Jimin's wrists and pushed them up against the wall, holding them secure above Jimin's head.

Jimin whined high in his throat, desiring to touch Jungkook everywhere.

Suddenly, the sound of Jungkook's phone ringtone echoed in the room, the two boys groaning in frustration as Jungkook distached his lips from Jimin's.

“Noo, Kook-ah” Jimin whined, shaking his head as he observed how Jungkook pulled out his phone.

“Fuck, it's my father” Jungkook revealed, his eyebrows furrowed upon the sight.

“Noo, Jungkook-ah, no” Jimin begged, leaning in to press his lips to Jungkook's throat in an attempt to convince him to stay, “Please” he added softly, poking his tongue out against Jungkook's neck before he placed another open-mouthed kiss in the sensitive area.

“Little one” Jungkook emphasised his name.

“I need you in me” Jimin whispered into his ear.

“Fuck, stop, baby” Jungkook groaned, approaching the bed and allowing Jimin to slip from his grasp by setting him down on the soft bed sheets, “I'll be quick” he assured Jimin, the phone in his hand still ringing.

Please don't leave.

“Don't play with yourself” Jungkook warned Jimin, his voice stern, yet somehow soft as he exited the room.

The pink haired boy huffed and kicked out his legs in sexual frustration, rolling onto his stomach and wailing into the pillow.

This was so unfair!

Jimin has been waiting the whole day. The whole day!

Sighing, Jimin rolled onto his side.
It was so darn hot in here, Jimin felt like he couldn't breathe.

Hastily, Jimin fidgeted with the buttons of his trousers before he managed to pull them down his milky legs and eventually kicked them down the bed. For a moment, he deliberated over whether or not to remove his shirt as well, yet decided against it.

Gently, he rolled back on his stomach, pressing his face into a soft pillow and inhaling a deep breath before he whined again.

Due to the position he was currently in, his semi-hard penis was pushed into the sheets beneath him, creating slight pressure that was merely uncomfortable. Carefully, Jimin adjusted his position, shifting around in an attempt to lie down differently, yet then brushing his groin into the sheets in a way that evoke stimulating friction.

“Ah” Jimin breathed out, biting down on his bottom lip to muffle his sounds.

Perhaps.... Perhaps, Jimin could release some of the tension by-

No. No, Jimin was a good boy. Yes, he was! Jimin wasn't going to-

Yet, Jungkook had only prohibited him from touching himself...

There had been no word of dry humping a pillow.

Digging his teeth into his bottom lip, Jimin reached for the pillow beside him and placed it further down on the bed. Cautiously, he straddled the pillow and returned to his prior position by lying down on his stomach, but this time his groin was pushed into a pillow, Jimin's legs spread around it, that way straddling it.

Gently, he pushed his hips forward into the pillow, gasping at the friction the motion created.

Finally.

The smaller boy repeated the movement, this time applying more pressure into his thrust, mewling out Jungkook's name as he hid his face in the pillow, his eyes fluttering shut at the sweet jolt of pleasure.

Tightly, Jimin grasped the sheets beneath him, twisting his fists into them and speeding up the motion of his hips, rolling them forward in a frantic manner, too focused on the sensation, controlled by the ecstasy.

No. No, Jimin-ah. Naughty!

“K-Kook-ah, please, yes” Jimin moaned, humping the pillow as he imagined it to be Jungkook.

Stop before you'll get in troub-

“What a naughty little thing you are” a male voice noted firmly, but still carried a teasing tone. The suddenness of the voice startled Jimin who halted his movement immediately, jerking up in his position and turning towards the door, “Couldn't even wait for me, huh?”

The black haired male was standing in the doorway, leaning against it with his arms crossed over his chest.

Jimin blinked, swallowing hard as he studied Jungkook's features in an attempt to define the emotions that were displayed in it, yet struggling to succeed. There was a slight smug smirk adorning
Jungkook's handsome features, but then it was gone – Gone and replaced by a rather firm expression, the man poking his tongue into his cheek as he pushed himself away from the wall and approached Jimin.

“I-I-” Jimin stuttered, trying to muster an apology, but lacking the ability to do so.

As Jungkook closed the distance between them, Jimin felt his heart rate pick up, a shiver running down his back as his eyes were glued to Jungkook's every move. There was such a vast sense of power exuding from Jungkook in that moment, causing Jimin to feel weak – weak and submissive.

Jungkook turned his head from side to side as he fumbled with the cuffs on the sleeves his shirt and opened them up.

“Take your clothes off” Jungkook demanded, not meeting Jimin's gaze, but proceeding to open the buttons of his cuffs, the act then enabling him to roll up his sleeves.

For a moment, Jimin just stared at Jungkook, blinking before he tugged on the hem of his shirt and removed it from his body almost subconsciously, tossing it to the floor next to the bed.

It was intriguing, yet also entrancing to witness the effect Jungkook had on him. With a mere demand or stare, Jimin would drop to his knees and oblige without needing a word of reason or clarification. In a way, Jimin was just acting accordingly to what his heart was telling him – and his heart was more than delighted to follow Jungkook's orders.

By all means, it was beautiful how happy and precious Jimin truly felt whenever he was obeying Jungkook.

“T-This, too?” Jimin asked softly, pulling on the waistband of his underwear.

“Yes” Jungkook responded, finally meeting Jimin's gaze, the latter barely capable to contain the gasp upon Jungkook's intent gaze.

Inhaling a shaky breath, Jimin laid back down on the bed and lifted his hips up into the air in order to pull down his underwear that he dropped on the floor as well, leaving him completely bare aside from the rosy-pink collar around his neck and his pretty pastel-pink socks.

Evidently, the colour scheme for Jimin was pink, his hair matching his remaining attire.

Nervously, Jimin stole a glimpse at Jungkook again, feeling timid under the intense stare as his naked body was now entirely on display, exposed to Jungkook's dark eyes.

“Touch yourself” Jungkook suddenly demanded, looking at Jimin as though he was his prey.

“H-Huh?” Jimin uttered, eyes big.

“Touch yourself” Jungkook repeated, wetting his lips as he walked backwards in the direction where the sofa was located, then halting as he had arrived in front of it, his eyes never leaving Jimin's figure.

The smaller boy swallowed hard, his heart skipping a beat, just to pound twice as fast against his chest, almost daring to jump out of his ripcage any moment.

To be fair, Jimin was not certain whether his ears had not deceived him there.

Was Jungkook really asking him to masturbate in front of him?
“Don't make me tell you again, kitten” Jungkook warned him, his eyes dark.

“I'm sorry” Jimin apologised swiftly.

Carefully, Jimin spread his legs, bending them at his knees as he rested his head on the pillows.

The younger man wet his lips, his pupils dilating as he leaned back against the backrest of the sofa. Opposed to Jungkook who was still fully dressed, Jimin was lying on the bed spread out, his bare skin on immediate contact with the soft bedsheets.

“J-Jungkook-ah” Jimin breathed nervously, lifting his delicate hand up and placing it on his fair stomach. Softly, he trailed his palm down lower, biting down on his lip as he observed his own hand move towards his most private parts.

“Your dick” Jungkook demanded, “Play with your little dick, kitten”

Jimin gasped at his order, aroused by his choice of words that was so obscene, yet had such an effect on Jimin. The pink haired male's eyes fluttered shut as he closed his petite hand around his penis, his cheeks tingling a faint shade of rose at the shyness that bloomed within him.

“Go on, kitten” Jungkook pressed.

Gently, Jimin gave his own penis a minor squeeze, the boy parting his lips as he whimpered at the touch, repeating the motion before he gave his throbbing member a quick tug.

It was odd to be aware that Jungkook was just standing there – watching Jimin play with himself. In a way, it caused Jimin to feel all the more timid, yet... yet then it also allowed a huge fraction of thrill and arousal to blossom within him.

Tenderly, Jimin ran the pad of his thumb over his sensitive tip, his thighs twitching at the sensation, a breathy moan slipping from his lips.

“K-Kook-ah” Jimin whimpered, his hips bucking up into his fist, his eyes fluttering shut at the jolts of pleasure residing in his body.

The pink haired boy got lost in the moment, his mind nearly omitting the fact that Jungkook was still very much present in the room and staring at him intently, not missing one movement of Jimin's.

“A-Ah” Jimin mewled, tugging on his erection as he arched up his back.

Surely, it was satisfying to finally be enabled some ounce of release, but Jimin desired Jungkook to be the one touching him. There was nothing that could compare to how Jungkook made him feel, thus Jimin's own hand just simply wasn't enough.

Jimin needed Jungkook.

Suddenly, there was a warm hand pressed against Jimin's cheek, the latter's eyes fluttering back open.

The black haired male was standing next to the bed, hovering above Jimin as he observed him playing with himself, a smirk curving his lips, such lust glistening in his gorgeous brown orbs.

Jimin sucked in a breath as he met Jungkook's gaze, still playing with his penis, yet now focused on Jungkook's handsome features. There was such a daring expression adorning Jungkook's face, somehow exuding such authority that it sent a shiver down Jimin's back.
Shyly, Jimin averted his gaze, his eyes falling on the front of Jungkook's trousers. Surprisingly, there was a tent visible in his groin area, a clear display of how affected Jungkook truly was. In a way, Jimin couldn't miss the bubble of pride that swelled within his chest, his heart fluttering at the realisation of having such an effect on the other one.

Softly, Jungkook traced his fingertips over Jimin's flushed cheek, then moving them closer to Jimin's full lips. Almost impulsively, Jimin parted his lips as he was anticipating Jungkook to push his fingers into his mouth.

Yet, he didn't.

Instead, Jungkook only smirked at the response, adoring how submissive Jimin was. Then, he grabbed Jimin's jaw and manhandled his head further back, causing Jimin's throat to be exposed to his eyes – hence, also his pretty pink collar.

The pendant with Jungkook's name dangled from side to side at the force of Jungkook's motion, Jimin gasping at the way he was being manhandled, his own hand having halted upon his focus having trailed over to Jungkook's behaviour entirely.

The response fed Jungkook's ego, the man wetting his lips at the sight of his name around Jimin's throat. For a moment, he just stared at the collar, yet then he studied Jimin's pretty features, not capable to resist that action upon being this close to his lover.

So goddamn beautiful.

Fuck, was he lucky.

A fond smile adorned Jungkook's features at the thought of Jimin being all his.

Then, Jungkook shook his head, not meaning to be distracted by Jimin's angelic features, but primarily intending to punish the sweet boy.

“Give me your hand, kitten” Jungkook uttered, straightening his back and clearing his throat, his entire aura one that exuded dominance again.

Immediately, Jimin lifted his hand up into the air and moved it close to Jungkook's body, assuming that it was what Jungkook had meant for him to do. Perhaps, Jimin should ask for elaboration, but he didn't.

It was only then that Jimin noticed the small bottle that Jungkook had been carrying in his unoccupied hand this whole time. Gently, Jungkook took Jimin's hand into his own as he opened the bottle up simultaneously.

“Colour” Jungkook asked, squirting a sticky substance on two of Jimin's fingers, the smaller boy digging his teeth into his bottom lip as he rubbed his two fingers against one another to warm the cold lube up.

“Green” Jimin ultimately assured, having been partially distracted by the act of Jungkook coating two of his fingers in lube.

“Play with your hole, baby” Jungkook ordered, wetting his lips, “I want to see you play with yourself, go on”

Carefully, Jimin obliged, moving his hand down inbetween his legs. In the meanwhile, Jungkook had walked around the bed again, coming to a halt at the edge of the bed, his gaze fixated on Jimin.
“Two fingers” Jungkook prompted.

Jimin blinked, staring at Jungkook with big eyes as he pressed two of his fingers against his rim, “N-Now?”

“Did I stutter?” Jungkook responded, clearly asking a rhetorical question as he raised up his eyebrows.

“N-No, Sir, I'm sorry” Jimin found himself whisper an apology, shaking his head as his cheeks flushed a darker shade of rose.

Cautiously, Jimin pushed his fingers past the sensitive ring of muscles, his mouth agape in a silent scream as his hole opened up around his digits and granted them entrance with only little resistance.

“Oh god” Jimin whimpered, arching up his back as his fingers dragged along his sensitive walls in the process of pushing them further inside of himself.

The black haired boy cursed at the sight, the sinful image having his dick grow to full hardness in no time. Jimin parted his full lips – those pretty sounds slipping from them, embodying a sweet melody to Jungkook's ears – his eyes were pressed shut, his nose scrunched up in pleasure.

“Pretty” Jungkook commented quietly, more to himself than anything, the boy having temporarily forgotten that he was still in the midst of his initial will to punish Jimin.

As soon as Jimin had two of his fingers settled within him entirely, he moaned out Jungkook's name, longing for more at the realisation of his digits being plainly too short to reach his most sensitive spot.

Frantically, Jimin pulled out his fingers again just to thrust them back inside, picking up a fast pace that was controlled by his desperation.

“P-Please, Kook-ah” Jimin begged, not certain what exactly he was begging there for.

Essentially, it didn't even matter.

In the end, he just wanted Jungkook.

*Perhaps, this was his way of punishing Jimin?*

For a moment, Jimin had completely forgotten that Jungkook had meant to punish him. After all, Jimin was now receiving quite a lot of pleasure. In spite of him being the one providing it himself, it had been Jungkook who had permitted him to touch himself.

*Maybe, Jungkook was going to punish him by not touching him at all?*

The smaller boy's eyes shot back open at the thought, a whine slipping from his lips as he scanned the room for Jungkook, a state of horror depicted on his own face.

“Kook-ah” Jimin whimpered, pouting as he proceeded to play with himself.

“Faster, kitten” Jungkook commanded, “Curl your wrist up”

Right away, Jimin complied, speeding up the motion of his fingers as he curled his wrist in just the way he believed Jungkook would usually do whenever he played with Jimin's hole.

The pink haired one shrieked at the sensation, but was quite aware that he still hadn't found his own prostate. It was as though it was a hidden place located in an area that was too far to reach, Jungkook
the only one who was able to detect it.

“Don't come” Jungkook decided, warning Jimin with a stern expression.

Jimin whined, his hips bucking up into his hand in order to reach deeper, yet it just wasn't enough.

Not knowing what to do with his other hand, Jimin just grabbed a fistful of the sheets beneath him, twisting them in his palm and crying out again as he proceeded to thrust his fingers in and out of his hole.

“Stop” Jungkook suddenly insisted.

Naturally, Jimin obliged, refusing to purposely misbehave again. No, instead, he was impelled to obey as his heart urged him to. The will to be a good boy was simply too strong for him to deny.

Immediately, Jimin stilled the movement of his hand, his chest heaving as he pulled out his fingers and dropped his hand to the side.

Slowly, Jungkook closed the distance between them, the self-assurance and dominance he exuded in his walk sending a shiver down Jimin's back. As a result of his confident demeanor, Jimin couldn't force his gaze away, was too mesmerised by the power he held.

In a way, it evoke a sense of comfort in Jimin, yet in moments as this one it made him feel so small and all the more anticipant of what Jungkook was going to do to him.

“Down” the taller man demanded, pointing towards the spot on the floor in front of the bed.

Hesitantly, Jimin lifted himself up from his position, staring at Jungkook for a moment before he complied, the boy dropping down on his knees, the soft rug right beneath his body.

“Turn around” Jungkook ordered, hooking two of his fingers around Jimin's collar and manhandling him back up, “Over the bed”

The smaller boy gasped, whimpering as he was pushed to bend over the bed, his upper body resting on the soft sheets, his butt up in the air.

“Like that” Jungkook insisted, satisfied with the position, “Stay”

“Y-Yes, Sir” Jimin whispered, his entire body trembling in anticipation as he pressed his cheek into the sheets, his palms grabbing a fistful of the soft fabric and twisting it into his hands.

“Tell me your colour” Jungkook urged, delivering a swift smack to Jimin's bottom.

Yelping, Jimin rocked forward, his stomach stirring in arousal as he tried to look back at Jungkook, “Green” Jimin reassured him, not certain what Jungkook was going to do, but aware that he would adore anything – whatever Jungkook desired to do to him.

Gently, Jungkook pulled Jimin's buttcheek to the side, cold air brushing over Jimin's sensitive rim, sending a shiver down his back. Without any warning, Jungkook pushed a cold and sticky item against the sensitive ring of muscles.

“K-Kook-ah” Jimin breathed out, shrieking as Jungkook thrusted the item past his rim, a loud squelch echoing in the room. Involuntarily, Jimin arched up, his eyes fluttering shut at the stretch.

In response, Jungkook placed his hand on the small of Jimin's back, applying faint pressure in order to push him back down on the bed entirely, Jimin immediately obeying.
The width of the item was nothing compared to Jungkook's penis, was approximately as thick as two fingers of Jimin's, yet the stretch was still heavenly.

However, Jimin was curious about what exact identity the item possessed. It wasn't any sex toy Jimin had ever felt inside of him before – At least he couldn't recall any moment where this particular item had been settled within him.

This was new.

“A-Ah, o-oh god” Jimin cried out.

“Sssh” Jungkook cooed, still pushing the item inside of Jimin until it was settled inside of Jimin's hole entirely, a small part remaining outside that appeared to be slightly thicker than the remainder of the item, “There you go, pretty”

Jungkook ran his hand through Jimin's hair, brushing strands of his pink hair out of his face before he leaned closer, his lips against Jimin's ear.

“This is going to stay, kitten, understood?” he demanded, his hot breath tickling on Jimin's skin before he pressed his lips to the back of Jimin's ear.

“Yes” Jimin whimpered.

Smack.

“Yes, Sir” Jimin shrieked.

“I was going to eat you out for being such a good boy. For waiting so damn patiently” Jungkook revealed, straightening his back again with a sigh, “Was going to let you sit on my face until you came for behaving like the good boy I thought you were after I had to leave for my phone call” he added, Jimin whimpering at the thought of being eaten out, yet then whining at the disappointment in Jungkook's voice, “What a pity, hm?” Jungkook noted, his palm rubbing over Jimin's soft back, “You just had to misbehave and touch yourself, hm? Couldn't wait like a good boy, could you?”

Swallowing hard, Jimin looked back over his shoulder, “I'm sorry, Sir” he whispered sincerely in shame, not having meant to disappoint Jungkook.

“I didn't tell you to speak” Jungkook remarked.

Eyes wide, Jimin blinked, “I-” Jimin barely managed to catch himself and prevent himself from misbehaving again by pressing his lips into a line.

“What if you just don’t come at all, hm?” Jungkook suggested, faint amusement audible in his voice, “Would you learn then?”

No! That was so mean!

“N-” Jimin whined, shaking his head.

“No?” Jungkook muttered, “Too desperate, aren't you?”

As Jimin wasn’t allowed to speak, the pink haired boy only gave a weak nod, his cheeks tinging a darker shade of rose as he admitted to how desperate he actually was.

“Answer me” Jungkook pressed.
“Yes, p-please, let me come” Jimin begged, pushing his hips back against Jungkook.

Smack.

“Sir, please” Jimin swiftly corrected himself after gasping at the smack.

Smack.

“Behave” Jungkook demanded sternly, “Stop moving without permission”

The smaller boy whined, “Yes, Sir”

It wasn't that Jimin was intentionally disobeying, but it was so darn difficult to behave and stay still despite how desperately he tried. The two of them were aware that it was one of Jimin's weaknesses whenever they shared one of their most intimate moments.

“Down” Jungkook ordered.

Body still shaking, Jimin obeyed and got up from the bed, his back bumping into Jungkook's chest in his clumsy execution.

“S-Sorry” Jimin uttered, intending to turn around, yet Jungkook curled his hand around Jimin's hip and secured him in his position.

“Careful” Jungkook murmured against his ear, pushing his body against Jimin's, the smaller boy gasping at their close proximity, feeling the warmth Jungkook was radiating so incredibly near.

Tenderly, Jungkook pressed his lips to the back of Jimin's ear, Jimin's eyes fluttering shut as he tilted his head to the side in order to expose more of his skin to Jungkook. The latter smirked against him, placing more open-mouthed kisses on Jimin's sensitive nape before he withdrew.

“Turn around. On your knees”

Immediately, Jimin dropped to his knees, whimpering as the item shifted inside of him, pushing right against his sensitive walls. In his haze and will to obey, Jimin's mind must have disregarded the fact that Jungkook had prior – in fact, just mere seconds ago – settled an item inside of Jimin's hole.

Jungkook slid his hand through Jimin's hair, grabbing a bundle of his pink locks and forcing his head back into his neck. The smaller boy sucked in a breath, yet then caught his bottom lip between his teeth as his penis twitched in excitement.

“So pretty, aren't you?” Jungkook commented, his voice low, the boy proceeding to run his hand through Jimin's hair. “And all mine” Jungkook uttered, “Aren't you?”

“Y-Yes, Sir” Jimin affirmed breathy.

To Jimin's dismay, Jungkook withdrew, removing his hand from Jimin entirely.

In his anticipation, Jimin's chest rose and fell quickly, his breathing uneven as he waited for Jungkook to touch him again, to say something, to do anything at all.

Shyly, Jimin lifted his head, stealing a glimpse at Jungkook's handsome features with big, innocent eyes.

“Sir, I-” Jimin whispered, but went silent upon the sight of Jungkook opening his mouth to speak.
“You only speak, when I address you” Jungkook decided, “Understood, kitten?” he pressed, grabbing Jimin's chin to remain eyecontact with him.

“Y-Yes, Sir, I understand” Jimin responded with a faint nod, the lower region of his stomach stirring in agitation at the unfamiliar order.

Jungkook withdrew his hand again, dropping it back to his side as he proceeded to stare at Jimin with dark eyes.

The smaller boy blushed under the intent stare, not certain where to look, feeling almost helpless and vulnerable as he didn't know what to do with himself.

Was he supposed to beg?

Was he allowed to touch?

However, Jungkook didn't say anything. Nothing. At all.

_Maybe, this was his punishment._

“Close your eyes” Jungkook demanded.

Jimin obliged, his eyes fluttering shut as he inhaled a shaky breath. Inevitably, his heart skipped a beat, expecting something – _anything_ – to happen.

Yet, it didn't.

It took every ounce of self-control that Jimin could muster within him to refrain himself from opening his eyes again and violating Jungkook's order.

Suddenly, the taller man placed his hand against Jimin's flushed cheek, the tips of his fingers tracing over Jimin's soft skin before he ran his hand through Jimin's pink locks. The gentle touch sent goosebumps over Jimin's milky skin, a gasp slipping from his lips as his head was manhandled back into his neck.

Jimin attempted to maintain calmness, his desire pleading for him to verbally beg for more.

But, Jimin wanted to be good.

Tenderly, Jungkook ran the pad of his thumb along Jimin's bottom lip, the latter parting his lips nearly impulsively, his eyes still pressed shut despite the urgency to open them.

Slowly, Jungkook pushed his thumb past Jimin's full lips, his other hand still tangled in Jimin's messy pink hair, securing his head in the position he desired as he proceeded to slide his thumb into Jimin's mouth.

Subconsciously, Jimin wrapped his lips around Jungkook's digit, his tongue curiously poking against it before a breath slipped past his lips. Carefully, he sucked on Jungkook's thumb, but the other one indicated to remove his digit.

As a result, Jimin chased after him, violating the prior order and moving his body. As an immediate punishment, the item within Jimin's hole pushed against his sensitive walls, evoking a high-pitched moan in Jimin who allowed Jungkook's thumb to slip from his lips.

“Be good, kitten” Jungkook warned.
The pink haired boy nodded, determined to behave.

Jungkook’s hand was gone entirely, warmth no longer engulfing Jimin, that fact upsetting him. The poor boy wasn't sure whether he was permitted to open his eyes, thus deciding to keep them shut until Jungkook verbally allowed him to do just that.

There was some rustling audible, Jimin assuming that Jungkook was walking around in the room. Yet, even then, Jimin didn't dare to open his eyes and affirm his assumption, refused to misbehave.

For a few minutes – that felt like a torturous eternity – Jimin just remained sitting there on his knees, his heart pounding fast against his chest, his arousal simply too vast and urging his heart to act.

The pink haired one whined, reaching out to Jungkook with a pout in his prominent need for attention and for obtaining even the slightest touch.

But, Jungkook took a step back, humming in disapproval and denying Jimin any kind of touch, “No, kitten”

In response, Jimin whimpered, every fibre of his very being begging to touch Jungkook, to be touched by him.

However, instead, he was served with absolute disregard, punished with silence.

“P-Please” Jimin uttered, his voice just above a whisper, “Please, Sir”

“Look at me” Jungkook insisted, Jimin quick to comply, his eyes fluttering back open.

Due to the sudden exposure to light, Jimin blinked several times until his eyes had adjusted to the illumination of the room. Frankly, the light in the room was dimmed to begin with, the bedroom illuminated in only faint light that inhibited absolute darkness to lie upon them.

They shared a glance, an emotion flashing in Jungkook's eyes that Jimin lacked the ability to define in his prominent desire. However, there wasn't much time for him to contemplate anyway, Jungkook already speaking up again.

“Go on” Jungkook permitted.

Slightly puzzled, Jimin only stared at Jungkook with big eyes.

“Work for what you want, kitten” Jungkook insisted, pointing at his own crotch, resulting in Jimin's eyes to grow even wider as he finally understood.

Delighted, Jimin reached up with shaky hands, almost hastily unbuttoning Jungkook's belt and zipping down his pants. Too eager to finally please Jungkook, Jimin didn't even manage to tug down his trousers to his ankles entirely, but pulled them just low enough to reveal Jungkook’s erection.

At the sight of the throbbing member, Jimin’s mouth watered, his own penis twitching in excitement. There was always such a sense of pure happiness blossoming within Jimin whenever he was allowed to give Jungkook a blowjob.

However, despite the urgency that bloomed within him, Jimin did not move an inch until he was permitted to go further.

“Suck, kitten” Jungkook commanded.

Jimin didn't need to hear any more than that.
Eagerly, he reached out for Jungkook's erection, wrapping his petite hand around it in order to guide the tip to his mouth. Poking out his tongue, Jimin licked a stripe over Jungkook's hard length, humming in joy.

Slowly, he twirled his tongue around the tip before he pushed it past his plump lips.

“Hands behind your back” Jungkook insisted.

The smaller boy whimpered around the length in his mouth, his eyes fluttering shut as he tasted the pre-cum on his tongue, savouring it in delight. Diligently, Jimin pushed the erection further into his mouth, relaxing his throat as he sank down on Jungkook's throbbing member.

As Jimin was supposed to restrict his own hands to his back, the poor boy held onto his wrist with one hand while he clenched the other one into a small fist. Carefully, he forced his head further down, ignoring the burning in his throat and the prominent rejection of his gag reflex.

In a way, it was quite more difficult to suck Jungkook off without using his hands at all. Naturally, Jimin would hold onto Jungkook’s thighs for leverage or pump the remainder of his hard length while he took his time to adjust to his size.

This was different.

In fact, it was quite a new experience that Jimin would need to accustom to.

However, it surely was intriguing.

Curiously, Jimin bobbed his head up and down, the foreign position of kneeling in front of a standing Jungkook also requiring some adjustment for Jimin.

“Such a good boy” Jungkook praised, exhaling a content sigh at the heavenly feeling of Jimin's sinful lips being wrapped around his dick, the wet heat surrounding it.

Inevitably, Jimin hummed at the praise, his heart fluttering in joy as he squeezed his eyes shut tighter, simultaneously sinking down lower on Jungkook's erection.

As always, Jimin was diligent to deepthroat, aware that-

Suddenly, something buzzed within Jimin's hole, sending jolts of pleasure through his entire body without any word of warning. At the abrupt and unexpected stimulation, Jimin's eyes shot back open, the boy gasping, causing him to choke around Jungkook's penis.

In response, he ended up coughing and spluttering around Jungkook's hard length, forced to pull off in order to calm his throat down.

What was this?

A vibrator?

“Mhm, your new toy, kitten” Jungkook commented with a smirk, answering his unspoken question. The taller man's palm was closed around a small device, his thumb pressing a certain button on the particular item.

At that, the vibration of the toy increased, causing Jimin to jerk up, “W-Wh- Ah!” he shrieked, his eyes rolling back into his head.

“What a fun little thing, hm?” Jungkook noted smugly, wetting his lips at the sight of Jimin crying
“K-Kook-ah, I- Oh god!” the poor boy whimpered, reaching out to grab Jungkook's thighs for leverage as he attempted to move away from the intense vibrations within his hole – yet, he just couldn't. Obviously.

“Tell me your colour, little one” Jungkook insisted, his voice softer.

“G-Green” Jimin assured, digging his teeth into his bottom lips as he pressed his forehead against Jungkook's thigh.

The pink haired boy whined high-pitched in his throat, his entire body shaking at the overwhelming sensation. Gently, Jungkook ran his hand through Jimin's messy hair, petting his head before he gave the bundle of pink locks a tender tug and manhandled Jimin back into his prior position.

“Keep going” Jungkook insisted.

Swiftly, Jimin wrapped his lips around the tip of Jungkook's penis again. This time, he was capable to sink down on his hard length a lot faster as his throat had already adjusted to a big fraction of Jungkook's size. Thus, Jimin was almost certain that he wouldn't need much more until he would finally reach the base.

“A-Ah, ngh, oh gahd” Jimin cried out around Jungkook penis, squeezing his eyes back shut as he had somehow managed to shift in his position that clumsily that forced the toy inside of his hole to push right into his prostate.

“Don't come” Jungkook warned, sensing Jimin's fast approach.

Somehow, Jimin had an idea of where this was going.

The mere thought alone caused Jimin to whine high in his throat, the poor boy staring up at Jungkook with needy eyes.

Desperately, Jimin attempted to focus on anything else, but the intense vibrations against his sensitive bud that were driving him absolutely insane. Willing to please, Jimin concentrated on satisfying Jungkook, bobbing his head up and down in a fast pace.

However, it definitely wasn't easy. No, not at all.

Subtly, Jimin tried to change his position, wiggling his butt around in an attempt to remove some high pressure on his prostate. Carefully, he moved his hands down to his butt in an endeavor to pull on the toy ever so slightly.

Yet, Jimin wasn't subtle at all.

Firmly, Jungkook hooked two of his fingers around the back of Jimin's collar and gave it a harsh pull, forcing Jimin off of his hard length. The smaller boy whined, a streak of spit connecting his mouth to Jungkook's erection.

“What did I tell you, kitten?” Jungkook wanted to know, his eyes dark as he observed Jimin.

At this point, Jimin's brain needed some seconds to process Jungkook's words, then requiring a little more time to try and form a coherent sentence. The toy that was still very much buzzing within him was not helping at all.
“I-I-” Jimin stuttered, failing to recall what Jungkook was referring to as he was caught off guard by the question.

“Answer me” Jungkook pressed, giving Jimin's collar another tug.

The pink haired boy gasped, his penis twitching at the way he was being manhandled. However, he was diligently attempting to remind himself of what Jungkook had demanded for him to do.

“No moving” Jimin recited eventually, “H-Hands behind my back” he added, swallowing hard as he met Jungkook's dark gaze.

“There you go” Jungkook responded, pulling on Jimin's collar again, “Is it so damn difficult for you to follow some fucking orders?”

“I-I... The toy, it- It's too high” Jimin whined, digging his teeth into his bottom lip as he blushed, ashamed and disappointed in himself for not managing to obey, but then also needing Jungkook to know that he was making such a big effort, wanted to behave so badly.

“Too high, huh?” Jungkook echoed, poking his tongue into his cheek, a faint smirk adorning his handsome features.

Then, Jungkook pushed a button on the device in his hand again, increasing the vibrations of the toy inside of Jimin to spur a reaction.

“A-ah!” Jimin shrieked, jerking up in a poor attempt to move away from the intense stimulation, “N-No, please” he begged, erratically shaking his head.

Jungkook slid his hand through Jimin's hair again, the latter finding comfort in the touch. Frankly, Jimin wasn't certain whether it was Jungkook's intention to soothe Jimin by playing with his hair, but he did all the same.

“Is it pushing right against your prostate, hm?” Jungkook wanted to know, Jimin crying out as he gave a swift nod.

“Y-Yes, Sir” he gasped, involuntarily pushing down into the toy as though he was seeking for more stimulation, too lost in the feeling.

In a way, his arousal was telling him one thing while his brain was telling him a whole nother thing. There was something not adding up there, his heart and brain in a constant battle of which to follow.

“Look at that” Jungkook noted, his tone low, “Look at how much you're leaking, kitten. Is it too much?” he added, intrigued by the sight of drops of pre-cum leaking from the tip of Jimin's dick, making a mess he just knew Jimin loved.

Hesitantly, Jimin followed Jungkook's gaze, whimpering at the sight of the mess he had created – *inevitably*, to mention.

“I-I, please, Sir” Jimin whispered, stealing a glimpse at Jungkook's face, “M-May, I come?”

For a moment, Jungkook stared at him, his gaze flickering back and forth between Jimin's desperate eyes.

“No” he then denied.

The smaller boy sobbed, convinced that he wasn't going to last much longer with how absolutely
intense the stimulation of the toy was.

It was as though he had been forced to accelerate towards his big release by a hundred miles, tipping close to the edge in mere seconds despite how diligently he tried to withhold that feeling and refrain himself from coming.

This toy was torture, yet pure bliss simultaneously, Jimin not certain whether it had brought him to heaven or hell.

*Maybe, just both.*

“P-Please, I-I can’t” Jimin sniffed, shaking his head, “It's- Too much, *please*”

“Don't come” Jungkook still denied, his voice calm and collected, opposed to Jimin's that was full of desperation and touched by slight vulnerability. Attributed to having sucked Jungkook off for several minutes already, Jimin found his voice to be sounding somewhat foreign to his own ears, strained in a way – even if only to a small degree.

The pink haired boy parted his lips in a silent scream, clenching his hands into petite fists as his entire body was trembling at the intensity of the feeling.

“P-Please” Jimin begged, his voice just above a whisper as he tossed his head back into his neck.

For a moment, Jungkook just proceeded to observe Jimin with intent eyes, just as entranced as he was turned on by the sight of Jimin being in utter pleasure and bliss, his pretty features scrunched up in ecstasy.

However, the poor boy naturally struggled to contain his releases, if Jungkook wasn't there to restrict him in some way, thus he was trying so damn hard to behave and prevent himself from tipping over the edge.

Suddenly, the vibrations decreased, Jungkook appearing to have mercy, having lowered the vibrations just as Jimin had stumbled towards the edge.

The smaller boy sobbed, only then realising the tears that were prickling in the corner of his eyes upon the inevitable overwhelming feeling and the desperate will to behave despite how darn difficult it was.

“Ssh, good boy” Jungkook praised, playing with Jimin's hair to soothe him, only a soft buzzing lasting in Jimin's hole that was rather bearable and not too dangerous.

“T-Thank you, Sir” Jimin whispered, nuzzling up into Jungkook's touch.

Slowly starting to get distracted by Jungkook's gentle touch, Jimin found his heart feel guilty at the realisation of having disrupted Jungkook's pleasure for the second time now. In the midst of satisfying him, Jimin had been forced to pull off two times, thus preventing Jungkook from finding his release.

Hastily, Jimin reached for Jungkook's erection again, sliding it past his lips without needing to hear a demand from Jungkook. The taller boy groaned at the sudden feeling of Jimin's wet heat surrounding his dick, sending jolts of pleasure through his body as Jimin sank down lower on his hard length without taking his time to adjust to his size.

Determined to deepthroat quickly this time, Jimin ignored the rejection of his gag reflex, disregarded the burning of his throat as he squeezed his eyes shut and forced Jungkook's erection down lower.
As the vibrations of the toy weren't as intense anymore, it was a lot easier for Jimin to focus on pleasing Jungkook, no longer distracted by his own stimulation or his neglected penis that was begging to be permitted to find its release.

Eagerly, Jimin bobbed his head up and down, his hands pressed to his back again as he was trying to obey solely.

The sounds that Jimin was making were obscene, echoing in the room that was dipped in silence aside from Jimin's gagging and his pretty whimpers, an occasional groan or curse word from Jungkook audible in the room as well.

“Good boy” Jungkook growled, tightening his grasp in Jimin's hair.

The slight pain these occasional tugs created caused Jimin to moan around Jungkook's penis each time, Jimin's stomach stirring in prominent arousal as he stared up at Jungkook with big, begging eyes.

A particular desire was still vivid in Jimin's core, every fibre of his very being longing for it ever since he had first imagined it. Now, in the midst of such an intimate moment, Jimin couldn't contain that severe craving to erupt in his heart.

At the sight of Jimin's innocent eyes, Jungkook wet his lips, his gaze trailing down to the image of his dick disappearing past Jimin's sinful lips. Then, his gaze rushed back up to Jimin's eyes, an emotion flashing in his beautiful doe eyes – carrying a nonverbal request – that sparked Jungkook's interest.

“Off” Jungkook insisted, Jimin obliging and withdrawing, his hands still bound to his back, his chest heaving as Jungkook's penis slipped from his mouth.

For a moment, they just stared at one another, Jungkook's hand still tangled in Jimin's pink locks, the smaller boy then bundling up all the courage – or perhaps foolishness – he could muster and reaching up to Jungkook's larger hand.

“P-Please, Sir” Jimin begged, the two of them already perceiving of what Jimin was begging there for without Jimin having to spell it out for Jungkook.

After all, it was something Jimin had mentioned before, had in fact shyly requested for Jungkook to do to him one day.

_Maybe, today was finally the day?_

“Are you sure, kitten?” Jungkook asked for reassurance, aware that Jimin was too far gone in his haze of hot pleasure and pure submissiveness, resulting in a potential desire or request that he wouldn't voice in a sober state.

“Y-Yes, please” Jimin whispered, frantically nodding.

“Colour, baby” Jungkook urged, brushing strands of Jimin's pink hair out of his face, refusing to go any further until he was certain that Jimin was earnest in his wish, as well as comfortable and safe.


At Jimin's eager state, Jungkook couldn't help but smirk, the man wetting his lips as he ran the pad of his thumb along Jimin's pink bottom lip, “If you want me to stop, you slap my thigh three times. Okay, little one?” he prompted.
Right, Jimin thought, almost intending to slap himself at his utter ignorance. Well, maybe it was still attributed to his lack of experience, but Jimin had completely forgotten that he would not be capable to call out his safeword, if Jungkook was to grant his wish.

Fortunately, Jungkook was there to always establish a save environment and protect Jimin before the pink haired boy even realised it.

Swiftly, Jimin nodded.

“No, baby. Use your words” Jungkook pressed, humming in disapproval of Jimin’s nonverbal agreement as he gripped Jimin's chin.

“Yes, Sir, I understand” Jimin assured him genuinely.

However, Jungkook didn't appear to be pleased at all, staring at him for a moment longer with narrowed eyes. “What will you do, if you need me to stop?” Jungkook asked again.

“Slap your thigh three times” Jimin responded, his neediness and urgency to finally realise his request nearly causing him to roll his eyes at how overprotective Jungkook was.

Yet, it was sweet. Comforting. Heart fluttering.

“As hard as you can, okay?” Jungkook pressed, his gaze still intent, but now the affection glistening in them was a lot more prominent, the lust brushed to the side for as long as Jungkook wasn't sure of Jimin's safety.

“As hard as I can” Jimin echoed softly, “I promise, Kook-ah”

After staring into Jimin's eyes for a moment longer, Jungkook gave a nod.

Gently, Jungkook slid his hands through Jimin's hair, then firmly grasped a bundle of his pink locks. The smaller boy stared up at Jungkook with big eyes, breathing heavily through his nose, his eyes fluttering shut in anticipation.

Then, Jungkook thrusted into Jimin's mouth, the latter gagging around his hard length.

For a fraction of a moment, Jimin's heart skipped a beat in anxiety.

Surely, giving a blowjob wasn't anything foreign to Jimin at this point. In fact, he adored sucking on Jungkook's penis so darn much, was almost certain that he could spend hours doing it just for the sake of having his mouth filled.

If anything, even deepthroating wasn't a huge obstacle for Jimin anymore, the boy finally capable to force Jungkook's hard length down his throat with only little struggle. Evidently, Jimin had learned to relax his throat, but he was still learning each and every time. It always required some time for Jimin to adjust to the size, to get accustomed to the faint burning in his throat and the tears in his eyes.

But, he loved it – loved it so much.

However, this – this was different.

Naturally, Jimin would be the one to set the pace. Naturally, Jimin was able to pull off, if it all got too much for him to bear. Naturally, Jimin was capable to decide how far down he managed to go.

Then again, to be fair, Jimin always tended to inevitably be frantic and eager in his movements either way. Yet, even that was a decision that Jimin made – if you could call it a properly sane decision for
Jimin was always driven by his will to be good.

Now, he was at Jungkook's mercy solely.

Jimin was secured in Jungkook's grasp, forced down on his knees and held in position while Jungkook was going to use his mouth for his own pleasure.

In a way, there was no control that Jimin possessed over the situation at all.

No, all Jimin could do was kneel there and be used.

That thought excited him, a wave of thrill and anticipation running through his body as much as there was a faint fraction of nervousness.

However, Jimin felt safe.

The shorter male trusted Jungkook with his entire heart, was aware that he would stop any moment, if Jimin chose to smack his thigh.

“Fuck” Jungkook cursed, groaning out as he pulled his hips back before he repeated the prior motion and thrusted into Jimin's mouth. Slowly, Jungkook picked up a steady pace, not yet relentless, but still maintaining a certain force in his thrusts.

In his will to please, Jimin tried to relax his throat, disregarding the faint burning of his throat or the aching of his jaw at the way Jungkook was thrusting his penis into Jimin's mouth repeatedly. In a way, Jimin didn't even need to try to ignore those feelings much at all, was so high on euphoria and the very vivid pleasure he was receiving himself by pleasing Jungkook, but also by the toy that was still buzzing inside of him.

Despite the dominance that Jungkook was exuding, he was still rather careful in his movements, possessing such a sense of self-control that allowed him to refrain from using Jimin's mouth relentlessly.

The vast will to protect Jimin and the urgency to withhold himself from hurting his lover was simply too large for him to go any further than this.

At least, for now.

After all, this was only the first occurrence of them doing this in spite of how long Jimin had been craving this.

The black haired boy would never intentionally hurt Jimin and was aware that things like this definitely required some adjustments – especially on Jimin's part due to his still inexperienced nature.

At one particular thrust, Jimin whimpered, clenching his hands into petite fists as he stared up at Jungkook with teary eyes. At the sight, Jungkook cursed beneath his breath, wetting his lips as he proceeded to slam his hips forward, slowly speeding up.

At the image of Jungkook's satisfaction, Jimin felt such a sense of joy that made his heart jump, something so fulfilling to that fact.

Inevitably, Jimin had to gag around Jungkook's hard length, impulsively trying to pull off as a defense mechanism, yet then remembering that he wasn't able to as he was restricted by Jungkook's hands still being entangled in his pink locks.
As a result, the poor boy coughed and spluttered around Jungkook’s erection, deliberating for a split second whether or not to put an end to this, but then being too attached to this feeling – certain that he could go on for hours, if he was allowed to feel this good through all of it.

“So good, kitten, you're being such a good boy” Jungkook praised, his grasp in Jimin's hair tightening, Jimin whimpering in happiness.

Everything felt so much, too much.

Jimin was so heated, his skin felt like it was on fire, hot jolts of pleasure spreading through his body.

Yet, he didn’t want anything else – wanted this. All of this.

A tear rolled down Jimin's flushed cheek, his jaw and neck aching at the position he was manhandled into, but Jimin simply chose to ignore these things, too keen on pleasing Jungkook.

Jungkook was invading each and every one of his senses.

Gently, Jungkook wiped away Jimin's tear, “You're doing so good, kitten. My best boy”

At the praise, Jimin sobbed, another tear rolling down his cheek as he shifted in his position, the toy inside of him pushing against his sensitive walls again and reminding him of its presence.

“A-ah” Jimin shrieked, his eyes rolling back into his head, his poor dick leaking a puddle of pre-cum on the rug beneath him – Jimin feeling guilty for that fact, but then being way too aroused to seriously care much right now.

“So pretty, baby, look at you” Jungkook commented, his tone so low and attractive.

As Jimin got off on being praised and being used – this moment was ultimate bliss for him. The smaller boy was in a haze of pure pleasure, felt as though he was in heaven itself.

It was so overwhelming – all of this.

Jimin wasn't sure of how much longer he could contain his orgasm, trying his utmost to behave and refrain himself from finding his release, but then too affected by all of these intense sensations.

Suddenly, Jungkook pulled off, startling Jimin who spluttered at the abrupt detachment. Swiftly, the taller male wrapped his hand around his own erection and tugged on it, his other hand still secured in Jimin's pink locks.

“I'm gonna come on your face, kitten” Jungkook announced, Jimin whimpering as he gave a swift nod, opening his mouth without needing to be told, “Tongue out”

Just as Jimin obliged, Jungkook came. Hard. The black haired boy cursed, groaning out Jimin's name as white stripes spurted from his hard length, shooting on Jimin's face, most of the drops falling on Jimin's tongue.

Despite having been warned, Jimin still shrieked, but remained in his position without jerking away – which surprised him.

“Fuck, that's it” Jungkook swore, exhaling a content breath as he pushed his dick past Jimin's plump lips again, Jimin humming around it before he licked it clean, swallowing down Jungkook's cum in delight, “Good boy”

Jungkook withdrew again, his penis slipping from Jimin's mouth, the latter still on his knees, his
hands behind his back the way he had been ordered to.

The smaller boy caught his breath, his chest heaving as he nearly slumped down on the rug, too weak to hold himself up any longer, yet then still seeking his own release as he was still visibly aroused.

“P-Please, may I-” Jimin begged, his voice just above a whisper.

“I don’t recall allowing you to speak” Jungkook interrupted him firmly, shaking his head at Jimin’s disobedience, “And no, you are not permitted to come. I’m not done with you yet” he answered Jimin’s unspoken question.

The pink haired boy whined, sniffing as he stared up at Jungkook.

Jimin's gaze rushed down at the movement of Jungkook's hands, the boy observing Jungkook's long digits playing with his belt for a brief moment. Then, Jungkook removed the belt from his trousers, his eyes intent, his gaze still fixated on Jimin as he bent the belt in half before he stretched his neck from side to side.

“Bed. Ass up” the black haired boy demanded.

Jimin hesitated, his eyes big as he stole a glimpse at the item in Jungkook's hands.

“Don't make me tell you again, kitten” Jungkook warned at the clear display of Jimin's hesitance.

“W-” Jimin dared to ask, yet was swift to silence himself as he reminded himself of Jungkook having prohibited him to speak, if not addressed to.

Was Jungkook going to punish Jimin with his belt?

"Kitten, you're just prolonging your punishment, hm?” Jungkook pointed out, poking his tongue into his cheeks as he nodded towards the bed, “I thought you were my good boy” he added, tilting his head to the side, his voice carrying disappointment, “Go on and behave like one”

Swiftly, Jimin turned around, lying down on the soft sheets with a nervous heart. Firmly, Jungkook grasped Jimin's hip and pulled it up, manhandling Jimin up on his knees, his bottom up in the air the way Jungkook desired.

The pink haired boy was trembling, somehow scared of being punished with a belt.

Surely, the spans that were usually delivered with Jungkook's flat palm were never lacking quite the force either, the pain evidently blooming within Jimin's body each time, but there was always such a vast sense of pleasure, jolts of ecstasy spreading through Jimin's veins with each smack.

Yet, this wasn't just Jungkook's hand – where it was quite a lot easier to adjust the strength of the blows and control the power the boy possessed.

This was a belt.

A belt that would be whipped on Jimin's bottom in mere seconds, perceived to be hurting a lot more than a flat hand as it held a lot more force.

Jungkook's hand came down on Jimin's left butcheek in a quick smack, the smaller one gasping at the sudden blow. Gently, Jungkook caressed the spot he had prior spanked, kneading the flesh ever
so slightly.

Then, his hand was gone.

Jimin was frightened.

Nervously, Jimin gripped the sheets tighter, his knuckles turning white at the pressure he applied into his grasp.

Calm down.

Inhaling a shaky breath, Jimin squeezed his eyes shut as he waited for the first blow, his body still trembling despite his solid efforts to calm his heart down.

Jimin was frightened.

It was as though a million thoughts were racing through Jimin's mind, refusing to go silent although Jimin was begging them to.

Was it going to hurt very bad?

Was he going to bear it?

Jimin was frightened.

“Y-Yellow” Jimin found himself whisper, falling flat on his stomach, body shaking all over.

Immediately, Jungkook dropped the belt on the bed beside Jimin, leaning down to him without hesitation, “Baby” he murmured, brushing Jimin's fringe out of his face as he pressed a kiss to his nape.

“I'm sorry” Jimin apologised, feeling guilty for calling out his safe word – in spite of Jungkook always being so adamant in making him understand that he should never feel sorry for needing to stop.

The black haired boy grasped Jimin's hips and rolled him onto his back, allowing them to lock eyes, “Hey, no, little one” Jungkook uttered, shaking his head at Jimin's apology, “There's no need to be sorry” he assured, placing his hand against Jimin's cheek, caressing the soft skin in order to soothe the boy.

Unconsciously, Jimin nuzzled against the touch, exhaling a shaky breath as he wet his lips, “I'm just... I'm a little scared” he admitted.

Pain was bliss. At least, to an extent. At least, for Jimin. At least, when Jungkook was the one delivering it and providing a safe environment for Jimin.

Yet, this was new. This was scary. Jimin wasn't certain whether he would be able to bear such an intense new experience.

“It's okay” Jungkook assured, a soft smile adorning his handsome features as he leaned in to press a peck to Jimin's pink lips, “Sssh, hey, pretty, it's fine” he whispered, noticing how Jimin was trembling – this time not in anticipation, but in fear.

Nervously, Jimin gave a nod, brushing his lips over Jungkook's and finding comfort in their soft exchange.
“Do you want to stop?” Jungkook wondered, curiosity in his eyes, his voice not sounding disappointed or frustrated at all. No, instead, he was understanding and attentive, waiting patiently for Jimin to take his time.

“No, please don't stop” Jimin begged, shaking his head, “Just... just-”

“No spanking using a belt, yeah?” Jungkook concluded, arching up his eyebrows in a questioning manner, yet not the slightest bit annoyed, but simply wondering.

Well...

Honestly, Jimin would lie, if he claimed that he wasn’t curious about the feeling of being spanked with a belt.

“Can you just... can you go slow and warn me before you do it?” Jimin asked, wanting to try new things so desperately, but then feeling anxious all the same.

“Okay, little one” Jungkook affirmed, giving a nod before he pressed a kiss to Jimin's forehead, “On your stomach, baby”

The smaller boy complied, rolling back over on his stomach before he propped himself up on his knees, his bottom up in the air.

Out of the corner of his eye, Jimin saw Jungkook pick up his belt again, an immediate wave of goosebumps running over Jimin's milky skin at the sight. Inhaling a shaky breath, Jimin gripped the sheets beneath him, clenching his hands into fists as he waited for Jungkook to go on.

“Do you want me to count to three?” Jungkook suggested, his warm palm pressed to the small of Jimin's back, his thumb soothingly rubbing over Jimin's skin.

“O-Okay” Jimin uttered, giving a small nod.

“Sssh, it's okay, baby” Jungkook whispered, proceeding to caress Jimin's back until the latter had calmed down, the trembling of his delicate body not as prominent anymore, “One” Jungkook began.

Jimin sucked in a breath.

“Two” he counted.

Jimin squeezed his eyes shut.

“Three” he added.

Swoosh.

The pink haired boy gasped, jerking away from the touch as he whined at the pain his bottom suffered from.

Somehow, Jimin was so high on his haze of sweet pleasure that the pain wasn’t as bad as he had imagined it to be. In a way, it was quite a lot more intense than a simple smack of Jungkook's hand, but then it also covered a smaller area on Jimin's butt.

The hot jolts of pleasure that followed right after the blow were worth it.

Definitely. Without a doubt.
Frankly, Jimin's brain was reminding him that he would only notice the actual pain upon the moment he eventually came down from his high, hours later when he was sleeping in the bed next to Jungkook.

Yet, Jimin didn't care, aware that cuddling Jungkook would make everything better.

Maybe, Jimin was insane – was going insane whenever Jungkook was invading all of his senses, the pleasure running through his veins causing him to feel as though he was floating in pure bliss.

It didn't matter, though.

Jimin adored this. All of this.

“Colour?” Jungkook asked, interrupting Jimin's thoughts, his deep voice drawing Jimin back to reality.

“G-Green” Jimin assured after the moment it took for his mind to organise it's thoughts.

Jungkook hummed in acknowledgement, his hand still placed on the small of Jimin's back to secure him in his position, “Do you want me to count to three again?”

The smaller boy blinked.

Then, he shook his head.

Now, Jimin was aware of how painful the belt was, thus he was able to adjust to the circumstances and prepare his heart. No longer did he need a warning – at least, he didn't believe he did.

There was something so intriguing and exciting of not knowing when he was going to be punished... Surely, it was driving Jimin wild in anticipation and faint nervousness to plainly be assuming when the smack is going to be delivered, but there was such a sense of thrill in those moments.

“No, just... just do it” Jimin uttered, pressing his flushed cheek against the soft sheets.

The black haired boy gave a nod in spite of Jimin not being able to see that. Then, he studied Jimin's appearance for a moment, his gaze glued to Jimin's fair-skinned butt cheeks that were begging to be painted a pretty shade of rose.

There, right inbetween those perky cheeks, was a pink buttplug still settled inside of Jimin's tight hole. For a moment, Jungkook was distracted, deliberating over whether or not to tease Jimin a little with it by increasing the vibrations or by thrusting the toy in and out of him, but then he decided against it.

Honestly, Jungkook couldn't believe how the fuck Jimin still hadn't come all over himself despite all the stimulation he had received over the course of the whole day. Naturally, Jimin was coming within mere minutes, if Jungkook played a little with his little dick, hole or nipples.

Yet, here he was, being such a good boy and obeying.

Clearly, Jimin was so desperate to come. The poor boy had in fact begged numerous times already to be permitted to finally find his release, was even crying at the overwhelming intensity of all these sensations.

However, no matter how needy he was, Jimin was still obeying.

What a good boy.
The taller male smirked, wetting his lips at the thought of rewarding Jimin by the end of this.

Surely, he was in the midst of his initial will to punish Jimin, but the latter was taking it so damn good – a lot better than Jungkook had honestly expected. To be frank, he had estimated Jimin to have come a least a good two times by the time he was going to spank him due to the lack of self-control and his ability to contain such intense emotions.

After all, he had been teasing Jimin the whole day, had refrained from touching Jimin in the midst of the other one falling into his submissive state two times, thus having left him all needy and frustrated.

Maybe, Jungkook was going to end up eating Jimin out in the end – for being such a good boy. Yeah, he might make Jimin sit on his face once he was done with him.

The thought of Jimin's crying and begging face as he was riding Jungkook's face was nearly having him back to full hardness without requiring any physical contact and in spite of having blurted his load over Jimin's face just mere minutes ago.

Jimin whined high in his throat at the lack of attention, pushing his bottom back against Jungkook who shook his head, snapping out of his own imagination.

“K-Kook-ah” the pink haired boy whimpered, almost pouting at the loss of the other.

Swoosh.

“A-Ah, Sir” Jimin gasped, pushing his face into the sheets as he hadn't expected such a swift response of Jungkook.

“Exactly” Jungkook hummed, raising his hand again, “It's Sir, kitten” he reminded the smaller one.

Swoosh.

“Ngh, K-Koo- Sir” Jimin cried out, wincing and jerking away from the touch as he bit down on the sheets beneath his delicate being, “W-Wait” he warned, twisting the sheets his hands were entangled in, his penis twitching as though it was warning Jimin of his close release. The faint buzzing that was still very much present in Jimin's bottom was not helping. Not at all, “I-I'm- Please, so close”

Swoosh.

“O-Oh” Jimin gasped, falling flat on the bed, too weak to hold himself up any longer, the trembling of his thighs having been a visible indication of the lack of strength his delicate body possessed at this point.

As Jimin had slumped down on the bed, Jungkook's flat palm came down on his inner thigh in a firm smack.

“Don't speak” Jungkook gritted through his teeth, “Do not come, understood?”

“Y-Yes, Sir” Jimin whispered, sniffing as he lifted a shaky fist up to his face and wiped away his tears.

Swoosh.

“S-Sir” Jimin whimpered, nearly indicating to shield his bottom with his hands, but then impulsively turning his body to the side in a defense mechanism.

“Good boy” Jungkook praised, his voice an ounce softer as he rubbed his warm palm over Jimin's
back in a soothing manner.

The pink haired boy was breathing heavily, the tip of his neglected penis such a dark shade of red at this point as it was begging to be permitted to come. Frankly, Jimin wasn't certain how he was managing to refrain himself from finding his release at this point. Naturally, he wasn't able to withheld his own orgasm at all, if Jungkook wasn't there to stop him in some way.

Yet, today, he was.

Maybe, the prominent desire to be good just simply outweighed his lust to come? Maybe, Jimin had have enough training to have learned how to withhold his orgasm?

Honestly, Jimin wasn't sure.

“N-No more?” Jimin found himself wonder softly, not actually sure whether he was relieved by that thought or bummed out.

“No more, kitten” Jungkook affirmed, “However, I'm not done with you” he added with a smirk.

“W-W-” Jimin stuttered, but went silent as soon as Jungkook spoke up.

“Hands to your back” Jungkook interrupted him.

Without an ounce of hesitation, Jimin complied, pressing his hands to his back as he looked back at Jungkook over his shoulder.

Suddenly, Jungkook wrapped the belt around Jimin's delicate wrists, tying it around them several times before he fastened it. Curiously, Jimin pulled on the restrains, trying to return his arms to his sides, but then swiftly realising that he wasn't able to move his arms at all.

“Colour?”

The pink haired boy swallowed hard, not able to fathom what Jungkook was going to do to him, but finding himself agree to anything as though his heart simply believed that it wasn't of any significance what Jungkook had in store for him as it was going to make Jimin feel good either way, “G-Green” he whispered.

Firmly, Jungkook curled his fingers around the base of the toy, pushing it from side to side before he pulled it out tortorously slow, the toy dragging along Jimin's sensitive walls as the item was still buzzing.

Sucking in a breath, Jimin arched his back, nearly relieved of the toy being gone, but then finding himself whimper as he felt Jungkook thrust the toy back inside of his hole.

“N-N-” Jimin tried to beg, yet went silent at the reminder of Jungkook's rule that Jimin refused to purposely violate.

Jimin was so close.

Primarily, Jimin just wished to be allowed to come, but if he were to chose the way, he would prefer Jungkook to be within him. There was something so intimately touching about being connected in such a vulnerable way that it always caused warmth to bloom within Jimin's chest, when they did.

“You're going to be good, kitten, hm? You're going to be my good boy and behave. You're not coming” Jungkook insisted.
“Y-Yes, Sir”

Humming in satisfaction, Jungkook repeatedly thrusted the toy in and out of Jimin’s hole, loud squelches echoing in the room alongside Jimin's breathy moans with each motion of his, causing Jungkook to turn impatient as he couldn't wait any longer to finally fuck Jimin stupid.

Ultimately, Jungkook pulled the toy out of Jimin entirely, dropping it on the bed beside the pink haired boy with little care. His gaze was still fixated on Jimin's perky cheeks, a few pink stripes depicted on Jimin's fair skinned bottom attributed to Jungkook having punished him with his belt.

Gently, Jungkook reached out, his fingertips tracing over Jimin's soft butcheeks, then down lower to caress the skin of his inner thighs. In response, Jimin's thighs twitched, a small breath slipping from his lips at the tender touch in such a sensitive area. As goosebumps formed beneath Jungkook’s fingers, the man smiled in satisfaction, adoring how responsive Jimin always was.

“Up, kitten” Jungkook then insisted, gripping Jimin's tied wrists and forcing the boy up to his feet, Jimin not defying Jungkook's order.

The smaller boy got up on wobbly legs, his body too weak to hold himself up for much longer, his head dizzy and high on arousal as it was begging to be permitted to find his release soon.

Needy, Jimin turned around, leaning in and nuzzling his face into the curve of Jungkook's neck, “Please” he whispered, not quite knowing what he was begging for, but then hoping that Jungkook would somehow comprehend what he desired.

In a swift motion, Jungkook had Jimin pushed against the wall, his clothed chest pressed to Jimin’s back as he curled his hands around Jimin's hips. The smaller male hissed, tilting his head to the side as he placed his cheek against the wall, not having expected such a position.

“I'm going to fuck you like this, baby” Jungkook stated, his tone low as he spoke those words right into Jimin's ear, his hot breath tickling on Jimin's skin as the latter was trapped against the wall, “Do you want that, kitten?”

“P-Please, Sir” Jimin begged, digging his teeth into his bottom lip as he nodded frantically.

“Beg for it. Properly” Jungkook demanded, pushing his hips forward into Jimin's butt, “You can do better than that” he claimed.

“Please, Sir, I-I've waited so long” Jimin pleaded, clenching his hands into petite fists, “I need you inside of me, Sir. I've been good” he sniffed.

“Have you?” Jungkook questioned, raising up an eyebrow as he wrapped his palm around his own erection, giving it a few tugs.

“I-I... I- Yes, Sir” Jimin responded, his voice sounding like a sob in spite of Jimin not having intended for it to do that as he found himself be hurt by Jungkook doubting whether or not Jimin had actually been a good boy, “I was good, wasn't I? I was a good boy for you. I behaved and didn't come. Please, Sir. Oh, please just- Aaah!” Jimin shrieked out by the end of his sentence, Jungkook suddenly having thrusted into the pink haired boy without a warning.

“There you go” Jungkook groaned into his ear, his fingers digging into Jimin's flesh as they were still curled around Jimin's hips.

“T-Thank you, Sir” Jimin moaned, his eyes fluttering shut at the sweet stretch he felt, Jungkook's penis filling him up so nicely.
“Fuck, you're always so tight around me” the younger male growled, slamming his hips forward, his throbbing member reaching even deeper.

“S-Sir” Jimin whimpered, his body pushed into the wall, his entire being trembling at the hot jolts of pleasure that bloomed within him upon Jungkook finally thrusting into him.

As Jungkook was so familiar with Jimin's anatomy at this point, he was quick to locate Jimin's prostate, ramming his lower body forward in a skillful manner and hitting the sensitive bud of nerves dead on.

“O-Oh god!” Jimin cried out, hunching forward, but not exactly going anywhere as he simply pushed his own body further into the hard wall.

“There it is, kitten” Jungkook uttered, leaning in to pepper Jimin's sensitive nape with open-mouthed kisses, his teeth nibbling on Jimin's pink collar for a brief moment as he repeatedly thrusted into Jimin.

Jimin parted his lips in a silent scream as Jungkook picked up a faster pace, his body rocking forward with each slam of Jungkook's hips, Jimin's penis bouncing up and down at the intensity of the thrusts.

This position was new, somehow foreign. In a way, Jimin wasn't allowed to see nor touch Jungkook at all, was forced to hold his bodyweight up all on his own as he was being taken from behind.

“You always feel so fucking good around me, baby boy” Jungkook groaned into Jimin's ear, his hands still curled around Jimin's waist, his body pressed close to Jimin's as though he was trying to close even the slightest fraction of distance between them, maintaining the nearest proximity possible to him.

“Y-Yes, Sir?” Jimin whispered, looking back over his shoulder as his heart fluttered at the petname.

“Yes, kitten, so good” Jungkook affirmed, lifting one hand up to Jimin's collar and closing his digits around the back of the material of the item as he gave it a gentle tug.

“I feel so full” Jimin expressed with a whimper, “You're s-so big, Sir”

The younger male always filled Jimin up so nicely, the stretch sending him closer to the edge immediately. With each of Jungkook's thrusts, Jimin's prostate was abused dead on, making it near inevitable for Jimin to fall into his orgasm.

“O-Oh god, Sir, yes, please” Jimin cried out.

“Just like that, kitten” Jungkook growled, licking over Jimin's nape before he nibbled on his skin ever so softly.

Naturally, Jimin's legs gave in, all of these overwhelming sensations too much for him to bear at this point.

“I-I can't, Sir” Jimin whined, sniffing as he shook his head.

“You can't what?” Jungkook wanted to know, still proceeding to thrust into Jimin.

“T-Too- It's all too much, I-I can't stand up like this” Jimin elaborated, looking back over his shoulders with teary eyes.
The poor boy was plainly too weak to hold himself up any longer, his body urging him to go slump on the floor or hold onto something for leverage, yet his hands were tied to his back and restricting him from doing just that.

Jungkook pulled out of him, grasping Jimin's hips and spinning the boy around. In a swift motion, he grabbed Jimin's thighs and picked the boy up, holding him close to his chest and approaching the bed.

The black haired boy dropped Jimin down on the soft sheets, quick to grab his ankles and bend his body in half before he thrusted back into Jimin, slamming his hips forward.

“Yes, yes, yes” Jimin moaned out, disregarding the fact of how his arms were jammed between his back and the sheets, creating a rather uncomfortable position. The shorter male was just so happy to be used, to have his hole filled with Jungkook, that he didn't care.

“You look so pretty like this, baby” Jungkook commented, sweat dripping from his forehead, “Always so pretty”

“T-Thank you, Sir” Jimin sniffed at the praise, his penis proceeding to leak pre-cum all over his fair-skinned stomach, creating yet another mess.

Firmly, Jimin grasped the sheets beneath his delicate body, twisting his fists into them as he arched his back and squeezed his eyes shut, “Sir, I-”

Suddenly, Jungkook withdrew, his penis slipping from Jimin's hole without any word. The smaller boy whined high in his throat at the loss, his hole clenching around nothing but air as his eyes shot back open.

“S-Sir” Jimin gasped, trying to chase after Jungkook, but failing as he scooted merely an inch closer with his lower body, yet then stilling at the sight of Jungkook's dark and unimpressed eyes.

“Be patient, kitten” Jungkook ordered sternly.

Slowly, Jungkook removed his trousers and underwear, the pieces of clothing having hung below his butt over the course of the past hour as he hadn't been bothered to pull them off entirely.

As though he was trying to tease Jimin, Jungkook's digits were playing with the soft fabric for a moment before he tugged them down, then stepping out of them and kicking the clothes to the side.

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“Sir” Jimin whispered, arching up his back as he pushed his hips closer to Jungkook, “Please don't be mean” he expressed softly, but found himself regret those words a mere moment later.

“Mean?” Jungkook echoed, raising up his eyebrows.

“I-I- Ah” Jimin gasped, involuntarily drawing his thighs together as they twitched at the harsh slap that Jungkook had delivered to his thigh.

“Careful, kitten” the taller male warned, his gaze intent as he studied Jimin's figure.

“I'm sorry, Sir” Jimin whispered.

“I thought so” Jungkook responded, humming in acknowledgement as he grabbed the hem of his shirt and tugged it off before he tossed it somewhere to the side without a care.

At the sight of Jungkook's bare body, Jimin caught his bottom lip between his teeth, his eyes wide as
his gaze trailed over Jungkook’s defined muscles, his strong features and his handsome face.

*All his, Jimin thought, how was that possible?*

Gulping, Jimin drew his thighs together, merely able to contain the whine that had threatened to slip from his lips.

The younger man smirked as he noticed the effect he had on Jimin, Jungkook then reaching up to slide his hand through his black locks and exposing his forehead before he placed his hands on Jimin’s knees and pulled them apart.

“Spread you legs, baby”

Jimin complied, his legs falling back open, allowing Jungkook to steal a glimpse at his pink rim, gaping and inviting. At the sight, Jungkook cursed beneath his breath.

Teasingly, Jungkook caressed Jimin’s milky skin instead of thrusting back into him, the tips of his fingers tracing gently over Jimin’s legs and his pastel-pink socks that adorned Jimin’s delicate softness so well.

“K-Kook-ah” Jimin whispered, bucking up his hips.

“Speak up” Jungkook demanded, his hand coming down on Jimin’s thigh in a gentle smack.

“I-I-” Jimin stuttered, but went silent as he chose to shut his mouth, only blinking.

It was as though Jimin lacked the ability to speak, a result of the incompetence of his brain managing to organise his thoughts or think properly at all. The poor boy was way too aroused, driven by his desperation and immense need for Jungkook.

“Speak up for what you want, kitten” Jungkook ordered.

“Please, Kook-ah, please, just-” the smaller boy sobbed.

“Loud and clear” Jungkook urged, giving his inner thigh a smack.

“Please, Kook-ah, fuck me hard” Jimin begged, arching up his back, Jungkook wetting his lips as those obscene words left Jimin’s mouth. Naturally, Jimin was never one to use such filthy words, Jungkook rarely hearing those dirty words slip from his angelic being.

*It was hot – Something so obscene about Jungkook being the one to get Jimin to act opposed to his purity and use those dirty words for him.*

Firmly, Jungkook curled two of his fingers around Jimin’s collar as he wrapped his palm around Jimin’s hips simultaneously. In a quick motion, he rolled Jimin over onto his stomach, propping him up on his knees.

At the way he was being manhandled, Jimin gasped, his face pressed into the soft sheets as Jungkook pinned him to the bed. Slowly, he pushed the tip of his throbbing member against Jimin’s entrance, sliding it in ever so slightly, yet then ultimately ending up withdrawing before he granted Jimin that heavenly feeling.

*Meanie.*

Jungkook’s digits were still curled around Jimin’s collar, securing him in his place as he teased him with the tip of his erection, “Fuck you? Hard?” Jungkook echoed, leaning closer to say those words
right into Jimin's ear.

“P-Please” Jimin whined, sniffing as he was being teased to the point of tears.

Harshly, Jungkook thrust into Jimin, the latter crying out as he bit down on the bedsheets, clenching his hands into tiny fists as he was quick to adjust to Jungkook's size, allowing Jungkook to bottom out swiftly.

“T-Thank you, Sir” Jimin whimpered, tears pricking in the corner of his eyes as Jungkook snapped his hips forward repeatedly, never missing Jimin's prostate in his skilful execution.

The two of them were aware that Jimin wouldn't last much longer – by all means surprised that Jimin was even managing to refrain himself from coming after all of the stimulation he had received over the course of the day.

“Good boy” Jungkook praised, leaning in and pressing his lips to Jimin's sweaty back, a salty taste on his lips as he peppered kisses up to his nape, feeling as though he just couldn't get enough of Jimin – never.

The taller male inhaled a deep breath as he nudged his nose into the curve of Jimin's neck, the sweet scent of Jimin filling his nostrils, a mixture of strawberry and vanilla.

“All mine” Jungkook whispered.

“Yes, Sir” Jimin affirmed as Jungkook straightened his back again, Jimin only then realising that he was still visibly standing next to the bed rather than having joined Jimin on top of it, chosing to thrust into Jimin in that position.

_How exhausted must he be?_

After such a long day at work, Jungkook has been on his feet ever since the two boys had made out against the wall a good two hours ago. At that fact, Jimin found his heart clench in guilt as he was out here crying for not being able to hold himself up any longer while Jungkook has been taking care of him for such a long duration while never taking a second to sit down either.

Then again, Jungkook was much stronger than Jimin, clearly had a very good physique – so perhaps, this wasn't as difficult on him as it was on Jimin.

“Say it” Jungkook insisted, giving Jimin's collar a harsh tug to pull him further up, manhandling Jimin in a rather uncomfortable position as the boy was drawn out of his thoughts.

“I'm yours” Jimin gasped, his eyes fluttering shut, “Only yours” he whispered as he was pulled against Jungkook's chest.

Carefully, Jimin turned his head to the side, daring to lean closer as his heart begged him to silently ask for a kiss.

To his surprise, Jungkook crashed his lips onto Jimin's, attaching them in a hungry kiss as he proceeded to slam his hips against Jimin's, the sound of their skin slapping against one another echoing in the room.

Gently, Jungkook ran his hand through Jimin's pink locks as he pulled him even closer, his tongue licking over Jimin's as he deepened the kiss, not wanting to part.

“Please, please, please oh, Sir” Jimin whimpered into the kiss, a moan slipping from his lips at the
relentless pace Jungkook had set, his body rocking forward with each snap of his hips, yet he tried to remain in his stance, his lips close to Jungkook's.

“Are you close, kitten? Hm?” Jungkook asked, brushing his lips over Jimin's.

“Y-Yes, please, may I come?” Jimin cried out, hunching forward, face pressed into the sheets as he wasn't able to bear the overwhelming feeling in an upright position, forced down on his stomach again.

“Come for me, baby boy” Jungkook permitted, delivering another smack to Jimin's perky cheeks.

At that, Jimin finally came. Hard.

The poor boy cried out, shrieking out Jungkook's name and tossing his head back as the intense feeling burst within him and set his entire skin on fire. Involuntarily, Jimin kicked out his legs and rolled to the side, arching his back as multiple loads of sperm spurted from the tip of his penis and made a huge mess on his upper body.

To prolong his orgasm, Jungkook proceeded to thrust into Jimin, the latter's eyes rolling back into his head as he curled in on himself, the feeling too intense and overwhelming for him to bear as black dots adorned his vision.

“Fuck, kitten” Jungkook swore, finding his own orgasm and releasing inside of Jimin, painting his walls white as he slammed his hips forwards three- four more times.

“T-Thank you, Sir” Jimin whispered, hot jolts of pleasure spreading through his body as he felt as though he was floating on soft clouds, in a haze of sweet bliss.

The black haired boy pulled out of Jimin, immediately reaching for Jimin's wrists and unfastening the belt in a swift motion.

Jimin's chest was heaving, the boy breathing heavily as he observed Jungkook with big eyes, yet almost feeling dazed – as though he wasn't even physically present.

As soon as the belt was off, Jungkook dropped it to the floor, Jimin stretching out his limbs before he rolled in on himself, feeling so sleepy.

“Kitten” Jungkook uttered, rolling Jimin onto his back as his hands curled around his hips.

The smaller boy only blinked, watching Jungkook lean down to him with curious eyes. Suddenly, Jungkook licked over Jimin's stomach, startling the boy who gasped at the unexpected feeling. Inevitably – Jimin was just very ticklish by nature – he giggled at the sensation.

Jungkook chuckled against his skin as he licked a fat stripe up his chest and collected all the left over sperm on his tongue, humming as he savoured Jimin in his mouth before he swallowed down his cum.

At the sight of Jungkook licking his stomach clean, Jimin blushed a pretty shade of rose, the boy blinking as Jungkook moved back up to his face, locking eyes with Jimin.

“You were such a good boy, Jimin-ah” Jungkook whispered into Jimin's ear, his fingers brushing Jimin's fringe out of his face, “These past days, you waited so patiently, didn't you?” the black haired male added, “Will you let me eat you out, kitten? You deserve a big reward, baby” he asked, a small smirk curving his lips as he pressed a kiss to the back of Jimin's ear.
“I-I-” Jimin stuttered, only blinking as he titled his head to the side, nuzzling into Jungkook's touch.

“I'll let you sit on my face, hm?” Jungkook offered, his voice low, “You can set your own pace, baby”

Oh, that sounded so good.

The way Jungkook ate him out was just... The smaller boy whimpered at the thought of being allowed to feel that heavenly sensation. However, Jimin had just been granted such a mindblowing orgasm after starving for days – was he even capable to bear more?

“T-Too sensitive” Jimin whispered, swallowing hard as he felt his stomach stir in excitement all the same.

“Okay, baby-” Jungkook uttered, not pressuring Jimin as he pressed his lips to Jimin's forehead.

“B-But... but I really want to” Jimin murmured, his cheeks flushing, “M-May I try? If it's too much, I can just...” he trailed off, leaving the remainder of the sentence hang in the air between them.

“You can call out your safeword, of course” Jungkook finished for him, giving a nod as he pressed another peck to Jimin's lips before he rolled off of Jimin, lying down on his back beside the smaller one, “Come on up, kitten”

Hesitantly, his body still shaking, Jimin got up on his knees, his heart rate still fast, yet then picking up an even quicker pace as he looked down at Jungkook who was biting down on his bottom lip as he studied Jimin's delicate figure, waiting for Jimin to sit on his face.

Gulping, Jimin straddled Jungkook's chest, the latter reaching out and grasping his hips, encouraging Jimin by giving his waist a tender squeeze. Jungkook's grasp was soft, yet somehow firm simultaneously, his strong hands securing Jimin on top of him.

“Come here, little one” Jungkook uttered, “Let me make you feel good”

Giving a faint nod, Jimin lifted his lower body up, slowly scooting back and closing the distance to Jungkook's face. The taller male didn't hesitate to pull Jimin's butt cheeks apart, a low hum vibrating in his chest as he watched his own cum leak from Jimin's gaping hole.

For a split moment, Jungkook deliberated whether or not to pick up the buttplug and shove it back into Jimin in order to keep his own sperm inside the boy, yet then he was too keen on eating Jimin out, fond of drawing his boy into another wave of pure pleasure.

Firmly, Jungkook leaned forward and licked a fat stripe over Jimin's sensitive hole, the pink haired boy gasping and hunching forward at the touch, “A-Ah” he moaned out, mouth agape in a silent scream at the oversensitivity.

Jungkook smirked against him, twirling his tongue around Jimin's rim before he slid it inside his hole, evoking another moan in Jimin who clenched his hands into petite fists as he squeezed his eyes shut.

“K-Kook-ah” Jimin whimpered, his penis not obtaining an opportunity to go soft, forced to stay hard as his body proceeded to be stimulated by Jungkook.

Jimin's thighs were still trembling, resulting in Jimin to visibly struggle quite a bit to stay up the way he was, his body urging him to just go limp and not move another inch for the night.

The taller male sucked on Jimin's rim before he pushed his tongue back inside of the boy, tasting his
own cum on his tongue, but disregarding the bitter taste. Slowly, his hands loosened their grasp on Jimin's buttocks, moving down to his thighs as he noticed the shaking of Jimin's body. Gently, Jungkook gripped Jimin's inner thighs and prevented him from falling, simultaneously thrusting his tongue in and out of Jimin.

“O-Oh, Kook-ah” Jimin mewled, involuntarily jerking away and shrieking at the overwhelming feeling.

Somehow, his brain wasn't certain on whether or not it wanted more or couldn't bear any more of this. In a way, Jimin was way too sensitive, his penis not having ceased to leak, a trail of pre-cum proceeding to drop down on Jungkook's chest as he was being eaten out, yet then his skin was on fire, the slight pain the overstimulation brought him accompanied by hot jolts of pleasure that drove him insane and made his head dizzy.

“Sssh, kitten” Jungkook hushed him softly, his palm caressing Jimin's inner thigh as he licked several more stripes over Jimin's sensitive ring of muscles.

The smaller boy whined, squirming on top of Jungkook and digging his teeth into his bottom lip. The aching of his body got too much at all of these sensations, thwarting his solid effort of keeping his body up throughout all of it.

“I-I'm too... my thighs- hurts, Kook-ah” Jimin sniffed, tears pricking in the corner of his eyes as he shook his head.

Gently, Jungkook grasped Jimin's hips, effortlessly turning him over before Jimin even realised of what was occurring, only obtaining a sense of the circumstances once he was already laid down on his back, Jungkook hovering above him inbetween his spread legs.

With big eyes, Jimin stared up at Jungkook, a smile curving Jungkook's lips as he leaned down to press a kiss to Jimin's forehead before the boy moved further down, his palms roaming over Jimin's delicate soft skin in the process. Then, he curled his hands around Jimin's thighs, spreading them open as he settled down on his stomach, his face close to Jimin's – Oh.

Tenderly, Jungkook licked a stripe over Jimin's sensitive hole, twirling his tongue around the ring of muscles before he pushed his tongue past Jimin's rim.

“K-Kook-ah” Jimin mewled, arching his back, impulsively entangling his hands into the sheets, twisting them in his petite fists.

“Mhm-mh” Jungkook hummed against him, Jimin managing to feel the vibrations of his voice against his skin as the man turned his head to the side and peppered open-mouthed kisses on Jimin's inner thigh.

“Ah-” Jimin breathed out as Jungkook nibbled on his soft skin, sucking on it ever so slightly to leave a faint mark in that certain spot before he returned to Jimin's most private area, his tongue lapping over Jimin's rim again.

It felt so good. Jimin was in heaven.

“S-So good” the pink haired boy whimpered, reaching down to run his hands through Jungkook's black locks, gently grabbing a bundle of his hair as he pushed his butt further into Jungkook's face.

The younger male growled, thrusting his tongue in and out of Jimin before he proceeded to lick over Jimin's rim. Digging his fingers into Jimin's thighs, Jungkook tilted his head in a way that fucked with his neck, but shit, he couldn't care less, was high on the pretty sounds Jimin was making for
him, couldn't get enough of how Jimin's body was trembling beneath him as he was bringing Jimin closer to another mindblowing orgasm.

Jungkook felt so alive.

“Oh, god” Jimin cried out, “Yes, please, d-don't- don't stop” he moaned, impulsively tugging on Jungkook’s hair the way he would, if he were to naturally grasp the sheets beneath him.

However, it earned him a gentle tap to his thigh, a nonverbal warning that Jimin immediately complied, a soft apology falling from his lips as he loosened his grip in Jungkook's black locks.

As Jimin was way too sensitive, still high on his prior orgasm, it didn't take long for him to find his next release, the heat in the pit of his stomach having grown so incredibly fast, announcing his quick approach and threatening burst.

“I-I'm going to come, Kook-ah” Jimin warned, tossing his head back, involuntarily trying to draw his thighs together, yet then restricted by Jungkook's firm grasp around his thighs.

“Go on, little one” Jungkook permitted, thrusting his tongue into Jimin's hole two- three more times before Jimin cried out his name.

“Jungkook-ah!” the smaller boy shrieked, a poor trail of cum dropping from the slit of his penis as he squeezed his eyes shut, black dots having blurred his vision, “Oh god!”

Satisfied, Jungkook licked over Jimin's rim a few more times in order to prolong his orgasm before he lifted his body up on his hands and cleaned Jimin's stomach, collecting the minor puddle of cum on his tongue and swallowing it down.

“T-Thank you” Jimin whimpered, staring at Jungkook with big eyes before he slumped down on the sheets, making himself even smaller. His chest was heaving as he tried to close his legs, but was unable to as Jungkook was still hovering above him, lying inbetween his spread legs.

Carefully, Jungkook placed his hands on either side of Jimin’s head, hovering above him as he stared down at his lover, Jimin's pink hair a mess on top of his head, yet then spread out on the pillow and creating the image of a halo nonetheless, adorning his angelic features. The shorter male was looking at Jungkook with big eyes, his brown orbs shining, but somehow conveying a sense of his daziness all the same, his cheeks flushed a pretty shade of rose.

Gently, Jungkook pressed his lips to Jimin's temple, the latter nuzzling into the touch as his eyes fluttered shut.

“Are you okay, little one?” Jungkook murmured into his ear, lying down next to Jimin and closing his arms around the smaller boy as he pulled him closer to his chest.

“Mhm-mh” Jimin hummed softly, hiding his face in the curve of Jungkook's neck, inhaling his comforting scent that naturally made him feel safe and protected.

“Did I go too far?” Jungkook asked, his warm palm caressing Jimin's back, drawing shapes on his soft skin that Jimin was too sleepy to define them for in his current state.

“No” Jimin uttered, shaking his head, “No, it was... it was everything I hoped for and more” he admitted, blushing as he replayed the past hours in his mind. In his will to be a good boy and his almost primal urge whenever he was high on arousal, Jimin found himself to act rather... naughty.

“That's good” the taller male murmured.
“Thank you, Kook-ah” Jimin whispered, placing his lips to Jungkook's throat before he tilted his head up and pressed a kiss to his cheek.

In response, Jungkook smiled, yet he shook his head all the same, “You don't have to thank me” he stated, “I enjoyed it just as much” he assured, placing his index finger below Jimin's chin to guide his face further up, allowing them to lock eyes.

Shyly, Jimin smiled, his heart fluttering as he was staring deeply into Jungkook's brown eyes. The pink haired boy's heart was so in delight to finally be this close to Jungkook again, having him by his side and being certain that they were to fall asleep in each other's arms tonight.

Tenderly, Jungkook's fingers played with the pendant on Jimin's collar, an affectionate yet also proud smile dancing around his lips before his fingertips traced back to Jimin's neck, implying that he was going to remove the collar from Jimin.

“N-No” Jimin uttered, shaking his head and jerking away from Jungkook's touch.

At his response, Jungkook arched up his brows, an emotion similar to one of concern flashing in Jungkook’s eyes as this reaction of Jimin had occurred before – weeks ago when Jimin had refused to take the collar off in spite of their sexual moment having ended, almost as though he had been scared that it would equal losing Jungkook.

“Little one” Jungkook whispered, his knuckles caressing Jimin's flushed cheek as his gaze flickered back and forth between Jimin's eyes, “You know that losing the collar doesn't-”

“I know” Jimin interrupted him softly, aware that removing the collar wouldn't change anything between them – Jimin still belonging to Jungkook just as much regardless of whether or not he was wearing the collar. A small smile adorned Jimin's pretty features as he tilted his head to the side, the boy timidly biting down on his bottom lip, “I just... I like wearing it. I like the feeling it gives me. Please, may I wear it for a little longer?”

“Baby, I have to check for any marks on your neck, hm?” Jungkook reminded him.

“Just a little longer?” Jimin whispered, simply adoring the feeling of the collar around his throat so very much.

For a moment, Jungkook just stared into Jimin's innocent eyes, but it – fuck, he didn't stand a chance with how Jimin was looking at him, “Okay. Yes, okay” he agreed, giving a nod.

Jimin smiled sweetly, nuzzling his face into the curve of Jungkook's neck as the other male caressed his back, the tips of his fingers tracing over Jimin's soft skin. Slowly, Jimin found his heart rate to steady, beating to the same beat as Jungkook's as their eyes fluttered shut almost simultaneously, sleepiness vivid in Jimin's delicate being.

Gently, Jungkook nudged his nose against Jimin's temple, “Let's go away for a weekend” he suddenly suggested, “Let me take you somewhere, little one. Just you and me. No work”

At his words, Jimin opened his eyes again.

A trip? Just the two of them? For a whole weekend?

“What?” Jimin uttered, lifting his head up in order to lock eyes with Jungkook.

“I've been so caught up with work these past days that I unintentionally neglected you” the younger male reasoned, “I was barely able to see you, let alone spend some quality time with you. I was
absent for a while and I'm sorry for that – despite it having been out of my control” he elaborated, “I'm sorry, baby”

“That's not your fault, Kook-ah.” Jimin replied, shaking his head as Jungkook pressed another kiss to his temple, “This is your job and I knew what I was getting myself into. I... I was sad that we barely saw each other, but I would never blame you for that. You have a lot of responsibilities and obligations and I understand and respect that”

Jungkook smiled fondly, “I'll still try to find more time for you” he promised, “It was... it was actually very fucking... unpleasant to be away from you for that long” he mumbled.

“Unpleasant?” Jimin echoed, chuckling at Jungkook's choice of words.

It wasn't unprecedented that Jungkook wasn't that good in voicing his feelings during certain occasions. It wasn't that he lacked the ability to voice his emotions per say, but... well, frankly, Jimin wasn't sure.

After all, during particular moments he had such a way of expressing his feelings for Jimin that it made the smaller boy's heart jump like crazy. Maybe, Jungkook just struggled with the way of how to express them sometimes.

“It was fucking tough”Jungkook corrected, a small smile dancing around his lips at the sight of the amusement that glistened in Jimin's eyes, “I missed you a lot” he added softer.

“I missed you, too” Jimin responded, leaning in to attach their lips in a sweet kiss.

Once they withdrew, Jungkook nudged his nose against Jimin's, his fingers sliding through Jimin's pink locks to play with them, “So, what do you say? I want us to go somewhere for a weekend”

Then... he was serious with that suggestion? For a whole weekend, he wanted to take Jimin somewhere and spend the whole time together with him solely?

The idea sounded absolutely beautiful to Jimin, his heart fluttering as he imagined it, a bright smile curling up the corner of his lips.

Yet... the execution might be the real problem here.

Jimin's smile faltered as his heart lacked the ability to estimate this plan to possess major probability.

“This weekend?” Jimin wanted to know.

“No, not this one” Jungkook denied, humming in negation, “I can't leave this weekend, if my father is absent as well” he expressed, reminding Jimin of the significant meeting that would take place in Singapore very soon, “Once my father returns from Singapore, the deal is settled and the stress has calmed down a bit, let me take you away for a weekend” he elaborated.

The smaller boy propped his chin up on Jungkook's chest before he titled his head to the side, resting his cheek on Jungkook's skin.

“May I think about it?” he uttered, not exactly in the right mind set to properly examine this idea and contemplate whether it was possible for them to realise a trip like that with their demanding professions – Jungkook's even more than Jimin's, yet then Jimin bound to work to earn money and prevent himself from being fired whereas Jungkook, well he owned the whole darn company.

“Of course” Jungkook responded, “You don't have to answer me now”
“Thank you” Jimin uttered, pressing another kiss to Jungkook's cheek.

“Now, it's time for a bath, hm?” the younger male prompted.

“Mhm” Jimin grumbled, shaking his head as he clung onto Jungkook, hiding his face in the curve of his neck, “No” he whined, refusing to leave the comfort of this spot, all cozy and protected next to Jungkook, the warmth and safety the boy was radiating engulfling Jimin.

“Little one” Jungkook pressed, but chuckled at how adorable Jimin was, “Come on, kitten” he insisted, giving the small of Jimin's back a gentle tap.

“Not yet” Jimin mumbled.

The taller male leaned closer to Jimin's ear, his hot breath tickling on Jimin's fair skin, “Mhm, do I need to spank you again, hm?” he uttered, his tone low.

In response, Jimin swallowed hard, the pit of his stomach stirring in arousal as he found himself gasping, “K-Kook-ah, that's unfair” he whined, pinching Jungkook's chest.

“I wouldn't” Jungkook assured him, a soft laugh falling from his lips as he curled his hand around Jimin's wrist in order for him to refrain from physically scolding Jungkook for his mischievous teasing.

The smaller boy lifted his head again, meeting Jungkook's gaze with soft eyes, “Just... ten more minutes?” he requested, his voice gentle as he titled his head to the side, streaks of his pink hair falling into his face.

For a moment, Jungkook just stared at him, his fingers then reaching up to brush Jimin's fringe out of his face, “Five” he negotiated.

Jimin shook his head, “Nine” he suggested sweetly.

“Six” Jungkook responded, narrowing his eyes, “No more than that”

However, Jimin wasn't going to give up!

“Seven and you'll cuddle and kiss me through all of it?” Jimin asked, leaning in to press a kiss to Jungkook's cheek in an attempt to convince him to give in.

“You're demanding quite a lot there, kitten” Jungkook warned, but amusement glistened in his brown orbs all the same, “Careful before I change my mind and carry you into the restroom over my shoulder”

Oh.

“Pretty please?” Jimin begged, pouting.

The younger male groaned, way too whipped for Jimin to resist his sweet demeanor, “Seven, but not one second more than that” Jungkook gave in.

“And cuddles?” Jimin wanted to make sure, jerking up in delight.

“Yes, baby” Jungkook replied, giving a nod as he smiled affectionately, his hands returning to Jimin's back, caressing the soft skin.

“And kisses?” Jimin whispered, leaning in to brush his lips over Jungkook's.
“All the kisses you want, angel” Jungkook murmured against him before he attached their lips in a soft and slow kiss, Jimin's heart fluttering at the sweetness of the touch.

As predicted, Jimin fell asleep five minutes into their cuddling session, Jungkook smiling fondly as he noticed the peaceful expression on Jimin's face.

“Jimin-ah” he whispered, but didn't earn a response – which, frankly, he hadn't actually expected to hear anyway.

Silently, Jungkook got out of the bed before he picked up his lover in his arms, hugging him tight to his chest as he walked into the restroom. Jimin shifted in his embrace, causing Jungkook to halt in his stance as he didn't intend for his baby to wake up.

“K-Kook-ah” Jimin whispered in his sleep, his eyes still pressed shut as he clung onto Jungkook and hid his face in the warmth of Jungkook's neck, “I... I...” he murmured, lifting his tiny fist up to his eyes to rub over them, yet then dropping it to his side again as he fell right back to sleep.

Jungkook chuckled softly, pressing his lips to Jimin's temple before he entered the restroom, scanning the dimmed lit room before he approached the shower and turned on the water, never loosing his tight grasp around Jimin with one arm.

Once the water was running, Jungkook turned to the counter, opening the drawer and picking out a towel. In the midst of it all, a small package revealed itself to Jungkook's eyes, a smile curving his lips at the sight of the black box.

“K-Ko-o” the smaller boy mumbled sleepily, still fast asleep, but appearing to dream of the black haired one.

Adorable.

How can one be this adorable?

“How cute” Jungkook uttered with a smile as he placed another towel on top of the box before he shut the drawer and headed towards the shower.

Well, Jimin was.

Cute and kind and sweet and everything inbetween.

Yet, more than anything – he was Jungkook's. All his.

And Jungkook – well, he was Jimin's just as much.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed this long chapter :)

As I'm done with my essay now and have recollected my motivation for writing, I hope to be able to update the next chapter faster this time around <3

Please stay healthy and don't forget to take rests! I will see you in the next chapter :)
Love you <3
Rough Beginnings

Chapter Summary

Jimin has his first individual lesson with Ong, but things really don't go as planned...

Chapter Notes

Hello, lovely readers <3

Time flies by so fast! How have you been? I hope you're all happy and healthy <3

Today I'm posting a double update! The chapter just got sooooo long and I think it's more convenient to read them when they're split into two parts. ^^

A few of you have even told me that you stay up extremely late just to finish the chapters, which is very cute by the way, but we can't have that! You need to sleep, loves! <3

I need to do some finishing touches on the second chapter I'm posting today, but you can definitely expect it somewhen later :)

I hope you enjoy the chapter <3

P.S. There was a lovely person that asked me to translate my story into Arabic. You left your instagram, but I'm unable to contact you because I don't have an instagram myself. I answered below your comment in hopes you see it! :) <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The smaller boy rolled onto his side, the sound of water running drawing him out of his drowsiness, sleep still very much vivid within him, yet the boy then shaken awake by the sudden noise that broke the silence that had laid upon Jimin.

Sleepily, Jimin lifted his petite fist up to his face, rubbing it over his tired eyes before he untangled himself from the velvety sheets that had engulfed him with utter cosiness and warmth.

For a moment, Jimin was dazed, the boy blinking several times to allow his eyes to adjust to the faint illumination of the room, his vision no longer blurry once he sat up.

At the sudden low temperatures, Jimin found himself shudder, chills running down his skin as he noticed the lack of clothing on his delicate body. In fact, Jimin wasn't wearing anything at all.

It was of high probability that it had been Jungkook who had removed Jimin's collar and his socks, Jimin assumed. After all, there was a fair trace of sandalwood in the air, Jimin inhaling a deep breath as the scent lingered in his nose – the boy certain that it was Jungkook who had washed him last night and was responsible for this odour.
Carefully, Jimin got up to his feet, picking up Jungkook's shirt from last night that was still deposited on the floor and throwing it on. As he was buttoning the shirt up, Jimin headed towards the bathroom, curious to see where Jungkook was.

“You're already up and dressed,” Jimin noted once he entered the bathroom, tilting his head to the side as he observed the taller boy, Jungkook already dressed in his usual work attire.

The latter turned his head towards Jimin upon hearing his voice. A smile curved his lips at the sight of the pink haired boy – his gaze wandering down Jimin's delicate figure as the shirt of Jungkook was barely covering his pretty features – before his eyes trailed back up to Jimin's, meeting his gaze.

“Mhm-mh,” he hummed as he turned off the tap. As a natural result, the water was no longer running, establishing a sense of silence in the apartment that was broken by Jungkook's deep voice. “I have to leave earlier this morning.”

Jimin gave a faint nod, approaching Jungkook on his tiptoes. “I fell asleep again last night while cuddling, didn't I?” he wanted to know, quite frankly not remembering anything after their conversation regarding that weekend trip that Jungkook had suggested.

“You did,” Jungkook affirmed, a soft chuckle slipping from his lips as he met Jimin's gaze in the reflection of the mirror.

“I'm sorry,” Jimin mumbled, pulling on the hem of his shirt as he caught his bottom lip between his teeth, faintly recalling the promise of their cuddles only lasting for a few more minutes before the two were going to take a bath...

Well, that hadn't worked out that well, had it? In the end, Jungkook had been the one to take care of Jimin again without Jimin even realising it during the particular moment.

“Don't be,” Jungkook objected, shaking his head.

A soft smile adorned Jimin's pretty features as he closed his arms around Jungkook's upper body, nuzzling his cheek against his back and inhaling his comforting scent.

“You smell good,” Jimin whispered, staring at Jungkook's reflection in the mirror.

The black haired male flashed him a soft smile, Jimin returning it before he detached himself again, not exactly capable to afford to be distracted right now by the comfort he found in Jungkook or by the sight of his handsome appearance.

“I'm gonna take a shower,” Jimin decided with a sigh, aware that he was required to leave for work very soon in order to make it on time.

Jungkook hummed in acknowledgement, turning around as he watched how Jimin approached the shower, his delicate fingers fumbling with the buttons on his shirt.

“Are you already going to be gone by the time I'm finished?” Jimin wanted to know.

“No, I don't think so,” Jungkook responded, shaking his head as he crossed his arms over his chest. “I'm going to check some of my mails before leaving,” he informed Jimin, his eyes glued to Jimin's small figure.

“Okay,” Jimin uttered, giving a weak nod as he focused on the task at hand – opening this stupid shit that was giving him a hard time.
“It's a pity that I already showered,” Jungkook muttered, wetting his lips at the sight of Jimin's pretty back, the smaller boy finally succeeding in his task and allowing the shirt to slide down his shoulders. “It's a nice view,” he added gently.

The pink haired boy halted his movement, preventing the shirt from sliding down his body entirely as he looked back over his shoulder. “Are you just... going to stand there?” he asked quietly.

At his question, Jungkook smirked, amusement glistening in his eyes as he inclined his head to the side. “If you want me to,” he noted.

Shyly, Jimin swallowed hard, his cheeks flushing a faint shade of rose before he whined, “Kook-aaah, leave.”

In response, the other male snickered, amused by Jimin's timidity. “Are you embarrassed?”

Jimin shook his head despite his clear display of bashfulness. “No...”

“Got it,” Jungkook chuckled, sensing Jimin's slight embarrassment in spite of him denying it as it was plainly natural for Jimin to tend to be shy in certain situations as this one.

The taller male approached Jimin and pressed a kiss to his temple before he exited the bathroom, leaving Jimin to himself and allowing him to shower on his own.

Several minutes later, Jimin stepped out of the shower, wrapping a soft towel around his wet body as he approached the sink in order to brush his teeth. For a moment, Jimin allowed himself to study his own appearance in the mirror, a few droplets of water cascading down his hair and falling on the sink.

“All done?” a male voice noted lightly.

The pink haired boy jerked up at the sudden voice, startled as he noticed the silhouette of a figure out of the corner of his eyes. Upon the sight of Jungkook, Jimin's heart rate steadied, a soft smile curving his lips as Jungkook closed the distance between them.

“You scared me,” Jimin mumbled.

“I'm sorry,” Jungkook chuckled, reaching up to brush Jimin's damp fringe out of his face.

Jimin nuzzled against the touch, but then his gaze trailed back over to the mirror, precisely his neck, a few red marks adorning his skin as a trace left on his skin from last night.

“My throat,” Jimin noted softly, his delicate fingers trailing over his skin as he observed his reflection in the mirror.

“Does it hurt?” Jungkook uttered, titling his head to the side as a faint display of concern glistened in his brown orbs.

“Only a bit,” Jimin murmured, wrinkling his nose at the slight aching of his throat.

Gently, Jungkook wrapped his arms around Jimin, hugging the smaller boy from behind and resting his head on Jimin's shoulder as he met his gaze in the mirror.

“I-”

“No, I didn't say that to make you feel guilty,” Jimin swiftly interrupted, having sensed Jungkook wanting to apologise. “I wanted you to... to use my mouth and I wanted to wear the collar. Please,
don't apologise for giving me what I want.”

If anything, it was Jimin's own fault for requesting such an action. However, he didn't regret it one bit – had loved every single moment of it.

“I might have been a little too rough, though,” Jungkook stated, nudging his nose against Jimin's shoulder.

“No, you weren't,” Jimin reassured him, placing his hands on Jungkook's as they were placed on Jimin's stomach. “Does it look bad?” he wondered, not entirely keen on attracting any attention for the marks on his throat.

Jungkook smiled warmly. “Well, the collar definitely left some marks this time around,” he responded, the tips of his fingers tracing over Jimin's throat as he spoke.

“Oh...,” Jimin whispered, distracted by the soft touch. “Well, I... I think I should wear something to hide them?” he suggested. “I don't want anyone to believe that you choked me,” he murmured.

An emotion that Jimin wanted to define as smugness flashed in Jungkook's eyes, a chuckle falling from his lips before he the boy wet his lips. “Well...

At his response, Jimin's eyes went wide. “I mean, that you choked me to hurt me,” he clarified, aware that Jungkook had essentially choked him by tugging on the collar various times last night. Yet, he hadn't exactly done that to harm Jimin, but just to discipline him.

“Well...,” Jungkook muttered again, amusement glistening in his eyes.

“In an evil way,” Jimin corrected, his cheeks flushing a faint shade of rose. “Not intentionally to fulfil my wish,” he added, somehow timid as he was forced to lay it all out for Jungkook, admitting yet again to how much he had enjoyed last night.

“I got it the first time around,” Jungkook snickered, rubbing his palm over Jimin's stomach to pacify him. “I just love to see you blush, when you try to explain yourself,” he whispered into Jimin's ear, pressing a kiss to the spot behind his lobe.

At his words, Jimin's blush deepened, the smaller one swatting Jungkook's arm as he pouted, “Meanie,” he mumbled, indeed already used to Jungkook's playful teasing, but then still feeling all flustered whenever he did it all the same.

“Mhm-mh,” Jungkook hummed lowly, peppering open-mouthed kisses over Jimin's nape as though he was trying to comfort him. A soft breath slipped from Jimin's lips; his eyes fluttering shut at the gentle caress of Jungkook's lips on his skin. “How about your wrists?” Jungkook wanted to know, interrupting Jimin's peaceful silence as he reached for the pink haired boy's hands.

“The belt...,” Jimin stated, examining his own wrists. “Well, it was a harsher material in comparison to your ties,” he elaborated, inspecting the faint red marks on his wrists as well. “Do you think the marks will be left for long?” Jimin wanted to know, slightly worried.

Evidently, Jimin loved the marks Jungkook left on his body – adored the thought of having a visible sign on his skin that he belonged to the black haired boy.

Yet, all the same, he was concerned about how this might look to anyone else from an outside perspective. They lacked the knowledge of the actual narrative, didn't know that Jimin hadn't been harmed intentionally, but that he had asked to be treated this way because he adored it.
Surely, this expression of intimacy might be unique, might not be understood by everyone as the thought alone could potentially seem obscure to certain people.

However, Jimin... Jimin loved the marks, loved that Jungkook treated him the way he did during certain moments, loved... all of it.

Was that wrong?

Was there something wrong with him because he found pleasure in the pain – in being disciplined – in having marks on his body?

The smaller boy shook his head, his heart scolding him for allowing such thoughts to be raised. After all, all these months, Jungkook had been so adamant to have Jimin understand that there wasn't anything wrong with the idea of finding pleasure in pain.

This profound emotion of belonging and... and of allowing yourself to fall into a state where someone else captured all the control and took care of you in a way that you weren't capable to was just... Jimin loved it.

Loved...

“Little one?” Jungkook whispered into his ear, interrupting Jimin's thoughts and drawing him back to reality.

“Huh?” Jimin murmured, meeting Jungkook's gaze in the mirror.

“I said I think they will be gone by tomorrow,” Jungkook repeated his previous statement that Jimin must have missed in the midst of his own thoughts. “I made sure to leave enough room around your wrists so the belt wouldn't cut into your skin too deeply,” he added, pressing his lips to Jimin's bare shoulder.

Jimin smiled softly as he gave a nod, finally reaching for his toothbrush and turning on the tap, the sound of water running echoing in the small of the room a brief moment later.

“You're probably going to work long today again, hm?” the pink haired boy asked as he rinsed out his toothbrush before he opened the toothpaste and squeezed some of it on his brush.

“Most likely,” Jungkook answered, giving a faint nod as he observed Jimin, watching the boy push the toothbrush past his lips. “I gotta make up for what I missed yesterday,” he added with sigh, scratching over the back of his neck. “My father was pissed that I left early last night”

At his words, Jimin's eyes went wide. “Was he?” he uttered, concern flashing in his eyes.

If Jimin hadn't been so needy last night, Jungkook wouldn't have felt forced to leave earlier for him... Stupid emotions, Jimin thought, learn to control yourself.

“Yeah,” Jungkook affirmed. “I told him right from the morning that I was going to leave earlier that day. I had planned on doing it anyway, but he forgot about it, so he was mad when I just wanted to leave,” he elaborated, shrugging his shoulders.

“Is that why he called you?” Jimin wondered, still brushing his teeth as he studied Jungkook's handsome features in the mirror.

There was an ounce of hesitance.
“No,” Jungkook answered, shaking his head. “That was about something else,” he revealed.

“Oh,” Jimin murmured. “Well... I’m sorry for getting you in trouble,” he apologised softly, believing that it was partially his fault for Mr. Jeon to be mad at him for leaving as Jimin had been very clingy and needy.

“You didn't,” Jungkook reassured, his grasp still tight around Jimin's upper body as he pressed his lips to Jimin's temple. “I missed you. I wanted to be with you. It was worth it, trust me.”

Inevitably, Jimin's heart fluttered, a soft smile curving his lips.

“What about you, angel?” Jungkook wanted to know, shifting the attention over to Jimin. The latter rinsed out his mouth before he cleaned his toothbrush and placed it back in its designated spot.

For some reason, Jimin's heart rate picked up at that question as it remembered what lesson was scheduled for today. “I have my first individual lesson with Ong today,” he replied, turning around in Jungkook's embrace to face the boy.

“Are you nervous?” Jungkook asked, curling his hands around Jimin's hips and lifting him up on the counter, the smaller one gasping at the sudden movement, his hands quick to secure the towel around his delicate body as Jungkook spread Jimin's legs and moved in between them.

“Yes,” Jimin uttered, staring at Jungkook as the latter rested his hands on Jimin's thighs. “A lot,” he admitted.

“Don't be, hm?” Jungkook encouraged him, rubbing the pad of his thumbs along Jimin's soft skin, a warm smile embellishing his handsome features.

“It's just a completely new experience,” Jimin expressed, digging his teeth into his bottom lips as he lowered his head. “I'm not exactly used to teaching someone yet – let alone teach them all on my own,” he elaborated.

Frankly, Jimin still hadn't adapted to the whole teaching duty. Surely, he had accustomed to the overall idea of standing in front of a group of trainees that were ought to practice and learn something from him and Hoseok, yet it appeared as though Jimin still needed time to adjust to the narrative of him being a part of the process solely now.

“Just get to know him first,” Jungkook suggested. “Ask him to perform and get a good impression of what he truly lacks. It won't be bad, hm?” he added as he leaned in. “I know you'll do well. Believe in yourself, little one,” he encouraged Jimin as he pressed his lips to the latter's cheek.

“I will try,” Jimin mumbled.

The other male nudged his nose against Jimin's cheek. “Stop pouting,” he insisted softly.

“I'm not,” Jimin claimed – despite the visible display of his bottom lip sticking out in a pout.

The black haired boy studied Jimin's features, his palms still caressing Jimin's thighs as he titled his head to the side. “Want me to help you release some stress before I leave for work?”

“H-How?” Jimin wondered, his eyes big and glistening in curiosity.

Jungkook smirked, something flashing in his eyes as he opened his mouth to speak, but Jimin was quick to reach up and cover his mouth with his petite hand.
“O-Oh,” Jimin uttered, swallowing hard as he blushed upon his mind being aware of where Jungkook was going with this one. “No, Kook-ah”

“No?” Jungkook echoed, the smug expression on his face causing Jimin to try and draw his legs together yet being unsuccessful as Jungkook was still very much standing right in between them. 

This was bad.

“I-If you start now and then just leave because you have to head to work- I will die,” Jimin expressed, vigorously shaking his head. “This time, I won't make it,” he asserted.

In response, Jungkook chuckled, reaching up to brush strands of Jimin's pink hair out of his face before the tips of his fingers traced over Jimin's cheekbone. “Don't you think you're a little dramatic there, baby?” Jungkook objected, humour depicted in his eyes. “You won't die”

Yes, Jimin will die.

Okay... Maybe, he won't actually die.

However, it wasn’t easy on his poor heart to be edged and left hanging for the whole day.

“You- Yesterday you-,” Jimin stuttered, pointing at Jungkook as though he was out to make a valid point of accusing him, but then going silent as he seemed to lack the ability to form a coherent sentence.

“I what?” Jungkook wanted to know, arching up an eyebrow, a smug smirk still plastered on his handsome face.

“You were so mean,” Jimin accused, crossing his arms over his chest.

“I was?” Jungkook responded, sucking in a breath as though he was in physical pain upon the nod that Jimin gave. “Damn, that hurts,” he claimed, clasping his hand over his heart.

“You edged me for so long,” Jimin elaborated quietly, pouting, yet then trying to disregard the slight display of arousal in the pit of his stomach as the events of last night resurfaced in his mind.

“And? Wasn't that what you wanted?” Jungkook remarked, pulling up his brows. “Wasn't it worth in the end, hm?” he muttered, the tips of his fingers tracing closer to the hem of the towel that barely covered Jimin's delicate skin. “Didn't you come for me like the good boy you are?” he noted, his tone husky and alluring.

“I-I... Well... well, I...,” Jimin stammered, his legs twitching as Jungkook's digits trailed over his inner thighs.

“There you go,” Jungkook commented, smirking as he was satisfied with the effect he had on Jimin. “Besides, who said that I would just leave?”

No. This was bad. They could not do this right now! Jimin was going to be late!

Resist! Resist!

“I-I don't think... We will be late to work, if-,” Jimin objected, shaking his head, but sucking in a breath as Jungkook's hands grabbed Jimin's thighs, his fingers digging into Jimin's soft skin.

“I can be quick, hm?” Jungkook interrupted him, something challenging flashing in his brown orbs as he leaned closer.
“Trouble,” Jimin commented, shaking his head as he dodged down, somehow managing to escape Jungkook's grasp and slide down the counter. “You mean trouble,” he added, pushing past Jungkook with flushed cheeks. “No, I-I have to get ready,” Jimin decided, nodding determinately as he avoided eye contact, instead heading towards the bedroom.

The taller male chuckled, following after Jimin. “Adorable,” he stated beneath his breath, watching Jimin approach the dresser in swift steps as though he was trying to maintain the largest distance capable in this room between them, evoking another snicker in Jungkook who was amused by Jimin's cute timidity.

For a moment, Jungkook just observed Jimin with intent eyes, the boy picking out some clothes from the dresser and returning to the bed where he put on his underwear and socks – diligent to preserve the towel secured around his body so it wouldn't budge and expose his most private parts to Jungkook's eyes, causing a fond smile to adorn Jungkook's defined features.

“Little one,” Jungkook called out softly, leaning against the wall. “Did you think about my proposal?”

At his words, Jimin halted his hands mid-air, refraining from tugging the shirt over his head, but leaving it covering his face as he was caught off guard by the question.

P-Proposal...?

Did he mean-

Had he not... Had Jimin been so very deep in subspace last night that he couldn't remember Jungkook proposing to him?

What?

No, this... it must refer to something else... It...

“H-Huh?” Jimin stuttered, his eyes big as the shirt was lifted from his head, exposing his shocked expression to Jungkook's eyes, the latter having closed the distance between them, now holding Jimin's shirt in his hand.

“The trip?” Jungkook elucidated with a smile.

“Oh,” Jimin whispered, not exactly certain what feeling it was that resided in his chest upon Jungkook's clarification. “Uhm... Well, not really,” he answered sincerely, shaking his head at his confusing heart, genuinely not exactly having had the time to think about the plan of the trip, yet then aware that... it was unlikely to actually happen anytime soon. “However, I'm not sure about whether we can really do that...”

“Why not?” Jungkook wanted to know, furrowing his brows.

“Jungkook-ah, I just started working here, I can't already be taking two days off;,” Jimin expressed, shaking his head at the somewhat absurd idea.

“Three,” Jungkook corrected.

“Three days?” Jimin echoed, his eyes going even wider.
“Yes,” Jungkook simply affirmed, giving a faint nod.

“That’s even- No, I can’t do that, Kook-ah,” Jimin objected, reaching for his shirt and tugging it over his head to put it on. “That would be so rude. I might be fired,” he pointed out, fixing the shirt on his upper body as he shook his head again.

After all, Jimin could very well lose his job, if he just disappeared for three days that early into working at the company.

“Did you forget who I am?” the black haired boy noted, pointing at himself with a chuckle. “Angel, who do you think is going to fire you?”

Jimin blinked.

Fair point...

“Well, but...,” Jimin murmured, but went silent as Jungkook spoke up again.

“I’m your boss,” Jungkook reminded Jimin. “If I ask you to come on a trip with me, you don’t have to worry about losing your job,” he added, making a valid point there.

For a fair moment, Jimin's brain must have omitted the fact that Jungkook truly was his boss, thus he wouldn’t have to be concerned about being fired. Then again... it could put a bad light on Jimin, couldn’t it? Not regarding the perception of his boss, but of the other employees that were in immediate contact with him and could potentially judge Jimin for being allowed a couple of days off because of his relation to Jungkook.

“Yeah, but... what about the other employees?” Jimin voiced his concern. “They might feel like I’m receiving a special treatment which could be considered unfair in comparison to them,” he emphasised, crossing his arms over his chest. “And what about Hoseok Hyung? I can’t just leave him to himself.”

“Little one, people are allowed to take days off,” Jungkook stated. “You’re not forced to work every day of every year, if you’d check your contract,” he reminded Jimin, placing his index finger below Jimin’s chin to prevent the other one from averting his gaze. “Taking three days off is not a crime.”

“Yeah, but... that early?” Jimin objected, feeling as though he didn't quite deserve to take a weekend off already.

“I don’t see a problem with that,” the younger male responded, shrugging his shoulders.

“What if I wasn't your boyfriend?” Jimin wanted to know, frowning as he tilted his head to the side. “Wouldn’t you perceive someone that takes days off as early as that into working for you in a somewhat negative light?”

In a way, Jimin felt as though he was sheltered by a special shield for being Jungkook's boyfriend, essentially safe and sound, protected by Jungkook himself. Somehow, Jimin couldn't help but believe that the faults he would do might be observed in a different light in comparison to any other employee that made a mistake or crossed a line.

There was an ounce of hesitation on Jungkook's behalf.

“No,” the taller boy responded. “People can have valid reasons.”

“Taking a short vacation is not a-”
“Do you just not want to go with me?” Jungkook interrupted him, dropping his hand back to his side. “I thought it would make you happy—”

“No! Kook-ah, it's not that, I promise,” Jimin swiftly interfered, getting up to his feet and closing his arms around Jungkook's neck. “I- I would love to go with you, you know that,” he assured, his delicate fingers playing with the black locks at the back of Jungkook's head. “I just... I don't know, I feel like I don't deserve to do that this early into working here.”

“Jimin-ah, you've worked so hard these past months – with your previous job and your constant dance practices, the big competition you were part of.” Jungkook commented, a warm smile curving his lips as he leaned in to press a peck to Jimin's plump lips. “You barely take any breaks. It's okay to treat yourself for once and not work in any shape or form,” he elaborated, brushing Jimin's fringe out of his face. “Hoseok Hyung will manage without you somehow. I'm sure he'll understand,” he stated. “And regarding the other employees- if anyone talks shit about you, let me know and I'll take care of it.”

The smaller boy caught his bottom lip between his teeth.

To be fair, Jimin believed that Hoseok would truly be fine with Jimin leaving for a few days as he had managed quite well before Jimin had ever been present at the company to begin with.

However, right now definitely wasn't the appropriate time for that. After all, Hoseok had enough going on in his own life right now, had to deal with the whole chaos of his broken bond to Yoongi and his heartbroken boyfriend Taehyung.

“Let me think about it a little more?” Jimin asked softly.

“Sure, little one,” Jungkook responded, giving a nod before he pressed his lips to Jimin's forehead. “Take your time.”

“Thank you,” Jimin whispered, nuzzling his face into the curve of Jungkook's neck.

***

You can do this. You can do this. You can do this. You can do-

“Good morning, Ong-ssi,” Jimin found himself utter upon the sight of Ong stretching his limps as Jimin entered the room, Jimin being surprised at the sound of his own voice as it was almost as though his brain had managed to function just fine while his heart still wasn't ready for this lesson.

The younger boy looked up, meeting Jimin's gaze, “Good morning to you, too, Mr. Park,” Ong responded with a grin, executing a faint bow.

Politely, Jimin returned the bow as a natural mannerism of his, then heading towards the table depicted in the room and dropping his bag on it. “I have received the task from Mr. Jeon regarding y-,” he expressed on his way in, carrying some sheets in his hand that he had obtained from Minji this morning, Mr. Jeon having written down what exactly he wanted Jimin to do and providing a list of song choices for him that appeared to be crucial in Mr. Jeon's eyes to establish an improvement in Ong.

“I'm aware,” Ong interrupted him, crossing his arms over his chest as he leaned against the wall, throwing Jimin off for a brief moment as he wasn't used to being interrupted by one of the trainees. “I was present when he scolded me for my lacking,” the boy explained. “I'm grateful that you're going to teach me, Mr. Park – although I don't exactly see where the problem is,” he added, pointing at Jimin with a smirk.
Jimin should have assumed this... Well, frankly, he had in a way.

Ong appeared to be very self-assured and convinced of his own skills and talent, thus potentially not entirely open-minded to another narrative as the one he is determined to uphold.

No, his demeanor screamed *indifference*.

“The problem is that you...,” Jimin stated, trying to find the right words. “Well, you don't convey emotion when you dance,” he noted, hoping that he hadn't hurt Ong's pride as insulting him was absolutely not Jimin's intention. “Surely, there are different styles of dancing, but for the next group Mr. Jeon is going to debut, he demands people that possess *that* ability to include in that group. I assume, it is a necessity,” he explained with a soft smile.

Ong only stared at Jimin. “I see.”

The smaller boy blinked, somehow not that certain anymore of what he was supposed to do, if Ong didn't seem to be interested *at all* – In fact, not even truly admitting to lacking that ability.

“Why don't you- Why don't you just dance?” Jimin suggested, clearing his throat as he skimmed through the list of songs, already having chosen one upon having received the list. “I'm going to play a song for you, and I want you to express what you feel with your movements,” he instructed, meeting Ong's gaze again and awaiting his approval.

The younger male shrugged his shoulders but pushed himself off the wall as he moved to the center of the room. “Sure,” he agreed, eventually giving a nod as he stretched his neck from side to side.

In the meanwhile, Jimin rushed and put on the song, a slow melody echoing in the room, amplified by the various speakers that were installed in the walls of the room. Then, Jimin hopped up on the table, his eyes fixated on Ong's every movement as he started to dance.

There was no solid effort apparent in Ong's performance – it was as though he wanted to visibly display that he didn't want to be here, as though he wanted to portray his lack of interest and denial of the significance of this lesson.

In his eyes, this wasn't necessary.

In fact, he refused to listen to any comments Jimin made after his performance.

The smaller boy hopped off the table, approaching Ong as he titled his head to the side, “How does that song make you feel?” Jimin wanted to know, crossing his arms over his chest.

Clearly, each and every person was entitled to feel a different emotion – some potentially unable to explain *how* a melody or certain lyrics moved them in every fiber of their very being – when they listened to a song, thus Jimin was curious to find out what Ong felt when he heard that song as it seemed to be an emotion opposed to the one that resided in Jimin's heart when he listened to the song.

“I don't know,” Ong responded, shrugging his shoulders.

For a moment, Jimin just studied his features, trying to define whether he was sincere and truly didn't know or whether he just chose to not even try to decipher the emotion conveyed in the song.

Perhaps... could it be that he lacked the ability to *define* an emotion?

“How do you think it's supposed to convey a rather irritating or… or fuming emotion?” Jimin wondered,
arching up his brows as he halted in front of Ong, having decreased the distance between them by a fair bit, now standing right in front of the younger male. It was only then that Jimin noticed that Ong was nearly taller than him – potentially just a few inches, but still remotely taller.

The brown haired one's gaze flickered back and forth between Jimin's doe eyes as he hesitated to answer. In fact, he just proceeded to stare at Jimin for such a duration that resulted in Jimin to wonder whether he had disregarded his question altogether, hence parting his lips to repeat it.

“No,” Ong eventually answered, shaking his head. “No, I doubt that,” he added, clearing his throat. “I get a sense of... I don't know... longlines? Kind of...,” he trailed off, scratching over the back of his neck.

Nostalgic, Jimin thought.

“Shit, I'm not sure,” Ong cursed.

At least, he was trying, Jimin thought.

It was odd that his words were expressing an opposed emotion to the one he had conveyed while dancing. “Then why are you expressing a sense of anger?” Jimin wanted to know.

“I'm not angry,” Ong asserted, snorting.

“You looked very angry,” Jimin pointed out, not averting his gaze despite the intent eyes that were piercing through him.

“I see,” Ong murmured quietly.

Perhaps, he was angered by the fact of having been forced to do this, by the fact of having disappointed Mr. Jeon and having been scolded by him. Perhaps, that's why he conveyed such an emotion – even if it was more subconsciously than intentionally.

“You might not notice it, but your face is very expressive,” Jimin explained. “I was able to see that you were very concentrated, and it even appeared that you were angry,” he expressed. “I would like for you to try and let loose,” Jimin advised with a soft smile. “Just try and... Well, try not to think for a moment. Try not to think about what you're doing, but feel solely,” he added, clasping his palm over his heart.

“I don’t think that will... that will look good, Mr. Park,” Ong objected, frowning at the suggestion.

“It will,” Jimin reassured with a smile. “You just have to allow yourself to try, Ong-ssi”

The younger boy stared at him for a moment longer, yet then he gave a nod, pushing his hair out of his face while Jimin restarted the song from the beginning.

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It was a little later into their lesson, the two of them sitting on the floor beside one another, taking a small break from their practice.

Somehow, the events had evolved in a rather positive way, Ong actually having tried to listen to the comments Jimin had mentioned which resulted in the whole air between them to be less tensed.

“Well, I can think of better things than being stuck and punished in a practice room right now, Mr. Park,” Ong noted, pulling the hem of his shirt up to his face to wipe away his sweat, his heavy
breathing filling the room.

Once he was satisfied, he proceeded to have his shirt lifted just enough to expose the faint image of his abs, Jimin wondering whether he was doing that on purpose as there was a smug smile depicted on his face as Jimin met his gaze again.

“You're not being punished, Ong-ssi,” Jimin reassured him with a smile, picking out a box of cookies from his bag before he closed the distance between them again and sat down next to Ong, “Please, don’t see it like that. It's just... it's supposed to help you. I want to help you,” he elaborated softly.

“Thank you, Mr. Park,” Ong declared, his tone sounding somehow the most delicate Jimin had ever registered it. Yet his face radiated a sense of struggle as though it was a difficult task for him to express his gratitude.

Somehow, that made it even more valuable to Jimin.

Returning the smile, Jimin opened the bag of cookies and handed it to Ong. “Here, have one”

For a moment, Ong eyed the cookies, but then he shook his head. “I'm on a diet”

“Oh,” Jimin uttered, catching his bottom lip between his teeth as guilt blossomed within him. “One won't be so bad, right?” he wondered, smiling sweetly. “Besides, you danced a lot so you can definitely have one”

Ong hesitated for a brief moment, but then he gave a nod, picking out a cookie and taking a bite from it before he reached for his water bottle and sipped down a good amount of his water.

The smaller boy found himself smile as well, in some way glad and maybe even a little proud that Ong wasn't pushing Jimin away anymore but was actually trying to improve.

“So, why don't we go and have some lunch together?” Ong suddenly suggested, an emotion flashing in his eyes that Jimin wasn't able to define. “Or some dinner later? You know, to get to know one another and stuff,” he added with a grin.

At his words, Jimin blinked, his eyes going big as he studied Ong's features. “Are you... Are you asking me out?” Jimin asked for clarification, not entirely sure whether his ears haven't deceived him there, but then also puzzled whether his statement had even implied what Jimin was assuming as the pink haired boy was very miserable at deciphering things such as that.

“I can, if you want me to,” Ong responded, titling his head to the side.

“Ong-ssi, stop being silly,” Jimin chuckled as he shook his head, figuring that he was just joking around.

“I'm being serious, Mr. Park,” Ong emphasised, leaning back on his hands as he stared at Jimin intently.

The smaller one’s eyes went big, his gaze flickering back and forth between Ong’s brown orbs.

What?

“Ong-ssi, I'm your teacher,” Jimin reminded him, baffled by the sudden turn of events.

Jimin must have misunderstood him.
After all, besides the fact that Jimin was already taken as he was in a committed relationship with Jungkook, he was Ong’s teacher just as much – the brown haired boy not even being an adult yet.

This was wrong. By all means – Legally and morally.

“So?” Ong uttered, arching up his brows as though he didn't fathom were the problem laid, as though Jimin's objection was absurd.

“You're a trainee,” Jimin added in an attempt to get his point across.

“So?” Ong plainly responded again, clearly not convinced by Jimin's opposition and by all of this being very wrong.

“I'm t-...” Jimin tried again, his cheeks flushing a faint shade of rose as he shook his head again, merely refraining from exposing his relationship to Jungkook. Yet then again – being already taken wasn't the major problem here, it was the circumstances of their current relation and Ong's clear refusal to comprehend that. “I'm flattered, but you're too young”

“I'm sixteen,” Ong pointed out as though that would change anything.

However, somehow, Jimin found himself smile warmly at the determination in Ong’s eyes – almost as if he was the slightest bit offended by Jimin mentioning the issue of age which lead him to try to prove himself.

“Not an adult yet,” the pink haired boy commented, shaking his head again.

“I can be,” Ong stated, puffing up his chest like he was trying to appear stronger. “I can be anything you want me to be, Jimin-ssi,” he added, his voice carrying something alluring as he moved closer.

Hastily, Jimin got up to his feet, shaking his head again. “It's Park,” he reminded the trainee again. “I'm your teacher, Ong-ssi,” he stressed, crossing his arms over his chest as Ong remained sitting on the floor, Jimin certain to maintain a safe distance between them.

“That is kinda hot,” Ong commented with a grin.

Perhaps, it was just some innocent flirting?

After all, Ong was still a teen, potentially just a little cocky and cheeky in his demeanor by nature, thus testing how far he was allowed to go.

Maybe, he was just messing around with him?

Frankly, Jimin didn’t know.

At his remark, Jimin frowned, but couldn't help and smile weakly as he was simply lacking the ability to take Ong's attempt to flirt with him serious. After all, it didn't appear to be actual interest, but harmless flirting to prove himself in some sort of way.

“Do you talk to all of your teachers like that?” Jimin wanted to know, almost certain that Ong didn't dare to talk like that to any other teachers.

In a way, it hurt Jimin to be taken less seriously, yet then it also made him wonder whether that meant that Ong felt comfortable enough with him to allow himself to be himself entirely and be less nervous or stressed than with the other teachers?

Wasn't that... a good sign?
“Just the cute ones,” the other one promised with a wink.

The pink haired boy rolled his eyes.

“So?” Ong urged, cocking his head to the side. “Are you not taking me serious, Mr. Park?”

“Ong-ssi, stop that,” Jimin demanded, his voice not firm, but rather soft as it naturally tended to sound like, but still carrying a hint of seriousness to convey that Jimin didn't appreciate the way he was proceeding to treat Jimin. “You're being unprofessional. This is not going to happen,” he emphasised, pointing back and forth between their figures.

In response, Ong smiled. “Only time will tell, Mr. Park,” he claimed as he got up to his feet.

“I'm your teacher and that's it,” Jimin repeated. “There will never be anything more than that between us. I would like for you to treat me with some more decent respect as I'm sure you treat Hoseok Hyung or any other teacher of yours,” he elaborated, hoping that Ong would refrain from behaving that mischievous and quite unprofessional in Jimin's presence.

Why wasn't he taking Jimin serious?

There was no way he would ever talk to Hoseok like that.

Honestly, his behaviour wasn't making Jimin uncomfortable per say as he didn't feel endangered or cornered by his harmless flirting, yet Ong's demeanor was still uncalled for.

“I understand,” Ong ultimately answered, executing a slight bow as he gave a nod.

A warm smile embellished Jimin's pretty features as he was glad that Ong was actually listening to him and not crossing any boundaries.

“Now, let's focus on your dancing,” Jimin decided, convinced that Ong would drop the topic, but then appearing to have assessed the situation in a wrong light.

“Yes, Mr. Park,” Ong uttered. “But, how about I ask you once the lesson is over?” he suggested, crossing his arms over his chest. “We earned us some fun then, no?” he commented.

“Ong-ssi,” Jimin pressed, shaking his head. “No, I'm your teacher,” he stressed, very close to simply expressing that he was taken already to set a boundary that Ong would potentially understand as he appeared to lack the ability to understand this one.

Yet then Jimin still deliberated whether his relationship status was truly of any significance during this incident. After all, Ong needed to understand that the true issue resided in the fact of Jimin being his teacher and that Ong was not at a legal age here.

Hopefully, that way Ong would understand that his behaviour wasn't just wrong in this particular case, but in any relating scenario that was similar in the way where he was flirting with a teacher of his.

“Okay, so, then how about I ask you again once our individual lessons are over?” the brown haired boy noted, seemingly trying to find a loophole.

“Would you focus now, Ong-ssi?” Jimin insisted, shaking his head again as he sighed.

“Would you answer me, Mr. Park,” Ong demanded. “Please,” he added swiftly upon the stare that Jimin had given him.
“If you don't stop right now, I might have to talk to Mr. Jeon, Ong-ssi,” Jimin found himself threaten, not keen on pulling that card, but still figuring that it was necessary in this case as Ong was way too playful for his own good.

“Got it. I’m sorry,” Ong muttered, clearing his throat as he fixed his posture. “I will shut up now,” he promised, Jimin appearing to have found a threat that would result in Ong to listen to him.

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“M-Mr. Jeon,” Ong stuttered as he bowed deeply upon the sight of Jungkook entering the practice room.

Politely, Jimin executed a slight bow, a soft smile curving his lips as he met Jungkook's gaze. “Sir,” the pink haired boy greeted him, an emotion gleaming in Jungkook's eyes as that title fell from Jimin's lips.

“Good morning to you, too,” Jungkook responded.

“What are you doing here?” Jimin wanted to know, titling his head to the side.

Certainly, Jimin was delighted by the fact of seeing Jungkook, but having the black haired male stop by and pay them a visit today hadn't been brought up in any initial conversation regarding this individual lesson, thus Jimin was surprised to see him here.

“I was just down here and wanted to stop by for a brief moment just to check how your individual lesson is going,” Jungkook replied, his gaze flickering back and forth between Jimin and Ong, the latter fidgeting with the hem of his shirt as though he was rather nervous – not even remotely behaving like his confident self a few minutes ago where he had shamelessly flirted with Jimin.

“It's going pretty well,” Jimin replied sincerely.

Despite Ong's minor distraction of asking Jimin out, he had actually tried to work on the points that Jimin had commented on and was really listening to what Jimin was saying in spite of his earlier refusal.

So far, Jimin was hopeful.

“Y-Yes. Yes, it's great,” Ong agreed, perhaps slightly in awe by the authority and power that Jungkook was exuding. In fact, clearly more shocked by the sight of him than Jimin. “Ji- Mr. Park is amazing. Truly amazing,” he asserted.

The black haired boy glanced at Jimin, affection glistening in his eyes as he hummed in agreement. “He is,” he coincided.

At the compliment, Jimin's cheeks flushed a faint shade of rose, but he blamed it on the high temperatures in the room as dancing for that long really got them heated rather than his definite bashfulness.

“Your lesson should be over soon?” Jungkook wanted to know, arching up an eyebrow as he was addressing Jimin.

“Oh, yes,” Jimin replied, giving a nod. “We were just about to wrap it up”

“Great,” Jungkook noted. “Go ahead then”
For a moment, Jimin just stared at Jungkook, expecting him to leave.

Yet, he didn't.

Instead, he leaned against the wall, his eyes fixated on Jimin as he waited for him to end the lesson.

“Well, Ong-ssi,” Jimin addressed the trainee, turning his body towards the brown haired boy. “I think our first lesson went pretty good,” he noted with a smile. “You did very well. Thank you for listening to me and for trying. I'll see you on Thursday,” he dismissed the younger male.

“Thank you, Mr. Park,” Ong muttered, executing a bow before he turned around with the purpose of collecting his belongings.

The smaller boy crossed his arms over his chest as he approached Jungkook, closing the distance between them. At the sight of Jimin, a smirk curved Jungkook’s lips, his eyes glistening in affection.

“Why are you really here?” Jimin wanted to know, narrowing his eyes in suspicion.

The taller male chuckled as he curled his hand around Jimin's hip, pulling him closer as he leaned in simultaneously. “You know me so well, hm?” he murmured.

At the touch, Jimin gasped, swatting Jungkook's arm away. “Not here,” Jimin whispered, stealing a glimpse at Ong, the latter collecting his belongings and minding his own business.

“Right,” Jungkook responded, giving a nod as he fixated his gaze on Ong, appearing to wait for him to leave. “Would you join me for lunch?” he then wanted to know, meeting Jimin's gaze again.

The pink haired boy pouted. “Oh, I would love to, but I have to take a shower now before I have to meet up with Hoseok-ssi. We need to plan the next lesson,” Jimin answered, catching his bottom lip between his teeth as his heart clenched at having to decline Jungkook's offer.

“Let me walk you?” Jungkook suggested instead.

“To the showers?” Jimin clarified, furrowing his brows.

“Yeah,” the younger male affirmed, smiling as he rested against the wall.

Jimin blinked before he narrowed his eyes. “Jeon Jungkook, we are not going to have sex in the-” he whispered, shaking his head in determined resistance, but his voice turning even quieter and unsure with each syllable at the entertained expression on Jungkook’s face.

“I wasn't planning on,” Jungkook snickered as amusement gleamed in his brown orbs.

Oh.

The younger boy leaned in, curling his hand around Jimin's hip again to draw him closer. “But, fuck, would you want that?” he whispered into Jimin's ear, his hot breath tickling on Jimin's skin. “Me fucking you up against the shower wall, kitten?” he murmured, pressing his lips to the back of Jimin’s ear.

The smaller boy gasped, his stomach stirring in arousal as he found himself blush at Jungkook's words, quick to detach himself from his boyfriend and establish a safe and non-suspicious distance between them.

“Shut up,” Jimin mumbled, blushing deeper as he turned away, meeting Ong's gaze as the latter was approaching the door.
“Thank you, Mr. Park. I'll see you on Thursday,” Ong uttered as he executed two bows consecutively – one in regard to Jimin and the next in regard to Jungkook. “Mr. Jeon,” he murmured before he walked past the two boys and left the practice room.

Immediately, Jungkook closed the distance between them and grabbed Jimin's hips, spinning the pink haired boy back around and pushing him against the wall as he leaned closer. “I can kiss you now,” he decided, brushing his lips over Jimin's.

The latter swallowed hard; his eyes fluttering shut at the slight touch.

“Jungkook-ah, I'm all sweaty,” Jimin whined, but didn't budge, his heart to attached to the feeling of Jungkook's close proximity and the promise of a kiss.

“Won't stop me,” Jungkook remarked with a smile, crashing his lips on Jimin's in a deep kiss.

In response, a soft breath slipped from Jimin's lips, his heart too weak to withhold the craving of kissing back. Carefully, Jimin kissed back, his heart fluttering as Jungkook embraced Jimin's delicate body as though he was his guard, his lips peppering open-mouthed kisses down his throat.

“Kook-aah, not here, not now,” Jimin objected, shaking his head. “I have to- shower and meet Hyung,” he reminded the two of them.

“Right. You're right,” Jungkook groaned, withdrawing the slightest bit as he placed his hands on either side of Jimin's head against the wall. “I've got a whole load of shit to do, too, but fuck, I couldn't resist seeing you,” he declared, smiling as he pressed another peck to Jimin's lips.

“You're sweet,” Jimin stated, placing his petite hand against Jungkook's cheek. “Let me just get my stuff,” he then noted, walking past Jungkook and collecting all his belongings that he pushed into his bag before he returned to Jungkook's side.

As soon as Jimin was back at his side, Jungkook's hand found its way to the small of Jimin's back, the latter smiling at the tender touch. However, upon their exit of the practice room, Jimin pushed Jungkook's arm away as gently as he could muster, smiling softly at him.

“We shouldn't,” he uttered, aware of their surroundings and the work environment they were currently present in. It wasn't of low probability that someone would appear in this hallway any moment and catch sight of them – potentially starting a rumour that would spread like wildfire.

“Right,” Jungkook retorted, giving a weak nod as he cleared his throat. “So, how did your lesson go?”

“I already told you,” Jimin reminded him.

The taller male turned his head to the side to meet Jimin's gaze. “Now, be genuine,” he insisted. “I know that you wouldn't talk badly about Ong-ssi in his presence because you fear it might hurt his feelings. You're way too kind-hearted for that,” he expressed, shaking his head.

“I was honest,” Jimin stressed, being entirely sincere there as the lesson had been a lot better than Jimin had expected it to go. “The lesson itself was... was good. At first, he wasn't taking me serious because he didn't believe that he needs help, but I think he is trying to open up to this idea in spite of him being very self-assured and maybe even doubtful of this situation,” he added, tilting his head to the side. “I mean, he even called it a punishment at first,” Jimin uttered, pressing his lips into a line. “He's trying, though. I hope things will turn out well”

Jimin's first experience as being a sole teacher during an individual lesson hadn't been an utter
disaster like a hurtful voice within him had made him believe throughout the course of the past days.

Certainly, Jimin aspired to be a much better teacher someday – as professional and talented as Hoseok was – but for now, he felt as though it hadn't been too bad. No, there hadn't been any severe differences or struggles that resulted in Jimin being in absolute distraught. Aside from Ong's initial partial rejection and his harmless flirting, things had gone rather smoothly and a lot better than Jimin had essentially estimated.

By all means, Jimin was hopeful that with thorough ambition and devotion on either of their behalf, they would make it work somehow.

“What do you mean by that? He didn't take you serious?” Jungkook wanted to know, frowning as he came to a halt, turning his entire body towards Jimin.

The pink haired boy mirrored his stance, scanning the hallway before he grasped Jungkook's elbow and gestured for him to proceed walking. However, Jungkook didn't move an inch, studying Jimin's features with intent eyes as he awaited a response.

Jimin blinked. “Well, he... he didn't want to learn much,” he answered, shrugging slightly. "I don't know, he didn't seem to think that it was necessary,” he expressed, presuming that it was favourable not to mention Ong asking him out.

“What did he do?” Jungkook pressed.

“It wasn't anything that he did...,” Jimin murmured, averting his gaze.

“What did he say?” the younger male prompted, placing his index finger below Jimin's chin in order to guide his face back up, allowing them to lock eyes.

“It's nothing really... just-,” Jimin mumbled, shaking his head.

“Jimin-ah, tell me,” Jungkook demanded.

“He asked me out to dinner,” Jimin responded quietly, swallowing hard at the emotion that flashed in Jungkook's eyes as soon as those words had slipped from Jimin's lips.

“What?” Jungkook exclaimed with furrowed brows.

“Ong-ssi asked me out to dinner,” Jimin repeated softly.

The black haired boy stared at him for a moment longer before he laughed humourlessly. “I see,” he retorted calmly.

Jimin blinked.

This was… astonishing? To be honest, Jimin had feared a whole different response – one filled with anger and jealousy. “Are you not…”

“Oh, I am,” Jungkook stated, stretching his neck from side to side. “That little shit is going to regret acting like that,” he threatened, pushing his tongue into his cheek as his strong hands curled around Jimin's hips.

“Kook-ah,” Jimin uttered softly, placing his palms on Jungkook's chest in an attempt to mollify him.

“Jimin-ah, who does he think he is? Bastard is supposed to be learning some shit and not hit on you,” Jungkook ranted, his hands not leaving Jimin's hips, but rather tightening as though he needed to
make sure that Jimin was close to him, truly present in his grasp. “Does he think my father is paying for his training fees so he can fuck around?” he asked, clearly rhetorically as he furrowed his brows in anger. “If he even laid a finger on you, I’m-

“Jungkook-ah, he's still a child,” Jimin reminded him, not sure \textit{why} Jungkook was truly reacting to that information the way he was.

Was he mad that Ong didn't concentrate during the lessons? \textit{Presumably}. In a way, Jimin could understand that as he hadn’t been approving of Ong’s lack of interest earlier either, yet it still wasn’t a justification for Jungkook's outrage, was it?

Was he jealous? \textit{Maybe}. If so, there was no reason to. There was not one person on this planet that could play a threat to Jungkook. No, Jimin wanted Jungkook and no one else. There was not one human being in this whole universe that could make him feel the way Jungkook did.

“Jimin-ah, he's sixteen, not a child,” Jungkook interrupted his thoughts.

“I don't think he was even being serious,” Jimin uttered, yet not entirely certain whether he was truly convinced of that himself.

For one thing, it appeared to be more probable that Ong had just messed around with him, maybe having flirted with Jimin for the sake of being able to do it but hadn’t \textit{actually} been serious about the whole thing. Then again... he had been very adamant, hadn't he?

Truthfully, Jimin wasn't sure what to make of this, his heart not capable to decide what to believe. “I think he just wanted to prove himself,” Jimin reasoned eventually.

“Prove himself?” Jungkook echoed, frowning.

“Yeah, I think... I think it hurt his pride to be forced to take some individual lessons as he was very sure of his own skills and seems rather confident by nature,” Jimin explained his own thoughts, surely not certain whether there was any truth to them, but still finding them to be presumable. “I think he wanted to regain some of his broken pride by hitting on a teacher – \textit{any} teacher for that matter – but it just happened to be me. I think he only dared to do it because it was \textit{me} and I'm new, so he’s not scared of me,” he added.

The other male didn't seem impressed, disagreement apparent on his handsome face. “Doesn't make-”

“Maybe, he got a thrill out of hitting on his teacher,” Jimin interrupted him, assuming that it wasn't anything unprecedented for a student to hit on his teacher just for the sake of doing it and evoking a reaction in them.

After all, Jimin wasn't oblivious to an event like that occurring, having been present whenever a student had continuously flirted with their dance teacher back in arts school just for the kick of it. Later, in the locker rooms, Jimin would listen to them fantasise about what they would do to her, if-\textit{No}, Jimin wasn't going to replay those moments in his mind, disgust and pity blooming within him at the thought of them talking about their teacher in such a degrading way.

Admittedly, they had been teens at that time, and maybe their behaviour could be considered plain immature talking attributable to their age and puberty, but it had still been degrading – at least as long as Jimin was concerned, the boy always having been swift to get dressed and leave the room with the intention of not having to listen.

The pink haired boy wondered whether they were ashamed of their conversations today, all grown
up and potentially more mature. Then again, he wondered whether they even remembered those
laughs in the locker rooms, whether they even cared enough to remember.

Maybe... Jimin was just too prim in that sense? Maybe, he lacked the ability to view this situation
from a different perspective.

“Isn’t that a fantasy?” Jimin uttered, meeting Jungkook's face again. “You know, to... to have an
affair with a teacher?” he tried to reason, hoping it would calm Jungkook in some way.

Jungkook arched up his eyebrows in surprise. “Of you?” he wanted to know, clearly caught off
guard by Jimin's words.

In response, Jimin's eyes went big as he vigorously shook his head. “No!” he exclaimed, not missing
the faint display of amusement in Jungkook's eyes upon the shade of rose that flushed Jimin's cheeks
at his accusation. “I don't know... some people?” Jimin murmured.

“Did you w- Never mind,” Jungkook commented, shaking his head to get back on track. “Doesn't
make it right, though,” he stressed, pointing to the side at no one in particular. “He can forget about
receiving a special treatment now, if he’s kicking it with his feet like that,” he threatened.

What?

“Jungkook-ah, don't,” Jimin begged, closing the minor distance between them. “Ong-ssi really tried
to learn and I think he might be able to improve, if he is just granted a little more time,” he
elaborated. “I made it clear that there was nothing going to happen between us”

Regardless of whether Ong had been serious or not, whether it had just been harmless flirting or a
solid attempt on his behalf – Jimin would never go out with him.

No, he had voiced that distinctively.

“What did he say, when you set a boundary?” Jungkook demanded to know.

The smaller boy averted his gaze, choosing to stay silent.

“Jimin-ah, tell me what he said,” Jungkook urged, his digits gently grabbing Jimin's chin and guiding
his face back up.

“Well, he said that I’m cute and... and only time will tell,” Jimin retorted softly, his voice barely
above a whisper, the boy perhaps hoping that Jungkook wouldn't be able to register it and decipher
his words, yet his tone was just loud enough to be considered audible.

“That little shit thinks he can have you,” Jungkook laughed humourlessly through gritted teeth,
turning away as he poked his tongue into his cheek.

“Kook-ah!” Jimin belted out, closing the distance between them with the intention of having
Jungkook face him again, but tumbling right into Jungkook as the other male turned back to him in
the exact same moment.

The two crashed into one another, Jimin trying to grab a bundle of Jungkook’s shirt in his petite hand
as the force of their encounter caused Jimin to slip in a way that wouldn't be considered very
gracefully, but Jimin didn't find the will in him to care.

At the fear of Jimin falling, Jungkook was swift to close his hands around Jimin's delicate hips,
securing him close to his own body. In their close proximity, Jimin noticed the fast rising of
Jungkook’s chest, a prominent display of his rage.

For a moment, they stared into each other’s eyes, but Jimin detached himself from Jungkook before his heart got lost in his gorgeous brown orbs, the boy shoving against Jungkook’s chest instead.

“This is why I don’t want to tell you about these things!” Jimin complained. “You turn mad and make impulsive decisions!”

“I do not,” Jungkook protested.

“Yes, you do,” Jimin objected. “I told you about this as my boyfriend because you asked me, not as my boss.” he claimed, shaking his head. “It’s unfair for you to use any information I give you against the people that they are about”

It was apparent that Jungkook was angered.

His entire demeanor was exuding a mixture of jealousy and anger. In those moments, Jungkook tended to make impulsive decisions as his mind and judgement were clouded by these vibrant emotions.

In a way, Jimin could sympathise with how Jungkook felt. After all, the effect jealousy had on your very being – even if it was only a small fraction of it – was rather difficult to control.

“You’re jealous and that’s the only reason you’re behaving like that,” Jimin accused, frowning as he crossed his arms over his chest.

“That is not true,” Jungkook protested, perhaps truly failing to see or admit to his own jealousy or simply pretending to have another reason validating his behaviour. “I want to cancel his special treatment because of his lack of some fucking gratitude and decent respect. In addition, because he violated the strict no teacher-trainee-relationship policy”

That policy did in fact exist – for whatever reason. Fair enough. However, how could Jungkook claim that Ong had violated that rule, if there wasn’t even any relationship between them that could have been established?

Jimin shook his head. “Jungkook-ah, he didn't violate anything because nothing happened between us,” he reminded the taller one.

“He tried to,” Jungkook remarked, an emotion glistening in his eyes that pulled on Jimin's heart strings.

“Kook-ah, please, stay fair for a moment,” Jimin uttered softly. “You're my boyfriend right now, okay? Not my superior,” he expressed, clasping his hand over his heart as he took a step closer. “Ong-ssi is not even an adult yet. It might be his hormones that caused him to act like that. Honestly, I don't think he was being serious,” he repeated his earlier assumption, gently placing his hands on Jungkook’s chest as he looked up at him. “Give the boy a chance. Please, don’t take away this chance for him. I handled it on my own. I think he got the note now and won't ask me out again”

For a moment, Jungkook just stared at him, his eyes softening.

“Did he touch you?” he then wanted to know.

“No,” Jimin answered sincerely.

“Did he corner you?” Jungkook asked.
“No, not at all,” Jimin responded genuinely, the reminder reinforcing his initial conviction that Ong's demeanor and behaviour were harmless and nothing dangerous at all, that he would never hurt Jimin.

“If he does anything at all that makes you feel-”

“I definitely won't tell you about it,” the pink haired one interrupted.

“Jimin-ah,” Jungkook emphasised his name.

“I see that telling you about these things makes you mad and causes you to make impulsive decisions and that was not my intention,” Jimin expressed, catching his bottom lip between his teeth.

The younger male reached up to brush Jimin's fringe out of his face, his pink locks having fallen in his face and to embellish his pretty features. “I want to protect you, little one,” he uttered, his voice warm.

“I know,” Jimin whispered, his heart fluttering, but clenching all the same.

*Maybe, that is why Jungkook reacted the way he did...*

It wasn't just jealousy. No, not solely. It was the fear of Jimin not being safe. It was the fear of someone hurting Jimin.

Whenever Jungkook wasn't certain of Jimin's safety, he did everything in his power – anything he could muster – to make sure that Jimin was guarded.

However, he simply wasn't capable to control *everything* that would occur in their lives... That just wasn't possible.

Maybe, it was the lack of control that caused Jungkook to be this impulsive.

Yet maybe, it was a combination of all of these circumstances that evoke such demeanor and behaviour in him.

“I know you do, but I handled this on my own, Jungkook-ah, so I don't... you don't need to fix this for me, okay? This one time, you don't. Please, Kook-ah,” Jimin begged.

The taller male's gaze flickered back and forth between Jimin's doe eyes.

“I'm sorry. I... didn't mean to,” Jungkook apologised with a sigh, taking Jimin's petite hands into his own. “I guess I am jealous. I admit, I am. I get jealous at the thought of someone else having you,” he declared. “However, more than that, I need to make sure that you're safe. I can't bear the thought of someone touching you or hurting you, Jimin-ah. I need you to be honest with me, okay?”

*How ironic, Jimin thought, looking back on it now... If only he had known what storm was heading his way...*

“I need you to tell me, if someone hurts you or makes you feel uncomfortable, little one, so I can make sure to protect you,” he added, allowing Jimin's hands to slip from his grasp in order to curl his own palms around Jimin's hips and pull the smaller one closer. “You're the most significant being in my life and I can't bear the thought of something happening to you”

At his words, Jimin's heart quivered, a soft smile curving his lips as he dipped his head down.

“I understand,” Jimin responded gently. “I don't want to hide anything from you, but I don't want you to go out and act impulsively either. If I tell you that I can handle something on my own, I would
like for you to respect that, Kook-ah,” he requested. “I know that... I know that you want to protect me, and I feel grateful that you do. It is sweet and makes me feel safe, but... but it's not necessary in every situation I go through. I don't want to... I need to learn how to handle things on my own, don't you think? I don't want to be dependent on you solely.”

The pink haired boy appreciated Jungkook caring for him the way he did, but how was Jimin supposed to ever take care of himself in certain instances, if he depended on Jungkook in every situation of his own life?

It wasn't that Jimin believed that they would part eventually at last, leaving Jimin absolutely helpless at Jungkook's absence, but it was a simple need for independence as each person should be entitled to possess that ability.

“’You're right,” Jungkook agreed, his tone softer as he gave Jimin's hips a tender squeeze. “I get it. I fucked up. I shouldn't have... You're right. This is new to me, Jimin-ah. It might take a while for me to differentiate between me being your boss and me being your boyfriend. I shouldn't use my power like that, if you tell me something as your boyfriend and not as your boss,” he noted, somewhat surprising Jimin that he didn't proceed to argue with him but was actually agreeing with him.

Clearly, it wasn't easy for Jungkook to decide how to behave in a relationship – the black haired man only continuously learning how and if an action of his affected Jimin, whether it was appropriate or not. The smaller boy couldn't blame Jungkook, if he was being entirely honest; fairly understanding that it was difficult.

In no way did own Jimin any more knowledge than he did as this was his first relationship as well, thus why they needed to work on those things collectively – as an item.

By all means, the two of them were simply figuring out how to make things work each day – most things falling into place like puzzle pieces, yet others requiring a little more work on either of their behalf – such as this one.

The only solution for them to fix these things was to talk about them in order to learn how the other one felt, why they acted the way they did and what they believed validated their behaviour.

“Ong-ssi is still a teen, you're right,” Jungkook interrupted Jimin's thoughts. “It wasn't fair of me to consider a cancellation of his individual lessons for flirting with you. However, I would like to make sure that he understands that this is not a vacation, but a prestigious opportunity that not everyone has. Ong-ssi needs to understand that he needs to work hard and can't go around hitting on his teacher. I don’t appreciate him hitting on you at all. If you think he got the message, then that's enough for me. For now.”

In response, Jimin smiled softly, his eyes turning into small crescents in a visible display of his happiness at Jungkook's words. “Thank you, Kook-ah. That's all I ask for,” Jimin uttered, leaning up on his tippy-toes to brush his lips over Jungkook's. “I will tell you, if someone does make me uncomfortable or hurts me. I promise,” he whispered against his lips.

“Thank you,” Jungkook smiled, embracing Jimin's delicate body as he attached their lips in a sweet kiss. “That's all I ask for,” he murmured then.

Jimin giggled. “Well, look at us working things out like adults without running away or punishing each other with silence,” he grinned. “I like that. It feels good,” he added softer.

This was so much better – so much... healthier.
The younger male's smile faltered – only the slightest bit, merely enough for Jimin to really register it as there was still a faint smile depicted on his face. “Yeah, it...,” he trailed off, an emotion flashing in his eyes that unsettled Jimin for a split second, but it was gone as swiftly as it had appeared. “Jimin-ah, I-”

Suddenly, there was laughter audible down the hallway, the sound causing them to detach immediately, the two boys establishing a safe distance between one another.

A group of trainees appeared around the corner, their laughter dying down upon the sight of Jungkook, the boys fixing their postures and exhibiting a polite bow and uttering small greetings as they passed by them.

In response, Jimin and Jungkook returned a greeting, clearing their throats before they proceeded to walk ahead.

“I'll go and shower now, Kook-ah,” Jimin informed him.

“Mhm-mh,” Jungkook hummed, swift to chase after Jimin and press a kiss to his cheek. “I'll see you later, little one”

“Later,” Jimin uttered, waving at him.

***

The pink haired boy changed the page of his book, his eyes glued to the words on the sheet as he was sucked into an imaginary world, drawn out of his own stressful daily life. Honestly, it has been a while since Jimin has had the time to just sit down and read a book.

During his intent focus, Jimin didn't even notice the vanishing of the sound of water running, didn't notice Jungkook returning to the bedroom a few minutes later.

“Are you still mad at me?” Jungkook wanted to know, his deep voice breaking the silence that had fallen upon the room.

His voice startled Jimin, the boy jerking up in his seat and accidently shutting his book close in the midst of it. The smaller boy looked up, turning his head to the side to meet Jungkook's gaze.

The younger male was leaning against the wall, dressed in some sweatpants, but naked apart from that. His bare upper body was glistening in water, a few droplets cascading down his hair as he stared at Jimin with attentive eyes.

Jimin forced his gaze back up to meet Jungkook's eyes, caught off guard by that question for a moment.

To be fair, the two of them hadn't talked much since their encounter at the company earlier today. They had been too caught up with work throughout the whole day, Jimin having returned back to Jungkook's apartment long before he did. As soon as Jungkook had come home, they had exchanged a few words before the other one went on to shower.

“Hey, little one,” Jungkook greeted him, stretching his neck from side to side as he entered the bedroom.

“Hey,” Jimin noted, smiling softly as he met his gaze.

“Did you eat already?” Jungkook wanted to know, walking past the bed as he commenced to
“I did,” Jimin uttered, giving a faint nod. “Did you?”

“Yes, I did,” Jungkook responded, running his hand through his hair. “I’m going to take a shower.”


Of course, you would wait here, Jimin thought. It wasn’t like Jungkook had invited you to join.

The smaller boy’s cheeks flushed a faint shade of rose as soon as those words had left his mouth, yet he tried to act as though he wasn’t bashful at his own assertion and proceeded to read his book although he didn’t quite register any of the words on any line, simply pretending to read.

Jungkook chuckled as he headed over into the bathroom. “You can join me, if you want to,” he called out, Jimin's blush deepening as he made himself smaller, hiding his face behind the book in his hands.

Why would Jimin be mad?

As soon as that question appeared in Jimin's mind, a voice within him reminded him of their earlier argument about Ong.

Presumably, Jungkook was referring to that one.

“First of all, I was never mad at you,” Jimin responded, smiling softly as he shook his head. “Secondly, we talked about Ong-ssi already and I’m happy that we did. There is no reason to be mad,” he added.

“Good,” Jungkook commented, giving a nod. “That's good”

With that, he closed the distance between them, joining Jimin on the bed and pressing a peck to his lips. In their near proximity, Jungkook’s comforting scent filled Jimin’s nostrils, his eyes fluttering shut as he chased after Jungkook and crashed his lips on his for another kiss.

Jungkook smiled into the kiss before he withdrew, lying down beside Jimin and reaching for his laptop in order to get some work done.

The pink haired one wondered whether work just ran through Jungkook’s veins, whether he just urged to work whenever possible – as there were just too many things to organise and necessary to take care of.

For a while, Jimin proceeded to read his book in silence beside Jungkook, but then he stole a glimpse at Jungkook, his heart clenching at the thought of him constantly working with merely any breaks.

“What are you doing?” Jimin wanted to know, shutting his book and placing it on the nightstand before he rolled over onto his stomach, propping his chin up on his fist as he stared at Jungkook with soft eyes.

The black haired one looked up from his screen. “Skimming through some profiles of possible new trainees,” he responded.

“More trainees?” Jimin asked, his eyebrows shooting up at the information.

“Yes,” Jungkook affirmed, giving a nod.
“Aren’t there... so many already?”

At his words, Jungkook chuckled, reaching out to brush Jimin’s fringe out of his face. “The industry doesn’t sleep or stop, baby,” he reminded Jimin of the wolves that were running the industry, obtaining new talent in order to shape them into a narrative they wanted to convey and making money with them like there was no tomorrow. “New talent is out there, and my father wants to scout it”

Jimin gave a faint nod, pursing his lips in thought as he found himself frown.

More trainees equalled an even lower probability for the current trainees to debut, didn't it? Was that fair? Then again, Jimin could understand that these new people were aspiring to enable their dreams as well. Why should they be withheld from such an opportunity? They were deserving just as much.

“You wanna have a look?” Jungkook suggested, leaning down to press a kiss to the top of Jimin's head.

“No, it's fine,” Jimin uttered, sighing as he shook his head, Jungkook's face still very close to his own. The smaller one swallowed hard as he inhaled a soft breath, tilting his head up to Jungkook and allowing their lips to brush over one another. “I... wanna... kiss you,” Jimin whispered.

A smile curved Jungkook’s lips as he nudged his nose against Jimin’s cheek. “You really don't want me to work, huh?” he murmured against his skin, his tone lower as he attached their lips in a slow kiss but withdrew a brief moment later.

In response, Jimin whined, not fond of the loss. “You can work,” Jimin noted, chasing after Jungkook in an attempt to crash his lips on his, but failing as the other one grabbed his chin to prevent him from moving.

“How are your marks?” Jungkook asked instead, amusement glistening in his eyes as the other one huffed at the lack of kisses he was showered in, Jungkook not allowing him to move any closer by proceeding to have his chin secured in his grasp, the touch gentle, but still conveying that Jimin should refrain from hunching forward again.

“The one’s on my wrists are nearly gone,” Jimin informed him, lifting one of his wrists up into the air, studying his fair skin. “I’m not sure about my throat, though,” he added.

To be honest, Jimin had almost disregarded the fact of his skin being adorned by red marks, hadn’t exactly paid much attention to them throughout the day as he had been so very busy with other things over the course of it.

The taller male titled Jimin’s head up, exposing his throat to his eyes in order to have a better look. Gently, he traced the tips of his fingers over Jimin’s soft skin, glad that the red marks had nearly vanished.

There was something to intriguing to mark Jimin’s body, the sight affecting Jungkook in a way he wasn’t able to explain – yet at the same time, he didn’t want his baby to be exposed to any pain, may it be physical or emotional.

“It’s not too bad,” Jungkook noted. “I think you’ll be fine by tomorrow”

“Oh,” Jimin uttered.

At the tone of Jimin’s voice that carried a hint of sadness, Jungkook met the smaller one’s gaze, “Does that make you sad?” he wondered, raising up his eyebrows in curiosity.
“No, just…,” Jimin tried to answer, but went silent instead as he averted his gaze, his cheeks tingling a shade of rose. “I don’t know,” he mumbled, somehow feeling too timid to answer sincerely.

“What is it,” Jungkook pressed softly, his digits grasping Jimin’s chin to guide his face back up, his touch tender.

As their gazes met, Jimin caught his bottom lip between his teeth. “Maybe not that one specifically,” Jimin expressed, referring to the mark on his throat. “But I like having marks on my body – marks that you gave me,” he emphasised, closing his petite hand around Jungkook’s wrist in order to give it a gentle squeeze.

“Yeah?” Jungkook breathed, the corners of his lips curling up into a smirk.

“Mhm-mh,” Jimin hummed in affirmation, the blush on his cheeks darkening.

Gently, the black haired one curled his hands around Jimin’s hips, heaving the boy on top of him, the latter naturally straddling his lap. “Come here, little one,” Jungkook whispered, his hand finding its way to the back of Jimin’s neck while his other palm remained wrapped around Jimin’s hips to secure in him in his grasp. Tenderly, Jungkook applied some pressure in his touch, Jimin compelled to lean down to him, but more than delighted to comply.

Instead of attaching their lips in a kiss the way Jimin had expected – and genuinely yearned for – Jungkook pressed his lips to the curve of Jimin’s neck. As a result of the unforeseen touch, a gasp slipped from Jimin’s lips, his eyes fluttering shut as Jungkook commenced to suck on his skin ever so softly.

Yes, please.

“K-Kook-ah,” Jimin breathed, digging his teeth into his bottom lip as he clenched his hands into petite fists, the feeling so lovely as he found himself rolling his hips forward into Jungkook’s unconsciously.

The other male halted Jimin’s hips, the tight grasp around Jimin’s waist a silent demand for Jimin to still – which he obliged.

Beautiful.

“There you go, angel,” Jungkook whispered against his skin once he was satisfied, licking over his mark on Jimin’s body.

The sense of pride and affection that bloomed within Jungkook at the sight of the hickey on Jimin’s skin was interesting. The younger male felt as though he was staring at a piece of art – one that belonged to him solely.

Well, he was.

Jimin was a living piece of art.

Yet, even more importantly, he was his.

“Thank you,” Jimin uttered, his eyes fluttering back open.

Inevitably, warmth spread within Jimin’s chest at the fact of Jungkook having left another temporary mark on his body to display a sense of belonging.
Jimin loved it.

As their gazes met, fondness glistened in either of their eyes, a smile curving their lips. “May I?” Jimin asked shyly, his voice barely above a whisper.

“Go ahead,” Jungkook permitted without an ounce of hesitation.

Carefully, Jimin leaned closer, nuzzling his nose into the curve of Jungkook’s neck as he searched for the perfect spot to place his own hickey in. After being partially distracted by the soothing scent of Jungkook that was especially prominent in this location, Jimin stilled at a particular area, pleased with the spot.

Gently, he sucked on the skin the way Jungkook had taught him, not too harshly, but still enough for it to be able to create a mark.

“Good?” Jimin wondered, his voice soft once he withdrew.

“Mhm-mh,” Jungkook hummed in affirmation – despite not being able to see it, he praised Jimin all the same. “Very good, little one”

Naturally, Jimin’s heart quivered at the praise, a delicate smile adorning his pretty features as he examined his creation on Jungkook’s skin. There was a sense of pride and innocent happiness swelling in his chest that were difficult to explain.

The sight of a hickey that Jimin had shaped embellishing Jungkook’s skin while there was a counter piece by Jungkook decorating Jimin’s skin simultaneously was… was embodying a sense of connection, representing their close bond and belonging to one another.

In a way, it was heart-rending.

To Jimin, it was.

The smaller boy leaned in again, hesitantly rolling his hips into Jungkook’s as he pressed his lips to Jungkook’s neck – almost careful in his behaviour.

Suddenly, the irritating sound of a ringtone broke the comfortable silence among them, startling Jimin who winced at the noise, Jungkook caressing Jimin’s thigh to soothe him as he reached for his phone simultaneously.

“Yes?” Jungkook answered the call, Jimin biting down on his bottom lip to contain the whine in frustration that had dared to slip from his lips at the disruption.

From one second to the other, Jungkook’s expression changed from one of annoyance to one of alarm – his eyes going wide for a split second. However, the taller male was swift to calm, a collected expression replacing the prior one.

Gently, he pushed Jimin off his body, sitting up. “What do you mean- Yes, I’ll be right down,” he informed the person on the phone, ending the call and pushing the device into the pocket of his sweatpants.

“What’s wrong?” Jimin asked, his eyes big as he sat up on the bed as well, suddenly concerned.

“Nothing,” Jungkook responded, getting up on his feet. “Stay here, little one, I’ll be right back,” he insisted, approaching his dresser where he picked out a shirt that he tugged over his head, the piece of clothing veiling his upper body.
Then, he returned to Jimin’s side, pressing a kiss to Jimin’s temple before he withdrew and exited the room, leaving Jimin behind who found himself be puzzled by the sudden turn of events.

For a moment, Jimin deliberated whether he should follow after Jungkook, his body itching to get up from the bed and rush after him with the intention of making sure that he was alright.

The smaller boy scooted closer to the edge of the bed, his feet dangling above the ground as he indicated to hop off from the bed, but he discovered himself to lack the ability to move any further than that.

Jungkook’s words were echoing in Jimin’s head: Stay here, little one.

Carefully, Jimin pulled his feet back up on the bed, returning to the headboard and sitting against it before he drew his legs up to his chest, propping his chin up on his knees as he hugged his legs close.

Seconds passed by – seconds that turned into minutes – minutes that felt like an eternity, Jimin left alone with his thoughts that were amplified in the silence of the room, not decreasing his concern in even the smallest fraction.

Slowly, Jimin laid back down on the bed, estimating that it might take longer for Jungkook to return than he had initially believed. The pink haired boy rolled over onto his side, nuzzling his cheek into the pillow as he stared at the door with sleepy eyes.

As Jimin’s eyes had nearly fluttered shut, a figure entered the room again, the smaller one’s heart rate picking up at the sight of Jungkook.

“Is everything okay?” Jimin found himself worry despite Jungkook’s earlier claim of there not being anything to worry about.

“Yes, it is,” Jungkook replied, giving a nod as he approached the bed, Jimin observing his every moment, studying his features as he way searching for anything that would hint at Jungkook being hurt – yet, there wasn’t anything.

Thank God.

“Are you sure?” Jimin doubted, unable to allow a sense of mistrust to arise. By no means did Jimin suspect Jungkook to lie to him with an evil intention, but for the sake of protecting Jimin and refraining from worrying him.

However, Jimin aspired to know the truth; refused to have Jungkook be forced to deal with an issue all on his own, when Jimin could be by his side to help – may it be by being an emotional support system or perhaps even managing to find a solution and physically help in some way.

“Yes,” Jungkook assured.

“Kook-ah,” Jimin pressed softly. “Please, be honest”

“I am,” Jungkook claimed. “There were some technical issues with the security system, but we got it figured out,” he elaborated, his tone sincere. “You don’t need to worry, little one,” he promised, reaching out to run his hand through Jimin’s hair once he joined him on the bed, sitting down beside him.

The way there was no hesitation in Jungkook’s voice calmed Jimin, causing him to believe that Jungkook’s answer was genuine as Jimin doubted that Jungkook would be capable to make up such
an answer immediately on the spot without requiring at least a few seconds to gather his thoughts and form a lie.

“Okay,” Jimin uttered, giving a faint nod before he rolled back over on his side, tugging the blanket up to his chin.

“What are you doing?” the black haired boy asked, arching up his eyebrows as he observed Jimin.

“I’m… going to sleep,” Jimin replied softly.

“Are you tired?” Jungkook wondered, playing with Jimin’s pink locks.

“A little,” Jimin answered, his tone gentle as he nuzzled into the tender touch.

“You don’t want to finish what we started?” the younger male wanted to know, leaning closer, his voice alluring.

“What… did we start?” Jimin whispered.

Jungkook chuckled. “I see,” he noted with a hum. “You tend to get worked up quickly, little one,” he stated a very valid fact there as he withdrew from Jimin, his hand no longer entangled in Jimin’s pink locks to play with them, the warmth he was radiating farther away. “I thought you might need me to take care of you”

“O-Oh,” Jimin breathed as he realized that they had been in the midst of an intimate moment when that call had interrupted them. “I…,” he trailed off as he swallowed hard, his cheeks flushing a shade of red.

Was there ever really a time where Jimin did not long for Jungkook to touch him?

“Good night then, angel,” Jungkook retorted, lying down beside Jimin before he reached over to the nightlamp and switched it off, causing the room to no longer be illuminated, but darkness having settled among them.

No…

Wait…

Please…

The pink haired male rolled over onto his other side, stealing a glimpse at Jungkook’s profile, yet struggling to observe his face clearly in the absence of illumination in the room.

“K-Kook-ah,” Jimin whispered, closing the distance between them.

“Yes?” Jungkook muttered, turning his head to the side in order to meet Jimin’s gaze.

“I… I do want… Please,” he murmured softly, allowing the remainder of his sentence to hang in the air between them, hoping that Jungkook was able to decipher his yearning.

“Want me to take care of you?” Jungkook asked for clarification.

“Y-Yes, please,” Jimin uttered.

A soft chuckle fell from Jungkook’s lips as he leaned in and pressed a peck to Jimin’s cheek before the younger male sat up on his knees.
“On your back, little one,” Jungkook insisted.

Despite Jimin being swift to oblige, he furrowed his brows as he observed Jungkook’s movement, the latter hovering above Jimin. “What are you- “

“Just relax, angel,” Jungkook whispered, leaning down to press his lips to Jimin’s collarbone before he moved further down and spread Jimin’s legs with the intention of settling down in between them.

Gently, his fingers played with the waistband of Jimin’s briefs before he tugged on them and removed them from Jimin’s milky legs. Without much care, he tossed the piece of clothing to the floor, his gaze fixated on Jimin’s private parts as he placed his warm palms on Jimin’s inner thighs.

Slowly, his hands roamed over Jimin’s soft skin, the tips of his fingers tracing closer to Jimin’s penis that had grown to semi-hardness in little to no time.

“Kook-ah,” Jimin breathed, inhaling a shaky breath as he stole a glimpse at Jungkook’s face, a smirk adorning his handsome features as he sank down on the bed entirely, his mouth hovering above Jimin’s hard length.

“Be good,” Jungkook noted softly before he spat on Jimin’s hard length, the action evoking a gasp in Jimin who twitched at the obscenity of it. “I’m going to make you feel good, hm?”

“T-Thank y- Ah,” Jimin whimpered, throwing his head back into the pillow as Jungkook had wrapped his large palm around Jimin’s penis to give it some firm tugs.

“I know,” Jungkook cooed, his gaze flickering back and forth between Jimin’s erection in his fist and his pretty features that were scrunched up in pleasure.

“A-Ah,” the pink haired boy gasped.

“Sssh,” Jungkook murmured, slowing down his hand.

“Kook-ah, please,” Jimin begged.

“There you go,” Jungkook commented, picking up a quicker pace as he frequently ran his thumb along the sensitive tip of Jimin’s hard length to increase the stimulation.

At the touch, Jimin’s eyes fluttered shut, the boy becoming lost in the sweet haze of the moment, not noticing how Jungkook had leaned down to wrap his mouth around his hard length.

“Ah,” Jimin shrieked at the sudden warm wetness around his erection, involuntarily bucking up his hips into Jungkook’s mouth which earned him a warning smack to the thigh. “I’m s-sorry,” Jimin stuttered, digging his teeth into his bottom lip as he entangled his hands in the bedsheets, clenching his hands into petite fists.

The black haired one was swift to pick up a fast pace, bobbing his head up and down Jimin’s length without much struggle, opposed to Jimin who rarely managed to fit much of Jungkook into his mouth from the get-go, but required a little more time to adjust to his size.

“F-Feels so good,” Jimin mewled.

Jungkook hummed around Jimin’s length, the latter able to sense the vibration of that particular sound in his own body.

The smaller boy was quick to find his release, bucking up his hips as he tugged on Jungkook’s hair,
simultaneously kicking out his legs and tossing his head back into the pillow, his pink locks falling into his face. “Jungkook-ah, oh god!” he shrieked, sperm spurting into Jungkook’s mouth as the latter proceeded to bob his head up and down.

Jimin’s chest was heaving, his body shaking all over, the boy trying to draw his thighs together at the intense stimulation but discovering that it was impossible due to Jungkook’s presence in between his thighs.

“K-Kook-ah, please, no more,” he begged softly.

Slowly, Jungkook pulled off, allowing Jimin’s penis to slip from his lips and fall flat on his stomach, the act causing a wet sound to echo in the room. The taller male moved up, hovering above Jimin, their faces mere inches apart.

For a moment, they just stared into each other’s eyes, but then Jungkook leaned in to attach their lips in a kiss, pushing his tongue into Jimin’s mouth without any warning. At the sudden taste of his own sperm on his tongue, Jimin gasped, the pit of his stomach stirring as he moved his lips against Jungkook’s.

“Swallow,” Jungkook demanded, his tone tender as he brushed his lips over Jimin’s.

The latter was swift to comply, swallowing down his own sperm and managing to refrain from wrinkling his nose at his own taste. They remained eye contact, Jungkook visibly satisfied, lust gleaming in his brown orbs.

“Good boy,” Jungkook praised, smirking as he pressed a few small kisses on Jimin’s full lips.

“T-Thank you,” Jimin murmured breathy, chasing after Jungkook’s lips to attach them in another kiss.

The younger male smiled into the kiss, swift to move his lips against Jimin’s as he rolled off onto his side, Jimin quick to oblige his nonverbal request and follow after him, now on top and straddling his body, yet never breaking their kiss.

Jungkook’s hands found their way to Jimin’s waist, the latter allowing his hands to roam over Jungkook’s broad chest, goosebumps forming beneath his touch.

“Weren’t you tired?” Jungkook noted in between their lips, brushing his lips over Jimin’s chin as he awaited an answer.

Catching his breath, Jimin gave a faint nod as he wet his lips, the intoxicating taste of Jungkook lingering on them. “I was,” Jimin responded.

Jungkook titled his head to the side, studying Jimin’s features as his palm caressed Jimin’s waist before his hand wandered below the soft fabric of Jimin’s shirt to rub over his velvety skin.

“You’re always even sleepier after an orgasm,” Jungkook pointed out with a smile, Jimin almost certain that he was implying for them to go to bed.

“’m not,” Jimin protested quietly, but found himself yawn a second later.

In response, Jungkook chuckled, brushing Jimin’s fringe out of his face. “We can have more fun tomorrow, hm?” he suggested.

“Okay,” Jimin mumbled, aware that he didn’t stand a chance in arguing with Jungkook regarding
Jungkook leaned up to press a kiss to Jimin’s forehead before the smaller one lowered himself down on Jungkook’s body entirely to rest his cheek on his chest. The taller male refrained from caressing Jimin’s skin for a split moment, reaching for the blanket and veiling their bodies.

As soon as the warmth was engulfing their figures, Jimin’s eyes fluttered shut, Jungkook’s hand finding its way on Jimin’s back again while Jimin drew undefinable shapes on his chest, the tips of his fingers tracing over his skin.

“Jungkook-ah,” Jimin whispered, his eyes fluttering back open.

“Mhm-mh,” Jungkook hummed in acknowledgement, the sound vibrating in his chest, Jimin capable to feel it against his ear in their close proximity.

“You were honest, right?” Jimin wondered, his voice quiet and unsure as he titled his head up, glancing at Jungkook’s chin, but merely managing to define his silhouette in the darkness among them.

“With what?” Jungkook wanted to know.

“With the security system?” Jimin elucidated, noticing how Jungkook halted the movement of his hand. “There was nothing else, right?” Jimin murmured. “You didn’t lie, did you?”

“I didn’t lie,” Jungkook responded, his palm on Jimin’s back commencing to caress his velvety skin again.

“You promise?” Jimin spoke softly.

An ounce of hesitation.

“I promise,” Jungkook whispered, pressing a kiss to the top of Jimin’s head.

The pink haired one pulled his tray close to his upper body, hesitant steps adorning his walk as he passed several occupied tables, chattering and laughter audible in the room.

This was Jimin’s first time to be all alone during lunch as Hoseok was currently busy and Jin and Jungkook usually ate up in their offices – Jungkook having joined him only for a few times when barely anyone was around in the lunchroom.

It wasn’t that Jimin minded eating alone, it was just... _foreign_ that no one was by his side.

“Jimin-ssi, hey!” a male voice called out, earning Jimin's attention as there was no way to disregard the volume of his voice. “Why don't you sit with us?”

The smaller boy turned his head to the side, a soft smile curling up the corners of his lips as he realised who the voice belonged to.

“Ryan-ssi, hey, how are you?” Jimin responded, approaching the boy.

“I'm great,” Ryan answered, patting the seat on the bench beside him. “How have you been? I haven’t seen you in a few days,” he noted. “Have you adjusted to the job yet?”

At his prominent curiosity, Jimin chuckled, giving a faint nod as he sat down next to him, placing his
tray on the table in the process. “Well, it's definitely a lot more emotionally challenging than I had imagined it to be,” he answered sincerely, not feeling as though he needed to hide anything in front of Ryan but could be honest with him.

Perhaps, it could be considered naïve or strange to trust Ryan as he barely knew anything about the boy – had vaguely assessed his personality by what Ryan conveyed and allowed Jimin to see, was aware of his name, his nationality and his profession – but Ryan appeared to be such a kind person, had been so very welcoming and sweet that Jimin's heart was certain that it could trust him.

“It's not really a something I had thoroughly thought about before signing the contract” Jimin elaborated, a soft laugh falling from his lips. “However, it's... well, it's what I wanted” he added softer, smiling at the thought. “I love dancing, so I'm happy with my decision. I think I need a little more time, though, to adjust to this life completely and adapt to every bit of it”

Ryan hummed, giving a nod. “I get that,” he replied. “It can be tough in the beginning for people like you”

At his choice of words, Jimin's eyebrows shot up, curiosity written on his face as he titled his head to the side. “People like me?” he echoed.

“Well, people with your kind of profession,” Ryan explained. “I'm an accountant; there's nothing really challenging for me,” he then claimed, meeting Jimin's gaze, amusement gleaming in his eyes.

They chuckled at his words, although Jimin didn't quite agree with his statement. Surely, only he was entitled to judge how he perceived his own job to be, yet Jimin was nearly certain that his job had its challenges as well.

Suddenly, Ryan's laughter faltered, his eyes going wide as he pointed at the other people sitting at the table – a fact that Jimin had completely missed upon the initial sight of Ryan – clearly not intentionally, but it had still occurred in the midst of his focus on Ryan.

“Oh, shit, sorry, I forgot to introduce my friends,” Ryan swore, dropping his chopsticks down on his tray. “This is Sejun-ah, he's an accountant as well and works alongside me for most of the day,” Ryan introduced the male who was sitting beside him.

The boy was somehow the remarkably splitting opposite image to Ryan – light blond hair instead of Ryan's raven hair, slightly more narrowed and smaller eyes and a little buffer than Ryan was, truly confounding the prejudiced narrative of the appearance of an accountant that Ryan himself had projected on Jimin by questioning whether it wasn't absolutely obvious that he was in fact an accountant.

“These are Jisu-ah and Sungmin Hyung, they are responsible for hair and make-up,” Ryan added, interrupting Jimin's thoughts as he pointed at a girl and a boy that were sitting across from them. “And this- this is Ara-ssi, she's part of the digital production – stuff that I couldn't tell you about, even if it were to save my life,” he expressed, grinning as he saw her roll her eyes at his words.

“Well, same goes for hair and make-up,” the girl that Jimin now had learned to be called Ara pointed out with a snicker. “Ryan-ssi has no clue about these things either. That's a fact,” she added, glancing at Jimin as she shared that information with him.

Well, to be fair, Jimin didn't either.

Opposed to Jimin's lack of knowledge, Taehyung was someone who knew a bit about make-up, likely having obtained that knowledge in the midst of his passion for fashion, a big fraction of his life
revolving around people who worked in that area and industry.

A few times, he had-

“Thank you,” Ryan remarked, pushing up his glasses on his nose, clearly not fond of those comments, yet then amused by them all the same as there was humour glistening in his brown orbs.

“Well, he’s a good accountant though,” Sungmin noted as though he was out to save Ryan’s image.

“Nice to meet you,” Jimin uttered with a soft smile, lifting his delicate hand up as he waved at the new group of people. “I’m Jimin,” he introduced himself. “Assistant choreographer”

“Well, then welcome Jimin-ssi,” Sejun responded, his gentle voice catching Jimin off guard for a split second as he had estimated his voice to sound a lot rougher and deeper judging by his appearance – which, now that Jimin thought about it, might have been prejudiced by him.

“Thank you,” the pink haired boy smiled, appreciating their nice welcome and frankly very grateful for Ryan approaching Jimin and inviting him to his table.

The others picked up their chopsticks again, proceeding to eat their food before it turned cold. Mirroring them, Jimin reached for his own set of chopsticks, a soft smile still embellishing his pretty features as he started his own meal.

Several minutes of chattering had passed – Jimin having stayed silent for the majority of it while listening to their conversation and eating to himself, only having responded every once in a while whenever he had been addressed, yet then somehow feeling shy to properly invest himself into their conversations about topics that Jimin was unfamiliar with, a few of their inside jokes leaving Jimin confused while the rest of them were laughing.

Ryan was sweet to explain each of their jokes aside from already trying to include Jimin in their conversations in the first place. The smaller boy was grateful that he did, flashing him a soft smile.

“Well... would you look at that,” Ara suddenly commented, her voice carrying interest as her eyes were fixated on something – or someone – behind them.

“Jeon Jungkook himself,” Jisu hummed, biting down on the end of her chopstick as her eyes were glued to his figure.

Swiftly, Jimin followed their gazes, nearly snapping his neck in his hasty execution, his eyes falling on Jungkook and Jin who were currently talking to the woman serving food, presumably ordering their meals up to their offices.

At the sight of his boyfriend, Jimin’s heart naturally fluttered, a small smile curving his lips that he tried to hide.

“Fuck, he's hot,” Jisu noted breathy, propping her chin up on her hand as she stared longingly at him.

“I rarely see him down here,” Sejun stated, proceeding to eat his food with only little interest regarding Jungkook's location, opposed to the others who were all looking at Jungkook intently.

The black haired male had his back turned to them, still occupied by his conversation with the lady and Jin.

“I heard he always orders his food upstairs into his office because he’s so goddamn busy,” Sungmin shared the information he had received somewhere.

“Did you?” Sejun wondered.

“Mhm-mh,” Ara hummed, Jimin barely paying attention to their conversation as his focus was drawn over to Jungkook solely. “With Mr. Kim and that choreographer – What's his name again?” she added, frowning as she attempted to remember the name. “Jimin-ssi, you work with him, don't you?”

“H-Huh?” Jimin stuttered, caught off guard as they were addressing him in the midst of their conversation regarding Jungkook, a voice within Jimin sending out warning signals and urging him to be careful with his words as he could potentially tip over into dangerous territory.

“The choreographer,” Jisu clarified. “Aren't you his assistant?”

_right_.


“Right,” Ara stressed, giving a nod. “That's his name. Yeah, I saw them eat down here a few times,” she repeated her earlier statement.

Jimin gave a faint nod, having seen them eat down here as well – having joined them to eat down here a few times, in fact.

“Fuck. Look at that ass, though. I would-,” Sungmin declared.

“Sungmin-ssi!” Ryan emphasised his name, kicking his leg from below the table – at least that was what Jimin assumed by the _thud_ that was audible and the clear exclaim of an _Ouch_ by Sungmin.

“What?” he murmured, evidently not understanding why nor agreeing with deserving that kick. “I know a handsome man when I see one,” he justified, shrugging his shoulders.

“He’s your boss,” Ryan reminded him.

“So? A man can dream,” Sungmin commented. “Besides, I'm not saying anything _bad_”

“What do you think, newbie?” Jisu wanted to know.

For some reason, Jimin's brain lacked the ability to comprehend the fact that it was Jimin who was being addressed.

It was him.

He was the _newbie_.

As soon his brain caught on, his eyes went big, Jimin swallowing hard. “Huh?” he uttered softly, his voice barely above a whisper.


At her question, Ara snorted. “Is there anyone who would ever choose anything but hot?” she wanted to know, her interest in Jungkook apparent on her face as much as in her demeanor.

“Well, he might disagree,” Sungmin noted, huffing at Ara who simply rolled her eyes, but smiled all the same. “So, Jimin-ssi, what do you say?” he wanted to know.
“I-I-” Jimin stuttered, feeling his cheeks tinge a faint shade of rose as they were all staring at him – waiting for him to reveal his answer.

“Shit, be quiet,” Ara whispered, swatting Sungmin's arm despite the boy not having said a word. “He's walking past us,” she warned them.

Carefully, Jimin lifted his head.

As though they were connected by a string of fate – frankly, Jimin was confident that they were – Jimin's gaze met Jungkook's, a smile adorning the latter's handsome features as affection glistened in his brown orbs.

Inevitably, Jimin smiled shyly, managing to maintain eye contact with him for until Jungkook had left the lunchroom instead of averting his gaze the way he naturally tended to whenever Jungkook looked at him that intently.

“He was looking right at us,” Jisu claimed, gasping as her eyes went wide.

“He wasn't looking at us, idiot,” Ara whispered, nudging her arm. “He was looking at newbie,” she revealed, all of their gazes falling on Jimin who found himself blush at her words.

“Jimin-ssi?” Sungmin wondered, arching up his eyebrows.

“Uh-huh,” Ara affirmed, crossing her arms over her chest as she smiled.

“Oh my god, you're blushing,” Jisu noted, chuckling at the sight of Jimin's flushed cheeks.

“W-What?” Jimin stuttered, shaking his head.

“Do you have a crush on him?” Sungmin wanted to know, leaning closer.

“Who doesn't?” Ara noted.

“Maybe Jeon Jungkook found his new prey,” Jisu commented, wiggling with her eyebrows as though she was teasing Jimin, implying something that the latter didn't quite fathom.

“Jisu!” Ryan scolded her.

“What do you mean?” Jimin found himself wonder, not quite certain whether he truly wanted to know, but failing to refrain from allowing his curiosity to act upon it's urge.

“Oh, that's just a stupid rumour,” Sungmin waved off, shaking his head upon the gaze he shared with Ryan, Jimin noticing Ryan's expression that conveyed a sense of warning out of the corner of his eyes, indicating that he wanted them to stay silent.

“Guys, enough,” Ryan warned them verbally as well.

“Well, what is it?” Jimin wanted to know, somehow itching to know the answer, but then concerned that his heart might not enjoy the answer that much.

“Some employees started a rumour that everyone Jeon Jungkook makes intent eye contact with for more than five seconds has ended up in bed with him,” Ara explained. “They like to call them his prey”

Five seconds?
So... everyone, essentially?

Who had developed such a stupid rumour?

Why were they spreading it?

“Have any of you...?” the smaller boy asked, his voice soft and unsure as he trailed off, allowing the remainder of his sentence to hang in the air between them as he was convinced that they comprehended what he was referring to.

“Sadly, not,” Jisu denied.

“Nope, not yet,” Ara responded, shaking her head.

Not yet?

“Do you know... whether there is any truth to that?” Jimin asked, catching his bottom lip between his teeth.

No, there wasn't. It was just a stupid rumour. Why did a small fraction of Jimin even allow such a thought to arise?

“Guys, cut it. I think that's enough now,” Ryan scolded them, placing his flat hand on the table.

“I wanna know,” Jimin decided, his voice carrying slight firmness.

“No, we don't know,” Ara responded. “It's just a rumour, but it's a nice one. I like the fantasy of that”

“What is so nice about that?” Jimin wondered.

“What do you mean?” Ara asked, furrowing her brows at his question.

Why were they reducing him to that rumour? Why were they intrigued by the idea of him being nothing else but someone that puts his dick into anyone that looked at him?

Somehow, the way they were thinking about Jungkook and obviously talking about him upset Jimin but caused him to be angry all the same.

“Jeon Jungkook is-” one of the kindest and caring people I know, Jimin had intended to say, but hesitated at the reminder of him wanting to keep their close relationship a secret. “He's not like that. There is a lot more to him than just his looks and he's not hopping in bed with everyone that looks at him. He's so much more-”

“Sorry, we... we didn't mean it like that,” Ara interrupted him, her voice softer at Jimin’s verbal rant that displayed his anger.

“Yeah,” Jisu agreed, nodding vigorously. “We don't even know whether that rumour is true... I mean, I never saw him with anyone”

“It's just interesting,” Ara elaborated, shrugging her shoulders.

“Guys, why are we talking about Jeon Jungkook so fucking much?” Ryan tried to defuse the situation. “Your food is cold by now”

The pink haired male reached for his chopsticks again, not intending to start a scene, thus staying silent. However, instead of actually eating like the others had begun again, Jimin only moved his
food from one side to the other, somehow having lost his appetite.

“I’ll leave first,” Jimin announced, wiping his napkin over his mouth. “Thank you for letting me join you for lunch. It was nice meeting you,” he added before he got up to his feet and picked up his tray. “I’ll see you around”

With that, he left.

However, not alone, as it seemed.

As soon as Jimin had deposited his tray on the little carrier for the dirty dishes, he exited the lunchroom, but was pulled back as a hand curled around his wrist and gave it a gentle tug.

“I'm sorry about them, Jimin-ssi,” Ryan apologised, pity depicted on his face as he turned Jimin to face him.

“No, don't be. It's not your fault,” Jimin responded, smiling weakly as he shook his head.

After all, it truly wasn't Ryan's fault, thus he clearly wasn't to blame, and he shouldn't apologise for their behaviour.

“They didn't mean it like that,” Ryan claimed. “They weren't... It's just a rumour. They like a little drama”

“I know,” Jimin uttered.

Of course, it was.

Yet, does that make it alright?

What if it was Jimin – what if it was Ryan? What if someone would spread stuff like that around about them? How would Ryan feel? Jimin was certain that he definitely wouldn't appreciate his employees talking about him like that behind his back.

“They don't really think of him like that,” Ryan expressed, shaking his head to underline his words. “They're just trying to be funny”

“I guess...,” Jimin mumbled.

“You aren't going to...,” Ryan trailed off, the remainder of his sentence hanging in the air between them.

“No,” Jimin answered, aware of what Ryan had meant to say without requiring for him to verbally convey it. “No, of course not, Ryan-ssi. I won't run off to Jungkook-ah and tell him”

To be honest, Jimin didn't want Jungkook to know about this – the way his employees were talking about him in a rather degrading way. Despite Jungkook upholding such a strong demeanor all the time and surely never admitting to it, Jimin just knew that it would still affect him to be made aware of this.

Jimin wanted to protect him.

“Thank you,” Ryan stated, a breath of relief falling from his lips.

“Thank you for not bringing... that up just now,” Jimin responded, genuinely thankful that Ryan had not mentioned a word about having seen Jimin and Jungkook make out in his office.
“It's not my place to tell anyone,” Ryan declared, a small smile curving his lips.

“I'm grateful that you haven't told anyone about it,” the smaller boy noted.

“It's nothing, really. Don't worry. Your secret is safe with me,” Ryan promised him, lifting his hand up into the air.

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The smaller boy hummed a melody to himself, moving his head from side to side along to the rhythm as he reached out to grasp the door handle in order to push the door to the restrooms open.

Yet, someone beat him to it.

Suddenly, the door was pulled open from the inside, a figure rushing past him and nearly bumping into Jimin, if it wasn't for the latter who dashed to the side in order to make room for the person and prevent them of crashing into one another.

Puzzled, Jimin stole a glimpse at the person, staring into a familiar face. “Oh, Minji-ssi?” he noted, his tone carrying surprise.

Why had she been in the men’s bathroom?

However, the woman didn't respond at all. In fact, she didn't even notice Jimin's presence at all – or at least pretended not to. No, instead, she hurried past him, pushing the hem of her blouse back into her skirt.

“ Weird...,” Jimin mumbled, frowning as he entered the restroom, heading towards an open stall.

Suddenly, the only occupied stall opened up, revealing a figure that stepped out of it – the astonishing sight causing Jimin to freeze, the boy halting in his steps.

Mr. Jeon.

Maybe it was odd, but it had never crossed Jimin's mind that there would ever be a day where he would encounter Jungkook's father in one of the restrooms at the company – which, now that Jimin contemplated about it, had been a foolish action of his.

Upon the sight of the CEO, Jimin’s eyes went big as they met Mr. Jeon's gaze.

“Hello,” Jimin uttered softly, executing a deep bow.

“Hello, Jimin-ssi,” Mr. Jeon replied, averting his gaze with a clearing of his throat as he approached the sink to wash his hands.

For a moment longer, Jimin stared at him.

From one second to the other, something clicked within Jimin.

Minji. In the men's bathroom. Her slightly messy appearance. Mr. Jeon the only other being present.

Could it be...

No. No, that was nonsense.

Yet...
No! No, she’s had a thing with Jungkook before – the two had sexual history! She wouldn’t go for his father!

Right...

Right?

“Jimin-ssi?” Mr. Jeon addressed him, startling Jimin who had been drawn into his own thoughts way too deeply, omitting his surroundings and where exactly he was currently present.

“Y-Yes, Sir?” the smaller boy stuttered, fixing his posture.

“Is everything okay?” Mr. Jeon wanted to know, arching up his brows as he dried his hands with some paper.

No.

“Yes. Yes, Sir,” Jimin responded, vigorously nodding his head. “I… I will- Yeah, I will go and- Have a nice day, Sir,” he uttered, executing another deep bow before he spun around and rushed into one of the stalls, shutting the door close as soon as he was inside.

Inhaling a deep breath, Jimin pushed his body against the wall, his mind racing.

Was it really possible that…?

The smaller boy shook his head, deciding to banish that thought from his mind.

It was utter nonsense.

After remembering what he had initially entered the bathroom for, Jimin quickly used the toilet before he left the stall and washed his hands at the sink, somehow wanting to leave this place as fast as possible.

Once he exited the bathroom, he nearly bumped into someone else.

“I’m sorry,” Jimin apologised softly, stepping to the side as he passed the person and lifting his head up in order to meet the person’s gaze, but then somewhat distracted by another familiar face he caught sight of a few feet away from him.

A smile curved Jimin’s lips as he hurried over, curling his petite hand around the person’s wrist to maintain a close proximity and make them aware of Jimin’s presence.

“Namjoon Hyung,” Jimin beamed, said boy turning around to meet Jimin’s gaze. “How are you? What are you doing here?” he wanted to know, the sight of Namjoon surprising him as he hadn’t expected to see him here at all.

“Jimin-ah, hey,” the taller male greeted him with a grin, pulling him into a tight hug. “I’m good and I’m here to see Jin-ssi,” he responded as they detached from one another.

Of course.

That should have been obvious. The pink haired one wanted to slap himself for not catching onto that right away. To his defence, Jimin had been too distracted by the happiness that had bloomed within him at the sight of Namjoon for him to really ask himself what he was doing here.

“Isn’t he working?” Jimin pointed out.
After all, Jin and Jungkook were working nearly non-stop these days to finalise the last bits and pieces before Mr. Jeon would depart and leave for Singapore. With their heavily busy schedule, you never knew when these two had some free time.

“He is, but he has a break in a couple of minutes, so we decided to eat lunch together,” Namjoon explained, checking the time on his watch before he pointed back over his shoulder – precisely towards the location of Jin’s office.

“That sounds great,” Jimin smiled at him, the adorable thought of them going out to eat lunch together as a small date delighting Jimin. “Where are you two going?”

“Just a little restaurant around the block,” the older one replied. “Not too far away so we have more time to spend together,” he expressed.

At the mention of the word restaurant, Jimin was suddenly reminded of Jungkook’s suggestion a few days ago. On their way home, Jungkook had asked Jimin whether he would want for them to have dinner at a restaurant, yet in his desperation and longing for Jungkook to touch him, Jimin had declined.

However, now the thought excited Jimin somehow. Evidently, the Jungkook and him had shared a lot of meals together, but they had never gone out to eat at a place alone – just the two of them.

“That sounds wonderful, Hyung,” Jimin commented with a sweet smile.

“I thought so,” Namjoon agreed with a soft laugh, wrapping his arm around Jimin’s shoulder and pulling him along. “I haven’t seen you in a while, Min-ah. How are you holding up at the company? Jin-ssi told me that you’ve been doing a wonderful job,” he stated, the two of them heading towards Jin’s office.

How would Jin know- Jungkook. It had to be.

The pink haired boy smiled bashfully. “Well, I’m still adapting, but I like it here. I really do,” Jimin responded. “I’m doing… okay? I’m still learning, but Hyung is leading me well”

“I’m glad to hear that,” Namjoon noted.

“What about you, Hyung?” Jimin wanted to know.

“I’m doing wonderful,” the older one answered with a grin.

“Still working on music?”

Maybe, that question was redundant. After all, music ran through Namjoon’s veins – he was living for music. It was an utterly impossible thought to imagine Namjoon without music.

“Of course. Always,” Namjoon chuckled. “Hyung and I are actually working on some of our own stuff at the side”

At the mention of Yoongi, a shiver ran down Jimin’s back. The smaller boy hadn’t seen nor talked to Yoongi ever since he had essentially stormed up all on him and confronted him regarding his feelings for Hoseok and Taehyung.

As Jimin wanted to respect Yoongi’s decision of keeping his distance for as long as he needed to, he had only texted him a few more times, receiving merely one-worded replies. They weren’t much, but at least it was a step and a sign that Yoongi was still alive.
“Are you?” Jimin uttered, excited at the information of the two of them working on their own music.

“Yes, it’s a lot of fun, actually,” Namjoon affirmed, humming.

“How is… How is…,” the pink haired boy trailed off, allowing the remainder of the sentence to hang in the air between them as he failed to move on, almost as though it would physically hurt to have Yoongi’s name slip from his lips.

“He’s doing good,” Namjoon answered Jimin’s unspoken question, his smile faltering and not as prominent, but still vaguely depicted on his face. “I mean, he’s doing better,” he corrected. “After your visit, he started to clean up his house and he takes showers more frequently again,” Namjoon elaborated, laughing softly, trying to make light of the situation – perhaps in an attempt to calm Jimin as he had noticed his concern.

That was good, wasn’t it?

“Hyung still doesn’t really…”

Talk to us. Answer us. Call us.

“I know,” Namjoon muttered. “You see, I don’t want to force him to call you, you know? It’s just- “

“No, Hyung, I get it,” Jimin interrupted him, shaking his head. “Really. I don’t want to force him to contact us either. I want him to take his time. I just… yeah,” he added, his voice going quieter with each syllable of his.

The smaller boy just wanted him back – wanted his Yoongi back that he knew was still somewhere in there.

“We talked a few nights back and… well, he- “

“Namjoonie!” another male voice called out, a figure appearing beside them in the exact moment Namjoon and Jimin had turned their heads to the side simultaneously in order to scan the entrance area and search for the source of the voice.

At the sight of Jin, a smile curved Namjoon’s lips, his face lighting up.

“Babe,” he muttered, closing his arms around Jin to pull him into a hug.

“There you are,” Jin noted, pressing a kiss to Namjoon’s cheek before they detached themselves from one another, Namjoon’s hand remaining on the small of Jin’s back as the latter turned to face Jimin. “Jimin-ah, hey!” he exclaimed with a bright smile, reaching up to ruffle his hand through Jimin’s hair in an affectionate way his older friends always did.

“Hi, Hyung,” Jimin giggled, lifting his petite hand into the air to wave at him despite their close proximity. “How are you?”

“I’m great. Joon-ah and I are on our way to have some lunch,” he informed Jimin, clearly not aware that Namjoon had already enlightened Jimin about that fact.

“I know,” Jimin revealed with a smile. “You two go and have fun”

Jin grinned, giving a nod, “I would ask you to join, but…,” he chuckled, stealing a glimpse at Namjoon who smiled at him.

“I already ate my lunch, Hyung, don’t worry,” Jimin assured him, shaking his head.
Despite that being true, Jimin would have declined his offer of joining them either way as he didn’t want to disrupt their sweet time they were about to spend together – Surely struggling with finding the time to spend much time together these days as well for Jin was working alongside Jungkook.

“Hey, is Jungkook-ah in his office right now?” Jimin found himself wonder.

“He is,” the oldest one affirmed, giving a nod.

“Do you think he would mind, if I stop by for a moment to say hello?” Jimin wanted to know.

After all, he was already up here, he might as well make an excuse to see Jungkook – even if it was only for a minute. The smaller boy couldn’t help himself, couldn’t refrain from allowing his heart to act upon its longing.

“Min-ah, are you seriously asking, if Jeon Jungkook would mind seeing you?” Jin doubted, furrowing his brows in a playful manner as he pushed his hands into his hips, smiling. “The boy can’t stop talking about you throughout the whole day and you- “

“Babe, calm down,” Namjoon whispered into Jin’s ear, Jimin capable to register his words as they were audible to his ears in their close proximity.

“You’re right,” Jin stressed, clearing his throat. “Don’t tell Jungkook-ah that I said that,” he requested quietly, checking his surroundings as though he was trying to make sure that Jungkook hadn’t appeared by their side.

The pink haired one giggled, giving a nod.

“Let’s just leave, Jin-ssi,” Namjoon suggested, giving Jin’s waist a gentle squeeze as he pulled him along – As a result, Jimin found himself wonder whether he was trying to prevent Jin from spilling anything else.

“Yes, let’s go,” Jin agreed, snickering as he scratched over the back of his neck.

“Go and have fun,” Jimin insisted, a smile adorning his pretty features.

The two gave a nod. “You, too,” they responded in unison.

“I’ll see you later,” Jimin stated, waving at them as they walked past him.

“Later,” Jin waved back, grinning widely as he proceeded to stare at Jimin – nearly walking into a wall in the process, having Jimin almost yell at him to be careful, but fortunately, Namjoon was there to look out for him and protect him by pulling him closer to his side.

The oldest one stumbled into him, Namjoon rolling his eyes, but the smile on his face never vanished. “Hey, Min-ah, let’s try and organise another hang somewhen over the next days, hm?” Namjoon suggested before they stepped into the elevator.

“Sure, Hyung,” Jimin agreed, giving a determined nod as his heart skipped a beat in excitement – the thought of all of them hanging out again spreading warmth through his chest.

“Bye!” Jin shouted before the elevator doors shut.

“Bye,” Jimin giggled, shaking his head at his adorable Hyungs as he skipped over to Jungkook’s office.

Somehow, his friends were always able to raise Jimin’s mood by a good amount, managing to make
him feel all bubbly and happy by spending time with them – no matter how short of a duration it was.

Carefully, Jimin lifted his petite fist up as soon as he had arrived in front of Jungkook’s office and knocked on the door several times, then waiting for Jungkook to grant him entrance.

“Come on in,” Jungkook called out, the smaller one obliging and gently pushing the door open, peeking inside the room, but not yet entering.

“Hey, Kook-ah,” Jimin uttered softly.

At the sound of his voice, Jungkook’s head snapped up, the corners of his lips curling up into a smile. “Little one”

“Are you busy?” Jimin wondered, pulling up his brows as he saw the stack of papers on Jungkook’s desk, the latter sitting at it the way Jimin had expected, a pen in his right hand.

“You can come in, baby,” the younger male permitted.

Smiling, Jimin complied, stepping inside and pulling the door shut on his way in. “I was just up here anyway and I wanted to stop by for a moment,” Jimin reasoned as he closed the distance between them, pulling the sleeves of his shirt over his petite hands in the midst of it, the boy suddenly feeling shy for coming here for no reason at all – just for the sake of being close to Jungkook as his heart was desiring.

“I’m glad to see you,” Jungkook commented, dropping the pen on his desk as he leaned back in his seat, spreading his legs out.

“Are you?” Jimin uttered, his eyes big as he halted in front of the desk, playing with the hem of his shirt.

“I am,” Jungkook confirmed, studying Jimin’s features.

“Why?” the pink haired one asked, tilting his head to the side.

Jungkook’s smile grew. “I’m always happy to see you, Jimin-ah.”

“I’m always happy to see you, too,” Jimin returned, walking around the table to close the last fraction of distance between them, stilling in front of Jungkook, the other one spinning around in his chair to face Jimin. ‘May I stay for a little? I won’t disturb you,’ he asked softly, his voice barely above a whisper.

“Of course, you can.”

Gently, Jimin lowered himself down on the chair, straddling Jungkook’s lap without a word of warning. The black haired boy was swift to close his arms around Jimin’s waist in order to pull him closer and secure him in his grasp before he turned back to the desk and picked up a sheet of paper to proceed working.

“Namjoon Hyung is here,” Jimin informed him conversationally, wrapping his arms around Jungkook’s neck before he rested his head on his shoulder, his nose close to Jungkook’s nape, his comforting scent filling Jimin’s nostrils.

“Is he?” Jungkook questioned, his hand that was still curled around Jimin’s back moving below the fabric of his shirt in order to caress his soft skin.
“Mhm-nh,” Jimin hummed in affirmation, but then titled his head to the side. “Well, he was,” he corrected, reminding himself that Jin and him had already left to eat lunch. “He’s taking Jin Hyung out to lunch.”

“I see,” the taller boy commented with a hum.

“What are you up to?” Jimin wanted to know, looking back at the thousands of papers that were stacked on Jungkook’s table – okay, maybe, Jimin was overexaggerating a little there, a tiny bit.

Yet, the amount of papers Jungkook had to work through caused Jimin’s eyes to go wide all the same, his poor heart clenching at the thought of Jungkook having to complete these for the remainder of the day.

“I just got done with the preparations for my meeting,” Jungkook answered.

“Is it now?” Jimin asked.

The younger male checked the time on his watch around his wrists, pursing his lips in thought before he shook his head. “No, I’ve got- approximately thirty more minutes,” he responded then.

Jimin gave a small nod. “Oh, okay,” he muttered.

Inquiringly, Jungkook studied Jimin’s features, the image of a faint frown depicted on his face as he gave Jimin’s hip another gentle squeeze. “Is everything okay, little one?” he wanted to know.

Surprised by the question, Jimin gave a nod. “Yes,” he replied. “Why?”

Why wouldn’t it?

“Is there a specific reason you came to visit me?” Jungkook wondered.

“No,” Jimin answered, shaking his head, but then found himself frown at his own words. “Well, yes, I wanted to see you,” he rectified as it was a valid – and frankly true – reason for why Jimin had appeared here. “But now that I’m here I…” he trailed off, his digits tracing over the fabric of Jungkook’s button-up shirt. “Jungkook-ah, can I ask you something?” the pink haired one murmured.

“Of course, you can, angel.”

“You asked me out to dinner a couple of days ago, remember?” Jimin wanted to know, his voice small. “I... I declined because...,” he went silent, his cheeks flushing a shade of rose as he replayed the events that had attributable to his declination that night in his mind. Due to Jimin’s profound neediness a few days ago – or accurately always, when it came to Jungkook – he had refused to go anywhere, but home with Jungkook. “I wanted to go home with you,” he voiced his thoughts, hoping that it would assist Jungkook to remember the suggestion he had initially made.

“I do remember,” Jungkook replied, amusement gleaming in his eyes as a soft chuckle fell from his lips at the way Jimin blushed in timidity as they both recalled that night.

Inhaling a deep breath, Jimin met Jungkook’s gorgeous brown eyes again, assembling all the courage he could muster. “Could we... could we go today?” he found himself ask.

“You want me to take you out to dinner?” Jungkook clarified, raising up his brows in interest.

“I can take you out to dinner, too,” Jimin expressed, smiling shyly. “Only if you’re not too busy
today” he added, though.

After all, Jungkook was tremendously busy, nevertheless – just look at all of these papers on his desk! Thus, he might not have the time to go out with Jimin tonight.

“I would love to,” Jungkook responded.

“Really?” Jimin questioned, his eyes big as a delighted smile curved his lips.

“Yes,” Jungkook affirmed, snickering at Jimin’s endearing expression.

“Then, that’s… a date then?” Jimin dared to ask.

The two of them had not been on many dates per say. Evidently, they spend a lot of time together, but their journey to becoming a couple was potentially a little different than the one of a more traditional way. They had not been on many dates prior to becoming an item, truthfully shared a very unique way of coming together.

“It is,” the younger male affirmed.

Somehow, those words resulted in Jimin’s grin to grow even wider, his eyes turning into small crescents. The sight was more than lovable, Jungkook finding himself smile at how absolutely beautiful Jimin was.

“Why are you smiling so much, angel?” Jungkook asked.

“I don’t know,” Jimin responded, shrugging his shoulders as he giggled. “I’m just… I don’t know – happy,” he expressed.

The knowledge of going on another date with Jungkook made Jimin feel all giddy inside – which was… interesting? After all, they saw each other every day, didn’t they?

Yet, it was exciting to go somewhere and not be stuck inside their apartment for once as they usually tended to do after their long days at work. By all means, Jimin adored to just lie next to Jungkook by the end of the night and do nothing at all as simply being with him was… was everything he needed. But the thought of going on a date to spend some time as just the two of them – with one another – once in a while was… was nice.

“You’re beautiful,” Jungkook commented, brushing Jimin’s fringe out of his face, his touch gentle as his fingertips traced over Jimin’s skin.

“Stop,” Jimin mumbled, bashful at the sudden compliment.

“But you are,” Jungkook stressed, inclining his face closer to Jimin’s.

“Kook-ah,” the smaller boy whined, shaking his head before he leaned in and hid his face in the curve of Jungkook’s neck in an attempt to veil his flushed cheeks that displayed his coyness.

At his timidity, Jungkook laughed softly, the sound of his chuckle vibrating in his chest as it warmed Jimin’s heart all the same.

“You are, Jimin-ah,” Jungkook emphasised, his fingers curling around Jimin’s chin to guide his face back up as though he was adamant to have Jimin apprehend that he was being entirely sincere.

“You’re the most beautiful person to walk this earth. If I were to- “

With the intention to silence Jungkook – and prevent him from showering Jimin’s bashful being with
any more compliments – Jimin leaned in to crash his lips on Jungkook’s.

The younger male didn’t hesitate to kiss back, his grasp around Jimin tightening as he moved his lips against Jimin’s, the two of them parting their lips to allow their tongues to touch.

“Kook-ah,” Jimin whimpered against him, his heart fluttering at their connection.

From one moment to the other, the air shifted, their kiss turning hungrier as the pit of Jimin’s stomach stirred in desire.

Unconsciously, Jimin found himself roll his hips into Jungkook’s in a careful and tender way, the movement ruled by his need to be closer to the black haired one. As a result, Jungkook groaned, withdrawing, but remaining close enough to Jimin for their lips to brush over one another.

“We shouldn’t,” Jungkook warned softly, nudging his nose against Jimin’s cheek.

“Jin Hyung isn’t here,” Jimin repeated his earlier statement.

As his words, Jungkook arched up his brows, puzzled as to why Jimin was restating that fact – especially now.

“You said that before, little one,” Jungkook reminded him as though Jimin had genuinely forgotten that he had mentioned that information previously. “Why do you say that- “

The smaller boy blinked, leaning in to press his lips to Jungkook’s throat.

“Oh,” Jungkook breathed. “Oh, you...” he trailed off, catching on to what Jimin had intended to imply with the reverberation of that statement. “I should have known it meant trouble to let you in, hm?” Jungkook whispered into Jimin’s ear before he nibbled on his lobe.

“Why?” Jimin wondered, his eyes big in innocence.

“How am I supposed to resist you?” the black haired one wanted to know, titling his head to the side as his gaze flickered back forth between Jimin’s alluring eyes, his stare intent as though he was seeking for answers in them.

“Don’t,” Jimin whispered, placing open-mouthed kisses on Jungkook’s throat before he poked his cute tongue out to lick over his skin.

“Shit,” Jungkook cussed as he gathered up all the self-control he could muster. “Jimin-ah, angel,” he emphasised the pet name, his grasp around Jimin’s hips tightening.

“Yes?” Jimin murmured softly.

“Little one, I have a meeting very soon and I have to get some stuff done before that,” Jungkook reminded him. “I cannot afford to be distract- “

“Please,” the smaller one begged, not entirely aware of what exactly he was pleading for but finding himself do it all the same.

“You want to kill me, huh?” Jungkook groaned in frustration, sinking back into his seat.

“I just want you,” Jimin uttered, the tips of his fingers tracing over Jungkook’s strong arms as he caught his bottom lip between his teeth.

“You just can’t get enough, can you?” the younger male stated.
“Never,” Jimin responded. “Want… want you in me,” he added, whispering those words right into Jungkook’s ear.

“Little one,” Jungkook pressed, his tone warning, but simultaneously conveying the effect Jimin had on him as there was clear frustration audible in his voice.

The taller man was struggling to resist – aware that he had to leave in a couple of minutes to be on time for his crucial meeting, but then finding indifference to bloom within him in regard to the significance of the conference, if he was allowed to have all this – Jimin. Solely.

“Now,” Jimin muttered. “Please.”

“Do you really want that? Wanna get all hot and bothered; needy for me to fuck you just to beg for it on your knees?” Jungkook wanted to know, his tone husky and attractive.

“Y-Yes, please,” the smaller boy spoke softly.

“Yes?” Jungkook echoed. “Want me to bend you over my desk and fuck you while gagging you so you keep quiet for me?” he proceeded to whisper into Jimin’s ear, his hot breath tickling on Jimin’s skin, a shiver running down Jimin’s back.

“O-Oh, please,” the other one breathed, nodding vigorously as he rolled his hips forward.

However, Jungkook was swift to halt his movement, his grasp tightening as a nonverbal demand for Jimin to refrain from squirming around, causing the latter to oblige and stay put.

“Mhm, no, kitten,” Jungkook denied.

At his response, Jimin’s eyes went wide, an embarrassing whine slipping from his lips. “W-Why?”

Having obtained the control over the situation again, Jungkook smirked at how desperate Jimin had grown by simply teasing the boy for a little through striking his imagination of what Jungkook would do to him, if he were to play with him, the smaller one so very affected by Jungkook that it was intriguing.

Amusement gleamed in Jungkook’s eyes as he studied Jimin’s features, his cheeks flushing a shade of rose at the intent stare Jungkook was giving him.

Their dynamics had shifted too quickly for Jimin to comprehend the entirety of the situation, finding himself slip into his submissive state despite being the one who had taken the initiative by kissing and urging Jungkook to touch him.

Well, here he was now. Again. Begging.

“Two can play this game, kitten,” Jungkook declared lowly.

“But-,” Jimin tried to protest, but found himself lacking the ability to form a coherent sentence. “Don’t be mean,” he whined, yet swiftly corrected himself by adding a soft, “Please”

“Careful,” Jungkook warned him, delivering a gentle smack to Jimin’s thigh, the latter wincing at the act, but gasping all the same. “You know that you don’t actually want me to start touching you right now just to have to stop, when I have to leave,” he prompted.

“I want… I…,” Jimin stuttered, not capable to identify what exactly he wanted, but knowing that it was Jungkook.
“Later, little one,” Jungkook declared, pressing a kiss to Jimin’s temple before he inclined his mouth closer to Jimin’s ear, his lips brushing over the soft flesh of Jimin’s lobe. “If you’re going to be a good boy now, I’ll fuck you all you want later”

The pink haired one swallowed hard, his heart rate picking up as he attempted to draw his thighs together but failed as he was still very much straddling Jungkook’s lap.

“So, don’t make a fuss now and be good, okay?” Jungkook demanded; his voice not stern or mean, still carrying a hint of softness, but conveying that Jimin should oblige all the same.

“Okay,” Jimin whispered, giving a faint nod as he pouted, but complied nevertheless and refrained from touching Jungkook anymore.

At his endearing expression, Jungkook smiled, a soft laugh falling from his lips as he leaned in to press a kiss to Jimin’s forehead. “Fuck, you’re cute,” he commented, his palms rubbing over Jimin’s thighs and caressing them as he met the pink haired one’s gaze. “I’ll let you sit on my face later,” he promised with a smirk.

“Kook-ah, that’s unfair,” Jimin whined, shoving at Jungkook’s shoulder.

Swiftly, the other one reached out to curl his hand around Jimin’s wrist to prevent him from swatting Jungkook, snickering at Jimin’s sulky appearance.

“What is?” Jungkook wanted to know, in spite of being aware of what an effect he had on Jimin.

“If you say that now, I… I won’t be able to…,” he huffed, but trailed off as he found himself to be too timid to say those words out loud and admit to the influence Jungkook had on him.

“You have something to look forward to, little one,” Jungkook noted with a smirk. “Trust me,” he added lower.

*Oh, Jimin did.*

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed the chapter!

See you in the next one <3

Love you <3
“Wow,” Jimin breathed in awe, his heart rate picking up as he allowed his gaze to inspect the room with big eyes.

The black haired boy gave his hand a tender squeeze before it slipped from his grasp, Jungkook placing his palm on the small of Jimin’s back instead and leading him along the way while Jimin was occupied with the mesmerising sight around him.

The room was illuminated by fairy lights hanging from the ceiling, the entire wall crafted from glass which enabled them to look at the skyline of Seoul, the huge window depicted in an area of the city that permitted them to even see a fraction of Han River.

“It looks fancy and…,” expensive, Jimin thought, still all innocent and starry-eyed at the sight of the inside of an upper-class restaurant as they came to a halt in front of one of the tables, Jungkook swift to pull the chair back for Jimin and assist him in taking a seat. “Thank you,” Jimin expressed his gratitude softly once he sat down.

“Only the best for you, angel,” Jungkook commented with a grin.

“It’s really beautiful up here,” Jimin whispered, stealing a glimpse outside of the window – a sight that was similar to the one Jimin was able to see, when he looked through one of the windows at Jungkook’s apartment or his office.

*Truly magnificent.*

“It is,” Jungkook agreed as he sat down across from Jimin.

“Why is no one else here, though?” Jimin wondered, scanning the area of the restaurant that was entirely empty aside from them – a fact that Jimin appeared to have disregarded upon their arrival. “Isn’t that a bad sign?”
Surely, if there was a prominent absence of people, their lack of presence might be attributable to the food not tasting particularly good in this place, right?

“I reserved this area just for us,” Jungkook revealed conversationally, not at all impressed by that fact the way Jimin was, the latter’s eyes going even wider as he leaned closer.

“Kook-ah, are you craz-,” the smaller boy tried to scold.

“I’m crazy in love with you, yes,” Jungkook finished his sentence, if not even remotely close to what Jimin had intended to say.

However, his words caused Jimin’s heart to flutter all the same, a bashful smile curving his lips as he lowered his head down.

“Thank you for doing that, Jungkook-ah,” Jimin uttered, his tone gentle. “You’re very sweet”

“I try,” Jungkook retorted with a smug smirk, evoking a giggle in Jimin who shook his head at him.

Suddenly, the sound of footsteps echoed in the silence of the room, amplified on the marble floor as the noise enhanced in volume with each step. The two boys turned their heads towards the source of the patter, realising that the culprit of the sound was a man that appeared to be a waiter, carrying two menus in his hands as he closed the distance between them.

As soon as he had arrived in front of them, he smiled at Jungkook. “Welcome, Mr. Jeon,” the man greeted, exhibiting a deep bow in regard to Jungkook.

“Hello, Sang,” Jungkook responded, slightly returning the bow in his seat, Jimin quick to mirror him and execute an even deeper bow as a polite mannerism in spite of the stranger not even having recognised Jimin’s presence.

“What a pleasure to see you here,” the man – who Jimin now had discovered of being named Sang – noted as he handed Jungkook two menus over. “Can I get you any refreshments or beverages already?”

“Just water for me,” Jungkook answered before he turned to glance at Jimin. “Little one, do you want any champagne? Wine?”

At the public display of affection embodied in the usage of a pet name, Jimin found his cheeks tinge a shade of rose, the boy lowering his head down as his heart quivered in fondness.

“We have fabulous cocktails,” Sang suggested, giving a nod.

“Oh,” Jimin muttered, shaking his head. “No alcohol for me, please. I think I’m good with some sparkling water,” he decided, reminding himself of his poor conformity with alcohol. After all, there were not just a few instances his mind was reminiscing about in that moment, a feeling of remorse residing in Jimin’s heart.

“No fun, huh?” Sang joked at Jimin’s decline of having any alcoholic beverages.

The black haired boy glared at him at that remark, Sang’s expression immediately turning to one of regret. Politely, Sang executed a deep bow as he uttered out an apology simultaneously.

“Anything else I can get you already?” Sang wanted to know, trying to defuse the situation by altering the topic.
“No, we’re good,” Jungkook decided, shaking his head before he waved him off.

“I’ll be right back to receive your orders,” the other man stated before he turned around and went his way, leaving Jimin and Jungkook back to themselves.

The shorter male observed him leave before he stole a glimpse at Jungkook again, curiosity apparent on his face. “Do you know him?” Jimin wondered. “Do you come here often?”

Seemingly, Jungkook was on familiar terms with Sang, presumably having met him on various occasions prior to tonight.

“My father did some business with him,” Jungkook revealed as he handed Jimin a menu. “You could say he’s a friend of our family,” he added.

“I see,” Jimin hummed and gave a nod as he acknowledged that statement, then accepting the menu from Jungkook before he opened it.

As soon as Jimin read over the first letters on the very first page, he furrowed his brows.

_Was there an issue with his eyesight?_

The smaller boy blinked a few times before he read over the words again. However, he still failed to decipher the letters on the page, causing him to realise that they were in fact written in a foreign language.

“It’s not in Korean,” Jimin voiced his comprehension.

At his words, Jungkook pulled up his brows. “Oh, shit, right,” he apprehended, lowering his own menu down on the table as he gave a nod as though he had just remembered that fact. “It’s Chinese,” Jungkook revealed.

“Oh,” Jimin uttered, his eyes big as he stole a glimpse at the letters again, now aware of what language they belonged to, yet obviously still failing to decipher any of it.

“I’m sorry,” the taller male apologised. “I should have warned you. I chose this restaurant because the food is exceptionally good, and the area is nice,” he reasoned. “Besides, it’s rather secluded and I know the people around here, so I don’t need to worry,” he added, Jimin meeting his gaze again.

_Worry about what?_

“It’s fine, Kook-ah, I don’t mind that,” Jimin assured him, a soft smile embellishing his angelic features as he shook his head.

“I can translate for you, baby,” Jungkook suggested, flashing Jimin a grin.

“I will just take whatever- _Wait. You speak Chinese?”_ Jimin wondered, arching up his brows in visible surprise.

_How had he never mentioned a word about that?_

“Not much, but enough to hold a proper conversation and understand some basics,” Jungkook responded with a chuckle, Jimin’s adorable shocked expression simply too endearing.

“Wow,” the pink haired boy uttered in awe. “I didn’t know that”

“Well, there was never really any situation to bring that up,” Jungkook justified, which was a valid
point, Jimin figured.

“Fair enough,” Jimin noted, giving a nod. “I’ll just go with whatever you take.”

Jungkook hummed, shutting the menu before he set it down on the table. “Have you ever had Chinese food? You know, that stuff that is popular for their cuisine?” the younger male wanted to know, inclining his head to the side as he stared at Jimin attentively.

In response, Jimin shook his head. “I don’t think I have,” he answered sincerely.

As Jimin wasn’t confident in what kind of food was known to be popular or special in the Chinese cuisine, he wasn’t quite certain whether he had ever tasted anything particularly being a part of that. Thus, he was unable to positively assert that he had.

“I wouldn’t be surprised, if it’s similar to ours, though, don’t you think?” Jimin noted, not doubting that it was probable for the cuisines to might be related.

“Ah, y-,” Jungkook indicated to reply, but went silent as the two of them noticed the reappearance of Sang, the man approaching their table with their drinks.

“Have you decided on what to order yet, Mr. Jeon?”

“We have indeed,” the younger male responded. “We would like a plate of Kung Pao Chicken, some Sweet and Sour Pork and- Ah, yes, a plate of Chow Mein, some Spring Rolls and Dumplings,” he listed, Jimin’s eyes going wider with each item, yet his stomach twisted in excitement all the same. “Little one, do you prefer any particular filling?”

“I don’t mind any,” Jimin retorted, slightly puzzled by the amount of food Jungkook was ordering, but not complaining.

“Then get us some vegetables and chicken fillings, Sang,” Jungkook decided, handing Sang the menus.

“Anything else?” Sang wanted to know once he had received the menus, shutting his little notebook.

“That’s everything,” Jungkook answered.

The waiter exhibited a deep bow before he turned around and left.

For a short moment, Jimin just looked after Sang, but then he returned his entire attention back on Jungkook, meeting the other one’s gaze as the black haired boy had already been staring at Jimin with a fond expression.

“What else are you hiding?” Jimin wanted to know, propping his chin up on his fist as he squinted his eyes, his face adorned by a soft smile.

All this time, Jungkook’s language skills had been hidden from Jimin. As a result, Jimin couldn’t help but wonder what other talents there were that Jungkook had refrained from mentioning.

Jungkook blinked. “What?”

“Any other talents I don’t know about?” Jimin elucidated, chuckling.

“Oh,” Jungkook muttered, a soft laugh falling from his lips as he leaned back in his seat. Comprehending, Jungkook titled his head to the side. “You know about everything else, I guess,” he then claimed. “There is nothing I can think of,” he elaborated, shaking his head. “What about you?
Any talents you’ve been hiding from me?”

To be honest, Jimin wasn’t very talented to begin with, he believed. Well, the smaller boy was confident enough to say that he did possess the ability to dance, yet aside from that, Jimin was rather clumsy in executing anything else, thus tending to consider himself to be untalented in most fields apart from anything art related.

“No, I don’t really have many talents,” Jimin asserted, shrugging his shoulders.

“You do,” Jungkook protested, furrowing his brows as he rested his arms on the table, leaning closer in the process.

“Not any you don’t know of,” Jimin clarified sincerely, but then his face lit up as he recalled a talent of his – at least one that he believed to be deserving of being titled a talent. “I can do the splits,” he noted with a proud smile.

“You- The splits?” Jungkook echoed, pulling up his brows in astonishment – Jimin not certain whether it was attributable to Jimin being capable to do the splits or to Jimin stating that he was capable to do the splits as a worthy mention of one of his talents. “You can do that?” he wondered, something flashing in his brown orbs.

“I’m pretty flexible,” Jimin uttered.

At his words, a smug smirk appeared on Jungkook’s handsome face, a chuckle falling from his lips as he gave a nod. “Well, I’m more than aware of that,” he noted, wetting his lips.

“Sssh,” Jimin shushed him, feeling his cheeks heat up at Jungkook’s naughty reference.

The taller man snickered at Jimin’s cute reaction, the blush on his cheeks that displayed his timidity simply too endearing for Jungkook to handle. However, as Jungkook lowered his head down, he noticed the absence of an item on his body. From one moment to the other, his smile faltered as he lifted his hand up.

“What’s wrong?” Jimin wanted to know, concern audible in his voice as he followed Jungkook’s movement with intent and worried eyes.

“I seem to have lost my watch,” Jungkook responded.

“Oh no, let's search for it,” Jimin suggested, indicating to stand up, but halting his movement upon the sight of Jungkook raising his hand up into the air.

“It might be back in the car,” Jungkook remarked. “Or I might have lost it earlier on the way here and haven't noticed,” he added, shrugging his shoulders.

“I'm sorry,” Jimin apologised in spite of him having absolutely no fault in the loss of Jungkook’s watch, yet he still felt sorry for Jungkook having lost one of his beloved belongings. “Did it mean a lot to you?”

“No, it didn't have any emotional value, it was just a watch,” Jungkook retorted, shaking his head as he reached for his glass to take a sip from his water. “I'll just buy another one,” he commented once
he had set the glass back down on the table, not sounding the slightest bit affected by the loss of the watch.

*It must have been expensive*, Jimin thought.

Then again, money had never been an issue for Jungkook, hence losing a watch that might cost a fortune in Jimin’s eyes wasn’t potentially as valuable to Jungkook.

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Soon, their food was served, Jimin’s eyes wide at the number of dishes that were depicted on the table, the various plates covering nearly the entire space. At the sight of the food, Jimin discovered his own stomach to grumble, reminding him that the last meal he had was hours ago.

“Go ahead, little one,” Jungkook permitted, chuckling at how Jimin was just staring at the food with big eyes, appearing to wait for Jungkook to allow him to eat.

Without an ounce of hesitance, Jimin picked up his set of chopsticks and immediately went for a piece of pork, swift to push it past his lips. At the heavenly taste, his eyes fluttered shut, Jungkook snickering as he reached for his own chopsticks.

“Hand me your plate, please,” the black haired boy requested, Jimin slightly puzzled by those words, but still complying and handing Jungkook his plate.

Diligently, Jungkook served him a little of everything, appearing to be keen on Jimin trying all of it while the smaller one had already picked up another piece of pork to devour.

“Thank you,” Jimin smiled as Jungkook set the now covered plate down in front of him before he went to fill his own plate.

“Is it good?” Jungkook wondered, grinning as Jimin vigorously nodded his head, his eyes big as he chewed on another bite. “That’s good, angel”

A few minutes passed, the two of them relishing their food alongside one another, peaceful silence having settled between them with a few comments here and there. Yet, they didn’t need to talk much to appreciate each other’s company, adoring the moment they were able to spend together as it was.

“I’ve never done this,” Jimin admitted, setting his chopsticks down on the table next to his plate with the intention of simply taking a moment to just appreciate all of this.

“Done what?” Jungkook wanted to know, arching up his brows in curiosity as he pushed another piece of dumpling into his mouth, chewing on it as he awaited Jimin’s response attentively.

“Go out to eat at a fancy restaurant,” Jimin elucidated, smiling softly as he observed Jungkook, grateful for the taller boy to have taken Jimin here to enable them to experience all of this together.

It might not be the most adventurous or extraordinary situation to anyone else, but it somehow meant a lot to Jimin.

“You haven’t?” the younger male questioned, frowning at Jimin’s revelation.

“No, we…,” Jimin trailed off, suddenly reminded of his scarring past.

Certainly, Jimin’s father had never taken him to a restaurant – In fact, had never went to eat with him anywhere else but their own home, Jimin never really having learned whether it had been attributable
to their poor financial situation or whether he just plainly never had wanted to go out with Jimin.

Years later, Jimin had never owed enough money to afford to eat at a fancy restaurant for his time living in the orphanage, either. Once he had met Taehyung and the two of them had attended arts school together, they had never really managed to go and eat at any fancy restaurants because of their busy schedules, neither, yet frankly, they had never possessed much money in their pockets anyways to enable such an action.

“Fuck, I’m sorry, I-,” Jungkook apologised swiftly, dropping his chopsticks on his plate before he reached over to place his bigger hand on Jimin’s tinier one that was resting on an empty spot on the table.

“No, don’t be,” Jimin assured with a soft smile, shaking his head. “You couldn’t have known that,” he pointed out, stating a valid note there. However, somehow, Jimin wondered whether Jungkook was apologising for reminding Jimin of his sad past rather than not considering that he had not experienced the same kind of upbringing Jungkook had.

“No, don’t be,” Jimin assured with a soft smile, shaking his head. “You couldn’t have known that,” he pointed out, stating a valid note there. However, somehow, Jimin wondered whether Jungkook was apologising for reminding Jimin of his sad past rather than not considering that he had not experienced the same kind of upbringing Jungkook had.

“Do you like it?” Jungkook wanted to know as he gave Jimin’s hand a tender squeeze, trying to shift Jimin’s attention away from his past, the latter appreciating his quick response to the situation.

“It’s nice,” Jimin answered, his voice gentle as he gave a nod. “It’s-… There are a lot of firsts. With you, I mean,” he noted, smiling at Jungkook.

“There are, yeah,” Jungkook agreed, giving a nod as a soft smile curved his lips.

“I like that,” the pink haired one declared.

“I like that, too”

For a moment, they just stared into each other’s eyes, a delicate smile embellishing either of their faces. The smaller boy was the first to avert his gaze, naturally tending to feel nervous the longer he stared into Jungkook’s beautiful brown orbs, his intent stare inevitably affecting Jimin in a heart-rending way.

Wasn’t that special? Wasn’t that… fascinating?

Jungkook somehow managed to touch Jimin’s heart by simply staring into his eyes.

How was he doing that?

How had he achieved to have such an effect on Jimin?

“This probably isn’t anything special for you, though, because you do this often, hm?” Jimin asked, pulling up his brows as he propped his chin up on his petite fist, lifting his gaze again in order to glance at the other male sitting across from him.

“Every moment with you is special, Jimin-ah,” Jungkook responded, inevitably causing Jimin’s heart to flutter – yet again.

The smaller boy smiled timidly, dipping his head down as he picked up his chopsticks again with the intention of proceeding to eat, but then changing his mind and setting the utensils back down on the table beside his plate.

“I made a decision,” Jimin revealed softly.
Jungkook blinked.

“Regarding your suggestion,” Jimin clarified.

“My…” Jungkook trailed off, furrowing his brows as he tilted his head to the side, appearing to lack the memory to fathom what Jimin was referring to.

“About the trip!” Jimin exclaimed, chuckling.

“The trip, yes,” Jungkook remembered with a grin, giving a nod as he dropped his chopsticks down on the table next to his own respective plate. “What do you say?”

“I want to go,” Jimin declared softly, smiling – always having been aware that his heart had already made a choice from the moment Jungkook had suggested it.

“You do?” the taller male echoed.

“Yes, I… I really want to go,” Jimin affirmed, nodding erratically. “Please”

“When do you want to go?” Jungkook asked, clearly delighted by Jimin’s response.

“Whenver fits best for you,” Jimin replied. “I mean, I would have to talk to Hyung first and make sure that he doesn’t need me for those days, but I think it’s probably more difficult for you to find the right time,” he added.

After all, with Jungkook’s demanding schedule as the co-CEO, it definitely wasn’t effortless to find a way to arrange a trip and make sure that the company was still running the way it was supposed to while Jungkook was going to be absent.

Finding a substitute for Jungkook was impossible, thus they were ought to verify each and every necessity prior to leaving in order to prevent any issues to arise during Jungkook’s lack of presence.

“I’ll manage,” Jungkook guaranteed. “I’ll find the perfect date for us to leave that would require the least inconveniences for my father, Jin-ssi or Hoseok-ssi. We’ll find time. As early as I can, angel.”

The pink haired one beamed, giving a nod.

“I’m happy that you agreed,” Jungkook asserted, reaching over to Jimin’s hand that was resting on the table between them, the taller man playing with Jimin’s delicate fingers.

“Me, too,” Jimin retorted softly. “Did you… Do you already know where you want to go?” he asked, unable to refrain from allowing his curiosity to speak.

“I do,” Jungkook answered, giving a nod as he hummed in affirmation.

“Really?” Jimin questioned with big eyes.

“Yes, I… I have a place I want to take you to,” he elaborated, a smile adorning his handsome features.

“Can I know now?” Jimin asked, slightly dipping his head down as he looked at Jungkook through his lashes, somehow hoping that would benefit him in his effort.

“I would like to surprise you,” Jungkook noted, chuckling at Jimin’s adorable attempt to affect Jungkook in a way that would lure him into revealing the destination of their trip.
Well, the pink haired boy just knew his weakness, Jungkook thought.

“However, if there is another place you want me to take you to, I can do that instead. Just tell me where you want to go and we’ll go there,” he added, giving Jimin’s hand a gentle squeeze.

“Anywhere?” Jimin clarified, his eyes big as they stared into Jungkook’s brown orbs.

“Anywhere, angel,” Jungkook confirmed, giving a nod. “Just say the word and I’ll take you there.”

“What?”

“What if I said I wanted to go to- I don’t know, Paris?” Jimin found himself ask, naming the first city that had popped into his head.

Surely, the black haired boy was audibly saying one thing, but Jimin couldn’t help but consider that his ears had deceived him. After all, Jungkook couldn’t possibly mean anywhere— not truly, right? Perhaps, they had a different understanding of the word?

“Do you?” Jungkook wanted to know, arching up his eyebrow as he took a sip from his water.

“Just hypothetically,” Jimin elucidated.

“Well, I hope you know some French then,” the younger male insisted, shrugging his shoulders, clearly not affected or shocked by the suggestion at all.

“We would go there?” Jimin questioned, still not quite certain whether the two of them were on the same page— and Jungkook was not just messing with him— and that Jimin was in fact apprehending his words correctly.

“Of course, little one,” Jungkook affirmed, amused by Jimin’s shocked expression. “Anywhere,” he prompted.

“Portugal…,” Jimin stated as another instance— just for the sake of validating Jungkook’s claim there.


The smaller boy tilted his head to the side, the infinite amount of options sounding very inviting, yet… his heart had already decided on a convincing choice. “Then I… I would like to go to the place you want to take me.”

“Are you sure?” Jungkook asked, pulling up his brows, astonishment depicted on his face as he visibly had not expected such an answer.

“Yes,” Jimin confirmed without an ounce of hesitation, having been aware of which decision his heart was going to make upon those words having left Jungkook’s lips.

“You can go anywhere in the world and you want to-,” Jungkook tried to remind him.

“I will follow you everywhere, Jungkook-ah,” Jimin promised, smiling warmly. “If there is a place you want to go to, I’m going with you. I don’t even have to think about it.”

Evidently, there was a place that Jungkook appeared to adore, thus why he suggested for them to go there. Jimin didn’t even need to think twice about joining Jungkook and visiting that exact place— Wherever it may be.
Those were big promises, a voice within Jimin commented, quite a large commitment.

However, somehow, that didn’t scare Jimin at all.

No, his heart was certain – more than certain.

Jimin would go to the moon with him.

Wasn’t that a sign… that Jimin…

“Oh, okay,” Jungkook muttered, his voice drawing Jimin back to reality, affection gleaming in his eyes as Jimin met his gaze again.

“Well, you tell me now?” Jimin tried his luck once more, smiling innocently.

“I won’t,” Jungkook chuckled at Jimin’s adorable attempt. “But I’ll let you know that it’s still located in Korea”

“Is it?” Jimin wondered, pulling up his brows as though he was closer to finding the answer now – well, truthfully, he was in a way as he was able to eliminate quite a lot of cities, but he still didn’t possess enough knowledge in order to locate the exact place Jungkook would take him to.

“Yes,” Jungkook affirmed, tilting his head to the side. “Does that affect your choice? Do you want to change your decision?”

“No, I stand by what I said,” Jimin responded, shaking his head. “I’ll follow you anywhere, Jungkook-ah. I don’t need to go miles away. I’m happy as long as I’m with you”

At his words, something flashed in Jungkook’s eyes, a soft smile curling up the corner of his lips. “I don’t need anything more than you, either”

Jimin’s heart quivered at those words, his smile growing as he dipped his head down, his cheeks flushing a faint shade of rose as he picked up his chopsticks again.

“That sounds great,” the pink haired boy then noted. “I have some money saved up. I hope it will be enough-, “

“Little one,” Jungkook interrupted him. “I invited you on the trip,” he reminded Jimin despite the other one being more than aware of that. “You don’t actually believe I’m going to let you pay, do you?”

“But- “

“I’m paying,” Jungkook interfered before Jimin even obtained the opportunity to protest. “I’m not negotiating about that part”

“You can’t just do that,” Jimin whined.

“I can. That part is out of discussion,” the younger male decided.

The smaller boy sighed. “Stubborn,” he whispered, dropping his hands back to his side, a delicate smile curving his lips. However, as it was a shared trip, Jimin did feel guilty for not paying for it as well – so this conversation was only put on pause for now. “Regardless of who pays and where we’re going- I’m happy to be able to spend some time just with you”

“We have a whole weekend just for ourselves,” Jungkook stated, giving a nod.
“That sounded heavenly.”

“No work?” Jimin wondered, the idea of them spending time without any other responsibilities simply sounding too good to be true.

Certainly, there was something going to occur to interfere.

The pink haired boy couldn’t help but consider that.

“No work,” Jungkook assured him, giving a nod.

“You promise?” Jimin prompted, his eyes big. “Not even any calls? No e-mails?” he wanted to know.

There was an ounce of hesitation.

“Kook-ah,” Jimin whined at his slow response.

“I’ll see what I can do. I can’t leave Jin Hyung just like that, angel,” he defended, causing Jimin to go slack in his seat as he didn’t manage to disagree with Jungkook.

That was definitely a valid point. After all, Jimin couldn’t leave Hoseok just like that either, if the older one required his presence. With Jungkook’s absence being way more crucial than Jimin’s, it was undoubtably more difficult for him to establish a weekend without any disturbances. “I’ll see how things are, when we decide to leave. I promise you that I’ll only allow calls in case of emergencies, okay?” he negotiated.

“Deal,” Jimin agreed, giving a determined nod as he smiled at the compromise. “You need to tell me how much to pack, though! And what to pack!” Jimin then commented. Due to the lack of knowledge in regard to their destination, Jimin was clueless as to what necessities he needed to provide for their trip.

The younger male leaned back in his seat. “I mean, you just need yourself, really”

“What about my clothes?” Jimin wondered, raising up his brows.

“Well, you could borrow some of mine, but quite frankly, wearing nothing suits you just fine,” Jungkook brazenly remarked as he leaned closer again, a smirk curving his lips as he looked at Jimin with alluring eyes.

“Kook-ah!” Jimin exclaimed with a shy smile, throwing his napkin at him.

“What?” Jungkook chuckled, catching the napkin and dropping it on the table before he shrugged his shoulders. “You’re stunning,” he commented softer.

“We’re not- I have to wear something, when we- I mean, aren’t we going outside- or- or,” the smaller boy stammered, his cheeks flushing a shade of rose as his imagination ran wild at the various things Jungkook could have implied with his comment.

“You decide once we get there,” Jungkook retorted, a smug smirk still plastered on his face as he was satisfied with how flustered he had managed to have Jimin with a simple remark. “I want you to enjoy yourself. Whatever you choose, we are doing. You might want to go to places. You might want to stay in bed, who knows?”

“In… In bed?” Jimin echoed, swallowing hard.
They couldn’t possibly stay in bed the whole time… could they?

“The whole time,” Jungkook added, giving a nod as his gaze rushed down to Jimin’s plump lips, the latter unconsciously having caught his bottom lip between his teeth.

“Just… just to rest or…,” Jimin murmured, his voice decreasing in volume with each syllable of his, his eyes still blown wide.

“What do you think I implied?” the younger male wondered as he wet his lips.

“I-,” Jimin breathed, not certain whether it was smart for him to answer that – potentially exposing his own deepest desire as to what Jungkook might have suggested.  

*Not that… not that Jimin had any naughty thoughts or anything like that… No, not at all.*

“Hm?” Jungkook asked, leaning closer.

“S-Stop,” Jimin whispered, his heart rate picking up at the closer proximity.

If Jungkook was going to move any closer, the situation might turn more dangerous than Jimin was able to bear in their current environment. In the end, they were still in public and at the risk of someone else watching them.

“I’m not doing anything,” Jungkook chuckled, lifting his hands up in defence. “I’m just saying that we can do whatever you want. It’s your call, angel. I’m all yours,” he declared, his fingers playing with his black tie, the veins on the back of his hands drawing Jimin’s attention down. “Whether you want to stay in bed or not, you decide, and I follow”  

Jungkook was just… teasing him, right? After all… *three days in bed?* What did… what did he think they would do in bed for that long?

“*Three* whole days?” Jimin echoed softly, forcing his eyes back up to Jungkook’s brown orbs, trying not to be distracted by the sight of his strong hands. “In bed?” he added with big eyes, his blush darkening. “Isn’t that- We would… I”

What could they potentially *do* for three whole days? *In bed?*

*Oh.*

Was Jungkook implying that… Did he really want to…?

*Oh.*

“Are you blushing?” Jungkook noted with a smirk, a soft laugh slipping from his lips, amusement gleaming in his eyes.

“No,” Jimin murmured, despite the clear display of his flushed cheeks.

“What are you imagining?” the black haired boy wanted to know, intrigued by the sight of Jimin being that affected.

“Nothing…”

“Be good and tell me,” Jungkook demanded, something flashing in his eyes as he stared at Jimin intently.
The smaller boy swallowed hard, inhaling a shaky breath. “I- I-,” he stuttered.

“Go on,” Jungkook insisted, his pupils dilating as he took a sip from his water.

“I’m thinking of you… of you playing with me,” he whispered, naturally needing to oblige Jungkook’s order with every fibre of his very being. Although Jimin found himself to be timid, he couldn’t refrain the urgency that bloomed within his core.

“Yes?”

“Three days are such a long duration,” Jimin noted quietly, digging his teeth into his bottom lip. “You would… you would touch me the whole time?”

“If you want me to play with you through all of it, then I’m more than ready to comply,” Jungkook declared, nodding his head, visibly sincere.

“I don’t think- I… I can’t come that often,” Jimin whispered, his blush darkening at the thought of how overstimulated he usually tended to feel after two or three orgasms.

“We’ll see, won’t we?” Jungkook challenged, smirking at Jimin who gulped at the determination in Jungkook’s eyes and the feeling of smugness that was depicted in them.

Oh.

The younger male was visibly enjoying this – if the amusement in his eyes was any indication of that fact.

“Well, I could also be very mean and edge you, couldn’t I?” he suggested, his voice low and attractive, sending a shiver down Jimin’s back. “Fuck you, eat you out, but never let you come; no matter how much you cry or beg for it”

At his obscene words, Jimin nearly found himself whine, the thought of being edged by Jungkook bittersweet – both blissful, yet so frustrating.

The pink haired boy drew his thighs together, whimpering quietly at the smug expression that embellished Jungkook’s defined features.

“You would love that, wouldn’t you?”

“K-Kook-ah,” Jimin whispered, averting his gaze to scan their surroundings, fearing that someone was near to potentially eavesdrop.

However, there was no one around, but them.

“Answer me,” Jungkook insisted.

“Yes,” Jimin breathed, giving a nod as he admitted to adoring the idea a lot more than he had initially thought.

In fact, his body appeared to be more affected than Jimin had partially estimated, the front of his pants having grown noticeably tighter – a visible display of his inevitable interest and arousal.

“What’s wrong, hm?” Jungkook wanted to know, sensing that there was something going on by the bashful expression on Jimin’s face.

“N-Nothing,” Jimin lied, too embarrassed by the semi-hard erection apparent in his pants that had
grown through a few simple comments from Jungkook.

“Be honest, kitten,” the black haired boy ordered, leaning closer on the table. “I don’t like it, when you lie”

“I’m sorry,” Jimin apologised softly for being dishonest, pulling the sleeves of his shirt over his petite hands before he pressed his palms in between his thighs, trying to release some of the sexual tension by himself. “I-I… I’m… My-,” Gosh, why was this so hard? – No pun intended, but also- literally. “Down there… I need you,” he revealed. “Kook-ah, don’t make me say it, please,” Jimin begged.

The taller boy smirked. “Good boy,” Jungkook praised him for being honest before he wet his lips. “I would fuck you in one of the bathroom stalls right now,” he noted lowly, Jimin gasping at his words. “But you wouldn’t be able to keep quiet, would you?”

“I-I-”

“No, I’m not going to let anyone else hear those beautiful sounds you make. I’m going to take you home,” he decided before he ordered, “Be patient until then”

“Yes,” Jimin uttered, giving a nod and managing to refrain from whining at the thought of having to wait for so long.

“Finish your food,” Jungkook insisted, pointing at Jimin’s still partially filled plate.

“I’m full,” Jimin objected sincerely, somehow having lost his appetite, yet frankly having eaten enough to feel replete to begin with.

“You really want to go home now, hm?” Jungkook chuckled in amusement.

“Please,” Jimin whispered.

“Alright. I’m going to pay then,” Jungkook responded as he lifted his hand up as though he was intending to call over the waiter.

“What about the food?” Jimin asked, nodding towards the number of dishes that were still depicted on the table, merely any of it finished. *What a waste,* Jimin thought. “There is still so much left”

“We’ll take it home,” Jungkook decided. “I would like to pay, Sang,” he then called out, his gaze fixated on someone to their side, clearly no longer addressing Jimin.

At the realisation, Jimin’s eyes went big, his stomach stirring in embarrassment. “Was he there that whole time? Did he hear-”

“No, he wasn’t there that whole time, little one,” Jungkook interrupted him with a smirk, answering Jimin’s unasked question. “I asked for privacy,” he elaborated, Jimin’s heartbeat steadying. “You don’t need to worry about anyone finding out about how naughty you are,” he added, winking at Jimin. “That’s just for me, hm?” he uttered quieter.

“Did you enjoy your dinner, Mr. Jeon?” was the first thing Sang wanted to know as soon as he had arrived at their table.

“Yes, it was good. Please wrap up the left-overs. We’re taking them home,” Jungkook retorted, pointing at their remaining dishes.

“Of course,” Sang noted, executing a slight bow before he handed Jungkook the bill.
The drive home was surprisingly quiet, the two boys exchanging only a few words here and there to break the silence. Somehow, Jimin had managed to contain his neediness, refraining from whining out or touching Jungkook, the latter not teasing him either with his alluring words.

However, although Jimin had initially believed that their lack of conversableness was attributable to their sexual tension the two of them were trying to control, he found himself noticing Jungkook’s prominent attention on the rear-view mirror, causing Jimin to assume that Jungkook was too focused on that duty to involve himself into a longer conversation.

Certainly, it might just be Jungkook’s way of establishing a safe drive, yet Jimin still assessed that his particular behaviour was exceptionally more frequently than on a usual day – which essentially wasn’t odd, just… interesting?

Then again, Jimin might be reading way too much into things where there was in fact truly nothing going on.

Soon, the vehicle came to a halt, Jungkook twisting the key in the ignition, resulting in the engine to shut off. For a moment, the taller male proceeded to just sit there and stare at the steering wheel, whereas Jimin had already unfastened his seatbelt and indicated to exit the car.

“Kook-ah?” Jimin uttered softly, stealing a glimpse at the younger male who met his gaze before he flashed Jimin a warm smile. “Are you okay?”

“Of course,” Jungkook answered, unfastening his seatbelt before he turned around and reached back for the little paper bag with their left-overs. Then, he opened the door to the driver’s seat and climbed out of the car, Jimin mirroring him and exiting the vehicle as well.

The black haired boy walked around the car to join Jimin, swift to grasp his hand and interlace their fingers as though they were a perfect puzzle piece.

“Let’s go,” Jungkook insisted, nodding towards his apartment building after he had locked his car with his key.

Jimin hummed, smiling to himself as he glanced at their interlocked hands, giving Jungkook’s palm a gentle squeeze as they headed towards the entrance door.

“Little one,” Jungkook suddenly uttered, his steps slowing down, causing Jimin to halt as well.

“Yes?”

“Will you go upstairs already?” the younger male asked, lifting Jimin’s hand up to his lips to press a peck to his knuckles before he allowed Jimin’s hand to slip from his grasp.

“Why?” Jimin wondered, furrowing his brows.

“I need to check something at my car. I forgot to do that earlier,” Jungkook retorted as he handed Jimin the paper bag with their food and the keys to the entrance door.

“I can wait for you,” Jimin suggested as he reached for the bag and the keys.

“Not necessary, angel,” Jungkook declined his offer with a smile, leaning in to press a kiss to Jimin’s temple. “Please, go ahead,” he murmured against Jimin’s skin.
“Okay,” Jimin agreed, figuring that there was no use in arguing with Jungkook as the latter would not change his mind anyway, the discussion most likely leading to nowhere.

“I won’t take long,” the taller male promised.

“Oh, okay,” Jimin smiled softly, giving a nod before he headed towards the apartment building and granted himself entrance.

The pink haired boy stole a glimpse back at Jungkook before he entered the building, the latter still in the very same spot he had sent Jimin off. Jimin was puzzled by the sight yet assumed that Jungkook might just wanted to ensure that Jimin managed to get inside.

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Bing.

The elevator doors slid open, revealing the familiar hallway to Jimin’s eyes. The smaller boy stepped outside, pulling the sleeves of his shirt over his petite hands in the midst of it as he approached the front door to Jungkook’s apartment.

As predicted, Joon – Jungkook’s security guard – was present as well, standing in front of the door the way he usually would be. Frankly, anything else would have astonished Jimin.

Did Joon ever rest? Was he actually guarding Jungkook’s apartment for the whole day? Was there someone else he switched places with, but Jimin simply had never met the other person?

So many questions – so few answers.

“Mr. Park,” the security guard greeted Jimin, exhibiting a minor bow.

“Hello, Joon,” Jimin uttered with a soft smile as he returned the bow, pointing back over his shoulder. “Jungkook-ah is still downstairs. He needs a few more minutes,” he informed the man of Jungkook’s whereabouts.

“I see,” Joon responded, giving a faint nod, but then proceeding to stare straight ahead, right above Jimin’s head towards the shut elevator doors.

“Uhm… May I?” Jimin asked, his tone delicate as he gestured for himself to enter the apartment. Joon didn’t meet his gaze.

“I’m afraid I can’t let you enter, Mr. Park,” Joon revealed, shaking his head. “I have my orders to not permit anyone entrance as long as Mr. Jeon is absent,” he elaborated, pressing his lips into a line, the action causing Jimin to believe that he felt sorry towards Jimin for refusing to let him enter.

“Oh, okay,” Jimin uttered, giving a nod to underline his understanding.

After all, he was familiar with Jungkook’s associates having to follow the orders the black haired male gave them. They were ought to oblige, thus Joon’s hands were tied, even if he wanted to permit Jimin entrance.

“Then I’ll just… wait here,” the smaller boy decided, leaning against the wall as he scanned the hallway, wondering how much longer Jungkook would need.

Joon cleared his throat. At the noise, Jimin’s gaze trailed back over to the taller man.
“How was your day?” Jimin wanted to know, figuring that it wasn’t reprehensible for them to exchange a few words for the time they were waiting. Surely, Joon couldn’t possibly be prohibited to have a bit of small talk, could he?

Apparently, he was.

“Excuse me?” Jimin uttered softly, arching up his eyebrows at the lack of attention he was receiving, Joon appearing to plainly disregard Jimin’s presence entirely as he wasn’t even sparing him a glance. “Are you not allowed to talk to anyone either unless to inform them that they’re not permitted to enter?” Jimin voiced his thoughts, titling his head to the side. “Or do you just not like me? I mean, I can understand, if you just don’t want to talk to me, but—"

“I’m not supposed to talk, Mr. Park,” Joon informed him, startling Jimin who had absolutely not expected Joon to speak up, having been very certain in his profound assertion that Joon had been proscribed to converse. “It’s not because I don’t like you”

Well, he had now broken that rule – because of Jimin.

*Way to go, Jimin.*

“Oh,” Jimin murmured, catching his bottom lip between his teeth. “I won’t tell Jungkook-ah,” he promised, pressing his index finger to his plump lips with a soft smile.

“What are you not going to tell me?” another male voice suddenly asked, startling Jimin yet again who flinched at the sound of Jungkook’s voice.

*How had Jimin not noticed his presence upon his arrival?*

“Nothing,” Jimin responded, flashing Jungkook a delicate smile.

The younger male smirked, appearing to sense Jimin’s bluff as amusement gleamed in his brown orbs. “Mhm-mh,” he hummed as he approached them.

“Mr. Jeon,” Joon immediately greeted, exhibiting a deep bow before he stepped to the side to enable Jungkook to enter his own apartment.

“Joon,” Jungkook acknowledged his presence before he placed his hand on the small of Jimin’s back. “Why aren’t you inside already, little one?” he then wanted to know as he pressed his lips to Jimin’s temple, clearly addressing the latter.

“I wasn’t allowed to enter,” Jimin responded with a chuckle.

“You weren’t allowed to,” Jungkook echoed before he raised up his brows and gave a nod. “Joon, Jimin-ah is always allowed to enter my apartment – even at my absence. No need to have him waiting outside, understood?”

“I understand, Mr. Jeon. I apologise,” Joon retorted, giving a nod before he executed another bow.

“No need to,” Jungkook assured him, rubbing his palm over Jimin’s back, the simple touch causing Jimin’s heart to flutter. “Let’s head inside, angel”

As soon as Jimin indicated to move forward, Joon cleared his throat, leaning closer to Jungkook. “Mr. Jeon, I’m very sorry to interrupt, but I’m afraid I need to talk to you for a moment,” he uttered, appearing to attempt to establish a low volume in his voice with the intention of only Jungkook being able to hear him, yet unsuccessful in his execution as Jimin managed to register his words in their
close proximity just as fine. “It won’t take long,” he added quietly.

Jimin nearly whined in frustration.

The black haired boy’s hand wandered below the fabric of Jimin’s shirt, his warm palm caressing Jimin’s soft skin as he leaned in. “Kitten, go upstairs. Bedroom. Clothes off. On your knees,” Jungkook ordered, those words whispered right into Jimin’s ear. “Don’t you dare touch yourself or I’m going to punish you. Understood?” he warned, a shiver running down Jimin’s back at the low and dominant tone of his voice.

“Yes,” Jimin breathed, giving a faint nod as he inhaled a shaky breath.

Humming in dissatisfaction, Jungkook delivered a gentle tap to Jimin’s thigh.

“Yes, Sir,” Jimin found himself correct, his subconscious appearing to be aware of what Jungkook’s minor punishment had referred to before his brain did.

“Good boy,” Jungkook praised as he pressed his lips to the back of Jimin’s ear. “I’ll be quick, I promise,” he assured Jimin, his voice an ounce softer as he gently tapped Jimin’s bottom before he entered the password on his lock and granted Jimin access to his apartment.

***

As soon as Jimin stepped into the bedroom, he fidgeted with his shirt, excitement and anticipation vivid within his very being, causing him to be rather clumsy in the process of removing his clothes.

Hastily, Jimin tugged the shirt over his head, tossing it to the floor before he fumbled with the button on his trousers, swiftly zipping down his pants and trying to pull them down in the midst of proceeding to approach the bed – a bad choice, as Jimin had to learn.

The poor boy lost his balance, resulting in him to tumble over and fall flat on the bed – less gracefully than he could have hoped for, but at least he hadn’t fallen to the hard floor and hurt himself in the process, but had landed on the soft sheets.

_Unit God Jungkook wasn’t present_ – he would never let Jimin live this clumsy moment down.

Huffing, Jimin pushed himself back up, his cheeks tingling a shade of rose at the humiliating moment, but he swiftly regained his composure and resumed the task of removing his trousers. Once they were off, Jimin kicked them to the side, puffing his fringe out of his face before he plopped down on the bed.

However, instead of kneeling down the way Jungkook had ordered Jimin to do, the smaller boy scanned the mess he had created on Jungkook’s bedroom floor. Despite his burning desire to be touched by Jungkook, Jimin inevitably found a feeling of guilt to bloom within him at the sight.

Carefully, he got back up to his feet, collecting his clothes and folding them neatly before he put them down on the sofa. Before he returned to his spot on the bed, Jimin removed his briefs as well, adding them to his remaining clothes on the sofa.

Entirely stripped naked, Jimin tip-toed back over to the bed, climbing up on it and kneeling on it the way Jungkook had ordered him to.

A shiver ran down Jimin’s back – the smaller one not certain whether the effect was attributable to his itching desire and racing imagination or to the low temperatures that were now surrounding him, his bare body no longer engulfed by the warmth of his clothes.
Somehow nervous, Jimin placed his palms in his lap, inhaling a shaky breath as his eyes fluttered shut.

Naturally, Jimin tended to obey, yet it was still rather difficult for him to refrain from touching himself the longer he was forced to wait for the black haired boy.

Time went by rather slow, the pink haired boy not confident how many minutes had passed, but then certain that the time felt like an eternity – *Any second without Jungkook did.*

How much longer was Jungkook going to take?

Was he purposely increasing the duration Jimin was supposed to wait here like a good boy just to see *how good* Jimin was actually being?

Perhaps, it was his way to test whether Jimin had learned from the previous time Jungkook had demanded for Jimin to wait for him without touching himself? – Which had obviously ended in a punishment as Jimin had *not* been able to comply, *not at all.*

Somehow, that caused Jimin to feel even more diligent to comply and refrain from touching himself in spite of how desperately he yearned for it. – Just to prove that he can be good boy for Jungkook.

“Look at you, kitten,” a low male voice broke the heavy silence in the room, the sudden voice startling Jimin who flinched at the noise, his eyes fluttering back open. “You’re being so good, aren’t you?” Jungkook praised, the tone of his voice husky and alluring, sending another shiver down Jimin’s back – this time in arousal.

“T-Thank you,” Jimin uttered, meeting Jungkook’s gaze.

The latter was leaning against the doorway, a smirk embellishing his defined features as he stared at Jimin with intent eyes, Jimin managing to define the lust that was glistening in Jungkook’s orbs by the way his pupils were dilated at the sight of Jimin’s bare body.

Feeling timid at the intent stare, Jimin covered up his penis, his cheeks flushing a darker shade of rose as Jungkook’s eyes followed the movement of his hands.

“Don’t,” the younger male ordered, clearly referring to Jimin’s prior action of hiding his private parts from his gaze. “Don’t cover yourself, kitten. Not for me. Never for me,” he added, his voice an ounce softer as he pushed himself off the wall and walked further into the room, simultaneously opening the buttons on the cuffs of his shirt.

The soft tone of his voice comforted Jimin, the smaller one giving a faint nod as his hands found their way back to his thighs, complying Jungkook’s order.

“I’m sorry,” Jimin uttered a soft apology as he followed Jungkook’s every movement with his eyes, his heart rate picking up.

“Never do that either, little one. Not for that,” Jungkook insisted, approaching Jimin as he rolled up the sleeves of his shirt.

As soon as Jungkook had closed the distance between them, Jimin couldn’t resist the longing to reach out to touch Jungkook, yet the latter shook his head and hummed in disapproval. “Hands back on your thighs,” he ordered.

Obeying, Jimin placed his hands back on his thighs, his eyes big as they stared up at Jungkook.

Gently, Jungkook grabbed Jimin’s chin, enabling them to lock eyes without allowing Jimin to obtain
the opportunity to avert his gaze.

“Did you play with yourself?” the black haired boy wanted to know, arching up an eyebrow. Swiftly, Jimin parted his lips to respond, but remained silent as Jungkook warned, “Don’t lie to me, kitten” as he ran the pad of his thumb along Jimin’s bottom lip.

“I didn’t,” Jimin answered, vigorously shaking his head.

No! Jimin had been such a good boy!

He needed Jungkook to know that!

“I promise, Kook-ah,” he assured, his voice gentle.

Jungkook smirked. “Good boy,” he praised, brushing Jimin’s fringe out of his face before he caressed his cheek, the smaller one naturally nuzzling his face into the touch. “What should I do to you, hm?” Jungkook asked, but Jimin was not confident whether he was actually being addressed and allowed to answer or whether Jungkook was just talking to himself – perhaps teasing Jimin by voicing the various things he was considering of doing to Jimin. “Fuck you up against the wall? Fuck your mouth? Bend you over the dresser?” he listed as he titled his head to the side. “So many options”

The smaller boy whimpered, his heart skipping a beat.

Oh, all of that sounded so wonderful.

Just touch me, please. Anywhere.

All over again, Jimin parted his lips to answer, but then remained silent as he simply chose to gaze at Jungkook with big and pleading eyes, arousal and prominent need vibrant within his delicate being.

“You were such a good boy for me earlier, weren’t you?” Jungkook stressed, dropping his hand back to his side. “Behaved so well, when you visited me in my office,” he added.

“Thank you,” Jimin whispered, his tone soft as his heart quivered in pure delight at the compliment.

“Remember what I promised you?” the younger male inquired.

For a split second, Jimin’s mind was racing in an attempt to replay their prior conversation and recall the promise that Jungkook had made. Then, he did.

Oh.

“Y-Yes,” Jimin breathed, drawing his thighs together as his penis twitched in anticipation.

“Well, tell me,” Jungkook insisted.

“You… You promised I would be allowed to sit on your face,” the pink haired one recited, his cheeks flushing a darker shade of rose upon those words slipping from his lips.

“Mhm-mh, very good,” Jungkook praised, the hum vibrating deeply in his chest, the tone so low that it sent another shudder down Jimin’s back.

“W-Will you?” Jimin uttered, digging his teeth into his bottom lip as he glanced at Jungkook with hopeful eyes.

For a moment, Jungkook just proceeded to stare at Jimin, clearly deliberating whether or not to grant Jimin’s wish – or perhaps simply teasing Jimin by having him wait for it a little longer.
Yet then, it was a promise he had initially stated, hadn’t he? In addition, Jimin had met the premise of his promise – had behaved so well throughout the day, not whining, not touching Jungkook nor himself. No, Jimin had been so good.

“You deserve a reward, don’t you?” Jungkook decided with a smirk. “You were the best boy for me today, weren’t you? Didn’t even touch yourself although you really wanted to, hm?” he elaborated, the pride that was conveyed in the tone of his voice allowing a sense of happiness to bloom within Jimin.

“P-Please, Kook-ah,” Jimin breathed.

“I want you to wear your collar,” Jungkook stated, heading towards the nightstand and opening the top drawer. “Will you let me put it on you?” he asked for Jimin’s consent in spite of being more than aware of how much Jimin absolutely adored to wear his collar.

In fact, at the sight, Jimin’s heart inevitably skipped a beat. “Please,” he uttered softly as he gave a nod, Jungkook returning to his side and fastening the collar around his throat.

As soon as it was on, Jimin naturally found himself reach up to it as his heart filled with delight, his petite fingers playing with the material of the item that was now wrapped tightly around his throat.

However, Jimin swiftly noticed that Jungkook hadn’t bound it as tight as a few days ago, causing the pink haired boy to wonder whether his action was attributable to him having felt apologetic for the marks that he had left on Jimin’s throat the previous time – a representation of how significant Jimin’s well-being was to him.

“Good?” Jungkook wanted to know, his eyes fixated on the pendant that had his name engraved into it, dangling from the collar Jimin was wearing as an embodiment of his belonging.

*Jungkook was never going to get tired of the sight.*

“Yes,” Jimin affirmed, his tone delicate as he gave a nod.

Gently, the black haired boy applied some pressure on Jimin’s side, a nonverbal command for Jimin to scoot over. Carefully, Jimin moved to the side, allowing Jungkook to join him on the bed – still entirely dressed, Jimin may add, which… well, was something Jimin really wanted to change.

The taller male laid down on the bed beside Jimin. “Come here, little one,” he demanded, patting his chest as he stole a glimpse at Jimin.

Nervously, but itching to obey, Jimin crawled closer to Jungkook, swinging his leg over the latter’s upper body to straddle his chest. Shyly, Jimin remained in his position, not yet close enough for Jungkook to be able to eat him out as Jimin’s bottom wasn’t near enough.

“Closer, kitten,” Jungkook insisted, giving Jimin’s thigh a tender tap.

Inhaling a shaky breath, Jimin obliged and moved further back, Jungkook not hesitating to grab his butt cheeks and pull them apart to reveal Jimin’s pink hole to his sight before he wet his lips.

“Can you stay still for me, pretty?”

“I-I’ll try, yes,” Jimin uttered, his cheeks flushing a shade of rose at the realisation of Jungkook being that intimately close to him.

The smaller boy was probably never going to really get accustomed to that rather vulnerable feeling
of such close and intimate proximity – each time feeling like it was the first.

“Good boy,” Jungkook praised.

Timidly, Jimin placed his palms on Jungkook’s covered chest, his gaze trailing down to his semi-erection. At the view of the tip of his penis resting on Jungkook’s black button up shirt, Jimin whimpered and lifted himself up to prevent Jungkook from eating him out.

“What’s wrong?” the latter immediately inquired; his voice full of concern. “Can you tell me your colour, angel?”

“I just… Maybe, you should remove your shirt before you… before you start, Kook-ah,” Jimin warned him as it wasn’t exactly unprecedented for Jimin to tend and leak a good amount of pre-cum… essentially everywhere, when Jungkook was touching him that intimately.

The younger male chuckled, the sound vibrating deep in his chest as he hummed in acknowledgement of Jimin’s request. “You know that I don’t mind that, kitten. I love how messy you are for me, hm?” he reminded Jimin, but still reached down to loosen the tie around his neck, sending a gentle tap to Jimin’s thigh in a silent command for Jimin to move further down.

Swiftly, Jimin complied and got off from him, enabling Jungkook to remove the tie around his neck ahead of him tearing his button shirt apart with little care nor any visible effort – evidently not discovering a care in him to remove his shirt entirely nor in a usual way.

At the demonstration of Jungkook’s strength, Jimin swallowed hard, the boy merely capable to contain the whimper from slipping past his lips. However, Jimin couldn’t refrain from imagining Jungkook to use his strength in another way; particularly by fu-

“Now, you can be messy all you want, hm?” Jungkook stated with a smirk, patting his chest again. “Up, kitten, let me make you feel good”

However, Jimin was partially distracted by the divine view of his muscular upper body, his heart skipping a beat at the image of Jungkook’s toned chest, the clear display of his defined abs and the v-line that disappeared somewhere below the waistband of his brand briefs.

Not managing to resist, Jimin reached out, allowing the tips of his fingers to trace over Jungkook’s chest.

Somehow, the sudden tender touch appeared to surprise Jungkook, the dominance in his demeanor decreasing, his eyes softening as they observed Jimin’s movement with an attentive stare.

The smaller boy caught his bottom lip between his teeth as his digits trailed down to Jungkook’s stomach, goose bumps rising beneath his touch before he traced his fingers back up to his chest.

“Little one,” Jungkook uttered.

Carefully, Jimin tugged on the shirt that still hung around Jungkook’s body, his arms covered by the soft fabric that irritated Jimin. “Off, off,” he begged softly.

Obliging, Jungkook sat up, enabling Jimin to remove the shirt from his body entirely before he tossed it somewhere to the side with little care. “Better?” Jungkook wondered, pulling up a brow as he stared at Jimin with slight amusement gleaming in his eyes.

“Yes,” Jimin whispered, giving a nod.
The taller male hooked one of his fingers around the front of Jimin’s collar, giving it a gentle tug to pull Jimin closer. Impulsively – yet also forced to by the pressure of the yank – Jimin leaned in to attach their lips in a soft kiss, his heart inevitably fluttering at the sweet touch.

“You don’t want it rough today, hm?” Jungkook noted, his voice soft as he spoke against Jimin’s lips, his own lips brushing over Jimin’s chin before he nudged his nose into Jimin’s cheek and curled his hands around his waist. Effortlessly, he lifted Jimin back on top of him, the latter straddling his upper body the way he previously had. “Want it softer, little one?”

Frankly, Jimin wasn’t sure about what he wanted.

After all, he loved both – the sweet and sensual moments, yet also the rougher ones that included a little punishment; the pain always being so bittersweet.

Primarily, Jimin just… just wanted Jungkook – yearned for his touch in any way Jungkook would grant him.

“I don’t know,” Jimin responded sincerely, having slipped into a rather submissive state already, causing him to require some time to properly contemplate and form a coherent sentence. “I just… I just want you. I want you to touch me, please. In any way”

“Ohay,” Jungkook smiled, brushing Jimin’s fringe out of his face before he pressed his lips to his forehead. “Just talk to me, if you don’t like something today, okay? Can you tell me your safe words, angel?”

“Red for stop, yellow for pause and green for good,” Jimin recited the familiar and established way for him feel protected – Jungkook having been very adamant for Jimin to learn these to provide a safe environment for them.

“Good boy,” Jungkook praised as he pressed another peck to Jimin’s shoulder. “Still want me to eat you out?”

“Please,” Jimin whispered, shy to admit to his profound desire, but… oh, please, do that.

The younger male smirked, giving a nod before he fell back on the soft sheets, gesturing for Jimin to turn around. Carefully, Jimin obeyed, turning the other way and moving further back towards Jungkook’s face.

Once the distance between them was closed, Jungkook’s hands found their way back to Jimin’s butt cheeks, pulling them apart for them to return to their prior state that Jimin had interrupted with his minor concern about Jungkook’s shirt.

Devoid of hesitance, Jungkook leaned in, his hot breath tickling on Jimin’s sensitive skin before he licked precisely over Jimin’s rim, the latter twitching at the touch, a gasp slipping past his lips.

“K-Kook-ah,” Jimin breathed out, his eyes fluttering shut as Jungkook repeated the motion, twirling his tongue around the sensitive ring of muscles prior to poking his wet tongue past Jimin’s rim. “O-Oh,” Jimin mewled, clenching his hands into petite fists as he tossed his head back.

At that, Jungkook hummed lowly, the sound vibrating against Jimin’s skin and sending another hot jolt of pleasure through Jimin’s delicate being.

Steadily, Jungkook picked up a faster pace, altering between thrusting his tongue in and out of Jimin’s little hole and licking fat stripes over his rim, the pink haired one moaning breathily on top of him as he tried to stay entirely still.
“O-Oh, god, Jungkook-ah,” Jimin whimpered, hunching forward as he noticed the twitching of his penis, another streak of pre-cum leaking from the slit, causing Jimin to be somewhat grateful that he had asked Jungkook to remove his shirt as to not ruin yet another piece of clothing of his.

The younger male delivered a gentle smack to Jimin’s bottom, the latter gasping at the blow as he caught his bottom lip between his teeth and rocked forward.

“Stop fussing around, kitten,” Jungkook warned him. “Can you do that for me?”

“Y-Yes,” Jimin uttered, giving a nod in his urgency to comply.

However, it was easier said than done.

Inevitably, Jimin hunched forward again, the way Jungkook was thrusting his tongue in and out of Jimin’s hole so very skillfully and effectively with the aspiration of sending Jimin over the edge was very intense, the stimulation so overwhelming on the poor boy who naturally found himself to be easily brought to orgasm by Jungkook.

Firmly, Jungkook grasped Jimin’s thighs, intending to restrict Jimin from squirming around on top of him too much. The smaller one whimpered, his skin feeling as though it was on fire – the only cure being Jungkook.

“Be good,” Jungkook insisted.

“Y-Yes, a-ah,” Jimin moaned out, squeezing his eyes shut as Jungkook pressed his thumb against Jimin’s rim, applying faint pressure to watch it slip past the ring of muscles with zero resistance. “O-Oh”

Slowly, Jungkook pushed his digit further into Jimin’s hole, his tongue resuming with its prior action and licking over Jimin’s rim to increase the stimulation the smaller one was experiencing.

In his haze of sweet ecstasy, Jimin merely noticed the way Jungkook switched his finger, too distracted by the heavenly feeling his tongue was granting Jimin. It was only once the new digit reached a lot deeper, brushing over a certain sensitive bud of nerves that caused Jimin to shriek and tremble.

“Yes, yes, please,” Jimin whimpered, his eyes shooting back open as he tried to grab something, but only found himself clenching his hands into tiny fists again.

The pink haired boy noticed the prominent bulge in the front of Jungkook’s pants, reminding him of the lack of stimulation Jungkook was receiving throughout all of this.

Naturally, Jimin bent forward, placing his delicate hand on Jungkook’s bulge and grabbing his hard length through the fabric. At the sudden and clearly unexpected touch, Jungkook’s legs twitched, a groan slipping past his lips and vibrating against Jimin’s skin.

Slowly, Jimin began to massage Jungkook’s erection, the need to satisfy Jungkook residing in his heart and ruling his behaviour.

“F-Fuck,” Jungkook growled, involuntarily bucking up into Jimin’s hand, causing the latter’s heart to quiver in delight, pride swelling in Jimin’s chest at the realisation of being good – adoring the effect he had on Jungkook.

Hastily, Jimin zipped down his pants and merely pushed them down before he closed his petite hand around Jungkook’s hard length and pulled it out.
At the sight of his veiny penis, Jimin whimpered, the sudden desire to suck on Jungkook’s erection blooming within him. Deprived of any hesitation or shyness for a fraction of a moment, Jimin leaned down without permission, poking his tongue out to lick over the tip.

*Swoosh.*

“Ah,” Jimin gasped and bit down on his bottom lip, flinching at the sudden smack that had been delivered to his inner thigh as a clear nonverbal demand for Jimin to cease his action.

“Did I tell you to do that?” Jungkook inquired, undoubtedly not anticipating for Jimin to answer as they were both aware that Jimin had absolutely not been permitted to suck Jungkook off. In fact, Jimin had been ordered to stay entirely still – this visibly being the complete opposite of that order.

“I’m sorry,” Jimin apologised softly, yet… quite honestly, he wasn’t *that* sorry for his action.

“Don’t make me punish you, kitten,” Jungkook warned him. “Were such a good boy today, hm?” the black haired boy noted, rubbing his palm along the soft skin of Jimin’s inner thigh and caressing the spot he had prior spanked to soothe the pain.

“Please, wanna…,” Jimin asked softly, “Please, want to suck you off.”

However, Jungkook hummed in disapproval. “Don’t be greedy,” he demanded. “Take what I give you, understood? If you misbehave, I will have to punish you.”

The pink haired boy dug his teeth into his bottom lip, his stomach stirring in arousal.

*Now, Jimin realised what he wanted; the appeal distinctive within his very being.*

Despite the clear order, Jimin pushed the tip of Jungkook’s erection past his plump lips, twirling his tongue around the head before he sank down forcefully in one swift go, disregarding the burning of his throat or the rejection of his gag reflex that naturally kicked in – In fact, finding enjoyment in the slight pain he experienced, spluttering around Jungkook’s erection, yet still not pulling off.

“Holy F- Shit, Jimin-ah,” Jungkook groaned, tossing his head back into the pillow as his grasp around Jimin’s thighs tightened. “Stop,” he ordered again.

Humming in disagreement around Jungkook’s hard length, Jimin bobbed his head up and down several times, simultaneously forcing Jungkook’s penis deeper in a diligent and desperate attempt to deepthroat Jungkook in one go.

*Swoosh.*

“I’m not going to warn you again- *Fuck*,” Jungkook growled after he had sent another smack to Jimin’s bottom as a punishment, the former’s thighs twitching at the stimulation he was receiving once Jimin had achieved to fit Jungkook’s entire erection into his mouth – astonishing both him and Jungkook.

After all, the pink haired boy had never managed to deepthroat Jungkook *this* swiftly. Evidently, that fact allowed a sense of pride to swell in Jimin’s chest, his heart fluttering in joy.

However, inevitably, Jimin was compelled to pull off, coughing and spluttering once he was up, gasping for air as a trail of spit connected his mouth to Jungkook’s boner.

“Kitten, sit up,” Jungkook demanded, the sound of his voice lacking the ability to exude the heavy authority it usually tended to, conveying how affected he truly was by the way Jimin was sucking
him off as he was breathing heavily.

The smaller one shook his head in refusal, swift to push Jungkook’s erection past his lips again and bobbing his head up and down in a quick pace, desperate to have Jungkook come in his mouth.

As a way to punish Jimin, Jungkook had long refrained from proceeding to eat Jimin out, his little hole and penis neglected from any touch or friction, yet Jimin was solely focusing on satisfying Jungkook now anyway.

“Shit, kitten, don’t make me tell you again,” Jungkook groaned, lifting his hand up and delivering another smack to Jimin’s thigh. “S-Stop”

“No,” Jimin uttered softly, yet determinately as he had pulled off for a split second to speak, but was quick to resume to his task of sucking Jungkook off.

Oh, Jimin was going to regret his disobedience – his clear verbal and nonverbal misbehavior.

Yet… was he? The thought of Jungkook punishing Jimin intrigued him too much – even prevailing his natural tendency- No, his natural need to obey and be good.

Jimin was not being a good boy right now… Yet… being naughty sometimes was somehow alluring as well.

Swoosh. Swoosh. Swoosh.

“O-Oh god!” Jimin shrieked, flinching and trying to get away from Jungkook who had delivered three consecutive spanks right on Jimin’s sensitive hole.

However, Jungkook was swift to grasps Jimin’s thighs again, restricting him from squirming around and fleeing, but securing him in the position he desired.

“You really want to be punished, don’t you?” Jungkook stressed, his tone low and dominant, clearly warning Jimin of a potential – or rather very expected – punishment he would obtain, if he were to proceed with his disobedience.

Well… maybe Jimin wanted that.

Though, Jimin wasn’t going to admit to that out loud.

Carefully, Jimin pushed the tip of Jungkook’s penis past his full lips again, disregarding Jungkook’s vibrant demand as he forced his hard length back down his throat.

“Fuck,” Jungkook growled out, Jimin whimpering around his erection at the flavour of Jungkook’s pre-cum that Jimin tasted on his tongue, the two sounds of their voices intermingling in the room and creating an adoring melody to either of their ears. “Stop, kitten”

No.

Having picked up a rapid pace again, Jimin bobbed his head up and down, squeezing his eyes shut as tears prickled in the corner of his eyes as a result of him omitting the fact that his gag reflex was majorly rejecting the action.

“Be good and behave- Shit,” the younger male cursed, his hands curling around Jimin’s waist as he
tossed his head back into the pillow. “Obey,” he commanded.

For a split moment, Jimin stilled around Jungkook’s erection. Somehow, his heart was aching at the way he was deliberately disobeying Jungkook and not acting accordingly to his natural tendency and need of complying.

*Jimin was a good boy… wasn’t he?*

Yes, he was… Yes. Just… just not now.

The pink haired boy pulled off and shook his head, proceeding to have his petite hand curled around Jungkook’s shaft and jerk him off slowly. “I… I am good,” Jimin argued softly, his cheeks flushed a pretty shade of rose as he looked back over his shoulder, his eyes glassy as they found Jungkook’s. “I’m a good boy. I’m just taking care of you”

“I didn’t permit you to- to do that,” Jungkook reminded him; his chest heaving in a visible display of how close he was to his own release. “You’re being bad, kitten”

“Maybe… maybe I want to be… want to be a little naughty,” Jimin whispered.

At his words, something daring flashed in Jungkook’s eyes, the taller male parting his lips to say something, yet appearing to be lost for words as he just stared at Jimin with intent eyes.

Deprived of wanting to waste another moment, Jimin promptly turned back around, leaning down to slide Jungkook’s hard length back into his mouth to twirl his tongue around the tip before he sank further down.

“I’m gonna- Fuck, kitten, stop or I’m gonna- Jimin-ah”

Jungkook came. Hard.

The smaller one shrieked at the suddenness, but didn’t withdrew at all. Instead, he proceeded to bob his head up and down, swallowing down the cum that had spurted from Jungkook’s shaft.

Slowly, Jimin pulled off, licking over his lips as he played with Jungkook’s hard length a little more, tugging on it a few more times before he allowed it to slip from his grasp.

*Now, he waited.*

In the twinkling of an eye, Jungkook heaved Jimin off and spun them around, pinning Jimin into the sheets as he hovered above him. The smaller one giggled softly at the turn of events, now lying on his back with Jungkook on top of him.

*Oh, Jimin was going to be punished for that…*

Why did he love that thought so much?

At the sight of Jungkook’s hardened features, Jimin’s stomach stirred in arousal.

“Are you giggling?” Jungkook inquired despite the audible sound of Jimin’s adorable giggles and the sight of his crescent eyes, the man arching up his eyebrows as he stared at Jimin intently.

“No…” Jimin uttered, pressing his lips into a line as he shook his head, yet not capable to hide his smile that embellished his pretty features.

“You’re smiling,” Jungkook noted, grabbing Jimin’s chin to guide his face closer.
“’m not,” Jimin whispered, shaking his head as he caught his bottom lip between his teeth.

Slowly, Jungkook ran the pad of thumb along Jimin’s bottom lip, the latter forced to release it from between his teeth as he stared deeply into Jungkook’s eyes, attentive for his every movement.

The black haired boy leaned in, pressing his lips to the back of Jimin’s ear before he nibbled on his little lobe. “Shit, you really want me to fuck that smile off your face, huh?” he threatened, his voice husky as he whispered them into Jimin’s ear. “Want it so bad, don’t you?”

At his words, Jimin gasped, drawing his thighs together as the smile vanished from his face, replaced by an expression of pure submission.

“I-I-,” Jimin stammered, suddenly lost for words.

“There you go,” Jungkook noted, giving a nod, smug at the response he had received – a demonstration of how swiftly Jungkook had Jimin on his knees again.

“Kook-ah,” Jimin breathed, nuzzling his face into the curve of his neck.

Touch me already, the smaller one nearly insisted, but was merely capable to refrain from saying those words out loud – Jimin was already in enough trouble.

“Tell me your colour,” Jungkook demanded as he sat up; no longer at eye level with Jimin, but somehow embodying his dominance in their position by having Jimin below him.

In his new stance, the two of them noticed that Jungkook’s lower body was still covered by fabric, his trousers having prior been pulled open by Jimin to expose his penis that was not yet tugged back in, but on display even now.

At the view of his half naked body, Jimin swallowed hard, almost impulsively spreading his legs further apart as if to silently ask for Jungkook to use him. The black haired boy undeniably noticed, smirking smugly as Jimin’s reaction was feeding his ego.

Unconsciously, Jimin reached down to his own private parts, reminding himself of the lack of stimulation he had been granted due to him having disobeyed Jungkook’s orders.

However, before Jimin was even able to obtain the opportunity to curl his tiny hand around his penis, Jungkook hummed in dissatisfaction, shaking his head as he grabbed Jimin’s wrist to halt his movement.

“Hands above your head, kitten,” Jungkook demanded, Jimin hesitant as he deliberated whether or not he should disobey, but naturally finding himself obliging before his brain had made up his mind, crossing his wrists over one another as he lifted them above his head. “They stay there, understood?”

“Y-Yes,” Jimin breathed, giving a gentle nod.

The younger male got up to his feet, tugging down the remainder of his clothes and kicking them to the side once he had removed them from his body entirely.

At the view of his bare body, Jimin whimpered, drawing his legs together as he observed how Jungkook joined him back on the bed, the man grasping Jimin’s ankles and pushing them back, thus resulting in Jimin to bend his knees.

“Your colour, little one,” Jungkook reminded Jimin of his prior question as he spread the latter’s legs apart in order to settle down in between them, Jimin now restricted from drawing them together –
absolutely at Jungkook’s mercy.

“Green,” Jimin whispered, certain of that answer without the knowledge of what Jungkook had in store for him.

The black haired boy poked his tongue into his cheek as he titled his head to the side, his palms roaming over Jimin’s stomach and leaving an inevitable trail of goose bumps behind. “Adorable, aren’t you?” he commented, the tips of his fingers tracing over Jimin’s inner thighs, the latter twitching at the soft touch.

“H-Huh?” Jimin uttered, blinking at Jungkook.

The other one chuckled. “The way your pretty mind believed that you can do whatever you want without any repercussions of your actions”

“I…I…” Jimin stuttered, gulping.

“I would have pinned you down to the bed in a second and spank you until you’re crying and begging me to stop,” he stated almost conversationally, the threat sending a shiver down Jimin’s back as his penis visibly twitched. “But I wanted to see how far you would go to be punished and- fuck, you just love to be punished, don’t you?”

Slap.

“O-Owh,” Jimin shrieked, his eyes wide as his hands subconsciously came down to cover himself.

From one moment to the other, Jungkook had delivered a slap right against the top of Jimin’s erection – the sudden action shocking Jimin.

The sensation was foreign – different to being smacked on his bottom or thighs, somehow so much more intense and receptive, yet then also… also sending such a hot jolt of pleasure through Jimin’s body that it chased a shudder down his back.

“Colour?” Jungkook wanted to know as he wrapped his large hand around Jimin’s penis, giving it a firm squeeze that caused Jimin to whimper.

“G-Green,” Jimin gasped.

Jungkook stared at Jimin for a moment longer, studying his beautiful features before he met his gaze again, looking deeply into Jimin’s doe eyes – almost as though he was trying to assure himself of Jimin being more than certain with his answer.

“I promise,” Jimin whispered, giving a nod to convey his consent.

The younger male pressed his lips to Jimin’s knee before he gave a nod as well.

Jimin’s heart fluttered at his considerate action that caused him to never fear that he was part of an unsafe environment during their intimate moments. No, Jimin felt comfortable and protected.

Teasingly slow, Jungkook tugged on Jimin’s hard length, drawing Jimin back to reality. The black haired boy wet his lips at the view of his lover below him – Jimin digging his teeth into his bottom lip as he observed Jungkook with big eyes, his hands above his head the way Jungkook had instructed him to, his milky legs spread apart for him to rest in between them.

“You just can’t behave, can you?” Jungkook sighed, shaking his head as he slapped the tips of his
fingers across the head of Jimin’s erection once more.

“Kook-ah!” Jimin exclaimed, arching his back as his hands shot back down to cover himself again.

“Up,” Jungkook ordered. “Above your head, kitten. If you don’t behave, I’ll have to tie you up,” he warned.

The smaller boy inhaled a shaky breath, complying and returning his hands to their prior spot above his head.

*Slap. Slap. Slap.*

“N-No, aah!” Jimin shrieked, curling in on himself and covering his erection.

“Kitten,” Jungkook called out, his tone dominant and warning as he reached for something on the bed that was depicted beside Jimin. “Hands,” he ordered.

Whining, Jimin obliged the command without an insightful explanation of what Jungkook truly wanted, the pink haired one crossing his wrists over one another as he displayed them to Jungkook.

As predicted, Jungkook wrapped the tie he had previously removed from his neck around Jimin’s wrists, fastening the fabric tightly before he pulled on them and pinned them to the bed above Jimin’s head.

“These stay here, understood?” Jungkook insisted, hooking two of his fingers around Jimin’s collar and tugging on it, allowing their faces to be that much closer.

Impulsively, Jimin wet his lips, his gaze rushing down to Jungkook’s full lips. In their close proximity, Jimin couldn’t deny the yearning to kiss Jungkook, but he managed to refrain from that action as he was currently being scolded and punished – *He shouldn’t push it.*

“I asked you a question,” Jungkook growled.

Swiftly, Jimin gave a nod.

“No, do you understand?” the taller male urged. “If you don’t stop misbehaving, I’ll tie you to the bed and not touch you until tomorrow,” he threatened, his tone low.

“No, please don’t,” Jimin whined, vigorously shaking his head.

*That punishment did not sound good at all!*

Well…. Then again, that’s what a punishment was for…

“I understand. I-I’m sorry,” Jimin apologised softly.

For a moment, Jungkook’s gaze flickered back and forth between Jimin’s eyes. “Can you tell me your colour again?” he asked, his voice an ounce softer.

“Green,” Jimin assured.

“If it gets too much, you’ll call out your safe word for me, okay?” Jungkook reminded him, brushing Jimin’s pink fringe out of his face.

“Yes, Kook-ah,” Jimin uttered, his tone gentle as he gave a nod.
Jungkook straightened his back, allowing Jimin’s collar to slip from his grasp, causing the pink haired boy to fall flat on the soft sheets again. Devoid of any hesitance, Jungkook curled his hand around Jimin’s erection, his thumb rubbing over Jimin’s sensitive slit.

“Jungkook-ah,” Jimin mewed at the touch, arching his back into it.

_Slap. Slap._

“Wanted to be punished so badly, didn’t you?” Jungkook remarked after delivering two consecutive slaps to Jimin’s hard length in between his fist, then proceeding to jerk him off teasingly slow.

Involuntarily, Jimin attempted to draw his thighs together at the punishment and shield himself from any further rough treatment, yet was unable to do just that as Jungkook was resting in between them. Surprisingly, Jimin managed to obey and maintain his hands pressed to the bed above his head.

_Slap. Slap._

“N-No, Kook-ah!” Jimin cried out, tears prickling in the corner of his eyes as he squirmed around in an attempt to roll onto his side to hide his private parts.

However, Jungkook was swift to grab Jimin’s hips and push him back into the sheet, his grasp firm to convey his silent demand for Jimin to refrain from squirming around.

“Stop fussing,” Jungkook ordered, sending a smack to Jimin’s thigh as a warning.

Sniffing, Jimin gave a nod, his chest heaving as he spread his legs further open again, his body shaking in nervous anticipation, but pure arousal all the same.

It was odd – the mixture of those paradox feelings, baffling Jimin as to which one to strive for, which one was prevailing the other. There was the vibrant emotion of pain that belted out at Jimin to hide away and shield himself, yet then there was this vivid feeling of pure bliss and ecstasy, anticipation for more running through his veins that didn’t want this to end – the hot jolts of pleasure too good to let go.

_Slap. Slap._

The pink haired one gasped at the smacks, drawn out of his thoughts as a wave of pain spread within his body, just to chase a bigger series of jolts of pleasure down his core. “Answer me,” Jungkook insisted.

_Slap._

Jimin moaned high-pitched, tossing his head back into the sheets as his body flinched yet again at the smack he had received to his sensitive erection. “I… I just… wanted to… suck you off, Kook-ah,” Jimin sobbed, shaking his head.

The younger male hummed lowly. “Couldn’t resist, hm?”

“Jungkook-ah, please,” Jimin whined, not aware of what he was begging for, yet finding him do it all the same.

_Slap. Slap._

“Such a slut for my dick, aren’t you?” Jungkook remarked, the degrading term shocking Jimin, but somehow arousing him simultaneously.
“A-Ah, o-oh my god!” Jimin cried out as he curled in on himself, making a mess all over himself as he reached his orgasm without any warning; not having begged for permission either.

Frankly, Jimin certainly had not obtained any chance to ask Jungkook for his approval to begin with as he had not seen himself coming this swiftly either.

“Jungkook-ah!” he shrieked as he arched his back, his body vigorously shaking at the intensity of the feeling.

The taller male jerked him off through it, prolonging Jimin’s mind-blowing orgasm, yet then withdrawing to deliver a smack to Jimin’s bottom to scold the latter.

“Did you ask to come?” Jungkook wanted to know, his palm caressing the spot he had prior hit.

Sniffing, Jimin shook his head. “N-No,” he whispered.

“Did I permit you to come?” Jungkook inquired in spite of them both being aware of the answer already.

“No,” Jimin uttered, his cheeks flushing a darker shade of rose in shame.

It wasn’t even Jimin’s fault, though! No, Jimin wasn’t to blame! The pink haired boy had taken his punishment so well, his body just hadn’t warned him!

Jimin had been a good boy…

This was unfair!

“You just keep disobeying, baby boy,” the younger male sighed, shaking his head. “Can’t even take your punishment without misbehaving?”

“I-I’m sorry,” Jimin whispered, digging his teeth into his bottom lip as he sniffed again.

Firmly, Jungkook rolled Jimin over onto his stomach, freeing him from the restraint around his wrists before he grabbed his arms and pushed them to Jimin’s back.

In the twinkling of an eye, Jungkook had tied Jimin’s hands to his back, the smaller one disoriented as he was still up high in his sweet haze of ecstasy.

Breathing unevenly, Jimin pressed his cheek into the soft sheets beneath him, trying to steal a glimpse back at Jungkook, but ultimately being unsuccessful in the execution.

There was some rustling audible behind Jimin, causing him to wonder what was going on, but then not daring to speak without being allowed to open his mouth.

“On your knees, little one,” Jungkook ordered, positioning himself behind Jimin as he hooked one of his fingers around the back of Jimin’s collar as the other hand curled around Jimin’s tied wrists, applying enough pressure on them to tug the boy up to his knees.

At the harsh treatment, Jimin gasped, digging his teeth into his bottom lip as Jungkook pressed his chest against Jimin’s back, securing the latter against his body as he curled his hand around his own erection.

“I’m going to fuck you,” he stated, whispering those words right into Jimin’s ear, pumping his hard
length a few times.

The smaller boy whimpered; his eyes fluttering shut as he found himself push his hips back into Jungkook’s nearly unconsciously.

“Your colour, baby, I need your colour,” Jungkook insisted, pressing the tip of his hard length against Jimin’s rim as he pulled on Jimin’s collar simultaneously in a nonverbal demand for him to refrain from moving.

“Green,” Jimin breathed out.

Without any hesitance, Jungkook slammed his hips forward and thrusted into Jimin, the latter gasping at the action, his hole granting Jungkook entrance with burning resistance, but Jimin found himself whimpering at the stretch, his abdomen clenching in arousal.

“Fuck,” Jungkook groaned, one of his hands curled around Jimin’s waist as the other one was hooked around Jimin’s collar to maintain him up on his knees – the two of them positive that Jimin wouldn’t manage to hold himself up with the way his body was trembling. “So damn tight,” he commented through gritted teeth.

“Ngh, Kook-ah,” Jimin whimpered, his lips parted to allow the sweetest moans to slip from them, Jungkook pressing his lips to the pink haired boy’s nape to nibble on his soft skin.

The black haired boy picked up a rapid pace, snapping his hips forward relentlessly, appearing to avoid Jimin’s prostate intentionally to tease him as he would naturally have located it in mere seconds by the vast knowledge of Jimin’s anatomy he possessed – an ability that Jimin himself lacked.

“P-Please,” Jimin cried out, feeling himself go limp in Jungkook’s strong embrace at the overstimulation his body was enduring – a phenomenon both bittersweet.

“What are you begging for, kitten? Speak up,” Jungkook ordered, tugging on Jimin’s pink locks to guide his face closer to his own.

“I-,” Jimin tried, but went silent as Jungkook proceeded to slam his hips forward, having slipped into his submissive state so deeply that it was difficult for him to comprehend any words the other one spoke. “I- Just- Please”

The taller male chuckled, amused by Jimin’s disoriented and frustrated being, the poor boy fucked into overstimulation that deeply and that far gone to the point of him lacking the ability to articulate himself.

One of Jungkook’s hands reached up to Jimin’s nipple, brushing over the sensitive bud, evoking a whine in Jimin as his body shuddered at the touch. “So responsive, aren’t you?”

“Koo,” Jimin whispered, his hips rolling back into Jungkook’s.

Jimin’s body was immensely receptive to each and every touch of Jungkook’s, as though he was the perfect drug – the impeccable intoxication to make Jimin feel alive in every fiber of his very being.

Suddenly, Jungkook delivered a slap to Jimin’s erection, his penis bouncing up and down at the force. The smaller boy hunched forward, shrieking at the punishment.

“You did this to yourself, kitten,” Jungkook remarked, tugging Jimin back up to his chest by his collar. “You asked for this. Now take it,” he demanded, curling his hand around Jimin’s sensitive penis – all red and leaking and so, so sensitive.
“No more, please,” Jimin begged, sobbing as he shook his head.

The younger male hummed in dissatisfaction, his thumb rubbing along the slit of Jimin’s erection before he pinched the head in between his index finger and thumb, evoking another whine in Jimin who squirmed around in his embrace.

“No!” Jimin cried out, shaking his head as he drooled all over himself.

“Take it,” Jungkook ordered, proceeding to snap his hips forward as he delivered another slap to the tip of Jimin’s hard length, showing no mercy.

Yet, he was correct – Jimin had in fact asked for this by pushing Jungkook, deliberately having disobeyed the latter’s orders because he had wanted to be punished so badly.

“Use your safe word, if you need me to stop,” Jungkook added, his tone softer as he pressed his lips to Jimin’s ear, the smaller one sniffing as he gave a faint nod.

“A-Argh, Kook-ah!” Jimin cried out again, Jungkook having thrusted that deeply into him, hitting his prostate with such a force that kicked the air out of Jimin’s lungs, his body going slack in Jungkook’s arms. “Oh god,” he sobbed, titling his head to the side to pant into the curve of Jungkook’s neck.

“There you go,” Jungkook noted, proceeding to jerk Jimin off while he rammed his hips forward, altering between pinching the tip of Jimin’s erection or slapping it with the tips of his fingers.

“A-aah!” the smaller boy shrieked, shaking his head as he squirmed around, his heart not managing to decide whether it needed to stop or whether it wanted more, the continuous battle within him puzzling him even more.

Yet, his heart... suddenly itched for something entirely different.

Abruptly, Jungkook stilled, his hand around Jimin’s neck applying enough pressure to force Jimin down on the sheets, the taller male pinning him into the bed as he pulled out of him.

Inhaling a shaky breath, Jimin bit down on the sheets beneath him, clenching his hands into petite fists as he discovered a change in heart.

“Kook-ah,” the pink haired boy found himself whisper.

“Yes?”

“Can you please untie these?” Jimin asked, his tone soft.

“I’m not finished with you, kitten,” Jungkook declared, his warm palm rubbing over Jimin’s thigh, leaving a trail of goose bumps behind.

“Please?” Jimin uttered, pressing his cheek into the sheets.

“Are you... are you hurt?” Jungkook wanted to know, concern audible in his voice, the boy immediately reaching out to unfasten the tie around Jimin’s wrist. “Did I hurt you, angel?”

The smaller boy shook his head, rubbing over his wrists before he sat up and placed his delicate hands on Jungkook’s broad shoulders. Gently, he applied some pressure, pushing Jungkook down on the soft sheets before he swung his leg over his body and straddled him.

“I just... May I ride you?” Jimin asked softly, the tips of his petite fingers tracing over Jungkook’s

Endeared, Jungkook smiled warmly at him, his hands curving around Jimin’s hips. “Of course, little one,” he uttered, no ounce of refusal or anger at Jimin’s change of heart. “Come here, angel”

Shyly, Jimin lifted his hips up, Jungkook curling his hand around his own erection with the intention of pushing the tip to Jimin’s rim. Carefully, the smaller one sank down on his hard length, his eyes fluttering shut at the welcoming stretch.

“A-Ah,” Jimin breathed out, catching his bottom lip between his teeth as Jungkook assisted Jimin in rolling his hips down against his own, his large palms curled around Jimin’s waist.

“Jimin-ah,” Jungkook uttered, sitting up to be even closer to Jimin, their bodies pressed against one another as Jimin proceeded to roll his hips around. “So good, angel, you’re doing so good,” the younger male praised softly, Jimin being fascinated by the absolutely different feeling he now exuded in comparison to just minutes ago.

Gently, Jungkook reached for Jimin’s wrist, lifting it up to his mouth to press his lips to the reddened skin, almost as if to soothe the marks that were attributable to Jimin’s hands having been tied by him.

“Jungkook-ah,” Jimin whimpered, wrapping his arms around Jungkook’s neck as he leaned in to attach their lips in a hesitant kiss.

The black haired boy breathed into the kiss before he moved his own lips against Jimin’s, swift to close his strong arms around Jimin’s upper body and pull him even tighter.

Their kiss grew deeper, passionately – They didn’t withdraw from one another; not even for a split second with the purpose of catching their breath. No, the thought of parting for another even minor duration sounded worse than suffocating.

At one particular motion of his own hips that stimulated his prostate, Jimin gasped as he squeezed his eyes shut, pushing his forehead against Jungkook’s. “Kook-ah,” Jimin whispered, inclining down and panting in the curve of Jungkook’s neck.

“Sssh, it’s okay,” Jungkook murmured into his ear, peppering kisses over Jimin’s shoulder as he assisted Jimin in bouncing up and down on his lap.

Somehow, it was peculiar for Jimin to replay the sudden turn of events in his mind – what had started in such a dominantly rough and power-filled way had grown into something so intimately sweet and heart-rending in a few minutes.

There was no longer a sign of their prior dynamics – no submission, no authority, no precipitancy in their movements, just purity. Yes, purity by the sensually intimate way they were connected with one another.

“Ngh,” Jimin gasped, digging his fingers into Jungkook’s shoulders as his abdomen clenched to announce his swift approach to his orgasm. “I-I’m- Kook-ah, please-”

“I got you, little one,” Jungkook declared, his lips still pressed to Jimin’s shoulder. “Just let go,” he whispered.

Hiding his face in the curve of Jungkook’s neck, Jimin rolled his hips forward two, three more times before he froze and shrieked, his body vigorously trembling in Jungkook’s comforting embrace as he found his release.
“There you go,” Jungkook noted, proceeding to roll Jimin’s hips back and forth to prolong his sweet orgasm as the other one was gasping for air, his chest heaving.

The smaller male whined, going slack in Jungkook’s strong arms, but then determined to have Jungkook come for him as well. Disregarding the overstimulation he was forcing himself into, Jimin rolled his hips back and forth, nuzzling his face into Jungkook’s neck.

“Come for me,” Jimin then whispered into Jungkook’s ear. “Please,” he added, clenching around Jungkook’s hard length.

“Fuck,” Jungkook cursed, his grasp around Jimin tightening as he attained his own orgasm, releasing into Jimin who moaned breathily at the feeling of being filled by Jungkook.

The younger boy fell back on the sheets as he caught his breath, sweat glistening on his chest, a small puddle of Jimin’s sperm displayed on his stomach. Gently, Jimin traced the tips of his fingers along Jungkook’s chest, smiling shyly as he met the other’s gaze.

Sleepily, Jimin lowered himself down on top of him, not bothered by the sperm that was now sticking to his own body.

“All good?” Jungkook wanted to know, brushing Jimin’s fringe out from his sweaty forehead before he pressed his lips to his temple.

“Mhm-mh,” Jimin hummed, giving a faint nod as he nuzzled his cheek into Jungkook’s chest.

Carefully, Jungkook pulled out of Jimin, but the pink haired one whined in disapproval and chased back after him.

“No,” he mumbled, shaking his head. “Stay,” he requested softly. “Please, just… just for a little”

“Oh, my goodness,” Jungkook uttered, giving a nod as he captured Jimin’s lips in a small peck. “Okay, little one,” he added before he placed his hand on Jimin’s back, caressing his soft skin. “Are you really okay, angel?”

“I am,” Jimin retorted. “I promise”

“I want you to be honest. Was I too harsh? Is that why you- “

“No,” Jimin interrupted him, shaking his head. “I don’t know…. I just, I wanted to be closer to you. I didn’t do that because you were too rough. I… I enjoyed that. All of it,” he assured with a gentle smile. “I didn’t… didn’t do that to escape my punishment either”

“I didn’t think you did, angel,” Jungkook stated with a smile.

“I guess I didn’t know what I wanted today,” Jimin expressed, propping his chin up on his fist as he met Jungkook’s gaze.

“That’s okay, little one,” the taller male asserted, stroking Jimin’s cheek.

Timidly, Jimin caught his bottom lip between his teeth as he tilted his head to the side. “Do I still need to be punished?”

At his question, Jungkook chuckled, amusement gleaming in his eyes as he arched up his brows. “Do you want me to punish you?” he wondered, his hand roaming down Jimin’s back, moving closer to his bottom.
The smaller boy’s cheeks flushed a shade of rose as he hid his face in the curve of Jungkook’s neck.

“You’ve taken enough for today, baby,” Jungkook chuckled, shaking his head.

“So, I’m good again?” Jimin whispered.

“You’re always good, little one,” Jungkook stressed softly. “My good boy”

Jimin’s heart quivered at the praise, a bashful smile embellishing his pretty features.

“Let’s wash you up, hm?”

The pink haired boy grumbled in dissatisfaction, clinging onto Jungkook tighter, yet didn’t verbally protest the way he naturally tended to because he didn’t want to leave the comfort of Jungkook’s embrace.

Being used to Jimin’s frequent objection of leaving the bed after their intimate moments, Jungkook chuckled in amusement, bribing Jimin with the promise of cuddles and kisses before got up from the bed. Effortlessly, he heaved Jimin up, the smaller one gasping as Jungkook’s penis slipped from his hole, impulsively curling himself around Jungkook’s upper body.

“You only won because of the cuddles,” Jimin murmured, resting his head on Jungkook’s shoulder as he was carried into the bathroom. “Without them I wouldn’t have left the bed”

Laughing, Jungkook gave a nod. “I know,” he retorted. “Then again, you’re not exactly difficult to pick up”

“Using that weapon was unfair,” Jimin whispered as he was sat down on the counter.

“All is fair in love and war,” Jungkook stated with a smile.

The smaller boy giggled, shaking his head. “You’re silly.”

“You’re pretty”

Jimin rolled his eyes, but his heart fluttered all the same as he lowered his head, trying to hide the shade of rose that adorned his cheeks at the compliment as Jungkook turned to fill the bath.

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Quietly, Jimin shut the door close to the apartment, stepping out into the hallway as he smiled to himself, still silently giggling at the stories of Taehyung’s shenanigans during their school days that they had reminisced over together.

Suddenly, a silhouette moved beside Jimin, some rustling audible in the small hallway that startled Jimin, causing him to turn his head to the side in order to enlighten himself on the identity of the person.

“Hyung?” Jimin uttered astonished, his eyes going wide upon the sight of Yoongi.

The older boy halted; his back turned to Jimin as though he had intended to leave but was forced to freeze upon being caught. Slowly, he turned back around, a flustered smile adorning his face.

“O-Oh,” Yoongi breathed, clearing his throat. “Hey, Jimin-ah”

Why was he here?
“What are you doing here?” Jimin wanted to know, puzzled by the sight of him.

“I...” Yoongi tried but went silent instead.

“Yes?” Jimin urged, arching up his eyebrows.

Maybe, it was obvious, but Jimin didn’t want to assess the situation without hearing Yoongi verbally admit to it himself – until then, Jimin wasn’t going to believe in his own assumption.

“I came to talk to Tae-ssi,” Yoongi revealed.

At his words, Jimin’s heart skipped a beat.

“Then... why are you leaving?” the smaller boy asked, frowning at Yoongi’s contradicting words and action.

If he was truly here to talk to them – if he had the guts to turn up here after that many days of utter silence and lack of any contact that had left Tae and Hoseok in heartbreak, his decision must be more than vivid within him, anchored that deeply and wholly in his heart that there was no doubt in his mind.

Yet, if that was the case, then why had he meant to leave?

Why come here now, if he wasn’t absolutely certain in his choice?

“I... I wasn't,” Yoongi responded, trying to convince Jimin – or maybe himself.

Unimpressed, Jimin crossed his arms over his chest, shaking his head. “Hyung,” he emphasised the title, not allowing Yoongi to attempt and fool him – especially as it wasn’t even a solid effort. No, not by all means.

“I wasn't sure whether he was already asleep,” Yoongi reasoned, clearing his throat.

“He's not,” Jimin informed him, having just talked to him a few seconds ago before he had decided to leave.

“Oh,” Yoongi breathed.

They stared at one another, neither of them averting their gazes.

“Are you going in then?” Jimin wondered, not exactly minding their eye contact, but then certain that this wasn’t leading anywhere either.

“Is Hoseok-ah there?” the older one asked.

“No, but he's coming over soon,” Jimin replied, recalling Taehyung having mentioned that Hoseok was intending to come over later during their conversation.

“Oh, Yoongi uttered, giving a nod. “Maybe, I'll just... I'll just wait then,” he added, scanning his surroundings as though he was searching for something particular. “For him to arrive, you know?”

“In Tae's apartment?” Jimin concluded, pulling up his brows in curiosity, but also surprise.

“No, just... just here,” he replied, shaking his head. “On the stairs,” he elaborated, indicating to sit down on the cold floor, the stairs beneath his feet creaking as he moved around – The sound reminding Jimin of how old the building was.
“Why?” Jimin asked, frowning.

After all, if he was already here, he might as well talk to Taehyung now, right?

“I want to talk to both of them,” Yoongi explained.

“Why didn't you call?” the pink haired boy wondered, asking a valid question there – at least as long as Jimin was concerned.

If Yoongi had called them first, they would have been able to negotiate a time and place for them to meet up, establishing a set situation for them to talk and allow themselves to pour out their hearts.

This way, Taehyung and Hoseok were going to be hit by a truck at full speed – not expecting Yoongi to appear in front of Tae’s apartment in the middle of the night to talk to them after all these days of absolute silence.

Yet, he was here now… he was here.

Better late than never, right?

Yoongi wet his lips. “It was... it was a rather intuitive decision,” he expressed, grasping a bundle of his white shirt – Jimin noticing that it was drenched, causing it to be sheer.

Why was his shirt all wet?

“I wasn't... I wasn't even planning on coming here,” Yoongi added in distraught, running his hand through his hair. “I was just- I was grocery shopping,” he revealed frustrated, lifting his hand up into the air, Jimin realising that there had been a grocery bag dangling from his fist this whole time. “And then- Fuck, I couldn't bear it any longer,” he swore, shaking his head. “I found myself running here like a madman,” he stressed. “It's raining. It's fucking pouring,” that explained his wet shirt, Jimin thought. “And I didn't even take a cab or my car or anything because I just wanted to do a quick run to the grocery store down my street, but then-,” he blurted, Jimin struggling to decipher every syllable of his, but managing to register just enough to put the pieces together and form a coherent sentence.

Suddenly, the door to Taehyung’s apartment opened up.

Through it all, Yoongi was still talking, but went silent as soon as Tae’s head peeped out of the small apartment.

“Hyung?” Tae whispered; his eyes big at the sight of the older one.

Silence.

“Tae,” Yoongi breathed.

Thud.

The grocery bag had slipped from Yoongi’s grasp, falling to the floor. However, he clearly couldn’t be bothered to pick up his belongings, a can of beans rolling towards Jimin’s feet. The smaller boy didn’t even flinch at the sound, the tension so high in the air that he didn’t dare to move, didn’t dare to even make a tiny sound.

Jimin was holding his breath.

It was as though time no longer existed – a few seconds feeling like an eternity, the two boys just
proceeding to stare into one another’s eyes without a word.

“I heard your voice,” Taehyung whispered eventually, stepping outside to reveal his entire figure, his delicate body adorned by his pyjamas that he had put on earlier to be comfy, Jimin finding himself smile at the images of little puppies on the fabric.

“Tae-yah, I-,” Yoongi uttered, taking a step closer, but halting again.

Despite Jimin not being involved at all – frankly, he was nearly certain that Taehyung had disregarded Jimin’s presence entirely as he was not sparing him a glance at all, not that Jimin minded that, though – his heart was beating so incredibly fast, causing Jimin to fear that it was going to break out of his ribcage and fall into his hands any moment.

“Hyung, what... what are you doing here?” Taehyung interrupted him, his voice barely above a whisper, his tone carrying a hint of fragile vulnerability – enough to evoke a sense of aching in Jimin’s heart.

“I-”

Bing.

In the twinkling of an eye, the elevator doors had opened up, revealing… Hoseok.

“Sunshine, you're already-,” Hoseok’s light voice pierced through the heavy tension in the air between them.

Yet then, the boy lifted his head up, immediately stilling as though he had crashed into a wall.

“Hyung?” he whispered at the sight of Yoongi.

The pink haired boy felt as though he was caught in the midst of it all, having been teleported right into one of those dramatic scenes in a rom-com movie that contained a little too much angst for his poor heart to bear.

Nervously, Jimin pulled the sleeves of his hoodie over his petite hands, creating the image of sweater paws as his gaze flickered back and forth between their three faces.

For a split moment, Hoseok stole a glimpse at the mess to their feet, but the sight didn’t affect him at all. Instead, he met Yoongi’s gaze.

“I-”

Hoseok studied his features, an emotion flashing in his eyes that Jimin wasn’t capable to define, but it was the same one he had observed depicted in Taehyung’s eyes upon the sight of Yoongi. “We haven’t seen you for... for so long”

“I know, I-,” the oldest one uttered.

“You didn't respond at all,” Hoseok elaborated.

“I know, I'm sorry, I-,” Yoongi tried again.

“It hurt,” Taehyung interrupted him, his voice just above a whisper.

“I'm sorry,” Yoongi whispered, squeezing his eyes shut as he pressed his fist to his forehead. “I know... can we- is it okay for me to come inside?” he asked, his eyes flickering back and forth from
Taehyung’s to Hoseok’s face. “Please, just... I need to talk to you,” he begged.

Silence.

The smaller boy held his breath at the high tension.

Hoseok and Taehyung shared a gaze.

Then, Taehyung turned around and walked back inside his apartment, smashing his door close on his way in.

The audible *thud* startled Jimin and Yoongi, the two of them wincing at the sound that was still ringing in their ears, somehow amplified in the silence among them, and the emotional representation of the act – the nonverbal display of Taehyung’s refusal to allow Yoongi to talk to them.

Carefully, Jimin stole a glimpse at Yoongi, his heart breaking at the sight of his defeated expression.

“Please,” Yoongi whispered.

Suddenly, the door to Taehyung’s apartment opened up again, the blond haired one returning to the hallway.

“Okay,” Taehyung uttered, giving a nod before he spun around and stormed back into his apartment.

This time, the door was left open, allowing Hoseok to follow after him.

The oldest one stared at it for a moment longer before he rushed after them, presumably scared that they were going to change their minds again and kick Yoongi out.

*Thud.*

The door fell shut.

From one moment to the other, Jimin was left all alone, standing there in the hallway by himself. Yet, he found himself smiling, not minding them ignoring his presence, if it was for them to obtain the deserving chance to talk to one another.

Exhaling a breath Jimin hadn’t noticed of holding, he crouched down to the floor, collecting Yoongi’s scattered groceries and returning them into the bag. Fortunately, nothing of it had broken or spilled – somehow managing to stay whole.

Stealing another glimpse at Taehyung’s apartment door, Jimin headed towards his own place, pushing the door open before he went inside and shut it behind himself, lastly pressing his back against the wall with a hopeful heart.

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The smaller boy furrowed his brows, setting his mug down on the table and approaching his front door. After grabbing the door handle, he pulled his door open, revealing a figure standing in front of his apartment.

*Yoongi.*

“Hey,” the older one greeted, flashing Jimin a soft smile.
“Hyung,” Jimin uttered, studying his appearance – his messy hair and tired eyes a clear display of his lack of sleep, yet… there was happiness gleaming in his eyes.

Jimin’s heart fluttered, hope residing in his chest.

“I didn’t know whether you were still asleep,” Yoongi stated, presumably referring to him having chosen to knock on Jimin’s door instead of using the bell.

“I’m not,” Jimin smiled, itching to ask how things had went, but then not certain whether it was right for him to do just that.

“My groceries,” Yoongi reminded him with a clearing of his throat. “By any chance, have you- “

“I put them in my fridge,” Jimin retorted with a soft smile. “Come on in”

“Thank you,” the older one uttered as he entered Jimin’s apartment, the latter shutting the door behind him.

For a moment, Yoongi just awkwardly stood there, but then he closed the distance between them and pulled Jimin into a warm embrace, his grasp tight as he hid his face in the curve of Jimin’s neck.

Slightly puzzled by the sudden action, Jimin’s eyes went big, but he didn’t hesitate to return the hug, snuggling against Yoongi as he rested his head on his shoulder.

What was this for? Jimin nearly found himself ask but was merely capable to refrain from speaking at all.

 Somehow, it didn’t seem right to talk right now, the moment possessing something so intimately fragile and silent that Jimin didn’t want to disrupt it with his voice.

“Thank you,” Yoongi whispered again, this time a lot quieter and softer, almost as though those words were just meant for Jimin to hear – despite them being the only ones present in the room anyway.

Slowly, they withdrew from one another, Jimin reaching for Yoongi’s hand and pulling him over to his sofa, not saying anything to explain his behaviour, but Yoongi didn’t resist.

“Hyung,” Jimin uttered softly, feeling as though it was wrong for him to raise the volume of his voice any louder than this, as they sat down on the cushions.

“Yes?”

“May I ask what changed your mind?” Jimin wanted to know.

The older one furrowed his brows. “What do you mean?” he questioned instead.

“Why did you decide to talk to them in the end?” Jimin clarified.

For a moment, Yoongi just stared at a spot somewhere behind Jimin, a gentle smile curving his lips as he met Jimin’s gaze again. “Well... there were many factors that contributed to that,” he responded, scratching over the back of his neck. “I just- …. You and Jungkook-ah were right. I was scared,” he admitted.

Wait... Jungkook?

“Jungkook-ah?” Jimin echoed, his eyes big as he titled his head to the side. “Did he talk to you?”
When did that happen?

Why had Jungkook not said a word?

Then again, Jimin had not mentioned a word about all of this either, so it was unfair for him to be shocked by Jungkook not talking to him about it.

“Yes, he... he talked some sense into me like you did...,” Yoongi uttered, giving a nod as his smile carried something gloomy.

“I might have fucked up big time,” Yoongi declared, slightly slurring his words, an audible display of his intoxication.

“What did you do?” Jungkook wanted to know, sipping on his coke as he stole a glimpse at Yoongi. However, the other one didn't meet his eyes, but appeared to prefer to stare at the wall across from them, maybe too focused on his own thoughts.

Yoongi hesitated, taking some time to answer.

“Fell in love,” Yoongi revealed eventually, catching Jungkook off guard as he had expected some actual fucked up shit.

“That's not fucked up, Hyung,” Jungkook commented, chuckling at his revelation.

If anything, Jungkook was just as fucked up then as he was head over heels for a certain pink haired boy. Fuck, he was whipped. Well, he would kick himself in the ass before he would ever admit to that in the presence of anyone else, but it was true.

Jungkook loved Jimin more than anything else in this world – more than he had ever loved anything at all.

“With Hoseok-ssi,” Yoongi added, interrupting Jungkook's thoughts that had started to revolve around Jimin, his adorable face and giggles having appeared in Jungkook's mind and creating a fond smile on his face.

However, as soon as his ears registered Yoongi's words, his brain was quiet.

For a moment, there was utter silence.

The black haired boy halted his hand mid-air, blinking before he turned his head toward the other male. In a way, his brain was almost certain that his ears might have deceived him, yet then Yoongi's eyes were telling him that it was in fact nothing but entirely true.

Frankly, this wasn't anything Jungkook had not assumed for a long time. After all, he had seen those stares that he had given Hoseok, had known about their shared kiss. Despite it being ages ago, Jungkook had always believed that it had been valuable to Yoongi.

“Oh,” Jungkook responded, clearing his throat. “Well, you were for a while, weren’t-”

“And Tae-ssi,” Yoongi interrupted him, his voice quieter and barely piercing through Jungkook's words, causing Jungkook to proceed with his own sentence for a good three seconds.

“So, I guess that- Wait, what?” Jungkook exclaimed, furrowing his brows upon registering those words.
This time, his ears were definitely fucking with him.

“Welcome to the chaos that is my life,” Yoongi stated, a humourless laugh slipping from his lips as he raised his hand up into the air before he emptied his drink in one shot.

“Hyung, what did you just say?” Jungkook pressed, turning his body towards his friend.

Finally, Yoongi met his gaze, an emotion flashing in the blond haired boy's eyes. For a moment, it appeared to be pain, but it was gone as soon as Jungkook had managed to define it, causing him to doubt whether it had ever been there at all to begin with.

“I'm in love with Hoseok-ah and Taehyung-ah,” Yoongi declared. “Might have felt that way before they ever even kissed me, but just never realised it,” he elaborated conversationally, shrugging his shoulders.

In way, it seemed as though Yoongi was trying to uphold an almost nonchalant demeanor, tried to maintain the picture of him being casual about this as though it wasn't possessing the significance it actually did.

To be honest, Jungkook was still majorly caught off guard.

Was Yoongi fucking with him? Was he that drunk that he thought it was funny to pull this kind of shit?

Yet, there was something glistening behind his eyes that Jungkook knew had to be-

“I knew it was going to happen,” Yoongi added. “The first time Tae-yah kissed me I felt it in my heart. I knew I was going to fall, and I knew I should have stopped it, but I just couldn't. I tried to convince myself that it could stay platonic, but that- Fuck, we both know that shit like that doesn’t work out. It was foolish of me to think that,” he went on. “Did I tell you before that I'm pretty fucking stupid?” he wondered, scoffing at himself.

“How long?” Jungkook simply asked.

“A couple of weeks,” Yoongi responded, somehow glad that Jungkook was ignoring his prior words and didn't make a big fuss about him revealing the deeply anchored feelings that were residing in his heart for two of their closest friends.

In his drunken state, Yoongi struggled to contain certain thoughts and feelings – potentially revealing shit he hadn't intended to ever say out loud.

However, in a way, it wasn't as horrible to finally say those words out loud.

At least, Jungkook didn't make it into such a big deal, thus treating it as though it was a simple matter and not something uniquely chaotic that was fucking with Yoongi's heart and brain.

“You fucked?” the taller male wanted to know.

“Take a guess,” Yoongi replied, rolling his eyes at the question he believed was redundant.

“Hyung-,” Jungkook tried but went silent as soon as Yoongi opened his mouth again.

“I know,” Yoongi sighed, appearing to be aware of what Jungkook had meant to say before the latter even knew.

“Did you tell them?” Jungkook wondered.
The older one dipped his head down, shaking his head. “No”

“Do they know?” Jungkook pressed.

“Tae-yah confessed that he likes me,” Yoongi stated, a small smile on his face at the thought of his adorable expression, but then Yoongi shook his head and the smile on his face faltered as soon as Jungkook had believed of having seen it.

“Shit, then what are you mourning over?” Jungkook asked, frowning at his friend. “They want you just as much, so what’s the issue?”

Why was Yoongi saying that he fucked up? What was the problem? If they confessed to him and he loved them, too, then-

Oh.

Maybe, Jungkook had an idea as to why Yoongi was struggling with all of this.

“Then what, Jungkook-ah?” Yoongi urged.

“Get together with them,” Jungkook answered, as though it was the most obvious answer there was — as though that decision was that easy.

Perhaps, it was to him, yet not to Yoongi.

“I... That's- I can’t,” Yoongi stuttered, shaking his head like it was the most absurd idea he had ever been made aware of.

“Why can’t you?” Jungkook wanted to know, but there was an assumption blooming within him that he estimated held some truth.

“Because,” the older one simply uttered, but then averted his gaze.

It wasn’t difficult for Jungkook to assess the situation. To him, it was easy to understand where the problem was located.

“Shit, you’re a fucking coward,” Jungkook accused.

“Shut the fuck up,” Yoongi cursed, frowning at Jungkook's words. “I'm not a coward,” he defended, appearing to be insulted, yet also avoiding eye contact which caused Jungkook to believe that he felt vulnerable — thus, he might not agree with his own statement entirely either.

“You are,” Jungkook emphasised. “You're scared of letting yourself fall like that again,” he added. “You're scared of trusting them, but having them break your heart in the midst of it”

It wasn't anything Jungkook had never felt before either.

Fuck, it wasn’t easy to trust someone that much — wasn’t easy to allow your heart to open up to someone like that and invite them in, allowing them to see all of your flaws, allowing them to be your everything.

“What are you, huh?” Yoongi mumbled, poking his tongue into his cheek as he rubbed his index finger along the cup in his hand. “Some fucking psychologist? Go fuck yourself”

“Dammit, Hyung,” Jungkook responded. “You know Hoseok Hyung and Taehyung-ssi. Why can't you trust them?”
“I do trust them,” Yoongi protested, frowning as he leaned forward.

“What’s holding you back then?” Jungkook wanted to know.

Yoongi caught his bottom lip between his teeth. “I don’t know. Fuck, I don’t know,” he sighed, rubbing his palm over his face as he sank back into the sofa.

“You do know,” Jungkook disagreed.

“No, Jungkook-ah, I-,” Yoongi protested.

“You know that you’re scared, Hyung, but you have to stop believing that you’ll be put through that shit again,” Jungkook interrupted him, aware that he was stepping into dangerous territory now, but fuck it. Damn, he needed to say this. “Not everyone is like Yuri-ssi, okay?”

Yoongi’s head snapped up, his gaze piercing through Jungkook, an emotion flashing behind his brown orbs as soon as his ears had registered that name.

“Don’t you dare-,” Yoongi warned through gritted teeth, clearly tensing at the name.

“Yuri was fucked up and used your heart, Hyung,” Jungkook added, potentially crossing a boundary there, but he didn’t care. “Just because-”

“Shut up, Jungkook-ah,” Yoongi demanded firmly, his voice having raised in volume.

“No, Hyung,” Jungkook replied, not intimidated by Yoongi’s demeanor at all. “I won’t just shut up. I’m not going to sit here and watch you be miserable. Yuri didn’t deserve you and you know that,” he stressed. “Hoseok Hyung and Taehyung-ssi do. They deserve you and you deserve them. If you don’t want to see that, then-”

“I said shut up!” Yoongi shouted, tossing his cup away as he got up to his feet, spilling his drink all over his floor. “Don’t talk about Yuri-yah! This is not about her!” he warned through gritted teeth.

“Then what is it about?” Jungkook challenged, knowing so damn well that he was right. “Hyung, stop lying to yourself,” Jungkook insisted, pointing his flat hand to the side at no one in particular. “You know it’s about her. You know she broke you years ago and you’ve been too scar-”

“Leave!” Yoongi demanded, clearly angered as he interrupted Jungkook yet again. “I don’t want to hear any of that shit!” he exclaimed, running his hand through his messy blond hair, his chest heaving.

“Hyung-,” Jungkook tried, not having intended to cause Yoongi’s temper to go through the fucking roof as he fucking lost it entirely. In a way, he had meant to get him mad, yes, but just in order for him to realise his own lies and see the truth.

“Fuck, no,” Yoongi interrupted, swallowing hard as he shook his head, studying Jungkook’s features for a moment as he took a step back. “Just- Jungkook-ah. Don’t. I don’t want to hear that,” he almost begged, his voice no longer full of anger, but rather quiet and almost vulnerable. “Just-Leave”

Jungkook couldn’t bear to just sit here and listen to him pity himself while he had those two boys waiting for him to return their feelings – which he evidently did. No, it was fucking Jungkook up to see his brother be this miserable over something that had happened years ago.

Fuck, Yoongi deserved to feel love again – deserved it so damn much.
Maybe, having this conversation with a drunk Yoongi hadn’t been the smartest idea, though. Clearly, he was shit full and not capable to deal with this.

It might be better for Jungkook to leave so Yoongi could calm down and sober up.

“You deserve to be happy,” Jungkook commented as he got up to his feet. “You deserve to love and be loved, Hyung”

“Hyung,” Jimin whispered, a tear rolling down his cheek. “I… You…”

“I know,” Yoongi sighed. “I… fucked up. I was drunk and I lost my temper. I don’t usually act like that, you know that, I just… I get sensitive when she is brought up and it gets even worse when I’m drunk as shit,” he explained his behaviour – appearing to believe that Jimin’s tears were attributable to the way he had treated Jungkook.

Frankly, Jimin was unable to undoubtably assert why exactly he was crying – a fact that he had only noticed by the wetness on his palms that he was now hiding by pulling the sleeves of his shirt over his petite hands – but he believed that it was a mixture of all of this; the bottled up emotions over the past days regarding the uncertainty of Yoongi’s feelings towards Tae and Hoseok, the potential revelation of him having a past relationship that had still haunted him years later and the thought of him trying to kill his sorrow with alcohol.

“Hyung, who is she?” Jimin wanted to know, sniffing as he wiped his sweater paw over his own nose.

“Yuri-yah was my girlfriend,” Yoongi responded.

“You never… told me about her,” Jimin uttered, his voice soft, but not accusing at all.

“I tried not to think about her,” Yoongi expressed. “It happened years ago, but I couldn’t deal with what it did to my heart, so I just tried to oppress any thought about her and forget about her,” he elaborated.

“What happened between you two?”

“It…”

“I’m sorry, you don’t have to tell me,” Jimin swiftly commented.

“I thought I loved her,” Yoongi declared. “I thought she… I thought she was my first love. I thought she loved me, too, but… well, she didn’t,” he added, his voice turning quieter with each syllable of his.

“It ended badly?” Jimin concluded.

“Very bad,” the older one affirmed, giving a nod. “She always had a way with words, twisting everything in her favour, but I never quite saw that because- fuck, love makes you blind, I guess,” he cursed. “She was good at getting people to do what she wants”

“She was manipulative?”

“Yes, in a way,” Yoongi agreed, pressing his lips into a line as he clearly deliberated over whether or not to elaborate. In the end, he inhaled a deep breath before he spoke up again. “I found out she was
cheating on me,” he revealed, Jimin’s heart clenching as soon as those words had fallen from his lips. “She was for a while and when I found out I confronted her. However, she didn’t admit; twisting my words and making it seem like I didn’t trust her, that I trusted a friend of mine more than her despite him swearing that he had seen her make out with another man before she disappeared into a room with him at a party that I was absent at,” he expressed, his gaze fixated on the floor rather than Jimin, his eyes appearing almost hollow as he reminisced over that time of his life.

The pink haired boy found himself reach for Yoongi’s hand, interlacing their fingers as though he needed to make sure that Yoongi was aware of his presence, that he was aware that they were connected in a way.

“I… I believed her. I thought that I might have overreacted, that my friend might have seen someone else, not her, not Yuri-ssi,” he whispered. “I wanted to believe her so bad, so I just convinced myself that she was telling the truth despite of what my gut was telling me”

Somehow, that was a familiar feeling to Jimin…

For quite a few weeks, Jimin possessed a rather similar feeling – Not regarding anything cheating related, but… just… about something unsettling that he couldn’t define nor figure out.

The smaller boy shook his head at his own thoughts.

“Well, things just kept piling up. I saw her less; I heard more rumours about her. But every time I confronted her, she started crying and she... she screamed at me- she screamed at me for being a bad boyfriend and not believing her, when that was supposed to be my obligation,” Yoongi elaborated. “She was mad at me for not trusting her and she claimed that she would never mistrust me that way. It fucked with my mind. I blamed myself. I started to… to look at myself and search for stuff that I did wrong that could have caused her to cheat on me. How fucked up was that?”

Jimin didn’t answer, feeling as though his question was rhetorical – or perhaps not even addressed at Jimin as Yoongi was remaining to stare at the floor.

“I didn’t know what to believe- who to believe. The worst thing is- I saw her. I saw her make out with another man right in front of my eyes. I broke up with her, but not for long. I was trapped. I… I couldn’t leave, my feelings for her were too deep for me to let her go,” he added, shaking his head at himself. “We broke up and got back together numerous times – too many for me to count. It was a constant back and forth. We argued nearly every day and I just never had the guts to end it completely. It just got heavier and heavier. Neither of us wanted to leave – I didn’t want to lose her, and she didn’t want to lose the convenience of having me, of knowing that she could always have me.”

Yoongi’s voice sounded so raw and vulnerable, depicting how fragile he was truly feeling.

A continuous circle that had led nowhere, but put them into pure misery the longer they had proceeded to stay on.

“I never had it in me to leave, but in the end, she was the one that left me for another boy. One of the guys she had hooked up with behind my back. It broke me. I was young and I really thought she was my first love, you know? It hurt when things ended although I knew that it was for the better. I was freed from her game. Finally.”

“Hyung, I’m… I’m so sorry, that- “

“Don’t be, Min-ah,” Yoongi interrupted as he met Jimin’s gaze with a warm smile. “It’s been a
while. I’ve… I’ve thought about us a lot for the past days and I think I finally found my closure”

Jimin was aware of how a scarring past was able to haunt your life even years later. Hence, he was more than relieved to hear that Yoongi had managed to fight his demons and find his closure, finally capable to put an end to that and allow himself to find the love he deserved.

“I’m happy to hear that, Hyung,” Jimin whispered genuinely.

“Yeah, me… me, too,” Yoongi uttered, giving a small nod. “I know that I can trust Hoseok-ah and Tae-yah. They’re… Fuck, I’ve known them for such a long time. I loved them before I ever touched them. How had I not seen that from the start?”

*There it was.*

Finally, the oblivious void had been filled with Yoongi’s enlightenment.

*All this time, he had in fact been in love with them.*

“Don’t blame yourself, Hyung,” Jimin assured him, giving his hand a gentle squeeze. “Your heart was damaged. You were scared”

“I’m just glad that they took me back,” the older one noted, a soft chuckle falling from his lips.

*They did.*

*Thank God, they did.*

“I can’t express how happy I am for you, Hyung. For all three of you,” Jimin declared with a bright smile.

“Thank you, Min-ah,” Yoongi responded, pulling Jimin into another warm embrace.

“I love you, Hyung,” Jimin whispered into the curve of his neck.

“I love you, too,” the older one muttered back, smiling against Jimin.

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“Min-ah, hey,” Hoseok greeted through the phone, his voice sounding somehow unfamiliar as it was slightly huskier, yet still undoubtably belonging to him.

“Hyung, you don't sound very good,” Jimin noted, his eyes going big at the realisation of Hoseok possibly being sick.

“I don't feel that great either” he chuckled, “I'm sick. A cold and the flue – just my luck. I won't be able to make it today, I'm incredibly sorry,” he informed Jimin, his voice carrying a fraction of guilt, causing Jimin’s heart to clench.

There was absolutely no reason for Hoseok to feel guilty for being sick!

“I'll send you the schedule for today, it's really nothing major. The trainees are just ought to repeat the choreography,” he expressed, turning away from the phone to cough – a fact that was displayed by the quiet sound of his coughs in comparison to his voice – before he added, “We were also supposed to do some of the paperwork today, but I'll take care of that from home, so you don’t have to worry about that.”
“Do you need anything?” Jimin wanted to know, leaning against the wall. “Should I come over?” he suggested.

“No, Hyung is here and playing nurse despite my request for him to leave because I don't want him to get sick as well,” Hoseok retorted, an ounce of humour audible in his voice.

“Yah!” another male voice scolded from the back, Jimin capable to recognise that it belonged to Yoongi, that fact curling up the corner of his lips.

Hoseok chuckled. “I'm in good hands,” he assured Jimin, fondness dripping from his voice. “Tae-yah told me he would stop by later as well,” he added.

“Okay,” Jimin uttered, giving a nod in spite of Hoseok being unable to see the action. “Don't worry, Hyung, I'll manage somehow,” he assured him as he pushed himself off the wall and approached the table in the back of the practice room.

“I know you will,” Hoseok declared, affection depicted in his tone, causing Jimin to smile softly.

At the realisation of Hoseok not making it to work today, Jimin suddenly recalled a conversation of theirs a few days back.

“Hyung, didn't you tell me about that little charity thing?” Jimin remembered, arching up his brows.

“Yeah, that's today. I will have to cancel that, I guess – which really is, well, a problem,” the other male sighed, audibly affected by the compulsion of having to cancel his attendance.

“What was it again?” Jimin wanted to know, titling his head to the side as he hopped up on the table, his legs dangling above the floor.

“It's an orphanage that a friend of mine is working at,” he enlightened Jimin. “Hyung is doing that little charity event in collaboration with someone he knows that works at an animal shelter. They're raising money while simultaneously enabling the kids to have some deserving fun with some of the pets from the shelter,” he elaborated. “I was supposed to organise the food, but I won't be able to pick it up later and bring it over.”

_Somehow, that hit close to home._

“I could go,” Jimin found himself suggest softly, his heart having made a decision ahead of his brain.

“No, you don't have to-”

“I don't mind,” Jimin asserted. “I'm just supposed to get the food and bring it there, right?”

“Yes, but, really, Jimin-ah, you're doing so much already,” Hoseok objected.

“Hyung, really, that's nothing,” Jimin stressed, his tone gentle, yet determined. “I would love to help.”

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“Let me carry that, little one,” Jungkook insisted as he reached for the box Jimin was holding, appearing to have sensed that Jimin was already noticeably struggling with the weight of the box despite the short period of time he had been holding it.

“Thank you,” Jimin uttered softly as he grabbed the paper bag from inside before he shut the trunk of Jungkook’s car. “It’s right over there – I think,” he informed Jungkook, pointing towards the door of
the large building a few feet away from them.

“I’ll follow you, angel.”

The pink haired boy smiled delicately at the pet name before he gestured for them to head towards the building, Jungkook right beside him as they approached the big entrance door.

Sweetly enough, Jungkook had offered to help Jimin with the task of delivering the food for the charity event in place of Hoseok as Jimin didn’t own a car himself and hadn’t exactly planned far enough ahead to consider how to move the food from one spot to the other.

Luckily, Jungkook was there to save him, sacrificing his break for Jimin in spite of his demanding schedule.

“We just have to bring it inside, right?” Jungkook wanted to know once they had arrived at the door.

Jimin hummed in affirmation as he noticed the rather big gap in the doorway, causing him to realise that they weren’t required to ring the bell, but were allowed to enter the building by simply pushing the door open.

“Yes, Hyung told me the guy is called Yeonjun and that he knows we're coming in his place,” Jimin informed the younger male as he stepped inside, the immediate mixture of laughter and children screaming audible in the hallway.

A shiver ran down Jimin’s back at the realisation of their surroundings, his heart clenching at the memories of his past. The smaller boy hadn’t been to an orphanage ever since he had finally managed to leave his own.

With hesitant steps, they headed down the light hallway. “Hello?” Jimin called out, not intending to scare anyone with their presence and make them fear of an intruder despite the fact that their arrival had been announced prior.

“In here!” a male voice exclaimed to their side, Jimin swift to turn towards the source of the voice and push the door open to the room he estimated the man to be present.

A huge room revealed itself to their eyes, the children’s laughter and screaming turning up a notch as soon as they stepped a foot into the room.

“Hey, I'm Yeonjun, nice to meet you,” the same male voice introduced as the man approached them with a bright smile, holding out his hand to Jimin.

Swiftly, Jimin shook his hand, returning the smile. “I'm Jimin and this is Jungkook,” he introduced, pointing at the black haired boy to his side who nodded at Yeonjun, clearly restricted from shaking his hand as he was carrying the heavy box. “It's very nice to meet you, too,” Jimin uttered.

“Thank you for doing this,” Yeonjun uttered, sliding his hand through his messy hazel hair, sweat visible on his face in a distinct display of his exhaustion and stress. “I was so busy this morning that I didn't have the time to drive to the caterer and get all the stuff,” he revealed with a sigh, a soft chuckle falling from his lips as he added, “I hope it didn't cause you any inconveniences?”

“Oh no, not at all,” Jimin assured him sweetly, shaking his head.

“Please, put the stuff down here,” Yeonjun insisted as he pointed at the large table to their side. The two boys nodded simultaneously as they set the box and the paper bags down on the table. “Well, I-”
As soon as Jungkook’s hands were free, an item came flying through the air, hitting Jungkook at his shoulder.

“I’m sorry!” a high voice exclaimed, a little girl running over to their side with wide eyes, her dress flowing in the air at her fast steps.

It was only then that Jimin noticed the larger area of the room that was separated by an intermittent wall, a few children and animals revealing themselves to his eyes – a sight that Jimin had not noticed upon their arrival at all, somehow having omitted the fact that the sounds he had registered must be created somewhere.

A few children rushed outside, passing the glass door to the patio with the purpose of playing in the backyard.

*Was Yeonjun here all by himself? Was he the only supervisor? The only one looking after this many children?*

“Is that yours?” Jungkook asked, his voice drawing Jimin back to reality.

The taller male was holding a plush toy in his hand, visibly referring to that particular item as he looked at the little girl.

“Yes, but I didn't throw that, I swear!” the little girl defended herself, pouting. “Oppa, Mingyu keeps stealing my dolls to throw them around!” she complained with a whine. “I want him to stop!”

“Aaaah!” came a scream from the back area of the room.

“I guess, yeah, I have to check- Mingyu!” Yeonjun yelled, his eyes wide as he sprinted over to the boy.

The two men looked after him, Jimin digging his teeth into his bottom lip as a little boy started crying in the far as soon as Yeonjun arrived by his side, Jimin’s heart clenching at the sight.

“Oppa, did it hurt you?” the sweet voice of the girl asked, drawing Jimin’s and Jungkook’s attention down to her.

“What?” Jungkook wondered, arching up his brows.

“My toy?” the girl clarified as she pointed at the little plushie in Jungkook’s hand.

“Oh,” Jungkook uttered, chuckling as he shook his head. “No, it didn't. Don't worry-,” he trailed off, realising that he wasn’t aware of the girl’s name. “What's your name, princess?”

The little girl blushed at the pet name, giggling into her hand. “Haneun,” she introduced herself sweetly.

“What a pretty name,” Jungkook complimented her as he crouched down, allowing them to be at an equal eye level.

“Thank you,” she whispered, her eyes twinkling as they stared at Jungkook who was now so much closer to her, the shade of rose on Haneun’s cheeks darkening at their close proximity as she giggled again.

“It didn't hurt at all, Haneun-ah,” Jungkook assured her.

“I'm glad,” she uttered sweetly, her eyes growing bigger as Jungkook smiled at her.
Jimin silently giggled into his hand, observing how the little girl slowly but surely found herself falling for Jungkook’s charming nature.

Well, Jimin couldn’t blame her, had been there himself.

In fact, Jimin was falling each and every day as though it was the first time whenever Jungkook stared at him like that.

There was no way to escape the inevitable effect Jungkook had on you.

“How old are you?” Jungkook asked her, Haneun playing with the hem of her dress as she swung from side to side, the vibrant yellow of the fabric such a contrast to her raven hair that was tied up into a ponytail.

“This much!” she exclaimed as he lifted her hand up into the air, displaying her five tiny fingers. “How old are you?” she wondered then.

“This- and this- and this much,” Jungkook retorted, chuckling as he held up his own two hands before he reached for Haneun’s palms and lifted them up as well, lastly holding his index finger up to display his own age.

“Waah,” Haneun breathed, her eyes big.

“Is Mingyu-yah being mean to you?” Jungkook asked her, nodding towards the boy that was sitting on his butt in the back area of the room, staring at Haneun intently.

“He… he steals my dolls and throws them around,” she declared, pouting as she gave a nod.

The black haired man stole a glimpse at the boy in the back again, pointing at him. “Is that him?” he asked Haneun, the little girl following his gaze and before she turned back to Jungkook, crossing her arms over her chest.

“Yes,” she mumbled, giving a faint nod.

“Maybe, Mingyu-yah just wants to play together with you?” Jungkook suggested, smiling at her.

At his words, her features softened, her eyes going bigger. “Do you think?” Jungkook gave a nod as he laughed softly. “Who wouldn’t want to play with you, hm?” he inquired Haneun giggled again, her eyes turning into small crescents as she lowered her head down.

“Will you play with me, Oppa?” she wondered, reaching for Jungkook’s hand and placing her smaller palm in his, giving it a gentle tug.

The younger male glanced back at Jimin with a chuckle, the latter giggling at the situation Jungkook had somehow managed to fall into.

“Uhm, well, we’re actually not staying for long,” Jungkook retorted, meeting Haneun’s gaze again.

“Oh, okay,” she uttered, pouting nevertheless as she gave a weak nod.

Suddenly, another figure appeared at their side, having run up to them without their notice.

“Haneun,” a little boy addressed Haneun, tugging on her dress to gain her attention.
“Mingyu?” she murmured in surprise, facing the boy.

“I’m sorry for being mean to you,” he apologised, stumbling closer and embracing Haneun, wrapping his arms around her delicate body.

At the sight, Jimin smiled, stealing a glimpse at the back of the room – Yeonjun leaning against the wall and staring at them with a proud expression before he pushed himself off the wall and approached Jimin and Jungkook.

“Should we play together?” Mingyu suggested.

Haneun smiled brightly, giving a nod before the two of them ran off, returning to the back of the room and joining the other children and pets – the animals having remained astonishingly quiet, Jimin perceived, not having made any noticeably loud noise thus far.

The black haired boy straightened his back again, joining Jimin at his side and placing his hand on the small of Jimin’s back.

“I’m sorry for leaving mid-conversation, but Ryu-ssi was crying and Mingyu-yah was obviously treating Haneun-ah a little harshly,” Yeonjun apologised, scratching over the back of his neck. “However, they’re all better now and hopefully behaving”

“Are you all here by yourself? It must be utterly stressful to take care of all of these children yourself,” Jimin noted, his eyes big in awe.

If Yeonjun was in fact the only supervisor looking after all of these children, that was more than just impressive.

“We’re a team of three, but one of my fellow colleagues is sick and the other one is organising a few things out of town before she returns – hopefully before the first guests arrive,” Yeonjun revealed, checking the time on his watch with a distraught expression.

“Is there any way we could help you?” Jimin found himself offer.

The brown haired boy smiled at him, executing a slight bow. “That’s very sweet, but I wouldn’t want to cause any more inconveniences”

“You aren’t,” Jimin assured, shaking his head.

“Well, I got most of the things covered, but if you’d like to stay and help, you could assist me in serving all of the food you’ve brought here,” Yeonjun prompted after scanning their surroundings, gesturing at the table Jimin and Jungkook had deposited their deliveries on. “Again, it’s completely fine, if you are busy and really don’t have the time to help me. I’ve still got some time left before the guests arrive,” he added.

“Jungkook-ah?” Jimin uttered, turning to face his boyfriend with a sweet smile.

The taller male pressed a kiss to his temple. “I still got a few more minutes before I gotta head back to work,” Jungkook noted, giving a nod. “We would love to help”

“Great, then-“

“Oppa!” a small female voice exclaimed, little footsteps padding on the floor as a girl ran up to them.

Not any girl – Haneun to be particular.
“Are you staying?” the little girl inquired with big eyes once she had arrived at Jungkook’s side. “I thought you’d have to leave!”

“I have to leave in just a moment, princess,” Jungkook responded, flashing her a warm smile.

“Can’t you play with me and Mingyu until you leave?” she requested, pouting as she bounced up and down.

“I think someone has a crush on you,” Jimin whispered with a giggle, nudging Jungkook in a nonverbal appeal for him to go and play with her.

“Pleeeeeease?” she begged, reaching for Jungkook’s bigger hand, her own appearing that much tinier compared to his.

“I mean, I- Okay, I guess,” Jungkook agreed, Haneun already tugging on his arm.

The smaller boy giggled as he watched the two of them head towards the back area of the room, Jungkook gazing back at Jimin apologetically.

“You two really must be sent from heaven today,” Yeonjun stressed as he opened the big box, revealing a mixture of various finger foods to their eyes, the pleasant scent filling Jimin’s nostrils. “It would have been a mess without your help,”

“Oh, really, there is no need to thank us,” Jimin responded, shaking his head as he accompanied Yeonjun and picked out the small plates from the box with the intention of displaying them on the table in a pleasing pattern. “You’re are the one who deserves all the glory. What you’re doing is just... It’s beautiful,” he emphasised.

“Thank you,” Yeonjun muttered, smiling at Jimin.

“How old are you, if I may ask?” Jimin found himself wonder. “You don’t seem a lot older than me”

“I’m twenty-seven,” Yeonjun responded. “I’ve been working here for about four years,” he revealed.

At his information, Jimin’s eyes grew bigger. “Wow”

“Time flies by so fast,” the other male chuckled. “I remember my first month was a hell of a time. I was struggling so bad with the chaos that was literally bound to happen each and every day with the number of children in this orphanage, but I found himself adapting to it a little more each day until I knew how to handle each and every situation, you know?” he explained, shrugging his shoulders.

“Yeah,” Jimin uttered, giving a small nod to convey that that he did apprehend what Yeonjun was trying to convey.

“I love my work. These children have grown to become a part of my life and they light my world – as cheesy as it sounds,” Yeonjun stated, a warm smile curving his lips. “It’s funny to look back at myself before I started working here. I never wanted to have children. Yet, here I am: adoring each and every one of them. They really made me a better person,” he expressed.

At his words, Jimin found himself smiling warmly.

The description did sound absolutely beautiful – a feeling many people surely aspired to be allowed to experience.

However, near each light was a shadow to be found.
“The job must be tough as well, though,” Jimin noted empathetically.

“I would be lying, if I said it wasn’t,” Yeonjun declared with a nod. “I’m trying to exude as much love and admiration for every single child in here, but I can never replace a true family,” he expressed. “The younger ones are more accepting of my care and love, but the older ones are a little hesitant. They don’t like to be in here – which I can absolutely understand. The longer they stay in here, the more they feel as though no one wants them to be a part of their family. Some feel repelled and lonely, which causes them to shut themselves off more and more,” he elaborated, a heart aching emotion gleaming in his eyes. “I try to form a real bond to each and every child, so when some of them do end up leaving because a family adopts them, it’s bittersweet. I’m eternally happy for them to have found a family, yet I would also be lying if I claimed that I wasn’t sad to know that I would never see them again”

The smaller boy gave a weak nod, feeling as though he had travelled back in time, reminded of his scarring past and the years he had been stuck in an orphanage himself.

Aside from Taehyung, Jimin had never obtained such a vivid and distinctive sort of love for the time living in the orphanage. Whereas it was partially his fault to be shy to approach people, the supervisors at the orphanage had never portrayed such a deep sense of affection and bonding to him.

No, Yeonjun was different than them on so many levels – actually loving his job and radiating that in his demeanor.

By all means, Jimin didn’t want to accuse his past supervisors in his orphanage to have hated their job, yet he lacked the ability to assert that they had been positive, encouraging and supportive in their behaviour towards him – but quite honestly neither in general.

“You’re doing amazing work, Yeonjun-ssi. Thank you for treating the children that way,” Jimin uttered softly, not noticing that his voice was barely above a whisper, breaking in the midst of his sentence.

Despite it being painful to reminisce over those past times, Jimin was able to find some happiness in them. After all, without them, he would have never met Taehyung – his soulmate, his best friend who adored him to bits – the two of them later meeting Yoongi – a lasting brother that had promised to protect them forever – then getting to know Hoseok and Namjoon and Jin – the three of them swiftly having grown to be a part of Jimin’s small family as though they were the puzzle pieces Jimin had never known he was missing – and… and…

Jungkook. – The boy that had completely and utterly turned his world upside down; the boy that undeniably owned his heart.

The pink haired one stole a glimpse at Jungkook who was sitting on the floor beside Haneun, appearing to have allowed her to play with his hair as she was trying to tie his black locks up in tiny ponytails, his expression a mixture of regret but delight.

At the sight, Jimin giggled, his heart warming at the image of Jungkook being that lovely with children.

Suddenly, he envisioned himself at Jungkook’s side ten years into the future, the two of them in the backyard of their shared home, the black haired boy having their little girl on his shoulders as he ran around in the grass, allowing her to feel as though she was flying, while Jimin had their little boy pressed to his chest as he was sleeping against Jimin’s body.

A family of his own.
A family with Jungkook – whole and healthy and loving and… all his.

Did Jimin just… did he…

Clumsily, a plate slipped from the smaller one’s grasp as he was too distracted by his thoughts. Luckily, it didn’t fall to the floor and crash, yet it dropped precisely on another dish, squishing the food on top.

Jimin gasped, swift to lift the plate back up.

“Are you okay?” Yeonjun worried.

“Y-Yes, I’m sorry, is that-” Jimin stammered, setting the dish down on the table as he stared at the minor mess he had created.

“It’s fine,” Yeonjun chuckled, waving his little accident off. “Don’t worry about it. It’s still edible,” he assured, appearing to be amused by the sight and not mad at all, that fact calming Jimin.

“I’m sorry,” he uttered a soft apology again, flashing Yeonjun a gentle smile.

The sudden noise of wailing broke the air between them, their heads snapping to the sight to enlighten themselves about the situation.

It didn’t take long for them to find the source: Haneun was crying, kneeling on the floor, appearing to have tripped over something.

Naturally, Yeonjun indicated to rush over to her side, yet Jungkook was already pacifying her, wiping her tears away as he spoke to her softly.

The little girl displayed her elbow to Jungkook, the latter blowing on it as though her pain was going to vanish that way. Haneun’s tears stopped, her eyes big as she stared at Jungkook attentively, her eyes twinkling again.

Jungkook smiled at her, pulling her into a hug and caressing her back to soothe her.

Frankly, Jimin would have never considered Jungkook to be this wonderful with children – That fact wasn’t attributable to Jimin’s lack of belief in Jungkook’s kind nature as Jungkook was undoubtably considerate and caring, yet simply because… well, he had never thought about Jungkook and children in the same sentence.

“Your boyfriend is good with children,” Yeonjun voiced Jimin’s thoughts, drawing his attention back over to the brown haired boy. “Sorry- I mean, your friend? I didn’t mean to assume-”

“Don’t worry,” Jimin chuckled as he shook his head. “Jungkook-ah is my boyfriend,” he declared softly, his cheeks flushing a light shade of rose. “He is good with children,” he agreed, his tone gentle.

The pink haired one had never even contemplated over having children himself, let alone how his future would be like in a few years to come – Yet, here he was, such a vivid and descriptive image engraved into his mind that contained Jungkook and two children.

Jimin swallowed hard, his heart pounding fast against his chest.

The man Jimin wanted to have by his side was Jungkook – undoubtably.

For ever.
Maybe, that should scare him – to be that certain about something although he had never been that sure about anything else in his life before but dancing.

Yet, it didn’t.

No, it didn’t scare him at all.

It was beautiful.

Suddenly, the irritating sound of an alarm went off, the two boys startled by the noise.

Yeonjun was swift to pull out his phone from his back pocket, his eyes going big as he pointed at the device in his hand. “I gotta take that real quick. Is that okay?”

“Of course,” Jimin responded, giving a nod.

The brown haired boy flashed him a smile before he turned around and headed outside, leaving Jimin to himself.

However, not for long.

After Jimin had placed the last dish down on the table, he turned to face the room again, his eyes going big as he watched a little puppy head his way.

Subconsciously, Jimin crouched down, smiling at the light-furred puppy that was running towards him, tripping over his short legs, but quick to catch himself.

“Hello,” Jimin greeted the dog with twinkling eyes as he reached out to pat its head. “Look at you, pretty,” he chuckled. “We’re both quite clumsy, huh?” he added as he plopped down on his butt, the puppy swift to lie down in between Jimin’s legs, appearing to be fond of Jimin’s proximity or presumably just enjoying the treatment of being pat.

The smaller boy giggled, rubbing the puppy’s ear.

“I see you have found a new friend, little one,” a male voice noted, Jimin not needing to check to be aware that it was Jungkook, recognising the voice of his anywhere, yet also confident by the pet name he was addressed by – a name only reserved for Jungkook to call him by.

“He just ran towards me and tripped,” Jimin responded as he met Jungkook’s gaze. “He’s just like me,” he chuckled. “I couldn’t resist. I just love animals too much”

“You do, hm?”

The pink haired boy hummed in affirmation. “We had a dog at the adoption centre pass by and play with us from time to time,” Jimin revealed, smiling as he reflected over those times.

Opposed to the Corgi puppy Jimin was patting now, it had been a grown Labrador that had joined them for their playtime on the street every now and then. However, the appearances decreased each day until from one day on, he just didn’t visit them anymore – As though he had completely vanished.

All these years, Jimin had lived in uncertainty as to why he hadn’t appeared any longer. Then again, Jimin did not particularly dwell on these days that much during his daily life, thus he hadn’t mulled over his Labrador friend in quite a while.

“I’ve always loved animals,” Jimin elaborated, proceeding to pat the puppy that was lying calmly in
between his spread legs. “My grandmother had a cat, but she died fairly soon,” he added softer, a sad smile curving his lips at the memory. “I missed her a lot because I adored cuddling her. It comforted me,” he declared, recalling those days he was allowed to visit his grandmother that were filled with sunshine, even if it was only for such a short period of time. “I always knew I wanted to have a dog and a kitten when I’m older”

“A dog and a kitten?” Jungkook echoed, his brows shooting up in surprise. “Both,” he stressed.

“Yes,” Jimin giggled at Jungkook’s astonished expression, giving a nod. “I love animals”

“I always thought you were more of a cat person,” Jungkook remarked, leaning against the wall behind him as he titled his head to the side.

“Why?”

“Because you basically look and behave like one,” the younger male reasoned.

“I do not behave like a-,” Jimin protested.

“You do, kitten,” Jungkook interrupted with a smirk. “I don’t think you’d like me proving my case in public,” he added quieter, his smug expression causing Jimin to narrow his eyes.

The pink haired boy huffed. “Fine, maybe... a tiny bit, whatever,” he mumbled. “I am an animal person,” Jimin explained, shrugging his shoulders. “Don’t you like animals?

“I mean, I do,” Jungkook answered, giving a nod. “I just don’t have the time nor will to take care of one right now,” he expressed.

Jimin found himself pout, staring at Jungkook.

“No,” Jungkook denied before Jimin even obtained the opportunity to ask anything.

“What?” the smaller boy asked, his eyes big.

“You're not actually asking that, are you?”

“I didn't say anything,” Jimin pointed out, chuckling.

However, was... was Jungkook referring to them...

“We’re not getting a fucking dog or a cat together,” Jungkook decided, shaking his head.

_He was!

“But look at him!” Jimin exclaimed, picking the puppy up and nuzzling his face against the puppy’s head. “It’s a puppy!” the pink haired boy stated the obvious.

“No, Jimin-ssi,” Jungkook emphasised, shaking his head. Yet, there was a slight display of a fond smile that embellished his handsome features.

“He’s really... really calm,” Jimin noted, trying to convince Jungkook. “See”

As if on cue, the puppy barked, refuting Jimin’s statement within a second.

“Sssh,” Jimin whispered, as though the dog was capable to understand him. “You gotta be quiet for this to work,” he added softly, smiling at the puppy.
However, the dog barked again, squirming around in Jimin’s embrace before he ran off, heading towards the other puppies with the intention of playing with them.

Well, that hadn’t worked out as planned.

The smaller boy pouted, sitting there on the hard floor by himself as he glanced up at Jungkook through his lashes.

“Little one,” Jungkook called out his name with a soft laugh, endeared by Jimin’s adorable expression. “We don’t even live together, hm?”

“We could switch?”

The black haired boy closed the distance between them, crouching down beside Jimin. “A pet is a big responsibility and I just don’t think it’s a good idea to get one right now,” he stated, brushing Jimin’s fringe out of his face.

Right now.

So… in the future, maybe?

“We don’t have the time to take care of it the way it deserves and needs, hm?” he elaborated, stating another valid point.

Jimin sighed, giving a nod. “Why are you always right?”

“I’m not always right,” Jungkook snickered, getting back up to his feet before he held out his hand to Jimin.

Carefully, Jimin placed his delicate hand in Jungkook’s larger one, the latter tugging him back up to his feet before he dusted off Jimin’s trousers.

“You said not right now, so…” the pink haired one trailed off.

Jungkook smiled, looking up at Jimin with raised up brows. “So, we can talk about it one day, little one,” he explained, straightening his back again once Jimin was clean.

“That’s not a no, right?” Jimin elucidated, his eyes big in essence.

“It’s not a no,” Jungkook affirmed, closing his arms around Jimin’s upper body to pull him closer, pressing a kiss to his forehead. At the tender touch, Jimin’s eyes fluttered shut.

“Is everything okay around here?” Yeonjun wanted to know as soon as he returned to their side, the two boys detaching themselves from one another to face the man.

“That’s not a no, right?” Jimin assured him, smiling at him.

“Well, I should head back to work now,” Jungkook announced, pointing back over his shoulder.

“Of course, yeah,” Yeonjun uttered, giving a nod. “Thank you so much for helping me out today,” he expressed, executing a faint bow.

“You’re welcome,” Jimin uttered.

“Have a nice day,” Jungkook wished, shaking his head.
“You, too,” Yeonjun returned with a smile, waving them off.

The black haired boy grabbed Jimin’s hand and interlaced their fingers, the two of them heading towards the door. On their way out, they stole a glimpse at the children and pets in the back area, Haneun and Mingyu standing in the doorway and waving at them to say goodbye.

Suddenly, Jungkook stilled, Jimin forced to mirror him and halt as well.

“Kook-ah, are you okay?”

The taller male turned back to face Yeonjun.

“Actually, where can I make a donation?”

******

The smaller boy stepped out of the building, his eyes big at the heavy droplets of rainfall that were pouring down on him, the pleasant scent of rain filling Jimin’s nostrils.

“Jimin-ssi,” a male voice greeted him, Jimin having grown so familiar with the source of the voice that it was only natural for him to recognise the man behind it.

“Beomsoo, hello,” Jimin uttered, slightly puzzled by the sight of Beomsoo as he would usually be waiting right in front of his car opposed to awaiting Jimin’s arrival at the entrance door.

Yet, here he was, standing in the rain and waiting for Jimin.

“I wasn’t able to halt in front of the building today, Jimin-ssi,” Beomsoo informed the pink haired one with an apologetic tone. “I’m here to get you and guide you to the car”

“That’s fine,” Jimin assured. “We can walk the distance,” he added as he glanced up at the sky filled with dark clouds far above them, rain pouring down on them.

“It really isn’t such a nice day today, hm?” Beomsoo stated, walking Jimin to the car as he was shielding Jimin from the rain by holding an umbrella up for him, proceeding to be soaked himself, but refusing to get below the umbrella beside Jimin despite the smaller one’s request.

“I like the rain,” Jimin revealed with a soft smile.

“Do you?”

“Mhm-mh,” Jimin affirmed, giving a nod. “Well, not every day, though,” he elucidated with a chuckle. “I like the scent of it and just the… the whole atmosphere it conveys,” he elaborated as they had arrived at the car, Beomsoo swift to pull the door to the back seats open for Jimin.

As soon as Jimin had climbed inside, Beomsoo shut the door close and ran around the car before he got into the vehicle as well, sitting down on the driver’s seat and depositing the wet umbrella on the passenger’s seat next to him.

“We’ll leave in just a moment, Jimin-ssi,” Beomsoo informed him as he unbuttoned his soaking jacket and removed it from his body – Jimin noticing that he had never seen Beomsoo without that particular jacket as it was a part of his work attire.

“That’s fine,” Jimin retorted as he fastened his seatbelt, allowing Beomsoo to get comfortable without any pressure.
As Jimin placed his delicate hands on his lap, patiently waiting for Beomsoo to be ready, the latter folded his jacket before he set it down on the seat next to him.

In the midst of Beomsoo moving around, Jimin spotted some sort of belt wrapped around his stomach, a metal item depicted in some kind of- ….

Was that…

The smaller one squinted his eyes, wondering whether-

Jimin froze.

A *gun*.

That was… That was a *gun*.

*Undeniably*.

Jimin gasped silently.

*Oh*.

“Your place or Mr. Jeon’s?” Beomsoo’s voice spoke, yet it appeared to be somewhat distant, muffled in the chaos that had erupted in Jimin’s head.

The smaller boy dug his petite fingers into his thighs, swallowing hard as his heart rate picked up.

“Jimin-ssi?” Beomsoo addressed him with a smile. “Where would you like to go?”

“Jungkook-ah,” Jimin whispered, his eyes big in shock, his heart beating so fast that he feared it was going to break out of his ribcage any moment now.

“Of course,” Beomsoo responded with another smile, twisting the key in the ignition, the engine growling to life a brief moment later.

Nervously, Jimin pulled the sleeves of his hoodie over his palms that had become clammy within seconds.

*A gun*.

Beomsoo owned a *gun*.

This was *insane*.

Jimin couldn’t breathe.

Chapter End Notes

Uh-oh... what's going to happen now? :o What could it all mean?

Thank you for your lovely comments and encouraging words! They keep my spirit up! They also tend to make me emotional <3 I'm very grateful for all the love this story is receiving. So, thank you <3
I hope you enjoyed this double-update :)

I wish you happiness and health <3

See you in the next chapter! ^^

Love you <3
Discoveries

Chapter Summary

Jimin makes a few interesting discoveries... regarding people close to him, himself and personal desires.

Chapter Notes

Hello, lovely readers! <3

Aah, it seems like it never quite works out the way I want it to, so this chapter is up a lot later than I hoped for :( I hope you can forgive me <3

It's already been a year since I've uploaded the first chapter to this story! I can't believe how fast time flew by! I'm so very grateful for the amount of love this story has received and keeps receiving. Thank you, for being that patient and staying by my side. I appreciate each and every comment and kudo. I'm very thankful for your support <3

Now, I hope you enjoy the chapter <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jimin couldn’t breathe.

Throughout the entire car ride, Jimin felt as though he was suffocating, even the last ounce of air kicked out of his lungs – almost as if breathing properly would make this moment so much more real.

Jimin didn’t want it to be real.

“Have a good night, Jimin-ssi,” Beomsoo wished with a smile, having been determined to guard Jimin to the entrance door of Jungkook’s apartment building as he shielded Jimin from the rain with his umbrella.

“Thank you,” Jimin merely whispered, not facing Beomsoo as he headed inside, pushing the door close behind him before he pressed his back against it.

The smaller boy inhaled a deep breath, his eyes fluttering shut as he clasped his hand over his chest, his rapid heartbeat gradually steadying.

This was insane.

Slowly, he pushed himself off the wall, approaching the elevator with fast steps, heading up to Jungkook’s apartment as swift as he could muster.

“Mr. Park,” Joon greeted the pink haired boy as soon as Jimin stepped into the hallway, executing a slight bow for him.
However, Jimin only muttered a small *Hello* as he entered the password to Jungkook’s apartment, harshly pushing the door open and stepping inside before he shut the door close behind him and scanned his surroundings with the intention of locating Jungkook.

Then, he found him.

“Why does Beomsoo have a weapon, Jungkook-ah?” was the first thing Jimin belted out as he stormed towards him, omitting a polite greeting the way he would usually tend to – a gesture attributable to his deeply anchored mannerisms that he seemed to have temporarily forgotten.

The black haired male met his gaze. “Good afternoon to you, too, little one,” Jungkook responded conversationally, an affectionate smile curling up the corner of his lips at the sight of Jimin.

Jungkook had a phone pressed to his ear, his hand covering the microphone as he was addressing Jimin. The latter wasn’t certain whether Jungkook had simply not registered Jimin’s words, pretended for them to have been inaudible to him or blatantly chose to ignore them.

“I asked you a question,” Jimin urged, disregarding Jungkook’s greeting.

“I’m on the phone,” Jungkook pointed out – as though Jimin hadn’t already noticed that fact, as though Jimin could currently truly find a *care* in *any* fibre of his very being by how the horrifying mixture of pure shock, absolute fear and utter anger was simultaneously residing in his chest. “Give me a sec,” he requested.

No. Jimin needed answers.

Within the twinkling of an eye, Jimin found himself beside Jungkook, snatching the phone from his grasp. “He’ll call back,” the pink haired boy commented into the phone, ending the call without leaving Jungkook any opportunity to properly say his goodbye.

In a sane state, Jimin would have never even dared to do or *think* of doing something like this; would have felt way too *rude* to behave even remotely close to this, but he was *so* emotionally agitated right now that he simply couldn’t find a care nor genuine remorse to bloom within him.

“No, you don’t get to be mad right now,” Jimin interrupted him, shaking his head. “Why does Beomsoo own a gun, Jungkook-ah?” he repeated his prior question. “This whole time, there was this... this *weapon* in his possession while I was around him and I didn't even know about it?”

“Beomsoo carries a gun because I asked him to. It's for protection purposes of course,” Jungkook retorted casually as he leaned back in his seat, his voice calm opposed to Jimin’s.

*Of course.*

At his words, Jimin grew even angrier, now confirmed in his initial conviction that Jungkook was aware of Beomsoo’s possession – *and had always been* – and was the one who had *asked* him to carry one.

Somehow, a small fraction within Jimin had prayed that Jungkook hadn’t known about the circumstances of Beomsoo carrying a gun at his body throughout his work hours. Despite the issue regarding the question *why the hell Beomsoo would even carry a gun around, if it wasn’t for the sake of complying his orders*, at least, Jimin would be able to assert that Jungkook had *not* kept that
major information hidden from him – In fact, would be able to confidently declare that Jungkook wouldn’t ever keep anything this huge from him.

This right here was just an instance of how well he had actually reserved that information to himself – leaving Jimin in absolute darkness.

“Jungkook-ah, he's a driver,” Jimin stressed. “You live in one of the most high-class and expensive areas of Seoul. What does he or you need protection for?” he pointed out, refuting Jungkook’s statement – at least, that’s what he believed.

“Beomsoo is your driver just as much, Jimin-ah,” Jungkook reminded him as he got up to his feet, tossing his phone on the sofa. “Your area isn't the most... safe one there is,” he expressed.

Maybe, Jimin’s area wasn’t as high-class as Jungkook’s, potentially a little shabby in comparison to his, but it wasn’t exactly one of high crime, either.

“I want you to be safe, when he takes you home,” Jungkook reasoned, his tone gentle as he reached for Jimin’s delicate hands. Yet, the smaller boy took a step back as he shook his head, thwarting that wish.

“So?” Jimin pressed as he crossed his arms over his chest, something heart aching gleaming in Jungkook’s eyes upon the rejection of his touch.

For a split second, vibrant guilt blossomed within Jimin, his heart begging him to allow Jungkook to reach out to him, but he shook his head and banished that thought from his mind.

“It's just a safety measure, angel,” Jungkook assured him.

“Wouldn’t some...- I don’t know- pepper spray be just as suitable?” Jimin suggested as he was confident that it was a valid usage to ensure safety just as much.

Why a gun? Why of all things a gun?

“Jimin-ah, there are some fucked up people out there,” the younger male declared, shaking his head as though Jimin’s suggestion was absurd. “Trust me, some pepper spray wouldn't stop them from hurting you,” he added, frowning.

“Does he even have a permit to own one?” Jimin wanted to know, essentially confident of knowing the answer already, but still finding himself ask for validation as though it would change anything.

After all, Jimin admittedly didn’t possess profound knowledge about every single law of their country – which, well, could be considered foolish of him – yet he was aware of quite a few, even if not in any distinctive way.

“Gun laws are strict in Korea,” Jungkook plainly stated, affirming Jimin’s objections as he walked past the smaller one.

“Exactly,” Jimin agreed, turning to observe Jungkook’s movements. “So, he doesn't?” he concluded.

“Technically, he does,” Jungkook claimed as he leaned against the wall, increasing Jimin’s confusion.

“Elaborate,” Jimin insisted, furrowing his brows.

“Beomsoo does own a licence for the usage of guns,” the taller male expressed, meeting Jimin’s gaze
That didn’t justify the private possession, though.

“The private ownership is illegal, Jungkook-ah,” Jimin stressed, shaking his head.

“Correct,” Jungkook retorted with a nod.

Jimin blinked.

Was he being serious right now? Did he lack the ability to see where the issue was? Did he simply not care?

Here Jungkook was; affirming that Beomsoo was behaving in illegal terrain, yet being absolutely casual about all of this – as though it wasn’t anything to be outright alarmed by at all.

“Then why does he carry a gun, let alone own one?” the pink haired boy pressed, taking a step closer.

“Again, for protection purposes,” Jungkook repeated his prior reasoning.

“Jungkook-ah, this is insane,” Jimin commented with a humourless laugh, shaking his head. “You do know that, right?”

“It was either a knife or a gun,” Jungkook stated with a sigh. “He isn’t just my personal driver. Beomsoo is a retired police officer and was well trained in the military. He knows how to handle a gun so that’s where his choice fell,” he reasoned, catching Jimin off guard, expanding the latter’s shock and confusion.

What?

Retired police officer?

Why was he retired?

Besides that, shouldn't he of all people know that owning and carrying a gun was illegal by all means?

“He chose to own a gun?” Jimin echoed.

“Yes, he did,” Jungkook affirmed, giving a nod. “It's for safety measures only, Jimin-ah. I promise you,” he prompted as he pushed himself off the wall. “I prohibited him to ever use it unless for protection, unless there is a case of immediate danger. If he does use it in any other case, he's fired”

“This... I…” Jimin stammered, but went silent as he found himself to be speechless.

Surely, this was all just a prank, right? A silly joke? A dream?

“I know, it's scary,” Jungkook coincided as he closed the distance between them. “You don’t need to be scared, though,” he added once he was that much closer to Jimin, the latter not withdrawing this time around – Jimin being too baffled to move at all. “Many people in the industry do this. You never know what maniacs try to attack you,” he stated with a gentle smile as he pressed his forehead against Jimin’s. “It's for protection, nothing else. I promise you, angel,” he whispered before he placed a kiss to Jimin’s temple.

This was all so... overwhelming.
The pink haired boy was silent.

Somehow, his brain had stopped functioning, his heart pounding fast against his chest at the confusing information he had obtained and the shocking sight he had witnessed today.

For a moment, Jimin considered his own reaction to be at fault here.

Was he overreacting? Was he exaggerating? Was this not as alarming as he found it to be?

With the way Jungkook was being entirely casual about it, Jimin felt as though he was making a fuss over absolutely nothing – over something so petty.

Yet, this was a gun.

By all means, this was a weapon – a weapon that could kill someone.

“This is… I don’t know… what to say,” Jimin whispered.

“Why do you even know about it?” Jungkook wanted to know, titling his head to the side as he brushed Jimin’s fringe out of his face.

“Huh?” Jimin uttered, taking a step back.

“About Beomsoo’s gun,” Jungkook elucidated, his gaze flickering back and forth between Jimin’s doe eyes. “Did something happen? Did he have to draw it?”

“No, I just saw it when he took his jacket off,” Jimin retorted absentmindedly, a million thoughts proceeding to cloud his mind and begging for answers. “Why didn’t you say anything? Why didn’t you tell me about this?”

“I didn’t think that’s something you’d want to know,” the black haired boy answered.

“Oh, that is definitely something I would want to know, Jungkook-ah,” Jimin declared with furrowed brows, crossing his arms over his chest.

After all, this decision of having Beomsoo carry a weapon did affect Jimin as he was in immediate contact with Beomsoo – has been for weeks now – and that gun had always been just a few inches away from him.

“I didn’t want you to be scared, angel,” Jungkook elaborated, his tone soft and genuine. “I wanted to make sure that you were safe, but I didn’t want you to be afraid,” he reasoned before he cleared his throat. “Besides, Beomsoo works for me, little one. This is confidential information,”

“I just don’t- “

Suddenly, Jimin’s phone rang, the irritating sound piercing through the tension of the room. Slightly frustrated, Jimin pulled his phone out of his pocket with the intention of silencing it, yet halting as he read the name on the screen of the device.

Tae.

The smaller boy pressed his eyes shut, remembering that he was supposed to meet up with Taehyung tonight. In the midst of his earlier shocking sight, Jimin’s mind had turned blank, resulting in him to completely omitting anything else, including his promise to Tae.

“I… I have to leave. Tae is probably already wondering where I am,” Jimin uttered with a sigh,
staring at his phone screen for a moment longer before he dropped his hand back to his side, meeting Jungkook’s gaze.

“What?” Jungkook expressed, his brows shooting up as he closed the distance between them. “You’re not actually leaving right now, are you?” he inquired, frowning as he shook his head.

“I promised to spend time with him tonight,” Jimin revealed as he caught his bottom lip between his teeth. “I just- I forgot about literally everything, when I saw that gun in Beomsoo’s possession,” he added, pressing his fist to his forehead as he shook his head, the image of that gun deposited at Beomsoo’s body sending another shudder down Jimin’s back.

Admittedly, this was a horrible time for Jimin to leave.

However, for one, Jimin had promised to hang out with Taehyung tonight – and Jimin refused to break his promises – Secondly, quite frankly, Jimin needed to provide some time for himself absent from his situation, some time to let all of this sink in.

“Little one- “

Devoid of establishing a moment for Jungkook to obtain the opportunity to finish his sentence, Jimin had already spun around, heading towards the front door.

“Jimin-ah, you’re not leaving right now,” Jungkook insisted, following after the smaller one. “We’re having a conversation”

“You already said everything you wanted to say, didn’t you?” Jimin responded, turning back to face Jungkook – a fact that appeared to catch Jungkook off-guard as he nearly bumped into Jimin, merely managing to keep his balance at the unexpected turn of Jimin and come to a halt in front of the boy.

“I-,” Jungkook tried, but remained silent.

“Is there anything else you want to tell me regarding this?” Jimin wanted to know, raising his brows. “Jimin-ah,” Jungkook uttered all over again, but trailed off, not finishing his sentence.

“I thought so,” Jimin commented, turning towards the door again.

However, Jungkook curled his hand around Jimin’s wrist, giving it a gentle tug. “Don’t leave now. Not like this, please,” he asked, his tone soft.

The smaller boy caught his bottom lip between his teeth, shutting his eyes close before he faced Jungkook again. “I promised to see Tae and… and quite honestly, I need some… need some time to let all of this sink in,” Jimin expressed softly, leaning up on his tip-toes to press his lips to Jungkook’s cheek.

“Are you coming back later?” Jungkook wanted to know, indicating to close his palms around Jimin’s waist, but ultimately refraining from the movement, appearing to be undecided whether his action was appropriate right now, whether Jimin might be comfortable with it.

“I don’t know,” Jimin responded sincerely.

“Will you let Beomsoo-”

“No, Jungkook-ah,” Jimin answered his unasked question, certain that Jungkook had meant to inquire whether Jimin would allow Beomsoo to drive him over to Tae’s place. “I’m going to take the
“Let me drive you,” Jungkook suggested, seemingly not fond of the idea of Jimin going over to Tae all on his own. “It’s pouring outside, Jimin-ah”

“No, that’s not helping right now, Kook-ah,” Jimin stressed, shaking his head.

Right now, Jimin didn’t want to be in either Beomsoo’s or Jungkook’s presence. Primarily, Jimin just wanted to be alone… be alone and reflect over all of this, try to find a way to apprehend and comprehend this mess, to make sense of the situation somehow.

“Please, let me drop you off at his place,” Jungkook insisted, an emotion flashing in his brown orbs.

The irritating sound of Jimin’s ringtone pierced through the tension of the room again, the pink haired boy stealing a glimpse at the screen of the device in slight frustration.

Tae.

This time, Jimin accepted the call, assuming that Taehyung wouldn’t refrain from calling him various more times until Jimin would finally pick up.

“Hey, Tae-yah,” Jimin greeted as he pressed his phone to his ear, turning away from Jungkook.

“Min-ah, are you already on your way home?” Taehyung wanted to know, little pants slipping from his lips, displaying that he was lost for breath.

“I’m sorry, no, I’ll be quick,” Jimin answered, shaking his head in spite of Tae being unable to see him as he bit down on the inside of his cheek.

“Thank god, fuck, the weather is horrible right now. I didn’t know it was supposed to rain, so I ran back to the company through the fucking pouring rain with new designer clothes that I wasn’t able to wrap up, thinking the weather would be good. I messed up and I need to stay longer to fix it,” Taehyung declared with a sigh, some angered muffled voices audible in the background. “I’m not sure, when I can leave,” he added, his tone apologetic. “I’m sorry. I’ll try to be quick, but I might not be able to leave anytime soon. I’ll call you later, okay?”

“Oh. Okay, yes, of course. Don’t worry, Tae-yah,” Jimin assured him softly, giving a nod although Taehyung was not actually present. “I’ll talk to you later”

“Thank you. Later, Min-ah”

With that, they hung up.

For a moment longer, Jimin stared at the display of his phone, watching the screen go dark before he lifted his head again to meet Jungkook’s gaze. “I guess I’m not seeing Tae now,” he stated quietly.

The taller male’s gaze flickered back and forth between Jimin’s eyes as he uttered a soft, “Okay”, appearing to be grateful and relieved at the knowledge of Jimin not leaving now. “Jimin-ah-”

“Please,” Jimin interrupted him, lifting his flat hand up into the air as he pressed his eyes shut again, certain that Jungkook would resume to the topic about the gun – which, quite frankly, was plausible as it was not just finished altogether – but somehow Jimin was not capable to have this same argument all over again. Not right now. Maybe, it was some sort of defence mechanism for his heart to refuse to talk about this anymore until it had all settled in. “Can… can you give me some room? I just- I need to think,” he requested, his tone gentle, yet somehow vulnerable.
Jungkook studied his features, the softness in his eyes mixed with distinctive concern. “Are you mad?” the younger male wanted to know.

Jimin hesitated.

“I’m not mad,” he retorted eventually, shaking his head as he averted his gaze.

Truthfully, Jimin wasn’t angry at Jungkook. However, there was a particular mixture of emotions vivid within his very being – shock, confusion, slight disappointment, and even fear. The combination of these feelings was somehow complicated, puzzling Jimin even more at the burning question of how to handle them.

How was he supposed to deal with this situation?

“I’m just saying that it- I’m sorry, little one,” Jungkook interrupted Jimin’s thoughts. “Talk to me, please,” he asked.

“I’m not mad, I promise,” Jimin assured him all over again, meeting his gaze once more. “I just... I have to think. It’s a lot, Jungkook-ah. It’s going to take a while for that to settle in,” he declared.

They looked into each other’s eyes.

Silence. One of those that was amplified, in some way so much louder than any irritating sound could be.

Jimin stole a glimpse at the entrance door. Jungkook noticed.

“Please, stay,” he asked softly, assuming that Jimin was deliberating whether or not to leave. “The… The weather is horrible”

The smaller boy gave a faint nod.

“I don’t want to talk right now,” Jimin stated, hoping that Jungkook would understand and respect his wish. “Can I… can I be alone?”

“I-”

“Please,” Jimin added softly, staring at Jungkook again as he pulled the sleeves of his shirt over his delicate hands, naturally hiding them as a nervous habit, even if it was subconscious.

“Okay, yes, of course,” the younger one agreed with a nod as he ran his hand through his black locks, appearing to just be appreciative of Jimin staying. “If you want to, you can go upstairs into the bedroom,” he suggested. “I’ll leave you alone and work in here,” he expressed, pointing at the sofa where Jimin had stormed up on him earlier.

A new trace of guilt washed over Jimin at the reminder of him having ended Jungkook’s phone call that rudely.

However, for some odd reason, Jimin couldn’t muster to apologise.

Maybe, his agitated being was prevailing his natural polite mannerisms.

“Okay,” Jimin uttered. “Okay, thank you.”

For a moment, they stared at one another.
The black haired boy indicated to move closer, but refrained from the action as he pressed his lips into a line, seemingly using any last bit of self-control he could assemble to respect Jimin’s request for some space. “I’ll be here, if you need me,” he stressed, not managing to resist the urgency to press a kiss to Jimin’s forehead before he turned around and headed over to the sofa.

Jimin blinked.

Carefully, he took off his shoes and deposited them beside Jungkook’s. Then, he approached the set of stairs, his gaze fixated on Jungkook who was already sitting on the sofa, his phone in his right hand.

Jungkook turned back to steal a glimpse at Jimin, their eyes meeting.

Naturally, Jimin’s heart fluttered.

However, he averted his gaze, walking up the stairs without another word and heading into the bedroom.

As soon as Jimin entered the bedroom, he halted.

Was this right?

In a way, this situation was peculiar. Now, Jimin was going to arrogate Jungkook’s bedroom in his apartment for himself while the other one was compelled to stay downstairs.

Then again, to be fair, Jungkook was the one who had offered this solution as he was very adamant for Jimin to stay.

Carefully, Jimin approached the bed, climbing up on the soft sheets and lying down on his back, his gaze fixated up to the ceiling.

Darkness.

There was no ounce of illumination in the room, Jimin having refrained from switching the lights on, having believed that he would prefer it this way.

However, now Jimin found himself to be afraid of the absence of light, pure darkness never having been his friend. It might be embarrassing, but as long as Jimin could remember, he had always feared the dark – never managing to surmount that fear.

Cautiously, Jimin reached over to the nightstand and switched on the little lamp, dim lights illuminating the room, the faintness of it being just comfortable enough.

Silence – aside from the rain drops pitter-patting against the window, that particular noise somehow so uniform that Jimin managed to barely take any notice of it.

Sometimes, the absence of any major noise could be quite pleasant, Jimin often finding comfort in the silence that surrounded him in certain situations.

Yet, not this one.

No, not this one.

Jimin’s thoughts were that much louder, intensified in the quietness of the room, ringing in his mind without any hint of hushing.
The image of that terrifying gun proceeded to appear in Jimin’s head, nearly engraved into the back of his eyes for him to permanently stare at.

_What was it that scared Jimin so much?_

The fact that the private ownership was illegal?

The fact that it was a weapon at all?

The fact that... it _looked just like the gun that guy in Busan had aimed at Jungkook’s head in that gambling casino back then?_

A shiver ran down Jimin’s back at that memory, his heart clenching.

_For a few minutes back then, Jimin had actually believed that they were ought to shoot him. Just like that._

Just like that, Jungkook would have been gone.

In those few minutes, Jimin had been scared to death, scared of losing Jungkook forever.

After all, that’s what that gun was capable of causing – with a mere shot. _Kill_ someone. Tear them out of this life _forever_.

Yet, was Jimin simply overreacting?

Was this something common in the business and entertainment industry? – A world that Jimin was now a part of as well and had to discover, not yet possessing all the knowledge it held.

The smaller male sighed, sliding his hand through his pink locks in frustration before he rolled over onto his side, nuzzling his face into the pillow.

_It’s for protection purposes._

_Just a safety measure._

_Beomsoo knows how to handle a gun._

_I didn’t want you to be afraid._

Jungkook’s voice went on to echo in Jimin’s mind, his words repeating themselves again _and again and again_ like a continuous loop.

The pink haired boy wasn’t certain for how long he was actually lying there, left alone with his confusing thoughts in Jungkook’s bedroom. It was as though time didn’t exist anymore, hours feeling like a few minutes.

Suddenly, the doorbell rang, the irritating sound cutting through the heavy stillness of the room and startling Jimin, interrupting his thoughts.

Naturally, Jimin sat up, indicating to rush to the front door, yet then reminding himself that this _wasn’t_ his own place, but Jungkook’s.

Slowly, Jimin lowered himself back down on the sheets, staring up at the ceiling with hollow eyes.

A few minutes later, the sound of some gentle knocks on the door was audible in the room.
“Little one?” Jungkook called out softly, his voice having the inevitable effect on Jimin to cause his heart to skip a beat. “Can I come in?”

This is your bedroom, Jimin thought, but he only nodded, causing the taller one to enter the room.

“Who was at the door?” Jimin found himself ask without stealing a glimpse at Jungkook, not capable to contain his curiosity as to who it could be.

“I ordered some pizza,” Jungkook retorted, the scent of freshly oven-baked pizza filling Jimin’s nostrils. “Do you want any?” he wondered.

“I’m not hungry,” the smaller one uttered, shaking his head.

“When is the last time you ate something?” Jungkook wanted to know, inclining his head to the side.

“I don’t know… This morning,” Jimin responded, shrugging his shoulders, quite frankly not recalling his last meal due to how blank his mind felt.

“Little one, you need to eat,” Jungkook insisted with a sigh, his tone soft as he approached Jimin.

“I’m not hungry,” Jimin stressed, rolling over onto his side, turning his back to Jungkook.

The taller male halted. “Okay,” he whispered, giving a nod. “I’ll leave some here in case you do get hungry, okay?” he added as he closed the distance between them and placed something on the nightstand – the scent so much more vivid now.

Then, Jungkook left, the sound of his footsteps padding on the floor decreasing with each step until they were gone entirely, leaving Jimin all alone again.

Somehow, Jimin’s heart clenched.

Was he being too harsh?

After all… was it right for Jimin to interfere in Jungkook’s business and safety related decisions?

If it was truly such a common thing in the industry, maybe Jimin was in fact being a little tough on Jungkook.

Pressing his eyes shut, Jimin sat up against the headboard as he dug his teeth into his bottom lip, a feeling of remorse so much more distinctive within him now.

At the prominent scent of the pizza, Jimin’s stomach audibly grumbled, reminding him of his actual hunger and the lack of any proper meals he has had throughout today due to his busy schedule.

Hesitantly, Jimin stole a glimpse at the plate deposited on the nightstand. There were four pieces of pizza presented on it.

Extra cheese – Jimin’s favourite.

At the sight, Jimin smiled softly, but he shook his head as he reached for a piece. Hungrily, Jimin took a big bite of the piece, his taste buds jumping in euphoria as he chewed on the delicious bite.

Silently, Jimin munched on the piece, finishing it in no time at all before he picked up another piece and took another bite.
All of a sudden, there was a loud roar outside the window, the unforeseen noise startling Jimin who nearly dropped his piece of pizza.

Oh no.

Thunder.

Carefully, Jimin got up to his feet, tip-toeing over to the window and pulling the curtains to the side to steal a glimpse at the world outside.

The heavy rain was still pouring down on the city that was illuminated by the various lights deposited in the numerous buildings or street laps, the moon hidden behind some dark clouds this night.

Splat.

A bright lightning strike, followed by another deep roar embodied in a thunder.

Honestly, Jimin couldn’t quite recall the time he had last witnessed a thunderstorm. Surely, rain was no stranger to Seoul, yet the last real thunderstorm must have been quite a while ago.

Despite Jimin’s knowledge of thunder simply being a natural phenomenon caused by lightning, the smaller boy found himself to feel uneasy whenever a thunderstorm occurred.

It wasn’t that he felt endangered… It wasn’t really any fear either…

It was just… reminding him of his past.

“Jimin-ah, come back inside!” Jimin’s father belted out, swinging his beer bottle around as he stood in the doorway, waving Jimin back inside.

The little boy giggled, jumping around with spread arms. “It’s raining, Appa!” Jimin yelled, his tone so bright and joyful, the droplets of rain that were falling down on him making him feel so very alive.

“Exactly, so come back in right now!” his father repeated his prior order, visible annoyance depicted on his face.

“Look at the little puddles!” Jimin gasped, jumping from one puddle into the other, dirty water splattering up and splashing onto his trousers, but Jimin didn’t mind as he was entirely soaked already anyway.

“I’m not going to tell you again!” the older man warned through gritted teeth.

“Just another minute, please!” Jimin begged, pouting at his father as he jumped up and down.

Splat.

A bright light up in the sky.

“How?” Jimin uttered, his eyes big as he glared up at the sky as though he was undecided whether his eyes had deceived him, or the sky had actually just lit up. “What was that?”

“I said: Get back in!” Jimin’s father yelled, suddenly right beside Jimin and dragging him by the back of his shirt, the smaller boy nearly tumbling over and falling to the floor, but compelled to stay up by the force of his father’s grasp. “You’re not going out again. Understood?”
“Yes, Appa,” Jimin whispered as soon as they were inside, his father smashing their front door close before he walked back into the living room. Hesitantly, Jimin followed after his father, the man swift to disregard Jimin and turn back to the TV.

The little boy shivered, his soaking wet clothes sticking to his delicate body, his damp fringe veiling his eyes.

“Appa, I’m cold,” Jimin murmured, shuddering again as he tip-toed closer.

Jimin’s father didn’t spare him a glance, ignored Jimin’s presence and his complaint altogether.

A loud roar.

At the sudden noise, Jimin flinched, his eyes going big in fear.

“Appa, what is that?” Jimin wanted to know.

No response.

“Appa?” Jimin uttered, taking a step closer.

Another roar.

“Appa, it’s so loud,” Jimin whined, rushing to his father’s side. “I’m scared. Why is it so loud?”

The taller male applied faint pressure on Jimin’s side in a nonverbal demand for him to back off. Hurt, Jimin increased the distance between them all over again, having hoped to find some safety in his father’s close proximity.

“It’s God punishing naughty children like you who don’t listen to their parents,” his father belted out.

At that, Jimin’s eyes went big.

“What? But… but Appa, I’m sorry,” Jimin apologised, tears prickling in the corner of his eyes. “Please, tell him to stop,” he begged.

Was the world being attacked because of him?

No! Please no! Jimin hadn’t meant to do this!

“Can you shut up now?” his father complained in annoyance, tossing a pillow at Jimin who allowed it to fall to hit his chest, somehow not capable to move right now. “For fuck’s sake. I’m trying to watch this fucking football game. If this fucking TV would work! Why am I paying for this shit?”

“Can I help you, Appa?” Jimin offered softly, trying to wipe away his tear he had been certain of having rolled down his cheek, yet discovering that his whole face was wet from the rain in the first place, causing that action to be redundant.

“You can help me by being quiet,” his father belted out. “Can you do that?”

The smaller boy sniffed, spinning around and running into his bedroom where he hid himself beneath his covers, hoping that God would forgive him for being a naughty child.

“I’m going to listen to Appa from now on. I promise. Please, stop, please,” Jimin whined.
Another loud roar.

Luckily, Jimin’s grandmother had resolved that bluff, sweet to explain to Jimin how thunder was actually created despite Jimin struggling to understand all of it at his young age. However, that hadn’t stopped Jimin for believing his father’s lie for a good six months of his life until his grandmother refuted his father’s myth.

Somehow, the memory of his own pure starry-eyedness and a naïve, young Jimin – who still tended to be rather naïve even today – caused Jimin to smile faintly.

Obscure, yet beautiful, Jimin thought as the realisation of his own smile.

Surely, it had taken quite a long time, but Jimin was finally capable of finding happiness even in the times that had scarred him the most.

The reminder of his father’s harsh treatment and his hate towards Jimin did no longer possess such negative power over Jimin, did no longer owe the ability to haunt Jimin and scar him even years later.

No, this was just another past memory of his father like all the other ones – bygone, valueless.

However, it didn’t surprise Jimin that he still wasn’t that fond of thunderstorms.

After all, some scars never heal entirely.

Slowly, Jimin tip-toed back over into the bed, hiding his delicate being beneath the covers before he finished his meal – the boy feeling a little gloomy at the realisation of him having devoured all of the pieces already.

The again, he did feel replete. – A fact that was displayed by the slow but steady sleepiness that vividly sneaked up on Jimin’s gentle being.

As a result, Jimin rolled back over to his side, nuzzling his cheek into the pillow as his eyes fluttered shut.

While Jimin was lying there, entangled in the soft sheets of Jungkook’s bed, the pink haired boy found himself wonder what Jungkook was doing downstairs.

Was he waiting for Jimin to come back down and talk to him?

For how long was he going to stay there?

Another loud roar outside the window.

The smaller boy flinched at the growling sound, pulling the blanket up higher to hide his petite being beneath the velvety blanket as though it would provide any real protection – as though Jimin even needed any physical protection from the thunder.

When was this thunderstorm going to be over?

“Angel,” Jungkook’s deep voice suddenly spoke, startling Jimin yet again as Jungkook’s footsteps had not been audible to Jimin’s ears at all, thus his unexpected appearance caught Jimin off-guard.

“I’m sorry,” Jungkook apologised, having noticed the way Jimin had flinched beneath his covers because of his silent arrival.

Swallowing hard, Jimin remained in his stance, not facing Jungkook.
“You finished your food,” Jungkook noted, almost as though Jimin wasn’t aware of that in the first place – which he obviously was, as he was the one who had emptied the plate.

At his comment, Jimin found himself wonder whether he had just meant to say something – anything at all – to break the ice, an attempt to commence a conversation between them, or whether he was actually that interested in the matter regarding Jimin’s meals.

“That’s good,” he added.

“Mhm-mh,” Jimin hummed softly.

“Jimin-ah, please,” the younger male asked, his tone so gentle as he closed the distance between them, Jimin not entirely certain what exactly he was asking for, yet then having a credible assumption.

“I’m tired,” Jimin murmured, which wasn’t a sole lie. After all, Jimin was truly very sleepy. Then again… it wasn’t the genuine reason for his refusal.

“Please, talk to me,” Jungkook begged, the tone of his voice physically wounding Jimin’s chest, his heart pleading to make amends with Jungkook.

Why was Jimin serving Jungkook with utter silence?

Wasn’t he the one who had been so adamant in them trying to fix their issues through communicating?

Now, here he was himself, pushing Jungkook away.

_Hypocritical._

“I’m still thinking about it,” Jimin expressed softly, rolling over onto his back. “I just… I can’t wrap my head around the idea of- A _gun_, Jungkook-ah. A gun. That’s insane,” he stated, shaking his head.

“I know it is, little one,” Jungkook coincided, appearing to be appreciative of Jimin talking to him as his eyes gleamed with hope and affection. “But the world isn’t as safe as you think it is, Jimin-ah. There are bad people-” he tried to reason, but Jimin sat up with a shaking head.

“I’m not a child anymore, Jungkook-ah,” Jimin stressed, not insulted by Jungkook’s argument, yet then not entirely enthusiastic of it either. After all, Jimin was more than aware that the world wasn’t a fairy tale. “I know- I know that there are evil people out there, but that doesn’t justify that you own a gun”

There were various different ways to ensure safety and protection – multiple _legal_ alternatives one could switch to. A firearm really wasn’t the only approach to validate safety – beyond the fact that it was illegal in the first place.

At least, that’s what Jimin perceived.

Was his narrative really that incomplete? Was there more to this situation that he failed to apprehend?

The black haired male wet his lips, tilting his head to the side as he arched up his eyebrows. “I do not own a gun,” he corrected Jimin. “I will never own a gun. It belongs to Beomsoo, not me,” he added.

“You asked him to carry one,” Jimin pointed out.

_Fine._ Jungkook wasn’t the one who was actually in the possession of a gun, but he was the one who
had asked Beomsoo to carry one. That wasn’t exactly anything legal either, now was it?

“I asked him to carry a weapon,” Jungkook stated, shaking his head all over again. “Beomsoo preferred a gun over a knife and provided it for himself,” he informed Jimin.

Where does one even buy a gun from?

Then again, Jimin didn’t really want to know.

Somehow, this whole conversation was so peculiar to Jimin.

Throughout his whole life, Jimin had been very careful to try and stay away from violence as well as he could muster. Evidently, Jimin was not appreciative nor supportive of any form of violence.

To imagine Jungkook having a casual conversation with Beomsoo regarding the question what kind of weapon he would prefer to own was outright absurd to Jimin – so surreal.

“Are you listening to yourself, Jungkook-ah?” Jimin wanted to know with furrowed brows, shaking his head once more. “This is insane”

“It is,” Jungkook agreed softly, giving a faint nod. “I never claimed that it isn’t”

They stared at one another.

“What if it got into the wrong hands?” Jimin asked, believing he was stating another valid objection. “What if it got lost somewhere and someone would have used it to kill?”

Anyone could have stolen that gun, Beomsoo could have lost it somewhere by being a little unwary. Just like that, someone else could have taken advantage of the gun and use it.

To hurt someone. To kill someone.

“Jimin-ah,” Jungkook uttered softly, his tone conveying that he didn’t agree with Jimin’s objection, but appeared to view it as something of low probability.

“It can kill you, Jungkook-ah,” Jimin emphasised.

“No, the person that carries it is the one that kills, not the gun,” Jungkook argued, shaking his head as he sat down on the bed beside Jimin, the smaller one remaining in his position, disregarding the fluttering of his heart at their close proximity. “Beomsoo would never kill someone with it. Beomsoo was obligated to carry one and use it in immediate danger. If he ever draws it, he must have a valid reason of you being in immediate danger. I’m more than certain that Beomsoo will not enable anyone else to get hold of that gun,” he elaborated.

Well… That was true.

After all, a gun alone really was unable to kill someone just like that. It was the person who pulled the trigger that owned such ability, that possessed such power over the item.

“I just…” Jimin whispered, not sure of what else to say.

“Are you scared?” Jungkook then wanted to know, his question catching Jimin off-guard.

“I… I don’t know,” Jimin responded sincerely, his tone soft, the boy not certain whether he was truly scared or perhaps just overwhelmed by all of this.
After all, Jimin knew Beomsoo, knew that he could be trusted.

Beomsoo wasn’t impulsive or violent, didn’t appear to be someone that would use a gun just because he could.

No, Jimin could only see him carry one with the intention of protecting someone.

“Are you scared of me?” Jungkook wanted to know, his voice somehow so much quieter, Jimin almost positive that there was even a hint over vulnerability in his tone, but it was gone that fast that Jimin was undecided whether it had genuinely been there to begin with.

The smaller boy hesitated.

“Little one,” Jungkook whispered.

“No,” Jimin retorted, shaking his head. “No, I’m not scared of you,” he assured. “I just- I’m scared of a gun. I understand that it’s just- I get that it can’t kill someone by itself, but the thought of someone possessing something that could kill by them simply pulling a trigger does frighten me,” he elaborated, finding himself reach out to place his delicate hand on Jungkook’s thigh nearly subconsciously.

The black haired male’s gaze rushed down to his tiny hand, an emotion glistening in his eyes as he lifted his head again to lock eyes with Jimin.

“I understand that,” Jungkook commented, giving a nod. “I’m sorry,” he apologised again, his eyes so genuine that Jimin was more than certain that he wasn’t just saying that to make amends with Jimin as though it was what he believed Jimin wanted to hear, but that he was actually remorseful.

Silence.

“Does Beomsoo really need a gun?” Jimin found himself whisper, catching his bottom lip between his teeth. “I don’t want to be anywhere near one. It scares me,” he admitted, his voice turning softer with each syllable.

Jungkook studied Jimin’s features for a moment longer.

Then, he gave a nod. “Okay, little one, I will talk to him” Jungkook decided. “Maybe, we can negotiate and find another solution. However, I do want him to be weaponised in some way at least, preferably a knife, if you don’t like the thought of a gun at all,” he added.

Both weapons were extremely dangerous and scared Jimin, but... if he were to choose, the idea of a knife that Beomsoo was going to carry around for protection purposes was less unsettling than that death-thing embodied in a gun. The mere thought of a firearm caused Jimin’s core to freeze in fear.

“You promise?” Jimin whispered, his eyes big.

“I promise,” Jungkook expressed, giving a determined nod before he got up to his feet. “I will call Beomsoo right now,” he decided despite the late hours of the day.

They stared at each other for a moment longer before Jungkook turned around and left the room.

Jimin blinked.

Then, he rolled over onto his back again, staring up at the ceiling, listening to the uniform pitter-patter against the window that had a calming effect on him.
A few minutes later, Jungkook returned to the bedroom, halting in the doorway and leaning against the frame. “Okay, little one, all done,” Jungkook informed him upon his reappearance.

Thank you.

The smaller one rolled onto his side, meeting Jungkook’s gaze, yet not saying anything.

“It’s late already, angel,” Jungkook noted before he pointed to the windows. “The weather still hasn’t calmed down. Please, stay for the night,” he requested softly.

Frankly, Jimin was rather sleepy already, nearly falling asleep in this very moment.

Jimin gave a faint nod.

“Do you want to be alone tonight?” Jungkook wanted to know, tilting his head to the side as here stared at Jimin intently. “I can sleep on the sofa,” he offered, pointing back over his shoulder.

What?

“This is your place, Kook-ah,” Jimin reminded him softly, judging by Jungkook’s offer that he must have temporarily omitted that fact from his mind.

“I know,” Jungkook smiled. “But your comfort is more important to me, so I don’t care whose place this is,” he added, shrugging his shoulders. “I can sleep on the sofa tonight, if you’d like to be alone”

Hesitantly, Jimin’s gaze flickered back and forth between Jungkook’s eyes, the pitter-patter of the raindrops falling against the window the only noise in the room at the absence of their voices.

Jungkook was offering to sleep on the sofa in his own apartment just because he believed that Jimin didn’t want him at his side tonight?

Gently, Jimin caught his bottom lip between his teeth, his heart clenching at the realisation.

Of course, Jimin wanted him here.

Always. Forever.

“You can sleep wherever you want…” Jimin found himself mumble, his tone tender and quiet, the boy somehow discovering a small fraction within him to be too proud to admit to his profound need of Jungkook’s close proximity – which was an occurrence in every situation of his life at this point, that longing appearing to be even prominent when they were on difficult terms.

“Jimin-ah,” Jungkook uttered, indicating to move closer, but pressing his lips into a line and stilling entirely, seemingly refraining from the desire of closing the distance between them. “Okay. Good night, little one;” he wished, his tone soft as he dropped his hands back to his side, turning to leave the room.

Jimin’s heart ached.

A roar outside the window.

“Stay,” Jimin found himself whisper.

The younger male halted.

“Please, stay,” Jimin repeated, sitting up in the bed.
Jungkook turned to face him. “Are you-”

“Please,” Jimin interrupted him, Jungkook not obtaining any opportunity to finish his sentence, but that wasn’t significant to either of them right now.

Slowly, Jungkook closed the distance between them, Jimin scooting over to make room for him, allowing the other one to join him on the bed who didn’t hesitate to lie down next to Jimin beneath the blanket.

They faced one another, a few inches remaining between their bodies, enabling them to stare at one another at a comfortable angle.

Jimin’s heart begged him to reach out to touch Jungkook, but somehow, Jimin was hesitant.

Another loud roar outside.

At the growling sound, Jimin flinched.

“Are you scared of thunder?” Jungkook wanted to know, pulling his brows up in curiosity, not any humour or mockery conveyed in his tone.

“No…” Jimin lied, shaking his head as he pulled the sleeves of his shirt over his petite hands.

Carefully, Jungkook moved closer, closing the last inches of distance between them and closing his arms around Jimin’s delicate being before he pulled the boy closer to his chest.

At the close proximity, Jimin’s heart fluttered in delight and affection, Jungkook’s comforting scent and the warmth he was radiating having an immediate soothing effect on Jimin.

Naturally, Jimin hid his face in the curve of Jungkook’s neck, the sense of safety and belonging that fell upon him making him wonder why he had been that harsh with Jungkook in the first place.

“I’m sorry for not telling you about it,” Jungkook stated, rubbing his palm along Jimin’s back as he pressed his lips to the top of Jimin’s head, Jimin’s eyes fluttering shut at the soft touch.

“It’s… it’s okay,” Jimin uttered, his tone gentle.

Frankly, in a way, Jimin could comprehend why Jungkook hadn’t shared this information with him. Primarily, Jungkook had just intended to protect Jimin and prevent him from being scared. Despite Jimin’s preserved conviction that he would have preferred Jungkook to be honest with him from the beginning, he could understand why he had acted the way he did.

Jimin was simply appreciative of his apology.

After all, Beomsoo was working for Jungkook – any business related decisions were predominantly only their concern, not Jimin’s. In the end, Jimin wasn’t even aware for how long Beomsoo has been carrying that gun around with him – potentially even long before Jimin had even appeared in Jungkook’s life. Hence, Jungkook might have simply forgotten to share that fact with Jimin as it had already been such an established circumstance between the two of them.

“I thought I was doing the right thing,” Jungkook expressed, interrupting Jimin’s thoughts as he proceeded to caress Jimin’s back. “I… didn’t think it would be that much of an issue to you. I’m really sorry, little one,” he added.

The smaller one smiled softly, turning his head to the side to press his lips to Jungkook’s skin.
“I’m sorry... sorry for overreacting,” Jimin then muttered, catching his bottom lip between his teeth. “I guess... I don’t know... Beomsoo is working for you, so I shouldn’t interfere and tell you what to do,” he sighed, his voice turning quieter with each syllable as he shook his head at himself.

“No, stop that,” Jungkook objected, his tone an ounce firmer to convey his disagreement with Jimin apologising, the softness in his voice never vanishing entirely, though. “You haven’t overreacted, angel,” he assured Jimin. “Your feelings are valid in any situation. Never say that again, okay?”

“Okay,” Jimin murmured, giving a faint nod before he withdrew just enough to lift his head and meet Jungkook’s gaze. “Thank you for calling Beomsoo”

Jimin couldn’t express how relieved and grateful he was that Jungkook had been that considerate to call Beomsoo immediately and have him change his weapon.

An odd sentence, Jimin thought.

Then again, Jimin did understand that they were just doing this for protection being part of this industry. Despite his utter refusal to support any form of violence, he was grateful that they were that adamant to keep themselves, but also Jimin safe.

By no means would Jimin be capable to confidently state that he would ever be content with Beomsoo owning a gun and carrying it around whenever they were together, yet Jimin was also positive that he would manage to someday accustom to the thought of Beomsoo owning a knife for protection.

“You don’t need to thank me for that,” Jungkook stated, shaking his head before he pressed a kiss to Jimin’s temple.

As they were at the matter of apologising, Jimin was reminded of his earlier behaviour, a trace of remorse blooming within him as he recalled his rude action.

“I’m sorry for ending your call like that earlier,” Jimin apologised, digging his teeth into his bottom lip. “That was immature of me. I hope... I hope it didn’t get you in trouble,” he added quietly.

At the thought of Jungkook having lost a potential associate, investor or anything else of high significance because of Jimin’s rude behaviour, Jimin’s abdomen clenched in guilt, his heart dropping.

“No, angel,” Jungkook uttered. “You were emotional, and we tend to make impulsive decisions in these states,” he explained, brushing Jimin’s fringe out of his face. “I’m the perfect example,” he noted as he pointed at himself, humour audible in his voice.

The two of them chuckled, Jimin’s eyes turning into small crescents, that sight having the inevitable effect of heart fluttering on Jungkook.

“It’s okay,” Jungkook reassured him. “I was able to fix everything so it’s not an issue anymore,” he added.

Thank God.

“Okay,” Jimin whispered, giving another nod, relief blooming within him.

They stared at one another for a moment longer before Jimin leaned closer again to nuzzle his cheek against Jungkook’s chest, the latter’s grasp still tight around him.
“Is Beomsoo some sort of special agent?” the pink haired boy found himself wonder.

“What?” Jungkook asked amused, seemingly confused whether his ears had truly deciphered Jimin’s words correctly or whether he had misunderstood him.

“I don’t know, Beomsoo always seemed… strong and composed – a little mysterious, you know? I… do feel safe with him,” Jimin stated as he tilted his head to the side. “Now that I know he’s a retired police officer – which I didn’t know before and couldn’t have guessed – I could actually see him be some kind of special agent as well,” he explained, a soft laugh slipping from his lips.

“No, Jimin-ah,” Jungkook chuckled, shaking his head. “He’s not a special agent,” he refuted Jimin’s presumption. “Well, at least not that I know of. Beomsoo is just my driver and guard,” he added.

The pink haired boy pursed his lips before he smiled brightly. “I’m gonna think of him as a special agent now,” Jimin decided.

“Why?”

“That’s kinda cool,” the smaller one claimed. At his words, Jungkook withdrew, his grasp around Jimin tightening as he arched up his brow. “What?” Jimin asked with a chuckle.

“I don’t have to worry about Beomsoo being a threat, right?” Jungkook wanted to know, narrowing his eyes at Jimin as he poked his tongue into his cheek, his smile never vanishing from his face, amusement still gleaming in his eyes. “You’re not going to leave me for him, are you?”

Jimin giggled. “Well…” he uttered, biting down on his bottom lip.

“Excuse me?”

“I’m kidding,” Jimin chuckled, shaking his head as he reached up to cup Jungkook’s face in his tiny hands. “I’ll never leave you for another man. Not even if they’re a special agent,” he promised.

“For no one?” Jungkook echoed, leaning closer. “Not even a soldier?”

“A soldier? Hmm…” Jimin hummed in thought, titling his head up as he smiled teasingly. “Have you seen their uniforms?” he inquired; his eyes big. “They do-”

“Jimin-ah, don’t make me-,” Jungkook interrupted him warningly as he brushed his lips over Jimin’s. The smaller one giggled yet again. “No one, Jungkook-ah,” he repeated his prior promise. “No special agent, no soldier, not even any wizard in this world would make me leave you,” he declared.

“A wizard?” Jungkook echoed, raising up his brows in amusement.

“They can do magic, Jungkook-ah,” Jimin pointed out with big eyes. “That’s pretty cool,” he claimed.

“You do know that wizards don’t actually exist, right?” Jungkook commented with a smile, clearly teasing Jimin now as he shook his head.

“What?” Jimin whispered, his eyes big as he pouted, playing along with Jungkook. “But… but… all this time… I thought…,” he whined.

Another roar outside the window.
At the sudden noise, Jimin flinched, nuzzling closer to Jungkook.

“Fuck, you’re adorable,” Jungkook commented with a chuckle, pressing his lips to the top of Jimin’s head as he pulled the boy closer, Jimin swift to hide his face in the curve of his neck.

Not long after, the two of them fell asleep in each other’s embraces, their hearts beating to the same beat as they entered a world of beautiful, worry-free dreams.

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“Good morning, Jimin-ssi,” Beomsoo greeted him, flashing him a faint smile that didn’t quite reach his eyes as he executed a deep bow, conveying a sense of nervousness.

“Hey...” Jimin uttered once the taller male had opened the door to the backseats of the vehicle, allowing Jimin to climb inside.

A brief moment later, the two of them were inside the car in their respective seats, Jimin swift to fasten his seatbelt before he rested his hands on his lap.

Beomsoo’s fingers were curled around the key that he had already slid into the ignition, yet he didn’t turn his keys to start the engine but was focused on Jimin by staring at him through the rear-view mirror.

“Beomsoo-ssi?” Jimin murmured, slightly puzzled by his unreadable behaviour.

“I’m sorry,” Beomsoo apologised, clearing his throat as he dropped his hand back to his side, now refraining from commencing the engine altogether. “Is it- Is it okay for me to talk to you about what happened last night?”

Oh.

The pink haired boy gave a faint nod.

“I'm sorry, Jimin-ssi,” Beomsoo declared, turning back to face Jimin entirely instead of meeting the gaze of his reflection in the rear-view mirror. “Mr. Jeon informed me that you dislike the idea of me carrying a gun by my side for protection”

Jimin remained silent, choosing to listen to what Beomsoo wanted to say.

“Obviously, I can understand your concern entirely. I don't want to be forced to use it, but I believe that it is necessary to carry one in case of an urgent matter,” he stressed.

“I... That’s your business and your life, Beomsoo-ssi. I don’t want to interfere in your decisions,” Jimin responded softly, pulling the sleeves of his shirt over his petite hands. “It’s just that... I don’t like the idea of being around one,” he admitted.

“I understand,” Beomsoo stated with a nod. “Mr. Jeon and I collectively decided to change the weapon from a firearm to a knife. I hope you understand that I need to carry a weapon with me for safety measures,” he emphasised, “It is solely for protection purposes”

“I...”

“You were always safe,” Beomsoo promised. “The gun- I know how to handle one,” he assured, pressing his eyes shut. “You were never in danger; I would have never used it on you or accidently trigger it. I'm trained”
“I heard...” Jimin murmured.

“I understand that you don't like guns, so I'm only carrying a knife with me from now on,” he stressed all over again, as though he wanted to establish that fact distinctively between them.

“Thank you,” Jimin declared.

“I hope this... I hope this won't affect...” Beomsoo trailed off, clearing his throat again.

The smaller boy smiled softly, apprehending what Beomsoo had meant to say even nonverbally. “It won't,” he assured him. “I was shocked and scared, but I understand that it is just for protection. You are just doing your job. I'm not mad at you, Beomsoo-ssi”

“That's... Okay, that's – Thank you,” Beomsoo retorted, returning Jimin’s smile as a relieved sigh fell from his lips.

“There is no need to thank me,” Jimin chuckled, somehow endeared by the fact of Beomsoo having been nervous whether their bond would be affected by yesterday’s events.

“I'll hurry up now, so you won't be late,” Beomsoo decided with a determined nod, finally twisting the key in the ignition, causing the engine to roar to life a brief moment later.

“Thank you” Jimin giggled, giving a nod.

******

Luckily, the individual lessons with Ong were growing more prosperous with each of their meetings, the two of them spending their time majorly efficient – with the occasional attempts of Ong’s fliting that Jimin was able to tone down – and devoting their ambition to improving Ong’s abilities.

The pink haired boy entered the practice room with a little paper bag in his delicate hand, having picked up some breakfast on his way to work.

Ong was already up on his feet, stretching his limps without any fabric veiling his chest, causing his upper body to be entirely bare and exposed, his chest glistening in slight sweat as a display of his persistent training.

“Ong-ssi, put your shirt back on,” was the first thing Jimin remarked upon his arrival, shaking his head as he smiled faintly.

As soon as Ong registered Jimin’s voice, he halted, turning to face the boy.

“Yes, Mr. Park,” Ong muttered with a nod, swift to pick up his shirt and tug it over his head, Jimin not paying much attention to him as he was heading towards the table in the back where he set down his belongings.

“How was your day?” Jimin wanted to know, meeting Ong’s gaze again.

The younger boy cleared his throat, pushing his hands into the pocket of his sweatpants as he approached Jimin.

“It was... It was good, thank you,” Ong retorted, nodding at himself. “How was yours?”

“Pretty good, thank you,” Jimin answered with a sweet smile, tilting his head to the side. “Well,
today is our third lesson, Ong-ssi. Do you remember what I asked you to do in our last lesson?”

“Of course, Mr. Park,” Ong assured with a nod. “I was supposed to listen to a few songs you gave me and write down what feelings they convey,” he recited the task Jimin had assigned him to a few days ago.

Proudly, Jimin smiled, giving a nod.

The pink haired one was grateful that Ong had taken this assignment serious and had actually completed it despite the fact of it might sounding very silly or potentially being way too simple for him to even bother wasting his time with.

“Well, then let’s sit down and go through them,” Jimin decided with a smile as he kneeled down on the floor, Ong swift to join him.

“You’re already practicing,” Jimin noted upon entering the practice room another day.

Ong stilled, meeting Jimin’s gaze with a smile as he caught his breath. “You can never practice enough, Mr. Park,” he asserted, wiping his shirt over his sweaty face.

The smaller boy crossed his arms over his chest as he sat down on the floor. “Taking breaks is important, too. Your body needs to obtain a chance to regain some energy. Please don’t forget that,” he reminded Ong.

“Yes, Mr. Park,” the boy uttered, giving a nod as he picked up his water bottle from the floor.

“Well, you did practice the choreography we learned together, then?” Jimin wanted to know, arching up an eyebrow.

“Of course, Mr. Park,” Ong answered.

“Please, go ahead and show me,” Jimin insisted softly, pointing at the centre of the room.

“Goodbye, Ong-ssi. Until next time,” Jimin sent him off another day, waving his hand at the younger boy.

“Later, Mr. Park,” Ong returned, executing a deep bow before he exited the room with his belongings.

As soon as he was gone, Jimin checked his phone, realising that he still got enough time to take a quick shower before he was meant to meet up with Hoseok in another practice room to have a trainee evaluation.

This time around, it wasn’t for the group that was ought to debut fairly soon, but just one of those routinely assessments of some newer trainees which would decide whether or not they were permitted to stay in the company – according to their level of ambition, talent and particular skills that was required to meet Mr. Jeon’s standard.

After Jimin had gathered his stuff, he went on and left the practice room, heading over to the showers that were completely empty, that fact calming him. It wasn’t unusual to expect another soul to be in here, yet being the only one present was rather comforting to Jimin as the company of someone else
tended to make him feel slightly timid.

A few minutes later, Jimin was dressed in fresh clothes, a mixture of strawberry and vanilla engulfing him, a scent he quite adored – Well, if not as much as Jungkook’s trace that left him feel absolutely comfortable and endeared.

The pink haired boy headed back to the practice rooms, searching for his phone in the midst of it, but realising that it was nowhere to be found.

_Dammit._

Jimin came to an abrupt halt, a sudden wave of nervousness blooming within him that was rather odd, presumably attributable to the possible loss of his phone. Hastily, Jimin checked his pockets and bag all over again, yet failing to locate it anywhere near.

“No,” Jimin huffed, narrowing his eyes as he tried to recall where he could have dropped his phone.

In the showers?

On his way there?

After all, he had definitely had it during his lesson with Ong…

Maybe, Jimin had never picked it up from the table in the practice room?

Figuring it was worth a try, Jimin headed over to the practice room he had prior been in with Ong for their individual lesson. If Jimin’s calculations where right – or rather, his memory of the schedule he had received from Hoseok this morning – there was no one supposed to occupy this practice room for the first half of the day except for Jimin.

Hence, if Jimin had truly left it there, it should still be deposited in its same spot!

In his rush towards the practice room, Jimin clumsily lost his balance, stumbling over his own two feet, but merely capable to prevent himself from falling – even if not in a very graceful way.

In the process of his truly _elegant_ safe, Jimin dropped his bag right in front of the door. Huffing at himself, he crouched down and picked it back up before he straightened his posture again.

As soon as he had lifted his head and had entered the room, Jimin gasped and came to an abrupt halt, startled by the sudden sight of another figure being present in the practice room.

_Jungkook._

The black haired boy was leaning against the table in the back of the room, his arms crossed over his chest as an amused smile curved his lips, his eyes almost teasing as they met Jimin’s.

_Oh, please don’t say you saw that._

“Hello, beautiful,” Jungkook greeted him, pushing himself off the table. “Are you okay?” he wanted to know, chuckling.

_Dammit._

“I… Yes,” Jimin murmured before he huffed again, stomping with his feet. “What are you even doing down here? You scared me,” he whined, clasping his hand over his heart as he approached Jungkook.
“I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to,” Jungkook snickered, swift to have closed the distance between them and press his lips to Jimin’s cheek as they met in the center of the room.

“You saw me fall, didn’t you?” Jimin mumbled, pressing his eyes shut.

“I might have,” the younger male retorted, leaning in to nudge his nose against Jimin’s cheek.

“Ugh,” Jimin groaned in frustration.

“Cute,” Jungkook whispered, inclining his head further down to capture Jimin’s lips in a soft kiss. “Are you okay?” he wanted to ensure.

Jimin gave a faint nod, humming in affirmation.

“Is it possible that you’ve lost something?” Jungkook then wanted to know, raising up a brow as he titled his head to the side.

Jimin gave another nod. “I did,” he sighed. “My phone. I was hoping that it would be in here, but—” Jimin tried to explain, stealing a glimpse at the table behind Jungkook and having to discover – to his evident luck, really – that his phone was not left in here either.

As Jimin was about to whine in frustration, Jungkook held up his hand, displaying a small device to Jimin’s eyes.

“My phone!” the smaller boy exclaimed, his eyes going big in relief as he reached out to take it, but ended up ultimately failing as Jungkook lifted his arm up even higher. “What are you doing?”

“I wanted to change this for so fucking long now,” Jungkook revealed with a smirk, unlocking Jimin’s phone with no difficulty at all – which, well, was partially Jimin’s own fault for using Jungkook’s birthday as the safety password.

“Jungkook-ah, what are you doing?” Jimin wanted to know, moving up on his tippy-toes in an attempt to reach even higher, yet learning that it still wasn’t enough to snatch his phone from Jungkook’s grasp. “If you don’t give me my phone back, I’ll—”

“You’ll what?” Jungkook challenged, arching up a brow as he stole a glimpse at Jimin, amused but also endeared by his adorable boy threatening him with the least intimidating voice or demeanor he could imagine.

The pink haired boy crossed his arms over his chest, pouting as he shook his head. “Meanie,” he mumbled.

Another soft laugh fell from Jungkook’s lips as he finally completed whatever mischief he had meant to do before he curled his hand around Jimin’s hip and pulled him closer, their chests bumping into one another as a result.

Slowly, he slid Jimin’s phone into the back pocket of his trousers, Jimin swallowing hard as Jungkook placed a gentle tap to his bottom once the phone was inside the pocket.

“There you go. All yours again,” he commented as he leaned in to attach their lips in a tender kiss. “You gotta be more careful, hm?”

“I don’t usually lose my stuff around here,” Jimin defended himself with a pout. “I’m glad it was here, though,” he sighed.
Jungkook titled his head to the side. “So, are you busy right now?” he wondered, caressing Jimin’s waist.

“Well, I just ended my lesson with Ong and now I’m waiting for Hyung to arrive for our evaluation,” Jimin informed Jungkook of his schedule.

“How did it go?”

“Very good, actually,” Jimin responded, smiling brightly at the reminder of his lesson with Ong, the latter opening up to him more and more with every meeting of theirs.

“Good”

“Why are you here?” Jimin wanted to know, his eyes big in curiosity.

The younger male smiled. “Well, to see you,” he answered, brushing strands of Jimin’s pink hair out of his face.

“Why?”

“Just because”

“Well, I’m not complaining to see you,” Jimin noted, smiling as he closed his arms around Jungkook’s neck.

The thought of seeing one another just for the sake of it – without any interior motives or true plans on what to do – was somehow so beautiful and admirable to begin with; the two of them not needing much more than this, sharing one another’s company being everything already.

“Aren’t you busy, though?” Jimin asked, figuring that Jungkook surely wouldn’t be able to stay down here with him for much longer as he was required to do more significant work in the upper floors rather than being down here in the practice rooms with Jimin.

“I have a few minutes,” he responded, shaking his head.

For a moment, he just stared at Jimin.

“Actually… I just talked to my father and I… wanted to tell you about it,” Jungkook then stated.

“About what?” Jimin wondered, his eyes big in inquisitiveness as he titled his head to the side.

“We are sponsoring a charity ball in a few weeks,” Jungkook revealed, catching Jimin off-guard.

A charity ball?

What?

“You are?” Jimin murmured, his eyes growing bigger at the realisation.

“Yes,” Jungkook affirmed, his own smile soft, his eyes gleaming in something so affectionate and displaying such a pure sense of happiness that it caused Jimin’s heart to flutter.

“That’s amazing, Kook-ah,” Jimin commented with a joyful smile.

The younger male gave a nod, his thumbs caressing Jimin’s hips. “I first brought it up to my father after we went to that orphanage a few days ago,” Jungkook expressed. “Coincidently, a friend of his
is hosting a charity ball in a few weeks, but his sponsor jumped off last minute – fucking douche, if you ask me. Now, he has the whole event planned with no money to finance it. So, surprisingly my father didn’t need much convincing of me for him to suggest us to sponsor it and be a part of it that way,” he elaborated. “It just… felt so good – to give back I mean. It reminded me of those moments I shared with my mother,” he added, his tone an ounce gentler.

Jimin’s heart quivered in bittersweet affection, the reminder of Jungkook’s passed mother having a gloomy effect on either of them – undoubtedly more on Jungkook as it was his own mother – yet Jimin was always moved by the display of such heart clenching emotions Jungkook displayed as it was rather unusual for him, and the boy possessed such a vivid and deeply anchored spot in Jimin’s heart that it was inevitable to affect him as well.

“That’s beautiful, Kook-ah,” Jimin noted sincerely. “You did make a really generous donation that day,” he recalled, goose bumps running down his skin at the memory.

Yeonjun’s eyes were big in absolute shock, a vibrant ounce of disbelief depicted in his eyes as though he wasn’t certain whether his eyes weren’t deceiving him in this very moment.

“Are you sure?” he asked for reassurance, his lips parted as he shook his head, clearly lost for words. “That’s- Oh my god, are you- You two are send from heaven, aren’t you? You have to be!” he exclaimed, sliding his hand through his now messy hair. “Or is this- a prank- Did Hoseok-,” he commenced to doubt the generous act, seemingly finding this too good to be true – unreal.

“It’s not a prank,” Jungkook assured with a chuckle, shaking his head as he stole another glimpse at Haneun and Mingyu who were still very much frozen in their prior spot, grinning at the three of them. “I want you to use the money to ensure that these children have a good life in here – in every possible way,” he expressed.

“Thank you,” Yeonjun whispered, his eyes suddenly glassy, conveying a sense of immense gratitude that it caused tears to prickle in the corner of his eyes. “I- Just- Thank you, so much,” he added.

As soon as Jimin and Jungkook had left the orphanage and headed towards Jungkook’s car, Jimin came to an abrupt halt, turning to face Jungkook.

“Jungkook-ah, you’re- That was incredibly sweet of you,” he stated softly, his eyes big as they met Jungkook’s.

The black haired male crossed his arms over his chest as he wet his lips. “Why do you sound so surprised?” he wondered, a smug smirk displayed on his face as he raised an eyebrow.

“Well, because you just donated more money than I will probably make in a whole year?” Jimin exclaimed, swatting Jungkook’s chest.

“First of all, that’s not true, if you’d just wait for your first salary,” Jungkook disagreed, shaking his head at Jimin before he curled his hands around Jimin’s waist and pulled the boy closer to his body. “Secondly… what’s all this money good for in my bank account, if I could be using it for purposes like this, hm?” he added.

Smiling, Jimin leaned up to crash his lips on Jungkook’s in a gentle kiss. “You’re amazing,” he whispered against his lips before he captured them in another peck.

The younger male smiled into the kiss, moving his lips against Jimin’s for a few seconds before he withdrew to press his forehead against Jimin’s. “Let’s go, pretty,” he insisted as he nodded towards
his car.

As soon as they had arrived in front of the vehicle, Jungkook opened the door to the passenger seat for Jimin. "Fuck, Haneun-ah was so damn cute," Jungkook commented as he shook his head at himself; his smile never vanishing from his face as though it was going to stay there forever – a beautiful sight, Jimin thought, such a gorgeous look on him.

"Thank you," Jimin uttered softly in regard to Jungkook’s kind gesture of opening the car for him as he climbed into the vehicle. "Well, she did have a crush on you as well," he noted with a soft laugh, glancing at Jungkook who propped his arm up on the car door before he leaned in to Jimin.

"Well, what can I say," Jungkook remarked smugly, shrugging his shoulders as he wet his lips.

“Oh, shut up,” Jimin giggled, shaking his head as he indicated to slap Jungkook’s arm, yet the latter was swift to dodge his hand, laughing alongside Jimin as he withdrew and shut the door close.

Once he had walked around the car and had climbed into the driver’s seat beside Jimin, the two of them fastened their seatbelts. However, Jungkook didn’t start the engine, but stole a glimpse back at the orphanage.

"It’s weird," Jungkook stated, furrowing his brows in thought, his smile softer.

“What is?”

“I never really wanted children myself, but after being in there with you and Haneun…” he trailed off, shaking his head as he met Jimin’s gaze.

Jimin’s brows shot up in curiosity. “That changed?” he wondered; his tone soft.

For some reason, at the mention of children, Jimin discovered his heart to do an odd skip, just to pound against his chest twice as fast, the sudden raise of his heart rate unforeseen, yet also inexplicable.

“I don’t know,” Jungkook retorted, shrugging his shoulders as he pushed the key into the ignition. “I don’t know,” he repeated, shaking his head this time. “I’m too young to really think about children yet, you know?” he expressed, his frown deepening.

“Yeah… I … I guess,” Jimin uttered, giving a faint nod.

After all, they were still fairly young indeed.

Months ago, Jimin had never really thought about children himself; had never wondered what his life would look like with a family of his own. Hell, he was in his early twenties and had barely gotten a hold of his own life.

However… somehow, all of that had changed when Jungkook had appeared in his life. The black haired boy was illuminating yet another layer of Jimin that the latter hadn’t been aware of before.

Now, Jimin did wonder about how their lives would look like in the future, wondered where the two of them would live, wondered… yes, wondered whether or not the two of them would have children.

By all means, just a few minutes ago, Jimin had found himself imagining a life with Jungkook in years to come, with a family of their own – theirs and beautiful and whole. Just like that. That image had appeared without any warning. So loving. So picturesque.
That change in Jimin’s perception had altered so suddenly, yet then also slowly and steadily in a way that it didn’t truly surprise Jimin that much? So easy. So… not at all frightening.

If anything, it just assured Jimin that Jungkook was… he was the….

“Do you want any?” Jungkook interrupted his thoughts, turning his head to meet Jimin’s gaze.

The smaller boy smiled softly as the earlier image reappeared in his mind. “I… I think I do, yes,” he uttered, his tone gentle and barely above a whisper although it wasn’t intentional as he gave a nod.

“N-Now?” Jungkook stammered, his eyes big as he swallowed.

Jimin giggled, shaking his head. “No, not now,” he retorted, catching his bottom lip between his teeth before he added softer, “One day, though. I think.”

The other boy gave a nod, the two of them simply staring at one another for a moment.

“How many?” Jungkook then wanted to know, his gaze flickering back and forth between Jimin’s doe eyes.

“I don’t know,” Jimin answered genuinely, tilting his head to the side as he contemplated.

Earlier, in that beautiful image of his, there had been two children among their family, living alongside Jimin and Jungkook. Did that imply that Jimin… subconsciously wished for two children with Jungkook?

“Two? Three?” Jimin responded eventually, not entirely certain of his answer.

“Three? Fuck,” Jungkook cursed, his eyes growing even bigger, a slight display of… was that horror in his eyes?

The smaller boy giggled. “What?”

“That’s… like a lot,” Jungkook stressed.

“It’s actually not that many,” Jimin objected, shrugging his shoulders as he smiled softly. “I’ve always wanted a sibling when I was younger,” he revealed.

The thought of someone else having been by his side throughout the traumatic experiences of his childhood did sound as though it would have made all of it more bearable.

Then again, Jimin didn’t wish his own childhood spent with his father upon anyone else.

“Children are…” Jungkook interrupted Jimin’s thoughts as he trailed off all over again, allowing the remainder of his sentence to hang in the air between them.

“Do you not like them?” Jimin wondered, tilting his head to the side as he couldn’t quite decipher in what way Jungkook had meant to finish his sentence.

“I mean… I do, but…” he retorted, furrowing his brows.

“Just not your own?” Jimin assumed, raising his eyebrows in curiosity.

“Fuck, it’s too early to talk about this shit, Jimin-ah,” Jungkook commented, shaking his head.

Hesitantly, Jimin placed his hands in his own lap, giving a faint nod. “I guess, you are right. This
conversation is way too early. We can... we can decide... one day. Once we’re ready to really talk about this,” he decided.

After all, it wasn't reprehensible for Jungkook to not have made up his mind about this at all yet. In the end, they were still fairly young, and it was a decision that one day would absolutely change his life. Forever.

“You do want children with me?” Jungkook then inquired despite his prior remark of this conversation being way too soon, twisting the key in the ignition, the engine growling to life a moment later.

“I... Yes, I do,” Jimin uttered softly, giving a nod.

There was no doubt in his heart about that.

“Good,” Jungkook commented, giving a nod as he pulled out of the parking spot.

Jimin blinked.

“Do you?” the pink haired boy wondered.

“Huh?”

“Do you want children with me?” Jimin clarified.

Jungkook checked the mirrors before he sped up and drove down the street, wetting his lips as he sighed. “We shouldn’t talk about this yet-”

“Kook-ah,” Jimin pressed, his tone gentle.

“I’m not sure, if I even want children in the first place,” Jungkook stressed, meeting Jimin’s gaze again, softness in his eyes. “But if I were to have some, there is no doubt it my mind that I would want it to be with you”
to Jimin’s nape.

At the gentle touch, Jimin’s heart fluttered, his hand moving to the back of Jungkook’s head to play with his black locks as the latter peppered a few more open-mouthed kisses over Jimin’s nape.

_Ahem._

The sound of someone clearing their throat startled the two boys, Jungkook lifting his head to meet the person’s gaze whereas Jimin was compelled to look back over his shoulder with the intention of even obtaining the opportunity to see the figure that was now present in the room as well as Jungkook’s grasp around his body didn’t loosen at all.

_Hoseok._

“Well, you two lovebirds should make out somewhere else,” he noted, an amused smile curving his lips as he leaned against the wall, crossing his arms over his chest. “Or at least shut the door before you eat each other’s faces,” he teased, pushing himself off the wall.

Jungkook rolled his eyes at him. “Fuck off,” he cursed, but chuckled as he rubbed his palm over Jimin’s back. “I’ve seen you do worse shit,” Jungkook reminded him.

Hoseok cleared his throat again, pretending for Jungkook’s statement to having been inaudible, but the two of them smiled, Jimin left puzzled as he wasn’t aware of what they were referring to.

Then again, he probably didn’t even want to know.

The pink haired boy’s cheeks were flushed a pretty shade of rose – a fact he discovered as he saw his own reflection in the mirror, the sight attributable to his faint sense of timidity at the thought of Hoseok having caught them sharing such an intimate moment.

Yet, Hoseok was one of his closest friends, thus a display of affection between Jungkook and him in front of Hoseok shouldn’t cause Jimin to feel this bashful as it had been one filled with purity.

“I’m sorry for interrupting,” Hoseok then stated softer, appearing to genuinely not having meant to disrupt them. “Jimin and I have an evaluation in a few minutes, though, so we should probably prepare some stuff”

“It’s all good. Don’t worry,” Jungkook assured him with a nod, leaning in to press his lips to Jimin’s temple. “I gotta head up to meet Jin now anyway,” he informed them, reluctantly withdrawing from Jimin and heading towards the door.

“I’ll see you later,” Jimin uttered, smiling at the younger male as he waved him off.

“Later, little one,” Jungkook retorted, returning Jimin’s smile before he addressed Hoseok. “See you around, Hyung,” he added as he nodded towards the latter.

“Sure will,” Hoseok responded, waving him off.

Then, Jungkook exited the room, leaving Jimin and Hoseok to themselves.

Hoseok crossed his arms over his chest again, smiling as he stared at Jimin, the smaller one still gazing at the door as though Jungkook would reappear any moment now. Shaking his head, Jimin forced his eyes away from the door, meeting Hoseok’s gaze.

“So, that was cute,” Hoseok noted, chuckling as he allowed his hands to drop back to his sides
before he approached the table in the back of the room, dropping his backpack on it before he turned
to steal a glimpse at Jimin again. “I hope I didn’t ruin anything.”

“Oh, no,” Jimin asserted, shaking his head as his cheeks tinged a darker shade of rose, the boy
feeling all sorts of shyness as he pulled the sleeves of his shirt over his delicate hands. “We were just
talking”

“Talking,” Hoseok echoed, his tone teasing as he looked at Jimin.

“So, evaluations are today,” Jimin changed the topic, clearing his throat as he tried to hide his flushed
cheeks with his sweater paw. “Are the sheets ready?”

The brown haired boy snickered, but gave a nod, deciding not to tease Jimin as he opened his
backpack and pulled out a stack of sheets – one resembling a profile of each trainee and a few
specific assessment sheets for Jimin and Hoseok to take their notes on.

“Of course,” Hoseok responded as he waved Jimin over. “I just picked them up from Mr. Jeon’s
assistant. We have to organise them, though,” he informed Jimin, depositing the papers down on the
table as Jimin closed the distance between them.

“Have you met these trainees before?” Jimin wanted to know, observing Hoseok skim through the
first couple of sheets.

“A few of them,” he revealed with a nod. “Some of them a very new though,” he added, handing
Jimin a few sheets. “So it’s going to be my first time meeting them, too”

“How can there be these many trainees?” Jimin inquired as he took the sheets from Hoseok’s grasp.
“Why do they sign several new ones with all the other ones still being around?”

Hoseok flashed Jimin a warm smile. “It’s actually not uncommon for quite a few trainees to leave. It
tends to be an even number, with the trainees that leave and the new trainees that come,” he
explained as he leaned against the table. “Mr. Jeon seeks for new talent and does that in many
countries and through various age groups. When he sees someone he’s interested in, he’s not going
to wait until older trainees have left to scout them,” he elaborated.

“That does make sense… I guess,” Jimin uttered, giving a nod as he glanced down at the first profile.

*Kang Ryu.*

*Eleven years old.*

*Korean/Chinese.*

“He’s so young,” Jimin breathed, his eyes big as he skimmed through his profile.

“Some of them start at a very young age,” Hoseok stated, giving a faint nod as he stole a glimpse at
the sheet of paper in Jimin’s hand. “It enables them to train for a longer period of time and receive
more experience, but without any validation of debuting any time soon. It’s quite a huge risk –
especially at such a young age. They spent their childhood in here. Is it worth it in the end? For most
of them, it is. They will walk their paths either way,” he expressed, sliding his hand through his
brown hair. “It truly displays their vivid ambition and aspiration for achieving their dreams,”

“It’s admirable,” Jimin noted with a half-smile. “That they’re willing to do all of that for their dream.”

“It is,” Hoseok agreed.
Suddenly, some footsteps and muffled voices were audible in the room, implying that people were moving closer. A brief moment later, the first trainees walked into the room.

“Well, then let’s start,” Hoseok muttered, flashing Jimin another smile before he picked up the stack of papers and headed to the center of the room.

Swiftly, Jimin skimmed through the profiles in his hands in an attempt to at least catch a glimpse of each of the trainee’s names before they were going to begin the evaluation.

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The pink haired boy rolled over to his side, his delicate hand reaching out for his plush toy, closing his arms around the kitten to embrace it tightly as a substitute for Jungkook’s presence – a small fraction of resemblance in it as it reminded him of Jungkook for the reason of him having gifted it to him. If only Jungkook’s scent would linger to it as well, that would make the deception of his heart even more authentic.

Yet, his heart wasn’t fooled.

Nothing could replace Jungkook.

Gloomy, Jimin sighed, missing Jungkook by his side and finding himself to be rather upset by the fact of having to spend this night without him.

Originally, Jungkook was meant to come over to Jimin’s place tonight – had essentially already been on his way – but had been forced to head back to work due to a mistake in his schedule.

Now, Jimin was going to spend the night without him – To his own sorrow.

Each time they were forced to spend a night without one another, Jimin discovered his heart to ache in longing – as though it couldn’t bear the thought of being without Jungkook. Somehow, it was impossible to recall a time before Jungkook.

How had Jimin ever managed to survive a longer duration without anyone – particularly Jungkook – by his side?

Now, he felt such a prominent sense of need, of vibrant yearning for the black haired boy to be with him.

There must be something amiss with Jimin’s heart.

Suddenly, Jimin’s phone vibrated beside him, his screen lighting up and illuminating the room, his display functioning as a short provider of light in the dark bedroom.

Hesitantly, the smaller boy picked up his phone, rolling over onto his back as he stared at his phone display, slightly blinded by the brightness of his screen as his eyes had accustomed to the prominent darkness among him.

*Are you already in bed, little one?*

– Handsome

At the sight of the contact name, Jimin knitted his brows.

*What now?*

Just like that, something clicked within the boy.
Now, it all made sense!

That’s what Jungkook had done to his phone earlier upon him finding it in the practice room ahead of Jimin!

*Jungkook had changed his own contact name, had replaced the dear term “Bunny” that Jimin had chosen for him.*

The smaller boy giggled, shaking his head as he tugged his blanket up higher, the velvety fabric engulfing him in warmth.

_Handsome? Really?_
– Jimin

It didn’t take long for Jungkook to reply.

*Mhm-mh.
What’s going on?*
– Handsome

Oh, so he was just going to pretend this was entirely *ordinary*.

*Your name in my contact list!*
– Jimin

_Right._
– Handsome

Jimin rolled his eyes, but the amused smile on his face never quite vanished, displaying the humour and joy he discovered in this moment.

_Not very original…*
– Jimin

Gently, Jimin caught his bottom lip between his teeth, awaiting Jungkook’s response to his own slight teasing.

*Excuse me?*
– Handsome

The pink haired boy chuckled into his delicate hand, rolling over onto his side.

*I like Bunny.*
– Jimin

There was something very special to that pet name. In a way, it represented Jungkook’s upbringing, possessed a fraction of that childlike innocence that had surrounded him in his youth. The name was pure and sweet, reminding Jimin of a side to Jungkook that the younger male rarely allowed others to see.

Then again, the name Jungkook had chosen for himself was rather intriguing itself… After all, the black haired boy was evidently just that – *handsome*.

However, Jimin wasn’t going to admit to that out loud…

_Do you, now?_
“Mhm-mh... I’m going to change it back...”
— Jimin

Potentially.

Maybe, Jimin was going to leave the name Jungkook had chosen for himself for a while...

Fuck, you’re never going to get rid of that, hm?
— Handsome

The pink haired boy snickered again, shaking his head.

Apparently, Jungkook really wasn’t that fond of that name himself. Well, in the end, he had permitted Jimin to use it, if he really loved it that much, yet that didn’t imply that Jungkook himself was that keen of it. Hence, probably why he had changed his name in Jimin’s contact list.

Nevertheless, Jimin didn’t even know how Jungkook had him saved as in his contact list...

In fact, Jimin was remotely curious to find out.

“Well, what name do you have me saved as?”
— Jimin

I guess you’re never going to find out.
— Handsome

Jimin pouted.

“I like the name Bunny... It’s cute.”
— Jimin

I’m not cute.
— Handsome

Arguably, Jimin believed.

After all, there were so many beautiful, different layers to Jungkook – such a vibrant, variant spectrum of sides that he possessed; each one having conquered a spot in Jimin’s heart in such a natural way.

Certainly, Jungkook was usually adamant to uphold his profound demeanor consisting of strength and authority, yet there were numerous moments of him being an absolute silly dork and a cute little bean.

“You are, Bunny!”
— Jimin

“Hm, you’re lucky I’m stuck at work right now.
How many spanks for you to forget that name, hm?”
— Handsome

Oh.

Maybe, scratch that cute little bean part.
Well, this had taken a drastic turn – one that Jimin had to defuse before his heart commenced to long for something that he was unable to fulfill tonight.

Abort!

Bunny…
– Jimin

Great.

Way to go, Jimin.

Well, this was just another beautiful example of how well Jimin’s heart and brain coordinated with the other one, a true dream team that always found a way to listen to one another.

Clearly not at all, to emphasize the repercussions of his poor attempt to contain the arousal that had ignited within him.

This was going to backfire, wasn’t it?

You’re testing me, huh?
– Handsome

The smaller boy swallowed hard, heat blooming in the pit of his stomach.

Noo…
– Jimin

Well, I see some cock slaps might be more efficient on you, hm?
– Handsome

Affected, Jimin gasped, those obscene words sending a shiver down his back, reminding him of a night a few days ago, Jungkook having done just that to him to discipline him.

Inevitably, Jimin drew his thighs together, his abdomen clenching in arousal.

Unfair, Jimin thought, for Jungkook to do this to him right now, aware that there was no way for them to see one another tonight.

Yet, what was going to happen, if Jimin was ought to play along?

Kook-ah…
– Jimin

There you go.

My good boy, hm?
– Handsome

Stop… That’s unfair, Bunny. :( 
– Jimin

Maybe, Jimin was pushing his luck there.

In the end, he was going to be the one left needy and lonely…

Yet, he couldn’t stop.
Fuck, you would want that, wouldn’t you?
Want me to punish you, hm, kitten?
– Handsome

They were both more than aware of the answer to that… weren’t they?

Sir…
– Jimin

Yes, Jimin went there.

They were both aware of the effect this term had on Jungkook.
Little one, don’t.
– Handsome

Was… Jungkook affected by him now?

Somehow, that thought allowed a sense of pride to swell in Jimin’s chest, an emotion encouraging him to proceed just to see what Jungkook would do.

Then again, it was Jungkook who had started all of this… Technically, Jimin hadn’t done anything naughty, had he?

Wasn’t he a good boy?

Don’t what? I’m not doing anything :(
– Jimin

I’m still stuck at work, angel.
– Handsome

The pink haired boy was aware of that.

However, that didn’t stop him.

After all, Jungkook had commenced all of this, had evoked a prominent trace of arousal in the pit of Jimin’s stomach, the latter longing for a touch that he knew he wasn’t going to receive tonight by their present distance.

Maybe, Jungkook had planned this mischief all along by choosing that particular name in Jimin’s contact list? Maybe, he had intended to tease Jimin tonight from the start…?

You started this, meanie. :( 
– Jimin

Be good, baby.
– Handsome

Good?

Jimin was good!

Digging his teeth into his bottom lip, Jimin rolled over onto his back all over again, noticing the already visible bulge in his crotch area.
Of course.

At this point, Jimin wasn’t exactly surprised anymore by the evident display of the prominent effect Jungkook had on him in various ways.

This was one of them.

Suddenly, a dangerous idea bloomed within Jimin.

No, a voice inside of him refused, that’s naughty.

Yet... was it?

Carefully, Jimin traced his fingertips over his stomach, moving them further down to his trousers. Gently, his digits fidgeted with the waistband of his pajama pants, tugging on them ever so slightly.

Just do it, a confident voice within him encouraged him – Jimin not certain whether it was such a good idea to listen to that particular one, but then quite frankly noticing that the arousal residing within him had already started to rule his behaviour.

Frantically, Jimin tugged on the fabric, lifting his hips into the air and wriggling his butt around as he pulled his pants down his milky legs. As soon as he had removed them from his body, he kicked them down his bed.

The smaller one’s heart skipped a beat as he stole a glimpse at his lower region, his crotch still veiled by the fabric of his underwear. Nearly unconsciously, he found himself tugging down his briefs before he kicked them down his bed as well, causing his lower body to be entirely bare.

Inhaling a shaky breath, Jimin reached out to touch, allowing the tips of his fingers to trace up his semi-erection before he applied faint pressure against the head, a trail of pre-cum leaking from the slit.

Why wasn’t Jungkook here?

Why wasn’t he here to touch Jimin?

To tell him that he was being a good boy – or maybe not – that he was pretty.

Nervously, Jimin picked up his phone again, digging his teeth into his bottom lip as he spread his legs further apart.

Just do it, the voice repeated.

That’s what Jimin did.

Look what you did...
– Jimin

Alongside his next message was an image of himself, picturing his fair-skinned stomach and spread legs, the red tip of his penis such a contrast to everything else.

Jungkook’s replies consisted of a consecutive mix of swear words.

Holy Shit.
Fuck.
You...
This time, Jimin sent a picture of his pouting face, his pink hair having fallen into his face, his eyes already glassy and somehow simultaneously conveying a sense of desperation, yet then also displaying something so sultry, the room illuminated in such dim lights that caused Jimin to simply appear so sinful, but angelic at the same time.

A phenomenon that only Jimin possessed – as Jungkook had learned, the man more than certain of that fact.

You’re going to be the death of me.
– Handsome

Why?
– Jimin

You’re absolutely…
Fuck, you’re so goddamn pretty, baby.
– Handsome

At the compliment, Jimin’s heart fluttered, a soft smile embellishing his pretty features.

However, that didn’t prevent his longing to demand attention.

May I touch myself?
– Jimin

You really want to torture me, hm?
– Handsome

The black haired boy was about to have a meeting with the thought of his little boy being home alone and playing with himself? That was torture in Jungkook’s books.

Please, answer me.
– Jimin

Suddenly, Jimin’s phone vibrated in his grasp, indicating that he was receiving a call.

Without an ounce of hesitation, Jimin accepted the call, not even requiring seeing what name was lit up on the screen – already aware of who it was.

“K-Kook-ah,” Jimin whispered, his heart skipping a beat as he caught his bottom lip between his teeth.

A chuckle was audible on the other end. “My naughty kitten, hm?” Jungkook’s low voice spoke, his tone sending a shiver down Jimin’s back.

“It’s all your fault,” Jimin accused – if not wrong, as Jungkook was in fact responsible for Jimin to feel this desperate now. Well, if you disregard the detail of Jimin simply turning needy very quickly when it came to Jungkook.
“Is it?” Jungkook questioned, amusement conveyed in his tone.

“Make it better,” the pink haired boy insisted softly, his cheeks flushing a shade of rose as he wondered whether he was being even naughtier now by ordering Jungkook around – even if not intentionally, but simply being ruled by his neediness that resided within him.

“Demanding now, are we?”

“’m sorry…” Jimin apologised, his tone gentle as he made himself smaller. “Please?”

Jungkook chuckled again. “Cute,” he commented, his voice softer.

“Kook-aaah,” Jimin whined.

“Sssh, I know,” Jungkook hushed him, some rustling audible in the background, Jimin assuming that Jungkook was adjusting his position. “Are you naked, little one?” he then asked, his tone lower again.

“No,” Jimin retorted, shaking his head in spite of Jungkook being unable to see him as he lowered his head to study his own appearance.

“What are you wearing?” the black haired male inquired.

“Your shirt… Just your shirt,” Jimin answered, tugging on the fabric of the white shirt covering his upper body, the piece of clothing way too big on his delicate being, but he preferred it that way – okay, Jimin primarily liked it that much because it was Jungkook’s shirt.

“Leave it on,” Jungkook demanded, Jimin not quite sure whether he hadn’t registered a curse word to slip from the other boy’s lips at the mention of Jimin’s attire, yet then too distracted by his arousal to really wonder whether his ears hadn’t deceived him. “Spread your legs for me, kitten,” Jungkook ordered, swift to attract Jimin’s entire attention.

The pink haired one caught his bottom lip between his teeth as he obliged.

“Aren’t you… What about your meeting?” Jimin then found himself wonder, partially considering slapping himself for ruining the mood, but then unable to refrain from asking that question.

After all, Jimin wasn’t keen on being the cause of Jungkook being late to his meeting.

“I have a few minutes,” Jungkook assured him.

“Are you alone?” Jimin inquired, titling his head to the side.

Clearly, this was heading down a rather intimate path, Jimin not exactly admiring the thought of being in such a vulnerable state with the knowledge of someone else potentially overhearing any part of their conversation.

A moment of hesitance on Jungkook’s behalf.

“Maybe,” Jungkook then responded, humour audibly conveyed in his tone.

“Jungkook-ah!” Jimin exclaimed, his cheeks flushing a darker shade of rose.

“I’m alone, kitten. Of course, I am,” the taller boy snickered, evidently amused by teasing Jimin the way he always did. “I’m not going to let anyone else hear how pretty you sound for me,” he added lower.
The smaller boy swallowed hard.

“Now, put me on speaker and set down the phone next to you. I want you to use both of your hands,” Jungkook insisted, Jimin’s stomach stirring in excitement as his heart skipped a beat.

“Yes, Sir,” Jimin uttered softly.

“Fuck,” Jungkook cursed breathily.

Then, Jimin complied, adjusting the phone on the pillow beside him and putting Jungkook on speaker. Thus, he established a way for him to hear Jungkook while simultaneously managing to use both of his hands.

*For... whatever Jungkook had in mind.*

“Where is your lube?” Jungkook wanted to know.

“In my drawer,” Jimin responded, knitting his brows at the question as he failed to realize why Jungkook was asking that in the first place.

*Oblivious, Jimin.*

“Get it for me, little one,” the black haired boy instructed.

*Oh.*

“Okay,” Jimin declared ahead of him carefully pulling his drawer open, rummaging through it before he closed his delicate fingers around the particular item and picked it up. Then, he rolled over onto his back again, not caring to shut his drawer. “I got it, Kook-ah,” he informed the other man.

“Good boy,” Jungkook praised him.

*Oh.*

“Pull up your shirt for me, baby, just enough to expose your chest,” Jungkook ordered, Jimin gulping again as he naturally found himself obliging without needing any clarification for the reason behind the command.

“Okay,” Jimin retorted once again, glancing down at his exposed body, spreading his milky legs further apart as he reached out to touch the red tip of his erection.

“I want you to play with your nipples, baby, just softly,” Jungkook demanded, causing Jimin to still his hand immediately.

Inhaling a shaky breath, Jimin complied, the tips of his fingers tracing over the sensitive bud devoid of any big ounce of hesitance, a trail of goosebumps rising on his skin at the touch.

“Kook-ah,” Jimin breathed out, his eyes fluttering shut as his hands wandered lower nearly involuntarily, desperate for *more* than this.

“Don’t touch yourself anywhere else,” Jungkook warned him, almost as though he had expected Jimin to.

*Well, he wasn’t wrong.*

Inevitably, Jimin obeyed, despite his own desire for supplementary stimulation.
“Mhm, but… but I want… more,” the smaller one whined, dropping his hands back to his sides.

“You’re so demanding tonight, hm?” Jungkook noted, a hint of amusement in his tone, yet primarily a trace of dominance adorning his voice that sent a shiver down Jimin’s back. “What a naughty baby you are,” he added lowly.

“I’m sorry,” Jimin apologised softly, catching his bottom lip between his teeth.

“Mhm-mh,” he hummed in acknowledgement of Jimin’s apology. “Now, play with your nipples,” Jungkook insisted all over again.

Jimin complied, his hands returning to his chest, the tips of his fingers brushing over the sensitive buds on either side, Jimin careful to pinch them, evoking a whimper in himself.

“Good boy,” Jungkook praised him. “Keep going”

The pink haired boy contained the whine that had threatened to slip from his lips, longing to touch his neglected penis that was begging for attention, yet then naturally finding himself deciding to listen to the prominent sense of obedience residing within him.

“Kitten, keep going with one hand, but I want you to play with your little hole for me,” Jungkook insisted. “Can you do that for me?”

Yes. Yes. Yes.

Delighted, Jimin picked up the bottle of lube, opening it up before he squirted a good amount of it onto his index finger.

Slowly, Jimin bent his knees and spread his legs further apart. Carefully, his hand moved down in between his spread legs, swift to locate his hole and press his digit against his rim.

“J-Jungkook-ah,” Jimin mewled, catching his bottom lip between his teeth as he pushed his finger past his sensitive ring of muscles, muffling the sounds that had loomed to slip past his lips.

“Are you biting your lip?” Jungkook wanted to know, appearing to have noticed that fact rather quickly. “Let me hear you, baby boy,” he demanded.

“Jungkook-ah,” Jimin moaned out, tossing his head back into his pillow as he didn’t hesitate to press his finger further into himself, dragging it along his sensitive walls.

“I’m right here, kitten,” the younger male assured him. “Use two fingers, baby, go on,” he then demanded.

Whimpering, Jimin gave a nod in spite of Jungkook being unable to see him, too desperate in obliging to be bothered with applying more lube to his fingers. Instead, he simply pressed another digit against his rim, sucking in a breath as he pushed it in alongside the other one already penetrating him.

“A-Ah, Kook-ah!” Jimin cried out at the slight ounce of pain spreading within him, that sensation swift to commute into a sweet trace of pleasure, the smaller one mewing out Jungkook’s name all over again.

“My good boy,” Jungkook praised him, some rustling audible in the background, Jimin assuming that he was adjusting his position.
Slowly, Jimin picked up a steady pace, thrusting his fingers in and out of himself with a certain force, moaning at the sweet sensation.

_It wasn’t enough – nowhere near as good as Jungkook’s touch – but at least it was something._

Hesitantly, Jimin roamed his palm over his fair skin, moving closer to his erection that was begging him to be touched with the intention of finally fulfilling that desire.

“Don’t touch your dick, baby, just play with your little hole for me,” Jungkook demanded, Jimin now at a point where he was seriously wondering how Jungkook was doing that – _did he really know him that well?_ 

“N-No,” Jimin objected, shaking his head as he curled his hand around his sensitive penis, giving a gentle squeeze before he ran his thumb along his slit, collecting a drop of pre-cum on his digit.

“What did you say?”

“I want… want more,” Jimin stressed breathily, tossing his head back as he tugged on his penis, simultaneously proceeding to thrust his fingers into his own hole.

“Fuck, I should be there, kitten,” Jungkook cursed, clicking his tongue, clearly dissatisfied with Jimin’s disobedience.

“You should,” Jimin whined.

Why wasn’t he?

Jimin needed him… _so badly._

“You’re being so _goddamn_ naughty tonight, aren’t you?” Jungkook stated. “I should punish you for being that bratty,” he added, his tone husky and attractive, sending another trace of chills down Jimin’s skin.

“You should,” Jimin agreed again, digging his teeth into the bottom lip at the intriguing thought of Jungkook punishing him.

“Fuck, kitten,” Jungkook cursed breathily at Jimin, allegedly just as affected by the smaller boy as he was by Jungkook. “Tell me your color,” Jungkook insisted.

“Green,” Jimin assured him, not aware why exactly Jungkook was asking him for his safe word in this particular moment, but finding himself respond without any hesitance all the same.

“Spank yourself,” Jungkook suddenly demanded.

_What?_

The pink haired boy’s ears were deceiving him, weren’t they?

“Huh?” Jimin breathed, stilling his movement.

“Slap your thigh, kitten,” the younger male elaborated, his tone dominant.

Cautiously, Jimin lifted his hand into the air, swift to bring it back down and deliver a spank to his inner thigh.

“Ah,” Jimin whimpered, hissing at the minor sting of pain and the poor jolt of pleasure that spread
within his body a brief moment after.

*Weird.*

Somehow, it didn’t possess the same effect it naturally tended to whenever Jungkook was the one disciplining and punishing him physically – it was just not as… *effective* or *intense*.

Obviously, Jungkook had been the one to instruct Jimin to do this, but it just wasn’t the same… result.

Maybe, that was attributable to the fact of Jimin’s brain *knowing* when the spank would be delivered to his skin? Maybe, that inhibited the full potential of that particular stimulation?

Perhaps, it was due to Jimin simply enjoying Jungkook’s touch more than anything.

Frankly, Jimin wasn’t sure.

“Now, behave,” Jungkook demanded, drawing Jimin back to reality.

“Yes, Kook-ah,” Jimin uttered softly, resuming to move his fingers, carefully thrusting them into his hole as he commenced to pick up a steady pace.

As he proceeded to moan and whimper out, Jimin dabbed his fingers in a frantic attempt to locate his prostate – aware, that he wasn’t going to succeed, yet still trying as he yearned to touch it.

At the pretty sounds that slipped from Jimin’s lips, Jungkook cursed as he leaned back in his seat, seriously considering to just shit on his meeting and head over to Jimin’s place to finish what the little boy had started.

Inevitably, Jungkook was hard at this point himself, too affected by the noises Jimin created and the possible images that appeared in Jungkook’s head of his little baby touching himself as he was squirming around on his bed, begging Jungkook to just come home and fuck him.

*Shit, he would.*

In a heartbeat, Jungkook would leave to be there, if he wasn’t forced to have that stupid emergency meeting with his father before he was going to leave for Singapore tomorrow morning.

It was urgent, Jungkook was aware of that, but… fuck, it was Jimin, how could he resist the itching desire to be with him? – Regardless of it being anything sexual.

“Kook-ah, please,” Jimin begged, bucking his hips up as he sped up the movement of his fingers.

“Go ahead, kitten, play with your dick for me,” Jungkook finally permitted, Jimin whimpering in relief as he didn’t hesitate to curl his hand around his erection, swift to jerk himself off, simultaneously proceeding to stimulate his hole.

The black haired male wet his lips at the shriek that was evoked in Jimin at the overwhelming sensation he experienced.

“You looked so pretty in that picture,” Jungkook complimented him, catching his bottom lip between his teeth as the image reappeared in front of his eyes, Jimin’s beauty captured in the photo, his fair skin on display, begging Jungkook to be marked with hickeys, his dick resting on his stomach, already leaking a trail of pre-cum as it was pleading for attention.

Then, his face – *Oh, fuck, what a pretty face* – those flushed cheeks, these doe eyes and those sinful
Ah, fuck, he was gone.

Gone for Jimin – long gone – entranced by even the smallest things.

“Thank you,” Jimin whimpered out at the compliment, his heart fluttering despite the sexual atmosphere.

“My pretty boy, aren’t you? All mine,” the younger male stressed.

“Yours,” Jimin declared, his chest rising and falling quickly.

It wasn’t long until Jimin noticed the familiar burning heat in the pit of his stomach, either of his hands proceeding to stimulate his most private parts in desire to find his release while Jungkook had continued to talk to him in a mixture of dominantly dirty words and sweet encouragements whenever Jimin’s voice had turned too high-pitched.

“I-I’m gonna come, Jungkook-ah,” Jimin cried out. “May I?”

“Go ahead, pretty,” Jungkook permitted after a few seconds of consideration.

Then, Jimin came.

The smaller boy shrieked, his eyes rolling back into his head as a streak of sperm spurted from his hard length, covering his stomach in white trails. Overwhelmed by the ecstasy igniting within him, Jimin arched his back as he kicked out his legs, his eyes fluttering shut as a mantra of Jungkook’s name slipped from his lips.

“Sssh, you’re good, little one,” Jungkook comforted him, his voice softer as he listened to Jimin’s little pants, the latter in the midst of catching his breath as he had rolled in on himself.

“Kookie,” Jimin breathed out.

“Yes, baby?”

“I came,” Jimin whispered, as though Jungkook wasn’t aware of that, as though he couldn’t have noticed that by Jimin’s familiar response to finding his intense release.

At that, Jungkook laughed softly, amused by Jimin’s words. “I know, beautiful,” Jungkook chuckled, turning his head to the wooden door to his side after registering an audible knock. “Yes?”

Slowly, the door was pulled open, Minji entering the room without a word, Jungkook already aware that she was here to prepare the documents for his father.

“Little one, I gotta leave now,” Jungkook uttered, disregarding the way Minji stole a glimpse at him at the pet name he used.

“Okay, thank you, Jungkook-ah,” Jimin murmured, still panting. “Don’t work for too long,” he insisted softly, “Go to bed as soon as you are home, okay?”

“I will, baby,” Jungkook retorted, amusement conveyed in his tone.

“Promise me,” Jimin urged.

“I promise,” the taller male uttered, his tone softer, “Goodnight, angel, dream of me”
“Always do,” Jimin noted.

“Mhm-mh,” Jungkook hummed.

“Goodnight, Kook-ah,” the pink haired one wished, ending the call a brief moment later with a smile curving his lips.

******

Hurriedly, Jimin bounced from one foot to the other, impatiently waiting for the elevator doors to open up. “Hurry up, please,” he murmured, inhaling a deep breath.

**Bing.**

Deprived of any hesitation – and caution in his surroundings – Jimin sprinted out of the elevator, turning the corner at a rather high pace and nearly colliding with another figure that headed his way.

“Careful,” a male voice warned as Jimin came to an abrupt halt to prevent the two of bumping into each other.

At the familiar voice, Jimin’s eyes went big, the boy swift to execute a deep bow in lightspeed as he uttered out an apology, “I’m sorry, Mr. Jeon”

“Are you in such a hurry?” Mr. Jeon chuckled as he had recognized Jimin’s identity fairly quickly as well.

Nervously, Jimin swallowed hard.

Well, there was no point in lying, in spite of the truth potentially painting Jimin in a bad light. Hopefully, Mr. Jeon’s perception about him wouldn’t be altered because of his slight – and candidly unintentional – mistake.

“I… I’m sorry,” Jimin uttered out, his chest heaving in a display of his minor exhaustion attributable to him having ran a fair bit. “I was sure that my lesson with Ong would start in an hour, but I happened to be wrong. It already started,” he expressed, catching his bottom lip between his teeth as he partially feared to be scolded for being unpunctual.

“Ah, I see,” Mr. Jeon commented, giving a nod as he reached up to his tie, his digits fumbling with the fabric as he fixed its position. “How are the lessons going? You’ve had a few already,” he then inquired, titling his head to the side, appearing to completely disregard Jimin’s revelation, or perhaps not having registered his words entirely, perhaps choosing to connive it and let this one – atypical, to mention – mistake slip without any repercussions.

Slightly baffled by Mr. Jeon’s question, Jimin required a few seconds to organise his thoughts, his eyes big as he parted his lips without any words slipping from them. “They’re going great, Mr. Jeon,” Jimin managed to respond eventually, smiling softly as he gave a determined nod.

“I’m interested to see the results next week,” Mr. Jeon stated, the corners of his lips curling up in a slight smile as he inclined his head down.

**Oh.**

Right.
Yesterday, Jimin had been made aware of Ong’s individual evaluation occurring next week, Mr. Jeon himself the one who was ought to assess his performance with an immediate decision regarding Ong’s further career path concerning the soon to debut group.

Admittedly, it was slightly terrifying.

“Me… Me, too, Sir,” Jimin retorted politely, flashing the man another warm smile.

Mr. Jeon pointed down the hallway. “Well, go ahead and leave for your lesson,” he sent the boy off with a wave of his hand.

“Thank you,” Jimin muttered as he exhibited another bow before he walked past Mr. Jeon, not entirely keen on being immersed in a conversation any longer and being another second late to his lesson with Ong.

Jimin despised being late – to anything.

However, the taller man turned to face Jimin, stopping him by lifting his hand into the air. “Actually, before you leave. I’m sure you’ve already heard about the charity gala we’re sponsoring?” he wanted to know.

The smaller boy stilled, locking eyes with Mr. Jeon. “I have, Sir,” Jimin affirmed, giving a nod.

What a beautiful cause, Jimin thought, reminded of Jungkook’s pure expression as he had shared this information with Jimin, reinforcing Jimin’s profound conviction that Jungkook had such a deeply anchored kind heart.

“I hope we can expect to see you there,” the taller male suddenly noted with a smile, titling his head to the side. “You’re joining my son?”

To be honest, Jimin initially hadn’t believed he was allowed to attend the gala.

In fact, neither had Jungkook.

Yet, that hadn’t prevented him from inviting Jimin, nonetheless.

“Little one?” Jungkook said, his voice echoing in the apartment, his footsteps audibly turning closer.

“Mhm-mh?” Jimin murmured, stealing a glimpse at Jungkook who had entered the room before he averted his attention back down on his phone, in the midst of replying to Taehyung’s text message.

“I want you to join me for the gala,” Jungkook decided, catching Jimin off-guard.

The smaller boy lifted his head, meeting Jungkook’s gaze with knitted eyebrows. “Huh?”

“The charity ball,” Jungkook elucidated, leaning against the wall as he crossed his arms over his chest. “Please, attend it with me,” he inquired.

For some reason, Jimin’s heart skipped a beat.

“Are you… sure?” Jimin wondered, his eyes big as he sat up. “I thought only your father and you are going because you’re sponsoring it? Are you even allowed to bring anyone else?” he wanted to know, titling his head to the side.

Undoubtedly, Jimin would love to go together with Jungkook, yet he wasn’t quite certain whether Jungkook was even permitted to take anyone as only people who had received a personal invitation
– obviously Jungkook and Mr. Jeon met that premise anyway as they were sponsoring the whole night in the first place – were allowed to attend the charity gala.

Clearly, Jimin had not obtained such an invitation.

“I don’t know,” Jungkook retorted, shrugging his shoulders. “I don’t really care, though,” he added, indifference written across his face before a smile embellished his handsome features as he added, “I want you to attend it at my side. It’s… I haven’t done shit like that in quite a long time – aside from donating for the orphanage a few days ago. It’s going to be a significant night for me, although it’s not going to be about me at all, but…” he trailed off, trying to convey what he was thinking.

“I understand what you mean, Kook-ah,” Jimin assured him, smiling softly as he gave a faint nod.

“I want you by my side for that,” Jungkook expressed, pushing himself off the wall as he closed the distance between them.

“I would love to go, Jungkook-ah,” Jimin stated, giggling as Jungkook climbed on the bed and hovered above Jimin, his hands on either side of Jimin’s head as he leaned in with a smile.

“Good,” Jungkook whispered before he attached their lips in a kiss.

“Oh, of course, Mr. Jeon!” Jimin expressed with big eyes, performing a polite bow. “I would love to come. I’d be honoured,” he added, a bright smile adorning his pretty features as he clasped his hand over his heart.

“Wonderful,” Mr. Jeon retorted, clapping his hands together before he waved Jimin off all over again. “Then go ahead to attend your lesson”

“Yes, Sir. Thank you,” Jimin uttered, exhibiting another deep bow before he rushed past the man and hurried down the long hallway in order to arrive at the correct practice room that Ong was presumably already waiting inside for him.

“I’m sorry, Ong-ssi, I-” the pink haired boy apologised upon him entering the room, yet he went silent as soon as he noticed that Ong shook his head at him and waved it off.

“It’s all good,” Ong assured him, getting up to his feet. “I already plugged in my phone for the music. We can start right away,” he revealed, lifting his hand up to display his phone to Jimin’s sight.

“Great,” Jimin stated, his chest heaving as he caught his breath, a visible and audible demonstration of his exhaustion attributable to him having run here as though his life depended on it.

***

An hour later, Ong plopped down on the floor, falling flat on his back as he stared up at the ceiling, his chest heaving in a display of his previous prominent activity and resulting exhaustion.

The smaller boy smiled softly, picking up two water bottles before he closed the distance between them and lowered himself down on the floor beside Ong.

“Here,” Jimin made his presence known to Ong, handing him a bottle of water.

The younger one sat up on his elbows, taking the item from Jimin with a nod. “Thank you,” he uttered out as he opened the bottle, swift to bring it up to his lips and take several sips until his bottle
was entirely empty as though the boy had been completely dehydrated.

Jimin chuckled, mirroring his action and emptying his own bottle – that hadn’t been filled much anymore to begin with – before he set it down on the floor next to him and crossed his legs over one another.

“You did well,” Jimin complimented him. “I liked your incorporation of your own moves. It went really well with the music”

A smiled adorned Ong’s features as he set down his water bottle on the floor beside him. “Thank you,” he retorted, placing his palms on the ground behind him before he leaned back on his arms. “I learned from the best,” he claimed, winking at Jimin.

The pink haired boy rolled his eyes, but couldn’t contain the chuckle that fell from his lips.

Shaking his head at Ong, Jimin picked up his little notebook and opened it in order to check his schedule for today – as it appeared to be flawed, proven by the mistake of the individual lesson with Ong that he had attended unpunctual.

Maybe, he should call Hoseok to reconcile their schedules and make potential adjustments.

“Mr. Park?” Ong then addressed him, his voice an ounce softer.

“Yes?” Jimin responded, lifting his head to meet Ong’s gaze, finding himself to be astonished by the rare emotion of nervousness to gleam in Ong’s eyes – at least, that’s what Jimin defined it as in their proximity.

“Thank you,” the younger boy suddenly stated, puzzling Jimin.

The pink haired boy shut his notebook and lowered it down on his lap.

“For what?” Jimin wondered, furrowing his brows as he tilted his head to the side.

“For… doing this,” Ong explained, pressing his lips into a line before he elaborated, “I know I was kind of a dick in the beginning, but I am actually grateful that you’re doing this,” he added.

A soft smile embellished Jimin’s pretty features. “You don’t have to thank me for that,” Jimin objected, shaking his head. “And you weren’t… well, that,” he assured, chuckling at Ong’s choice of words.

Certainly, Ong had been rather… difficult in the beginning of this.

There had been no solid effort apparent in his movements, no ambition, no devotion to these individual lessons at all. No, instead, he had been distinctively indifferent about the whole thing – potentially somewhat angry to being compelled to do this in the first place.

However, fairly swiftly, there had been a change noticeable in his behaviour, the boy trying to listen to the comments Jimin had made and working diligently to improve.

“I think I am improving,” Ong claimed, interrupting Jimin’s thoughts.

The pink haired boy met his gaze again, smugness glistening in Ong’s brown orbs as he stared at Jimin, awaiting a reaction.

“You are,” Jimin coincided with a nod.
In comparison to the first time Jimin had seen him dance, Ong had truly enhanced a particular part of him that had been veiled prior to their lessons. Now, Jimin could confidently assert that he conveyed a sense of emotion when dancing. There was no longer simply a clean-cut execution of the choreography that was nearly machine like.

It definitely reinforced Jimin’s initial conviction that Ong was in fact very talented.

However, it also altered his perception on this being an ability that not everyone possessed.

Maybe, the true narrative was that each dancer did in fact owe the ability to convey emotion when they performed, yet certain dancers simply weren’t aware of how to unveil their whole potential without a little help.

“I’m fucking sick now,” Ong then expressed, a cocky expression adorning his features as he poked his tongue into his cheek and shrugged his shoulders.

Of course, this slightly sentimental moment – that was unusual for Ong – had to be ruined by his self-assurance.

Jimin chuckled.

“Right?” Ong inquired, titling his head to the side as he waited for acknowledgement from Jimin.

“I’m not going to use those words, but yes, you’re very good, Ong-ssi,” Jimin snickered, giving another nod. “You always have been,” he added softer. “There was just something… not unveiled to show your full potential,” he elaborated.

“You thought I would suck, right?” Ong accused, humour in his eyes as he smirked.

“What?”

“You didn’t believe that I was going to pull it off,” the younger one explained.

“That’s not true,” Jimin objected, shaking his head. “I knew you were good. I just thought you were missing something,” he elaborated.

Maybe, Jimin had believed that Ong had been missing something all along, yet that didn’t equal him considering Ong being bad or him simply not possessing the ability to improve that certain part of him.

“Turns out that you just hid it all along,” the pink haired boy stated, his tone gentle.

The other male smiled, an emotion flashing in his brown orbs, but it was gone too fast for Jimin to label it.

“We’ve only got one more week left,” Ong then reminded the two of them, his posture slightly slacking as though an emotion had a physical effect on his body that was depicted by his alteration in his posture. “Mr. Jeon wants to see the results then,” he added.

Was he scared?

“I know,” Jimin uttered softly, giving a nod.

“Do you think I’ll pass?” Ong wondered, inclining his head to the side.

Jimin blinked.
“Honestly…I don’t know,” Jimin chose to share his thoughts sincerely. “Mr. Jeon is very… strict and unreadable? I think he’s very precise in what he wants the members to be like,” he stressed, catching his bottom lip between his teeth as his digits fumbled with the etiquette of his water bottle. “I just know that he was already very impressed by you, so I do…I do hope you’re going to make it,” he added.

For the duration of their individual lesson, Jimin had established a sense of emotional attachment to the boy. By no means was it anything romantic, but there had been such a change in his demeanor and an improvement in his dancing apparent that caused Jimin to feel proud of him, a particular bond somehow causing him to wish to see Ong succeed.

“You hope so?” Ong echoed, raising his eyebrows, appearing to not have expected such a response.

“I do,” Jimin affirmed, giving a nod.

The other boy smirked. “Man, I knew I was going to have you by the end of this,” he chuckled, amusement in his eyes as he shook his head.

“Shut up, Ong-ssi,” Jimin snickered, throwing his empty water bottle at him.

“I’m joking,” Ong uttered as he dodged the item, his smile softer. “Thank you for not kicking me in my ass for that”

“You don’t need to thank me for that,” Jimin retorted, shaking his head.

Despite Jimin having been very adamant in his perception that Ong’s flirtation was unprofessional and very uncalled for during their lessons, it had never been harmful or truly faltered their lessons.

In the end, Jimin had never truly felt uncomfortable or in danger either, so a simple reminder in regard to Ong to refrain from flirting with him had been more than efficient to have him stop.

“Are you scared?” the younger one then asked, drawing Jimin back to reality all over again.

“Of…what?” Jimin wondered, inclining his head to the side.

“Of what Mr. Jeon is going to say?” Ong clarified.

To be fair, Jimin would lie, if he asserted that he wasn’t.

“A little,” he responded genuinely. “I mean, he didn’t give me this task for no reason at all.”

Undoubtedly, when Ong was going to be evaluated next week, Mr. Jeon was simultaneously going to judge whether or not Jimin had been successful in his teaching duty.

Admittedly, Jungkook had emphasised that Ong’s failure – if it were to occur – wouldn’t be attributable to Jimin’s training, yet Jimin wasn’t certain whether Mr. Jeon would perceive that in a similar way.

This assessment was surely going to affect Jimin as well.

At least, that’s what the smaller boy believed.

Needless to say, Jimin couldn’t contain a fraction of fear to bloom within him at the pressure he was facing.

“Are you scared?” Jimin found himself wonder.
“A little,” Ong answered, the two of them smiling at his choice of words, clearly in reference to Jimin’s prior answer to that identical question. “This is my dream,” he stressed, giving a nod. “I want to debut more than anything else in this world”

*Everything was hanging on the line for him.*

Somehow, Jimin felt an overwhelming mixture of fear, hope and pressure blossom within him.

Hopefully, Jimin’s instructions had been enough to fulfil Mr. Jeon’s premise and meet the standard that resided within him.

Hopefully, Ong would impress him.

Jimin wasn’t sure how he would deal with Ong’s failure...

Inevitably, feeling guilty.

Quite frankly, Jimin didn’t even want to think about that.

“Don’t be scared,” Jimin reassured him, his tone soft as he flashed him a warm smile. “You worked hard. You’ll do well either way,” he asserted, not doubting that Ong would find another path to take in this field, if he were to be eliminated next week, even if that inquired him to leave this company.

Certainly, he would find a way.

“Thank you, Mr. Park,” Ong uttered, sincere gratitude depicted on his face.

“You’re welcome,” Jimin responded with a soft smile.

The other one’s smile grew bigger. “Will you let me ask you out once this is over?”

*Here we go again.*

Well, Ong was definitely persistent.

“No,” Jimin chuckled, shaking his head as he got back up to his feet. “We’ve gone through this already,” he reminded him.

“I just thought I’d try again,” Ong claimed with a shrug of his shoulder, snickering as he followed after Jimin.

*****

“He had a what now?” Taehyung exclaimed, his eyes big as he knitted his brows at Jimin, clearly certain that his ears had deceived him.

“Sssh,” Jimin hushed him, shaking his head as he pressed his index finger to his full lips. “Don’t be that loud,” he warned softly, not entirely keen on attracting any attention regarding this issue and having anyone else find out about this.

Then again, Jimin could comprehend the reasoning behind Taehyung’s reaction to the information of Beomsoo owning a gun that he had just shared with him a few seconds ago.

After all, he had responded to it in a very similar way.

The pink haired boy scanned their surroundings, relieved to notice that the other costumers were
busy with themselves, appearing to not be having eavesdropped or heard any of their prior conversation.

“I’m sorry,” Tae swiftly apologised, leaning closer. “But… what?”

“I know,” Jimin uttered softly, wetting his lips as he grasped Tae’s elbow, applying gentle pressure to impel him to proceed walking. “That’s how I reacted,” he revealed, a shudder running down his back at the mere reminder of that night, the image of that gun never quite leaving Jimin’s mind.

“That’s… crazy. Fuck,” Tae expressed breathy, shaking his head as they made their way through the aisle.

“Well, he doesn’t have it anymore,” Jimin informed him, clearing his throat. “Beomsoo carries a knife around now – which, well, is still slightly intimidating, but I guess I can understand their validation behind it,” he elaborated, having been very grateful for the change they had made according to Jimin’s wish.

The thought of any weapon being that near to Jimin was slightly terrifying, but the smaller boy was learning to accustom to it, deciding that it was beneficial to just blur out that fact or remind himself that a knife could be a simple kitchen utensil as well.

“Hm, yeah,” the other one hummed, titling is head to the side as he slid his straw past his lips, taking sip from his mango smoothie. “To be fair, if I was in his position, I wouldn’t want to walk around without any weapon either,” he remarked once he had swallowed his drink down.

Jemin furrowed his brows. “What do you mean?”

“Jungkook’s family is one of the richest in all of Korea,” Taehyung explained, meeting Jimin’s gaze again. “His father is the fucking CEO of Jeon Entertainment – the biggest entertainment company in the whole country,” he stressed, moving his hands around as he talked, Jimin vaguely concerned about him being too forceful in his nonverbal expression and causing his drink to spill all over the floor – or worse, the expensive clothes of the boutique. “I don’t doubt that there are people out there who want to harm them, if they got the chance”

Somehow, even after processing Tae’s words, Jimin discovered his confusion to not having decreased at all. “What do you mean?” he inquired again, inclining his head to the side.

After all, there was certainly no doubt in Jimin’s mind that Taehyung’s statement was factual. In the end, Jeon Entertainment was indisputably one of the most profound, crucial and eminently respectable entertainment companies in Korea – if not the biggest.

Needless to say, that attracted a lot of attention – good and bad.

Evidently, various people had their eyes on the company, scrutinised every single move they made, criticised even the smallest decisions they presented.

Yet, did that justify the urgency of carrying a weapon around?

“They’re envious, I guess, or have a problem with them,” Taehyung reasoned. “Maybe, they believe that’s a way to blackmail them into being famous – by threatening them. Who really knows? I’m really not surprised that he’s having his driver be weaponised, just in case for anyone to pull some shit, you know?” he added, presumably stating a few valid points there.

Primarily, it was just a safety measure to cease their concern about potentially being attacked without a proper way to ensure protection.
By no means was it aggressive or meant to attack anyone intentionally. It was a simple defence mechanism for what the industry projected on them.

The business and entertainment industry might be a darker place than Jimin had initially imagined it to be.

*If only at that time he had been aware of how dark it actually was…*

“Yeah, I understand that now as well,” Jimin agreed, giving a weak nod as he observed Taehyung come to an abrupt halt as his eyes went big in joy.

“This is cute!” the taller male exclaimed, pointing at a grey suit depicted on a mannequin. “I’m sure it would look pretty on you,” he stressed, locking eyes with Jimin as he awaited a response from the latter.

“Is it okay to wear grey at such an event?” Jimin found himself wonder, tiling his head to the side.

The pink haired boy was quite the stranger to fancy events such as a charity ball. Thus, he didn’t owe any appropriate attire for such a significant night nor did he possess much knowledge about how to dress accordingly.

Luckily, Taehyung was there to save him.

The two of them were currently out on a shopping trip, heading from one store to the other in order to find a suit for Jimin – that was in his financial means, to mention – but also to spend some time together to make up for the fact that their plans of hanging out alone a few nights ago had been thwarted by the weather and Taehyung’s accident at work.

“Do they have any dress code?” Tae wanted to know, raising his brows in curiosity as he skimmed through the various suits on the hangers in search for Jimin’s size.

“Not that I know of…” Jimin murmured, shaking his head as he tried to recall either Mr. Jeon or Jungkook mentioning anything about a particular theme, but failing to remember anything like that. “Jungkook said a simple suit would be appropriate enough,” he added, shrugging his shoulders.

“He’s going to wear a tuxedo, I guess”

“Yeah, of course he is,” Taehyung chuckled, giving a nod as he stole a glimpse at Jimin. “I’m sure he owns a few costume-made ones,” he assumed.

Well, he wasn’t wrong.

“Those are expensive, huh?” Jimin noted, catching his bottom lip between his teeth as he leaned against one of the shelves behind him, but swiftly refrained from the action as he felt something move behind him and merely lost his balance, causing him to straighten his posture again as he cleared his throat, his cheeks flushing a faint shade of rose.

“Fuck, yes,” Taehyung snickered, nodding once more to affirm that assumption. “I’m sure his definitely are”

Well, to be fair, Jimin had actually deliberated over whether or not to have a suit custom-made for himself. Then again, those were definitely at a very high financial range that was fairly new to him. Surely, Jimin could retain some patience and wait for his first salary to arrive, yet then the pink haired boy was undecided whether the suit would be finished in time for the charity ball in the first place.

Thus, he had attained this decision of buying a simple suit that would hopefully fit him.
“You look good in anything, though,” Taehyung claimed, interrupting Jimin’s thoughts. “So, we’ll find one that fits you without any trouble,” he asserted, giving a determined nod. “Don’t you worry,” he assured, his tone softer as he flashed Jimin a sympathetic smile.

“Thank you for helping me,” Jimin uttered, returning Taehyung’s smile.

“Don’t be silly,” Taehyung chuckled, shaking his head. “Nothing to thank me for,” he reassured. “So, let’s try this one,” he decided, picking one of the grey suits off the hanger and handing it to Jimin.

***

A few suits later – all of which hadn’t quite fit Jimin in a way that he felt comfortable in – Jimin was exhausted and sweaty, the process of having to move in and out of various suits fairly stressful.

However, Taehyung was making it all the more entertaining and fun, his enthusiastic comments having made it seem as though Jimin was on a runway and presenting a new suit collection.

“You look hot!” he exclaimed; his eyes big as the straw from his smoothie slipped from his lips.

“Yees, Min-ah, gorgeous!” he gasped, giving a vivid nod. “The sleeves are too long, though,” he added with a pout.

“No, no, no, that colour does not go well with your hair. Next,” he decided, shaking his head as he wrinkled his nose, waving his hand around.

“Not that one. The pants are way too long. Next”

“I don’t like the fabric of the trousers, let’s try another one,” he commented, his palm tracing over Jimin’s thigh to feel the material of the trousers.

“Hmmmm, maybe try a size smaller. Let me go and grab it for you”

At this point, Jimin was about to give up, feeling as though he was never going to find a suit he felt comfortable in and that looked remarkably pleasant on him as well.

Never had Jimin imagined it to be such a difficult procedure to buy a simple suit.

“Why are there that many types of suits?” Jimin inquired, sighing as he shook his head, removing another underwhelming piece. Slightly frustrated, his digits fumbled with the buttons of the shirt that he opened before he allowed the shirt to slide from his shoulders ahead of him hanging it back on the hanger. “I didn’t think there would be that many?”

“Let’s try this simple black one; should be your size,” Taehyung suggested; his voice audible through the curtain of the fitting room that was veiling Jimin from the remainder of the store. “It’s not as special, but I think it would match your hair better than a navy blue or grey one,” he reasoned.

“Okay,” Jimin agreed, giving a nod in spite of Taehyung being unable to actually see him.

A few moments later, a hand pulled the curtain to the side to present a black suit to Jimin. Gently, Jimin clothed his delicate hand around the hanger, not even having a proper glimpse at it as he honestly possessed merely any hope in succeeding today.

“Are you ready?” Taehyung wanted to know after a few minutes, Jimin having struggled to put on his trousers in his slight frustration, tugging the piece of clothing over his butt before he zipped up the
“Just a moment,” Jimin retorted, bending over to fix the bottom of his trousers.

Once he was dressed entirely, the pink haired boy puffed his fringe out of his face before he jerked the curtain to the side, revealing his own appearance to Taehyung’s eyes.

“And?”

Leisurely, Tae looked up from his phone, his eyes going big at the sight of Jimin, a smile slowly curling up the corner of his lips as he pushed his phone back into the pocket of his jeans.

“Min-ah,” he breathed and wavered closer to Jimin. “You look absolutely stunning in this one,” Tae claimed as he circled Jimin with the intention of examining the suit from every angle. “Fuck,” he cursed with a grin.

The smaller one stole a glimpse at his own reflection, the image of him wearing a suit a fairly rare one as he had only worn an outfit as this one less than a handful times in his life – opposed to someone like Jungkook who was seen in a suit every single day, a fact attributable to it simply being his work attire.

“The fabric feels nice on my skin,” Jimin stated, allowing his palm to trace over his arms, Taehyung reflecting his movement with a hum.

“It goes well with your hair, the trousers aren’t too long, neither are the sleeves of the jacket, it sits just perfect around your curves,” he listed with a smile as he gave a nod, his compliments causing Jimin’s cheeks to tinge a shade of rose. “It looks really good on you, Minnie”

“Thank you,” Jimin expressed with a bashful smile, digging his teeth into his bottom lip as he stared at his own reflection. “I think I like it,” he revealed softly.

“I like it, too,” Taehyung coincided, his own smile growing wider. “Please, you have to wear a pink tie with this. Please,” he stressed, Jimin chuckling at his enthusiasm.

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Successfully having obtained a suit for Jimin – a fact to be acclaimed by the two of them and quite frankly allowing a sense of relief to bloom within Jimin who had nearly lost all hope – they had been ready to leave.

However, as they headed through the store with the intention of exiting, Taehyung came to an abrupt halt as his gaze fell on a particular area of the huge store that they had entirely disregarded upon their arrival.

Not saying a word, Tae approached the area, Jimin’s eyes going big as he followed after his best friend as he didn’t want to lose him.

“Tae-yah, what are you doing?” Jimin found himself wonder.

“I remembered that I was looking for something particular for a while now,” Tae simply responded.

…Here?

“Taehyung, I think we are- I mean, aren’t we in the wrong corner?” Jimin uttered softly, swallowing hard as he tugged the sleeves of his shirt over his delicate hands, his gaze flickering from one shelf to
the other, some of the other customers eyeing them for a brief moment – yet maybe, an insecure part of Jimin was only imagining that.

“Nope,” Taehyung retorted, proceeding to skim through the clothes on the shelf as though he was searching for a particular size.

“I… I mean, I guess you can…” Jimin trailed off, his cheeks tingling a shade of rose as his eyes went big. “Are you… are you getting this for yourself… or… or…”

“For myself,” Tae responded, his voice casual opposed to Jimin’s who was conveying a sense of timidity.

“Oh… I… I didn’t know you wear lace and… and lingerie,” Jimin commented softly as he halted beside Taehyung who had picked up a black lacy panty.

“It’s pretty,” Taehyung stressed with a smile, stealing a glimpse at Jimin before he diverted his attention back over to the underwear, appearing to decide against it and put it back in its designated spot.

For a moment longer, Jimin’s gaze lingered on the lacy panties, the boy swallowing hard as his heart skipped a beat for a reason unknown to Jimin, the pit of his stomach stirring in an emotion he was unable to define.

It did look pretty.

Hesitantly, Jimin reached out to touch it, surprised by the soft fabric. For some reason, Jimin hadn’t imagined it to be that velvety.

“It is,” Jimin agreed, his tone gentle as he gave a faint nod, following after Taehyung who had already walked ahead to pick up another item.

“You wanna try for yourself?” Taehyung asked him, arching up his eyebrows as he glanced at Jimin with a smirk.

What?

Try it on… himself?

“O-Oh, no, thank you,” Jimin stammered, shaking his head as his blush darkened.

Jimin wearing lace? Lingerie?

The mere thought caused his cheeks to flush in shyness.

Honestly, Jimin had never visualised himself to wear anything like this – potentially because of lingerie and lace being something stereotypically being associated with women in society.

Yet… why?

Now, that Jimin thought about it, that norm was really stupid.

Why should clothes be associated with gender?

Why don’t allow people to wear, act and define who they want to be themselves?

Obsolete gender norms that simply shouldn’t exist in society anymore.
“Min-ah?” Taehyung uttered, waving his hand around in front of Jimin’s face as he inclined his own head to the side.

“Huh?” the pink haired one mumbled, shaking his head as he was drawn out of his thoughts.

“I was deliberating whether you’ve fallen asleep or whether your brain just shut off,” Tae expressed, laughing as he studied Jimin’s features.

“Oh, no,” Jimin chuckled, shaking his head. “Sorry, I was just thinking,” he added.

The other one hummed, lifting up his hands and displaying two pairs of underwear to Jimin, the latter immediately blushing at the sight. “I was just asking you whether to get this one in red or black,” Taehyung wondered.

“Uhm… they’re both pretty,” Jimin commented, his gaze flickering back and forth between the two items.

*Why was Jimin that timid about this?*

“You’re right,” Taehyung agreed, giving a determined nod. “I should just get both,” he decided with a shrug of his shoulders, dropping his hands back to his side.

Jimin giggled, giving a nod as he followed after his best friend who proceeded to walk ahead.

A few moments later, Taehyung stilled, focused on another shelf as Jimin allowed his gaze to wander as he waited for him, scanning his surroundings for a brief moment.

To his left, there was a mannequin dressed in a pink lingerie set, lacy panties adorning its private area, some stockings embellishing its long legs and something that Jimin had to admit he was unaware of covering its hips as it was connected to the stockings.

*Pretty. Very pretty.*

Suddenly, Jimin wondered how it would feel to wear that, how he would look… how… *Jungkook would react*, if he saw him wear this.

The smaller one’s stomach stirred in excitement.

*Oh.*

“That’s a garter belt,” Taehyung explained to him without Jimin having even obtained the opportunity to say something – quite honestly not even having noticed that Tae was back at his side and paying attention to him.

“Huh?”

“You’ve been staring at it,” the other boy noted, pointing at the mannequin.

“Oh,” Jimin whispered, giving a nod.

Well, he truly had.

“Pretty, hm?” Tae stated, smiling as he examined the clothes on the mannequin.

“Oh… yeah, I guess,” Jimin agreed, his voice barely above a whisper as he proceeded to stare at the pink fabric.
Attentively, Taehyung titled is head to the side – a movement Jimin noticed in his peripheral vision, yet one he didn’t quite pay much attention to, somehow mesmerised by the clothes on the mannequin and honestly too distracted by them – the blond haired one studied Jimin’s features in interest.

Suddenly, Jimin’s phone rang, startling the two boys.

“It’s Hyung,” Jimin revealed once he had pulled his phone out of his pocket to see who was calling him.

“Which one?” Taehyung wanted to know with a chuckle.

Right.

Jimin should probably be more specific than that.

“Namjoon Hyung,” he elucidated.

Namjoon!

That’s when Jimin remembered.

In their mission to buy a suit for Jimin, the two of them had completely forgotten about their plans for the remainder of the day!

“Oh, we’re probably in trouble now,” Taehyung snickered, placing his hand on Jimin’s shoulder.

“Go ahead and pick up. I’ll go and pay for this,” he added as he pointed at his stuff.

The smaller boy gave a nod, turning around with the intent of leaving the store as he finally accepted the call. “Hyung,” he uttered.

“Min-ah, hey,” Namjoon expressed with a relief sigh, some rustling audible in the background. “Did you and Tae got lost somewhere? You were supposed to be here half an hour ago,” he chuckled.

“I know,” Jimin sighed, biting down on his bottom lip once he had left the store. “We’re so sorry. It all took a lot longer than we intended to,” he explained.

It was an established fact that Jimin refused to be late intentionally – or ever in general, really, for whatever reason.

Naturally, he felt a wave of guilt bloom within him at the thought of being late because he had disregarded the time in his frustration of buying a fitting suit.

“It’s all good,” Namjoon assured. “Just wanted to check on you”.

“Is everyone already there?” Jimin wanted to know, somehow discovering a fraction within him hoping that at least one of the other’s hadn’t arrived yet either – consequently Tae and him wouldn’t be the only ones late.

“No, Jungkook and Jin Hyung are stuck in traffic, but they texted me that they’ll be here in about ten minutes,” he informed Jimin.

“Okay,” Jimin retorted, giving a nod in spite of Namjoon being unable to actually see him. “Tae and I will leave right now,” he stated.

“Okay, see you then,” Namjoon responded, some muffled voices audible in the background, but Jimin wasn’t capable to decipher what they were saying.
“See you later, Hyung”

With that, they hung up.

As Jimin pushed his phone back into his pocket, he headed back inside, watching Taehyung pay for…

*Wait, was that…*

Before Jimin managed to properly define that particular piece of clothing, it was already pushed into a paper bag ahead of being handed over to Taehyung by the assistant.

The taller male flashed them a smile before he turned around and approached Jimin.

Slightly puzzled, Jimin walked beside Taehyung as they left the store, still wondering whether his eyes hadn’t deceived him just a moment ago.

“Here,” Taehyung then uttered, handing Jimin one of the paper bags he was holding. “These aren’t for me,” he revealed.

Baffled, Jimin closed his delicate hand around the bag, titling his head to the side as he stole a glimpse inside the paper bag.

*It was the pink lingerie set.*

*Oh.*

Taehyung stared at him, slowly nodding his head at Jimin. “They’re for a friend,” he elaborated leisurely, his tone conveying that he was trying to imply something.

“A friend?” Jimin echoed.

Needless to say, Jimin was even more dumbfounded now.

“Yes, a *friend,*” Tae affirmed, pointing at the bag, his eyes big as a smile curved his lips.

“Oh,” Jimin breathed, giving a nod.

Taehyung blinked.

Finally, Jimin’s brain caught on.

“O-Oh, you mean *me*?” the boy realised, his eyes big as he pointed at himself.

The taller one rolled his eyes, veiling his face with his palm as he shook his head at Jimin’s obliviousness. “Yes, stupid, I mean you,” he then chuckled, giving a nod as he dropped his hand back to his side. “I saw you eyeing them in the store. I knew you were too shy to get them,” he added.

“Tae, I-I- don’t-” Jimin stammered, shaking his head as he indicated to hand the bag over to Tae again.

The other boy shook his head, closing his hand around Jimin’s wrist and stilling his movement.

“Take them. It’s a gift,” Tae insisted softly. “You don’t have to wear them, but you might want to try them on and see how it feels,” he expressed.
For a moment, Jimin just stared at him.

Then, his gaze trailed down to the bag, his heart doing a weird skip.

“Thank you, Tae,” the pink haired one uttered, his tone gentle as a shy smile adorned his pretty features.

Satisfied, Taehyung’s smile grew, his eyes sparkling as he wrapped his arm around Jimin’s shoulders and gestured for them to leave.

“We should probably head over now, hm?” he decided.

“Yeah, we’re already late,” Jimin coincided, giving a nod as he reminded himself of the call with Namjoon just a few moments ago. “We should leave right now,” he added.

“We have to get some snacks and beverages, don’t forget about that,” Taehyung noted, lifting his hand up into the air.

“Oh yeah, right. Let’s hurry up then,” Jimin gasped, giving an erratic nod as they established a faster pace, making their way back to the parking lot where Beomsoo was awaiting them.

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“Finally!” a male voice exclaimed – sounding remotely like Jin, but Jimin wasn’t entirely certain as his voice was muffled and distant.

The pink haired boy entered the house after Taehyung, the latter groaning in frustration at the weight and discomfort of the several bags he was carrying at either of his hands – Jimin not looking any different.

“Let me help you, sunshine,” Hoseok offered as he approached the two of them, reaching for Taehyung’s bags without awaiting any response.

“Thank you, Hyung,” Taehyung uttered with a sigh, handing him two of his bags before he flashed him a smile.

“That, too,” Hoseok insisted as he nodded towards the other bag in Taehyung’s embrace.

“No,” Tae protested, shaking his head as he hid the bag behind his back. “Not this one,” he added, a smirk curving his lips as he walked past the older one.

Hoseok looked after him, raising his brows at his boyfriend as an intrigued grin danced around his lips. “What’s in there?” he inquired; his eyes fixated on Tae.

Suggestive, Taehyung looked back over his shoulder. “Wouldn’t you like to know?” he retorted before he headed towards the staircase. “I’ll bring this upstairs really quick,” he informed them before he disappeared.

The smaller boy chuckled at Hoseok’s appearance, the latter still staring after Taehyung with a charmed expression on his face in spite of the other one being absent already.

“He’s gone, Hyung,” Jimin giggled, removing his shoes from his feet before he approached his friend.

“I know,” Hoseok responded, wetting his lips as he turned to face Jimin, his eyes going wide at the sight of him. “Let me take that,” he insisted, swift to reach for two of Jimin’s bags to ease some of
the weight Jimin was carrying.

“Thank you,” Jimin uttered, allowing the bags to slip from his grasp before he followed after Hoseok who headed towards the kitchen.

“We did think you got lost somewhere,” Hoseok revealed, a soft laugh slipping from his lips as they entered the kitchen, revealing the other guys to their eyes who were gathered around the kitchen island, in the midst of a conversation.

“Min-ah!” Namjoon exclaimed, disregarding Jin who had been speaking, earning him a swat to his arm before the latter turned to face Jimin as well, a bright smile curving either of their faces as they waved him over.

“Hey, guys,” Jimin retorted, chuckling as he set down his bags on the counter, then suddenly being surrounded by Namjoon and Jin who each pulled him into a hug as though they hadn’t seen each other in forever. “How are you?” he chuckled at them.

Well, frankly, it had been quite a while since all of them had managed to meet up together.

Luckily, they had been capable to arrange a hang at Yoongi’s.

Inevitably, Jimin noticed the warmth that spread within his chest at the mere presence of his friends that he considered family.

It was nice.

This moment. This feeling.

It was nice.

As soon as Namjoon withdrew and returned to Jin’s side at the counter, Jimin’s gaze fell on Jungkook, the latter leaning against the wall, his eyes already fixated on Jimin.

“So, as I was saying, the pieces you cut are way too thick, babe,” Jin commented, addressing Namjoon and appearing to resume with their prior conversation as he pointed at a particular item on the counter that Jimin didn’t bother to define as his eyes were glued to Jungkook.

Smiling, Jimin closed the distance between him and Jungkook.

“Hello, beautiful,” the black haired male greeted him, not hesitating to close his arm around Jimin’s waist and pull the boy closer to his chest, his lips pressed to Jimin’s forehead.

“Hey, Kook-ah,” Jimin retorted, inclining his head up to place a kiss on Jungkook’s cheek.

“Not like that!” Jin exclaimed with a gasp. “You’re going to cut yourself, babe,” he warned his lover, shaking his head as he closed his hand around Namjoon’s wrist, presumably assisting him in whatever task he was implementing.

“What are they up to?” Jimin found himself ask, titling his head to the side as his gaze flickered from Jungkook to them and back to Jungkook.

“They already started preparing the food,” Jungkook responded, nodding towards them. “Hyung complained about being hungry”

Jimin chuckled again, giving a nod. “Well, let me just-” the smaller one suggested, yet then going silent as another voice cut through the room.
“Guys, how are you?” a happy Taehyung exclaimed as he entered the kitchen, a bright smile adorning his handsome face as he was swift to head to Hoseok’s side after waving at everyone else.

The brown haired boy leaned in to press a kiss to Taehyung’s temple as he closed his arm around his side to pull him closer.

“We’re good, but starving,” Jin answered, narrowing his eyes at him. “You guys took ages”

“Sorry about that,” Jimin declared out, lifting his hand as he caught his bottom lip between his teeth, an apologetic smile curving his lips. “It took quite long to find a suit”

Jin’s eyes softened as he met Jimin’s gaze, a small “It’s fine” slipping from his lips as he flashed Jimin a smile.

“Did you get everything you wanted?” Jungkook then inquired, his voice soft as he leaned down to press his lips against Jimin’s cheek.

“Yes, Tae helped me pick a suit,” Jimin responded, pointing at his best friend who flashed them a proud smile, his eyes gleaming in smugness as he nodded towards Jimin.

“Your boy looks stunning in it,” Taehyung claimed, addressing Jungkook who’s smile grew at the comment as he gave Jimin’s waist a tender squeeze.

“Well, he always does,” Jungkook stressed, Jimin’s heart fluttering as he felt his cheeks flush a shade of rose as the compliments and stares he was receiving.

“Agreed,” Taehyung chuckled, giving a nod.

Their collective laughs subsided a moment later as Jin spoke up again.

“I’m going to eat one of you, if we don’t start preparing the meal right now,” Jin threatened, waving his knife around as he spoke, his tone an ounce higher and his dialect thicker, clearly displaying his impatience.

Apparently, he was very hungry.

“Taehyung would be the first one,” Jin noted, gesturing at said boy.

“Excuse me?” Tae remarked, raising his brows at Jin.

“You took so long,” Jin reasoned – as though it was a validation for wanting to eat your friend.

“So did Jimin?” Taehyung pointed out, pushing his hand into his hip as he squinted his eyes at Jin.

The oldest one stole a glimpse at Jimin, blinking before he met Taehyung’s gaze again.

“I couldn’t kill him,” Jin whispered.

“And what? You could kill me?” Taehyung gasped, clasping his hand over his heart as though he was offended – maybe, he was, yet then neither of their voices were conveying any poison, causing Jimin to be firm in his belief of them simply messing around with one another.

“Guys, stop fighting – over food. Every. Single. Time,” Namjoon defused the situation, a sigh slipping from his lips as he shook his head.

“Exactly,” Hoseok agreed. “Go ahead and help him, Tae-yah,” he instructed, patting Taehyung’s
Rolling his eyes, Taehyung headed over to Jin’s side, rolling up the sleeves of his shirt in the midst of it, Jimin finding himself giggling at Taehyung’s sour expression.

“I’m going to wash my hands,” Jimin decided, walking over to the sink where he cleaned his hands ahead of him joining the others at the kitchen island, Namjoon proceeding to cut onions – a fact primarily displayed by the prominent scent in the room rather than the actual sight of the vegetable as Namjoon was shielding nearly the entire onion with his hand, appearing to disregard Jin’s advice or simply having forgotten about it already.

A few minutes later, each of them had their tasks assigned to them, having found a spot at either the kitchen island or the counter to execute their respective tasks.

“Who suggested for us to make pizza ourselves, when we’re all bad as shit at cooking,” Taehyung then pressed, slightly frustrated with the dough that was sticking to his fingers, the boy wagging his hand around in a poor attempt to remove the dough from his digits, but failing, as Jimin had predicted, because the substance was way too gluey.

“First of all, you don’t cook a pizza, you bake it,” Jin corrected, smiling at Taehyung. “Secondly- Excuse me, talk for yourself,” he then remarked, swatting Tae’s arm.

The other ones chuckled at their banter.

Taehyung mumbled something beneath his breath, pouting as he examined his dirty hands and the… not-very-pleasant-looking-but-surely-made-with-a-lot-of-love raw ball of dough on the kitchen island.

For a moment, Jin studied Taehyung’s features, his face softening.

“Well, you can roll out the dough once I finished it, Tae,” Jin suggested, flashing him a delicate smile, the other one swift to nod his head as he returned the smile.

Just like that, all was fine between them again.

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“Where is Yoongi by the way?” Jimin found himself inquire, having noticed Yoongi’s absence upon his arrival, yet then simply figuring that he had been showering or something similar like that.

However, it was slightly suspicious of him to not at all be having appeared since their arrival.

“He’s down in his studio,” Hoseok was the one to answer, appearing to be the only one who had even registered Jimin’s voice as the other ones were emerged in a conversation, Jimin sensing that Taehyung and Jin were about to pick up another argument by the way their dialects were thickening and their speaking pace quickened.

Admittedly, they argued sometimes, yet it was never in any harmful way – the two of them were just passionate about their food.

“Is he okay?” Jimin wondered, stealing a glimpse at Hoseok with big eyes, concern blooming within him at the knowledge of Yoongi being down there all by himself as he clearly hadn’t seen him at all despite Yoongi having been the one who had invited all of them to his house – and all of them visibly being present by now.
“He’s a little pissed off,” Hoseok revealed.

“What?”

“There was a song we worked on for the past weeks,” Namjoon explained, Jimin turning his head to meet his gaze. “Hyung really likes it, but we got told that it just doesn’t fit the artist’s colour that we wrote it for,” he added, pressing his lips into a line.

“Oh,” Jimin breathed.

“You can go downstairs to say hi,” Hoseok suggested.

The smaller one gave a nod. “Yeah, I’ll do that,” he decided.

After washing his hands at the sink, Jimin exited the kitchen and headed downstairs into Yoongi’s studio. To be fair, Jimin had only been down here on rare occasions, never truly having wanted to disturb Yoongi whenever he was in the midst of his creative process, but then also recalling Yoongi to prefer to refrain from working whenever they hung out as he primarily wanted to spend time with his friends solely.

Carefully, Jimin knocked on the door, awaiting a reply that never came.

Hesitantly, Jimin pushed the door open, peeking inside too see whether Yoongi was actually even inside.

He was, indeed.

“Hyung,” the pink haired boy made his presence known, slowly entering the room before he gently shut the door behind him.

Startled, Yoongi jerked up in his seat, turning around to face Jimin.

At the sight of the latter, a smile curved up the corners of Yoongi’s face. “Min-ah, hey,” Yoongi greeted him, removing his headphones and placing them down on his mixing console.

“Are you okay?” Jimin then found himself ask, his tone soft as he titled his head to the side and approached the other one.

“Yeah… Well, things could go smoother at work, I guess,” the other one retorted, a faint smile curving his lips as he scratched over the back of his head.

“I heard about your song,” Jimin declared, pulling the sleeves of his shirt over his petite hands as he came to a halt, a few feet of distance remaining between them. “I’m sorry about that. I’m sure you’ve put a lot of work into it,” he elaborated.

Surely, Yoongi must feel more than frustrated at the rejection he had received today – especially at the thought of how much work he must have put into that song. Naturally, he might feel rather gloomy about the whole thing as well.

“Yeah,” Yoongi coincided, giving a weak nod before he sighed, “Well, shit like that happens all the time. You work on stuff for a long period and it just ends up not being good enough or it doesn’t fit a certain colour of an artist or whatever,” he claimed, shrugging his shoulder as he leaned back into his chair. “It’s just that… I don’t know, I had a good feeling about this one. I really like it, it’s kinda dear to my heart,” he added softer, pressing his lips into a line as he stared at the wall across from him ahead of meeting Jimin’s gaze again. “It’s quite annoying because it passed the first round, but now
that it’s as good as finished it is being rejected. Annoying as fuck,” he cursed, shaking his head as he wet his lips, clearly displaying the mixture of emotions that was currently residing within him.

“I’m sorry, Hyung,” Jimin expressed, closing the distance between them to place his delicate hand on his shoulder, giving it a tender squeeze to console him.

A faint smile adorned Yoongi’s features as he looked up at Jimin, shaking his head. “Don’t be, Minah,” he noted. “Shit happens”

Well, perhaps, that simply was a factor that was inevitable to occur in this industry. This was the harsh reality. Sometimes, even when one put their everything into a job, that didn’t guarantee that they would succeed in what they looked out for.

At times, life just didn’t work that way.

However, that didn’t mean that one should refrain from working hard. After all, even if they don’t receive what they were looking for, they achieve something just as valuable on the way.

Experience – by learning from their mistakes, gaining knowledge, enhancing their abilities, obtaining a new perspective.

At times, a song was rejected, yet on others, one would be approved.

In the end, hard work and a pure heart always paid off.

The end would be prosperous.

A quiet melody was audible in the background, Jimin realising that Yoongi hadn’t paused the song he had been listening to prior to the former entering his studio.

“Is that the song?” Jimin found himself wonder, pointing at Yoongi’s headphones.

“Yeah,” the other one affirmed.

“May I listen to it?” the smaller one requested.

Frankly, it had been a while since Jimin had listened to any of Yoongi’s songs that hadn’t made the final cut or were officially released. It was rare for Jimin to listen to songs that were still considered guides or hardly finished.

By no means was it because of any lack of interest – Jimin loved to hear what Yoongi created – yet the other one could be considered a perfectionist when it came to music. The older one preferred to share his songs when they were nearly finished, which Jimin respected.

“The song?” Yoongi elucidated, causing Jimin to chuckle because – Yes, the song, wasn’t that obvious?

“Yeah, I would really like to,” Jimin responded, giving a nod.

“I…,” the other one trailed off, his brows raised as he reached for the headphones. “Of course. I would love for you to listen to it,” he stressed, handing Jimin the headphones before he turned to his mixing console to pause the tune.

“Thank you,” Jimin uttered as he put on the headphones, watching Yoongi press a button on the mixing console to restart the record.
A slow and tender, yet somehow so melancholic melody filled Jimin’s ears, the sound of layered strings and a piano mixing together so complementary as they slowly built up.

Then, a voice was audible.

*Yoongi.*

Unmistakably, it was Yoongi who rapped the first verse, his voice so distinctive, so unique that Jimin would be able to identify it in a hundred – way too familiar with it to not recognise it.

There was something so vulnerable to his voice, the rawness that was audible in his tone conveying something so painful that it pulled on Jimin’s heart strings.

At the words he was rapping, Jimin’s heart clenched, the message so real, so… *Yoongi.*

The smaller boy didn’t move, didn’t blink, was simply too focused on the melody ringing in his ears to pay attention to anything else around him.

Suddenly, Yoongi’s voice was gone, replaced by another male voice that sang the chorus.

At the first syllables, a shiver ran down Jimin’s back, his heart skipping a beat at the soothing and breathy voice that filled his ears.

*It almost sounded like…*

Jimin’s eyes grew bigger.

Wait… this…

*No.*

Right?

Was this…

*No.*

Was it?

“Jungkook-ah?” Jimin breathed, his heart rate picking up as he discovered himself having placed his own hand over his chest as though to touch his own heart.

“Huh?” Yoongi muttered, raising his brows.

“Is that… is that Jungkook?” Jimin clarified, meeting Yoongi’s gaze as he pointed at his headphones.

“Yeah,” the other one affirmed, giving a nod.

*What?*

Just like that, Jungkook’s voice was gone again, Yoongi going on to rap another verse.

However, somehow, Jimin lacked the ability to pay much attention to his words this time around, too dumbfounded by the knowledge of Jungkook singing on this track.

Was this real?
To be fair, Jimin recalled a few moments regarding Jungkook mentioning having sung on some guides for Yoongi, yet Jimin had to admit that it had never quite hit him of being something real.

*Yet, this was real.*

This was Jungkook.

The black haired one’s voice was so gorgeous, so attractive and touching, then also so pacifying.

*Jungkook could sing so well.*

Within the twinkling of an eye, the song was already over, Jimin finding himself longing to repeat the track immediately to listen to it all over again.

*This song was…*

“The song is… it’s…. beautiful,” Jimin breathed, his eyes still wide, his lips parted as he met Yoongi’s gaze.

The older one chuckled at Jimin’s expression. “Thank you,” he uttered, getting up to his feet to remove the headphones from Jimin’s head as it appeared that the latter had entirely frozen. “I’ve been working on it for weeks now. Jungkook was kind enough to sing on the guide for me,” he declared, sitting back down again.

“What happens to it now?” Jimin wanted to know. “I mean… now, that it won’t be used for the artist?”

This song was truly beautiful.

The thought of this song not ever being released was unimaginable to Jimin.

This needed to be heard – by the whole word.

“I’m thinking about keeping it,” Yoongi revealed, a small smile embellishing his features. “For myself, you know? I’m working on a project of my own at the side. I kind of wanna release some of my own stuff one day,” he elaborated. “Just like the earlier stuff I did, when I was in underground with Namjoon-ah,” he explained.

At his words, Jimin smiled.

This track shouldn’t belong to anyone else.

This was Yoongi. Solely.

The message was heart-rending, so raw and real, so utterly inspiring.

Jimin had always been aware of how talented Yoongi was, but hearing this song just reinforced that prior conviction. The older one had such a way with words, such a unique delivery that simply touched you – *he was truly an artist.*

“You should, Hyung,” Jimin prompted, giving a determined nod.

“Well, I might,” he chuckled, shrugging his shoulders.

The pink haired one found himself itching to ask to listen to the song one more time, simultaneously yearning to hearing Jungkook sing again – a fact that still had not entirely sunken in yet because it
was simply so peculiar to imagine Jungkook singing – and to hear Yoongi’s touching rap.

“Can I have that?” Jimin asked before he even realised it.

Evidently, Jimin wanted to listen to that song very badly.

If Yoongi would grant him this wish, Jimin would be allowed to listen to this record every single day – listen to Jungkook sing to him whenever he longed for it.

*How exhilarating.*

“What?” Yoongi wondered, arching up his brows in curiosity as he inclined his head to the side, appearing to either not be aware of what Jimin was referring to or potentially not having registered his question entirely.

“That file?” Jimin clarified. “Can I…” he trailed off, digging his teeth into his bottom lip.

“You wanna listen to it again?” Yoongi inquired.

“Yeah, it’s… It’s beautiful, Hyung,” Jimin declared, giving a nod. “I mean it,” he assured.

The older one stared at him for a moment, his gaze flickering back and forth between Jimin’s doe eyes before a soft laugh slipped from his lips.

“I’ll send you the file,” he eventually decided with a smile, then lifting his index finger up into the air as though to warn Jimin, “But don’t you dare release it anywhere”

Jimin chuckled, clasping his hand over his chest. “I won’t. I promise,” he declared, his tone soft.


At the sudden noise, the two boys flinched, simultaneously forcing their gazes over to the door that was pushed open a brief moment later.

A smiling Taehyung peeked inside, his eyes gleaming in affection as he permitted himself entrance, shutting the door behind him before he approached Yoongi. “Here you are, Hyung”

“Tae-yah,” Yoongi uttered, his smile growing as Taehyung hugged him from behind, leaning over the backrest of his chair, his arms resting on Yoongi’s chest, his lips pressing a kiss to the top of Yoongi’s head.

“I heard you’re in a bad mood?” Taehyung revealed, titling his head to the side as he allowed his palms to wander below the fabric of Yoongi’s shirt – the latter not flinching at all, not rejecting the touch either; why would he? – with the intention of rubbing his palms over Yoongi’s chest as though it was a way to comfort him – *maybe, it was.* That was something that Jimin was unaware of; a fact attributable to his close, but not quite *that* intimate bond to Yoongi when it was compared to Taehyung’s and Yoongi’s bond.

“I’m better now,” Yoongi reassured him, titling his head to the side to press his lips to Taehyung’s arm, the touch evoking a soft chuckle in Taehyung.

“Because of me?” Tae wanted to know, raising his brows as he leaned closer to Yoongi’s face.

“Always,” Yoongi whispered, giving a faint nod as he crashed his lips on Tae’s, a breath slipping from the latter’s lips as he kissed right back.
The smaller boy blinked, standing there awkwardly a few feet away from them, wondering whether they had simply disregarded his presence or just didn’t mind having such a display of affection in front of Jimin.

Clearing his throat, Jimin pulled the sleeves of his shirt over his delicate hands, noticing that the two weren’t withdrawing from one another.

“Allright. This is… yeah, that’s new,” Jimin stated with a chuckle, giving a nod, even if more to himself than anything as the other two were currently evidently not paying attention to him at all, but were focused on tasting the other one’s mouth. “I’m going back upstairs while you two… can finish that,” he added, his cheeks flushing a shade of rose as he pointed to the door behind him.

To see two of his longest friends kiss one another – being aware that they were in a committed relationship now – was somehow very… **novel.**

More than anything, it was… **beautiful.**

Just… simply not something Jimin particularly wanted to disrupt or ruin with his own presence right now.

The sight allowed prominent warmth to ignite in Jimin’s chest, happiness blooming within him.

Taehyung giggled at Jimin’s words, reluctantly withdrawing from Yoongi. “We should all go upstairs now,” Taehyung decided, giving a nod as he straightened his back.

“You’re right,” Yoongi agreed, clearing his throat as he rose to his feet beside his lover.

“Let’s go then,” Jimin chuckled, his heart skipping a beat as he saw Yoongi interlacing his hand with Taehyung.

***

The pizza was surprisingly well done – not that Jimin had have any doubts about-

*Okay, maybe a little.*

After all, Taehyung had been partially correct with his earlier statement. The majority of them did not possess any profound cooking skills.

A few minutes after they had all tried their creations, they found themselves gathered in the living room, sitting on the sofa or the floor as they munched on their pieces of pizza, Jimin humming at the taste.

“How wants some wine?” Taehyung suddenly exclaimed, anticipation dripping from his voice as he returned to the sofa with two bottles of red wine. “We bought a lot,” he revealed to the others, Jimin recalling Taehyung’s big thrilling eyes in the liquor store comparable to the expression of a little kid present in a toy store, poor Beomsoo having to carry all of the alcohol back to the car ahead of driving them over to Yoongi’s house.

Jin was the first one to raise his glass, giving a determined nod as he watched Taehyung pour wine into his glass before he turned to the others.

“I’m not drinking,” Jungkook expressed, shaking his head. “I’m driving,” he reminded the others.

After dropping Jimin and Taehyung off here at Yoongi’s place, Beomsoo had been allowed to leave,
Jungkook having decided to drive them back home later whenever they chose to leave.

“Min-ah?” Taehyung wanted to know, titling his head to the side.

The pink haired boy forced his gaze away from Jungkook’s face in order to lock eyes with Taehyung. “Uhm…” he mumbled.

Instinctively, his brain knew better at this point.

Alcohol and Jimin were not a good match, *not at all*. There were too many incidents to reinforce that conviction within Jimin.

Then again, this wasn’t a huge party where trouble seemed inevitable to arise.

This was a cosy hang out with his close friends – his *family* – that would surely look out for him to not do anything stupid or put himself in danger. By no means did Jimin even remotely consider for them to try and take advantage of his drunken state in any way. No, Jimin trusted them with his life.

Maybe… it would be okay?

“Go ahead, little one, if you want to,” Jungkook assured him, his palm that was resting on Jimin’s thigh giving it a tender squeeze.

The smaller one caught his bottom lip between his teeth.

Naturally, Jimin felt guilty at the thought of being able to drink liquor when Jungkook wasn’t, simply for the fact of him having to drive them back home.

Then again, Jungkook rarely – no, *never* drank – did he?

“I feel bad drinking, when you don’t because you’re driving us home,” Jimin voiced his thoughts, shaking his head.

“If I really wanted to drink, I would,” Jungkook declared with a smile, reaching for Jimin’s glass and handing it to him. “I could call Beomsoo and have him pick us up later, if I really wanted to. Go ahead, angel,” he added, leaning in to press his lips to Jimin’s temple.

“Uhm, okay, maybe a glass,” Jimin uttered softly, giving a nod as he raised his glass to Taehyung who smiled brightly. “I wanna try it,” he expressed, truly curious to find out how wine tasted like.

“Yaay,” Tae exclaimed in delight, swift to fill Jimin’s glass with the red liquid, expectant eyes fixated on Jimin as Tae waited for Jimin to have a sip.

At his big eyes, Jimin giggled, bringing the glass up to his lips to take a sip.

Intrigued, Jimin allowed the wine to rest in his mouth for a brief moment before he swallowed it down, the fluid trailing down his throat and leaving behind the slightest burning.

“It’s… interesting,” Jimin revealed, titling his head to the side as he squinted his eyes at the taste, not quite certain whether he liked it that much. “I don’t know how I feel about it,” he declared, taking another sip.

Beside him, Jungkook chuckled, amused by Jimin’s wrinkled nose and his flushed cheeks.

Narrowing his eyes, Jimin turned to meet Jungkook’s gaze.
“What?” Jimin mumbled quietly.

The taller male shook his head, a smirk curving his lips. “You’re cute,” Jungkook remarked, his eyes gleaming in affection.

“I prefer red over white wine,” Taehyung drew Jimin’s attention over to him, in the midst of filling Hoseok’s glass with wine. “Man, I should have bought some white one to have you try, though,” he added with a sigh, appearing to be frustrated with himself.

“No, it’s fine,” Jimin assured him, taking another sip. “This isn’t bad,” he decided after he had swallowed down his wine.

What started off with Jimin being merely tipsy and a little bubblier, escalated quite quickly as Tae and him had emptied an entire bottle and a half together with no indication of stopping there.

That night, Jimin learned that he had a really, really low alcohol tolerance.

Well, the remainder of the night was a blur…

At one point into the night, Taehyung demanded for the other ones to clear the sofa as it was supposed to be their stage, the taller boy intertwining his and Jimin’s hand as he pulled the boy up on Yoongi’s sofa with him.

The other guys – all still remotely sober and aware of their surroundings opposed to Taehyung and Jimin – leaned against the wall, amusement in their eyes as they observed the two boys on the sofa.

Then, Tae broke out into singing.

“There's a boy I know, he's the one I dream of,” he sang at the top of his lungs, staring over at the crowd of boys – particularly Yoongi and Hoseok – as he pointed at them before he locked eyes with Jimin. “Looks into my eyes, takes me to the clouds above, mmm-hmm”

Somehow, Jimin caught on swiftly, humour glistening in his eyes.

“Oh, I lose control, can’t seem to get enough, uh-huh,” Jimin joined Taehyung, the two of them smiling brightly, their hands still interlaced. “When I wake from dreaming, tell me is it really love?”

The two boys giggled, stealing a glimpse at their group of friends before the broke out into the chorus.

“How will I know if he really loves me?” they sang in unison, jumping up and down on the sofa as though it was a bouncy castle, Yoongi almost interfering and telling them to come down because – Fuck, that sofa was not cheap at all for them to fuck it by jumping around on it – but then finding himself to be too amused and honestly endeared by the sight to truly care much.

“I say a prayer with every heartbeat,” Taehyung chanted the next part, placing his unoccupied hand over his chest and pretending for it to beat like his heart.

“I fall in love whenever we meet,” Jimin sang, spinning around and glancing back at his group of friends as Tae united with him for the next part, “I’m asking you what you know about these things”

Jungkook crossed his arms over his chest, amusement and affection gleaming in his eyes as he stared at Jimin intently, not missing a movement of his.
“How will I know if he's thinking of me?” Jimin and Taehyung sang in unison, pointing at their respective significant others before they proceeded to jump around on the sofa, the cushions beneath them suffering from their continuous bouncing. “I try to phone, but I'm too shy,” the pink haired one sang alone as he pressed his hand to his ear as though it was a phone, Taehyung adding a higher “can't speak.”

“Are any of you filming this?” Jin uttered breathily, almost in awe as they all proceeded to observe the scene in front of them with big eyes.

“They would kill us, if we do,” Hoseok noted, chuckling.

“I wouldn't care. This is gold,” Jin stressed, shaking his head as his smile grew bigger, Jimin having stumbled into Taehyung, causing the two of them to fall over on the sofa.

However, that didn’t stop them, the two boys giggling as they were swift to get up to their feet and break out in their next number as though nothing had happened in the first place.

“Cute,” Jungkook chuckled, his heart doing some weird shit as Jimin danced on the sofa as though he was the most carefree being in this world, glowing in this very moment and simply feeling absolute happiness.

It was like Jimin was truly shining, his pretty features adorned by a soft smile, his eyes turned into crescents.

So goddamn beautiful.

Wow.

“We're breaking free!” Taehyung suddenly yelled at the top of his lungs before him and Jimin sang in unison, “We're soaring, flying! There’s not a star in heaven that we can't reach!”

***

The black haired male returned to the living room after catching some fresh air on the patio, discovering Jimin on the sofa, cuddled up to the side of it as he sleepily watched Taehyung proceeding to perform his next number in the center of the room, having gone to pick up an empty wine bottle to use as a microphone – at the horror of Yoongi who had tried to stop him, clearly unsuccessfully – and was now bouncing around as he sang the lyrics to “I Wanna Dance With Somebody” at the top of his lungs.

At this rate, Jungkook was partially concerned for Yoongi’s neighbours to come over at any point now. Then again, fuck that, this was the seventh number they – or rather now only Taehyung – were performing tonight. If they hadn’t appeared ‘til now, it was of low probability that they would come over at all to tell them to shut up before they would call the cops on them for a noise complaint.

Jungkook walked past Hoseok and Yoongi who were observing Taehyung like he was the fucking stars and the moon at once, Namjoon and Jin were still out on the patio, probably having started to make out beneath the night sky now that Jungkook had left them alone to themselves.

“Hey, little one,” Jungkook uttered softly as he had closed the distance between him and Jimin, taking a seat on the sofa next to him.

The smaller boy met his gaze, a delicate smile adorning his features as he realised that it was Jungkook who had sat down beside him. “Hey, big one,” Jimin whispered, his tone gentle as he placed his petite hand in between them as though he had meant to touch Jungkook, but hadn’t quite
managed to succeed.

At the new and surprising nickname slipping from Jimin’s lips, Jungkook laughed, his eyes glistening in fondness as he studied Jimin’s pretty features.

*How fucking adorable.*

“Are you okay?” Jungkook wanted to know, placing his larger hand on Jimin’s.

“‘m sleepy,” Jimin mumbled quietly, rubbing his sweater paw over his eyes.

“You are?” Jungkook asked – despite of it being more than apparent that his baby was tired – as he reached out to brush Jimin’s fringe out of his face, the tips of his fingers tracing down to caress Jimin’s flushed cheek.

“Mhm-mh,” the smaller one hummed.

“Should I take you home?” Jungkook suggested, smiling at the sight of his sleepy baby.

“I don’t wanna go yet,” Jimin objected, shaking his head as he pouted.

“You don’t?” Jungkook echoed, arching up his brows, amusement in his eyes as he studied Jimin’s features.

“No,” Jimin decided. “I have… have to perform with Tae. We’re… you booked us to perform, hm?”

*What?*

“Little one, we-” Jungkook tried to correct, but *fuck, Jimin was so out of it – and honestly way too loveable to burst his bubble right now.* “You already performed, baby,” he decided to say instead, playing along with Jimin’s supposed narrative.

“I did?” Jimin wondered, his eyes big.

“Yes,” Jungkook affirmed with a nod.

“Oh”

Jungkook’s heart urged him to take Jimin home and tuck him into bed, the smaller one simply too drunk for his brain to form any coherent thought or differentiate reality from imagination.

“It’s late already,” the black haired one noted.

“Mhm… Just…,” Jimin murmured, his head feeling so heavy, causing him to rest it on the sofa, his eyes fluttering shut before he forced them open again.

“You’re going to fall asleep, little one,” Jungkook chuckled, scooting closer to Jimin. “Let me take you home, hm?” he whispered into Jimin’s ear, his breath tickling on Jimin’s skin.

“Mhm-kay,” the pink haired one breathed, giving a faint nod as his eyes fell shut again.

***

The smaller boy nuzzled his face against Jungkook’s chest, the latter adjusting Jimin in his embrace as he approached his own apartment door.
“Joon,” Jungkook greeted the man, Joon executing a deep bow upon his sight.

“Mr. Jeon,” Joon then retorted. “Mr. Park,” he addressed Jimin, appearing to be unaware that Jimin was asleep in Jungkook’s arms.

“Could you open the door for me,” Jungkook asked, nodding towards his front door as he was obviously unable to as his hands were occupied with carrying Jimin.

“Of course, Mr. Jeon,” Joon was swift to respond, turning towards the door and entering the password before he pushed the door open, granting Jungkook access to his own apartment.

“Thank you,” Jungkook uttered politely, walking past Joon who performed another deep bow.

“Goodnight, Mr. Jeon,” the security guard muttered.

“Goodnight, Joon,” Jungkook returned before he kicked the door shut with his foot.

*Thud.*

“Fuck,” the black haired male cursed at the loud noise his action had created, his features scrunched up in panic as he looked down at Jimin who had flinched in his embrace at the sound.

“Kook-ah?” Jimin whispered, his voice breaking as he tried to find Jungkook’s eyes, blinking several times to adjust to the brightness among them.

“Hey, little one, sorry about that,” Jungkook apologised softly as he headed towards the staircase, carrying Jimin upstairs into his bedroom.

“Where are we?” Jimin wanted to know, appearing to fail to realise what their current location was, his vision still merely blurry.

“In my apartment,” Jungkook revealed, entering his bedroom and switching the lights on in the process, dim illumination falling upon them.

“Oh, okay” Jimin uttered, giving a faint nod as he rubbed his fists over his tired eyes, scanning his surroundings to discover that they were already in Jungkook’s bedroom. “I can walk,” he whispered as he noticed that Jungkook was holding him in his arms.

In fact, he must have carried him all the way upstairs from the car – and prior into the car, presumably, as well.

“You cannot,” Jungkook chuckled, shaking his head.

“I can,” Jimin objected. “I can prove it”

Amused, Jungkook raised his brows at him, carefully setting Jimin down on his feet before he brushed his hair out of his face.

“Thank you,” Jimin murmured, turning around and heading towards the bed.

The smaller boy’s fingers fidgeted with the button on his trousers in the midst of trying to make it to the bed in a straight line, then zipping down his pants once he had succeeded before he tugged on the fabric to remove the piece of clothing from his legs.

“Jimin-ah, that’s not going to-” Jungkook meant to warn him but went silent a brief moment later as he saw Jimin tumble.
As predicted, Jimin stumbled over his own two feet, clumsily slipping and falling flat on the bed.

In the back, Jungkook chuckled at his accident, swift to close the distance between them and grab Jimin’s waist with the intention of rolling him onto his back.

“Are you okay? Did you hurt yourself?” the younger one wanted to know, brushing strands of pink hair away that had fallen into Jimin’s face.

“No,” Jimin murmured, feeling his cheeks tinge a shade of rose at the slight embarrassment that bloomed within him.

“No, you’re not okay or no, you didn’t hurt yourself?” Jungkook asked for clarification, titling his head to the side, humour gleaming in his eyes.

Jimin blinked.

Frankly, his drunk mind was not functioning that well, clearly not cooperating with him and making it a rather difficult effort to register Jungkook’s words.

“Uh… I’m not hurt.” Jimin eventually answered, his eyes big as they stared up at Jungkook.

“I see,” Jungkook stated, his smirk growing as he leaned down to Jimin.

The black haired boy was amused – and fucking endeared – by every little thing Jimin did.

How could someone be that cute?

_Honestly, tell him – He wanted to know._

For a moment, Jimin proceeded to stare up into Jungkook’s brown orbs as though he was searching for something, as though he wasn’t capable to tear his gaze away, mesmerised by what he saw.

Slowly, Jimin reached up, the tips of his fingers tracing over Jungkook’s cheek, so softly, so careful almost as though he wasn’t certain whether Jungkook was real.

“Handsome,” Jimin breathed.

Jungkook’s smile grew. “Pretty,” he then returned, the smaller one digging his teeth into his bottom lip as his blush darkened.

Appearing to be timid, Jimin averted his gaze, his fingers tugging on the fabric of his trousers again as he hadn’t managed to pull them down in his first attempt.

“Let me help you,” Jungkook offered, reaching down to assist Jimin in removing his trousers, but the other one hummed in disapproval, shaking his head.

“I got it,” Jimin whispered, wriggling his butt around before he kicked down his pants, watching them drop to the floor at Jungkook’s feet.

Now, the pink haired boy was only dressed in his long-sleeved shirt and his underwear, the fabric of his shirt merely veiling Jimin’s most private part as he was lying there on Jungkook’s bed.

“Better now?” Jungkook wanted to know, having noticed how diligent and frantic Jimin had been in the process and near urgency to remove his trousers – almost as though he didn’t want to spend another second with them on; perhaps because of the heat, perhaps because he wanted to get ready for bed quickly, Jungkook wasn’t sure.
“Hmm-no”, Jimin decided, shaking his head as he got back up to his feet.

“Where are you going now, little one?” Jungkook inquired, looking after Jimin with raised brows.

The smaller boy waddled over to the dresser, pulling the top drawer open and picking out a white shirt from Jungkook. Appearing to be entertained, Jungkook crossed his arms over his chest, his eyes fixated on Jimin as he observed him intently, affection and humour glistening in his eyes as he smirked.

Slightly disoriented, Jimin headed back over to the bed, plopping down on it in front of Jungkook before he removed his own shirt and dropped it on the bed beside him ahead of him pulling Jungkook’s shirt over his head.

Now dressed in Jungkook’s clothes, Jimin met his gaze again, his eyes sparkling as a pretty smile curved his lips.

“Happy now?” Jungkook asked, reaching out to place his palm against Jimin’s flushed cheek.

The smaller boy inclined his head to the side, furrowing his brows as he seemed to contemplate.

“Hmm-no,” Jimin decided, shaking his head.

“What else?”

Jimin pointed to his own lips, titling his head up to Jungkook.

Chuckling, Jungkook leaned in to attach their lips in a soft kiss, a tiny breath slipping from Jimin’s lips at the sweet touch.

“How does wine make you even cuter?” the younger male wanted to know, studying Jimin’s features as though the answer was hidden in there.

“Am I cute?”

“Mhm-mh,” Jimin hummed in delight, giving a nod as his heart fluttered at his words. Yet then, he caught his bottom lip between his teeth. “I don’t wanna be just cute, though…” he murmured.

“How does wine make you even cuter?” the younger male wanted to know, studying Jimin’s features as though the answer was hidden in there.

“Am I cute?”

“Wanna- Wanna be-” the pink haired boy attempted to sit up on his knees, yet losing his balance in
the process of it, causing him to hunch forward to lean on Jungkook for leverage.

“I think you’ve had a little too much, angel,” Jungkook chuckled, applying faint pressure on Jimin’s shoulder to silently ask him to lie down again. Complying, Jimin fell back on the soft sheets, staring up at Jungkook with big eyes. “Come on, let’s tuck you in, hm?” he noted, indicating to lift Jimin further up on the pillows in order to tuck him into bed, but Jimin hummed in dissatisfaction, shaking his head.

“Jungkookie Hyung, I don’t wanna sleep yet,” Jimin objected, his voice soft, but also containing a little whine.

“Hyung?” Jungkook echoed, eyebrows raised at the term Jimin had used in reference to him.

“Mhm-mh”

“Baby, you do know you’re older than me, hm?” the younger male reminded him, an amused smirk embellishing his handsome features as he leaned down to Jimin. “But I mean, I would be okay, if you-”

“Right,” Jimin mumbled, remembering that he was indeed older than Jungkook. As soon as he recalled that fact, Jimin swatted Jungkook’s arm, “You thought, huh?” he expressed with narrowed eyes at Jungkook’s mischief. “I’m your Hyung,” he stated.

“I know, Jimin-ah,” Jungkook snickered, giving a nod, clearly not caring that Jimin was his Hyung, but proceeding to call him without that certain respective term.

Jimin squinted his eyes at him.

“Why don’t you call me Hyung?” Jimin found himself wonder, his tone gentle as his gaze flickered back and forth between Jungkook’s eyes.

For a moment, Jungkook just stared at him.

“I… I’m not sure, actually,” he then answered, his own brows knitted. “It just kind of happened that way?” he elaborated, then placing his hand on Jimin’s thigh. “Does that bother you? Do you want me to call you Hyung, little one?”

“No,” Jimin found himself answer before he even realised, his heart appearing to have been quicker than his brain. “I like it, when you talk informal to me,” he revealed.

“Do you?” Jungkook questioned, a smug expression written on his face.

“It’s just… I don’t know… makes me feel closer to you?” Jimin explained. “As long as I remember, you’ve referred to me like that and it never bothered me. I… like it, a lot. It does something to my heart that… I like? I can’t explain it,” he added, frustrated with his inability to express his feelings in a solid and comprehensible way.

Jimin’s drunk mind wasn’t helping at all.

“You don’t have to explain yourself, baby,” Jungkook reassured him, his smile warm as he leaned down to press his lips to Jimin’s forehead.

“Okay,” Jimin murmured, grateful that Jungkook didn’t view him as weird because of his unique fondness regarding this part of their dynamics.
“Now, will you let me take you to bed?” Jungkook asked, leaning further down to brush his lips over Jimin’s earlobe. At the touch, a soft breath slipped from Jimin’s lips.

“For what?”

“To sleep, little one,” Jungkook elucidated with a chuckle.

“I’m not sleepy,” Jimin objected, shaking his head.

“You told me you were, at Hyung’s and in the car,” the black haired one reminded him – which, well… Jimin couldn’t quite recall, if he was being honest. Then again, he was a little sleepy…

“I don’t wanna sleep yet,” Jimin mumbled.

No, Jimin wanted to do something different…

“What do you want to do?” Jungkook then wanted to know, observing Jimin lift his hands up to his chest…

“I… I wanna suck you off,” Jimin blatantly requested, the tips of his fingers tracing over Jungkook’s upper body, down towards the waistband of his trousers.

Well, this had just taken a good one-hundred-and-eighty turn.

“Jumin-ah,” Jungkook stressed his name, merely refraining from cussing beneath his breath at the unexpected temptation.

“Please?” Jimin begged, pouting as he spread his legs apart.

“How can you ask me that looking as angelic as you do?” Jungkook asked as he shook his head, the pad of his thumb running along Jimin’s bottom lip.

Fuck, those lips were sinful.

No, Jimin was drunk.

“May I?” Jimin uttered all over again, his cute tongue poking out to lick over Jungkook’s thumb.

“Angel, you’re drunk, I-” Jungkook managed to assemble all the self-control he could muster, determined to not permit Jimin to give him head tonight.

However, before Jungkook was even able to finish his sentence, the smaller boy had already rose to his feet to place his delicate hands on Jungkook’s shoulders and turn their bodies around.

In the twinkling of an eye, Jimin had pushed Jungkook down on the soft sheets before he had dropped to his feet on the rug in between Jungkook’s legs.

“In the twinkling of an eye, Jungkook had pushed Jungkook down on the soft sheets before he had dropped to his feet on the rug in between Jungkook’s legs.

“Please?” Jimin pleaded again. “I… I have been good today, haven’t I?” he murmured, titling his head to the side as he rubbed his palms over Jungkook’s thighs, his hands traveling north to the waistband of Jungkook’s trousers where his fingers fumbled with the zipper.

Yet, Jungkook was swift to halt Jimin’s movement, his own hands curling around Jimin’s wrist to still him.

“You’re always good, little one,” Jungkook reassured him as he reached down to grasp Jimin’s hips, effortlessly heaving him up on his lap a moment later, the pink haired boy finding himself straddling
Jungkook’s lap before he even realised it. “But you’re way too drunk, hm?” he added, closing his arms around Jimin’s back to secure the boy in his embrace.

“’m not,” Jimin objected, shaking his head.

Maybe, a little….

“Trust me, you are,” Jungkook emphasised, not stern at all, softness displayed in his voice.

“You don’t have any proof,” Jimin protested.

“You don’t even know how you got here, do you?” Jungkook accused him, raising his brows in amusement.

Jimin narrowed his eyes.

Well, that... Jimin did...

Fine.

“You’re a meanie,” Jimin whined, swatting Jungkook’s arm.

Swiftly, Jungkook closed his palms around Jimin’s wrists again, preventing him from trying to swat his arm again. At the sight of Jimin’s pouting face, Jungkook’s heart clenched.

“Stop pouting,” Jungkook whispered, gripping Jimin’s chin and leaning in to brush his lips over Jimin’s.

“No,” Jimin huffed, turning his head to the side as he crossed his arms over his chest.

The taller male sighed, smiling as he pressed his forehead against Jimin’s shoulder.

“Fuck, how can you be this adorable while asking me to suck on my fucking dick? Science, explain,” Jungkook expressed, frankly unable to apprehend how this was possible.

“Kook-ah,” Jimin mumbled breathy, poking Jungkook’s arm, his eyes big as he stared at Jungkook through his lashes.

Fuck.

The black haired boy leaned closer to Jimin’s ear, not fond of the sight of his little baby being upset for being unable to execute his own desire.

“How about this,” Jungkook whispered into his ear, his palm caressing Jimin’s back. “I’ll eat you out until you’re all sleepy and then we’ll cuddle, hm?” he suggested, his hand wandering below the fabric of Jimin’s shirt to stroke his soft skin.

Oh.

Jimin’s stomach stirred in excitement.

That was…

No!

“No, I wanna… wanna take care of you now,” Jimin stressed, shaking his head all over again.
“You won’t stop begging, hm?” Jungkook sighed with a smile.

“No,” Jimin whispered, his petite hands roaming over Jungkook’s shoulders before they wandered down to trace over Jungkook’s chest.

Jungkook’s gaze flickered back and forth between Jimin’s eyes.

“Okay, angel, go ahead,” Jungkook finally gave in, nodding as he leaned back on his hands.

“Really?” Jimin exclaimed, his eyes wide in delight.

“Yes, really,” Jungkook chuckled.

Frankly, there had never been anyone in his entire fucking life asking him to suck off his dick this cutely.

Deprived of any hesitance, Jimin fidgeted with the zipper of Jungkook’s trousers, struggling a fair amount in his frantic execution ruled by his mixture of joy and zeal.

“Let me help you, kitten,” Jungkook offered, reaching down to open his trousers and tug them down just enough to expose his dick to Jimin’s eyes.

Satisfied, Jimin placed his delicate hands on Jungkook’s shoulders and applied enough pressure in his touch to convey the nonverbal demand for Jungkook to lie down on the soft sheets.

The black haired boy complied, lowering himself down on the bed as Jimin simultaneously scooted down enough to rest in between Jungkook’s legs and bent forward with the intention of hovering above Jungkook’s erection.

In the midst of finding the right position, black dots appeared in front of Jimin’s vision, warning him to refrain from any hectic movements – especially ones where he was bending over or getting up too quickly – causing him to lose his balance and fall flat on his stomach.

Stupid alcohol, Jimin thought.

“Careful, angel,” Jungkook uttered softly, reaching out to brush Jimin’s fringe out of his face as Jimin lifted his head again, stealing a glimpse at Jungkook and flashing him a delicate smile before he curled his hand around Jungkook’s erection.

At the touch, the younger male sucked in a breath, resting his head back down on the pillow as he allowed Jimin to jerk him off slowly.

Leisurely, Jimin leaned down, poking his tongue out to lick a stripe up from the base to the tip, his tongue twirling around the slit to collect some pre-cum that he was more than delighted to swallow down.

“Jimin-ah,” Jungkook groaned. “Good boy,” he praised.

At the praise, Jimin hummed in happiness, parting his lips to push the tip of Jungkook’s penis past his lips, swift to sink down on his member as he disregarded the faint burning of his throat.

However, somehow, with each movement, Jimin turned sleepier, black dots proceeding to blur his vision as though it was a defense mechanism of his body telling him to stop; warning him that he was too drunk and exhausted for any of this.

Carefully, Jimin bobbed his head up and down, his stomach stirring – this time not in arousal, but to
caution him of a possible repercussion of his current behaviour embodied in Jimin having to puke.

Reluctantly, the smaller boy pulled off, resting his cheek on Jungkook’s thigh as he caught his breath, slowly jerking Jungkook off; attempting to stay awake and calm his stomach.

After a few lazy strokes, Jimin’s hand stilled entirely, his fluffy hair spreading on Jungkook’s thigh as his face plopped to the side.

Curiously, Jungkook sat up on his elbows, stealing a glimpse at his lover.

“Jimin-ah?” Jungkook uttered out, slightly concerned.

Was he…?

“Little one, hey, are you-” Jungkook wanted to know, reaching down to brush Jimin’s fringe out of his face, unveiling his pretty eyes that were shut.

The pink haired one’s lips were parted the slightest bit, allowing soft breaths to slip from them, indicating that he was in fact…

Asleep.

Jimin had fallen asleep – in the midst of sucking him off.

This was new.

Definitely.

The black haired boy had never experienced anything like this.

Why was this image… so darn cute to him?

Was his heart alright?

There must be some fucked up shit going on for him to be this whipped for someone that the sight of them falling asleep beside his dick as their hand was curled around it didn’t disturb him, but had his chest warm up.

Jimin had him wrapped around his finger – and he didn’t even know it.

Slightly amused, Jungkook gently pushed Jimin off of him, careful to get up from the bed as silently as he could muster before he picked up the smaller boy and laid him down on the soft sheets in a more comfortable position, placing his head on the velvety pillows before he tucked him in.

“I told you, you were too sleepy,” Jungkook remarked with a smile, shaking his head as he observed Jimin’s peaceful face, the latter reaching out to the side as though he was looking for something.

“Kookie,” fell from his pretty lips, the softest tone adorning his voice.

Smiling, Jungkook removed his trousers from his body, kicking them off to the side before he unbuttoned his shirt and dropped it to the floor, tucking his erection back into his briefs before he joined Jimin on the bed.

Jungkook was still popping a boner, but fuck, he couldn’t be bothered to take care of it right now.

“I’m right here, little one,” he promised, moving beneath the covers and pulling Jimin close to his
chest, the latter even managing to nuzzle his face in the curve of Jungkook’s neck the way he always did. Subconsciously.

Chapter End Notes

cute Jiminie ^^

I tried something new with the arrangement of their messaging, I hope it made everything a little more organised and clearer and not worse ^^

I also wanted to apologise for not revealing that many answers to everything yet. I know that I'm only dropping some crumbs here and there with certain things, but please forgive me, I promise there will be answers eventually! <3

I hope you enjoyed the chapter <3

Please stay healthy and happy <3

See you in the next chapter! :) 

Love you <3
On My Way

Chapter Notes

Hello, lovely readers <3

How have you been? I hope your days were filled with happiness! ^^ Are you enjoying the summer so far? These days it's incredibly hot, so please stay hydrated wherever you are! <3

I'm currently busy with exam season, so I'm a little stressed out, but I've been able to find a few moments to write this next chapter. As you may see, it's a little shorter than usually, but I didn't want you guys to have to wait for too long, please forgive me <3

I hope you'll enjoy this chapter <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The pink haired boy’s eyes fluttered open, the morning sunlight illuminating the bedroom and blinding him, causing him to press his eyes shut all over again. At his now wake state, a terrible headache announced its presence to him, evoking a groan in the poor boy who rolled over to his side and nuzzled his face into the velvety pillow.

Slowly, Jimin blinked a few times, allowing his vision to adjust to the light before he scanned his surroundings, locating the taller boy not far from him, standing by his dresser and putting on a white button-up shirt.

“Kook-ah?” Jimin murmured, his voice raspy and foreign, still touched by sleepiness and the events of the past night.

At the tone of his voice, Jungkook lifted his head, his gaze immediately fixated on Jimin, the man not hesitating to close the distance between them.

“Hello, beautiful,” Jungkook noted, a warm smile adorning his handsome features as he sat down on the bed beside Jimin, refraining from buttoning up his shirt as he dropped his hands to his side. The vivid scent of sandalwood lingered in the air, the familiar trace indicating that Jungkook had just showered. “How are you?” he wanted to know, reaching out to brush strands of pink hair out of Jimin’s face.

“My head hurts so bad,” Jimin mumbled, pressing his palm to his forehead before he rubbed his digits over his temples, somehow hoping it would magically decrease the aching or even cause it to vanish entirely.

It didn’t.

“I have some painkillers for you,” Jungkook prompted as he pointed at the nightstand, Jimin’s gaze following his movement and affirming that statement.

Despite Jimin’s preference of staying below the covers, engulfed by the warmth they provided for him, the smaller boy sat up, closing his delicate palm around the glass that Jungkook handed him. “Thank you,” Jimin uttered out, swift to swallow down a painkiller and take several slips of his
water.

Jungkook studied his features, smiling as he rubbed his palm along Jimin’s thigh to comfort him.

“I barely remember anything,” Jimin stated, knitting his brows as he stole a glimpse at his lap. “How bad was I?” he found himself inquire, running his index finger along the side of the glass as he locked eyes with Jungkook.

Then again, did Jimin really want to know?

Naturally, it wasn’t a good sign, if Jimin couldn’t recall anything – or at least the vast majority – of the past night. Admittedly, that was a rare occasion as Jimin didn’t drink alcohol very often, yet it wasn’t exactly an occurrence Jimin was enthusiastic about.

“You weren’t bad,” Jungkook reassured him, shaking his head.

Yet then, opposed to his own words, a smirk curved his lips as amusement gleamed in his eyes, implying that he was entertained by his own thoughts and not revealing the entire truth.

“What?” Jimin pressed softly, containing the whine that had loomed to slip from his lips at the conceivable scenarios that were now haunting him.

What had he done?

“Well… you and Tae did get up on Hyung’s sofa at some point last night to perform an interesting rendition of *How Will I Know*. Then you and Tae had an argument about who loves the other one more and then you were hitting on me like I wasn’t already your boyfriend. *Oh,* and you fell asleep sucking my dick – which, well I don’t know how to take that,” Jungkook listed, Jimin’s horror increasing with each syllable that slipped from Jungkook’s lips.

The shorter male choked on his own spit, the defence mechanism of his body immediately attacking at the action, causing him to cough up multiple times.

Jimin had done what now?

Jungkook was lying, right?

He was only teasing him, wasn’t he?

“I did what?” Jimin wanted to know for validation, almost as though Jungkook’s response would vary from his prior statement, a small fraction within Jimin praying that it would.

The younger male chuckled at Jimin’s adorable expression. “All of that, yes,” he affirmed, giving a nod as he reached out to caress Jimin’s cheek to soothe him.

A performance on the sofa?

An argument with Tae?

Hitting on Jungkook?

And… and… falling asleep while sucking him off?

All of that?

No, that….
The smaller boy did vaguely recall them dancing on–

Oh.

Oh, no.

Suddenly, Jimin did remember…

All of it.

At one point, Taehyung and he had given quite the performance on Yoongi’s sofa, Whitney Houston’s *How Will I Know*, High School Musical’s *Breaking Free* and Elton John’s *Can You Feel the Love Tonight* just a few of the hits that they delivered in their tiny show.

In that moment, their little concert had been moderately solid judged in Jimin’s drunk mind – considering their intoxicated state, to emphasize.

Then again, Jimin didn’t exactly *distinctively* remember any of it… so, he wasn’t really one to define that, was he?

Naturally, the two of them had plopped down on the sofa at one point, exhaustion vivid within them.

For some reason, they had in fact argued – not ruled by any true heat or poison, but then fairly passionately, nonetheless.

“I love you, Minnie,” Tae declared.

The smaller one turned his head to face his best friend. “I love you, too, Tae,” Jimin responded with a smile.

Taehyung met his gaze, narrowing his eyes.

“Well, I love you more,” the blond haired one claimed as though it was a competition.

This time, Jimin squinted his eyes at him.

“Noo... I love you more,” Jimin asserted, vigorously shaking his head as he pointed at himself.

“I love you to the moon and back,” Tae promised, a smug expression embellishing his gorgeous features as though he believed he had won this battle.

“Well, I love you to the moon and back and everything beyond that,” Jimin declared, wagging his hands around as he talked to validate his statement by pointing at the sky and all around him.

It had gone on for quite a while.

To ice the cake, Jimin had actually believed that he was not in a relationship – that flawed perception equating that Jungkook was not his boyfriend.

In that altered narrative, the alcohol within Jimin’s veins had somehow ignited a wave of confidence within him, causing him to acquire the initiative and be the one hitting on Jungkook – something he had never done prior in his life, with anyone, to mention.

*After their performance in the center of the room, Jimin dragged his body over to the sofa where the other guys were already resting, still entertained by Jimin’s and Taehyung’s bubbly behaviour.*
The smaller boy halted at the sight of Jungkook, his eyes big and fixated on the younger male, his heart skipping a beat.

Jungkook was in the process of taking a sip from his drink but stilled his hand mid-air as he noticed Jimin staring at him. Amused, Jungkook raised a brow at him, a smirk dancing around his lips.

Slowly, Jimin closed the distance between them, lowering himself down on the sofa beside Jungkook, the latter not hesitating to place his arm on the backrest behind Jimin to establish an intimate and comfortable environment among them as they locked eyes.

“Hey, Jungkook-ah,” Jimin uttered softly, catching his bottom lip between his teeth as he studied his features.

“Hey, little one,” Jungkook responded, his smirk growing wider as his eyes rushed down to Jimin’s full lips.

At the pet name, Jimin found himself giggle, feeling his cheeks flush a shade of rose. Shyly, the boy covered his face with his sweater paws, leaning back in his seat, his gaze never leaving Jungkook’s gorgeous eyes.

For a moment, Jimin didn’t even blink, swallowing hard at the sight in front of him as he leisurely lowered his hands back down in his lap.

So unbelievably stunning, Jimin thought, was Jungkook even real?

“You… look very handsome,” the pink haired boy whispered, his blush darkening as he realised that those words had slipped from his lips.

At the compliment, Jungkook chuckled. “Thank you, Jimin-ah,” he noted, reaching out to brush strands of Jimin’s pink hair out of his face. “You look as pretty as always,” he declared.

Inevitably, Jimin giggled again, his heart fluttering at his words.

The taller male ran his hand through his own black locks, his fringe falling back in its prior place, parted the way it usually was, revealing a part of his forehead.

Somehow, Jimin couldn’t refrain from allowing each and every of his thoughts to be disclosed the way his heart was itching to.

“I like your hair parted like that,” Jimin revealed as he leaned his head against the backrest.

“Do you?”

“Mhm-mh,” Jimin hummed in affirmation, giving a faint nod.

The black haired male smirked. “What else do you like, little one?” Jungkook wanted to know, tilting his head to the side.

“Your eyes, they’re very pretty,” Jimin responded without an ounce of hesitation, not even requiring a moment to contemplate, a million things he could say already flooding his mind. “They’re brown like hazel, make me feel safe,” he added softer, his voice barely above a whisper, yet still audible to Jungkook who was drawn to each and every syllable that slipped from Jimin’s pretty lips.

Cautiously, Jimin’s gaze wandered lower past Jungkook’s broad shoulders to his arms, the latter’s sleeves rolled up to expose how strong they appeared, his defined veins on display.
“Your… You work out, don’t you?” Jimin found himself whisper in inquisitiveness, swallowing hard before he dug his teeth into his bottom lip.

“I do,” Jungkook chuckled, slightly confused as it was something Jimin was already aware of.

“You’re strong,” Jimin added, reaching out to trace his finger over Jungkook’s lower arm, somehow very intrigued by the sight.

“Mhm-mh,” Jungkook hummed, his eyes following the movement of Jimin’s delicate fingers gently caressing his skin, the man merely refraining from reminding Jimin of the various times he had fucked him up against a wall to emphasise the strength he truly possessed.

Was this Jimin’s way of proposing exactly that?

At the thought, Jungkook smiled.

Fuck, if Jimin wanted him to take him up against a wall again, all he had to do was ask.

“And… and your lips,” Jimin breathed, drawing Jungkook out of his thoughts, the former’s eyes rushing down to Jungkook’s rosy lips. “They look so soft,” he whispered.

“Is that your way of asking me to kiss you?” Jungkook asked in amusement, arching up his brows as he leaned closer to Jimin.

At their nearer proximity and the blatant question, Jimin found himself blush in bashfulness all over again. “Will you?” he wondered, his gaze flickering back and forth between Jungkook’s eyes as though he was searching for something that would depict that Jungkook was just teasing him, that he wasn’t truly interested.

“Cute,” Jungkook whispered, his smile growing at Jimin’s adorableness as he brushed his fringe out of his face.

At the soft touch, Jimin’s heart fluttered yet again, the boy hiding the faint disappointment that bloomed within him at the realisation that Jungkook wasn’t kissing him already.

“Are you… Are you dating anyone?” Jimin inquired, believing that it might be the reason for Jungkook’s disregard of Jimin’s fairly obvious request.

The taller male furrowed his brows. “Huh?”

“Are you… single?” Jimin elucidated, his eyes growing bigger.

“Jimin-ah, stop fucking with me,” Jungkook insisted, shaking his head as he laughed softly.

Jimin blinked at him.

The black haired boy’s laugh subsided, even his smile faltering.

“Shit, how much wine did you have?” Jungkook wanted to know with a frown, blaming Jimin’s odd behaviour on the prominent intoxication that was undeniably present within him.

“I don’t know…” Jimin murmured sincerely, truly not recalling how many drinks he had have, solely remembering the addictive taste. “It tasted so good,” he added.

“Mhm-mh,” Jungkook hummed as he placed his hand on Jimin’s thigh, then lifting his head to steal a glimpse at the other boys. “Don’t any of you assholes give Jimin any more alcohol. He’s pissed as
fuck,” he stressed, raising his voice to ensure that they would all register his words.

Yoongi met his gaze, chuckling as he nodded towards Jimin who was only staring at Jungkook, lost in his gorgeous eyes. “Well, Sherlock, early for you to realise that,” Yoongi teased.

Well, he didn’t know how pissed Jimin truly was.

“Jimin just hit on me thinking we’re not already dating,” Jungkook revealed, evoking a loud laugh in Yoongi before slight concern replaced his humour filled expression. “He’s full as shit,” Jungkook added.

The smaller boy gasped at his words. “We’re dating?” he echoed, his eyes big.

“Oh my god,” Jungkook breathed, smiling as he shook his head, meeting Jimin’s gaze again.

“You’re mine?” Jimin wondered softly.

Fuck, adorable.

“Yes, I’m yours,” Jungkook declared, giving a nod as he rubbed his palm along Jimin’s inner thigh. Then, Jimin remembered.

How silly of him.

How had his drunk brain omitted that wonderful fact from his memory?

“Kook-ah, I’m yours, too,” Jimin recalled with big eyes, a smile adorning his pretty features.

Jungkook’s own smile grew. “I know, little one,” he uttered, leaning in to press his lips to Jimin’s forehead.

Then, to make it even worse, Jimin had begged to suck Jungkook off as soon as they were back at his apartment, just for him to fall sleep on top of him.

This was humiliating.

“Oh my god,” Jimin whined, hiding his face in his sweater paws once the haunting images of the events of the past night finally stilled.

“Angel, hey,” Jungkook comforted him, reaching out to close his hands around Jimin’s wrists, unveiling his pretty face, his cheeks flushed a shade of rose.

“That’s so embarrassing,” Jimin stated, shaking his head. “I’m so sorry, I—” he was swift to apologise.

“There’s no need to apologise,” Jungkook interrupted him with a frown, his smile warm as he rubbed his thumb along the back of Jimin’s hands to pacify him. “You were very cute, baby,” he claimed with a chuckle, appearing to be amused by the images that reappeared in his mind – the equivalent ones that were haunting Jimin simultaneously.

“Cute?” Jimin echoed in disbelief, certain that his actions and behaviour had been far from cute. “I must have been so annoying,” he stated.

The smaller one just prayed that he didn’t ruin their little hang, prayed that his friends had a lot of fun last night.
“You weren’t at all,” Jungkook reassured him. “The other guys and I were very entertained, to say the least,” he added with a smirk, his eyes gleaming in amusement. “You looked like you were having a lot of fun and we all enjoyed that sight. You know that nothing in this world is better for me than seeing you be happy. I loved to see you smile so much,” he asserted, lifting Jimin’s hand up to his lips to press a kiss to his knuckles.

“Why do I always fall for alcohol again?” Jimin wanted to know as though Jungkook possessed an answer to that question, the boy sighing as he pressed his eyes shut.

Note to self: No. More. Alcohol!

The pink haired one gave a determined nod to himself.

Yet then, his resolve faltered.

Well… Maybe, one day again, Jimin thought, he shouldn’t promise something he already knew he undoubtably wasn’t going to keep for the entire remainder of his whole life.

Sooo….

Note to self: No. More. Alcohol! No more alcohol for a while. A long while.

“Actually, wine wasn’t that bad on you, was it?” Jungkook objected, drawing Jimin out of his thoughts as he tilted his head to the side. “It just made you even cuter, all bubbly and carefree. As long as there is someone around you looking out for you, everything is fine,” he stressed, shrugging his shoulders.

Cute, bubbly and carefree?

Well, these did all sound like positive qualities, causing Jimin to consider that his demeanor might not have been that annoying…

Yet then, he recalled how he had fallen asleep in the midst of giving Jungkook a blowjob.

Oh, no.

“I fell asleep while… while I gave you… Oh my god,” Jimin whispered, shaking his head again as he indicated to hide his face in his sweater paws, but Jungkook was quick to still his movement, leaning closer to him.

“You did, yes,” he affirmed, his half buttoned-up shirt shifting as he had closed the last fraction of distance between them, revealing his upper body to Jimin’s eyes, the smaller one actually having managed to disregard that view and not fall into the distraction.

Well, until now.

Gulping, Jimin forced his gaze back up to Jungkook’s eyes.

“I… I don’t know what to say,” Jimin murmured, Jungkook’s hands still curled around his wrists. “I’m really sorry,” he apologised, catching his bottom lip between his teeth. “That… I didn’t mean to, I swear. It wasn’t… It was not because of you or anything like that, I mean-“ he tried to explain, but evidently lacked the ability to express his thoughts cohesively.

“Baby, hey, stop,” Jungkook interrupted him. “I know. I knew you were sleepy, but you were so persistent and cute when begging me that I couldn’t say no to you,” he added, reaching out to brush
Jimin’s fringe out of his face before he leaned in to press his lips to his forehead.

At the tender touch, Jimin’s eyes fluttered shut, Jungkook’s lips lingering against his skin for a moment longer.

“Did you at least… I mean, did you finish?” Jimin found himself wonder.

The pink haired boy felt guilty.

Repeatedly, he had begged Jungkook for the latter to permit him to suck him off until he had eventually given in just for Jimin to fall asleep on him?

Oh, please, if Jungkook had just found his release, maybe Jimin wouldn’t feel as guilty as he currently did.

“No, baby, I’m not going to use your body without your consent,” Jungkook expressed as he knitted his brows, his tone the slightest bit sterner, a fact that was not eminently notable, yet still audible to Jimin who was intimately familiar with Jungkook’s voice and certain mannerisms. “You fell asleep, so I picked you up and tucked you in bed before I cuddled you,” he added, his voice softer.

Jimin felt so guilty.

Hopefully, Jungkook didn’t believe that… the reason for Jimin to fall asleep on him last night was in any way or constellation related to him.

To be fair, Jungkook had fallen asleep on Jimin before – multiple times, to mention – as he was often very exhausted from work when he came home. It wasn’t unprecedented for him to fall asleep in the midst of them cuddling on bed while watching a show or during a conversation, his voice turning softer and quieter with each syllable until there was no more response at all.

Understandably, it wasn’t reprehensible for Jungkook to fall asleep that way after having another stressful day at work.

Needless to say, those times were not exactly comparable to this one.

The black haired boy had never fallen asleep in the process of them sharing an intimate moment – especially not while granting Jimin pleasure.

Gently, Jimin dug his teeth into his bottom lip as he studied Jungkook’s features.

Carefully, he sat up on the bed, Jungkook’s gaze intent and fixated on his every move, observing how Jimin crawled closer to him and straddled his lap.

Naturally, Jungkook’s hands found their way to Jimin’s waist, the smaller one closing one arm around Jungkook’s neck while the other one played with the collar of his unbuttoned shirt.

“Will you let me finish what I started?” Jimin found himself ask, his voice soft as he stared at Jungkook through his lashes, the tips of his fingers tracing down Jungkook’s chest, halting at the first button that wasn’t undone. “I promise I won’t fall asleep this time,” he assured as he fidgeted with the button, his eyes never leaving Jungkook’s as he managed to open the button, Jungkook’s pupils dilating at the proposal, the latter’s eyes rushing down to Jimin’s full lips. “And if I ever do again, just… you know, you can finish, if you want to… just so… because I feel guilty,” Jimin added softer, dipping his head down.

At those words, Jungkook curled his hand around Jimin’s wrist, stilling his movement.
“Don’t feel guilty about that. Never, Jimin-ah,” he uttered, shaking his head. “And don’t say that,” he added, his voice firmer as he placed his finger below Jimin’s chin and guided his face back up, meeting his gaze.

“Why?” Jimin whispered.

“It’s dangerous to allow someone else such infinite power over your body,” Jungkook explained, seemingly not approving of Jimin’s permission to use his body even if he was asleep.

Frankly, Jimin wasn’t quite aware of what exactly he was truly saying there himself, some remaining alcohol presumably still running through his veins and clouding his rational state the slightest bit.

“I trust you, Jungkook-ah,” Jimin reminded him with a smile. “I told you… I… told you that I like the thought of you… of you using me,” he added, his voice just above a whisper.

“It’s different when you’re awake,” the younger male stated, observing how Jimin was trying to touch his chest again, but this time preventing the action fairly swifter, wrapping his hand around Jimin’s wrist and halting his movement as he wanted Jimin to listen to what he was explaining to him without being distracted.

This was significant.

“When you’re awake, you have the possibility to call out a safe word, if it gets too much. If you’re asleep, you have no fucking consciousness of what that someone you granted such power with is doing to you,” Jungkook emphasised.

“You wouldn’t hurt me, I know that,” Jimin expressed with big eyes, affection and trust gleaming in his eyes, the smile that embellished his pretty features doing that weird shit to Jungkook’s heart, but fuck, it scared him.

The thought of Jimin trusting someone else this much with his body scared the shit out of him – aside from how his blood boiled at the mere notion of Jimin ever being that intimate with anyone else but him.

Jimin was so fucking gullible.

The trust he would have for people could be used against him in a heartbeat by some fucked up people, them truly using his body without giving one shit about his feelings, hurting him until- Fuck.

Jungkook would kill them.

“I’m not talking about me,” the taller male stated, shaking his head.

Fuck, no, Jungkook would never hurt Jimin like that.

“If you were to ever break up with me and meet someone new-”

“What are you saying, Jungkook-ah?” Jimin interrupted him with furrowed brows, clearly not fond of Jungkook mentioning such nonsense yet again.

If you were to ever break up with me.

Why would he say that?

“Why do you say that as if I would leave you?” Jimin wanted to know. “I’m not going anywhere. I’m never going to break up with you. I will never meet someone new. I want you. Only you. I trust
you, okay?” Jimin emphasised, his tone turning softer with each syllable as he cupped Jungkook’s face.

Was Jungkook truly fearing that? Did he sincerely believe that there was even the smallest probability of Jimin ever leaving him?

There wasn’t.

The taller male smiled warmly before he leaned in to attach their lips in a gentle kiss, Jimin’s eyes fluttering shut as he indicated to deepen their touch but was dismayed to feel Jungkook withdraw a brief moment later.

Gently, Jungkook pressed his forehead against Jimin’s, the pad of his thumb running along Jimin’s bottom lip. “I just… I don’t…” he trailed off.

That’s when it clicked within Jimin.

Oh God.

Jimin was so stupid!

“Jungkook-ah,” Jimin breathed, his eyes wide. “I’m so sorry. That was so insensitive of me,” he whispered, vigorously shaking his head.

Jungkook’s mother had been raped in her sleep, shaken awake by two men who took her life.

“I shouldn’t have- I didn’t mean it, I’m so sorry,” he apologised, tearing up at the potential of having wounded Jungkook. “Your mother and-”

Surely, Jimin had triggered that past memory with his stupid remark.

“Hey, hey, there, little one,” Jungkook comforted him, shaking his head. “Sssh, it’s all good. I didn’t say that because of my mother,” he explained. “It was just… a general thing I wanted to say. I’m just scared that you’ve grown to believe that everyone will treat you the way I do in bed, if you ever were to meet a new one,” he added, rubbing his thumb along Jimin’s soft cheek to wipe away his tear drop, the smaller boy’s eyes glassy as they stared into Jungkook’s. “There are people out there who don’t give a shit about consent. If you tell them to use you, they might take it very literally and don’t give a fuck about your feelings,” he stressed, needing Jimin to comprehend this.

“I… I didn’t… I should think before…” Jimin whispered as he lowered his head down, his heart clenching all over again.

“Hey, hey, there, little one,” Jungkook comforted him, shaking his head. “Sssh, it’s all good. I didn’t say that because of my mother,” he explained. “It was just… a general thing I wanted to say. I’m just scared that you’ve grown to believe that everyone will treat you the way I do in bed, if you ever were to meet a new one,” he added, rubbing his thumb along Jimin’s soft cheek to wipe away his tear drop, the smaller boy’s eyes glassy as they stared into Jungkook’s. “There are people out there who don’t give a shit about consent. If you tell them to use you, they might take it very literally and don’t give a fuck about your feelings,” he stressed, needing Jimin to comprehend this.

“Hey, don’t be sad now, baby,” Jungkook insisted, tightening his grasp around Jimin to pull him closer to his chest, the pink haired one not hesitating to hide his face in the curve of Jungkook’s neck. “I’m grateful for your trust, but I won’t ever touch you like that in your sleep, okay?” he emphasised, Jimin giving a nod. “If I please you, I actually want you to be awake and feel what I do to you,” he whispered, nudging his nose against Jimin’s cheek as he traced the tips of his fingers over Jimin’s back, moving closer to the hem of his shirt, his digits playing with the fabric before his palms moved below the piece of clothing to touch Jimin’s soft skin. At the tender touch, a soft breath slipped from Jimin’s lips, the boy nuzzling his face further against Jungkook. “I want to hear how responsive you are,” he added, his lips brushing over Jimin’s ear. “But, most importantly, it’s too dangerous for me”
Despite Jimin’s profound conviction in regard to Jungkook never harming him, even if he were to touch him in his sleep, Jimin did understand his concern.

“I’m sorry, Kook-ah,” Jimin declared, pressing his lips to Jungkook’s nape. “I just wanted to convey that I… trust you a lot. I also felt guilty for last night. I should think more before-”

“Little one, there is no reason to apologise, really,” the younger male reassured him as he withdrew a small fraction, enabling the two of them to lock eyes. “There is no reason to feel guilty either. I knew you were sleepy. It’s all good, okay?”

“Okay,” Jimin whispered, giving a nod as Jungkook placed his palm against his cheek, the former naturally nuzzling against the gentle touch.

The irritating sound of an alarm broke the comfortable silence between them, Jimin startled by the noise as he clung closer to Jungkook who chuckled at the reaction.

“It’s just my phone,” Jungkook informed him as he reached over to the nightstand, picking it up with the intention of silencing it, the irritating sound vanishing in the twinkling of an eye. “It’s just a reminder for my meeting,” he elaborated, tossing his phone back on the bed before his hand returned to Jimin’s waist.

“So, is that why you’re already up?” Jimin inquired, titling his head to the side as his delicate fingers played with the collar of Jungkook’s shirt.

The taller male smiled at him as he curled his hand around Jimin’s wrist, the other apprehending the nonverbal request and refraining from fidgeting with Jungkook’s shirt, dropping his hand back to his side, thus allowing Jungkook to button up his shirt.

“I do have to go to work,” Jungkook responded, closing the last button on his shirt before he reached over to pick up his tie. “How do you feel, though? There are no official schedules for you today. You and Hyung only have paperwork to do, so you could stay home, hm?” he suggested, wrapping the tie around his collar.

Unconsciously, Jimin found himself reach out to grab the tie, the taller male intently staring at Jimin for a moment before he smiled and dropped his hands back to his side, permitting Jimin to tie the fabric around his collar.

“Little one?” Jungkook emphasised softly, his smile growing at the adorable expression that adorned Jimin’s features, his cute tongue poking out as he concentrated on tying the piece of clothing around Jungkook’s neck.

“Huh?” Jimin uttered, then swiftly recalling that Jungkook had prior asked him a question. “No, Hyung and I wanted to work on a new choreography,” he stated, shaking his head. “I can’t leave him hanging. I will take some painkillers with me and drink a lot of water and then I should manage,” he decided.

“Okay,” Jungkook retorted, slight concern in his voice, the man taking a mental note to check up on Jimin several times throughout the day – despite that being something he tended to do anyway.

“Done,” Jimin then beamed at him, referring to the tie around Jungkook’s neck, a proud grin embellishing his pretty features as he patted Jungkook’s chest.

“Thank you,” Jungkook chuckled at Jimin’s endearing expression, leaning in to attach their lips in a soft peck before he indicated to get up to his feet, yet Jimin grasped the opportunity to chase after Jungkook’s lips to capture them in another kiss, the taste too sweet to resist.
The black haired male didn’t break the kiss, but rose from the bed, Jimin yelping as he was effortlessly lifted up into the air in the process, naturally clinging onto Jungkook, spun around by the latter who laid him down on the soft sheets all over again, hovering above him as he deepened the kiss.

A soft whimper slipped past Jimin’s lips as he closed his arms around Jungkook’s neck, spreading his legs for Jungkook to move in between them.

Carefully, Jimin reached up to Jungkook’s shirt, insinuating to unbutton the piece of clothing, but Jungkook was swift to wrap his palm around Jimin’s wrist to halt his movement.

“No, little one,” he breathed, placing another peck on Jimin’s lips before he straightened his posture all over again, fixing his tie as he cleared his throat, appearing to have recovered his natural self-control that had abandoned him for a temporary moment.

The smaller boy pouted, but found himself nodding, reminding himself that they both had to leave fairly soon.

“You’re leaving now?” Jimin wondered, raising up on his elbows, gaze fixated on Jungkook who pushed the hem of his shirt into his trousers.

“I have to, yes, I have quite a few meetings on my agenda today,” he informed Jimin with a nod. “Jin scheduled one fairly early because of the difference in time zones. If I miss that one, it’s gonna mess up the whole schedule”

The pink haired boy got up to his feet, giving another nod. “I guess I’m going to take a shower then,” Jimin decided as he walked past Jungkook.

“Mhm,” Jungkook hummed in thought, looking after Jimin with a smirk. “Maybe I should stay a little longer…,” he suggested, his tone lower, Jimin raising his brows as he stole a glimpse back at him.

The suggestive expression on Jungkook’s handsome face evoke timidity in Jimin, the smaller one’s cheeks tinged a shade of rose as he apprehended what Jungkook was insinuating.

“Leave, Bunny,” Jimin insisted with a soft laugh, catching his bottom lip in between his teeth at the way Jungkook arched his eyebrows at him, poking his tongue into his cheek before he smirked, approaching Jimin, causing the other one to shriek and spun around with the intention of sprinting towards the bathroom.

_Jimin was in trouble now._

“Where do you think you’re running off to, hm?” Jungkook asked, amused as he watched Jimin run into the restroom before he shut the door close behind himself, his sweet giggles audible in the space between them.

The taller male knocked on the door.

“Careful, little one, hm?” Jungkook warned him, his tone soft. “I have to leave now, are you fine on your own?”

“Yes, Kook-ah,” Jimin assured him with a warm smile, in spite of the other one being unable to see that.

“Call me, if you don’t feel good, promise?” the younger one insisted.
“Okay, I will,” Jimin responded, his heart fluttering at Jungkook’s concern, his caring tendency always touching him. “I’ll see you later, Kook-ah”

“Later, little one”

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After his refreshing shower, Jimin returned to the bedroom of Jungkook’s apartment, now all alone in the large space. Needless to say, the shower alone didn’t magically cause Jimin’s hangover to vanish, but he admittedly did feel a little better now.

The smaller boy tip-toed over to Jungkook’s dresser, picking out an outfit for the day as he certainly didn’t have any of his own clothes with him, quite honestly not having estimated to wake up here after the party last night – which, now that he reflected over it, had been foolish of him.

As soon as he was dressed – not minding the clothes that were a size too big on him, actually quite fond of them, a fact attributable to them being Jungkook’s clothes – Jimin searched for his phone, relieved to find it on the nightstand, but then somewhat shocked at the sight of the multiple text messages he had received.

Min-ah, here you go. Enjoy.
– Yoongi Hyung

The next message was an audio file.

Well, Jimin was definitely missing something here…

Why had he sent him an audio file?

What was on that particular audio file?

Could they have talked about it at the hang at his place last night?

Don’t release it anywhere or I’ll have to kill you.
– Yoongi Hyung

Okay… we both know I would never, but just don’t, yeah?
– Yoongi Hyung

Jimin chuckled, somehow amused by the fact of Yoongi correcting himself and clarifying that he would never hurt Jimin like that – as though even the smallest probability of Yoongi ever even considering that existed.

Wasn’t it established that he had a rather soft spot for the smaller boy?

Then again – Yoongi wouldn’t kill any soul in this world, either.

Thank you for saying all of that yesterday, by the way. Meant a lot to me.
– Yoongi Hyung

The pink haired boy vaguely remembered them talking about a song of his that didn’t-…

Finally, it clicked.

The song!
Not any song – *the* song!

That beautiful masterpiece – composed, produced and written by the talented Min Yoongi himself.

Yet, the fact that had struck Jimin the most – Jungkook sang on it.


At the thought, Jimin’s heart skipped a beat, reminded of the turmoil of emotions that had bloomed within him upon the first listen of that song yesterday.

Devoid of any hesitance, Jimin played the audio file, unable to resist the urge, the familiar yet still somewhat novel melody distinctive in the room.

Smiling, Jimin lowered himself down on the bed nearly trance-like, lying down on the soft sheets as he listened to Jungkook’s airy voice and Yoongi’s deep rap.

*Beautiful.*

*Thank you, Hyung.*

*I’ll listen to it every day. It’s beautiful.*

- *Jimin*

Genuinely, Jimin was certain that he would listen to this masterpiece every single day from now on.

*Well, every song you make is beautiful, but this one is… very special.*

- *Jimin*

Of course, Jimin had listened to various of Yoongi’s songs before, each one evoking a different vivid emotion within Jimin, but this one was simply touching him in a way that Jimin was unable to express in words.

*I won’t release it anywhere, hehe. :)*

- *Jimin*

Jimin would never do that Yoongi.

*I did mean all of it last night.*

– *Jimin*

The smaller boy was sincere.

Despite his faint memory of yesterday’s events, he did distinctively recall their conversation about this song.

As he listened to the song on repeat, Jimin didn’t notice how fast time passed, didn’t realise that he was running late for work already, too intrigued and drawn by Jungkook’s voice.

After another few minutes passing, Jimin went to repeat the song all over again, yet did take a glance at the clock this time around, horror blooming within him at the sight.

Gasping, Jimin jumped up, nearly losing his balance in the process as he ran around the room to collect his belongings, stuffing all of it into his bag with a lack of tenderness due to him being in such
a rush to leave.

After all, he didn’t want to be late!

Swiftly having collected his belongings, Jimin rushed downstairs and put on his shoes before he left Jungkook’s apartment, then outside being greeted by Beomsoo who had waited in front of his car the way he usually was.

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The smaller boy listened to the song for the entire day, almost as though it had replaced the air he needed to breathe, as though it was the necessity Jimin required to prevent himself from suffocating.

Jungkook’s deep voice was singing to him in such an airy way, as though he was whispering those words right into Jimin’s ear – so close, so intimate – before Yoongi’s voice joined him with meaningful lyrics rapped in such a heart wrenching way, creating such an emotional ambience that it caused Jimin tear up with each listen.

“What are you listening to there, little one?” the black haired male wanted to know as he entered the room and leaned against the wall, inquisitiveness depicted on his face, his eyes fixated on Jimin.

“You’ve been sitting there with your earphones plugged in ever since we got home from work,” he noted before he took a sip from his water bottle, a smile embellishing his handsome features.

The pink haired boy removed one of his earphones, Jungkook’s voice having barely been audible to him, attributable to him playing the song at such a high volume, his ears merely having registered enough syllables of Jungkook’s statement to form a coherent and credible sentence.

“You,” Jimin answered softly, a gentle smile curving his lips at his revelation, a part of him wondering how Jungkook was going to react.

“Me?” Jungkook echoed, raising his brows in surprise before he furrowed them, confusion illustrated on his face. “What do you mean?”

Well…

“Yoongi sent-”

Prior to Jimin even finishing his sentence, Jungkook choked on his water, his eyes wide as he swallowed down the fluid before he coughed a few times.

“What?” he expressed, wiping the back of his hand over his mouth.

The smaller boy sat up on the bed. “It’s a song that Hyung wrote,” Jimin elucidated, slightly amused, but then also partially concerned by Jungkook’s reaction. “You’re singing on it”

Jungkook blinked.

“Why- But-”

“I never knew you…” Jimin trailed off, shaking his head, his eyes gleaming in affection as they met Jungkook’s all over again. “You sound absolutely beautiful, Jungkook-ah,” he claimed, his tone sincere.

Usually, a smug remark would leave Jungkook’s lips, a cocky expression adorning his handsome features before he would tease Jimin.
Yet, not this time.

Now, he was only staring at Jimin almost speechless.

“You lied to me,” Jimin decided to speak, chuckling as he got up to his knees. “You said there were no more hidden talents you had,” he reminded the other one of their conversation during their dinner date weeks ago. “You can sing so well - *Gosh*, you can sing like an angel,” he added softer, pointing up to the sky like it was the place Jungkook originated from.

“I didn’t lie,” Jungkook responded, clearing his throat. “You knew I sang on guides for Hyung every now and then,” he stated, pushing himself off the wall as he approached Jimin, setting his water bottle down on the nightstand.

“I didn’t know that you were singing this well,” Jimin revealed, genuine in his remark.

By all means, Jimin had in fact believed Jungkook when he had shared that he sung on Yoongi’s guides sometimes, yet Jimin hadn’t quite comprehended the entirety of that statement.

No, Jimin hadn’t estimated for Jungkook’s voice to sound this beautiful.

Needless to say, having heard Jungkook sing had hit his heart like a truck at full speed – *In a good way*. In all the good ways that statement could be expounded in.

“Thank you,” Jungkook responded, clearing his throat again, a warm but somehow bashful smile dancing around his lips, causing Jimin’s own smile to turn even softer.

“Why aren’t you… Why aren’t you exploring this? I mean, this field?”

Stupid question.

As soon as those words had left Jimin’s mouth, the smaller one wanted to slap himself and retract those words.

“I chose to help my father with the company,” Jungkook reminded him of a fact Jimin had recalled a few seconds too late. “Besides, singing in front of people is not really my cup of tea. I do it to help Hyung, but that’s all it is,” he added with a shrug of his shoulder.

The Jeon Jungkook not feeling confident?

“Will you sing to me one day?” Jimin found himself ask softly, catching his bottom lip between his teeth as he reached up to close his arms around Jungkook’s neck, faintly recalling having asked Jungkook that question before, but failing to remember his response.

The thought alone evoked a collection of butterflies to spread within his stomach.

“Jimin-ah,” Jungkook responded, emphasising his name, his palms naturally curling around Jimin’s waist to pull him tighter to his body.

The smaller one pouted. “What?”

“I don’t sing unless it’s for Hyung’s guides,” Jungkook expressed.

“Oh,” Jimin uttered, giving a nod. “Okay… I don’t want to force you,” he added, not intending to make Jungkook feel uncomfortable about this topic, despite there not being a reason for him to feel that way as his voice was absolutely gorgeous.
“You have that file so you can listen to my voice, hm?” the younger male noted, pressing a kiss to Jimin’s forehead before he withdrew entirely and reached for his water bottle.

“I know, but... listening to you singing live would be different,” Jimin explained, playing with the hem of his shirt as he observed Jungkook.

The black haired male walked over to the dresser, picking out a shirt and some briefs, indicating that he was going to take a shower, Jimin figuring that it was his way to nonverbally signal the end of their conversation.

Slightly gloomy but respecting of Jungkook’s decision, Jimin lowered himself back down on the bed, in the midst of plugging his earphones back in as Jungkook walked past him, approaching the bathroom.

“Maybe,” Jungkook then uttered, halting in the doorway.

“Huh?”

“I will sing to you,” he clarified. “One day, maybe”

The smaller boy smiled.

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“I’m going to shit my pants, Jimin-ssi,” Ong revealed with a quiet tone, his expression a mixture of discomfort and anxiety, his usual smugness vanished and nowhere to be found as though it had never existed.

The pink haired one flashed him a soft smile, attempting to hide his own nervousness and project encouragement and comfort onto Ong.

After all, this was all about him.

“You’re going to be fine, Ong-ssi,” Jimin reassured him, his eyes sincere, his voice not shaky as he had initially feared, allowing him to uphold his uplifting demeanor.

It was the day of his final evaluation – the day that could potentially change everything.

Needless to say, they were both nervous.

In fact, Jimin would be lying if he asserted to not be scared.

Suddenly, heavy footsteps were audible in the silence among them, their heads snapping up, the two boys sharing a glance as the noise of the footsteps grew louder, implying that the person was moving towards them.

Then, a figure entered the room, an immediate authoritative atmosphere established in the room, the power the man was exuding notable among them.

“Mr. Jeon,” the brown haired male greeted the CEO politely, executing a deep bow to illustrate his respect and mannerisms.

“Ong-ssi,” Mr. Jeon responded, not meeting his gaze, but glancing at Jimin instead.

Naturally, Jimin exhibited a deep bow as well. “Hello, Sir,” he uttered softly.
“Good morning, Jimin-ssi,” Jungkook’s father retorted, reaching out to give his shoulder a squeeze as another figure entered the room.

Minji approached them, her ponytail swinging from one side to the other as she closed the distance between them at a rather fast pace, her high heels clacking on the floor with each of her steps.

“We can start then,” Mr. Jeon decided after sharing a gaze with Minji.

Jimin swallowed hard.

As did Ong.

The two of them shared one last stare, Jimin flashing him another warm smile before he followed after Mr. Jeon and Minji who had taken a seat on the prepared chairs at the wall, joining them and sitting down beside Mr. Jeon.

Then, the piercing melody of a song filled the room, Ong present in the center, his head low as he fixed his posture, awaiting the beat to pick up to commence his performance.

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The tension was high in the room, Jimin’s heart pounding fast against his chest as though it was insinuating to break out of his rib cage any moment.

Ong was down on his knees, his chest heaving as a visible demonstration of his activity and the illustrated passion he had clearly immersed into his performance.

Somehow, a wave of pride swelled within Jimin’s chest, a soft smile curving his lips.

The younger male had reinforced Jimin’s conviction – Ong was a great dancer. A remarkable one.

Slowly, Ong lifted his head, appearing to prefer to stay down on his knees – or perhaps being too tired to get up.

Carefully, Jimin stole a glimpse at Mr. Jeon, his face as unreadable as it always tended to be, not a muscle in his face having moved throughout Ong’s performance, limiting Jimin to define his thoughts.

_It was so silent._ – That heavy silence. That one that was somehow so much louder than any sound could be, amplified in the pressure among them.

“Minji-ssi, remove Ong’s name from the list,” Mr. Jeon finally spoke up, his voice piercing through the tension among them, startling Jimin and Ong, the latter appearing to snap out of some sort of trance as he rose to his feet at last, his chest still heaving.

Jimin’s heart dropped, the boy swallowing hard, biting down on his tongue with the intention of refraining to object against whatever Mr. Jeon was indicating with that order.

Unsuccessfully.

“Sir-”

Mr. Jeon got up from his seat, fixing his tie before he cleared his throat, causing Jimin to go silent all over again.

“Congratulations, Ong-ssi”
The smaller boy held his breath.

“You’re not being eliminated,” Mr. Jeon added, Jimin’s heart doing a little jump, delight blooming within him – such pure joy that he couldn’t hide the smile on his face.

Ong parted his lips, yet no worlds left him, the boy seemingly speechless.

“Jimin-ssi,” Mr. Jeon suddenly addressed him. “Good job”

Surprised, but relieved and grateful, Jimin executed a deep bow after raising to his feet. “Thank you, Sir”

“Oh, thank you, Mr. Jeon,” Ong finally spoke, appearing to have regained his ability to talk.

Jungkook’s father gave a faint nod, gesturing for Minji to follow after him. Deprived of any hesitance, she got up to her feet as well, observing how Mr. Jeon approached the door.

“Keep on practicing, Ong-ssi,” Mr. Jeon insisted, halting in the doorway. “The final evaluations are in three weeks,” he revealed.

“Yes, Mr. Jeon, of course,” the brown haired boy promised, giving an erratic nod.

Mr. Jeon gave another nod before he left the room, causing Jimin and Ong to exhibit another bow.

For a moment, Minji remained beside them, stealing a glimpse at the two boys.

“Congrats,” she uttered, little enthusiasm adorning her voice. “Good job, Jimin-ah”

“Thank you,” Jimin and Ong responded in unison.

The woman smiled at them before she headed after Mr. Jeon, her high heels audible with each step, slowly distancing as she disappeared.

Once she was gone, Ong sank down to the floor as though he had lost all strength in his legs, spreading out on the ground with his cheek pressed to the floor, his back rising and falling quickly as he exhaled a deep breath.

“Holy fucking shit this is so motherfucking-”

“Stop swearing,” Jimin scolded him, chuckling as he lowered himself down on his knees beside Ong.

The younger male rolled over onto his side, exclaiming a loud scream – one that Jimin wasn’t certain was one to release stress or perhaps simply to display his happiness – regardless, Jimin giggled, shaking his head.

“Oh my god, I passed, Jimin-ssi,” Ong expressed quietly, a bright smile dancing around his lips.

“You did,” Jimin coincided, giving an erratic nod.

Ong stared at him for a moment.

“Thank you, Mr. Park,” he then uttered, his tone unnatural soft and gentle.

“You don’t have to thank me, Ong-ssi,” Jimin retorted, shaking his head, although he would be lying, if he claimed that it didn’t touch him each time Ong thanked him.
Ever since any improvement had been apparent in Ong’s performance, the boy had been certain to express his gratitude towards Jimin – a behaviour somehow so paradox to the person Jimin had defined Ong to be upon their first few encounters.

Then again, Jimin should be thanking Ong as well. Despite Jimin not being the one to having been chosen to gain anything from these individual lessons, he had learned quite a lot – not exclusively about Ong, but rather himself as well.

Truthfully, Jimin felt as though he had learned more about himself as a teacher, how to approach certain issues, how to grow more confident in his own opinion and teaching method, how to express himself in front of someone without shying away.

Undoubtedly, those were wonderful alterations to acquire.

“It was you who did all of that,” Jimin asserted, his tone genuine.

“Not without your help,” Ong objected.

Jemin smiled bashfully.

“I’m happy for you, Ong-ssi,” he revealed.

The brown haired one smiled brightly, getting up on his elbows as he raised his brow in inquisitiveness at Jimin.

“I have to take you out to dinner tonight,” Ong prompted with a smirk.

“Stop!” Jimin scolded him with a giggle, shaking his head as he got back up to his feet, long having accustomed to Ong’s harmless flirting.

“I just thought I’d try one last time,” Ong chuckled. “To come full circle, you know?” he added with a warm smile.

Well, it had been a rather bumpy ride, but Jimin wouldn’t have it any other way.

*****

The pink haired boy hummed along to the music playing from the radio, his hips swaying from side to side to the soft melody in the background as he seasoned his chicken according to the instruction.

“What a nice view, little one,” Jungkook’s deep voice pierced through the music, startling Jimin who jerked up before he glanced back over his shoulder, a smile curving his lips at the sight of his boyfriend leaning against the wall as he stared at him, Jimin’s cheeks flushing a shade of rose.

“Hello, big one,” Jimin greeted with a giggle.

“Are you going to call me that from now on?” Jungkook wondered, raising his brows at him as he crossed his arms over his chest.

“Maybe,” Jimin decided with a smile, turning his head to the side to catch a glimpse of Jungkook in his peripheral vision, the boy approaching him. “I like it,” he expressed softly.

“Mhm-mh,” the black haired male hummed, curling his arms around Jimin’s stomach as he embraced him from behind, pressing his chest to Jimin’s back as he rested his head on Jimin’s shoulder.

“Jungkook-ah, I’m trying to cook!” Jimin exclaimed with a chuckle, trying to free himself from
Jungkook, but failing as the other one tightened his grip with a snicker, evidently a lot stronger than Jimin was.

“You mean you’re going to burn my kitchen down?”

At his remark, Jimin gasped, swatting his arm. “Hey!” he scolded, Jungkook laughing, the endearing sound vibrating in his chest. Naturally, Jimin’s heart quivered at the sweet noise of Jungkook’s laughter, evoking immediate forgiveness within him.

“I’m sorry, I’m just kidding,” Jungkook assured, pressing his lips to Jimin’s nape as he ran his palm along Jimin’s stomach to comfort him.

“I’m not as helpless this time around. Jin gave me this cooking book,” Jimin revealed, pointing at the book that was spread out on the counter beside him, the smaller one having diligently tried to follow the instructions of the recipe.

Jimin distinctively recalled the way he had obtained this book…

“Here,” Jin expressed, dropping something on the table beside Jimin, the smaller one raising his head from the papers spread out in front of him, meeting the older one’s gaze.

“What’s that for?” Jimin wanted to know, his brows arched up as he identified the item on the table in front of him.

“It’s a cooking book,” Jin retorted.

Well, yes, Jimin was capable to define it as such.

Yet, why had he given him that?

“For what?” Jimin wondered, his eyes big in curiosity, but slight bewilderment as well.

“To cook, Jimin-ah. To cook,” the older one stated the obvious.

Jimin blinked at him.

“Well, I know, but I mean… why are you giving me that?” Jimin asked slowly, his confusion not having decreased at all.

Jin stared at him for a brief moment.

“To cook, Jimin-ah,” Jin simply repeated.

“Hyung,” Jimin pressed, emphasising his name with a whine as he wasn’t entirely answering his questions here.

Jin smiled at him, crossing his arms over his chest. “You asked me to help you, remember?”

Oh. Right.

The smaller boy had in fact asked Jin to assist him in the dangerous and complex field of cooking – a world yet to be discovered by Jimin, the unknown territory frightening him the slightest bit.

Well, at the mere notion of potentially causing any more accidents or ruin another meal, Jimin’s stomach twisted in discomfort.
“I do,” Jimin recalled, giving a nod.

“Well, this book contains very simple recipes,” Jin revealed, pointing at the book. “I think those would be great for you to start”

“All on my own?” Jimin wondered, his eyes growing bigger.

That was doomed to end in a disaster. Inevitably.

“Yes, that’s the most efficient way to learn something,” the older one claimed, making a fair point there. Considering certain abilities and traits, it was in fact more beneficial to practice on your own rather than watch someone else do it. “If it doesn’t help, I can still teach you”

“Thank you, Hyung,” Jimin expressed with a smile, picking up the book.

So far, Jimin was doing quite a good job, if he were to say so himself.

“Why do you want to cook so badly?” Jungkook wanted to know, furrowing his brows as he stole a glimpse at the chicken Jimin was cooking, the sound of it sizzling in the pan audible among them.

Admittedly, the food did smell quite amazing.

“Well, because…” Jimin commenced to answer, flipping the piece of chicken over onto the other side, his tongue poking out as he concentrated on not messing up. “We can’t live off of instant noodles for the rest of our lives?” he then reasoned, believing to make a valid point there.

“I can cook for you,” the younger male suggested, his warm palms playing with the hem of Jimin’s shirt, the latter swallowing hard at the way his digits brushed over Jimin’s soft skin ever so gently.

“You already work so much,” Jimin protested, shaking his head, disregarding the fluttering of his heart.

“We can just order delivery the way we always do, or I’ll take you out to dinner every single day,” Jungkook offered, Jimin not quite certain whether Jungkook really was just scared of him actually burning his kitchen down or whether he simply didn’t want the boy to work that much, when there were easier alternatives to go by.

“I just think home-cooked meals would be nice once in a while,” Jimin stated, shrugging his shoulders.

“I love your instant noodles,” Jungkook claimed.

“You’re sweet,” Jimin smiled at him, turning around the slightest bit to press his lips to Jungkook’s cheek. “I want to try something new, though,” he decided, determined to succeed this one time.

“Okay, fair enough,” Jungkook responded, giving a nod.

“Well, now leave my workspace,” Jimin sent him off, waving his hand around. “I need to concentrate. You’re distracting me”

“Am I?” Jungkook questioned, amusement gleaming in his eyes as his palms wandered below the fabric of Jimin’s shirt, the smaller one twitching at the intimate touch.

“Kook-ah!” Jimin exclaimed, dropping his hands to his side as he pouted.

“Mhm-mh, I’m sure you can grant me your attention for a minute, huh?” Jungkook prompted, raising
his brows at him.

“Kook-aaah,” Jimin whined all over again.

The black haired male chuckled, turning Jimin around and lifting him up into the air within the twinkling of an eye, spinning them around and sitting Jimin down on the counter, then spreading his legs to move in between them.

“Jimin-ah,” Jungkook emphasised his name, resting his hands on Jimin’s thighs, his thumb caressing Jimin’s legs as he stared at him intently. At the tender touch, Jimin’s legs twitched almost involuntarily, affected by the immediate contact and their close proximity.

“What are you doing? I-I-” Jimin stammered, swallowing hard as his cheeks tinged a darker shade of rose.

“I want to take you away on the weekend,” Jungkook revealed. “In two weeks”

The smaller boy blinked.

Well, this had taken a turn Jimin definitely had not expected.

“In two weeks? Already?” Jimin echoed, his eyes big as they stared into Jungkook’s.

“Yes,” Jungkook affirmed with a nod.

That was so soon!

Besides… wasn’t the charity gala that week?

“Is that such a good idea?” Jimin voiced his slim concern.

“What is?” Jungkook inquired, furrowing his brows at him.

The pink haired boy caught his bottom lip between his teeth. “The charity ball is that week,” he reminded the other one.

“We are going away for the weekend; the gala is a day after we come back,” Jungkook stated.

“There is no need to worry,” he reassured, rubbing his palm along Jimin’s thigh. “I think it’s a pretty good time for us to go”

At the mere mention of the trip a wave of butterflies was unleashed within Jimin’s stomach, a fluttering cluster of colourful beings vivid in anticipation.

However, somehow, Jimin didn’t quite want to get his hopes up too high, in case their plans might needed to be cancelled at last.

“Don’t you need to organise anything?” Jimin found himself ask.

The taller male shook his head, leaning in to brush his lips over Jimin’s. “No, everything is set,” he whispered against Jimin, insinuating to crash his lips on Jimin’s, yet the other one turned his head to the side, causing Jungkook’s lips to press against his cheek.

“Are you sure?” Jimin wondered, raising his brows.

“Yes, Jimin-ah, I’m sure,” Jungkook chuckled, nudging his nose against Jimin’s cheek. “We’re free to go,” he promised, capturing Jimin’s full lips in a soft kiss. “So, what do you say?”
“I would love to go!” Jimin exclaimed, his eyes big, gleaming in excitement.

Smiling in delight, Jimin leaned in to crash his lips on Jungkook’s for a deeper kiss, the other one deprived of any hesitance, kissing right back with a smile, his hands moving up to Jimin’s hips.

A soft breath slipped from Jimin’s lips as he closed his arms around Jungkook’s neck, the latter licking over his bottom lip before he pushed his tongue past Jimin’s full lips, meeting Jimin’s.

Unconsciously, Jimin drew his thighs closer, pushing forward the slightest fraction to press his crotch against Jungkook’s who smirked into the kiss, satisfied with Jimin’s desperate movements.

However, the black haired male withdrew a moment later, way too early for Jimin’s liking who pouted at the loss, his eyes fluttering back open.

“Why did you stop?” he murmured softly.

Attentively, Jungkook wrinkled his nose, turning his head to the side.

“What’s that smell?” he asked, knitting his brows.

Now that Jungkook was mentioning that, it did in fact smell as though something was burning-

“No! The chicken!” Jimin exclaimed, hopping off from the counter and pushing past Jungkook to rush towards the pan.

No…

Swiftly, Jimin pushed the pan back on the stove, eliminating the heat beneath the food as though that would save anything.

At least, it couldn’t make it any worse.

The chicken had somehow managed to burn in the short period of Jimin and Jungkook making out on the counter – now a very dark shade of black illustrated, the smell in the air no longer inviting, but unpleasant.

“Well…” Jungkook uttered beside him, eyeing the burned food.

“You did it again!” Jimin accused, swatting Jungkook’s chest several times. “You distracted me!”

“You kissed me,” Jungkook pointed out with a chuckle, lifting his hands in defence before he examined the food all over again. “It might still be good?” he suggested, placing his hand on the small of Jimin’s back.

The two boys stared at it again.

It wasn’t.

“Delivery?” Jungkook offered, leaning in to press a kiss to Jimin’s temple.

“Yeah,” the pink haired one mumbled, giving a gentle nod.

Yet another unsuccessful attempt.

*****
“Hello, beautiful,” Jungkook greeted him as soon as Jimin stepped out of his apartment building, the man leaning in to capture Jimin’s lips in a soft kiss.

“Jungkook-ah,” Jimin beamed at him, the assembly of fluttering butterflies within his stomach having accompanied him for the entire day as he had waited for Jungkook to lastly text him that he was going to pick him up for their trip. “Thank you,” he uttered then, referring to the kind gesture of Jungkook reaching for his bags and carrying them instead of him.

“Excited?” the black haired male wanted to know, turning his head to the side in order to steal a glimpse at Jimin as they headed towards his car.

“I am!” Jimin exclaimed, giving an erratic nod. “I haven’t been able to sleep properly!” he asserted, entirely genuine with that statement and not exaggerating at all. The pink haired one had been so anticipant for these past days that he had have trouble sleeping.

In a way, it was as though a part within Jimin found this trip to be sort of necessary, as though their bond required this time of just the two of them after… some sort of distance and unresolved matter had been present among them, yet Jimin was unable to define the exact tension nor declare that it was truly there in the first place and not simply a one-sided imagination a small fraction within Jimin had created.

“Good,” Jungkook noted, maintaining eye contact with the other boy for a moment longer, endeared by Jimin’s adorableness, and chuckling at Jimin’s enthusiasm before he glanced back at the car and walked to the back of it in order to open the trunk. “I’m excited to spend some time away with you, as well”

“I just… felt a little distant from you for a while now,” Jimin found himself say as he observed Jungkook storing his belongings in the trunk of his car, fidgeting with the hem of his shirt as he pressed his lips into a line.

The taller male shut the trunk close, frowning at Jimin’s words and meeting his gaze.

“What do you mean?” he wanted to know, titling his head to the side.

“I can’t really explain it…” the other one expressed, shaking his head as he was trying to find the right way to phrase this, yet then truthfully not entirely certain of his own feelings either nor why he had revealed this in the first place. “I don’t mean that to blame you in any way,” he reassured Jungkook. “I just mean that… I don’t know, it just felt like there was something… in between us? Does that make sense?” he answered, furrowing his brows at himself, doubting that it was easy for Jungkook to apprehend what he was attempting to convey, if he was struggling to comprehend it himself.

“I think I know what you mean,” Jungkook retorted with a faint nod, leaning against his car. “I was busy with work for a while now,” he added, dropping his hands to his side as he went on to close the distance between them.

Was it truly work related? Jimin wasn’t sure.

“I wasn’t really as present mentally as I should have been,” Jungkook elaborated, reaching up to brush Jimin’s fringe out of his face, the soft breeze among them having blown his pink hair into his face. “I’m sorry,” he uttered, leaning in to press his lips on Jimin’s in apology.

“No, please don’t apologise,” Jimin objected once they withdrew, shaking his head at Jungkook. “I didn’t mean it like that. I just… I’m very happy to be just with you this weekend,” he expressed with
a delicate smile.

The black haired male smiled back at him. “Me, too, little one,” he returned, pressing his lips to Jimin’s forehead before he gave his butt a little pat. “Let’s go, then, hm?”

“Yeah,” Jimin breathed, smiling brightly. “Let’s go”
Leave

Chapter Summary

A weekend full of surprises and delight, nothing could potentially go wrong.... right?

Chapter Notes

H-Hello... it's me, I hope you haven't forgotten about me yet?

Wow, it's been quite a long while. Why does it feel weird to be back?

I'm sorry for being gone for that long. :( 

It's completely fine if you skip this part and go ahead to read the chapter - I mean, you've waited long enough! (please enjoy it, I worked hard on it <3) - But for anyone who is interested why I was gone for that long, I have a few words to say :)

Some of you might have already read the comments to see what was going on. It's nothing major, nothing horrible, just a writer that had reached a down point and needed some time off? I had to turn away from the story for some time to regain my motivation and do some adjustments - fix? - some stuff in my personal life.

I was very grateful and touched by all the lovely comments you left for me. Honestly, I can't even express how your sweet words touch and motivate me to go on. They mean the world to me <3

I am back now! Happy, healthy and motivated to write on the story to finish Jikook's journey together with you! <3

I can't promise that the next updates will be quick, but I want you to know that no matter what, I will always come back. I won't just leave you without a goodbye, nor will I leave this story behind unfinished. <3

I would also quickly like to address that you don't have to feel sorry about not leaving a lot of comments at all. Although I appreciate your comments a lot and they mean the world to me, I want everyone to enjoy the story the way they feel comfortable in. So, if you'd like to enjoy the story not commenting, then that's completely fine <3

I would also like to know how you have been, my beautiful readers? :)

Now, I'm going to finally shut up and let you read the chapter you've all been waiting for so patiently ^^

P.S. I missed you <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes.
“Jungkook-ah, is that…” the pink haired boy trailed off, his eyes big in amazement as he climbed out of the vehicle, nearly dropping his backpack at the vastly unpredicted sight in front of him.

“It’s a cabin,” Jungkook stated casually, chuckling at Jimin’s astonished expression, the man placing his finger below Jimin’s chin to close his agape mouth.

The smaller boy remained in his stance, blinking as his gaze was fixated on the sight across from him.

Then, he awoke from his trance-like state.

“That’s not a cabin!” Jimin exclaimed his objection, vigorously shaking his head as he shut the door close and followed Jungkook to the trunk of his car. “That’s a whole mansion!” he expressed – only partially exaggerating – as he pointed up to the large house.

“It is. It’s my cabin.” Jungkook retorted, emptying the trunk, but then stilling for a brief moment to meet Jimin’s gaze. “Well, it belongs to my family,” he elucidated with a title of his head before he proceeded with his prior task.

Jimin blinked.

“This is not what I imagined when you said we were going to stay in a cabin,” Jimin noted, his eyes still big as his gaze trailed back up to the house tinted in a comforting shade of hazel.

“Where are you taking me, Kook-ah?” Jimin inquired, supposing it was worth an attempt to elicit some revealing answers from Jungkook – despite the low probability of the taller male truly enlightening Jimin prior to their arrival.

So far, they’ve been in the car for approximately three hours, spending their time talking to one another or allowing the soft melody resounding from the radio to fill the air between them.

“It’s a surprise, little one,” Jungkook responded with a smile, turning his head to meet Jimin’s gaze before averted his eyes back over on the road.

“There are no people around here – at all,” Jimin pointed out with raised brows, crossing his arms over his chest at the notable suspicious environment they were present in.

“There are people,” Jungkook protested, rolling his eyes in amusement. “A few at least,” he added, nodding towards a car that drove past them on the other side of the road.

Suddenly, Jimin gasped. “You’re taking me to an abandoned place to kill me!” he joked, placing his palms against his cheeks.

The black haired male chuckled. “Well, you got me there,” he went along with the joke, but then shook his head. “No, little one, I’m not killing you,” he clarified.

“Well, that’s what a killer would say,” Jimin stressed, squinting his eyes at Jungkook, but smiling all the same.

“We’ve known each other for months now,” Jungkook reminded the other one.

“You might be very persistent in killing me,” Jimin emphasised, leaning closer to Jungkook.
The taller one met his gaze, the two of them staring at one another before they broke out in soft laughter.

Slowly, their laughter subsided, the couple only gazing at one another with affectionate smiles on their faces, Jungkook swift to break their eye contact to fixate his gaze back on the road for their safety.

“Can’t you tell me?” Jimin tried all over again.

“Tell you what?”

The pink haired boy placed his hands in his lap. “Where you’re taking me?” he clarified, although it was obvious that Jimin was referring to that question.

“We’re almost there,” Jungkook answered, shaking his head.

“Pleaaaase,” Jimin begged, pouting at the other one.

“Baby,” the younger male emphasised, reaching over to place his hand on Jimin’s thigh.

“Pleeeaaaase, Kook-ah,” Jimin begged some more, clasping his hands together as he glanced up at Jungkook through his lashes, hoping that an innocent expression might be efficient in this situation.

“Little one, no.”

“Please, Sir, tell your good boy,” Jimin then whispered sweetly, those words slipping from his lips so naturally, so much faster than his brain was even capable to grasp.

Jungkook’s head snapped to the side, the man visibly gulping. “Fuck,” he cursed, his palm moving lower to Jimin’s inner thigh, causing the latter to inhale a shaky breath.

The smaller boy caught his bottom lip between his teeth, refraining from giggling at Jungkook’s reaction, but then not quite certain how to handle the effect Jungkook’s touch had on him either.

“It’s a cabin,” Jungkook revealed at last.

“A cabin?” Jimin echoed, raising his brows at the information.

“Yes,” the other one affirmed with a nod.

“What kind of cabin? Who does it belong to? Are there other people living there or-” Jimin fired ahead with various more questions, Jungkook’s revelation not having been vastly enlightening.

“That’s all you’re getting for now,” Jungkook interrupted him with a smile.

Jimin pouted. “Fine”

“Are you disappointed?” Jungkook wanted to know. “It’s not Paris, nor a five-star.”

“No! Not at all!” Jimin was swift to assure, shaking his head at the question before he pressed a kiss to Jungkook’s cheek. “I’m just… wow,” he added, somehow baffled and so very amazed by the actual narrative of their surroundings.

Jungkook chuckled. “Let’s head inside,” he decided, nodding toward the house.
The pink haired one gave a nod, following after Jungkook who walked up the green path on the way to the house, the yard filled with various sorts of flowers blooming away, their vibrant colours depicted in the illumination of the evening sun.

Inquisitive, Jimin turned his head from side to side in an attempt to establish a proper understanding of their environment. Undeniably, the setting appeared somewhat picturesque – a beautiful large house built in the centre of a field of flowers, a long path leading up to it, no other soul around for miles, but a few animals that adorned the nature around them.

It was quiet. It was comforting.

“This whole property looks so-… Is there no one around here?” Jimin found himself ask, recalling how he had not seen another person cross their path for a while now.

Who took care of this house, if Jungkook and his father weren’t around?

“Not this weekend, no,” the younger male informed him.

Jimin raised his brows. “So, there is usually?” he concluded, titling his head to the side as they halted in front of the entrance door.

Carefully, Jungkook set his bags down on the floor to pick out his keys. “Well, we have people look after the cabin,” he elaborated, unlocking the door. “But this past week especially I asked Beomsoo to come here to prepare some things,” he added, pushing the door open with a light tap to the wooden material.

Just like that, they headed inside.

“Wow,” Jimin breathed as he followed the latter into the house.

“We don’t have any neighbours,” Jungkook revealed, the smaller one admittedly too distracted by the interior design of the cabin to truly focus on the words that slipped from Jungkook’s lips.

Despite Jimin’s initial prediction of a rather traditional design due to his definition of the term ‘cabin’ he was fairly surprised by the actual appearance.

The colour scheme was a mixture of shades of grey and black, an occasional splat of brown and a distinctive shade of white establishing a fairly comfortable ambiance. The living room was immediately to Jimin’s left with no wall separating it from the entrance space. Then, to his right, there was a door leading to another room – Jimin capable to ascertain that it was the kitchen as the door was wide open. At last, there was a staircase right across from him leading up to the second floor.

“I mean, we do have neighbours, but they’re not around this time of the year,” Jungkook elaborated, his voice somehow muffled to Jimin’s ears as the latter’s attention was fixated on his surroundings. “Then again, I’ve never really talked to any of them either. I think my father invited them over once, when I was younger”

“Kook-ah, this is huge,” Jimin emphasised, his eyes still big in amazement.

“I always felt that way when I was a child as well,” the black haired boy chuckled, giving a nod.

Slowly, Jimin walked further into the house.

“It has a fireplace!” Jimin exclaimed as though he had never seen one before – Well, he truly had not, for that matter, at least not in real life.
“Yeah, it does,” Jungkook affirmed with a laugh despite it being undeniably apparent, the man endeared by Jimin’s excitement. “We can set it up later, if you want to,” he suggested.

“That sounds wonderful,” Jimin noted, giving an erratic nod as he imagined the two of them cuddling by the fire tonight.

“The bedrooms are upstairs,” Jungkook informed him. “Just drop your stuff by the stairs, I’ll carry everything upstairs later,” he decided.

“I can do that, too,” Jimin offered.

The other male shook his head, causing Jimin to roll his eyes, but he refrained from arguing with Jungkook and simply obliged by placing his belongings down by the staircase, allowing him to investigate a little more.

“If we’re going to stay here in the cabin for a while, shouldn’t we go grocery shopping somewhere?” Jimin wondered as he walked into the large kitchen, the room illuminated by the sunlight shining through several big windows depicted around him.

“Have a look into the fridge,” Jungkook insisted with a warm smile, following after Jimin.

The smaller boy complied, opening the refrigerator with furrowed brows.

“When did you….? There is so much food,” Jimin noted with big eyes as soon as he had pulled the door open, surprised by a variation of food, a constellation of multiple colours and shapes revealing themselves to his eyes.

“I had Beomsoo go grocery shopping and fill the fridge for our trip,” Jungkook informed him, Jimin recalling Jungkook having mentioned Beomsoo stopping by here a few times to prepare some things earlier.

“Are we going to cook later?” Jimin wondered, turning around to meet Jungkook’s gaze.

If Jimin was going to be anywhere near a cooking pan – chaos was simply inevitable – and that might not be such a wonderful occurrence for their trip that was supposed to have some sort of healing effect on them.

“Well, Jiyoo actually prepared some meals for us,” Jungkook declared with a smile. “She made them this morning. They’re in the fridge already,” he added, nodding towards the refrigerator.

“Jiyoo? Is she here?” Jimin inquired, his eyes lighting up at the mention of her name.

Truthfully, it had been some time since Jimin had seen her. In fact, the last time they have encountered one another must have been that dinner at Mr. Jeon’s apartment weeks ago, prior to Jimin ever even signing the contract with Jeon Entertainment.

“No, she’s not here,” Jungkook replied, shaking his head. “Beomsoo brought it here, as well,” he informed him.

“Oh,” Jimin uttered, giving a nod. “That’s so sweet of her,” he added with a smile, this kind gesture of her reinforcing his predominantly conviction that she possessed such a pure and considerate soul.

“I’m going to thank her when we go back,” he decided.

“You could thank her right now,” Jungkook suggested, raising his brows at Jimin. “Call her”
“No,” Jimin objected, shaking his head.

“Why not?”

“Because – We’re both going to turn our phones off,” Jimin retorted, approaching Jungkook as he crossed his arms over his chest.

“What?” Jungkook expressed, furrowing his brows. “Jimin-ah, I told Jin that he can call me, if there is an urgency,” he revealed, curling his hands around Jimin’s hips as soon as Jimin had closed the distance between them.

“Kookie,” Jimin whined, pouting at his objection. “I thought this was a weekend just for us?”

“It is,” Jungkook assured him, leaning in to press his lips to Jimin’s forehead. “I promise you; it is. I’m not going to text or call anyone. I’m not even going to check my e-mails. However, I can’t turn it off entirely in case Jin calls me. His calls are the only ones I’ll be receiving,” he promised, reaching up to brush strands of pink hair out of Jimin’s face.

“Okay…” Jimin mumbled, giving a faint nod.

“Little one,” Jungkook uttered, nudging his nose against Jimin’s cheek, not having intended to upset Jimin.

“It’s fine, really,” the smaller one assured, aware of Jungkook’s profession and having presumed that it wasn’t going to be simple for him to exonerate himself from every responsibility for an entire weekend.

In any case, Jungkook even had to work during their trip back in Busan months ago, thus this current situation wasn’t exactly surprising Jimin.

“Then stop pouting,” Jungkook insisted softly.

“I’m not,” Jimin claimed. “See,” he added, smiling brightly at Jungkook, his eyes turning into small crescents.

In the end, Jimin was simply way too joyful and giddy to be here at all and be granted this weekend solely with Jungkook, far away from their daily lives.

The black haired male chuckled, leaning in to press his lips on Jimin’s in a sweet kiss. “I love you,” he declared.

At those words, Jimin’s heart quivered as though it was the very first time, a shy smile embellishing his pretty features as he captured Jungkook’s lips in another kiss.

“Let me show you around,” Jungkook suggested once they withdrew, Jimin swift to nod as he was anticipant to see the rest of the house.

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“Do you want a drink?” Jungkook called out from the kitchen.

“Yeah, some water, please,” Jimin responded.

The pink haired boy picked up a picture frame deposited on the small grey dresser below the windows, the variation of photo frames placed around the house not having gone unnoticed to him.
In a way, it was such a divergence to Jungkook’s and Mr. Jeon’s usual tendency of not exactly presenting any personal pictures anywhere or parading any information revolving around their past inside of their homes.

Somehow, Jimin would have never imagined them to display such personal photos in this space. Naturally, it made him wonder why they chose to place these photos in a cabin they barely visited these days instead of their homes.

“You were adorable,” Jimin expressed with a soft smile as he noticed Jungkook walking back into the room, the picture evoking such a heart-rending feeling within Jimin’s chest.

It was a photo illustrating Jungkook and his parents, the former presumably around the age of five, his parents smiling brightly as they looked at Jungkook as though he held the stars themselves in his eyes, something so affectionate gleaming in their own eyes.

_Jungkook looked so happy._

They all did.

“I mean, you still are now, but… you looked like such a cute and happy family,” Jimin corrected his prior statement, lifting his head to meet Jungkook’s gaze.

As the black haired male had closed the distance between them, he smiled upon the sight of the picture frame in Jimin’s hand.

“My Mom was obsessed with having photos of us around the whole damn house in Busan and here in the cabin,” Jungkook revealed, his eyes fixated on the photo as though he was reminiscing over the moment the picture was taken in.

“Was this taken here?” Jimin found himself ask.

“Yeah, we came here often,” Jungkook replied after a fraction of hesitance. “My family, I mean,” he elucidated despite Jimin having apprehended what he had referred to. “My mother loved to come here during spring especially,” he added, his smile growing as he recalled his mother’s traits.

The pink haired boy proceeded to gaze at the photo, almost certain that he was capable to hear the joyful laughter of the happy family illustrated in the frame, as though their happiness was audible as it was conveyed in the still frame.

Then, he lifted his head to stare at Jungkook, the latter continuing to glance at the photo. “She loved to work in the garden and plant a shit load of plants that I couldn’t name even if I tried to,” he expressed, pointing outside to the yard, Jimin having noticed the excessive number of flowers upon their arrival earlier as well. “Every time we left, she would pick some of the flowers and take them back home with us to place them around the house until they withered,” he elaborated, chuckling at the memory.

Was that the reason there were so many flowers in the yard? Yet then, his mother wasn’t here to take care of them any longer. Perhaps, Jungkook and Mr. Jeon had established a liking in the flowers themselves — or, they had simply chosen to carry on the interest of Jungkook’s mother by having a gardener take care of them.

“At some point, my father was too busy to come here, so frequently it was just me and my mother that stayed here,” Jungkook added, reaching for the picture frame to place it back down in its designated spot.
“How long did you stay each time?” Jimin asked curiously.

“Depended,” Jungkook replied with a shrug of his shoulder. “When I was little, several weeks even. More often, just a weekend,” he explained, walking past Jimin to head towards the sofa, taking a seat in front of the fireplace that wasn’t lit just yet.

For a brief moment, Jimin proceeded to stare at the picture before he followed after Jungkook and joined him on the sofa.

“She was very pretty,” Jimin noted softly, reaching for the glass of water that Jungkook handed him. “Your mother, I mean”

The black haired male smiled, stealing a glimpse at Jimin before he averted his gaze down to his own hands that were curled around a glass of water. “Yeah, she was,” he coincided, his voice somehow so much quieter than it usually tended to be.

At the realisation, Jimin’s heart sank, the boy not having intended to cause such a sad atmosphere among them.

Carefully, Jimin set his glass down on the coffee table, gazing at Jungkook for a moment longer before he reached for his glass as well and mirrored his prior action. Confused, Jungkook observed him, titling his head to the side.

Hesitantly, Jimin crawled closer to Jungkook, straddling his lap and placing his palms against his cheeks. “You have god-like genes,” Jimin complimented him with big eyes, genuine with his words, yet primarily attempting to raise the mood and distract Jungkook from those sad memories he had reminded him of. “No wonder you look like a Greek god.” he added with a smile, Jungkook meeting his gaze, smirking at the smaller one as he leaned in to attach their lips in a sweet kiss.

As soon as they withdrew, Jimin nudged his nose against Jungkook’s cheek, digging his teeth into his bottom lip. “I’m sorry, if I lowered the mood with my questions,” Jimin apologised, placing another kiss on Jungkook’s cheek.

“You didn’t.” Jungkook assured him with a smile. “After all, I assumed that it was going to happen here, with all these pictures, this place being what it is. You don’t need to apologise. It’s not… It is hard to talk about her, but it’s nice to remember these times where everything was well, you know?”

Jimin returned the smile. “I think I do”

“It’s okay for you to ask, baby, okay?”

Faintly, Jimin gave a nod, the boy titling his head to the side as he allowed the tips of his fingers to trace over Jungkook’s shoulder. “I’ve always wondered about the charity work you and your mother did,” Jimin stated, his tone gentle, his smile never leaving. “I mean, you’ve talked about it before, but it seems as though it was truly something that connected you with her. Your eyes always light up when you talk about it. It’s such a nice sight”

Immediately, Jimin recalled a prior conversation of theirs regarding his mother and the charity work Jungkook and her had been involved in together. There had something so endearing and heart-rending been evoked within Jimin by Jungkook’s words, but even more so by the light that had been visible in his eyes.

“I never knew I would love it so much, honestly, but she truly illuminated something within me – a… a passion, if you will, that still lingers within me to this day. It might sound stupid, but it feels like she’s telling me to do this – to help, the way we did together,” he expressed before he shook his
head. “For so long, I have been missing to do this, but I never was able to bring myself to do it. Not until the orphanage. That day sparked what had once been so vivid within me. All because of you, because you took me there with you”

Jimin smiled, but shook his head. “You are carrying on her legacy, Kook-ah. It’s all you”

“It’s just that… Fuck, it feels like nothing I do now will ever make up for the years that I didn’t do anything to help. When I donated for that orphanage it just didn’t feel like it was enough – like nothing would ever be enough”

“You made them so happy, Jungkook-ah,” Jimin declared, closing his arms around Jungkook’s neck. “The gala in a few days is just an example of how generous you are”

“I guess…”

Jimin leaned in to nudge his nose against Jungkook’s. “You don’t give yourself enough credit, Jungkook-ah. What you’re doing is truly beautiful”

“I just… I felt like shit for having neglected that part for so long just because of my own issues. Just because… Fuck- Just because I see her face every time I only go so far as to think about it”

Jimin parted his lips, but it seemed as though he was lost for words.

“At first, I believed that… fuck, that I didn’t want that – that it would just cut deeper into a wound that I didn’t want to reopen,” he explained, but then shook his head at himself. “But I realised how it’s truly healing. I see her face, but I’m not– It’s not hurting anymore. It makes me feel as though I’m doing something good– something right”

“You are,” Jimin breathed, his fingers playing with the hair on the back of Jungkook’s head. “You are doing something truly beautiful, something very altruistic,” he added. “This gala is going to help so many people”

“I’m really glad you’re joining me for the gala this Monday,” Jungkook declared with a smile.

“I’m very happy to join you,” Jimin returned, genuinely really endeared by Jungkook having asked him to join him to such an important and beautiful event.

Smiling at one another, they leaned in to attach their lips in a soft kiss.

Suddenly, the sound of a stomach grumbling ruined the sweet moment between them.

At the noise, Jungkook chuckled, Jimin’s eyes going big as his cheeks flushed a shade of rose, the boy swift to hide his face in the curve of Jungkook’s neck.

“’m sorry”

“You’re hungry, hm?” Jungkook noted, caressing Jimin’s hip.

“Yeah, a bit,” Jimin answered bashfully, giving a faint nod.

Their drive had been rather long, the two of them not having eaten anything during their road trip. By now, it was already past seven in the afternoon. Neither Jimin nor Jungkook had eaten any proper meals since breakfast.

“Come on,” Jungkook urged him softly, raising to his feet with Jimin in his arms, setting the boy back down on the ground and reaching for his hand.
Deprived of any hesitance, Jimin placed his hand in Jungkook’s bigger one, allowing the taller one to lead him into the kitchen.

“I loved Jiyoo’s self-made meals,” Jimin expressed. “I can’t wait to have them again,” he claimed with a smile.

“She made us some kimchi, some tteokbokki and some jjajangmyeon,” Jungkook listed, Jimin’s mouth commencing to water with each food he named.

“She’s an angel,” Jimin declared with a smile.

Jungkook chuckled, giving a nod as he pointed towards the table.

“Sit down, little one,” he insisted. “I’m gonna heat up the food.”

The pink haired boy hummed, taking a seat at the table and observing how Jungkook prepared their dinner.

Soon, the two of them were seated at the dinner table, the trace of home-cooked meals lingering in the air, their plates filled with delicious food that they savoured without hesitance.

Aside from the sound of their chopsticks brushing over their plates or their occasional exchange of words, it was silent between them, either of them valuing the comforting time they were able to spend with one another as it was, not needing to say much to fill the space between them.

“Why did you want to take me here, Kook-ah?” Jimin then found himself wonder as it was a question that had lingered in his mind upon their arrival; his eyes big in inquisitiveness.

“I haven’t been here in quite a while,” Jungkook stated slowly, dabbing his napkin over his mouth. “This place is kinda… special to me. I wanted to share that with you, if that makes sense,” he added, tilting his head to the side as he lowered his chopsticks down beside his plate.

The smaller boy smiled warmly; his heart touched by his words. “It does,” Jimin reassured him softly.

Frankly, Jimin was very appreciative for Jungkook to allow him to visit this place that was so dear to his heart. In a way, it was a sign that Jungkook was permitting Jimin to see a little more into his heart and past – something that the younger male rarely did as he was scarred by his past the way Jimin was and occasionally struggled with displaying his emotions to Jimin.

“I just wanted you to see the place that I spent quite a lot of time at during my childhood with my family,” he elaborated. “Back then, when everything was still… wholesome,” he expressed.

Undeniably, the death of his mother had contributed to his absence in this particular place. It might not be the reason primarily, but undoubtably a factor for the lack, Jimin supposed.

“Your father probably doesn’t really have time to come here now, does he?” Jimin asked, trying to refrain from mentioning his mother.

“No, not really,” Jungkook noted, shaking his head. “Then again, maybe he just doesn’t want to come here because it reminds him of my mother way too much,” he uttered with furrowed brows. “The last time he came here was five years ago”

“Five years?” Jimin echoed.
That was such a long duration. Why would they keep this place, if they barely came here?

“Yeah,” Jungkook affirmed with a sigh. “The last time I’ve come here was… last year,” he recalled, lifting a piece of kimchi up to his mouth to push it past his lips and chew on it.

“Why do you keep this place, if you’re barely here anyway?” Jimin voiced his thoughts. “Isn’t it way too expensive to take care of this place?”

Well, money probably wasn’t exactly an issue for them anyway.

“I guess it’s hard to let go,” Jungkook expressed after he had swallowed his bite down. “Besides, it’s nice to know that we can come here, if we need some time to get away – If that makes sense,” he added with a slight smile.

“Yeah, it does,” Jimin replied with a nod.

Their lives were vastly stressful, hence possessing a space far away from their daily lives that enabled them a few days absent from any pressure or tension was certainly comforting. Thus, Jimin could comprehend why they chose to keep this place.

In the end, it was a beautiful place, Jimin honestly wouldn’t mind visiting this cabin more often.

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After their dinner, the two of them had snuggled up on the sofa, talking about anything, yet nothing at the same time. At one point, Jimin excused himself, sneaking off and rushing up into one of the bedrooms to retrieve a little something from his bag.

“I have a surprise for you,” Jimin declared once he had made his way down into the living room all over again, lowering himself down on Jungkook’s lap with a nervous heart, his hands clasped behind his back to hide the surprise.

“A surprise? For me?” Jungkook questioned, raising his brows at Jimin as his hands naturally curled around his hips.

“Yes,” Jimin affirmed with a nod, smiling sweetly.

“Why?”

“Well, simply because I want to give you a present,” Jimin explained, titling his head to the side. “Besides, you organised this whole trip and you always have presents for me,” he elaborated.

The taller male smiled but furrowed his brows all the same. “Jimin-ah, you don’t have to give me any presents. You’re mine, that’s all I need,” he reassured, leaning in to press his lips on Jimin’s, yet the other one withdrew with a pout.

“Please,” Jimin begged, his hands returning to his front, revealing the little package to Jungkook’s eyes.

For a moment, Jungkook’s gaze flickered up and down from Jimin’s eyes to the present.

Then, he reached for it, reluctantly.

Slowly, he unveiled the package, the boy arching up his brows as he identified the item.

“It’s… It has something engraved into it,” Jimin expressed quietly, playing with the hem of his shirt
as he discovered his heart to be nervous, praying that Jungkook didn’t found this gift to be stupid or valueless.

Curiously, Jungkook picked the item out of the box, turning it around to steal a glimpse at the back.

*My Safe Haven.*

“You lost yours, remember?” Jimin reminded him softly, swallowing hard as Jungkook didn’t say anything, but simply smiled at the watch. “I don’t know whether you’ve bought a new one already- I mean, you probably have- and it’s nowhere near as expensive as yours was, but I just—”

The black haired male shut him up by crashing his lips on Jimin’s, smiling into the kiss before he withdrew to respond. “Little one, I love this one,” he reassured. “Thank you”

“Really?” Jimin questioned, not intending to doubt Jungkook’s sincerity, yet then wondering whether it was truly a gift that could live up to Jungkook’s standard.


The smaller boy was relieved, feeling joyful because of Jungkook’s endeared expression, the latter appearing to genuinely be touched by the present – maybe not because of what it was, but because Jimin had given him a present at all, maybe because of the significant words that were engraved in the back – Jimin wasn’t certain, but it didn’t matter.

Smiling, Jimin leaned in to press his lips on Jungkook’s, his heart skipping a beat as it called out a reminder of another plan that Jimin had set himself to unfold tonight.

“Actually, I… have another present for you,” Jimin whispered, swallowing hard as his heart pounded fast against his chest, causing the smaller one to wonder whether Jungkook could hear or feel that certain phenomenon.

“Little one-” Jungkook intended to protest, but Jimin was swift to interrupt by pressing his index finger to Jungkook’s lips.

“Please, take it,” he asked softly.

Jungkook’s gaze flickered back and forth between Jimin’s eyes as he reached up to brush his fringe out of his face. “What is it?”

The smaller boy caught his bottom lip between his teeth.

“You can… you can unwrap it yourself or I can show you,” Jimin suggested quietly.

Jungkook inclined his head to the side, raising his brows at Jimin. “Show me, baby”

Cautiously, Jimin rose from Jungkook’s lap and got up to his feet with an anxious heart, the boy swallowing hard as he took a few steps back, establishing a slight distance between them.

Slowly, Jimin reached for the hem of his shirt, tugging it up above his head and removing the piece of clothing from his body. Carefully, he tossed the shirt over onto the sofa beside Jungkook, the latter’s eyes widening at the sight of Jimin’s naked upper body.

“What…” Jungkook tried, but went silent all over again.

Inhaling a shaky breath, Jimin dug his teeth into his bottom lip, his digits playing with the waistband
of his trousers as he turned around, causing Jungkook to face his back.

Teasingly – Jimin was honestly bewildered by the fragment of confidence that was suddenly distinct within him despite his nervousness – the pink haired one tugged on his trousers, bending forward as he pulled the piece of fabric down his legs.


As soon as the pants were down, Jimin kicked them to the side, stealing a glimpse back over his shoulder through his lashes before he rose to his tip-toes and spun back around to face Jungkook entirely.

Inevitably, it required every ounce of confidence within Jimin to not cover himself up, but allow Jungkook to see him without any form of shield.

There he was – Jimin. In all his beauty. Dressed in a pink lingerie set.

Fuck, he was stunning.

The black haired boy wet his lips, his eyes big and dark, glued to Jimin’s delicate figure.

“I’m your present,” Jimin whispered, closing the distance between them and lowering himself back down on Jungkook’s lap. “Tonight, you can do to me whatever you want,” he permitted, his cheeks tinged a faint shade of rose.

“Fuck, kitten,” Jungkook cursed again, his gaze trailing over Jimin’s legs that were covered in pink fabric, the colour adorning his appearance so well. “When did you…. Shit. You look sinful; absolutely stunning,” he complimented as his fingertips traced over Jimin’s thighs, Jimin’s heart fluttering at his words.

The black haired male hooked one finger around a string of the garter belt, pulling on it before he allowed it to slip from his digit all over again, watching it snap back against Jimin’s skin into its prior place.

At the slight sting, Jimin whimpered, his thighs twitching as a jolt of pleasure ran through his body.

“I want to ruin you in this, kitten,” Jungkook declared, whispering those words right into Jimin’s ear, his lips brushing over his lobe.

Oh.

“I’m all yours,” Jimin uttered softly, reminding the other one that his heart belonged to him already, simultaneously allowing him to have his way with him tonight, if that was his desire.

“Say that you want it, too,” Jungkook demanded. “Say that you want me to ruin you” 

The smaller boy leaned closer, brushing his lips over Jungkook’s.

“Please, Sir, ruin me,” Jimin whispered against his lips.

Smirking, Jungkook crashed his lips on Jimin’s, not hesitating to raise to his feet. In the midst, he grabbed Jimin’s thighs to secure him against his body, the pink haired one gasping into the kiss as he closed his arms around Jungkook’s neck, his stomach stirring in anticipation.

As though Jungkook possessed a mental map of the interior design of the cabin, he found his way to the stairs without bumping into anything, proceeding to kiss Jimin passionately.
Whimpering in arousal, Jimin briefly withdrew, pressing his lips to Jungkook’s nape as the man walked up the stairs. Hastily, Jimin’s digits fidgeted with the buttons of Jungkook’s shirt, the boy insinuating to open the piece of clothing to remove it, yet Jungkook was swift to curl his palm around Jimin’s wrist, stilling his motion.

“No,” he denied, shaking his head. “You ask for what you want, kitten. Understood?” Jungkook insisted, his voice such a deep and dominant tone, causing Jimin’s stomach to twist in excitement and submissiveness.

Swallowing hard, Jimin gave a faint nod, his eyes big as they met Jungkook’s.

“Use your words, kitten,” Jungkook ordered.

“I understand, Kook-ah,” Jimin responded softly, catching his bottom lip between his teeth as a vibrant fraction within him ignited, urging him to misbehave just to spark Jungkook’s dominance a little more and be punished by the black haired male. “May I… May I undress you?”

“No, not yet,” Jungkook responded, Jimin merely able to contain the whine of a complaint.

“Yes, Sir,” he uttered obediently instead.

“Good boy,” Jungkook praised him as he proceeded to walk up the stairs, Jimin leaning in to press his lips to Jungkook’s neck, his hands still for a moment before they trailed lower to the buttons of his shirt all over again, almost unconsciously, fumbling with them despite Jungkook’s vibrant order to refrain from doing just that.

Suddenly, Jungkook spanked Jimin’s bottom, causing the latter to yelp. “Stop being naughty, or I’ll teach you why you shouldn’t, kitten,” Jungkook warned, his lips pressed to Jimin’s ear, his hot breath tickling on Jimin’s skin and sending a shiver down his back.

Oh.

In the twinkling of an eye, they were inside one of the bedrooms, Jungkook lowering Jimin down on the soft sheets of the bed as he hovered above him, leaning down just enough to have his lips linger over Jimin’s.

“Do you trust me?” Jungkook wanted to know, reaching up to brush Jimin’s fringe out of his face.

“I do,” Jimin promised after a moment of hesitance – that hesitance not attributable to Jimin’s lack of certainty, but to his surprise by the sudden question, when all he truly wanted was Jungkook on him – preferably inside of him – soon. “Of course, I do,” he added.

“Will you let me blindfold you?” Jungkook asked, raising his brows at Jimin as the tips of his fingers traced down over Jimin’s arms.

The smaller boy gulped.

“It’s okay to say no, baby,” Jungkook assured him softly, his gaze never leaving Jimin’s doe eyes.

Hesitance.

Essentially, this wasn’t anything unspoken between them. The two of them had talked about the possibility of Jimin being blindfolded one day, thus being entirely at Jungkook’s mercy that way. In fact, Jimin had been the one to blindfold Jungkook before, recalling how he had wondered how it would feel to be in his place instead during that time.
“Will you tie me to the bed?” Jimin found himself wonder rather than answering.

The taller male gave a nod. “Yes, if you’re content with it,” he retorted, Jimin’s stomach stirring in arousal.

“Will you… Will you gag me as well?” Jimin whispered, his eyes big.

“No, not today, kitten,” Jungkook answered, smiling at Jimin’s question as he nudged his nose against his cheek, the smaller one disregarding the slight fragment of feeling crestfallen at the response. “Remember that you do have your safe words, hm?”

“Yes, I know,” Jimin uttered, giving a nod, aware of his safe words as Jungkook was permanently adamant to remind him – a fact that Jimin appreciated. “Okay, Kook-ah. Please, blindfold me,” he permitted.

Slowly, Jungkook straightened his back, his palms tracing over Jimin’s soft legs and the pink lingerie that covered a vast majority of them.

“Up on the bed, little one,” Jungkook insisted, turning around to head towards his opened bag – the two of them not having obtained any opportunity to organise their belongings and clothes into the dresser just yet.

As soon as Jungkook had found what he had been looking for, he returned to Jimin’s side and placed the things down on the edge of the bed. In the meanwhile, Jimin had crawled up on the bed, lying down on the pillows, his chest rising and falling quickly as a sign of his anticipation.

Softly, Jungkook traced his fingertips over Jimin’s stomach, the latter twitching at the sudden contact, lifting his head to observe Jungkook.

“Close your eyes, angel”

Naturally, Jimin complied, his eyes fluttering shut, his vision met with utter darkness.

“What do you say, if you need me to stop, little one?” Jungkook wanted to know, tying a piece of fabric around Jimin’s head to cover his eyes.

“Yellow or red,” Jimin recited, assisting Jungkook by slightly raising his head.

“Good boy,” Jungkook praised, applying faint pressure on Jimin’s forehead in a silent demand for him to lower his head back down on the pillows entirely.

Curiously, Jimin opened his eyes, not surprised to discover that it was still only darkness that welcomed him.

For a moment, Jimin’s heart skipped a beat, reminding him that he would be unable to see anything of Jungkook’s doing, causing it to be much more difficult to be aware of his surroundings.

However, Jimin trusted Jungkook.

“Your colour, Jimin-ah?” Jungkook inquired all over again.

“G-Green,” Jimin responded softly, wetting his lips as Jungkook closed his palm around Jimin’s wrist.

“I’m going to tie you to the bed now, kitten,” the younger male informed him.
Inhaling a shaky breath, Jimin gave a nod to illustrate his consent, slight nervousness depicted on his face, nevertheless. “O-Okay,” he uttered.

“Your colour?”

“Green,” Jimin assured him.

Carefully, Jungkook wrapped a piece of fabric around each of Jimin’s wrists, the latter relieved to feel the velvety material against his skin, assuming that it was some sort of silk.

Tenderly, Jungkook tied Jimin’s hands to the headboard, restricting the smaller one to move his arms at all. Instinctively, Jimin tugged on the restraints, not astonished to discover his inability to move his arms, rather being compelled to remain in this position.

Inhaling another shaky breath, Jimin dug his teeth into his bottom lip, merely refraining from whining out Jungkook’s name as the other one appeared to be simply standing beside him without any further action.

Devoid of any sort of warning, there was a hand on Jimin’s ankle, causing the pink haired one to flinch and pull his foot back.

“Sssh, baby, it’s okay,” Jungkook comforted him, rubbing his palm over Jimin’s ankle. “I want to tie your legs to the bed as well,” he revealed softly. “Is that okay, little one?”

“M-My legs?” Jimin echoed, his brows shooting up.

“Yes, baby,” Jungkook affirmed.

That notion was simultaneously scary as it was thrilling.

“I…”

Patiently, Jungkook’s gaze was fixated on Jimin’s full lips, awaiting a response as he proceeded to caress his ankle.

“Please, Kook-ah, go ahead,” Jimin allowed quietly.

“As soon as you want anything off, you tell me, okay? Just use your safe words, if needed,” Jungkook reminded him, adamant to establish a safe environment among them.

“Yes, Kook-ah,” Jimin muttered with a nod.

Softly, Jungkook wrapped another piece of fabric around either of Jimin’s ankles, tying his legs to each short bed post at the bottom of the bed.

Now, Jimin was lying on the velvety bedsheets, each limp tied to the bed, his eyes veiled by a piece of fabric blinding him.

As a natural defence mechanism, Jimin tugged on each of the restraints, not surprised to learn that he wasn’t able to move much at all, wasn’t able to cover himself up nor draw his legs together to hide his private parts that were barely veiled by some pink lace.

“K-Kook-ah,” Jimin whispered, swallowing hard at the way his heart rate picked up. “I-I-”

“Hey, are you okay, little one?” Jungkook asked, concern audible in his voice.
“I’m just… a little scared,” Jimin answered quietly, not intending to ruin the mood, but simply too nervous to allow himself to fall into this situation entirely just yet. Despite his vivid surge of submissiveness already clouding his mind, his nervousness was prevailing his submissive control.

Delicately, Jungkook removed the blindfold from Jimin’s eyes by pushing it up to his forehead, allowing Jimin to meet his gaze, his doe eyes big in anxiety.

“Little one, hey, it’s fine,” Jungkook comforted him, taking a seat beside Jimin as he placed his palm against Jimin’s cheek. “You can trust me, hm? I won’t do anything you don’t want me to. If you want me to stop, all you have to do is call out your safe word and I’ll immediately untie you. I promise you, Jimin-ah,” he declared, his eyes sincere, soothing Jimin.

“I… I trust you,” Jimin assured him, wetting his lips. “It’s just… I don’t know, we’ve never gone this far… so… – My heart is just being… stupid. I’m just nervous,” he murmured in an attempt to convey his confusing feelings.

“It’s okay to be nervous, baby, but you don’t have to be,” Jungkook calmed him, slowly leaning in to capture Jimin’s lips in a soft kiss. At the tender touch, Jimin’s eyes fluttered shut, the boy not hesitating to return the kiss by moving his lips against Jungkook’s, pouting when the other one withdrew. “Should we leave it off?” Jungkook suggested, brushing strands of pink hair out of Jimin’s face.

“N-No, you can… it’s okay,” Jimin decided, shaking his head.

“Are you sure?”

“Yes, Kook-ah,” Jimin promised with a nod. “Green,” he stated prior to Jungkook even asking such question, having sensed the other one inquiring just that upon noticing him parting his lips to speak.

“Okay,” Jungkook uttered, his gaze flickering back and forth between Jimin’s eyes before he gave a nod and pressed one last kiss to Jimin’s forehead prior to insisting, “Close your eyes, little one”

Complying, Jimin shut his eyes, allowing Jungkook to move the blindfold down to cover Jimin’s eyes all over again.

Then, the black haired boy rose to his feet, his gaze trailing over Jimin’s delicate figure.

Jimin was so goddamn- *Fuck*, no words were enough to describe the utter beauty Jimin possessed and the infinite surge of pure sensuality he conveyed.

For a split moment, Jungkook was wondering whether he wasn’t just fucking dreaming this – whether Jimin was truly dressed in a *pink lingerie set*, tied to his bed for him to use.

Jimin was indeed full of surprises.

Nearly inevitably, Jungkook reached out to place his palm on Jimin’s fair skinned stomach, the latter jerking at the contact, then digging his teeth into his bottom lip. Tenderly, Jungkook’s fingers traced over Jimin’s skin, down to his inner thighs and the garter belt that veiled his skin and was connected to the pink lacy stockings.

*Fuck, Jimin was going to be the death of him.*

How sinful, yet angelic at the same time.

“My-My collar,” the smaller boy suddenly murmured.
“What about it?” Jungkook wanted to know, raising his brows in curiosity – although Jungkook would be lying, if he claimed that he wasn’t aware of what Jimin was trying to beg for.

“Please, want to… please, want to wear it as well, Jungkook-ah,” Jimin requested softly.

Fortunately, Jungkook had taken his collar along – in conjunction with a few other items they tended to use in their most intimate moments.

Smirking, Jungkook hummed in satisfaction, approaching his bag and rummaging through it with the intention of locating Jimin’s collar. After a rapid search through his belongings, Jungkook picked up the item, straightening his back again and returning to Jimin’s side.

“Here you go, kitten,” Jungkook noted as he tied the collar around Jimin’s throat.

Jimin caught his bottom lip between his teeth, satisfaction and excitement blooming within him at the realisation of the collar being wrapped around his throat, representing a sense of belonging.

“Thank you,” Jimin whispered, his plump lips a rosy shade, matching the colour of his flushed cheeks.

The black haired male wet his own lips at the sight of Jimin’s appearance, not managing to resist the urge to touch as he found himself kneeling in between Jimin’s spread legs, leaning down to press his lips to Jimin’s milky stomach.

Gasping, Jimin arched his back at the touch, Jungkook smirking against his skin as he caressed Jimin’s soft stomach with his lips. Teasingly, he ensured to avoid Jimin’s dick, his lips trailing down to Jimin’s inner thigh where he sucked on Jimin’s skin the lightest bit.

“A-Ah,” Jimin whimpered, his leg twitching at the faint sting of Jungkook creating a hickey on his inner thigh, marking his skin a shade of red in utter contrast to his paleness. “Kook-ah”

Slowly, Jungkook licked over the mark, humming in satisfaction as he peppered several more open-mouthed kisses over Jimin’s inner thighs, his palms roaming over Jimin’s delicate legs, the man hooking his fingers around the strings of the garter belt with the intention of tugging on them, then allowing them to snap back into their prior place a brief moment later.

“Mhm,” Jimin mewled, exhaling a shaky breath at the slight sting of pain that was followed by a hot jolt of pleasure.

The younger male lifted his head, his palms still caressing Jimin’s legs before they moved up to his pink lacey pants that were covering Jimin’s now semi-erection.

_Damn. Say that again?_

Honestly, Jungkook was never going to forget about this image.

To be allowed to ruin Jimin in this sinful pink lingerie set was something Jungkook would have never even fucking envisaged. The two of them had never talked about anything like this – especially as Jimin tended to be rather bashful when it came to sex.

Consequently, to imagine Jimin’s shy and innocent nature to choose to wear this all by himself without mentioning a word to Jungkook prior was just – _Fuck, Jungkook was so fucking hard._

“You look so goddamn stunning, little one,” Jungkook complimented, his tone low as his eyes had turned a darker shade of brown. “All pretty for me, aren’t you?”
“Thank you,” Jimin breathed, his heart fluttering at his sweet words – Jimin loved to feel pretty, loved when Jungkook praised him for it.

Softly, Jungkook curled his fingers around the fabric of Jimin’s panties, inspecting the attire and discovering that he would have to unclasp the garter belt, if he were to remove his panties entirely.

_Fuck, no. Not yet._

Carefully, Jungkook tugged on Jimin’s panties, the smaller one gasping and twitching at the sudden act, unconsciously pulling on his restraints in an attempt to cover himself, but ceasing rather swift as he realised that it was useless.

“J-Jungkook-ah,” Jimin whined, arching his back while he tried to spread his legs further apart, but was unsuccessful. Jungkook had pulled Jimin’s panties down to his stockings to unveil his penis, causing him to simultaneously limit Jimin’s movement even more.

“Tonight, you’ll be permitted to come as often as you want,” Jungkook allowed with a smirk, his gaze trailing over the various toys to his side that he had provided for tonight. “We’ll see how much of a good boy you really are; how many times you can actually come for me, hm?”

Oh.

That… that implied inevitable _overstimulation_ for Jimin.

Naturally, Jimin whimpered, insinuating to draw his thighs together to cover himself, yet that attempt being ineffective – expectedly.

“Can you tell me your colour?” the younger male inquired, softer.

“Green,” Jimin uttered quietly, enticed to learn how many multiple orgasms his body could bear.

“Now,” Jungkook added, titling his head to the side. “What should I do to you first, hm?” he wanted to know, causing Jimin to believe that he had a choice in it.

The pink haired boy parted his lips, intending to respond, but appearing to lack the ability to talk – In fact, comprehending Jungkook’s words and forming a coherent response accordingly seemed to be a deficiency for Jimin’s brain in this current moment.

“Tell me, kitten,” Jungkook pressed with a little tap to Jimin’s inner thigh, the latter gasping. “Tell me what you want”

“I- Just-” Jimin tried all over again, but ended up stammering, ultimately going silent again.

“Want me to eat you out?” Jungkook suggested, smirking at the way Jimin whimpered. “Blow you? Fuck you right away?”

“Please, just- I-” the smaller one stuttered, arching his back as he tugged on his restraints, Jungkook’s words so obscene, yet arousing.

“I haven’t even touched you yet and you already can’t answer me?” Jungkook teased, evoking a whine in Jimin whose cheeks flushed a darker shade of rose, but then creating another gasp from Jimin as he traced the tips of his fingers over Jimin’s stomach in a tender manner, not managing to resist the near urgency to caress his soft skin for a while, watching goose bumps rise beneath his touch, his gaze fixated on the absolutely breath-taking beauty of Jimin.
Despite the action being moderately pure in its entirety, Jimin found himself craving for more, his breathing uneven as he arched his back into Jungkook’s touch, silently begging for him to never stop, yet then simultaneously, to touch him further.

“So, can you answer me now, little one?” Jungkook asked all over again, his hands proceeding to roam over Jimin’s skin, the touch somehow so much more intense as Jimin’s vision was blinded, increasing his remaining senses.

“I-I-”

*Well done, Jimin* – Certainly, Jimin was still deficient in the ability to respond.

“Well, vibrator it is, then,” Jungkook decided.

“Huh?” the smaller one gasped, bewildered by the words that had slipped from Jungkook’s lips, causing him to consider whether his ears hadn’t just deceived him.

Yet, in the twinkling of an eye, Jungkook had picked up a small vibrator, pressing it against Jimin’s semi-erection before he switched it on. Simultaneously to the low buzzing filling the room, Jimin flinched, a yelp slipping from his lips as he was startled by the sudden touch.

“K-Kook-ah,” he moaned, tossing his head back as Jungkook trailed the vibrator up to his sensitive tip, humming in satisfaction as Jimin cried out.

“There you go,” Jungkook uttered, satisfied with Jimin’s responsive being, the latter feeling as though he was hit by a truck of pleasure, such pure and tender touches having evolved into an intense form of stimulation in the blinking of an eye.

It didn’t take long for Jungkook to increase the vibrations, Jimin mewling at the way Jungkook stimulated his penis with the toy, moving it up and down his hard length in a teasing way.

“Ah, Kook-ah!” Jimin whimpered, gasping and squirming around as Jungkook applied more pressure against his penis, enhancing the sensation that was so much more intense as Jimin’s vision was blinded.

“Too much already?” Jungkook cooed, titling his head to the side as he placed his unoccupied hand on Jimin’s inner thigh, caressing his soft skin. “I’ve barely even started, baby boy”

At the pet name, Jimin cried out, his thighs twitching at the stimulation he was receiving that early into the night, the boy not having expected such an overwhelming sensation that promptly.

Yet then, Jungkook did change his mind fairly soon, deciding to go a little more gradual into ruining Jimin instead of bringing him to the edge in a mere minute.

Slowly, Jungkook withdrew his hand, switching the vibrator off and dropping it down on the bed before he reached for the lube. At the absence of the toy, Jimin found himself whine, but then not quite certain whether he was truly crestfallen at the toy being gone or relieved that they were taking this a little slower.

Ahead of even opening the tiny bottle of lube, Jungkook spat in his own hand, the sound startling Jimin who jerked in his position, having expected to feel Jungkook’s spit somewhere on his body, but discovering that it wasn’t the case.

Suddenly, Jungkook curled his hand around Jimin’s hard length, giving it a tight squeeze before he moved it up to the tip, allowing his thumb to rub over Jimin’s sensitive slit, a drop of pre-cum leaking
“Mhm-ah,” Jimin whimpered, digging his teeth into his bottom lip as he clenched his hands into petite fists, arching his back as Jungkook picked up a steady pace, jerking him off while he managed to coat some lube onto a digit of his unoccupied hand.

Carefully, Jungkook pressed his finger against Jimin’s rim, twirling it around in a teasing manner before he pushed his digit past the sensitive ring of muscle, Jimin crying out as he bucked his hips into the air.

Jungkook provided a few moments for Jimin to adjust to the new sensation, if not for long.

The younger male commenced to thrust his finger in and out of Jimin’s hole in a rather fast pace without much hesitation, watching his lover squirm around at the increasing stimulation he was receiving.

“Yes!” Jimin shrieked, somehow grateful for Jungkook having mentioned earlier that they didn’t have any direct neighbors.

It wasn’t long for Jungkook to add another digit, not long for him to locate Jimin’s prostate in a heartbeat, attributable to him being more than familiar with Jimin’s anatomy.

“O-Oh God-” Jimin whimpered, tugging on his restraints, his hips pushing against Jungkook’s fingers as though to silently beg for more.

In a way, every touch was significantly more intense; Jimin’s lack of vision and movement somehow enhancing each trace on his body, causing him to be so much more aware of the feelings they evoke within him.

“You’re leaking so much for me, aren’t you?” Jungkook noted, Jimin only whining at his remark, now capable to feel the little puddle of pre-cum on his own stomach, seemingly having omitted that fact prior to Jungkook’s words.

The taller male curled his fingers in just the right way, evoking a shriek in Jimin who attempted to draw his thighs together, too overwhelmed by the abuse on his prostate.

“I-I’m gonna- Kook-ah, I’m going to come,” Jimin warned, the prior intensity of the vibrator and the amplified stimulation that he was simultaneously receiving now in two of his most sensitive areas were simply too much for him to handle.

“Yes? Is my kitten going to make a mess all over himself, hm?”

“Yes, please, I-” Jimin moaned, giving a vigorous nod, the heat in the pit of Jimin’s stomach too distinct for him to omit, Jungkook’s obscene words and his low tone not quite helping in diminishing that feeling, but rather enhancing Jimin’s arousal.

“Come for me, doll,” Jungkook insisted, his tone husky as he was just as fucking turned on by the sight of Jimin as Jimin was by being directly stimulated.

As though Jimin was trained to come on demand, the poor boy shrieked, his orgasm slamming through him, causing him to make a mess all over himself. From one second to the other, Jimin was ascending into a sweet haze of ecstasy as he cried out a mantra of Jungkook’s name.

The younger male prolonged the hot jolts of pleasure, his hand not abandoning Jimin’s hard length, but proceeding to jerk him off in a rapid pace.
“Kook-ah!” Jimin whined, squirming around in an attempt to move away, a nonverbal request for the other boy to withdraw his hand as he was slowly commencing to slip into a state of overstimulation. However, Jungkook didn’t still his movement, albeit humming in dissatisfaction at the way Jimin was squirming around.

“A-Ah, Kook-ah, n-no,” Jimin cried out as he shook his head, tears prickling in the corner of his eyes as Jungkook sped up the pace of his hand, relentless in his movement.

“No?” Jungkook asked, raising a brow as he tilted his head to the side.

“T-Too much, please,” Jimin begged, still shaking his head as he tugged on his restraints in an attempt to cover himself up, his hips bucking from side to side.

“Stop fussing around, kitten,” Jungkook insisted, delivering a smack to Jimin’s inner thigh, causing the latter to whine and halt immediately, his body trembling, but then not moving much more as Jimin craved to obey.

The black haired male slowed down the movement of his hand, dropping it back to his side at last and watching Jimin’s dick fall down on his stomach, a smirk curving his lips at the sight of the little puddle of cum on Jimin’s skin, his thighs shaking at the aftermath of his orgasm.

For a slight moment, Jungkook was distracted by the sight of his lover, the poor boy already drooling all over himself as his chest was heaving, his tiny hands clenched into fists as he awaited the next move.

Fuck, Jungkook wanted to watch him fall apart so badly, wanted to eat him out until he cried and begged him to stop.

Slowly, Jungkook rose to his feet, walking to the edge of the bed with the intention of untying Jimin’s legs from the bed posts. At the sudden touch, Jimin flinched, startled by Jungkook’s hands on his ankles.

“What-”

“Ssh, it’s all good, kitten,” Jungkook comforted him, the fabric around Jimin’s ankles not having vanished, but the absence of the restraint around the bed posts allowing the smaller one to draw his thighs together, evoking a sense of dissatisfaction within Jungkook. “No, baby,” he ordered, delivering a soft smack to Jimin’s inner thigh in a nonverbal demand for him to spread his legs apart.

Naturally, Jimin obliged, his legs falling back open, enabling Jungkook to see his pretty dick and his tight hole that Jungkook couldn’t wait to play with.

The black haired male kneeled down in between Jimin’s spread legs again, his hands grasping Jimin’s inner thighs, permitting him to lift Jimin’s legs into the air and bend them closer to Jimin’s chest.

“K-Kook-ah,” Jimin whined, not harmed by the way Jungkook was bending his body due to him being reasonably flexible, but then feeling a sense of nervousness within him attributable to the uncertainty of what the other male was going to do to him.

Smirking, Jungkook lowered himself down on his stomach, positioning himself closer to Jimin’s bottom, his perky ass cheeks practically begging him to be spanked until they were colored a rosy shade in order to match his sinful attire.
Maybe, later, Jungkook decided.

Jimin inhaled a shaky breath, digging his teeth into his bottom lip as he-

Suddenly, Jungkook licked right over Jimin’s sensitive hole, evoking a gasp in the poor boy who squirmed around, supposing that Jungkook was going to compel Jimin into multiple orgasms – a bittersweet sensation; both thrilling, albeit overwhelming.

“N-No, Kook-ah, please,” Jimin begged, not sure what he was truly pleading for as he had declared Jungkook to be his present tonight, permitting the taller male to use him in whatever way he desired.

“Yes, kitten,” Jungkook retorted, pressing his thumb against Jimin’s rim ahead of applying faint pressure in his touch to widen it further, having made adequate measures already to prep Jimin’s hole a good amount in order to slip his digit into him easily.

“I-”

“Color?” the younger male wanted to know, interrupting Jimin.

“G-Green, but- I don’t- Just-”

Deprived of any hesitance, Jungkook lapped over Jimin’s sensitive rim all over again, savoring the trace of cherry the lube had left behind, his tongue poking past the ring of muscles.

“K-Kookie”

Jungkook hummed in acknowledgement, the sound vibrating against Jimin’s skin as the latter found himself push his hips closer to Jungkook nearly involuntarily, Jungkook’s tongue skillful as it stimulated Jimin in all the right places.

Too good to stop, Jimin thought, the hot jolts of pleasure simply prevailing the faint pain of being overstimulated. “Jungkook-ah, yes, I-”

The taller male’s grasp around Jimin’s inner thigh tightened as he thrusted his tongue repeatedly into Jimin’s hole, intrigued by the sounds he evoke in his lover that appeared to be unable to refrain from squirming around.

Fuck, how much he loved that, how much he loved to watch Jimin fall apart beneath him, loved to hear those sounds he made whenever Jungkook touched him.

Soon enough, Jungkook added a finger into Jimin’s hole, swift to push it inside far enough to brush over Jimin’s prostate, the latter gasping at the action. As Jungkook proceeded to finger Jimin, he slipped his tongue into Jimin alongside his digit in order to increase the sensation he was providing for Jimin.

By now, Jimin had already been compelled into a state beyond overstimulation, the poor boy drooling all over himself as his eyes were watery – despite the other male not noticing that –, his hard length had not obtained an opportunity to soften at all, instead still leaking a trail of cum into the puddle that had already created a mess on Jimin’s stomach.

Was it too much or simply not enough? Frankly, Jimin couldn’t tell.

“Kook-ah, stop, I’m going to- Please, no,” Jimin found himself warn, certain that his second orgasm was going to hit him soon enough.
Despite Jimin’s begging, Jungkook proceeded to thrust his finger into him – in fact speeding up the motion of his digit and tongue, his other hand still grabbing Jimin’s thigh and bending his leg closer to his chest.

At the relentless tempo of Jungkook’s action, it was inevitable for Jimin to refrain from reaching his second orgasm, no matter how hard he tried to withhold it.

“No! Oh- Kook-ah, I’m going- Aah!” Jimin cried out, his body shaking all over as he squirmed around on the bed, yet not capable to move much as he was restraint by the fabric around his wrists and Jungkook’s strong hand grasping his thigh.

Jimin came with a scream, another orgasm slamming through him – if not even more intense than the first one.

“Jungkook-ah!” Jimin moaned, tossing his head back as he came all over himself – again.

“There you go, good boy,” Jungkook praised, placing several open-mouthed kisses on Jimin’s inner thigh as he prolonged Jimin’s orgasm by continuing to thrust his finger into him.

“S-Stop,” Jimin whined, tugging on his restraints as he shook his head.

Displaying mercy, Jungkook withdrew his hand, albeit making sure to drag his digit along Jimin’s sensitive walls before he dropped his hand back to his side.

The smaller boy’s chest was heaving, his breathing rapid as he wet his lips, his body continuing to tremble as he waited for Jungkook to talk to him, to touch him, to do something to exhibit his presence.

Suddenly, the fabric blinding Jimin’s vision was lifted from his eyes, allowing him to see again, his gaze meeting Jungkook’s right away. At the sight of the younger male, Jimin’s heart skipped a beat, his lips parting to say something.

“Such a good boy, aren’t you?” Jungkook praised, sliding his hand through Jimin’s pink locks, the smaller boy staring up at him with dazed eyes, only blinking as he watched Jungkook untie the fabric around his wrists, his brain too mushy to decipher the meaning of Jungkook’s actions. “Came so much for me, didn’t you?”

As soon as the restraints around Jimin’s wrists were gone, Jungkook’s fingers played with his belt around his waist leisurely, Jimin’s gaze trailing down at the notable movement. Once Jungkook unbuckled his belt, Jimin swallowed hard, inhaling a shaky breath.

“Up, kitten,” Jungkook demanded, removing his trousers and kicking them to the side.

Jimin’s inability to breathe accurately was impeded even more as he observed Jungkook tug down his briefs, exposing his hard length that evoke a surge of obedience within Jimin, almost urging him to drop to his knees immediately to suck him off.

Then, he watched Jungkook pick up the little bottle of lube, squirting a good amount of it on his erection before he tossed the bottle back over onto the bed.

“W-What are we-” Jimin stammered as he complied and sat up.

The smaller boy went silent as he was lifted up into the air, Jungkook swift to hug Jimin to his body as he walked over to a wall, Jimin’s stomach stirring in arousal as it assumed of where this was leading.
“Hands behind your back,” Jungkook ordered with a tap to Jimin’s bottom.

“Y-Yes,” Jimin whispered, bringing his hands to his back as he was pushed against the wall, gasping at the sudden contact, the close proximity to Jungkook causing his heart to skip a beat.

Slowly, Jungkook snapped his hips forward, rubbing his crotch into Jimin’s, the friction evoking a whimper in Jimin whose eyes fluttered shut.

“No, kitten, keep your eyes open,” Jungkook demanded, nudging his nose against Jimin’s cheek as he pressed one palm to the wall beside Jimin’s head while he grasped the soft flesh of Jimin’s thigh to secure him in his desired position, Jimin’s legs curled around Jungkook’s waist. “Wanna see your pretty eyes,” he added.

The black haired male was swift to wrap his hand around his throbbing member, pushing the tip against Jimin’s rim, but then not sliding it into him just yet.

“P-Please,” Jimin whispered, digging his teeth into his bottom lip as he tried to lower himself down on Jungkook’s penis, undeniably unsuccessful in that attempt.

“What is it, kitten?” Jungkook inquired, in spite of being aware of what Jimin was begging for, but fuck, Jungkook loved to see him squirm, loved to tease his baby.

“Please, Kook-ah, just-” Jimin begged, almost sobbing at Jungkook not granting him his penis.

“Say it, baby. Tell me what you need,” Jungkook demanded, smacking Jimin’s thigh, causing the latter to yelp.

“You,” Jimin breathed.

The younger male hummed in disapproval, hooking a finger around the back of Jimin’s collar before he tugged on the pink item, forcing Jimin to title his head back, the boy gasping at the harsh treatment.

“Where?” Jungkook whispered into his ear, his hot breath tickling on Jimin’s skin. “Tell me what you want”

“Just-” Jimin stammered, his cheeks tinging a darker shade of rose. “Just- Please, fuck me, Kook-ah” Satisfied, Jungkook thrusted into Jimin without wasting another moment, unable to hold back any longer, having assembled every last ounce of self-control he had managed to muster to refrain from fucking Jimin’s brain out in that sinful lingerie set from the moment the boy had taken off his clothes earlier in the living room.

As soon as Jungkook had slammed his hips forward, Jimin had cried out his name, his eyes going bigger at the way he suddenly felt so full.

Although Jimin was long past the point of feeling just overstimulated, he was thrilled to finally be filled with Jungkook, the stretch and the notion of their close and intimate proximity causing him to feel as though he was flying.

“That’s it, kitten,” Jungkook growled. “Always so tight around me”

“T-Touch?” Jimin begged, wanting to finally touch Jungkook again so badly.

“No, kitten,” Jungkook denied, shaking his head at Jimin’s request.
At the rejection, Jimin sobbed, but then found himself yelping at a particularly harsh thrust of Jungkook, his penis filling Jimin so nicely, brushing over his prostate with every single slam of his hips.

“Kook-ah!” Jimin cried out, his lips parted as breathy whimpers proceeded to slip past them, Jungkook’s gaze trailing over Jimin’s features, then down to his hips and the pretty pink lingerie that was still veiling a vast majority of his legs. “M-More!”

The black haired male delivered another smack to Jimin’s thigh, pushing his tongue into his cheek at Jimin’s demanding behaviour. “You take what I give you, understood?” Jungkook reminded him with a harsh tug on his collar, snapping his hips forward in a rough pattern, Jimin not capable to refrain from screaming out at the overwhelming sensations.

Another smack was delivered to Jimin’s thigh, causing him to cry out.

“Answer me,” Jungkook ordered, sweat dripping from his forehead as he continued to tug on Jimin’s pink collar.

“Y-Yes, I understand, Jungkook-ah,” Jimin gasped out, his penis bouncing around with each slam of Jungkook’s hips, his pace too relentless for Jimin to stay sane, the poor boy only managing to cry out Jungkook’s name as he rocked back and force in his embrace.

“You love this so much, don’t you? Love it so much, when I fuck you up against a wall, hm?”

“A-Ah!”

“Answer me,” Jungkook insisted, his tone husky and dominant, his eyes such a dark shade of brown.

“Yes, I love it so much!” Jimin shrieked, giving a vigorous nod, a fraction within him demanding more, nevertheless, despite Jungkook fucking him hard already – the naughty part within him urging him to misbehave, but the obedient fragment fighting against it as he had declared himself to be Jungkook’s present tonight.

However, Jimin’s naughty part did in fact win the battle at last.

Hastily, Jimin reached out to touch Jungkook, his digits fidgeting with the buttons of Jungkook’s shirt as he leaned in to press his lips to Jungkook’s throat.

“Don’t,” Jungkook warned him, smacking Jimin’s thigh again, continuing to thrust into him. “Behave, kitten”

“W-Wanna touch you,” Jimin begged, proceeding to unbutton Jungkook’s shirt until he was able to touch his broad chest and his distinctive set of abs.

As a response to Jimin’s disobedience, Jungkook pulled on his collar harsher, bringing his hand down on Jimin’s penis to deliver a smack to the sensitive tip. The pink haired boy cried out, hunching forward at the treatment, his stomach stirring in arousal.

“What did I tell you?” the younger male demanded to know.

“I- I-” Jimin stammered, swallowing hard as he gasped for air.

“What did I tell you, kitten? Hm?” Jungkook reiterated his question, the pace of his hips having slowed down, albeit possessing a forceful pattern, nonetheless.
“I-I get what you give me,” Jimin whispered.

“Louder,” Jungkook ordered, sending another smack to Jimin’s erection.

“I get what you give me,” Jimin repeated, louder this time to oblige Jungkook’s command.

“There you go,” Jungkook responded, giving a nod. “Then fucking behave, understood?”

Jimin gave a nod, a tiny “Yes,” slipping past his lips, despite a part within him still pressing for him to disobey, just to see how Jungkook would choose to punish him this time.

Slowly, Jimin caught his bottom lip between his teeth, his eyes fixated on Jungkook’s as he stared at him through his lashes, deciding to push his hips towards Jungkook’s, his palms remaining on Jungkook’s chest despite the latter’s order for Jimin to keep his hands behind his back.

Jungkook’s eyes darkened, the man clicking his tongue as his grasp around Jimin’s thighs tightened, thrusting into Jimin in a more relentless pace. “Why do you always want to be punished so badly,” Jungkook growled into his ear. “Do you want me to hurt you? Are you that needy to be put back in your place?”

The pink haired boy shrieked out, unable to respond as his hands grabbed Jungkook’s shoulders, his body rocking back and forth with each snap of Jungkook’s hips, his hard length never failing to hit Jimin’s prostate, causing stars to adorn his vision.

“Oh my god, Jungkook-ah!” Jimin cried out as another orgasm was building up in the pit of his stomach, in fact heating up in such a rapid and exponential rate that Jimin was certain that he was coming a third time in mere seconds.

“That’s all you can do, hm? Look pretty and scream my name?” Jungkook growled, leaning in to suck on Jimin’s neck, the latter whimpering at the sweet singe of pain, followed by a heart-rending realization of belonging as Jungkook licked over the hickey he had created on Jimin’s skin.

At Jungkook’s teasing words, Jimin’s cheeks tinged a darker shade of rose, the flush no longer just attributable to the heat, but to a surge of humiliation and embarrassment that resided within Jimin – but it was true, so true.

Currently, Jimin was in fact lacking the ability to respond in any other way aside from breathy moans, quiet shrieks and cries of Jungkook’s name.

The taller boy pulled on Jimin’s collar all over again. “Come for me, kitten. I want you to come with me,” Jungkook insisted, the smaller one presuming that Jungkook was close as well, the boy simultaneously inquisitive to know whether Jungkook wasn’t going to punish him for his prior disobedience, yet then still clenching around Jungkook. “Shit, kitten,” he cursed, thrusting into Jimin a few more times until Jimin couldn’t bear any more.

“Y-Yes, Jungkook-ah, p-please,” Jimin mewled, squeezing his eyes shut as another orgasm slammed right through him, the poor boy sobbing as a tiny drop of cum leaked from the tip of his erection, his penis such a prominent shade of red as it twitched pathetically in between their sweaty bodies.

Smirking, Jungkook leaned his forehead against Jimin’s, obscene curse words slipping from his lips as he found his own release, ejaculating inside of Jimin as he proceeded to thrust into him. “Shit, so fucking good,” Jungkook breathed out, the pace of his hips slowing down before he withdrew from Jimin entirely.

Immediately, Jimin went limp in Jungkook’s arms, too overwhelmed to maintain any form of
balance. The pink haired boy clung onto Jungkook, nuzzling his face in the curve of Jungkook’s neck as he sobbed again, whining out Jungkook’s name.

However, Jungkook hummed in disapproval, delivering a spank to Jimin’s ass that evoked a yelp in the latter, Jimin reaching back to rub his red bottom that had endured a few smacks tonight.

“I’m not done with you yet, baby boy,” Jungkook laughed teasingly, manhandling Jimin down, the smaller one finding himself bent over the dresser in the blink of an eye, gasping as Jungkook pulled his arms to his back. “Did you really think that you can just continue to disobey and disrespect me without any punishment? Come on, kitten, think again,” he added with a snarl, bringing his hand down on Jimin’s ass three consecutive times, causing him to shriek with each smack.

“I was just… playing,” Jimin whispered, swallowing hard as he clenched his hands into petite fists.

“What was that?” Jungkook wanted to know, Jimin not certain whether his words had truly been inaudible to Jungkook or whether it was a way for him to exude his dominance and discipline Jimin.

“Playing,” Jimin repeated softly. “I was just playing. I-I wanted to touch you, Kook-ah, so badly. I didn’t mean to disrespect”

“I don’t recall asking you to justify yourself,” Jungkook retorted, bringing his hand down on Jimin’s ass all over again. “You did this to yourself, kitten. Isn’t this what you wanted?”

Blushing, Jimin pressed his lips into a line, merely refraining from uttering out an apology.

Smack. Smack.

The black haired male delivered two more spansks to Jimin’s bottom, the pain so sweet, but not enough – no, too much? Frankly, at this point, Jimin couldn’t decide, his heart telling him one thing while his body was claiming another.

Smack. Smack. Smack.

At a particularly harsh blow, Jimin squirmed around in his position in an attempt to move away from Jungkook, his hands flying down to his ass to shield it from any further punishment.

“Don’t,” Jungkook warned him, closing his hand around Jimin’s wrists to push them away from his ass. “These stay here, understood?” he demanded, pressing Jimin’s arms to his back.

“K-Kook-ah,” Jimin whined, wiggling his butt around since any other movement of his was restricted.

Smack.

“Understood?” Jungkook repeated, his tone lower.

“Y-Yes, Kook-ah, I understand,” Jimin whimpered, giving a nod as he stilled his hips.

“Can you give me your color?”

“Green,” Jimin found himself reply without an ounce of hesitation, partially wondering what fragment within him had decided for that answer in such a swift way.

Suddenly, Jungkook pushed his hard length back inside of Jimin’s hole, causing the latter to gasp, his eyes going wide at the unforeseen action.
“N-No more,” Jimin cried out, noticing the tears on his cheeks whilst he shook his head. “I can’t!” he claimed, squirming around on the dresser.

Swiftly, Jungkook curled his hands around Jimin’s hips, his grasp strong and capable to secure Jimin in a still position. “You can and you will,” Jungkook prompted, bringing his palm down on Jimin’s bottom in a harsh smack again.

The smaller boy sobbed, clenching his hands into delicate fists as Jungkook pulled out of him just to thrust back into him a mere moment later, the man not hesitating to pick up a forceful pace.

Whining, Jimin caught his bottom lip between his teeth, rocking back and forth at the harsh way Jungkook slammed his hips against him, causing Jimin to wonder whether this was his chosen punishment.

“Look at you,” Jungkook growled, sliding his hand through Jimin’s pink locks, tugging on the bundle of hair to manhandle Jimin up into an uncomfortable position. “Fuck, if you could see yourself right now. My naughty little kitten bent over for me to use,” he added, wetting his lips as his unoccupied hand trailed down Jimin’s back, reaching his perky ass cheeks that were tinged a pretty shade of red.

“Please,” Jimin begged, sniffing as he tried to meet Jungkook’s gaze, but was unable to fulfil that wish. “Please, Kook-ah”

“Give me one more, kitten,” Jungkook insisted, his hand trailing down Jimin’s chest, his thumb brushing over Jimin’s sensitive nipple before it moved further south, ultimately curling around Jimin’s hard length.

“N-No, it- it hurts, Kook-ah,” Jimin protested, shaking his head as Jungkook commenced to jerk him off.

“You have your safe words, baby,” Jungkook whispered into his ear, softer, a tender reminder that Jimin could stop this, if he really needed to. “I know you can give me another one, though. Come on, angel”

Sobbing, Jimin squeezed his eyes shut, whining with each thrust of Jungkook, the heat in the pit of his stomach already present – or perhaps, never having vanished entirely.

“There you go, kitten. Be good,” Jungkook growled, Jimin’s trembling body and the way he clenched around him an indication that his lover was close to a fourth orgasm.

The smaller boy came without any form of warning, screaming out Jungkook’s name as he found another release, no cum leaking from his penis this time, his muscles spasming as he went limp on the dresser.

Slowly, yet forcefully, Jungkook proceeded to snap his hips forward, prolonging Jimin’s overwhelming orgasm.

“Good boy,” Jungkook praised him, removing himself from Jimin for a brief moment, no longer pressed tightly against him.

Trying to regulate his breathing, Jimin turned his head to the side, searching for Jungkook as his heart longed for his close proximity, for his strong arms to hold him, make him feel safe.

However, prior to Jimin even locating the taller male, Jungkook pushed a hard item back inside of Jimin’s hole without any warning, the buzzing picking up right away, enlightening Jimin on what it
was that penetrated him – the vibrator.

_Oh God._

“You said only one more, Kook-ah,” Jimin cried, wiggling his butt around while he tried to reach for the toy in an attempt to remove it, positive that his body was too sensitive for another orgasm.

“Then don’t come, kitten,” Jungkook plainly stated, thrusting the toy into Jimin a few times before he withdrew his hand, allowing the vibrator to remain tightly settled within Jimin, the latter naturally clenching around it.

“But- I It’s too much, Jungkook-ah,” Jimin gasped, squeezing his eyes shut as he pressed his forehead against the hard wood of the dresser.

_This was too much – Jimin felt as though he was going to pass out._

“Take it”

“It hurts,” Jimin whined, shaking his head.

“Isn’t that what you love, hm?” Jungkook noted teasingly, titling his head to the side. “You love, when it hurts, don’t you?”

Jimin only sobbed, aware that Jungkook didn’t truly anticipate a response – after all, they were both more than familiar with the answer, various times proving that Jimin possessed a certain fondness in receiving a punishment from Jungkook.

“Fuck, you’re so full, aren’t you?” Jungkook remarked, pressing his thumb next to the vibrator, threatening to thrust it into Jimin alongside the toy. “You love being full, don’t you?” he asked, curling his other hand around the vibrator to tug it out, enabling him to deliver two consecutive spanks to Jimin’s sensitive hole, evoking a shriek within Jimin. “Could probably put my whole fist into you one day and you would love it so much, wouldn’t you?”

At his words, Jimin only sobbed.

“On your knees,” Jungkook ordered.

The smaller boy inhaled a shaky breath, straightening his back on wobbly legs before he was manhandled down on his knees, Jungkook not hesitating to slide his hand through Jimin’s pink locks to grab a bundle of his hair, forcing him to stay in a particular position.

A fraction within Jimin was certain of where this was going, his heart naturally skipping a beat at the intriguing notion of sucking Jungkook off – an act that Jimin retained a profound and established adoration for.

Yet, right now, after everything, Jimin wasn’t confident whether he was truly capable of fulfilling his own desire.

“I want you to ride the vibrator, kitten,” Jungkook demanded, interrupting Jimin’s thoughts.

“H-Huh?”

“Did I stutter, baby?” the younger male inquired, raising his brows at Jimin’s hesitance.

“N-No,” Jimin whispered, shaking his head as he stared at Jungkook with big eyes.
“Then go ahead”

His blush darkening, Jimin somehow managed to secure the base of the toy in between his heels, slowly lifting his hips before he lowered himself back down on the vibrator, whimpering out.

Satisfied, Jungkook observed him, his own dick twitching at the sight of Jimin riding the toy.

“Faster”

Sobbing, Jimin shook his head, the feeling already too overwhelming for him to handle, prevailing his natural tendency of obeying.

As a punishment, Jungkook tugged on his hair, Jimin wincing at the pain. “What was that?”


“Don’t make me tell you again,” the younger boy warned.

Obliging, Jimin lifted his hips in a quicker pace before he commenced to bounce up and down, the toy proceeding to slide into him whilst it continued to buzz.

“Now, suck,” the black haired male ordered, one hand closed around his penis that he guided towards Jimin’s plump lips, slapping the tip against his bottom lip, a nonverbal demand for Jimin to open his mouth. “Slap my thighs, if you need to stop, little one,” Jungkook was sure to remind Jimin, the smaller boy giving a gentle nod to convey his acknowledgement before Jungkook pushed his penis past his lips.

Carefully, Jimin moved further down Jungkook’s erection, keen on complying, but simultaneously troubled as his body was declaring a caution for him to cease, looming to retaliate against him as soon as he were to wake up in the morning tomorrow, if he was going to proceed.

Exhausted, Jimin insinuated to wrap his palms around Jungkook’s erection for assistance, but reminded himself that Jungkook hadn’t retracted his prior order for Jimin’s arms to remain on his back, thus they were still in exactly that position.

Squeezing his eyes shut, Jimin forced Jungkook’s hard length down his throat, circling his hips around on the toy, his body hurting – everywhere.

Naturally, Jimin gagged around Jungkook’s penis, but disregarded the burning in his throat, instead continuing to lower himself down on Jungkook, the taller man cursing out at the wet tightness around his dick.

“Good boy,” he praised. “So good for me, kitten.”

At the praise, Jimin’s heart fluttered – yet, Jimin couldn’t breathe; his penis was leaking so much was hurting so bad; it was too overwhelming, too intense for him to bear any longer.

The black haired male’s grasp in Jimin’s hair tightened, restricting Jimin in moving his head, but compelling him to remain with his lips wrapped around Jungkook’s hard length, deepthroating his erection – a fact that excited Jimin, a surge of pride swelling within his chest as it usually tended to – but, right now, his throat was burning so much; it hurt – too much.

As a defence mechanism, Jimin tried to withdraw, his lungs begging for him to gasp for air, the pain and overwhelming sensation his body was enduring no longer bearable. Almost as predicted, Jimin’s attempt to stop this by pulling back was futile, Jungkook not budging, but commencing to snap his
hips forward to fuck into Jimin’s mouth.

At this point, Jimin’s body fought back, the boy gasping for air with Jungkook’s dick still down his throat, causing the poor boy to gag and splutter around his erection, more tears rolling down his cheeks as a surge of fear resided in his chest.

A fraction within Jimin refused to stop – reminded himself that he was Jungkook’s present tonight, that this wasn’t about him, that he wanted to be good and please Jungkook so badly.

However, that thought scared him even more.

This was your body, a voice that sounded like Jungkook’s reminded him.

At last, Jimin cried out around Jungkook’s throbbing member as he slapped Jungkook’s thigh, only gentle at first as he didn’t intend to hurt the boy, but then harsher as the other male didn’t withdraw.

Immediately, Jungkook stilled as he removed himself from Jimin’s mouth, his hand no longer entangled in Jimin’s pink locks as he parted his lips to ask whether Jimin was okay, but remained silent as he watched Jimin crawl away from him before he fell to his side with tears streaming down his face.

“Red,” Jimin whispered, curling in on himself. “No more, please, no more.”

“Little one,” Jungkook breathed out, his heart clenching at the sight of his lover.

Swiftly, Jungkook lowered himself down on his knees beside Jimin, reaching for his back in order to remove the vibrator that was still buzzing within Jimin.

Yet, as soon as Jungkook’s fingers curled around the toy, Jimin grabbed his wrist, sobbing as he shook his head, fear gleaming in his eyes.

“I just want to take it out, angel, I promise you,” Jungkook whispered, his tone so soft and gentle, no longer filled with dominance or disappointment. “Is that okay?”

His voice calmed Jimin, causing him to withdraw his hand in a silent way to convey his permission.

Carefully, Jungkook removed the toy from Jimin’s hole, switching it off before he tossed it somewhere to the side with little care, his heart pounding fast against his chest as he observed Jimin’s trembling body beneath him.

“Little one, can you talk to me?”

Jimin didn’t respond.

“Angel, hey, can you tell me what I did wrong?”

The smaller boy shook his head, only sobbing.

Carefully, Jungkook brushed Jimin’s pink locks away from his face, testing whether Jimin felt consent with Jungkook’s touch. Since his lover didn’t withdraw or twitch at the contact, Jungkook’s palms trailed down to Jimin’s hips, careful, and tender, as they curled around his waist, picking up the crying boy without any effort.

Immediately, Jimin clung onto Jungkook, the younger male embracing him and carrying him over into the bathroom while Jimin hid his face in the curve of Jungkook’s neck, still crying.
“It’s all good, little one,” Jungkook whispered into his ear, his palm caressing Jimin’s back in a comforting manner.

Gently, Jimin was lowered down on the counter, whimpering at the low temperature and the slight surge of pain that bloomed within him as his abused bottom touched the hard material.

“I’m sorry,” Jungkook apologised quietly, pressing his lips to Jimin’s nose before his digits reached for the strings of the pink garter belt. “Is that okay? I just want to remove it, little one, yeah?”

Jimin only blinked, giving a faint nod as he observed Jungkook’s movement with big eyes, almost feeling as though he wasn’t truly present – not mentally, at least, somehow only half-awake.

It scared him.

Was he okay?

What had happened to him?

“Fucking- Get the fuck-” Jungkook cursed beneath his breath, appearing to struggle with removing the garter belt, Jimin faintly recalling the troubles of getting into it this morning all on his own – somehow, that seemed so far away now. “Sorry,” Jungkook uttered softly, Jimin not aware whether his apology was referring to him swearing, although it was silly since it wasn’t exactly an unprecedented event, in fact a rather natural occurrence for the taller one.

Slowly, Jungkook rolled down the stockings from Jimin’s milky legs, allowing them to fall to the floor with little attention, then careful to close his fingers around the pink panties that were still tied around Jimin’s thighs, yet too loose and stretched now due to the events over the past hour, potentially no longer truly fitting Jimin. In a soft motion, Jungkook removed the panties as well, not hesitating to curl his digits around the last piece of clothing that adorned Jimin’s delicate figure.

“Can you lift your hips for me, angel?” Jungkook requested softly, such a different tone in his voice and a diverse way for him to appeal something to Jimin compared to just a few minutes ago.

The pink haired boy admittedly struggled, using the last bit of strength he could muster to lift his hips in order to assist Jungkook in removing the garter belt from his hips.

As soon as it was off, Jungkook pointed to the collar still tied around Jimin’s throat.

“Do you feel comfortable with me removing that? Is that okay, Jimin-ah?” he inquired, aware that there were times were Jimin had requested to wear it even after sex – the taller man having assessed his behaviour as presumably being something Jimin simply needed to feel comfortable, when calming down.

The smaller one gave a faint nod, his eyes fluttering shut as he felt Jungkook untie the collar around his throat, placing it down on the counter beside him before he closed his hands around Jimin’s hips all over again to pick him up.

“You’re shaking so much,” Jungkook whispered, concern audible in his voice as he carried Jimin into the shower. It was only then that Jimin noticed that the bathroom didn’t possess any bathtub, not that it mattered, really.

A few moments later, water streamed down from the shower, Jungkook waiting for a comfortable temperature to set before he went beneath the water.

As soon as the stream hit Jimin, the boy gasped, his grasp around Jungkook tightening as he nuzzled
his face into his nape.

“Little one, can you stand on your own? Do you think you can do that?” Jungkook asked softly.

Jimin didn’t respond.

Apprehending Jimin’s silence as a lack for him to articulate himself in his current state, Jungkook managed to reach for the shower gel while proceeding to secure Jimin in his embrace.

“I’m going to touch you, yeah? I’m just going to clean you, little one,” the black haired male assured him, his hands roaming over Jimin’s back and arms to wash all the sweat away, the boy able to clean Jimin’s stomach as well without having to push Jimin back too much in order to remove the cum sticking to his skin.

Jungkook’s touch was gentle, and careful, almost as though he was scared of Jimin being fragile, that he was going to break any moment; yet Jungkook always was – tender. Aside from their time spent in the bedroom, Jungkook never treated Jimin anything but delicately.

“Is that okay? I’ll be quick,” Jungkook promised, nudging his nose against Jimin’s cheek as his hand had halted at the bottom of Jimin’s back, indicating to move lower to clean his private parts.

Jimin gave a faint nod, Jungkook not hesitating to wash his hole as gentle as could be, remaining in the area only for as long as necessary before he withdrew his hand to clean the other parts of Jimin’s body.

Not long after, the water stopped running, Jungkook carrying Jimin back out of the shower, the latter shivering at the sudden alteration in temperature. On his way back into the bedroom, Jungkook picked up a towel from the counter, swift to wrap it around Jimin’s wet body, comfortable warmth immediately engulfing Jimin.

Ever since calling out his safe word, Jimin hadn’t spoken another word.

Frankly, that scared the shit out of Jungkook.

It scared Jimin just as much, but he was somehow grateful that Jungkook didn’t force him to talk, that he comprehended what Jimin needed before he even did.

Softly, Jimin was lowered down on the bed, Jungkook hovering above him as he dried Jimin’s body, disregarding his own moist skin, but fixating his attention on Jimin solely. The pink haired one observed him with big eyes, itching to talk, wanting to say something so badly, but… he couldn’t. For some reason, he was unable to speak at all.

There was a mixture of guilt and concern depicted on Jungkook’s face, his handsome features no longer embellished by a teasing smirk or lust-filled eyes.

At the sight, Jimin’s heart ached, his consciousness barely present any longer, but his feelings for Jungkook too fervent and deeply anchored within Jimin to omit, the thought of Jungkook blaming himself or being hard on himself because of Jimin using his safe word hurting him.

The black haired male tied the towel around his body, not caring to dry himself properly. Tenderly, Jungkook picked him up all over again instead, puzzling Jimin who wondered where they were going, yet not protesting but nuzzling his face into Jungkook’s nape instead as he clung onto him.

Jungkook carried him outside of the room, walking down the hallway and into another bedroom, kicking the door shut on his way in before he approached the bed.
After pulling the blanket to the side, Jungkook set Jimin down on the soft sheets, drying his own body with the towel before he dropped it to the floor, quick to move into the bed beside Jimin and tug the duvet over both of their bodies.

Jimin was still shivering, causing Jungkook to conclude that his trembling wasn’t attributable to the alteration in temperature, but perhaps to the exhaustion his body had endured.

Gently, Jungkook closed his arms around Jimin’s delicate figure, the latter hiding his face in the curve of Jungkook’s neck the way he always did – as though it was a place of comfort; well, it was – his safe haven. The sound of Jungkook’s heart beat was a surge of safety as well, consoling Jimin.

“Do you want to talk to me now?” Jungkook asked, his palm finding its way to Jimin’s back, caressing his soft skin.

Jimin didn’t respond.

“Just want me to hold you?” Jungkook uttered, pressing his lips to Jimin’s temple.

The smaller one gave a faint nod.

“Okay,” Jungkook whispered, his strong arms securing Jimin closely, their intimate proximity and the pure environment pacifying Jimin.

At last, Jimin’s eyes fluttered shut, the events of the past hours taking a final toll on him, causing him to fall asleep in the safety of Jungkook’s arms.

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A few hours later, Jimin awoke from a short sleep, his eyes fluttering open to darkness adorning his vision, a pitch-black scheme among them. After blinking a few times, Jimin’s eyes had adjusted to the absence of illumination, allowing him to distinguish silhouettes in the dark.

Slowly, Jimin lifted his head, noticing the strong arm that was still wrapped around his figure, causing him to wonder whether Jungkook hadn’t let go of him at all. Carefully, Jimin studied Jungkook’s features, startled as he noticed that his eyes weren’t shut, but open and fixated on Jimin already.

Had he been awake this whole time?

“Why aren’t you asleep?” Jimin inquired, his voice quiet and foreign, touched by roughness attributable to his slumber, but potentially additionally to the earlier events of their shared intimate moments.

The black haired male smiled, rolling onto his side to meet Jimin’s gaze, then leaning close to press his lips on Jimin’s cheek in a tender kiss.

“I wasn’t tired,” he responded, reaching out to brush Jimin’s fringe out of his face. “I was just… thinking,” he added with a slight shrug of his shoulder.

“How? About what?” Jimin found himself wonder, tilting his head to the side as he snuggled closer, silently asking Jungkook to touch him, the latter appearing to apprehend his nonverbal request as he placed his palm on Jimin’s arm before he traced his fingertips over his delicate skin.

What thoughts could keep Jungkook awake this night?
“How are you?” Jungkook asked instead. “Are you feeling better?”

The former incident replayed in Jimin’s mind, the boy recalling the primarily thrilling moment that had turned into an overwhelming experience that had compelled Jimin to his limits.

“I… Yeah, I think so,” Jimin whispered, knitting his brows as he reflected over his feelings and notions, somehow not confident to assert that he was definitely feeling good again, but certainly feeling better than earlier – whatever state it was that he had fallen into. “I don’t know what happened to me,” he murmured, confused and curious simultaneously as he averted his gaze, noticing that the room was different from the one they had left all of their belongings in. “Why did you move us into this room?” Jimin voiced his thoughts.

“The bed was messy with the toys and restraints, all sweaty and full of cum as well,” Jungkook reasoned, his hand stilling for a brief moment. “I… I also thought you needed to be removed from that situation entirely… if that makes sense. I don’t know,” he elaborated, shaking his head at himself as he frowned, seemingly not quite sure of his action either or perhaps unable to express himself cohesively – yet, somehow, Jimin did understand. “Do you think you can talk to me now?”

Jungkook wanted to know then, his eyes soft, but concern illustrated in them all the same. “Can you tell me why you used your safe word, so I know what I did wrong and won’t do it again?”

The pink haired boy parted his lips to respond, intending to reassure Jungkook that it hadn’t been anything that he had done, but… how could he? How was Jimin supposed to elucidate the turmoil of emotions and thoughts that had been running through his mind and were evidently still present within him, if he wasn’t even capable of understanding the entirety of it himself?

“It wasn’t… I just…” Jimin still tried to express, but went silent a few syllables later.

“It’s okay to be honest, angel,” Jungkook encouraged him, perhaps assuming that Jimin was refraining from responding because he didn’t want to hurt Jungkook. “Whatever I did, please let me know”

“I don’t know,” Jimin uttered, shaking his head at himself, slightly frustrated with his deficiency of expressing himself so he could reassure Jungkook. “I don’t think… It was just… Too much. It was too much. I’ve never had that many multiple orgasms and- and I’ve never been tied to the bed entirely. I guess I was so excited of trying something new that I didn’t realise that I was pushing myself too far. I wanted to be good so badly, so I just… I wanted to see how many times I could come, I wanted to take each and every punishment you gave me… I just wanted to… I don’t know – make you proud? I’m not sure, if that makes sense,” Jimin explained, exhaling a long breath of frustration. “But I just… I couldn’t handle any more. It hurt – no longer in a good way, but in a way that I couldn’t bear,” he whispered.

The younger male moved closer, leaning in to place a gentle peck to Jimin’s lips. “I’m sorry, angel,” he uttered, whispering those words right against Jimin’s lips before he pressed his forehead against Jimin’s, his arm curling around Jimin’s delicate body to embrace him tightly.

“You don’t have to be, Kook-ah,” Jimin declared, reaching up to place his petite palm against Jungkook’s cheek.

“I am, though,” Jungkook objected, shaking his head at himself. “With pain, there is a fair line between it being enjoyable for you and… and actually harming you,” he explained. “Sometimes, it’s difficult to see that line, but I should have.”

“You’re not able to see it, Jungkook-ah,” Jimin interrupted him. “Please, don’t blame yourself. We’ve talked about this before. I asked you to do this to me, only I can know how much I can
handle and this time, I was wrong”

Jungkook’s gaze flickered back and forth between his eyes, his palm trailing down to Jimin’s hand to interlace their fingers. “I’ve never had anyone call out red,” he revealed.

“Never?” Jimin whispered as his eyes went bigger, not certain why that statement astonished him that much.

“Never, no,” he affirmed. “Well, I’ve never… never had such an intimate bond with anyone either,” Jungkook elaborated.

The smaller boy was grateful for how Jungkook had handled the situation, considering that he had never experienced a similar incident prior to tonight. Somehow, Jungkook always knew how to console Jimin, simply possessing a comforting effect on Jimin.

“I want you to use your safe word as soon as you feel uncomfortable, Jimin-ah. Please, angel, don’t push yourself too far past your limits. It can be dangerous,” Jungkook emphasised, drawing Jimin out of his thoughts.

“There just was a part of me that… that didn’t want to say it,” Jimin revealed softly.

Jungkook’s hand stilled all over again. “Why?”

“I don’t know,” Jimin retorted truthfully. “It was as though… as though I shouldn’t think about how I was feeling but focus on your pleasure solely. It was as though my body wasn’t mine, but…”

“Jimin-ah, don’t,” Jungkook interrupted him. “Please, don’t-”

“It was just for a split moment; and it was only a tiny part within me,” Jimin was quick to elucidate.

“When you say that you want me to use you, that doesn’t mean that your body belongs to me, little one,” Jungkook reminded him.

“I know,” Jimin uttered, giving a nod. “I promise, I know,” he added.

Yet, did he?

Well, he did. Yes, Jimin did.

However, when his consciousness was ruled by his submissiveness, Jimin tended to fall into a state where… where that notion might not truly reside within him – where he… enjoyed the thought of his body not belonging to him entirely, but to Jungkook.

Should that scare him?

“I’m glad you did call it out, angel,” Jungkook drew Jimin out of his thoughts. “It’s a way for you to return to a safe environment. It’s significant for me that you realise that. As soon as you don’t feel safe anymore or – or are in pain – No, for any reason, in any case, for that matter – use it. Never feel bad for using it. Never feel like there is a moment where you shouldn’t or you can’t use it,” he stressed.

“Yeah,” Jimin breathed, giving a nod. “I know, Jungkook-ah, I promise”

Jungkook returned to caressing Jimin’s skin, pressing another kiss to Jimin’s lips before the latter nuzzled his face in the curve of Jungkook’s neck, the safety he exuded and the comfort he evoke in Jimin always pulling him right back in.
“Was I a nice present?” Jimin whispered.

The black haired male hummed, nudging his nose against Jimin’s temple. “You are the best thing to have ever happen to me, so yes, you were”

At his words, warmth spread within Jimin’s chest, his cheeks tinging a faint shade of rose as he turned his head to the side to press his lips to Jungkook’s cheek.

“I hope it was enjoyable for you as well?” Jimin mumbled as he drew tiny shapes on Jungkook’s chest, his eyes not meeting the taller one’s. After all, Jimin had been adamant to be Jungkook’s present tonight, having permitted him to use him in whatever way he desired. Evidently, it would dishearten Jimin to learn that Jungkook hadn’t found any enjoyment in tonight. That would thwart the whole purpose of Jimin’s plan… Had Jungkook even come at all? “I mean, until… yeah”

“It was,” Jungkook assured him with a nod. “I promise,” he added, grabbing Jimin’s chin to guide his face back up, allowing him to meet his gaze before he leaned in to attach their lips in a kiss. “Did it scare you a lot to be tied up?” he wanted to know, titling his head to the side.

At the mere thought, a shiver ran down Jimin’s back, his stomach stirring in a mixture of arousal and nervousness.

“It… did scare me a little at first, but I trust you,” Jimin stated.

“How did it feel?”

“It was… interesting,” Jimin responded, furrowing his brows as he smiled faintly. “I didn’t like the part where I couldn’t touch you, but… I wouldn’t… I mean, we could do it again someday,” he elaborated.

“Yeah?” Jungkook breathed.

“Mhm-nh,” Jimin hummed, his gaze flickering back and forth between Jungkook’s eyes and his soft lips that were just close enough to have Jimin long for them to kiss him.

“Good,” the younger male noted before he furrowed his brows, his fingers not having vanished from Jimin’s chin. “Where the hell did you even get that lingerie from?” he wanted to know.

Jimin chuckled, his blush darkening as he tried to lower his head, but failed to exhibit that action as Jungkook didn’t remove his hand, smirking instead. “It’s a gift from Tae,” Jimin mumbled.

“I see”

“Did you… like it?” Jimin asked, his voice just above a whisper.

Jungkook blinked. “Are you- Did I not make clear how much I liked it?” he inquired, clearly bewildered by Jimin’s question. “Do I need to prove my case again by-” he noted whilst his hands moved down to Jimin’s waist as he went to close even the last fraction of distance between them.

The pink haired boy giggled, shaking his head as he rolled onto his back in an attempt to save himself from Jungkook. The latter was swift to chase after him, hovering above Jimin in the blink of an eye, his arms on either side of Jimin’s head as he smirked down at him.

“You always look beautiful – naked or dressed,” Jungkook declared as he leaned down to brush his lips over Jimin’s. “Preferably naked,” he added against his lips.
Jimin smacked his arm, causing Jungkook to chuckle.

“I’m just teasing, little one,” Jungkook noted, his eyes gleaming in affection. “You look pretty no matter what, but that fucking lingerie was… Fuck, you looked sinful; so goddamn sexy that the mere thought has me half hard for you all over again,” he elaborated, his obscene words embellishing Jimin’s cheeks with a darker shade of rose as he caught his bottom lip between his teeth.

“I was a little scared you weren’t going to like it,” Jimin admitted, his fingers tracing over Jungkook’s strong arms absentmindedly.

“Little one, I’m never not going to like something you decide to do,” Jungkook assured him, brushing strands of Jimin’s pink hair away from his forehead, a delicate smile curving Jimin’s lips at his comforting words. “Is that something you enjoy? Do you like wearing lingerie?”

Well…

“I…”

“You never told me that you do,” the younger male pointed out.

Undeniably, Jungkook was very open in that sense – or with anything, really – and was always adamant to remind Jimin that he could voice even his darkest desires to Jungkook, enabling them to find a way to realise them.

However, to Jimin’s defence – he hadn’t known about this trait of his prior to slipping into that lingerie for the first time.

“I didn’t know I did,” Jimin responded with a small shrug of his shoulder. “I never wore it before. When I put it on for the first time, I… felt really pretty and… I thought of what you were going to do to me in it,” he added, Jungkook’s eyes patient as they stared at him, an emotion glistening in his eyes upon those words slipping from Jimin’s lips. “I… liked the way it made me feel,” he uttered, his voice turning softer with each syllable of his. “Is that weird?”

Jungkook furrowed his brows. “Why would you think that?”

“I don’t know…”

“There is nothing weird about it at all, little one,” Jungkook reassured him. “I know, society is fucked up with its gender norms and their blatant obsession to put labels on you, but deciding what to wear and why you wear it is a choice solely yours, okay? If you want to wear lingerie, then that is completely fine. It doesn’t say anything about you, nor about your gender identity or your sexuality”

The smaller one gave a nod, smiling as he leaned up to crash his lips on Jungkook’s in a soft kiss.

“I liked it a lot,” Jimin then uttered. This time, his voice was filled with a whole lot more confidence.

At his self-assurance, Jungkook smiled, placing his palm against Jimin’s cheek, the pad of his thumb caressing his soft skin. “Do you want to wear your lingerie more often from now on, little one?”

Jimin pursed his lips, contemplating. “A whole set is quite difficult to get into all on your own,” he stated, replaying the horror of getting into it this morning all on his own in his head. “At least, it was for me,” he mumbled, wondering whether Tae was struggling with such troubles as well.

Jungkook laughed, giving a nod. “Yeah, it was a pain in the ass to get them off you, too,” he coincided.
“Maybe just… some lace panties. Not every day, but… but on some, maybe. They weren’t uncomfortable at all,” Jimin decided.

“Mhm, so every day I undress you, you’ll surprise me,” Jungkook hummed lowly, running his thumb along Jimin’s bottom lip.

The pink haired one giggled, the flush on his cheeks increasing as he curled his arms around Jungkook’s neck. “I am full of surprises,” he whispered.

“I know you are,” Jungkook grinned. “That’s why I love you”

“Is it, now?” Jimin questioned with a smile, raising his brow. “That’s the only reason?”

Jungkook was silent for a moment, appearing to deliberate over his next answer before he responded with a plain, “Yeah,” as he smirked teasingly.

Insulted, Jimin swatted his arm again with a gasp, causing Jungkook to laugh sweetly, the sound warming Jimin’s chest.

“No, of course not, just one of them,” Jungkook corrected swiftly, nudging his nose against Jimin’s temple.

“One, huh?” Jimin echoed, his fingers playing with the black locks of hair at the back of Jungkook’s head. “How many are there?” he wanted to know, truly inquisitive to discover what the reasons for his love were, yet then also teasing the man.

“Millions,” Jungkook stated.

“Tell me,” Jimin requested softly, chuckling at Jungkook’s response, aware that Jungkook was only exaggerating.

Jungkook raised his brows, a smirk curving his lips. “I see how it goes,” he noted, insinuating to roll off Jimin, but the latter was swift to pull him back down on him.

“What?”

“I mean, I know you have a praise kink, but-”

“Shut up!” Jimin gasped, his eyes big as he swatted Jungkook’s arm all over again, yet laughing all the same, the younger joining him.

As their laughter subsided, affectionate smiles remained, Jungkook pressing his nose against Jimin’s as he whispered, “I love you for a million reasons. I’m serious. I couldn’t name them in a day, even if I tried to. You bring out the best in me, little one. Beyond everything, you make me want to be a better man”

“You are a good man, Jungkook-ah,” Jimin whispered, shaking his head at Jungkook’s words.

The black haired male looked back and forth between his eyes. “Promise me?”

“Promise you what?”

“That you’ll never stop thinking that”

Jimin frowned, silent for a split moment.
“Jungkook-ah, how could I ever not think that about you?” he then wanted to know, leaning up to capture Jungkook’s lips in a gentle kiss. The younger didn’t hesitate to kiss back, moving his lips against Jimin’s, the touch passionate and sweet as he rolled them over, Jimin on top of him this time.

As they withdrew from one another, Jungkook’s lips lingered close by, brushing over Jimin’s as he tucked Jimin’s pink hair behind his ear.

“Well, the first night didn’t quite work out the way I had planned,” Jungkook noted, a slight chuckle falling from his lips as he nudged his nose against Jimin’s cheek.

The smaller boy tilted his head to the side. “What had you planned?” Jimin wondered, raising his brows in inquisitiveness.

After all, the cabin was rather secluded, no restaurants or malls around them for miles.

Smiling, Jungkook reached up to slide his hand through Jimin’s pink locks. “I wanted to take you out and go down to the lake to watch the stars with you,” the younger male revealed then, his words astonishing Jimin.

“There is a lake?” Jimin echoed, his eyes going bigger – despite that not being the most surprising fact of Jungkook’s statement. Frankly, Jimin hadn’t expected for Jungkook to dispose such a cute event for them. Not that it went beyond Jimin’s belief entirely to imagine Jungkook doing sweet gestures, but it was just… a nice notion.

“Yeah, it’s really pretty,” Jungkook chuckled, giving a nod.

“Kook-ah, that’s… such a cute idea,” Jimin asserted, smiling softly as he leaned in to press his lips to Jungkook’s chin.

“Another time,” Jungkook decided, Jimin’s heart skipping a beat as his statement insinuated that he was intending to take Jimin here someday again.

“We could still go now?” Jimin suggested, the notion of watching the stars with Jungkook being vastly heart-rending, causing him to disregard the hour of the night.

“You should sleep some more, hm? I… was a little rough on you,” Jungkook uttered, pressing a kiss to the back of Jimin’s ear.

Well, Jimin would definitely struggle to move much more tonight…

“Tomorrow?” the pink haired one proposed then. “I would love to”

“Okay, noted,” Jungkook affirmed with a smile. “Now sleep, angel”

“Only, if you are going to sleep, too,” Jimin proposed, shaking his head before he hid his face in the curve of Jungkook’s neck.

Jungkook chuckled, giving a nod. “Okay, baby, I will,” he uttered.

Soon, they fell asleep snuggled up with one another, Jungkook’s fingers tracing over Jimin’s back, aiding Jimin to find comfort and fall into a state of sweet haziness.

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“K-Kook-ah,” Jimin moaned out, arching his back up into the air, silently begging Jungkook for more – to do him faster, deeper, harder.
The younger male smirked against him, his tongue lapping over Jimin’s hole before he spun them around, Jimin finding himself on top of Jungkook a few moments later, his back facing Jungkook. Apprehending the nonverbal command, Jimin leaned down without an ounce of hesitation, wrapping his lips around Jungkook’s hard length.

“Good boy,” Jungkook praised him, returning to eating Jimin out, evoking more of those sweet sounds in Jimin who was pushed into a state of pure ecstasy.

“P-please, yes. Yes, right there, Jungkook-ah!” Jimin shrieked, his hands entangled in the bed sheets as the heat in the pit of his stomach grew bigger.

“My pretty boy, being so good for me, hm?”

The smaller one’s eyes fluttered open, a rose flush adorning his cheeks, his lips plump and pink due to him having dug his teeth into them during his slumber. There was a noticeable heat radiating from his body, his skin hot and sweaty as though he had been active in his sleep, his chest heaving.

Swallowing hard, Jimin pressed his eyes shut all over again, shy and fairly embarrassed as his dirty dream replayed in his head. The way Jungkook’s tongue had- No, Jimin probably should not recall his dream in such detail, regardless of how thrilling it had been.

The true question was – why had Jimin dreamed about that in the first place, considering the intense events of the past night?

Maybe, Jungkook was right indeed, Jimin was insatiable when it came to his touch…

Then again, he recalled how he hadn’t quite finished sucking Jungkook off last night, which really was a bummer for Jimin since it was definitely one of his favorite things to do – whatever that said about him.

Slowly, Jimin rolled over onto his other side, lifting his head to locate Jungkook who he had expected to still be fast asleep, bearing in mind that he had been awake quite a lot longer than Jimin had last night.

However, Jungkook was already wide awake, a smirk curving his lips as their gazes met.

At his amused eyes, Jimin froze, a shiver running down his back.

Oh no… Had Jimin…. Had he talked in his sleep? Had he- had he done anything more embarrassing than that?

“G-Good morning,” Jimin uttered softly, leaning closer to press his lips to Jungkook’s cheek.

The black haired male wrapped an arm around his delicate figure, pulling him closer to his warm body. “Good morning to you, too,” he responded, his voice a lot lower than it usually was, touched by huskiness and heavy sleep. “What were you dreaming about, little one? Wanna share?” Jungkook whispered into his ear, his hot breath tickling on Jimin’s skin.

Jimin’s blush deepened.

Oh no, Jimin had definitely done something horrible during his sleep.

“You don’t have to leave for work this morning?” Jimin noted with a gulp, delighted at the realisation, yet simultaneously relieved to having found a question to avert the attention away from him and changing the subject entirely.
“I don’t,” Jungkook affirmed with a nod, amused by Jimin’s subtleness.

The pink haired one hummed, nuzzling his face deeper into the curve of Jungkook’s neck. “Then we can cuddle?” he asked quietly, curling his arm around Jungkook’s back.

“We can,” Jungkook chuckled, pressing a kiss to the top of Jimin’s head. “If that’s what you want to do,” he added lower. “Or, you can tell me what you dreamed about so I can help you out’”

“I… I didn’t… Help me how?” Jimin stuttered, too bashful to raise his head and meet Jungkook’s gaze.

“You moaned so pretty in your sleep, almost had me go down on you,” Jungkook revealed, his lips pressed against Jimin ear, a smirk curling up the corners of his mouth. At his suggestive words, Jimin nearly whimpered, catching his bottom lip between his teeth to keep quiet.

“O-Oh,” Jimin breathed, drawing his thighs together.

The taller male sat up with a chuckle, swift to press a kiss to Jimin’s temple before he grabbed the blanket and insinuated to leave the bed, puzzling Jimin who reached out to close his delicate hand around Jungkook’s wrist. “W-Where are you going?” he asked with big eyes, tugging on Jungkook’s arm to pull him back down on the bed beside him.

“I’m going to take a shower,” Jungkook responded with a smile, placing another kiss to Jimin’s shoulder before he indicated to leave again.

However, Jimin didn’t want him to go.

Whining, Jimin closed his arms around Jungkook, hiding his face in the curve of Jungkook’s neck as he shook his own head. “No,” he mumbled, brushing his lips over Jungkook’s throat tenderly, nibbling on his skin ever so softly.

A sweet laugh fell from Jungkook’s lips as he raised his brows at him. “Little one, when I teased you about spending the entire weekend in bed back at the restaurant, I was just joking,” he chuckled, his palm tracing lower to Jimin’s bare bottom – neither of them dressed, their naked bodies only covered by the velvety blanket.

The smaller boy blushed at the reminder of that night, hiding his face against Jungkook’s arm, yet then pressing his lips up to his throat all over again.

“I want to take you outside,” Jungkook noted, but didn’t even insinuate to push Jimin away – how could he, ever?

Eventually, Jimin bundled up all the courage he could muster, sitting up while he placed his hands on Jungkook’s shoulders, applying faint pressure to push him down on the bed entirely.

“I wanna… wanna suck you off,” Jimin declared softly, the desire too distinct for him to disregard. “Please,” he added.

Jungkook arched up his brows, titling his head to the side as he observed Jimin’s movement. “You want what now?” he asked, either believing that his ears had deceived him or Jimin’s words had truly been inaudible to him.

“You. In my mouth. Now,” Jimin elaborated, swinging one leg over Jungkook, allowing him to straddle Jungkook’s lap.
Naturally, Jungkook’s hands found their way to Jimin’s hips, grabbing the delicate skin as he wet his lips. “Demanding, hm?”

“Please, I will be good, Kook-ah,” Jimin promised, his gaze trailing down Jungkook’s fit body, the muscles on his stomach spasming as he sat up to be on eye level with Jimin.

As their faces were mere inches away, Jimin inhaled a shaky breath, his gaze flickering back and forth between Jungkook’s doe eyes. “Will you?”

“I-I will,” Jimin stammered, giving a faint nod.

The younger male brushed strands of Jimin’s pink hair out of his face, tilting his head to the side. “What did you dream about for you to be that needy, hm?”

Timidly, Jimin pushed Jungkook down on the bed again, not managing to respond as the flush on his cheeks darkened. There was no way Jimin was going to declare what naughty things he had dreamed of.

“Kitten?”

“Kook-ah,” Jimin whined, bending over to hover right above Jungkook’s penis, wetting his lips before he met Jungkook’s gaze again. “Please?”

“Fuck, go ahead, baby,” Jungkook permitted with a nod.

Delighted, Jimin closed his petite hand around Jungkook penis, no longer embarrassed by the fact that his palm didn’t cover the entire girth. Devoid of any hesitance, the smaller one brushed his wet lips over Jungkook’s penis, tracing them up to the tip where he lingered for a brief moment, careful to poke his cute little tongue out to twirl it around the tip.

“Shit, kitten,” Jungkook cursed, his hand sliding through Jimin’s pink locks to grab a bundle of his hair, the latter humming in satisfaction.

Slowly, Jimin lowered himself down on Jungkook’s length, his eyes fluttering shut at the breath that slipped past Jungkook’s lips, indicating his enjoyment of this moment. In contrast to last night, Jimin was careful and slightly more playful with his execution, twirling his tongue around the head as he simultaneously moved his hand up and down the part that wasn’t inside of his mouth just yet.

It was intriguing to feel Jungkook’s dick harden inside of his mouth, electrifying Jimin whose heart fluttered as he continued to alternate between little kitten licks over the tip of Jungkook’s dick and taking the head in between his lips to suck on it.

There was only so much self-control Jimin could gather before his desire prevailed, causing him to sink down on Jungkook’s faster, carelessly. At the sweet burning of his throat, Jimin whimpered, squeezing his eyes shut as he allowed his throat to adjust to the size of Jungkook.

It was only natural for his gag reflex to reject, compelling Jimin to pull off. However, the smaller one refused, ignoring the defense mechanism of his body and proceeding to remain in his stance.

A brief moment later, Jimin pulled off just enough to lower himself down again, a loud squelch in addition to the sound of Jimin gagging echoing in the room, albeit neither of them were paying much attention to those particular noises – Jungkook too focused on the pleasure, Jimin too focused on pleasing him.

Yet, the sweet little whimpers that left Jimin where always a pretty melody to Jungkook, the latter
swearing he got even harder as he listened to how much Jimin loved to suck him off.

“Such a good boy,” Jungkook praised him, giving Jimin’s hair a tender tug.

Skilfully, Jimin bobbed his head up and down, drool trailing down Jungkook throbbing member and creating a mess that neither of them minded.

The pride and pure delight vivid within Jimin whenever he was praised for sucking Jungkook off was always simply valuable to him, simultaneously a vast enjoyment for either of them.

Unlike yesterday, Jungkook didn’t thrust into Jimin’s mouth, allowing the latter to set the pace at his own comfort, albeit Jimin wasn’t exactly anything close to slow or careful in his execution, too high on pleasing Jungkook.

It wasn’t long until Jungkook was close to his release.

“Kitten, I’m close, careful, if you don’t want to swallow,” Jungkook warned him as his grip in Jimin’s hair tightened.

Jimin blinked at the absurd idea – him not wanting to swallow?

That was new.

A few moments later, Jungkook came.

“Jimin-ah, fuck,” Jungkook cursed, tossing his head back as cum spurted from the tip of his erection, the man coming inside of Jimin’s mouth.

Moaning, Jimin pulled off slowly, parting his lips to watch a mixture of his own saliva and Jungkook’s cum dribble down from his mouth, trailing down on Jungkook’s dick. Devoid of any hesitance, Jimin wrapped his lips around his hard length again, licking it clean and savoring the taste of Jungkook on his tongue.

“Fuck, kitten, that was- Shit, that’s hot,” Jungkook breathed out, wetting his lips at the sight of Jimin playing with his cum.

Carefully, Jimin lifted his head, allowing Jungkook’s penis to slip from his mouth and fall back down on his stomach with a smack.

“You did so good, little one,” Jungkook complimented him as he sat up on his elbows, his black hair a mess of curls on top of his head, somehow causing him to appear adorable.

“Thank you,” Jimin whispered, his cheeks flushing as he wiped his hand over his mouth. “Now you can take a shower,” he noted with a sweet smile, evoking a laugh in Jungkook who gave a nod.

“I definitely need a shower now,” he remarked as he got up from the bed. “You can join me?” he suggested, his hand reaching out for Jimin.

The smaller one glanced at it but shook his head with a smile. “I don’t think we’ll get to leave the house today, if I join you,” he pointed out, picking up the velvety blanket to throw it over his shoulders, enabling him to cover his naked body.

“I will behave,” Jungkook promised, lifting his hands with a smirk.

Jimin blinked.
Taking a shower together was not beneficial for their intention of leaving the house tonight. Evidently, Jungkook had assured him of behaving, yet... Jimin wasn’t certain he could promise the same thing.

Certainly, Jimin didn’t strive to be naughty, but... this weekend he felt especially needy, causing him to long for Jungkook’s touch all over again by now.

Maybe, Jimin’s increased desperation was caused by the lack of intimacy between them and the privation of time absent from any sort of responsibilities over the past weeks? After all, Jimin couldn’t recall the last weekend – if they had one, ever – spent between just the two of them deprived of any distractions or schedules.

Jungkook lowered his hands down to his side again, amusement gleaming in his eyes. “You might not behave, huh?” he remarked, almost as though he could read Jimin’s mind.

“I’m a good boy, remember?” Jimin whispered, his cheeks tinging a shade of rose.

“Oh, I know you are,” Jungkook coincided with a smirk.

Shaking his head at himself, Jimin pointed towards the bathroom. “You can take a shower,” he decided. “I will try to make us some breakfast,” he added.

The younger male halted in the doorway, wrinkling his nose as he lifted his hand to say something. “Are you sure it’s such a good idea for you to cook-”

“Shut up,” Jimin exclaimed with a gasp, tossing a pillow at Jungkook.

Dodging the item, Jungkook chuckled at Jimin’s adorableness. How could one look that fucking cute while trying to appear angry? “Joking, baby,” Jungkook assured before he pointed to the nightstand. “Besides, have you seen what time it is? We’re long past breakfast time,” he informed Jimin.

“Then some brunch,” Jimin corrected with a shrug of his shoulder.

It couldn’t possibly be much later, could it?

Jungkook snickered, leaning against the wall as he pointed at the clock on the nightstand again. “Check the time, angel,” he insisted softly.

Finally, Jimin obliged.

2pm

Jimin’s eyes went big.

What? How? When?

“Oh my god, why didn’t you wake me up?” Jimin exclaimed, intending to jump out of the bed, but falling flat on his stomach instead.

Swiftly, Jimin sat back up on the bed, restoring his balance and pretending that this incident had not just happened.

“I was doing god knows what to you in your dream – I ain’t gonna wake you up from that,” Jungkook responded with a smirk.
At his words, Jimin’s eyes went big, the flush on his cheeks turning a darker shade of rose. Groaning in embarrassment, he hid his face behind his hands, hoping the ground would open up and swallow him alive.

“I hate you,” Jimin whined in his hands.

The black haired male had closed the distance between them, curling his hands around Jimin’s wrist to unveil his beautiful face, the latter staring up at him with a pout.

“You don’t,” Jungkook responded with a smile, leaning down to press a kiss to Jimin’s pouting lips. Inevitably, Jungkook was quickly forgiven at the touch, Jimin chasing after him with the intention to deepen the kiss, all the gloomier when Jungkook only smiled as he grabbed Jimin’s chin to still his movement.

“I will make it up to you tonight, hm?” Jungkook promised, nudging his nose against Jimin’s cheek.

“How?”

The younger male leaned closer to Jimin’s ear. “I’ll let you sit on my face,” he answered, his tone lower. “No overstimulation, no edging, all your control,” he added.

Jimin swallowed hard.

Abort!

Tenderly, Jimin pushed Jungkook away, getting up from the bed with the blanket wrapped around his delicate body. “Leave, troublemaker, or we’re really never going to see the sun today,” he warned, pointing at the bathroom with a smile.

Chuckling, Jungkook saluted, distancing himself from Jimin and heading towards the bathroom to take a shower, not caring to shut the door on his way in.

Prior to moving downstairs, Jimin headed towards the other bedroom, discovering the mess they had left behind last night.

For a brief moment, Jimin halted in the doorway, replaying the events of the past night in his mind. A shiver ran down his back at the reminder, his heart still partially bewildered of what had happened to him.

Shaking his head, Jimin walked further into the room, picking up the clothes from the floor and folding them neatly before he placed them on top of the dresser, aside from one – Jungkook’s worn shirt.

Since Jimin was too lazy to rummage through his own clothes, he decided to wear Jungkook’s button up shirt, dropping the duvet on the bed and throwing the shirt on in no time.

Once dressed – well, half-dressed, for that matter – Jimin headed downstairs into the kitchen, deciding to take care of the mess in the bedroom after they had a chance to fill up their empty stomachs.

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The black haired male walked into the kitchen a few minutes later, fully dressed in a pair of sweatpants and a simple white shirt – his usual business attire nowhere to be found; well, if you
disregarded the button up shirt of his that adorned Jimin’s delicate body.

“It’s smells nice in here,” Jungkook noted upon his arrival.

“Well, I decided not to burn your kitchen down,” Jimin stated as he looked back over his shoulder, meeting Jungkook’s gaze.

“How generous of you,” Jungkook teased with a chuckle.

At his response, Jimin tossed a tea towel at him, narrowing his eyes at his remark, but smiling all the same.

“I heated up some of the food Jiyoo made for us,” Jimin informed him then, nodding towards the presented meals on the dinner table, the boy having found quite a lot of food in the fridge for them to devour.

“There is so much food in here,” he noted as he opened the fridge again, revealing the overly filled interior. “We’re never going to finish all of it this weekend”

“We’ll just take it home again,” Jungkook decided as he watched Jimin shut the refrigerator again, taking a seat at the dinner table. “My father or Beomsoo might enjoy some of it. Or you can take some with you,” he suggested as he picked up an apple instead of the heated food.

Jimin smiled at his idea, giving a nod. “Well, now that you’re done, I’m going to take a shower,” he noted, walking past Jungkook.

The black haired male frowned, looking after Jimin. “You didn’t even eat anything, little one,” he stated as he nodded towards the barely touched plates on the table.

“I did,” Jimin objected, flashing Jungkook a sweet smile as he leaned against the doorway. “A bit, when you were showering,” he elaborated.

“You’re going to leave me here all on my own?” Jungkook asked with raised brows.

Jimin giggled, shaking his head. “You’re going to manage”

“Not when I think about you; upstairs, naked and wet all on your own,” Jungkook claimed, wetting his lips as something glistened in his eyes.

The smaller one’s cheeks tinged a shade of rose, causing him to swiftly spin around to head outside. “Right, who knows what I’m going to do, huh?”

“What was that?” Jungkook called after him.

“I’m joking!” Jimin exclaimed with a chuckle as he walked up the stairs.

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After taking a shower, Jimin returned to the bedroom where they had deposited their belongings, his body only veiled by the white fabric of a towel. As Jimin walked into the room, he halted in his stance upon the sight of Jungkook being present as well.

“You scared me,” Jimin gasped, having been startled by Jungkook’s presence since he had expected him to be eating some food downstairs in the kitchen.

The younger male looked up from the bed, chuckling at Jimin. “I’m sorry,” Jungkook apologised,
observing Jimin approach his bag to pick out some clothes. “I just wanted to clean up a bit”

“I wanted to do it earlier, but I was too hungry,” Jimin noted as he tugged a hoodie over his head, careful to drop his towel as soon as he was certain that the piece of clothing was long enough to cover his private parts.

Swiftly, Jimin put on a fresh pair of briefs, followed by a pair of ripped jeans.

Once fully dressed in comfortable clothes, Jimin turned back around to face Jungkook, stilling as he noticed that the latter was already staring at him with a smirk while leaning against the wall, having long disregarded his intention of cleaning up.

“Kook-ah!”

“I didn’t see anything,” Jungkook claimed with a chuckle, pushing himself off the wall to close the distance between them. “Although, it’s not like I haven’t before”

“You cleaned up most of the mess already,” Jimin realised, changing the subject as he felt his cheeks tinge a shade of rose at Jungkook’s remark.

The younger boy chuckled, but decided to drop the topic. “Yeah, I was the one who was responsible for it,” he reasoned as he watched Jimin approach the bed, the latter’s eyes going big as he noticed the sheets that haven’t been changed. “I’ll have a cleaner come over as soon as we leave, little one,” Jungkook informed him as he closed his hand around Jimin’s wrist.

“Did you- The sheets, Kook-ah, I don’t want them to see the sheets like that,” Jimin whispered, despite the two of them being the only ones present in the entire house.

“They’ve seen worse,” Jungkook snorted.

“What?”

“Not from me,” Jungkook elucidated, chuckling at Jimin’s expression. “I’m just sure that they’ve seen worse shit around here. All of these rich bastards around here with their fancy parties each weekend have undoubtedly left a horrible mess behind before. This is not the worst they’ve seen,” Jungkook remarked, pointing at the sheets that Jimin had commenced to remove from the bed.

“I don’t mind washing them,” the smaller one noted, deciding to wash them as he was too embarrassed to leave a mess such as that one behind – in spite of the cleaner not even being aware of who he was.

Jungkook only smiled, figuring there was no use in arguing with Jimin, in fact deciding to go ahead and help Jimin.

“So, is there anything else you’d want to do today?” Jungkook inquired as he removed the sheets from the bed with Jimin. “There is a pretty restaurant a few miles down the road. I know the owner. I could call him and reserve a table for tonight,” he added.

At the suggestion, Jimin lifted his head with a smile, yet then being reminded of Jungkook’s proposal from the previous night.

“Actually, I really liked your idea of going down to the lake to watch the stars,” Jimin asserted. “Maybe, we could do a little picnic by the lake until the sun goes down and then when we get back to the cabin we could just sit by the fire and cuddle?”
“Sure, everything for you,” Jungkook retorted with a nod as he leaned closer to press his lips to Jimin’s temple. “I think I have to go and collect some wood for the fireplace, but you don’t have to come with me, I can go and do a quick run down to the forest and get some,” he remembered as he titled his head to the side.

“You don’t have to go on your own, I’ll join you,” Jimin noted, shaking his head.

“I could go and do a quick run now while you finish here?” Jungkook offered, guessing it would save them some time.

“Are you sure?”

The black haired male gave a nod, placing the sheet back down on the bed. “Only, if you don’t mind taking care of this on your own,” he added as he pointed at the sheets.

“No, not at all,” Jimin assured him with a smile.

“Okay, see you in a bit,” Jungkook noted as he pressed another kiss to the top of Jimin’s head before he exited the room.

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After having finally figured out how to get the stupid washing machine running – seriously, it had taken Jimin ages, but don’t tell Jungkook – Jimin headed back downstairs, discovering that Jungkook hadn’t returned yet.

“Kook-ah?” Jimin called out, but doubted that Jungkook was truly present, considering how it was out of character for him to not make his presence known to Jimin in some way.

Furrowing his brows, Jimin approached the window at the back of the living room, looking out at the cluster of trees embellishing the place.

The younger male had intended to leave to collect some wood for the fireplace, yet that must have been half an hour ago now.

Did it truly take that long to find some sticks? Was he okay?

Catching his bottom lip between his teeth, Jimin lowered himself down on the large windowsill adorned by a soft duvet and some pillows.

Maybe it just took a little longer than Jimin had predicted.

Surely, Jungkook was completely fine, and the surge of concern vivid within Jimin was utterly ridiculous…. Right?

The smaller male got back up to his feet, a part within him urging him to go and search for Jungkook. However, as soon as he reached the front door, he realised that there was a forest down that direction as well, denoting that Jungkook could be anywhere in either of those.

“Great,” Jimin whispered, pressing his lips into a line as he allowed his gaze to wander along the scenery, nearly insinuating to avert his eyes, yet then… noticing a silver car down the street.

Odd…

After all, hadn’t Jungkook mentioned that there were no direct neighbours around?
Evidently, this wasn’t Beomsoo either, bearing in mind that he wasn’t driving a silver vehicle in the first place nor would Jungkook ever order Beomsoo to wait in a car for an entire weekend until he called for labour.

Who was that?

Yet then, they might have just gone down a wrong street, were lost in the middle of nowhere or searching for another house.

Maybe, they simply wanted to go on a hike around here, potentially take a trip to the lake?

Jimin closed the last bit of distance to the window, narrowing his eyes in an attempt to decipher whether anyone was inside the car.

However, as soon as Jimin had reached the window, the car suddenly drove off, the ringing sound of the engine the only thing left behind, although having vanished a mere moment later all the same.

Even stranger...

The pink haired one shook his head, intending to walk back into the house as he noticed a figure far down a path near the forest. After a moment of squinting his eyes, Jimin identified his boyfriend, recognising his clothes and the black mess of locks on top of his head.

A singe of relief was distinct within Jimin as he opened the door, exhaling a breath he hadn’t even noticed of withholding as he shut the door behind himself and ran down the street towards Jungkook.

In the meanwhile, Jungkook had turned away from Jimin, seemingly having caught sight of something in the distance, causing him to be unaware of Jimin.

“Kook-ah,” Jimin expressed as he had closed the distance between them, the younger male looking up at the sound of Jimin’s voice.

A sudden grunt was audible to Jimin’s left, the noise not human-like, startling Jimin who slipped on a couple of leaves just to fall to his knees.

“Little one, you're a scaredy cat,” Jungkook laughed, crouching down to help Jimin back up to his feet, having dropped the pieces of wood he had collected.

“I'm not,” the smaller one pouted, huffing as he pushed Jungkook away, crossing his arms over his chest.

“You were scared by a deer,” Jungkook noted, pointing at the graceful animal that was eating away on some grass to their left, warmth blooming within Jimin’s chest at the sight, simultaneous relief and faint embarrassment washing over him. “I thought you love animals?” the younger male teased him, raising his brows at Jimin.

“I do, but... but it still scared me,” Jimin mumbled, his cheeks tinged a darker shade of red.

Chuckling, Jungkook approached him, embracing Jimin and pulling him tighter to his chest. “What are you even doing here?” he wanted to know, pressing his lips to the top of Jimin’s head, the trace of vanilla still lingering in his pink locks. The scent possessed such a comforting effect on Jungkook, attributable to him associating the familiar smell with Jimin.

“You took so long. I thought something might have happened to you,” Jimin uttered into his chest.
“What should have happened to me, angel?”

*That car…*

“I don’t know,” Jimin whispered, shaking his head. “I just… wanted to run down to you,” he added with a slight shrug of his shoulder.

“Well, I can’t complain,” Jungkook smiled, his palm rubbing over Jimin’s back. “Are you okay?” he wanted to know.

“Yeah… Yeah, I’m good,” Jimin answered. The black haired male withdrew the smallest bit, allowing him to study Jimin’s features. “Are you sure, little one?” he asked, grabbing Jimin’s chin to guide his face up, enabling them to lock eyes.

“I am,” Jimin assured with a nod. “I’m just a little… shaken up by the deer” Jungkook chuckled, giving a nod. “I guess I gotta show you some self-defence techniques, huh?” he decided, puzzling Jimin. “So you don’t have to feel scared at every little sound you hear” *Self-defence?*

“What?”

“Do you remember that night at Han River some months ago? We talked about self-defence that night,” Jungkook reminded him of a prior conversation of theirs.

How could Jimin ever forget that day?

Although it hadn’t been anywhere near anything official back then, Jimin liked to consider it some sort of date, when he thought about that night.

“You remember that day?” Jimin wondered, his eyes big as he inclined his head to the side, somehow astonished by the fact of Jungkook remembering that incident.

“Of course, I do,” Jungkook snickered, amused by Jimin’s surprised expression.

“I slapped you that day,” Jimin mumbled, flushing at his own reminder.

“You did. I recall.”

“Sorry about that,” Jimin apologised sincerely all over again, despite that event having occurred months ago.

Jungkook laughed, shaking his head. “It’s fine. Come on, let’s have a little lesson,” he insisted as he picked up the wood, Jimin swift to crouch down and to assist Jungkook before they headed back to the cabin.

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“When did you learn about self-defence?” Jimin wanted to know as he watched Jungkook push the sofa further back, allowing them to have more room to comfortable move around without fearing of ruining the expensive furniture around them. “In the fights you were involved with, when you were younger?” he asked, supposing it was a justified question.

Where would Jungkook have learned some self-defence, if not from experience of fighting other
people, considering how he had mentioned various times before that he had fought a lot in his younger ages.

“No, one of the things my therapist advised for me to do was to do martial arts to get rid of my anger,” Jungkook responded, Jimin’s heart clenching at the mention of the therapy sessions that had been necessary for Jungkook to attend after his mother’s murder. “I took some self-defence classes,” he added.

“Oh, really?”

“Yeah,” he affirmed with a nod. “Actually, I did think a lot about showing you some self-defence techniques every now and then, but I promised myself to protect you, so I just… thought I didn’t need to,” he expressed, warmth spreading within Jimin’s chest at the notion of Jungkook swearing to protect him. “However, there… might come a day where I won’t be there to protect you. I want to show you some basic techniques that I think everyone should know,” he added.

Albeit Jimin didn’t want to imagine ever having to use any of these, he did believe that it wouldn’t hurt him to learn more about this. After all, they could come in handy one day – one day, when he really, really needed them.

“Oh, so, first things first,” Jungkook stated as he waved Jimin closer to him.

Hesitantly, Jimin took a step closer, wondering whether they were already commencing with the moves – that Jimin hadn’t even learned yet.

“If you’re ever being attacked – and I pray to god that you’ll never – you only have a few seconds to decide what to do. Before the aggressor has gained full control of you, you have to do everything you can to inflict an injury so you can get away,” Jungkook explained, staring at Jimin intently, appearing quite serious in this matter – a contrast to his earlier playfulness near the forest where he had teased Jimin. “In that case, there is no time to be civil, don’t feel guilty for hurting them”

“Kook-ah,” Jimin intended to interrupt, but went silent a heart beat later.

“You are going to be hurt, if you don’t hurt them first,” Jungkook stressed, the thought alone causing Jimin’s stomach to stir. “So, aim for the parts of the body where you can do the most damage easily: the eyes, nose, neck, groin, knee, and legs,” he explained, pointing at each body part of Jimin’s that he listed.

“O-Okay,” Jimin uttered softly, giving a nod.

“So, first of all, poking or scratching the attacker’s eyes with your fingers or knuckles-”

“Doing what now?” Jimin interrupted him with big eyes, certain that his ears had deceived him. “S-Scratching? Eyes?”

“Yes, it’s effective,” Jungkook plainly reasoned.

“I couldn’t… That’s-” Jimin stammered, shaking his head.

The black haired male placed two of his fingers below Jimin’s chin, guiding Jimin’s face up in order for them to lock eyes.

“Baby, you have to understand that this is meant for self-defence,” Jungkook expressed. “The man that were to be standing in front of you is not your friend, they won’t have mercy on you the way you naturally tend to. He is ought to hurt you, potentially even kill. Although you think it’s horrible
to do any of this, what they want to do to you might even be worse,” he elaborated.

“Yeah… I… I understand,” Jimin uttered with a nod.

After pressing a kiss to Jimin’s forehead, Jungkook returned to the lesson. “Okay, so, besides causing a lot of pain, going for the eyes should also allow you to escape easier by at least temporarily interfering with his vision”

A shiver ran down Jimin’s back at the thought of scratching someone’s eyes.

How absolutely appalling.

Yet, if it were to occur in a vastly dangerous situation, it could aid to save his life.

“The nose,” Jungkook proceeded. “If the aggressor is close in front of you, use the heel of your palm to strike up under his nose,” he explained, having wrapped his hand around Jimin’s wrist to lift it up, pointing at the heel of Jimin’s palm. “Pitch the whole weight of your body into the move to cause the most pain and force him to loosen his grip on you. If he’s behind you, you can strike his nose with your elbow.

“All of that sounds so violent,” Jimin uttered.

“It’s supposed to be, baby,” Jungkook responded.

True…

“The side of the neck is a bigger target, where both the carotid artery and jugular vein are located,” the younger male went ahead. “You could possibly temporarily stun your attacker with a knife hand strike at the side of the neck,” he stated, naming a term Jimin had never heard of before – knife hand what?

The smaller one blinked.

“What’s that?”

Jungkook smiled. “Hold your fingers out straight and tightly together, yeah, like that, your thumb needs to be tucked and slightly bent at the knuckle,” he expressed, Jimin obliging his instructions, both of their gazes fixated on Jimin’s petite hand. “Perfect,” Jungkook noted, appearing to be satisfied with Jimin’s execution. “Even more efficient would for you to thrust your elbow into your assailant’s throat while throwing the weight of your body forward in order to move away from him as fast as possible”

Jimin swallowed hard, his stomach squirming in discomfort and horror as he imagined to be stuck in a terrifying situation such as that one, essentially trapped in their grasp.

“Next would be the knee,” Jungkook drew Jimin out of his thoughts again. “It’s an ideal self-defence target, vulnerable from every angle and easily kicked without any risk of your foot being grabbed. Kick the side of the knee to cause an injury,” he advised.

The pink haired one only gave a nod, hoping his subconsciousness would recall any of this in a true moment of danger.

“Okay, those are the parts of the body that are most sensitive when hit,” Jungkook outlined. “Now you’ll learn about the parts of the body used most effectively for inflicting damage: your elbows, knees, and head”
“Jungkook-ah, but… I mean, I guess all of that does sound like it would work, but in a situation like that, I don’t think I would be able to react that quickly. Aside from that, what if he acts quicker than me and grabs my arms? I won’t be able to defend myself in that case,” Jimin pointed out, doubting that when it came down to it, he had a real chance to protect himself against someone who was much taller and broader than him, easily managing to grab Jimin’s wrists and restrict him in defending himself.

“If he grabs your wrist, squat down into a strong stance, then lean forward and bend your elbow all the way towards his forearm until he is forced to let go,” Jungkook taught. “Or bend your elbow in to get out of the wrist hold, but then push upwards to break free.”

“That’s quite a lot of information to comprehend,” Jimin mumbled, his brain trying to process each and every information that slipped from Jungkook’s lips.

“We’ll try some of it out in just a moment,” Jungkook assured him.

“Try it… out?” Jimin echoed, his eyes big.

Try it out on whom?

Jungkook didn’t respond, but went on with the lesson instead. “The assailant could also front choke hold or back choke hold you. In that case, swing one arm across to break the attacker’s hold then use your other arm’s elbow or hand in a knife hand strike position to hit the attacker,” he explained.

“What if he doesn’t choke me, but holds my entire body from behind? There is no way I can get out of that,” Jimin pointed out.

“When someone holds you from behind, you need to drop your weight and try to hit his head with your elbows or stomp his feet with your feet. If that doesn’t work, pull his fingers back to force him to release you, rotate out of his hold, and attack him with your knees or feet.”

For some reason, it didn’t sound that utterly difficult, but as soon as Jimin imagined himself to be in such a decision, he failed to envision himself use any of these techniques.

“Now, for the last part, in the event of a possible sexual assault,” Jungkook proceeded.

At his words, Jimin swallowed hard, an alteration visible in Jungkook’s expression, an emotion gleaming in his dark eyes.

“Kook-ah,” Jimin whispered, taking a step closer to place his palm against Jungkook’s cheek.

“Fuck, it just… It fucks me up to think about someone hurting you like that,” Jungkook apologised, shaking his head at himself. “Especially when I think about what happened to my…”

Mother, Jimin finished in his head.

“I think I’ve learned enough, Jungkook-ah,” Jimin uttered. “It’s okay, really. Although, I-I don’t think I’m even strong enough to do all of that-”

“It’s not about strength, little one,” Jungkook objected.

The pink haired one knitted his brow, doubting that Jungkook’s statement was valid.

“Are you sure?”

“Yes, it’s about where you target and how you use your body,” Jungkook claimed. “Come on, let’s
“Have a try?”

“Yes, you’re going to imagine that I’m an attacker, yeah?” Jungkook decided, waving Jimin even closer to him. “Come here, angel, you gotta get closer”

Hesitantly, Jimin decreased the distance between them with a nervous heart, uncertain of what he was supposed to do with himself.

“Don’t be scared, Jimin-ah, we’re just imagining it,” Jungkook assured him.

“I know,” Jimin uttered, giving a nod. “Okay, so, what should I do?”

“I’m going to attack you know – not literally – and you’re going to try and defend yourself, okay?”

“O-Okay,” Jimin stammered.

Carefully, Jungkook turned Jimin around, the latter facing away from him. “No need to be scared, yeah? It’s just me,” Jungkook whispered as he wrapped his arm around Jimin’s throat, essentially choking him, if he were to apply some pressure.

However, he didn’t.

Undeniably, it was difficult for Jimin to imagine this to be a dangerous situation that called for self-defence, due to him being aware that this was Jungkook. Nevertheless, Jimin somehow felt safe in the close proximity to the boy – in spite of the younger male choking him.

“Now, try to utilise what I taught you,” Jungkook insisted.

Jimin gave a faint nod, inhaling a deep breath as his brain tried to recall Jungkook’s words, his lecture about self-defence replaying in Jimin’s mind, but somehow the points were entangled, mixed up and interchanged into a mess that only partially made sense.

Hadn’t Jungkook mentioned something about the groin being a place where you can inflict the most damage?

Cautiously, Jimin squirmed around in the embrace, pushing his body forward as he lifted his foot to the back to hit Jungkook, yet somehow applying more force than he had initially intended to, causing what had been denoted to be a simple pretend-move to an actual kick into Jungkook’s groin.

“Oh my god!” Jimin exclaimed upon their collision, Jungkook’s embrace immediately faltering as he grunted.

“Fuck,” Jungkook cursed as he covered his groin area.

Spinning around, Jimin’s eyes went big as he noticed Jungkook’s pain-filled expression. “I’m so sorry,” Jimin apologised, his heart clenching.

Not again.

“No, that- Fuck, that was good,” Jungkook complimented him instead of voicing some sort of anger. “That’s, shit, yeah, that’s effective,” he added, hissing at the pain he was experiencing.

“Kook-ah,” Jimin whined, tears swelling in his eyes. “Do you need something? I-Ice or anything?” he inquired, not waiting for a response, but turning around and running into the kitchen where
retained a bag of frozen food – not caring to identify the food.

As soon as Jimin had returned to the living room, he hurried over to Jungkook’s side.

“Sit down, Jungkook-ah,” he insisted as he tugged on his arm, guiding him over to the sofa where the younger took a seat, Jimin swift to lower himself on the sofa beside him and press the frozen bag to Jungkook’s groin.

The black haired male sucked in a breath, pressing his eyes shut as his head sank to the backrest of the sofa.

“Is it very bad?” Jimin whispered, feeling very apologetic for what he had done.

“No, it’s- Fuck, don’t worry, angel, I will be fine in a few minutes,” Jungkook reassured him, but his expression illustrated something dissimilar. Clearly, he was only trying to comfort Jimin so the boy wouldn’t be concerned or blame himself.

However, Jungkook was visibly in pain.

The smaller one leaned closer, pressing a kiss to Jungkook’s cheek as he proceeded to press the frozen bag to Jungkook’s groin. “Can I make it better?” Jimin whispered, nudging his nose against Jungkook’s cheek before he nuzzled his face in the curve of Jungkook’s neck.

“This is good,” Jungkook noted. “Just stay like this, little one, and give me a few minutes.”

“Okay,” Jimin uttered, giving a nod.

Apparently, the pain caused by a kick in the groin was one of the more severe for men to experience. The aching must be awful, albeit Jimin’s kick hadn’t been vastly forceful.

It was silent for a moment.

“You’re not going to lose your ability to… have children, right?” Jimin broke the silence between them.

At his question, Jungkook smiled.

“I don’t think so, no, baby,” Jungkook responded, slight amusement gleaming in his eyes as he lifted his head just enough to meet Jimin’s gaze. “Besides, you could still be the one to provide a child by using your sperm”

Jimin titled his head to the side, his heart doing a small skip at the notion of Jungkook’s words insinuating that he had considered the idea of either of them using their sperm to have a child together one day.

“Have you thought about that?” Jimin inquired softly.

“About what?”

Jimin was careful how to word his sentence. “Well, about… if you were to have children, whether you’d want it to be your own sperm or perhaps by adopting a child?”

“Oh, well… I don’t know,” Jungkook responded with a shrug. “I haven’t thought about it, no.”

Well, frankly, Jimin had never went ahead to really contemplate about each option one could consider for having a child in the future either. After all, the idea of having a child in the first place
had been one Jimin had rarely even thought about at all, let alone take a step further to establish how
he would realise that wish, if it were one.

In a way, there was something so endearing about the idea of holding a child in your arm that you
were aware of having your genes, that would look a little like you.

Yet then, Jimin couldn’t help but think about the orphanage and all of those sweet children who
deserved and needed a family just as much. There was something so beautiful in the idea of
embracing one of those children and become their family.

In any case, Jimin had experienced the identical pain of waiting, praying that someone would choose
him, would love him and become his family. For years, Jimin had waited for someone to find him
and be the family he had always wished for.

However, life happened in the most unexpected ways.

There was no way Jimin would have ever imagined that he would find a family years later, six boys
walking into his life and becoming his best friends, but brothers all the same and be the family he had
always prayed for.

How should Jimin have known that after the agony of being raised by his father there would bloom
something so beautiful in years to come?

His father.

No, the man that had raised him.

Jimin’s father was somewhere out there – living his life in Busan, unaware of Jimin being his son,
potentially even being unaware of having a son at all.

To this day, Jimin was still uncertain what misfortune had led him to the man that had raised him.

Had his mother truly been his biological mother?

Had he been legally adopted?

Had he been dropped off in front of a random set of stairs, forced to live with a man that never
wanted him?

“I wonder whether I was adopted,” Jimin suddenly found himself whisper, causing Jungkook to lift
his head to meet his gaze again.

The black haired male parted his lips at Jimin’s words, but he remained silent, simply studying
Jimin’s features at the rather unexpected turn of conversation.

“We haven’t talked about your father in a while,” Jungkook then pointed out.

“Yeah…. I-I know,” Jimin mumbled with a nod, averting his gaze.

Why had he brought that up in the first place?

“Do you want to?” Jungkook wanted to know, grabbing Jimin’s chin to guide his face back up.

The smaller boy shrugged his shoulders. “I don’t know”

“Your father might know the answer; whether or not you were adopted by the man that raised you,
whether your mother was truly your mother,” Jungkook stated, the pad of his thumb caressing Jimin’s cheek.

“Yeah,” Jimin breathed, giving a nod.

Jungkook’s gaze flickered back and forth between Jimin’s eyes. “You’re not ready to talk to him yet, are you?”

It had been months – months – since Jimin had visited him in Busan.

Yet, somehow, he still wasn’t ready.

“I… I’m not sure,” Jimin murmured.

“It’s okay to take your time,” Jungkook asserted with a gentle smile, leaning up to press his lips to Jimin’s forehead.

“I do think about him every now and then, but I don’t think I’ve fully grasped my… my heart around all of it yet, if that makes sense,” Jimin expressed. “I understand that he’s my biological father, but it doesn’t quite… it doesn’t quite feel like he truly is,” he explained.

After all, they had only shared a small encounter, had exchanged a few words devoid of any depth – Jimin barely knew anything about him, he knew absolutely nothing about Jimin.

“There are times where I do want to talk to him, but… I just don’t want to ruin the image I have right now,” he elaborated. “I don’t want him to tell me that he didn’t want me – or that he wished I never found him. I don’t want to ruin his life that appeared so whole and beautiful either. I wouldn’t want to crash into it and cause a horrible chaos,” he added, his voice turning softer and quieter with each syllable until it was only just above a whisper, barely audible for Jungkook to register, but he did.

The younger male reached up to brush Jimin’s fringe out of his face. “First of all, you could never ruin anyone’s life, you are not a chaos either,” he objected. “If you ever decide you’re ready, I’m sure your father is going to welcome you. However, you might feel content already, by simply knowing he exists. That’s your decision to make,” he responded, Jimin faintly recalling them having a similar conversation before.

“Yeah,” Jimin breathed, giving a nod. “Sometimes I just… I just worry that when I finally do make the decision to meet him, it’s going to be too late,” he uttered.

*Time was cruel.*

Clearly, Jimin’s heart required some more time to be ready, yet with each passing second, time was ticking, potentially impeding Jimin from ever talking to his father, if his heart finally were to be ready.

“What do you mean?”

“What if he moves somewhere else?” Jimin named an example.

“We’ll find him, anywhere,” Jungkook assured him with a smile.

“What if he passes away?” Jimin whispered.

For a moment, Jungkook just stared at him.

Then, he sat up and turned his body towards Jimin. “Time is one of the most valuable things we
spent,” he declared, puzzling Jimin who hadn’t envisaged such an answer. “Sometimes, it feels like we have an infinite amount to spend, but sooner or later we realise that we can never have enough time to expend”

“So… you’re saying I should talk to him before it’s too late?” Jimin concluded slowly.

The other one smiled. “No, I’m telling you to talk to him, when you’re ready to,” Jungkook expressed. “If you fear you might regret it, don’t rush into it; accept that you prefer to take that step only once you’re comfortable with facing him and all of the repercussions that follow along”

The smaller one returned the smile, giving a faint nod.

Fate worked in wonderful ways.

Admittedly, Jimin believed that things that were meant to happen, would happen.

Just like fate had allowed him to meet six of the most wonderful people in the world, it would guide him to his father one day, sending him a sign to illustrate the right moment.

They stared at one another for a moment longer, Jimin being the one to break their eye contact and point at Jungkook’s lap. “So, how is your… groin?” Jimin inquired, lifting the frozen package.

“It’s all good again,” Jungkook assured him. “You’re a good nurse,” he complimented Jimin – for the bare minimum, considering how Jimin had essentially done nothing but provide a frozen bag of – beans, as it turns out.

Jimin giggled. “I’m just glad you’re feeling better,” he noted. “I’m sorry. Again,” he added as he caressed Jungkook’s cheek.

The black haired boy grabbed Jimin’s waist and pulled Jimin onto his lap, swift to lean in and crash his lips on Jimin’s. It was a gentle, but deep kiss, conveying a sense of passion and affection that had Jimin gasp for air when Jungkook withdrew a few moments later.

“You don’t need to apologise, okay?” Jungkook pressed softly, tucking Jimin’s hair behind his ear.

“I’ll keep kissing the absolute shit out of you until you finally stop being sorry,” he threatened as he nudged his nose against Jimin’s cheek.

“Well, if that’s the case, then… I’m really sorry,” Jimin whispered against his lips.

Jungkook grinned, shaking his head. “You little shit,” he muttered against Jimin before he attached their lips in another kiss.

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“Why won’t you let me help you carry that again?” Jimin wanted to know, crossing his arms over his chest as he walked through the cluster of trees, the scent of wood and mud filling Jimin’s nostrils.

They were currently on their way down to the lake, having provided a small basket with food and drinks, and a blanket to take along as soon as Jungkook had felt better after being kicked in the groin by Jimin – or rather, their long making-out session having followed right after.

“It’s not heavy, baby,” Jungkook noted.

“Still,” Jimin pressed.

Smiling, Jungkook pointed at his shoulder. “You can carry the blanket, if you really want to,” he
The smaller boy rolled his eyes but didn’t hesitate to remove the blanket from Jungkook’s shoulder and carry it over his arms.

“When was the last time you were down at the lake?” Jimin wanted to know, stealing a glimpse at his boyfriend that walked right beside him.

“I had a look at the lake earlier, when I went on to get some wood for the fireplace,” Jungkook responded.

Jimin raised his brows. “That’s what took you so long,” he remarked with a chuckle, finally having solved the mystery.

“I just wanted to see whether it still looked the same,” Jungkook reasoned with a soft smile.

Seemingly, Jungkook associated pleasant memories with the place, at least judging by the smile that adorned his handsome features. After all, Jungkook had mentioned that this place was significant to him, that it possessed a certain emotional value.

“And?”

“Well, not exactly as I remember it,” the younger male stated. “Then again, to be fair, it has been years since I went down to the lake the last time,” he added.

Occasionally, Jimin wondered how that felt like – to return to a place of your childhood, to a place that you connected a happy and wholesome time with.

Would it allow those joyful emotions to rebloom?

Would it create nostalgia?

Would it pain to see that the place was no longer the same you remember it as?

Yet, wasn’t that simply part of life? – To realise and accept that things changed, that they were in motion; all the time.

It was natural. It was inevitable. It denoted that we were alive.

“There was no one down at the lake earlier,” Jungkook drew Jimin out of his thoughts.

“Do you think there might be anyone around now?”

“I doubt it,” Jungkook responded. “As I mentioned earlier, it’s mainly rich old guys that buy a cabin around here. Their spoiled children would frequently throw parties over the weekend, but I’ve never seen anyone else be at the lake whenever I was down here,” he elaborated.

Somehow, it was a peculiar concept for Jimin to imagine staying here in a cabin belonging to your parents over the summer just to throw one party after the other.

“Did you ever host a party here?” Jimin inquired, inquisitiveness depicted on his face as he glanced at Jungkook.

“No”

“Did you ever attend anyone else’s?”
“Maybe,” the younger retorted.

“So, you do know the people around here?” Jimin concluded, pointing to the side at no one in particular.

“No, not really,” Jungkook claimed, shaking his head. “You see, they don’t invite just five people to their party, but at least fifty – and those fifty invite their friends. Soon enough, it’s a party of more than a hundred people and there is no way in hell you’ll know everyone, not even the host,” he explained.

Well, Jimin did recall the various parties Yoongi has thrown over the years. Despite it never quite being a few hundred people that had attended the party, it had always been a good fifty or sixty people there, including strangers.

“Sounds like fun,” Jimin noted ironically.

“Well, back then, it was,” Jungkook chuckled.

“Mhm,” Jimin grumbled, not certain he could envision himself to consider a huge party such as that one as something similar to fun.

“Not now,” Jungkook elucidated with a smile. “I mean, not now, when I look back on it”

“I’ve never been a fan of those huge parties,” Jimin asserted with a sigh. “I mean, I haven’t exactly attended enough to form a proper judgement, but even Hyung’s party were too overwhelming for me”

Suddenly, Jimin tripped, barely managing to remain his balance and refrain from falling.

Chuckling, Jungkook closed an arm around Jimin’s waist. “Your shoes are untied,” he noted.

“Oh,” Jimin mumbled, swift to crouch down and tie the laces of his shoes, his short-term memory lacking the ability to recall their prior conversation as he rose to his feet again.

“So, why did you ask whether there would be anyone around now?” Jungkook wanted to know.

“Do you think we could take a swim in the water?” Jimin asked.

“A swim?” Jungkook echoed.

“Yeah,” Jimin affirmed with a nod, neither of them having commenced to walk again, but both proceeded to stand there and gaze at one another.

“We could go… skinny dipping,” Jungkook suggested as he closed the distance between them.

Swimming? Naked??

“N-Now?” Jimin stammered, swallowing hard as he tugged the sleeves of his shirt over his delicate hands. “N-Naked?”

“Would you want to?” Jungkook uttered, leaning down to press his lips to the back of Jimin’s ear, a visible smirk embellishing his handsome features.

Oh, he was definitely doing this one purpose – simply teasing Jimin to evoke a reaction.

The smaller boy inhaled a shaky breath, nonetheless.
“There is no one around here for miles,” Jungkook noted with a smirk, his tone too seductive for Jimin’s own good, albeit Jimin’s awareness of Jungkook teasing him, he was still dangerous. “If you want to, I could even take you right here, little one,” he added, his palms trailing down to Jimin’s bottom, the latter suddenly not as certain anymore whether Jungkook was truly only teasing him or whether he was sincere in his suggestion.

“H-Huh?” Jimin breathed, digging his teeth into his bottom lip.

There was a noise to their left, startling Jimin who flinched and turned to observe their surroundings.

“It’s just another animal, little one,” Jungkook assured him, chuckling at Jimin’s timid expression as he pulled him closer again. “It won’t hurt you. It’s just you and me,” he added, his hand trailing lower to Jimin’s bottom as he brushed his lips over Jimin’s, evoking a whimper in Jimin.

The black haired male smirked, satisfied with how responsive Jimin was, and deliberating whether he was going to tease his lover a little more or whether he was truly going to tug Jimin’s pants down and eat him out right here and there.

“Behave, bunny,” Jimin suddenly whispered, smiling as he detached himself from Jungkook, the latter raising his brows at him as he wet his lips.

Swiftly, Jimin spun around, heading down the stone path they were on, giggling to himself as he skipped away.

“If you keep that up, I might have to change my mind of letting you sit on my face tonight,” Jungkook called after him.

Gaspin, Jimin turned to face him, pressing his index finger to his plump lips as another pretty rose flush adorned his cheeks. “Psht!”

The younger male smirked, but shook his head at Jimin’s reaction. “Right, oh no, the deer might hear what dirty shirt I’m going to do to you tonight”

Jimin rolled his eyes, but ignored Jungkook’s remark as he proceeded to head down the path, a surge of delight and anticipation distinct within him as he witnessed a wave of blue water crash into the small hill they were currently heading towards.

They were that close to the lake now that Jimin could practically feel the droplets of water hit him, the scent around him a mixture of mud and wooden traces, creating a rather comforting ambience that evoke a sense of carefreeness within Jimin.

As Jimin reached the small hill, he stole a glimpse at the water, somehow itching to just jump into it and go for a swim.

“The water is too cold to go in by now, angel,” Jungkook remarked, almost as though he possessed the ability to read Jimin’s mind. “I don’t want you to get sick,” he noted softly.

“It looks absolutely stunning though,” Jimin uttered, his eyes big as he allowed the scenery to awe him. The view was jaw-dropping, the hill just high enough to enable a beautiful sight on the lake, a distorted picture of the sun reflected in the water. “Wow,” he breathed, the sky a rosy shade, the sun slowly setting. “The sun will set soon, it’s going to look so beautiful,” he claimed as he walked closer to the cliff.

“Don’t walk too close, angel,” Jungkook warned him from the back.
“Why?” Jimin wondered, stealing a glimpse back over his shoulder at Jungkook before he averted his gaze back to the sky.

“The ground is uneven at that part; the dirt might be a little—”

“It’s fine, Kook-ah,” Jimin interrupted him with a chuckle, endeared by Jungkook’s caring demeanor, then gasping as he saw a few swans land on the water, creating an even prettier image. “Look at that, Kook-ah, it’s—”

Suddenly, the floor beneath Jimin crumbled.

The smaller boy slipped in the mud, causing him to fall to the floor, forced to slide down the small hill and roll towards the water.

In the twinkling of an eye, Jimin had disappeared.

“Jimin-ah!” Jungkook exclaimed, dropping everything to the floor and running towards the edge of the cliff, staring down at Jimin who was lying by the shore.

Jungkook’s heart dropped.

“Jimin-ah!” he shouted as the smaller one didn’t reply, not moving at all as he was lying in a little puddle of water. “Fuck,” Jungkook cursed, jumping down the hill and running towards Jimin. “Little one”

Frightened, Jungkook dropped down to his knees, embracing Jimin with the intention of removing him from the ice cold water, the latter coughing up a few times, signalling that he was still conscious.

“Jimin-ah, little one, talk to me,” Jungkook begged, horror written on his face as he placed his palm against Jimin’s cheek. “Are you okay?”

The pink haired one coughed again, grumbling, “The edge was uneven,” smiling faintly.

“Shit,” Jungkook cursed, smiling back at his lover, relieved to establish that he wasn’t hurt to the point of being compelled to feel mentally absent. “Angel, you scared the absolute shit out of me,” he added, not hesitating to lean in to press several kisses to Jimin’s damp forehead.

“I’m sorry,” Jimin mumbled in apology, pressing his lips into a line.

“Are you okay? Are you hurt?” the black haired male wanted to know, his hands touching each part of Jimin’s figure as though they would locate a wound.

“No, just… just wet,” Jimin retorted, shaking his head. “I’m not hurt,” he assured with a soft smile, yet then furrowing his brows as he realised that he was potentially unable to feel any injuries in this current moment as the adrenaline within him was impending such ability.

“Let’s get you back inside,” Jungkook decided, raising to his feet again with Jimin in his arms, not lowering the boy down to his own feet, but choosing to carry him back up the hill.

“I can walk,” Jimin offered, a surge of guilt washing over him as Jungkook headed up the hill.

“No, I’ll carry you,” the younger male objected, shaking his head at Jimin’s offer.

Deciding that it was futile to argue with Jungkook’s stubborn tendency, the pink haired boy remained silent, clinging onto Jungkook who walked towards their stuff, capable to pick the basket up with one hand while he proceeded to carry Jimin with his other arm.
A few minutes later, they were back inside the cabin, the sudden alteration in temperature causing Jimin to be so much more aware of his state, his soaking clothes sticking to his cold body, evoking a shudder in the poor boy.

“You’re fucking shivering,” Jungkook noted, his tone concerned as he walked into the living room, setting Jimin down to his feet. “You’re going to be sick, little one”

“No, I’m not going to be sick. Not now,” Jimin objected, vigorously shaking his head, refusing to become sick during their trip.

“Let me set up the fireplace,” the black haired male offered, heading towards the fireplace while Jimin curled his arms around himself in an attempt to engulf himself in some sort of warmth. “Sit down, baby,” Jungkook insisted once he had lit up the fireplace, the sound of fire cracking filling the room, the faint illumination of the ignition the only source of light in the room aside from the rosy shade of light of the setting sun glistening through the windows.

The smaller boy gave a faint nod, his gaze travelling over to the sofa, then down to the floor. Frankly, Jimin didn’t want to ruin their sofa with his dirty clothes, yet then he didn’t want to ruin their white rug adorning the vast majority of the living room either.

“I’ll go and get you some towels and new clothes,” Jungkook decided once he had straightened his back, swift to walk past Jimin with the intention of acquiring those particular things, but pressing a kiss to Jimin’s forehead before he rushed upstairs. “I’ll be right back,” he called out from the stairs.

A few moments later, he returned to the living room, Jimin having remained in his same position throughout his absence.

“Little one, why are you still standing?” Jungkook wanted to know, furrowing his brows as he dropped the stack of clothes down on his sofa, only retaining the towel in his hand.

“I didn’t want your furniture to be ruined,” Jimin mumbled softly.

Jungkook only smiled, shaking his head as he pressed a kiss to Jimin’s forehead. “We gotta get you out of your wet clothes,” he then stated.

The smaller boy gave a nod, insinuating to grasp the hem of his shirt, but Jungkook beat him to it, his hands grabbing the fabric and tugging it up over Jimin’s head before he dropped it to the floor.

Jimin shivered, his bottom lip wobbling as he met Jungkook’s gaze again. The younger male didn’t hesitate to wrap the towel around Jimin’s shoulders before he unzipped his pants and pulled them down Jimin’s legs.

“Step out of it, baby,” Jungkook insisted, Jimin swift to comply, allowing Jungkook to toss his soaking trousers to the side.

Once Jungkook rose to his feet again, he hooked one finger around the waistband of Jimin’s underwear, yet then not tugging on the piece of clothing, but staring into Jimin’s eyes.

Apprehending the nonverbal question, Jimin gave a gentle nod, permitting Jungkook to remove the very last piece of fabric that veiled his private area. Slowly, Jungkook pulled Jimin’s underwear down his milky legs, the latter stepping out of them before he shielded his body with the soft towel around his shoulders.

“Are you okay?” Jungkook wanted to know as he rubbed his palms along Jimin’s arms, assisting
him in drying his body, simultaneously engulfing him with some warmth.

“Yeah. Just... just cold,” Jimin muttered, giving a faint nod.

“Come here,” Jungkook insisted, his tone gentle as he picked Jimin up into the air, then approaching the sofa and lowering himself down on the piece of furniture, causing Jimin to straddle his lap. “I’m gonna help you stay warm”

Jimin smiled at his caring gesture, snuggling up against him as Jungkook reached for a blanket to cover both of their bodies. Jungkook’s strong arms curled around Jimin’s delicate body a moment later to embrace him, his lips finding their way to Jimin’s temple to press a peck to it.

“I’m sorry,” Jimin apologised, his tone soft and muffled against Jungkook’s skin. “You warned me, but I still walked closer. That was stupid of me. I ruined your plans – again.”

The black haired male’s palm caressed Jimin’s back, the tips of his fingers drawing shapes on Jimin’s skin that he wasn’t capable to define. “Little one, you didn’t ruin anything,” Jungkook objected, shaking his head. “We can look at the stars another day, don’t worry. Now, we need you to heat up, so you won’t be sick, hm?” he noted, nudging his nose against Jimin’s cheek.

Sometimes, Jimin was way too inquisitive and enthusiastic over the smallest things for his own good. This one right here was… Exhibit... T? U?

At this point, there were too many incidents for Jimin to count or explicitly name all of them.

The soft crackling of the fire in the background was a rather pleasant sound, the only form of resonance among them, establishing a comfortable silence between the two boys.

Despite their plans having been thwarted – due to Jimin, thank you very much – this was a nice replacement, Jimin decided. After all, he had asked Jungkook to cuddle by the fire too, just... well, after a cute picnic by the lake. Now, their plans had simply been rearranged, which wasn’t that bad.

“I like this,” Jimin voiced, pressing his lips to Jungkook’s nape, completely disregarding the fact that he still hadn’t put on any clothes, but was only veiled by the fabric of a towel and a blanket.

“Shivering after falling into ice-cold water?” Jungkook guessed, amusement glistening in his eyes.

“No, silly,” Jimin chuckled, swatting Jungkook’s chest. “Just... sitting here with you, by the fire, knowing we don’t have to be anywhere tomorrow nor that either of us have to leave to their own place, knowing we get to wake up together tomorrow morning,” he elucidated.

“Yeah,” Jungkook breathed in agreement, pressing his lips to the top of Jimin’s head, this time longer, lingering in the touch for so long that it had Jimin chuckle and ask whether his hair smelled bad after having fallen to the dirty ground by the water. “No,” Jungkook was swift to reassure, shaking his head. “I just...” he trailed off.

“Yeah?”

“Move in with me,” the younger male whispered into Jimin’s ear.

“Huh?” Jimin mumbled, raising his head.

His ears must have deceived him, Jimin was certain, they were trying to fool him.

“Move in with me, Jimin-ah,” Jungkook repeated, his voice sincere.
“You want to… want to live with me?” Jimin questioned, his eyes big. “Are you… serious?”

The black haired boy smiled, placing his hand against Jimin’s cheek. “I don’t want to spend another day not waking up by your side,” he whispered, brushing Jimin’s fringe out of his face. “So, Park Jimin, will you move in with me?”

Jimin’s heart had skipped a couple of beats, back to pound in a regular pace, if only a lot faster than it usually tended to; his eyes were still wide in utter shock, his lips parted as he was lacking the ability to respond.

“Move into… into your place with you?” Jimin uttered.

“If you want to,” Jungkook responded, titling his head to the side. “However, I’ve… looked at some places around in Seoul,” he revealed, clearing his throat as he averted his gaze down to Jimin’s hand, reaching out to play with Jimin’s delicate fingers. “There are some places I have my eyes on, but I want us to decide together,” he added, meeting Jimin’s gaze again. “We can get a new place together, Jimin-ah”

“An apartment of our own?” Jimin breathed, his heart still uncertain whether this wasn’t just all a dream – a beautiful dream of them starting a new chapter of their life, together, happily, healthily.

“Or… a house,” Jungkook suggested.

“A house?” Jimin echoed, his eyes going even wider.

“I found a few ones that looked like you would like them,” the younger male stated with a nod.

“Kook-ah, I…” Jimin murmured, lost for words.

Jungkook’s eyes went bigger before he averted his gaze again. “It’s… I get it, if you’re not ready for that,” he was swift to note, shaking his head at his own idea. “I just thought, it might be-”

The pink haired one shut him up by crashing his lips on Jungkook’s.

“I want to,” Jimin whispered. “Yes, I want to move in with you, Kook-ah,” he grinned, those words falling from his lips so easily, so natural, almost as though there was nothing else Jimin had ever been that sure of.

Relieved, Jungkook returned the smile, not hesitating to attach their lips in another kiss – this one deeper, longer, full of passion and affection. A breath slipped past Jimin’s lips, Jungkook licking over his bottom lip before he tugged on it with his teeth, Jimin whimpering out his name.

A few minutes later, what had started off as a pure kiss had slowly turned into something hungrier, something more demanding that neither of them wanted to end.

Carefully, Jimin rolled his hips forward, his hand entangled in Jungkook’s black locks at the back of his head, the latter’s hands curled around Jimin’s waist, their lips never parting.

In the span of a few minutes, Jimin’s skin temperature had risen enough by Jungkook’s touch and kisses to have a rose flush adorn his skin, illustrating the heat that had replaced any form of chilliness.

“Is this okay?” Jungkook whispered, his fingers playing with the blanket around Jimin’s shoulders.

The smaller boy gave a nod, observing how Jungkook slid the soft fabric down his shoulders before he pulled it to the side, unveiling Jimin’s naked body.
Slowly, Jungkook leaned closer, pressing his lips to Jimin’s shoulder, then peppering a trail of open-mouthed kisses up to Jimin’s chin, a shiver running down Jimin’s back at the tender treatment.

Silently, Jimin tugged on the hem of Jungkook’s hoodie, the latter smiling as he removed it over his head and dropped it to the floor, his palms quick to return to Jimin’s hips.

This time, it was Jimin that leaned closer, capturing Jungkook’s lips in a soft kiss as the tips of his fingers traced over Jungkook’s defined muscles that embellished his stomach, reminding Jimin of the past night when Jungkook had taken him up against the wall.

At the gentle touch, Jungkook smiled, placing his digits below Jimin’s chin to guide his face back up to his mouth, quick to press his lips to Jimin’s again.

As their lips aligned with one another they way their hearts had learned to love, Jimin’s fingers fumbled with the hem of Jungkook’s sweatpants.

“It’s okay, go ahead,” Jungkook uttered, lifting his hips in order to enable Jimin to pull the sweatpants down just enough to expose Jungkook’s semi-hard length. “Fuck, before you- Let me just head upstairs and get the lube,” he decided, closing his hand around Jimin’s wrist to still his movement.

“I think- I think it’s okay, if we do it without,” Jimin noted softly, dropping his hands back to his side as he gazed at Jungkook through his lashes, slightly bashful.

“Just my spit?”

Jimin gave a nod, his cheeks flushing.

“Let me prep you first, through,” Jungkook prompted.

The smaller boy curled his arms around Jungkook’s neck, pressing their foreheads against one another as he smiled. “I think, after last night, I really don’t need to be prepped today, Kook-ah,” he whispered, reminding the other boy of how much Jimin had been stretched the past night.

“Are you sure?” Jungkook still wanted to ensure.

“Yes,” Jimin affirmed with a nod.

“Okay, little one,” Jungkook uttered, leaning back just enough to spit into his hand, then curling it around his erection to lubricate it.

At the sight of Jungkook touching himself right in front of Jimin, a shiver ran down the smaller one’s back, his stomach squirming in arousal. Swallowing hard, Jimin lifted his hips in anticipation, but Jungkook hummed in disapproval.

“Let me just make sure,” Jungkook stated, placing two of his fingers to Jimin’s lips.

Apprehending the nonverbal command, Jimin parted his lips, allowing Jungkook to push his fingers into Jimin’s mouth, the latter not hesitating to suck on them.

“Good boy,” Jungkook praised as he withdrew his fingers, a trail of spit connecting them to Jimin’s lips that he broke apart by lowering his digits to Jimin’s bottom.

Carefully, Jungkook pressed his fingers to Jimin’s rim, gentle when he thrusted them inside with no resistance at all.
“A-ah,” Jimin breathed, pressing his forehead against Jungkook’s shoulder as his eyes fluttered shut, Jungkook’s digits slipping into him so easily, thrusted into him a few times before they were removed. “N-Now, please”

“Yeah, little one,” Jungkook whispered with a smile, closing his hand around his hard length that he guided towards Jimin’s entrance, not teasing, but pushing the tip past the tight ring of muscles without hesitance.

“T-Thank you,” Jimin mewled, sinking down on Jungkook’s erection slowly, enjoying the sweet stretch that sent jolts of pleasure through his body.

“Whenever you’re ready,” Jungkook murmured against Jimin’s chin, leaning up to capture Jimin’s lips in a kiss, catching the soft little breaths that slipped past Jimin’s lips as he lowered himself down further until he had reached the base. “There you go”

Without any ounce of hesitance, Jimin moved his hips back and forth, too drunk on the taste of Jungkook’s lips on his, yet then not frantic or quick in his movement, allowing his hips to roll in a tender pace, Jungkook guiding him by his hands on Jimin’s butt cheeks.

Soon enough, the room was filled with a mixture of Jimin’s pretty moans and the sound of the fire crackling in the background, Jungkook whispering sweet nothings into Jimin’s ear.

There was no punishing, no orders or rules, no safe words.

It was pure and sweet.

The smaller one loved this.

“Jungkook-ah,” Jimin moaned, his hands grabbing onto Jungkook’s shoulders for balance.

“Sssh, it’s okay, little one,” Jungkook whispered against his throat, leaving kisses on every part of Jimin’s skin that he managed to reach with his lips, his tongue poking out every now and then to lick over Jimin’s soft skin, tickling the latter.

“Kook-ah,” Jimin whimpered, digging his teeth into his bottom lip as he proceeded to roll his hips forward.

The black haired male lifted his head to gaze at Jimin, the image of Jimin too beautiful to describe in simple words. Fuck, Jungkook needed to invent something to convey the utter beauty that Jimin possessed.

“You look so fucking beautiful,” Jungkook complimented him, wishing Jimin could see himself like he did, wishing Jimin knew that he held all the stars of the galaxy in his eyes, that he was the rarest star of them all.

“T-Thank you,” Jimin whimpered.

“You’re doing so good, baby, my good boy, aren’t you?” the younger male praised, observing how Jimin decided to bounce up and down on his lap instead, his little desperation prevailing.

Soon enough, the heat in the pit of their stomachs was too vast to ignore, signalling that the two of them were close to finding their release.

“Please, Kook-ah,” Jimin begged, neither of them aware what he was begging for.
“It’s okay, little one, go ahead,” Jungkook encouraged all the same, presuming that Jimin was asking for permission.


“Yeah. Yeah, okay, angel,” he coincided with a nod, his grasp around Jimin’s hips remaining the same – tender, not too tight – as he proceeded to guide Jimin up and down on his dick, the smaller one clenching around him to have him curse out at the tight wet heat.

A few moments later, they were both coming, the name of the other one leaving their lips as they pressed their foreheads against one another.

Their movement slowed down, both of their chests heaving, their breathing uneven.

The pink haired one collapsed on top of Jungkook, his body going limp as he nuzzled his face into the curve of Jungkook’s neck.

“There you go, my good boy;” Jungkook whispered, brushing Jimin’s fringe out of his face before he pressed his lips to Jimin’s temple. “Are you okay? All good?”

Jimin hummed softly, giving a faint nod.

“I gotta go and clean that up,” Jungkook uttered, pointing at his stomach that was adorned by strips of white.

The smaller one grumbled in dissatisfaction, shaking his head.

“I also gotta pee,” Jungkook chuckled, gentle when he lifted Jimin from his lap and set him down on the sofa beside him. “I’ll be right back,” he promised as he rose to his feet, Jimin watching after him, his eyes essentially glued to Jungkook’s handsome body until he was out of sight.

A few minutes later, Jungkook returned to the living room.

“Well, you really didn’t move at all, huh?” Jungkook teased as he crouched down next to Jimin, not having cared to put on any clothes. “Can you roll over for me so I can clean you up, baby?”

“I’m too sleepy to move,” Jimin murmured, but still obliged and rolled over onto his side, enabling Jungkook to pull his butt cheek to the side and clean him up with the wet cloth.

As soon as he was done, he dropped the cloth on the dresser beside the sofa, sitting down on the blanket that had fallen to the rug spread out on the floor.

“Well, I was about to ask you whether you’d still like to go outside and watch the stars now?” Jungkook inquired, sliding his hand through Jimin’s pink locks, the latter’s eyes falling shut at the familiar, comforting gesture.

“Like this?” Jimin murmured, blinking at Jungkook’s suggestion.

The younger male chuckled. “Well, if you insist on me taking you out naked, but that’s actually a sight I’m not very keen on sharing, hm?” he stated, his fingers tracing over Jimin’s arm.

Jimin smiled at him as he sat up.

“I would love to go, Kook-ah, but I’m too sleepy to go anywhere now,” he mumbled, his expression apologetic as he lowered himself down on the blanket beside Jungkook, the rug beneath them a soft foundation.
“Not even upstairs into the bedroom?” Jungkook asked, raising his brows at Jimin as he smiled.

“Mhm,” Jimin grumbled, nuzzling his face in the curve of Jungkook’s neck, the unexpected force of their collision causing Jungkook to tumble back on the velvety blanket, pulling Jimin down with him.

Snickering, Jungkook gave a nod, securing Jimin on top of him. “We can sleep here by the fire,” he suggested. “It’s cosy”

What a sweet idea.

“Your back,” Jimin objected, though, shaking his head. “It’s going to ache, when you wake up in the morning,” he elaborated, his fingers playing with Jungkook’s hair.

“It won’t,” Jungkook assured him, curling his arms around Jimin’s back to tighten his embrace around him.

Naturally, the close proximity to Jungkook and the safety he exuded evoke comfort within Jimin, having him turn sleepier with each passing second.

“Don’t fall asleep yet, little one,” Jungkook chuckled, nudging his nose against Jimin’s cheek, then turning his head to the side to steal a glimpse at his clothes in search for something.

Why the fuck did the mere notion make him so damn nervous?

Swallowing hard, Jungkook reached for his hoodie in an attempt to locate his pocket.

“I’m not asleep,” Jimin uttered, his face hidden in the curve of Jungkook’s neck, his tone so soft, adorned by sleepiness.

“Little one,” Jungkook whispered, smiling as he closed his hand around the small item, intending to pull it out. “I have… I-

“See, I’m fully awake,” Jimin asserted, albeit his eyes were still pressed shut, his head not leaving the comfort of Jungkook’s close proximity. “Not… not… sleepy… at all, I-” he mumbled, his voice turning softer with each syllable of his until he went silent entirely.

Chuckling, Jungkook leaned in to press a kiss to Jimin’s forehead.

“Okay, then, tomorrow,” he whispered, his fingers allowing the little box to drop back into his hoodie, his own heartbeat steadying.

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A few hours into the night, Jimin awoke, having rolled over to the side, causing him to slide down to the floor, thus leaving the comfort of Jungkook’s chest or their duvet spread out on the rug, the sudden alteration in his sleeping position tearing him away from his sweet haze of sleep.

Jimin lifted his head, rubbing his delicate fist over his tired eyes before he scanned his surroundings, discovering the taller male to be fast asleep beside him, the fire still ignited to his right side, quietly crackling away in the background.

Cautiously, Jimin crawled closer to Jungkook again, the younger male’s expression so very peaceful, his arm spread out as though it was missing Jimin.

The smaller boy smiled softly, reaching out to brush Jungkook’s black strands of hair out of his face, allowing his fingertips to trace down to his cheekbones.
At the tender touch, Jungkook’s nose scrunched up, causing him to resemble a bunny. Quietly, Jimin giggled, observing how Jungkook shifted in his position, rolling onto his back. The movement caused the blanket to slide down his chest, exposing his bare upper body.

In that exact moment, the light glistening from the ignited fire flickered on his body, illuminating him in a golden shade.

*Jungkook was so... beautiful. Absolutely breath-taking.*

Smiling, Jimin’s fingertips traced down to Jungkook’s chest to caress his skin.

Inevitably, Jimin couldn’t tear his eyes away.

*How could he? Ever?*

Jungkook was *his*, was his *safe haven*, was his *family*.

The pink haired one wanted to be with him for an eternity and beyond, wanted to spend the rest of his life being his just as much.

Jimin halted his hand, his heart skipping a long beat.

*Oh.*

“I—” Jimin found himself whisper, but no words slipped past his lips, his heart was going too crazy at the realisation that had finally hit him.

Suddenly, there were loud knocks on the door.

At the noise, Jimin flinched, instinctively reaching for Jungkook’s hand as he lifted his head.

*Who would knock on their door in the middle of the night in the center of absolutely nowhere?*

Carefully, Jimin sat up, the blanket sliding down to his lap as he stole a glimpse at the front door that he managed to see from his current position.

“What’s wrong?” Jungkook grumbled, rolling over onto his side, his arm curled around Jimin’s waist to pull him back down to his chest.

“There was some knocking,” Jimin responded quietly.

The black haired male opened his eyes, his brows furrowed.

“Maybe, I should check?” Jimin uttered, insinuating to get up again, but Jungkook’s grasp around him tightened.

“You’re not going anywhere,” he protested, getting up instead and putting on his sweatpants. “You’re staying here, understood?”

Jimin gave a faint nod.

Then, Jungkook headed towards the front door and pulled it open.

There were no voices, no movement at all, the door hiding Jungkook from Jimin’s vision.

“Who is it?” Jimin called out.
Silence.

Slowly, Jimin got up to his feet, throwing the blanket over his shoulders and curling the soft fabric around his body as he tip-toed over to Jungkook, his bare feet padded on the soft rug spread out on the floor.

“Kook-ah?” Jimin whispered, finally managing to see Jungkook who was in the midst of putting something in the pocket of his sweatpants, the man forcefully kicking the door shut. “What is it?” he dared to know, flinching at the sound of the door shutting with a loud thud, then furrowing his brows at Jungkook’s alarmed expression, a sudden surge of fear blooming within him.

Jungkook disregarded his question.

“Kook-ah?” Jimin pressed, bewildered by Jungkook’s cryptic behaviour.

Jungkook ran his hand through his black locks, appearing to be in distraught.

“Was it your neighbour? Were they annoyed?” Jimin asked, closing the distance between them with the intention of making Jungkook aware of Jimin’s presence as he seemed to have omitted that fact.

“Go and get dressed,” Jungkook demanded, finally meeting Jimin’s gaze. “You need to leave”

“What?” Jimin exclaimed in disbelief, knitting his brows as he shook his head at the absurd idea.

“I’m not going to ask you again,” Jungkook repeated his prior order, interrupting Jimin’s objection with dark and commanding eyes. “Go and get dressed. Now.”

“Will you talk to me, Jungkook-ah?” Jimin begged, not apprehending the entirety of this situation, nor why there appeared to be a reason to insist on Jimin leaving this place. “What’s going on?”

Jungkook turned his back to Jimin to open the drawer of the dresser, pulling out his phone.

Who had been in front of that door? – or, what had been in front of that door?

Were they not welcome here?

Yet, if so, then why was Jungkook not simply telling him what was going on?

Why was he so cryptic? – Why was he hiding something? – What was he hiding?

“What are you hiding?” Jimin whispered, scared to learn the answer.

“Get. Dressed. Right. Fucking. Now.,” the black haired male ordered through gritted teeth, the usual softness in his eyes nowhere to be found, instead a mixture of anger and fear gleaming within his brown orbs.

Swallowing hard, Jimin turned around, somehow not capable to argue with Jungkook. Ruled by confusion and anxiety, Jimin did hurry up into the bedroom, swift to put on clothes although he didn’t want to leave.

What could Jungkook be hiding?

Why did he not want to enlighten Jimin on what was going on?

Why had he been so quick to search for his phone? Who could he have messaged?
The smaller one was certain his brain was going to shut off any moment now, too many questions lingering in his head, overwhelming him.

Why was Jungkook treating him like this?

*So cold, so suspicious, so hostile.*

As soon as Jimin was dressed, he ran back downstairs, noticing that Jungkook was talking on the phone with someone.

The black haired male met Jimin’s gaze, but only for so long, averting his gaze to fixate his attention back on his phone call. “I will call you back, yes,” Jungkook stated, Jimin halting on the last step of the staircase, confused and frustrated.

“Is someone mad that we’re here?” Jimin uttered as he observed Jungkook end the phone call before he pushed the device into the pocket of his sweatpants – the only piece of clothing that veiled his skin –, turning to steal a glimpse outside of the window. “Is there someone you don’t want to see me? Did I do something wrong?”

Jungkook didn’t respond.

“Jeon Jungkook, will you talk to me,” Jimin begged, walking up to his boyfriend, curling his delicate hand around his arm to tug on it.

“Just shut up and go,” Jungkook interrupted him, snatching his arm out of Jimin’s grasp.

The smaller one took a step back, hurt by Jungkook’s treatment.

“Why are you not talking to me?” Jimin whispered. “What the hell is going on?’

“I don’t want to talk, Jimin-ah,” Jungkook remarked. “I want you to go. Is that so fucking difficult for you to understand?”

How had everything turned into this?

Just a few hours ago, Jungkook had asked him to move in with him.

Just a few minutes ago, Jimin had… had– Hell, it didn’t even matter anymore.

Where was that Jungkook now?

Who was this in front of him?

“If you make me leave like this without telling me what’s going on, then don’t expect me to talk to you when you’re finally in the mood to talk to me again,” Jimin claimed, fairly puzzled, but also angered by Jungkook’s cryptic behaviour. “What happened to your promise of wanting to talk about everything? To be honest? About communicating with one another? I’m sick of you treating me like this”

What could be so horrifying that it required Jimin to leave this place immediately?

“Jimin-ah, you’re being immature,” Jungkook remarked, shaking his head.

“I am being immature?” Jimin echoed, a humourless laugh slipping from his lips. “Oh, and you’re the one being mature right now? You can just treat me however you like, huh? I’m just your stupid little pet? Is that what you think of me?” he accused, knitting his brows. “You can push me away,
you can treat me like this, you can hide your whole life from me? I’m not a child!”

The younger male blinked, an emotion flashing in his eyes, but it was gone as soon as it had appeared, impeding Jimin to define it. “I want you to go,” he repeated in a demanding tone.

“Why?” Jimin breathed, placing his hand on Jungkook’s chest.

Jungkook pushed Jimin’s arm away.

“Because- Fuck, can you listen to me for once in your life? Stop being so goddamn difficult! When I tell you to leave, then fucking obey!” he yelled at Jimin, the latter flinching at his harsh words and the volume of his voice.

The pink haired boy’s heart clenched.

“I’m not your pet,” he whispered, his voice somehow so much quieter than Jimin had intended for it be.

Jungkook plainly chose to stare at him.

“Why are you not leaving with me?” Jimin wanted to know.

“I can’t,” Jungkook responded. "Just leave, okay?"

“Stop saying that!” Jimin screamed back. “Jungkook-ah, you promised to tell me anything and here-”

“Just leave, Jimin-ah,” the younger male interrupted him, seemingly annoyed and impatient by Jimin’s disobedience. “Shut up, okay? Stop acting like a fucking child for once in your goddamn life! You always do that shit! I’m not going to ask you again. If you won’t leave on your own, I’m going to carry you out,” he threatened.

The smaller boy furrowed his brows, Jungkook’s words piercing through his heart like arrows.

“If you really make me leave right now, then don’t expect me to talk to you. I’m sick of this. I’m sick of you pushing me away. I’m sick of you treating me like a child. I’m sick of these games and all of these secrets!” Jimin yelled back, pushing at Jungkook’s chest.

“Jimin-ah-”

“If you make me leave now, I’m not going to talk to you again. Ever. I mean it,” Jimin repeated his prior threat – hoping Jungkook would change his mind, hoping Jungkook would apologise for saying these mean things to him.

Jungkook opened the door, nodding down to the street.

There he was: Beomsoo.

“Leave”

That simple word, said in such a cold tone, having an effect on Jimin the pink haired one had never imagined it would have.

“I’m serious,” Jimin whispered.

The black haired male didn’t blink, proceeding to stare at Jimin with cold eyes.
Jimin looked at him for a moment longer, wishing he could ignore the way his heart broke, disregarding the way his eyes burned as tears pricked in the corners of them.

Then, he stormed past Jungkook, their shoulders bumping against one another as he rushed towards the black Range Rover, ignoring the tears that were rolling down his cheeks.

Chapter End Notes

Uh-oh :(

I would love to hear your thoughts on the chapter! :) 

I hope your days are filled with happiness! Stay healthy <3

See you in the next chapter! ^^ 

Love you <3
It was late, and dark, and cold.

There was a thunderstorm roaring outside, announcing the chaos it painted among the city.

However, the chaos that was residing within Jimin was just as messy, and staggering, and confusing, and everything in between.

And it was painful - to sit here, and to look at him.

And maybe, Jimin should leave... but he couldn't.

Why?

Why did his heart compel him to stay, when leaving would be so much easier?

Please, tell him. Please, allow him to mend his heart.

Yet, maybe, this was the reason - Jimin would never be able to mend his heart, if he left.

So, he stayed.

It was late, and dark, and cold.

A mixture of circumstances that have engulfed Jimin for the past two days.

At this point, no fibre of his very being was bothered by them anymore. No, opposed to that, he associated this feeling with every little moment that had occured over the past two days, like a scent
that reminded you of a traumatic experience.

So, Jimin sat there in the dark, reminded of everything that had happened.

**Fifty-four hours ago**

The creaking door was dragged open, revealing a sleepy figure dressed in their puppy pajamas.

“Min-ah?” Taehyung greeted him with a raspy voice, utter surprise adorning his tone.

“Can I- I know you... You have it somewhere,” Jimin whispered, walking past Taehyung to enter his apartment without a polite greeting or a reasonable apology for waking him up long before dawn.

“Min-ah, aren’t you supposed to be on a trip with Jungkook?” Taehyung asked, rubbing his fingers over his tired eyes as he watched Jimin storm into his apartment, partially speculating whether he was only hallucinating or still seized in a dream.

Slowly, Taehyung pushed the door shut, turning to observe Jimin strut towards his kitchen.

The smaller one didn’t respond, having commenced to tear open every single cabinet and drawer in Taehyung’s kitchen as though there was an ancient treasure hidden somewhere in there, leaving the latter puzzled and overwhelmed by the situation.

“Where is that stupid-” Jimin mumbled again, crouching down to rummage through Taehyung’s cabinets; the new eye level allowing him to have better access.

“Jimin-ah, what are you looking for?”

Equally to the previous attempt, Taehyung didn’t receive a response this time.

There was not a single doubt in Taehyung’s mind that something awful had occurred on that trip. Why else would Jimin storm into his apartment in the middle of the fucking night without any explanation, hunting through Taehyung’s kitchen like an absolute maniac while he was supposed to be on a weekend trip with Jungkook that he had looked forward to with such pure and innocent delight?

“Where is it-”

“Jimin-ah!” Taehyung finally called out in an attempt to receive Jimin’s attention.

“I found it,” Jimin noted softly, disregarding the distinct volume of Tae's voice as he exhaled a breath of relief.

The blond haired one closed the distance between them, his eyes going big as he lastly managed to identify the item that Jimin was holding onto.

“Jimin-ah, don’t drink that,” Taehyung warned him, reaching out in an endeavour to snatch the bottle from Jimin’s grasp and protect him from his decision that he undeniably would regret in the morning, but any effort was for vain.

“I do what I want,” Jimin huffed, walking past Taehyung, indecisive why he was treating Tae with such an attitude although the poor boy was not responsible for his heartbreak at all.

“That’s my soju,” Taehyung reminded him, curling his hand around Jimin’s wrist to pull him back.

“Please,” the smaller one whispered, eventually turning to meet Taehyung’s gaze, finally allowing
the latter to see his face and study his features. The sight scared Taehyung, his heart clenching at the image of Jimin’s red and teary eyes, his flushed cheeks and the clear display of him having cried. “I… I’ll buy you more soju,” he promised softly.

“Will you tell me what’s going on?” Taehyung asked, his voice equally as soft, almost as though he was scared of speaking any louder; as though Jimin would break at the volume of his tone.

The smaller boy averted his gaze, shaking his head, “No”

“Min-ah,” Taehyung pressed softly, not intending to force Jimin to talk, but then not capable to refrain from asking all the same as the sight of his best friend crying tugged on his heart strings.

“No, I… I just wanna drink and cry”

Taehyung’s hand found its way to Jimin’s chin, forcing him to meet his eyes. “What happened? What did Jungkook do?”

At the mention of his name, Jimin’s insides squirmed, his heart clenching at the mere notion of what had occurred a few hours ago.

Despite the long drive back home, Jimin still hadn’t been able to grasp his head around the entire situation. Inevitably, Jimin had done nothing but cry, hurt by Jungkook’s words and his hostile treatment.

After all, how could he apprehend anything of this situation? How could he, with the way Jungkook didn’t enlighten him on anything at all? With the way Jungkook had thrown these mean words at him opposed to edifying him?

Jungkook had chosen to stay cold and distant.

Yet, truly reflecting on it, was that really unprecedented behaviour?

In a way, Jungkook had behaved like this for so long, has hidden… there had been–

The smaller boy stilled entirely, every fibre of his very being freezing up while his heart dropped at the fatal realisation.

Just like that, everything came back crashing down on Jimin like heavy rain.

_Beomsoo. Joon. 21511. That gun._

For weeks, Jungkook had been behaving strangely; had forced Jimin to allow Beomsoo to drive him anywhere he went; for weeks, Joon has been guarding Jungkook’s apartment; for weeks, Beomsoo has been carrying a gun around; many weeks ago, there had been that cryptic message sent by someone Jungkook referred to as 21511.

All of that… It had all been there right in front of Jimin. _All along._

Jimin had been so foolish.

For a reason unknown to Jimin, an element within him had chosen to disregard all of these warnings, had prayed that they didn’t mean anything, that their significance would vanish, if he chose to ignore them. Yet, these indications could no longer be omitted by Jimin – regardless of how dreadfully he wished he could cling onto his own oblivion.

_Where these pieces all connected?_
Jimin didn’t possess any profound knowledge on what was going on, but he had gathered enough pieces to ascertain that there was something terrible occurring behind Jimin’s back – something that Jungkook had decided not to say a damn word about; hiding it for weeks, if not months.

On top of that, Jungkook was locking Jimin up, always requiring knowing where he went, with whom he spent his time, having people watch every step he was taking. What for?

What was he hiding?

Why was he lying?

Who was 21511?

Was all of this connected to the incident at the cabin?

Why was Jungkook not talking to Jimin?

Why was he not treating Jimin the way the boy deserved?

In no way was Jimin a goddamn toy Jungkook could throw around as he pleased.

In no way-

“Min-ah,” Taehyung pressed softly, noticing how Jimin appeared to be mentally absent, his eyes somewhat dazed, his full lips parted as though he was trying so desperately to speak, but was lacking the ability to articulate himself.

The pink haired boy inhaled a shaky breath. “It’s… I can’t wrap my head around the situation. I feel like I’m going insane, Tae-ssi,” he declared, his heart breaking at the realisation of Jungkook having been hiding something for weeks, at the reminder of his harsh words voiced back at the cabin. “I feel like I can’t breathe. It’s all- It’s so hot in here- I can’t- I can’t breathe”

“Okay, okay, breathe for me, Min-ah, breathe,” Taehyung consoled him, quick to place his palms on Jimin’s shoulders in an attempt to calm him, to make him aware of his presence and the fact that he wasn’t alone. “You’re not alone, okay? I’m here. Breathe in, Min-ah”

“I-”

“Deep breath, come on,” Tae reiterated, gentle as he guided Jimin over to the sofa, the latter managing to inhale a deep breath. “There you go, and out,” he insisted softly.

Jimin obliged, simply breathing for a few moments until he wasn’t feeling like he was going to suffocate any longer.

“Talk to me,” Taehyung tried again, hoping Jimin would bring some light to this situation.

Jimin shook his head. “It’s insane, Tae-ssi,” he claimed, waving the bottle of soju around. “I can’t even explain it. I don’t know even know what…” he trailed off, his heart rate picking up all over again.

“Okay, okay, don’t think about it,” Tae was swift to interfere, placing his hand on Jimin’s thigh. “Just breathe, Min-ah,” he encouraged, careful as he closed his palm around the bottle secured tightly in Jimin’s grasp, the latter too focused on breathing, not noticing the way his grasp loosened as he allowed Taehyung to remove the bottle from his hand.

However, it didn’t take long for him to notice the absence of the liquor in his grasp.
“Give me that bottle,” Jimin demanded, scowling as he reached for the beverage.

Refusing, Taehyung snatched his arm back, shaking his head. “No, Jimin-ah. That’s not good for you,” he noted softly, only intending to protect Jimin.

“I want it,” Jimin whispered, pressing his eyes shut. “Please,” he begged, Taehyung not capable to deny him any wish as he met his gaze again, his eyes glassy and big, pain clearly visible within them.

“One shot,” Taehyung allowed softly, setting the bottle down on the coffee table. “Let me get you a cup,” he added as he rose to his feet, heading over into his kitchen to retrieve a cup.

As he returned, however, the bottle was no longer deposited on the table.

In the time of Taehyung’s absence, Jimin had been swift to open the bottle just to bring it up to his lips, carelessly taking several sips of the liquor.

“Jimin-ah! I said one shot!” Taehyung belted out, rushing over to Jimin’s side in order to remove the bottle from his mouth, yet any effort was futile.

Jemin pulled the bottle back, shrugging his shoulders. “I’m not going anywhere anyways,” he remarked quietly, his tone vulnerable. “Does it really matter?”

“This is not helping,” Taehyung pointed out, both of them aware of how correct that statement was. “You know that. It won’t make whatever you’re going through any better, Min-ah”

“I can try,” Jimin spoke quietly, taking another sip of the burning liquid, wrinkling his nose at the taste, but then not intending to cease either; mourning over everything that had shattered, trying to forget everything that had just hit him like a truck at full speed.

This was bad. This was really fucking bad.

“I’m going to fucking kill him,” Taehyung promised beneath his breath, the words inaudible to the other boy, but that didn’t matter – Taehyung was determined. This time, he was going to fucking kill Jungkook for whatever he had done to Jimin.

Ruled by despair, Taehyung plopped down on the sofa beside Jimin with a sigh, accepting his defeat. Then again, as long as Taehyung was going to watch after him, Jimin should be fine. After all, he was probably going to pass out any moment now anyway by the lack of sleep he had obtained, the heavy bags beneath his eyes any indication of that fact.

The pink haired boy nipped on the bottle beside him, an occasional sob slipping past his lips, causing Taehyung’s heart to ache equally each time.

“Min-ah,” Tae whispered, turning to face Jimin.

“Tae, can you…” Jimin uttered, his voice turning softer with each syllable until it was too delicate for Taehyung to register.

However, he didn’t need to.

Carefully, Jimin crawled closer to him. Taehyung apprehended the nonverbal request, wrapping his arm around his best friend and allowing him to rest his head on his shoulder.

“It’s going to be fine,” Taehyung assured, aware that it was a promise he shouldn’t make with the lack of knowledge he possessed, but he wished that those words could mend Jimin’s heart.
Jimin wished that he could believe them.

***

Naturally, the alcohol had commenced to have its recurring effect on Jimin fairly soon, his delicate body verifiably not manging well with any alcoholic liquor. In the twinkling of an eye, his vision had turned blurry, the pain in his heart having enhanced, desiring something Jimin knew he couldn’t go after.

Yet, that didn’t prevent his heart from trying.

As soon as Taehyung had left for the bathroom after excusing himself to pee – having insisted for Jimin to not do anything stupid – Jimin rose to his feet on wobbly legs, trying to make it over to the door, but tumbling over his own two feet and plopping down on the soft fabric in the process of it.

Determinately, Jimin got up to his feet in a second attempt, more cautious as he tried to keep his balance this time around, amazed by his own solid effort.

“Sit your ass back down,” Taehyung demanded, startling Jimin who hadn’t registered any sound that would announce his return.

“I wanna go,” Jimin murmured, pointing at the door.

“Where do you want to go?”

“I wanna go and see Jungkook,” Jimin responded, his heart answering before his brain even obtained the opportunity to reflect on that.

Taehyung furrowed his brows. “But you left him?”

“He sent me away,” Jimin revealed, shaking his head. “That… that stupid boy. He’s so mean,” he whined.

“Jimin-ah, I can’t let you leave right now,” Taehyung tried to make him understand, refusing to simply let Jimin be on his own in his current state.

“I wanna-” Jimin mumbled, waddling towards the door with the intention of leaving.

“Come back! For fuck’s-” Tae cursed, walking into his own coffee table in the midst of hurrying after Jimin, hissing at the pain he endured at the collision of his foot with the firm wood. “Shit!” he cussed again, disregarding his pain as he ran after Jimin.

Somehow, Jimin managed to navigate his way to the elevator, the doors shutting prior to Taehyung accomplishing to dash into the little space with him.

“Min-ah!” Taehyung’s loud voice was ringing in the hall. “Fuck,” he cursed.

Soon enough, Jimin had made his way down, not caring to look back for Taehyung who was audibly running down the stairs in an endeavour to cease Jimin’s actions. The latter, however, didn’t refrain, but left the apartment building.

Ironically, it had started to pour, heavy raindrops falling down on Jimin in a firm pattern.

Naturally, one would turn around and head back inside.

But, to Jimin, this felt… healing. It was contradictory, but Jimin felt as though he could finally
breathe again, as though his tears would no longer be as prominent, but go unnoticed under the rain.

Spreading his arms out, Jimin leaned his head back into his neck, his eyes fluttering shut as he turned his face to the sky, raindrops pitter-patting down on his skin – an action that should be considered uncomfortable, but somehow, it wasn’t.

“Min-ah!” Taehyung exclaimed, finally having caught up with Jimin. He was visibly out of breath, a repercussion of him having chased after Jimin in order to collect his ass back.

The pink haired one turned to face his best friend, noticing that the only fabric adorning his skin were his puppy pajamas. Taehyung remained beneath the little roof above the entrance of the apartment building, curling his arms around his upper body as the cold temperatures of the rainy night engulfed him.

*He must be freezing,* Jimin thought.

“‘You’re going to be sick,’” Jimin called out above the rain. “Go back inside, Tae”

“‘You’re going to be sick as well,’” Taehyung remarked. “‘I’m not going anywhere without you’”

“I’m going to meet Jungkook”

“‘You don’t even know where he is!’” Tae reminded him, making a fairly valid point there, but honestly, Jimin didn’t care. “‘Jimin-ah, this is a bad idea. Please, come back inside,’” he screamed over the ringing sound of the rain.

The pouring intensified, causing it to be nearly impossible to distinguish anything around Jimin, his fairly blurry vision to begin with not diminishing that effect.

Suddenly, the sound of wheels creaking on the moist asphalt as they hit the break echoed over the heavy rain. At the irritating noise, Jimin turned to face the street, observing how a figure climbed out of the vehicle.

Jimin wanted to hate himself for how much he wished for it to be Jungkook.

“Jungkook-ah?” Jimin found himself whisper

“‘Jimin-ah, that’s not Jungkook,’” Taehyung informed him with an empathetic sigh, shaking his head at Jimin’s hallucination. “‘Get back here, Min-ah’”

The figure walked closer, pushing their hands into the pockets of their sweatpants as they rushed over to the entrance, their shoulders high while they dug their head low as though they tried to protect themselves from the rain.

As their distance decreased, Jimin managed to distinguish the person.

Involuntarily, his heart skipped a beat.

“What are you doing here?” Jimin whispered, certain that his voice wasn’t audible over the heavy rain, partially wondering whether his eyes were deceiving him.

*Was Taehyung seeing this, too?*

“You fucking piece of shit!” Taehyung belted out, leaving the comfort beneath the roof at last and storming towards them through the downpour. “What did you do to him?”
Taehyung was seeing him too.

“Jungkook-ah,” Jimin breathed again, Taehyung’s voice muffled in the background as his attention was fixated on the black haired boy across from him.

“Jimin-ah, baby, I-” Jungkook uttered with big eyes, slightly baffled to encounter Jimin down here in the rain.

“I’m not your baby,” Jimin stressed with a frown, disregarding Taehyung’s presence, the boy having appeared by their side to yell vulgar words at Jungkook.

“Little one”

“Stop,” Jimin demanded as he pressed his eyes shut, somehow irritated by that pet name falling from Jungkook’s lips.

A few hours ago, Jungkook had called him a child, had yelled at him to leave – and now here he was addressing Jimin with that endearing pet name and pretending as though everything was alright, when it was visibly not at all.

“Leave him alone, Jungkook,” Taehyung warned him, a vicious tone emphasising Jungkook’s name as the boy tugged Jimin back by his shirt to move in front of him akin to some sort of shield. “Whatever you did to him – I’m seriously going to fucking punch you,” he threatened.

“Hyung, please, get back inside,” Jungkook requested, disregarding Taehyung’s threat as he met the latter’s gaze, simultaneously pointing towards the entrance door. “It’s raining, you’re going to be sick”

The smaller boy blinked, noticing that Jungkook was only dressed in his sweatpants from earlier and a white shirt that was already soaking wet. As a result, the fabric was transparent at this point and clinging to his skin to accentuate the muscles that adorned his stomach.

“What do you want here, Jungkook-ah?” Taehyung inquired; his tone poisonous. “You should leave him alone”

The younger male looked past Taehyung, searching for Jimin’s eyes as an emotion flashed in his own brown orbs as though those words had affected him deeply. When their gazes met, Jimin found himself avert his eyes nervously, hiding behind Taehyung.

“Jimin-ah,” he now addressed the smaller one. “Please, get back inside. It’s raining,” he insisted. “Hyung, get him back inside. You’re both going to be sick, if you stay here”

Neither of them budged.

Sighing, Jungkook rolled his eyes. “Well”

In the twinkling of an eye, the taller boy had walked around Taehyung, lifting Jimin up into the air and throwing him over his shoulder like he weighed absolutely nothing.

At the sudden action, Jimin gasped, subconsciously clinging onto him in fear of falling down while Jungkook walked back into the apartment building.

“Jungkook-ah!” Taehyung yelled, his eyes big as he stormed after the two, having been frozen in his place for a brief moment at the abrupt turn of events.
Taehyung was *this* close to attacking Jungkook, but he refrained from executing that urgency because he feared that Jimin was going to be hurt in the process as well.

“Let me down,” Jimin demanded, punching Jungkook’s back with his petite fists, yet the latter didn’t seem to be affected at all, proceeding to walk up the stairs with only little effort.

“I’m just going to bring you upstairs”

“I said let me down!” Jimin reiterated his command, squirming around on top of Jungkook, the younger tightening his grasp as he dreaded Jimin to fall from his shoulder.

However, he was clearly pushing past Jimin’s boundaries here – audibly acting opposed to any form of consent. As soon as Jungkook comprehended that fact, he halted his movement, careful to set Jimin down on his feet, although realising that they had already reached their designated floor.

The pink haired one shoved him away, increasing the distance between them as he headed towards his own apartment.

“Did you drink?” Jungkook wanted to know, furrowing his brows as he observed the other one sway from side to side.

“No…” Jimin lied, not certain why he was being dishonest, yet then all the more indecisive why he chose to talk to Jungkook in the first place, considering how he had threatened to never speak to him again

“You can’t even walk in a straight line,” Jungkook pointed out.

“What does it matter?” Jimin remarked, irritated by Jungkook’s words. “It’s none of your business,” he added, searching for his keys until he detected that they were nowhere to be found – shortly followed by a reminder that he had left all of his belongings at the cabin.

*Great.*

“It is my business,” Jungkook objected.

“Is it?” Jimin questioned with a snort, quite frankly puzzled but all the more amused by Jungkook’s audacity. “Apparently, your business isn’t mine either, so why do you have that privilege?”

Annoyed, Jimin walked past him, noticing that Taehyung’s apartment door hadn’t been shut.

“Jimin-ah-” Jungkook uttered softly, following after Jimin who had stormed over into Taehyung’s apartment in an endeavour to increase the distance to Jungkook.

“No, I don’t want to talk to you,” Jimin emphasised, shaking his head.

Gently, Jungkook reached for Jimin’s wrist. “Angel, don’t-”

“Stop calling me that!” the pink haired one snapped, ignoring the way his insides squirmed. “I don’t want to-”

Jimin went silent as he felt the sudden urge to vomit, merely managing to kneel down and turn away from Taehyung’s rug as he puked on the floor.

At that point, Jimin realised that his stomach hadn’t stirred as a response to the pet name, but to warn him of a looming repercussion of the alcohol on his empty stomach.
“Jimin-ah, fuck,” Jungkook cursed, crouching down on the floor beside Jimin and placing his hand on his back to comfort him. His touch, however, was burning on Jimin’s skin, causing the latter to flinch.

“Go away!” Jimin belted out, his cheeks flushing at the realisation of Jungkook seeing him in such a vulnerable state.

“I’m not going anywhere,” Jungkook declined, shaking his head as he brushed Jimin’s hair out of his face. In the blinking of an eye, Jungkook lifted him up into the air, Jimin too weak to revolve. Carefully, Jungkook carried him over into the bathroom where he lowered Jimin down beside the toilet. “Here, in here, little one.”

The smaller one puked again, the sound of him gagging amplified against the walls of the small room, his throat burning from the acid taste. Shaking all over, Jimin wiped his arm over his mouth, resting his chin on the toilet seat as he feared to vomit a third time.

Gently, Jungkook reached out again, careful as he ran his hand through Jimin’s pink locks, making sure his hair wouldn’t fall into his face.

The touch was comforting.

Jemin wanted to hate himself for it.

“Why… are you always pushing me away?” Jimin’s drunk mind whispered, his eyes fluttering shut. “Why won’t you let me in?”

Why was Jungkook here? Why had he sent him away with such a hostile treatment just to turn up in front of his apartment many hours later?

Was this all just a game to him?

“Jimin-ah, angel, I-”

Involuntarily, Jimin vomited all over again, teardrops rolling down his cheeks – the boy not certain whether they were attributable to his physical or emotional pain.

“It hurts,” Jimin breathed once he had ceased to puke his insides out.

“What hurts?” Jungkook wanted to know, tender as he caressed Jimin’s back.

“Everything,” Jimin said softly, his tone so vulnerable.

“Little one, let me- I just-”

“I’m just… so sleepy,” Jimin whispered. “I’m so sleepy,” he reiterated as he lowered his head down on the toilet seat again, disregarding the unpleasant trace of his vomit filling his nostrils. “Why won’t you love me the way you claim to?”

Then, Jimin’s eyes fluttered shut, the events over the past hours taking a final toll on him, causing him to pass out and fall into a state of haziness.

Ironically, it was a certain charming black haired boy that welcomed him in his dreams – dreams in which nothing had shattered.

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The pink haired one awoke with a terrible headache, groaning at the pain vivid within his body. Carefully, he sat up, wincing at the aching of his neck, a repercussion of the uncomfortable position he had fallen asleep in.

Slowly, Jimin opened his eyes, brushing his hand through the mess of pink locks that adorned his head. For a moment, he required to adjust to the sudden illumination around him, eventually allowing him to identify his surroundings and recognise that it was Taehyung’s place he was present in, not his own.

At that realisation, images from the past night flashed right before his eyes, ones that made his insides squirm and his heart clench.

Had Jungkook really been here last night?

Had it all only been a dream?

“You’re awake, thank God,” Taehyung noted with a relieved sigh, startling Jimin who jerked up in his seat at the sudden voice. “I thought you died,” he joked.

The smaller boy turned to observe Taehyung, the latter approaching him with a little tray.

“How long was I asleep for?” Jimin mumbled, his voice sounding foreign to his own ears, touched by his slumber.

The other male pursed his lips, contemplating. “At least eighteen hours, I think,” Tae answered him with a chuckle.

What?

Then again, Jimin had been rather sleep deprived over the past days…

“My head is killing me,” the boy whined.

Taehyung chuckled as he sat down beside Jimin. “Well, you emptied my entire bottle of soju all on your own, so maybe that will teach you a lesson,” he declared, handing Jimin a glass of water and some medicine. “Here, have this,” he insisted.

“I’m so sorry, Tae,” Jimin apologised, his voice genuine. “I shouldn’t have annoyed you last night. I’m sorry for-”

“Hey, I’m your best friend, Min-ah,” Taehyung interrupted him, watching Jimin swallow the painkiller alongside the water. “I’m always going to be there to help you, okay?”

A faint smile embellished Jimin’s pretty features as he set the glass down on the coffee table.

“Did… did all of that really happen last night?” he wanted to know, almost scared to learn the answer.

Taehyung titled his head to the side, knitting his brows. “What do you mean?”

“Jungkook? Was he here?” Jimin elucidated.

“Oh,” Tae uttered, averting his gaze down on the tray. “Yes, he… Yes, he was,” he added, organising the items on the tray absentmindedly as he met Jimin’s gaze again. “You were so adamant to talk to him, but as soon as he arrived here, you didn’t want to see him,” he revealed. “At one point, you felt really sick, so Jungkook took care of you, and carried you over to my sofa once you
had fallen asleep,” he spoke softly before he added with a chuckle, “I threatened to kill him, when I find out what he did to you, but he just… he just asked me to look after you for the day and call him in case we need anything,” he continued with a gentler tone. “Oh, and he dropped your stuff off”

Now that Taehyung enlightened him, Jimin recalled the vast majority of the past night, certain that those distinct moments weren’t just part of a dream, but accurate memories.

“Oh,” Jimin murmured, quite honestly not that astonished by his own puzzling behaviour. “I… I don’t remember much of it, not that well. I just… I don’t know, it’s all confusing,” he added, shaking his head at himself.

The blond haired one flashed him an empathetic smile, placing his hand on Jimin’s thigh. “I understand, if you don’t want to talk about it, but just know that I’m here for you, yeah?”

“Thank you, Tae,” Jimin returned the smile.

Affectionately, Tae ruffled through Jimin’s already messy hair, pointing at the glass of water. “Finish that,” he insisted before he lifted the tray on his lap, waiting for Jimin to comply – which he did.

“You puked your insides out all over my floor last night, so your stomach must be empty. I have some bread for you, and I made you a soup all by myself, if you want one,” he then stated, handing Jimin a piece of bread before he set the tray down on the coffee table again.

Inquisitive, Jimin scanned the soup, just the slightest bit concerned about the fact that Taehyung had made it himself.

“It’s good. I promise. I tried it,” his best friend assured him with a chuckle, having assessed that Jimin was hesitant, presumably upon learning the fact that it had been Taehyung who had cooked for him.

“Thank you,” Jimin noted, deciding to eat at least some of it just for the sake of filling his stomach, although he wasn’t actually that hungry, but more so because he didn’t want to hurt Taehyung’s feelings by rejecting such a kind gesture.

Suddenly, a ringtone broke the silence between them, echoing in the room.

“I’ll just go and get that,” Taehyung determined, raising to his feet as he pointed at the food. “When I get back, you have to at least have finished half of it, okay?”

The smaller boy rolled his eyes, but smiled all the same. “Yes, Appa,” he teased.

Grinning, Taehyung headed over into his bedroom, shutting the door on his way in to allow himself some privacy. At his unusual behaviour, Jimin couldn’t help but suspect Taehyung to talk about him to whoever was calling him – a part within him wondering whether it was Jungkook.

After all, they tended to be very open with one another, thus accepting a call was never something they left the room for. However, Jimin didn’t mind at all. Besides, in the end, Jimin didn’t possess any meticulous knowledge nor enough information to confidently assert that he was the topic of the phone call.

To comply Taehyung’s caring request, Jimin ate from the soup he had prepared for him, pleasantly surprised by the taste. Deprived of any hesitance, he proceeded to fill his stomach.

By the time Taehyung returned to his side, Jimin had already finished two third of the soup and the entire piece of bread the former had handed him.
“Kang Nayoung,” Taehyung whispered with big eyes as though he had just encountered a paranormal activity, when he plopped down on the sofa beside Jimin, choosing to stare at the wall across from him.

Slightly puzzled, Jimin lowered his spoon down on the tray, furrowing his brows to stare at the blond haired boy. “What?”

Taehyung blinked.

*Kang Nayoung? Wasn’t that…*

“They’re the designer, isn’t she?” Jimin recalled, voicing his thoughts.

The other one gave a gentle nod, swallowing hard. “Yes, she… she just called me” Kang Nayoung was the designer that had booked Taehyung for a photoshoot for her new collection of clothes. After sending him a few previews of his pictures, Taehyung had barely heard another word from her – at least, that’s how far Jimin was into the loop.

“What did she want?”

Taehyung turned his face to meet Jimin’s gaze. “She just… talked to me about my photos,” he retorted, another gulp visible. “She told me that she had spent a lot of time planning the perfect moment to release them”

“When would that be?” Jimin wondered, raising his brows.

After all, it had been weeks now – Taehyung anxiously waiting for a message that would inform him about when the photos would drop.

“She wants to present the clothes during her fashion show,” the blond haired boy revealed.

“A fashion show?” Jimin echoed, his eyes going bigger.

The other one gave a nod. “She wants me to walk for her, Min-ah,” he breathed out.

“Walk where?” Jimin asked, tilting his head to the side as he frowned, clearly lacking the ability to connect all the dots here.

“The fashion show, Minnie!” Taehyung exclaimed, causing the smaller one to feel stupid for having to ask for clarification.

However, it required another moment for him to truly process the entirety of Tae’s words.

“What?” Jimin gasped.

“She wants me to be the one to… to walk in her new stuff,” he explained, shaking his head in disbelief. “On that day, she wants all the photos from the shoot to go public”

Jumin blinked.

“Oh my god, Tae!” he shrieked then, clapping his hands together before he jumped into Taehyung’s arms to embrace him in a hug. “That’s amazing! Congratulations!”

“I’m so fucking nervous I’m going to vomit,” Taehyung burped when they withdrew from one another, his palm flying up to his mouth while Jimin slid his hand through Taehyung’s blond hair
“No, Tae,” Jimin expressed with wide eyes. “Take a deep breath and have some more water,” he insisted, rapid to reach for the glass of water and fill it up before he handed it over to Tae.

The taller one didn’t hesitate to take several big gulps, having emptied the entire glass in the blinking of an eye. “Oh my god,” Tae voiced his disbelief again as he set the glass down on the tray. “I can’t believe she asked me to walk for her”

This was such a huge step for Taehyung’s career!

“What did you say?” Jimin asked, his voice full of delight.

Taehyung blinked.

“What do you think I said? Of course, I said yes!” he exclaimed, shoving Jimin’s shoulder with a chuckle.

To be fair, it hadn’t been reprehensible for Jimin to wonder what his response had been. After all, Taehyung had never walked during a fashion show before. Then again, Taehyung had always been someone that loved attention, in fact craved for it. Maybe, the notion of doing this job was evoking a surge of anxiety, but Jimin was almost certain that he would do well when he was actually in that situation. Similar to how natural and comfortable it was for Jimin to dance in front of people, Taehyung surely felt that same way about modelling.

“You have never walked for anyone before, though, have you?” Jimin found himself inquire, not recalling Taehyung ever mentioning such a significant incident.

“No, I… I haven’t,” Taehyung responded softly, pressing his lips into a line as he slumped down on the sofa. “That’s the issue”

Jemin’s heart ached, feeling apologetic for he hadn’t intended to upset Taehyung.

“It won’t be that hard, right?” Jimin noted with an encouraging smile.

Frankly, Jimin had no idea how tough it actually was to walk on a runway since he had never tried nor talked to anyone who did. – Then again, evidently, it wasn’t easy, considering how many models didn’t get booked to walk on runways.

“I mean, you just have to walk in a straight line, right?” Taehyung coincided, sliding his hand through his blond locks with a nervous laugh.

_Dubious._

“I guess?” Jimin said slowly, albeit doubting that it was truly the only premise of being booked to walk at a fashion show.

“Well, she asked me to come by tomorrow, just to see,” Taehyung expressed with a sigh, playing with the hem of his shirt absentmindedly, a nervous habit of his. “It won’t be up until a few weeks until the fashion show actually occurs, so… I have a bit to practice – to walk. How silly does that sound?” he chuckled, shaking his head at himself.

“It doesn’t sound silly at all,” Jimin assured him with a sweet smile.

After all, Jimin was more than confident to assert that he would never mange to walk on a runway,
especially not at the notion of people around him watching every move he took, their eyes fixate on him, his expression, his attitude and the clothes that adorned his figure.

No, that sounded absolutely terrifying.

“Why don’t you show me?” Jimin found himself suggest.

Taehyung furrowed his brows. “Show you what?”

“How you would walk on a runway,” Jimin explained, reaching out for Taehyung’s phone. “Let’s put on some music”

The taller male laughed, but gave a nod, simultaneously amused, but also intrigued by that idea. “Sure,” he noted, unlocking his phone. In the midst of that act, he stole a glimpse at the display of the device, noticing what time and date it was.

At the sight of the alteration in Taehyung’s expression, Jimin’s heart sank, a singe of fear blooming within him.

“What’s wrong?”

“You… know what else is tomorrow, don’t you?” Taehyung inquired, his tone soft, almost as though he dreaded how Jimin would response to the question, if he spoke any louder than this.

The smaller boy lowered his hand back down to his lap.

The excitement and pure joy for Taehyung had prevailed anything else, causing him to omit the significance of that day – but only for so long.

Now, everything came back crashing down.

“Yeah,” Jimin breathed, giving a gentle nod.

“Are you still going?”

It should be an easy answer – an easy answer to an easy question.

Yet, somehow, it was anything but easy.

***

Hesitantly, the pink haired boy walked into the enormous ball room, a mixture of white marble and golden shades adorning the place. At least a few hundred people were present at the gathering, occupying a few of the various tables in the centre of the room or having a drink at the bar, some still remaining by the entrance as they had been pulled in to exchange a few words in a forced conversation.

Every person around him looked utterly classy, wearing a fancy dress, a custom-made suit or a tuxedo. Despite the dresses appearing in variations of colours – even a few vibrant ones here and there – the shades that embellished their hair were rather limited to dark brown and black tones.

Jimin, however, was undeniably in the minority with his vibrant rose hair.

Yet, here he was.

After everything that had went down in the past forty-three hours, Jimin was here, nonetheless. One
chaos followed the former one and Jimin felt as though he was stuck in an infinite dark tunnel leading absolutely nowhere, perhaps simply attracting bedlam.

But, Jimin was here.

This was it.

The pink haired boy’s heart skipped a beat at the magnitude of the event.

Timidly, Jimin walked past a few people, bumping into a stranger on his way further into the room. “I’m sorry,” he apologised softly at their collision, the other person not even sparing him a glance, but proceeding to head their way.

Apparently, he wasn’t important enough to merit an apology or a simple acknowledgement, his presence entirely disregarded. Then again, Jimin would be lying, if he asserted that he had expected anyone to truly see him.

In the end, Jimin simply wasn’t a part of the upper class, had not attained as many accomplishments in his life nor did he possess as many assets to his name as anyone else in this room that had obtained a personal invitation to be here.

Inevitably, Jimin felt lonely, felt out of place – as though he wasn’t supposed or welcome to be here at all; and maybe he wasn’t, but… all the same, it felt like this was where he was meant to be tonight.

Anxiously, Jimin played with his petite fingers in a nervous manner, wavering further into the room, aware that his heart was searching for someone in particular, although he realised that he didn’t want to admit to that fact.

However, it seemed like it was impossible to locate that certain someone in a crowd as huge as this-

Jemin froze in his place.

He had spoken too soon.

There he was. Jungkook; dressed in a black tuxedo, his gorgeous black hair divided in the middle to reveal a section of his forehead, his hand curled around a cold glass as he stared out into the crowd.

Gosh, he was handsome – How could a man be that handsome?

Despite all of those people surrounding him, Jungkook easily attracted anyone’s attention.

Naturally, Jimin’s heart rate picked up, causing the smaller to scold his heart to calm down.

Suddenly, Jungkook lifted his head, their gazes meeting so purely, as though they were connected by a string of fate that simply forced them to gravitate to one another in some way.

At the sight of Jimin, Jungkook parted his lips.

Nervously, Jimin averted his eyes, feeling like he had been caught doing something he shouldn’t have, disregarding the way his insides squirmed at the view of Jungkook, his heart skipping another beat.

All of a sudden, someone grabbed Jimin’s arm, forceful as they tugged him back

“Did you think you could just sneak in?” a male voice belted out, Jimin wincing at the pain the man projected on him. “You need an invitation to be here,” he stressed, Jimin capable to turn his body just
enough to meet the other male’s gaze.

The man was a lot taller and broader than him, his head shaved bald, his eyes such a dark shade of brown that his appearance intimidated Jimin, to be quite frank.

“I-Invitation?” Jimin stuttered, recalling that he did in fact not possess such an invitation, yet then certain that no one had asked to see any invitation upon his arrival either. No, Jimin had indubitably not sneaked in, considering how he had been welcomed by a guard at the entrance.

The man gave a nod. “Yes, an invitation,” he affirmed, giving Jimin’s arm another harsh pull. “Leave,” he insisted in a demanding tone.

Suddenly, the man was shoved away, causing his grasp around Jimin’s arm to vanish at last.

Dazed, Jimin lifted his head to identify the person, commencing to voice his gratitude in regard to his saviour, but he refrained from speaking at all as he recognised his rescuer, a shiver running down his back instead.

“How dare you touch him like that?” Jungkook belted out at the man, pushing him again, simultaneously moving in front of Jimin protectively.

“You fucking-” the other man insinuated to cuss at Jungkook, but froze as he met Jungkook’s gaze. His expression altered in the blinking of an eye – an irritated one filled with rage replaced by an expression full of horror. “M-Mr. Jeon, I am so- This man tried to get in-” he tried to justify his behaviour panickily, executing a deep bow.

It was always such a fascinating image: The effect that the authority and pure power Jungkook exuded possessed – how a rude and violent man could be put back in his place by a plain stare from Jungkook.

“This man is my boy-” Jungkook intended to reveal, but refrained from finishing that sentence after he stole a glimpse at Jimin. “He’s here with me. I’ve invited him,” he corrected himself.

“I-I am terribly sorry, Mr. Jeon,” the man apologised, his eyes huge as he performed another bow. “My deepest apologies for this misunderstanding”

Was he truly that scared of Jungkook?

Was that how strangers in the industry viewed Jungkook; was his reputation such an intimidating one?

“You don’t touch anyone like that again, especially not him, understood?” Jungkook warned him, having decreased the distance between them to ensure that no one else listened.

“I’m sorry, Mr. Jeon. Please, I will be careful,” he promised, giving a nod.

After glaring at him for a moment longer, Jungkook waved him off, then turning to face Jimin.

“Thank you,” Jimin uttered softly – genuinely grateful, but more so just acting upon a natural polite mannerism that tended to be challenging to be prevailed.

“No need to thank me,” Jungkook responded, his tone so much gentler than just a few seconds ago when he had addressed the other man.

The smaller one stared into his eyes, but his heart clenched at the familiar feeling being evoked
within him, his heart begging him to leave this place to mend the pain.

In a swift motion, Jimin turned around, heading down into the crowd while he found himself inhaling a shaky breath to remind himself that he didn’t need to suffocate.

To be quite honest, Jimin hadn’t expected the turmoil within his heart at the encounter with Jungkook in a sober state to be that challenging. Don’t get him wrong, Jimin had certainly been aware that it was never going to be simple, but he hadn’t predicted this degree of his poor heart dealing with this mixture of emotions.

Right now, Jimin needed a drink.

However, a non-alcoholic one to be specific, Jimin reminding himself of his broken promise that he had made a few weeks back, having chosen to stay away from any alcoholic beverages for a while.

Well, that hadn’t quite worked out.

Yet then, yesterday had been an exception attributable to the wild circumstances.

Nonetheless, Jimin was determined to still hold onto that promise he had made to himself for what it was worth, regardless of him having broken it the preceding night.

A few moments later, Jimin found himself at the now empty bar, detecting that a few non-alcoholic beverages were deposited freely, allowing you to serve yourself.

Convenient.

“Jimin-ah,” Jungkook called out, startling Jimin who hadn’t noticed that he had followed after him, in fact only now realising that the bar was located in a corner of the room that was rather segregated, allowing you a sense of privacy. “You… You came,” he breathed out.

“Of course, I did,” Jimin remarked casually, not meeting Jungkook’s gaze – for his own sake.

“Thank-”

“Not for you,” Jimin lied, his gaze flickering over the selection of beverages, the boy not certain why he was being intentionally dishonest.

After all, he had thought about this decision for so long…

“Are you still going?” Taehyung inquired, his tone soft as he took a seat on the armrest beside Jimin, patiently staring at the pink haired boy as he waited for a response.

It should be an easy answer – an easy answer to an easy question.

Yet, somehow, it was anything but easy.

“I…I…,” Jimin struggled to respond, parting his lips as he itched to say something, but pressing them shut again as he chose to remain silent.

“You promised him,” Taehyung reminded him.

The smaller boy lowered his head, catching his bottom lip between his teeth. “I-I know,” he whispered, quite frankly not requiring a reminder of his promise voiced towards Jungkook.
Gently, Taehyung placed his hand on Jimin’s shoulder, giving it a tender squeeze to console him. “It’s okay to break this promise, Jimin-ah. I don’t know what he did to you, but it clearly hurt you a lot, so it’s fine to not attend the gala with him,” he expressed, an empathetic smile curving his lips.

“I just… I feel like…” Jimin trailed off.

Evidently, Jimin had threatened Jungkook to never speak to him again, but… it had only been a threat voiced in the heat of the moment, in an endeavour to evoke a change in Jungkook’s behaviour.

Did Jimin really mean that?

Could he even envisage himself to never talk to Jungkook again?

Was he truly content with never learning why Jungkook had behaved that way at the cabin?

With never learning what he has been hiding for weeks?

With never seeing Jungkook again?

With just letting him go like that?

“Yes?” Taehyung drew Jimin out of his thoughts.

“I think I have to talk to him,” Jimin found himself whisper, discovering that his heart had decided this long before any sane or rational part of him could have.

Bewildered, Taehyung’s eyes went bigger. “Jimin-ah, last night you screamed at him to leave you al-”

“I was drunk and hurt and sad and… Gosh, I don’t know,” Jimin interrupted him, a sigh that illustrated his frustration slipping from his lips as he slid his hand through his messy pink locks. “I really don’t know what the right thing to do is, but… I can’t just keep running away all the time, can I?”

Taehyung stared at him for a moment.

“If what he did to you hurt you that vastly, then yes, you’re allowed to walk away,” he responded, giving a nod.

“I want… I want clarity,” Jimin whispered, meeting Taehyung’s gaze.

The blond haired male’s gaze flickered back and forth between Jimin’s eyes. “Clarity that allows you to walk away from him forever once you found closure, or clarity that enables you to forgive him?” he wanted to know, furrowing his brows.

Slowly, Jimin lowered his head again. “I don’t know,” he murmured.

Walk away from him forever?

Undeniably, Jungkook had treated Jimin in a terrible way, but… did that equal for him to just let go of everything they had?

Undoubtedly, Jungkook had made mistakes, but he also made Jimin the happiest he could be, made him love life in a way he couldn’t even express, made him feel alive in every fibre of his very being.
Was that… extraneous? Did that… not matter at all?

Was Jungkook even that same person anymore or had it all just been a façade?

“Do you think you can forgive him for what he did to you?” Taehyung inquired, drawing Jimin out of his thoughts again.

“I…”

Could he?

The blond haired boy placed his hand on Jimin’s cheek, forcing him to look at him.

“Jimin-ah, do you love him?” Tae whispered.

Now that Jimin was actually here with Jungkook, it was so much tougher; so much more challenging and different than he had envisaged for this moment to go.

Maybe, his heart wasn’t ready yet.

“Your father invited me as well and I had already accepted,” Jimin expressed as he picked up a bottle of fizzy water. “Besides, it’s for a good cause,” he added, finally meeting Jungkook’s eyes again.

Bad idea.

The black haired male fixed his tie, giving a faint nod as an unsettling emotion flashed in his eyes – one that tugged on Jimin’s heart strings.

“I understand,” he spoke softly, his gaze never leaving Jimin’s beautiful features, the latter long having averted his eyes over to the crowd of significant people dressed in fancy clothes.

The longer Jimin remained in Jungkook’s presence, the harder it was for him to disregard the longing of his heart. All the same, the inquisitiveness and pure heartbreak that resided within him grew vaster the closer he was to Jungkook.

Ruled by a defence-mechanism of his soul, Jimin pushed himself away from the bar, intending to leave the situation. Jungkook, however, curled his hand around Jimin’s wrist to prevent him from going.

“Will you let me take you home tonight?” the younger asked.

Home.

Frowning, Jimin snatched his arm back, facing Jungkook with an appalled expression. “Are you serious?” he stressed, shaking his head with a humourless laugh. “I’m not going to have sex with you-”

“We need to talk,” Jungkook interrupted him.

Talk. – That’s what Jimin had begged him to do all along.

It was what Jimin still wanted, what he was seeking for, yet why did the mere notion of Jungkook saying those words evoke such a surge of irritation and denunciation within him?
“You want to talk to me?” Jimin echoed, raising his brows at the absurdity of that statement. “That’s new,” he snorted, albeit not leaving either, but leaning against the counter again.

“Can you stop being so stubborn for one second?” Jungkook insisted, his voice soft opposed to Jimin’s bitter tone.

“No, you don’t get to say that,” Jimin stressed, angered by Jungkook’s audacity to call Jimin stubborn after everything he had done to him. “You’re the one who caused all of this. You claim to love me, but you treat me like shit”

The taller male flinched at his words, almost as though they had physically harmed him.

“How can you say that?”

“You keep me locked up in a car,” Jimin reminded him, only partially exaggerating. “You don’t tell me about anything that’s going on in your life. You have secrets that you keep behind my back. You won’t let me into your heart. You treated me like a pet back at the cabin and said those horrible things to me,” he listed on his fingers, compelling himself to not cry. “Tell me, how is that a stable and healthy relationship? How is that love?”

The black haired male reached for him. “I just- Little one, I-”

Jimin, however, took a step back, shaking his head. “I can’t bear that any longer,” he asserted.

“Please, Jimin-ah-”

“Can you look me in the eyes right now and tell me that you haven’t lied to me these past weeks?” Jungkook interrupted him, taking a step towards Jungkook, their faces so much closer now. At their intimate proximity, Jungkook itched to touch Jimin, Jungkook’s gaze flickering back and forth between Jimin’s pretty doe eyes, wishing the affection he had grown to love would be gleaming in them. “Can you tell me honestly that you haven’t kept any secrets from me?”

Jungkook parted his lips, but remained silent.

“Of course,” Jimin spoke quietly, shaking his head as he turned away.

In hindsight, it might not have been such a good idea to come here, the reaction to any encounter with Jungkook having been inevitable. Clearly, this wasn’t the most appropriate place, certainly not the right time to have this conversation.

The pink haired one was still too hurt to talk to Jungkook in any civil way.

Yet, could you blame him?

If Jimin truly wanted this night to evolve anything close to pretty, he ought to keep it together and remain calm – regardless of how difficult it was going to be.

“I fucked up,” Jungkook was quick to declare. “I am fucked up, just let me-”

“Mr. Park, hello,” another male voice suddenly joined their conversation, drawing both of their attention over to him.

At the unexpected sight, Jimin’s eyes went big.

“Oh, Mr. Yang, what a pleasure to see you again,” he greeted the man, executing a deep bow, ruled by a polite mannerism.
“The pleasure is all mine,” Mr. Yang claimed with a grin, waving his wine glass around. “I didn’t expect to see you here, Mr. Park,” he added. “I must say, I was sad to hear that you declined my offer of joining my company,” he revealed, but laughed all the same, clearly in a good mood.

“I apologise,” Jimin uttered with a soft smile, exhibiting another bow.

Mr. Yang lifted his hand, shaking his head at Jimin’s apology. “I understand that you made a good choice by going with Jeon,” he coincided, noticing that Jungkook was standing just a few inches beside them. “There he is!” he exclaimed with a smile. “Good to see you”

“You, too, Yang,” Jungkook returned politely, performing a slight bow.

“Well, Jimin-ssi, would you mind joining me for a moment?” Mr. Yang requested friendly. “I have a few people I would like you to meet. Coincidently, we had just talked about the significance of good performers in the industry,” he added as he gestured to a spot behind him, implying that he viewed Jimin as a good performer, flattering the smaller one.

“You want me to meet them?” Jimin wondered.

“Yes”

“Careful, Yang,” Jungkook warned him. “Jimin-ssi already made his decision,” he added, itching to move closer, but compelling himself to remain calmly, leaning against the counter. “He chose me- he chose us,” he corrected.

“We’re just going to have a conversation, Jeon, no worries,” Mr. Yang noted with a chuckle.

The black haired male, however, didn’t laugh. “This might not be the most appropriate setting, don’t you think?” he stated, pointing to his side at no one in particular.

Mr. Yang’s smile grew as he took a step towards Jungkook. “I think Mr. Park is perfectly capable of making that decision on his own,” he remarked.

The two men glared at one another, polite smiles remaining on their faces, yet there was a prominent display of tension in the air between them.

“So, Mr. Park, would you mind?” Mr. Yang inquired again, although he didn’t divert his gaze towards Jimin, but proceeded to glare at Jungkook.

Undoubtedly, Jimin was more than happy to be a part of Jeon Entertainment, but he would be lying if he asserted that he wasn’t inquisitive at all to at least learn why Mr. Yang wanted him to meet these people. Palpably, Jimin wouldn’t leave Jeon Entertainment for anyone, but participating in a harmless conversation wasn’t prohibited, was it? More than anything, it would establish a way for him to reasonably remove himself from this situation with Jungkook, a circumstance that his heart was begging him for.

“I don’t mind at all,” Jimin responded, shaking his head.

At his words, Jungkook and Mr. Yang turned to face him.

“Wonderful,” Mr. Yang expressed, grinning smugly as he gestured for Jimin to follow him. “Jeon,” he noted, waving Jungkook goodbye before he walked ahead.

The smaller boy insinuated to follow after him, but Jungkook wrapped his hand around Jimin’s wrist to tug him back.
“Where are you going?” he asked, despite the answer being apparent.

“I’m following him,” Jimin stated the obvious as he met Jungkook’s gaze.

“Are you- Fuck, don’t do that,” Jungkook insisted with a frown. “Not now. Please, little one, I need you”

The pink haired one stilled, his heart clenching again.

“Ironic, isn’t it? For you to be mad at me for treating you the way you proceed to treat me,” Jimin remarked though, releasing himself from Jungkook’s grasp before he followed after Mr. Yang, not taking another glimpse back at the younger male, ignoring the way his heart ached.

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“Asshole, what are you doing here all on your own?” a female voice ventured.

The black haired male didn’t even turn to face them, recognising the voice to establish that their presence was indifferent to him, choosing to proceed to stare off into the crowd as he took another sip from his scotch.

“Hello? Are you not going to scold me for how I address you?” Minji noted as she rolled her eyes, waving her hand around in front of Jungkook’s face.

Jungkook narrowed his eyes. “I never knew what a fucking snake Yang really was,” he stated lowly, having remained in the same spot for the past fifteen minutes, observing the conversation between Mr. Yang, Jimin and a few strangers evolve, Jungkook turning more impatient and irritated with each passing second he watched them.

“Excuse me?”

“Yang,” Jungkook reiterated, stealing a glimpse at Minji to meet her confused expression, before he averted his gaze back over to Yang’s table. The older male was laughing, swaying his wine glass around whilst Jimin was quiet beside him, a polite smile adorning his pretty features. “Fucking Yang. Look at him,” he cursed at the sight, taking another sip from his drink.

Minji furrowed her brows. “He’s literally having a conversation,” she stressed, pointing at the man at the other side of the room.

“Yeah”

The woman beside him blinked.

“Wow, what a horrible thing to do,” she gasped, giving a nod. “You’re literally right,” she coincided, irony dripping from her tone as she picked up a bottle of still water.

Predominantly, her words were inaudible to Jungkook, her voice muffled as he was fixated on the stranger beside Jimin, having noticed his stares and close proximity to his lover. A few too many times he had placed his hand on Jimin’s arm or shoulder, visibly flirting with the boy. At each brush of his hand over Jimin’s body, Jimin blushed nervously, smiling politely before he was swift to avert his eyes from the man, evidently not interested.

Fuck, Jungkook would be lying, if he claimed that it didn’t evoke a surge of smugness within him whenever Jimin displayed his clear apathy in any man around him.
“Who’s that beside him?” Jungkook wanted to know, commencing to turn rather annoyed by that guy’s behaviour; *this* close to walking over there to grab him by the collar and shove him out of this fucking building.

Of course, that douche believed he could impose his status and power on Jimin, believed he could touch Jimin in whatever way he desired just because he had money – because, *fuck what you want, fuck whether you’re content with this, I want it and I have money so I can take whatever I fucking want* – That’s what they thought. That’s what any damn man in this fucking building thought.

The girl followed his gaze. “Uh, your boyfriend?” Minji responded, flashing Jungkook an irritated glare.

“No, fuck, the other side,” Jungkook elucidated, rolling his eyes. “That fucking douchebag that keeps touching Jimin like he’s a fucking-”

“You just literally used the word *fuck* five times in the past thirty seconds,” Minji pointed out.

The black haired male rolled his eyes all over again. “Well, you use *literally* way too often so do I really fucking care about what you say?” he noted, not meeting her gaze.

Minji huffed, leaning on the counter as she picked at her nails. “Whoa, look who hasn’t gotten his dick sucked in a while,” she remarked below her breath, sighing.

“Shut up, Minji,” Jungkook demanded, annoyed by her obnoxious comments. “Why don’t you go and hop on another dick, hm?”

“Fuck you,” she cursed at him, furrowing her brows.

“You, too,” Jungkook returned, lifting his glass as though he were to cheer for her.

Neither of them moved, the two of them at a point in their lives where they had adjusted to their circumstances and had grown to accustom to the way they treated one another without truly taking their words to heart.

The girl sighed as she straightened her back again, pressing her lips into a line before she inquired, “Jeon, on a more serious note, what’s wrong?”

“Who’s that guy?” Jungkook reiterated his question. “Is he working with Yang? I’ve never fucking seen him,” he stated, shaking his head as he attempted to recall an encounter with the man, but any effort was for vain.

There were only two options at this point – the two of them had never fucking met, or his face was just not one to remember.

“That’s Seo; one of Yang’s acquaintances. They worked together before, but are more friends than business associates,” Minji enlightened him on the guy he was referring to. “And in case you mean that other guy beside Jimin, that’s Yang’s assistant,” she informed him. “You have to know him because I’m pretty sure he gave you head before,” she added, amusement audible in her tone.

“That guy?” Jungkook questioned, furrowing his brows as he glanced at the other man beside Jimin, a guy that appeared to be utterly indifferent to be here at all.

The taller male could not envisage himself with that guy.

Then again, Jungkook had never really cared much, if it came down to anyone essentially begging
Jungkook to allow them to give him head. Back then, Jungkook hadn’t been one to decline a quick blowjob in a random bathroom stall.

Fuck, he could never imagine himself doing that now.

Not now. Not now that Jimin was in his life.

No matter whether Jimin still wanted him or not, Jungkook was certain that he would never want anyone else again as much as he wanted Jimin, was certain that he would never want to touch anyone else again the way he touched Jimin, was certain that he would never love anyone else again as much as he loved Jimin.

At this point, Jungkook vowed his heart belonged to Jimin – forever – whether he wanted it or not, it was his, and that fact would never change.

“Yes, that guy,” Minji affirmed, drawing Jungkook out of his thoughts.

Jungkook hummed, titling his head to the side. “I don’t remember a damn thing about that,” he murmured, more to himself than anything, but then again not particularly caring about that guy either.

“Well, you were pretty drunk during that Christmas party, so that’s no surprise,” Minji mocked, rolling her eyes.

Yang’s acquaintance laughed out loud – Jungkook couldn’t help but wish he would choke – his hand finding itself on the small of Jimin’s back, potentially already brushing his bottom, this time around. The latter was startled by the touch, flinching as his eyes went bigger.

Was he fucking drunk? Was he unable to refrain from touching people without their consent? There was a fair line between a friendly or accidental touch and a touch that insinuated to suggest more.

In a quick, but subtle motion, Jimin managed to remove the man’s hand from his back, Jungkook struggling to define whether Jimin was uncomfortable and required his help or whether he preferred to handle the situation on his own.

After all, every now and then, Jimin did giggle at one of their jokes, did engage in their conversation quite brightly and bubbly.

Was Jungkook misinterpreting the situation? Did Jimin enjoy the attention and flirtation?

“Well does that douche keep touching Jimin? I’m this close to walking over there and punching the shit out of him,” Jungkook swore, pushing his tongue into his cheek as his jaw locked, having to gather any last piece of self-control he could muster to not walk up to them.

Fuck, Jungkook was doing his utmost, but shit, he was so fucking close to snapping.

The only thing that was holding him back was Jimin not searching to find his gaze – if he did, Jungkook wouldn’t waste another heartbeat to storm over there and put that bastard back into his place.

“Go ahead,” Minji encouraged him.

The younger furrowed his brows, confident that his ears had deceived him. “What?” he questioned, meeting her gaze.

“Yeah, go ahead,” Minji repeated with a nod, gesturing for Jungkook to leave. “I’m sure your father
would love for you to make a scene at such a prestige and significant event. Go ahead, ruin your reputation and that pivotal moment in your life with an impulsive decision,” she added, irony vividly illustrated in her tone.

Jungkook rolled his eyes. “Fuck you”

“You know that I’m right,” she noted.

“I know, that’s why I hate you even more,” he added, a slight smirk curving his lips.

Minji smiled, shaking her head.

It was only at that point that Jungkook recalled what event he was present at, followed by confusion as to why Minji was even talking to him – considering how she hadn’t received a personal invitation to be here.

“Why are you even here?” Jungkook then wanted to know.

“Your father invited me,” she responded casually.

Jungkook frowned. “Why?”

Why did his father require his assistant to be here?

“Why not?” she retorted, knitting her brows as she shrugged her shoulders, then opening her bottle of water in a clear indication that she wasn’t going to give Jungkook an enlightening answer.

The black haired male rolled his eyes, but refrained from arguing.

Naturally, silence settled between them again, Jungkook quite fond of that phenomenon, yet only for so long until it was broken by Minji, the girl pointing at his glass filled with liquor. “So, you are drinking again, huh?”

“I’m not,” Jungkook denied nonchalantly, his eyes never leaving Jimin.

The two of them were aware that he was lying.

“Well, it smells like you are,” Minji uttered, propping her chin up on her fist.

Jungkook sighed. “Well, that’s none of your fucking business”

The girl rolled her eyes, but dropped the topic, not interested to argue with Jungkook any longer.

“So, why are you not with your Jimin?” Minji wanted to know, titling her head to the side.

Your Jimin, as though Jimin was his.

Just two days ago, Jungkook would have certainly declared that Jimin was his – just as much as Jungkook was his – yet now, after everything, Jungkook wasn’t confident whether Jimin viewed that part about them in an equal way, whether Jimin was truly still his.

“I guess you aren’t going to answer,” Minji sighed, rolling her eyes. “Surprise”

“I… fucked up,” Jungkook found himself respond, his tone a lot softer than it had initially been – not just regarding this conversation, but ever, Minji wanted to assert.

“Fuck you,” Jungkook cursed at her, bringing his glass back up to his lips.

A moment of silence consumed them, Minji feeling a surge of apology and remorse bloom within her after realising that Jungkook had tried to be honest with his feelings. “What did you do?” she inquired; her tone gentler.

The black haired male didn’t respond.

“Well, then fix it,” Minji advised, albeit not possessing any knowledge about what Jungkook had done to cause that split or argument – certainly distance – between them.

“I’m trying to,” Jungkook responded, lowering his gaze down to his digits curled around his glass, his index finger running over the crystal.

“You’re doing a poor job then,” Minji claimed.

No shit.

“Fuck you, Minji”

Minji lifted her hands in defence. “What? Am I wrong?”

Across from him – at the other side of the room – Jimin giggled, his eyes turning into small crescents as a response to a remark one of the men around him had made.

“I fucking hate this,” Jungkook groaned, emptying his drink in one go before he lowered the glass down on the counter in a harsh manner, nearly breaking the item in the process. “I’m going to look for my father,” he informed Minji, leaving her behind.

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On the other side of the room, Jimin was emerged in a conversation he admittedly found his heart longing to abandon. By no means was that emotion attributable to the men around him being boring or annoying, for that matter, yet Jimin couldn’t help the way his heart begged to search for Jungkook’s gaze. Frankly, it required every ounce of self-control Jimin could muster to refrain from acting accordingly to that desire.

Jimin had noticed. Jungkook’s intent stares, that is.

How couldn’t he – with the way Jungkook had not teared his eyes away from him for the past twenty minutes, with the way the two of them were connected in a way neither of them truly understood?

“Mr. Park, rumour has it that Jeon is debuting a new boy group very soon. Is that true?” the man beside Jimin – Mr. Seo, as Jimin had prior learned – declared as he placed his hand on the small of Jimin’s back, for the fifth time by now, that is. “You must know, considering how you’re one of his rarely talented choreographers,” he added, leaning closer with a chuckle, the scent of cigarettes and alcohol filling Jimin’s nostrils.

You see, at first, Jimin had labelled any touch by the man as an accidental one, brushing it off with a smile, then figuring it might just be a friendly gesture, a way the man simply expressed himself.

Yet, at this point Jimin was commencing to turn more than just uncomfortable with each intrusive touch, subtly moving away an inch each time, but learning that the man simply followed after him.
Perhaps, his initial impression of Mr. Seo hadn’t been that far off?

Don’t get Jimin wrong by any means, the boy didn’t exactly condone the act of judging anyone for who they are, let alone by a mere first impression.

However, their first encounter had been rather… notable?

“Seo, this is Park Jimin, currently working for Jeon,” Mr. Yang introduced the pink haired boy to another business associate of his, the latter executing another deep bow.

Mr. Seo smirked at Jimin’s mannerism, reaching for Jimin’s delicate hand opposed to returning the bow. For a moment, he simply studied Jimin’s pretty features, the corners of his lips curving up higher.

“Beautiful,” he commented with a smirk, Jimin not quite certain whether his remark was stated in regard to Mr. Yang’s statement or a compliment for Jimin’s appearance. “Nice to meet you, Mr. Park”

“You, too,” Jimin uttered politely, a shiver running down his back at the way Mr. Seo’s gaze was piercing through his eyes, the man still not having allowed Jimin to withdraw his hand from his grasp.

In hindsight, maybe it hadn’t been such a good idea to come here at all, considering how the men around him were not at all interested in what Jimin had to say about anything.

No, opposed to his words, Mr. Yang had only faintly introduced Jimin – including a comment about the company he worked for – to his acquaintances before he had initiated a rather passionate conversation about the wine he was drinking, presumably having long forgotten why he had invited Jimin over.

Mr. Yang appeared to have had a few too many drinks already – as any other man around him – Jimin feeling compelled to laugh or at least smile politely at his dry jokes. In contrast to Jimin, the men around him cackled at each joke Mr. Yang made, causing Jimin to wonder whether he missed the pun, simply didn’t share the same humour or the men around him felt forced to laugh at Mr. Yang’s anecdotes, bearing the notable hierarchy in mind – Mr. Yang undeniably exuding a certain authority over the other men in the circle.

“Uhm… I’m afraid that’s confidential information I’m not permitted to declare, Mr. Seo. I’m sorry,” Jimin apologised eventually, flashing the man a gentle smile.

“Ah, but you’re not declaring anything I don’t know, Mr. Park. I’m aware of this news already. There is nothing going on in this industry I’m not aware of,” Mr. Seo boasted with a sway of his hand, his other palm finding its way to Jimin’s back again, subtly sliding below his jacket this time.

“Well, with all due respect, if you are that certain, then there is no need for you to ask and indubitably no reason for you to refer to it as a rumour, Mr. Seo,” Jimin responded as he carefully moved away, the other men around him chuckling at Jimin’s remark. “In either way, I’m not allowed to talk about it”

Mr. Seo pursed his lips, a dark emotion flashing in his eyes as he studied Jimin’s features. “Fair enough,” he murmured, an intrigued smile curving his lips.
“Ah, Jimin-ssi, don’t let Seo here fool you. We are all more than familiar with how nosy he can be. I bet you, he has no idea about that group from Jeon,” Mr. Yang remarked, swaying his glass around again, trying to wink, but ending up doing a horrible job.

Amused, Jimin giggled, giving a nod as he dipped his head down.

At last, Jimin was no longer capable to refrain from his desire to find Jungkook’s gaze, causing his eyes to trail over to the bar, albeit discovering that Jungkook was no longer there.

Slowly, Jimin’s laughter subsided, his smile faltering as he searched for Jungkook, but with the amount of people that were present in the room, any effort was futile. To be honest, Jimin wasn’t quite certain why his sudden absence even upset him that much, considering how Jimin had been the one to leave him behind earlier.

Naturally, Jimin found himself itching to go and look for Jungkook, too inquisitive to learn where he had gone and why he had left his spot in the first place after having remained there for at least twenty minutes simply gazing at Jimin.

However, right now, Jimin needed to stay strong and stand his ground.

“You seem to take your job very seriously,” Mr. Seo then noted, drawing Jimin out of his thoughts. “That is remarkable. I guess it’s fair to say that Jeon has found a good one in you. These days, those are rare,” he complimented, flashing Jimin a smirk.

Politely, Jimin returned the smile. “Thank you,” he uttered.

“I told you,” Mr. Yang stressed, giving a nod. “I have a sense for that. I can immediately see whether someone is suitable to work for me, whether they’ve really got what it takes,” he boasted, taking yet another sip from his wine.

Somehow, Jimin couldn’t help but wonder whether these men around him were even aware that this was a charity event, that tonight had a more significant purpose than any talk regarding their business could ever have.

Neither of them had mentioned at least one word about the charity.

No, opposed to that, they had been making dirty jokes, had talked about their competition or what kind of beverage they preferred. These were the people that could establish changes in the world – people that possessed the means to help and shape the future, but allegedly, none of that mattered to them.

Evidently, some small talk at such an event was inevitable, but why did a majority of the people here seem so adamant to learn a new secret about the competition or try to establish deals, when tonight was intended for way more important topics to discuss.

Slowly, Jimin started to realise that not everyone shared the same passion for charities as Jungkook did, that some people used this night to have free drinks, exchange some words with additional wealthy people in the industry, potentially get their name out there and make a few affairs.

In the end, Jimin doubted that they had primarily joined this event because of any sincere interest in the cause.

“I would like to see a pretty face like yours perform, Mr. Park,” Mr. Seo drew Jimin out of his thoughts. “Bearing in mind how both Yang and Jeon keep praising your talent,” he declared as he placed his hand on the small of Jimin’s back below his suit jacket again.
At his words, Jimin smiled gloomily.

This right here was just another piece of evidence to accentuate Jimin’s initial conviction.

“I have no intention of leaving Jeon Entertainment, Mr. Seo, I’m sorry,” Jimin responded, shaking his head.

No matter what was going to happen between him and Jungkook, Jimin was fond of the company.

Mr. Seo chuckled, his hand moving lower on Jimin’s back – dangerously close to his bottom – the latter’s eyes going wide whilst he swallowed hard at the inappropriate touch. “I would have to see you perform first to offer you a place, Mr. Park,” he noted with a grin.

Carefully, Jimin moved away from Mr. Seo, the older forced to drop his hand back to his side.

“Mr. Park performed at the Seoul Dance Championship this year,” Mr. Yang stated then.
“Remarkable performance. Truly. You really missed out by not being there this time around,” he claimed, addressing Mr. Seo.

“Well, it appears that neither of us would have had a chance anyway, considering how he went with Jeon,” Mr. Seo made a valid point.

In a way, Jimin was grateful that Mr. Seo had never even given him an offer to audition for his company like Mr. Jeon or Mr. Yang had, as he was evoking a surge of discomfort within Jimin, the mere notion of the man potentially using his authority over Jimin, if he had ever worked for him, frightening him.

“Fair enough,” Mr. Yang chuckled with a nod before he scanned his surroundings. “Well, the food should be served soon, shouldn’t it?”

“Why don’t we go and look for a table already?” Mr. Seo suggested, nudging Jimin’s arm in a gesture for him to follow, albeit clearly addressing Mr. Yang as he was looking at him.

“Ah, I-I don’t want to sit down just yet, Mr. Seo,” Jimin protested, shaking his head as he escaped from Mr. Seo’s grasp, the man not appearing to be pleased as he reached for Jimin’s waist again.

“I see,” the older man noted, ceasing to push Jimin, but not withdrawing his hand either. “Well, then we’ll wait, won’t we?”

Leisurely, Jimin stole another glimpse at the bar, not certain what he was searching for – Okay, maybe that was a lie… Okay, it clearly was a lie.

Undeniably, Jimin was aware of what his heart had hoped to see.

Well, it accomplished that desire.

However, not in the way it had craved for.

The smaller one’s eyes went bigger as he saw Jungkook heading their way, his eyes dark.

A sudden surge of nervousness bloomed within Jimin, the boy feeling the need to leave, despite him not being a hundred percent knowledgeable whether Jungkook was truly approaching them or simply heading in this direction.

“I have to excuse myself,” Jimin uttered as he managed to flee from Mr. Seo’s grasp, exhibiting a deep bow before he spun around and made his way into the large crowd – a singe of gratitude
washing over him at the large size of the crowd, a fact that he usually tended to dislike.

However, right now, it served as a way for him to escape.

With his head hanging low, Jimin made his way through the cluster of people, not convinced where he was heading, but positive that he was intending to establish as much distance between him and Jungkook as possible.

No running away, huh?

Jimin pressed his lips into a line, wishing he could ignore the guilt that blossomed within him.

On two occasions already, Jimin had in fact done just that – run away – in spite of vowing to himself that running away didn’t solve any issues, but that he needed to talk to Jungkook.

It wasn’t easy, though, so please don’t judge him.

Accidently, Jimin bumped into someone, uttering out an apology.

“Oh, hello, Jimin-ssi,” a female voice greeted him, delight audible in her tone.

Astonished, Jimin lifted his head, recognizing the person that he had collided with.

“Seoyun-ssi, hello,” Jimin greeted her, his brows raised as a polite smile embellished his pretty features, the boy executing a slight bow.

The girl smiled brightly, pulling Jimin into a hug instead of returning the bow, startling the former who hadn’t expected such a warm embrace.

“It’s nice to see you again,” she expressed, patting Jimin’s back before they withdrew.

“You, too,” Jimin uttered, slightly baffled by her excitement and outright friendliness – recalling memories of her rude behaviour towards him months ago, when Jimin had still believed her to be Jungkook’s girlfriend.

Seoyun stole a glimpse behind Jimin, titling her head to the side as she met Jimin’s gaze again. “So, where is Mr. Loverboy?” she inquired, pushing her hands to her hips. “Why isn’t he by your side?”

Mr. Who now?

“How?”

The girl rolled her eyes, chuckling at Jimin’s oblivion. “Jeon Jungkook,” she elucidated with a tap on his shoulder. “Your boyfriend”

“Oh,” Jimin uttered, dipping his head down as he shook his head at the mention of his name, reminding himself that he had just ran away from him, albeit not even a hundred percent convinced that Jungkook had approached him at all. “We’re… he’s… somewhere,” he chose to express, meeting her eyes again.

“Mhm,” she hummed, titling her head to the side as she studied Jimin’s features, suspicious of his words despite Jimin trying to uphold a sincere demeanor. “So… he messed up, huh?” she assumed, her tone soft.

How would she know?
Was Jimin that *obvious*?

“Well, it’s…” Jimin trailed off, not keen on sharing the complicated issues about his relationship with anyone that wasn’t a part of his closest group of friends, yet then not fond of lying either. Admittedly, Jimin hadn’t even spoken to Taehyung about all of it yet, thus he certainly wasn’t going to declare it all to a person her merely knew anything about.

“I see,” she responded, apprehending that Jimin didn’t want to talk about it in detail, thus not interrogating him any further.

Instead, she sighed, lowering her head.

“Jungkook isn’t a bad guy,” she then stressed her perception on the black haired boy, lifting her head to meet Jimin’s gaze again, a gentle smile curving her lips.

“I know,” Jimin found himself whisper.

In the end, Jimin did want to believe that Jungkook wasn’t a bad guy – no, knew that deep within his soul, he was kind and reliable, was selfless and considerate, caring in many ways.

However, people weren’t always just good or bad.

No, life was way too complex for that, wasn’t divided in just those two alternate extremes.

Sometimes, they went hand in hand – similar to the way you weren’t able to separate light from darkness. After all, darkness was just the temporary absence of light. No darkness lasted forever. Maybe, akin to that, a person considered bad was just suffering from the temporary absence of a good soul. In that same way, a person considered good could lose that part of them in a weak moment and perform a bad act.

You see, in Jimin’s eyes, it wasn’t easy to separate these two, because in the end he always aspired to see the good in people.

Yet, right now, Jimin truly didn’t know who Jungkook was anymore.

“I just know that he cares for you. A lot,” Seoyun drew him out of his thoughts.

At her words, he knitted his brows. “How would you know that?”

The girl snickered. “Jungkook did everything in his power to get out of that contract with me and my parents,” she retorted with a smile. “For you,” she added, pointing at Jimin who blinked at her words.

Of course, he recalled…

How could he ever forget that?

Despite Jimin having been adamant to stress that he hadn’t want Jungkook to drop the deal with Seoyun and her parents for Jimin’s sake, but solely for his own, he knew that Jungkook had done it for him just as much.

*He did care for Jimin, didn’t he?*

Yet then… why had he treated him that way back at the cabin?

What had caused his behaviour to change just like that?
There was something that Jimin was still missing…

He was unable to connect all the dots…

“Jungkook dropped a business changing deal for you, Jimin-ssi,” she reminded him. “For Jungkook, who does essentially every and anything to help his father, that does mean a lot,” she emphasised, lifting her hand up as though to make a valid point. “So, I know for a fact that you mean a lot to him,” she claimed, adding with a chuckle, “besides, I’ve heard him talk about you enough. Jiminie here, Jiminie there, it’s cute”

Subconsciously, a soft smile embellished Jimin’s face at her words, but it faltered as he reminded himself of Jungkook’s painful words back at the cabin.

“Oh,” Jimin simply breathed out.

Seoyun sighed. “Well, whatever he did, I hope he can fix it,” she asserted.

The smaller boy didn’t respond, pressing his lips into a line as he dipped his head down.

“I’ll have to go meet a few people now,” Seoyun explained, pulling Jimin into another hug. “I’ll see you around, Jimin-ssi”

“Yeah,” Jimin uttered as they withdrew, his eyes following after her as she left, involuntarily trailing over to the table he had just prior ran away from, discovering that Jungkook was nowhere to be found.

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A few minutes earlier, Jungkook had in fact been present at said table.

“Jeon, hello,” Yang greeted him as they watched him approach the table, the younger male not meeting his gaze, but staring off into the crowd instead, observing Jimin disappear in the cluster of people.

“Where did Mr. Park go?” Jungkook wanted to know, not caring to return the greeting or venture being dragged into a conversation and forced to exchange words with some drunk douches, when all he really wanted to do was talk to Jimin.

“I’m afraid, I don’t know, Jeon,” Yang responded. “Mr. Park excused himself and then left without another word,” he added with a chuckle, gesturing towards the crowd.

“I see,” Jungkook mumbled, giving a faint nod.

Yang swayed his glass around. “Would you like to join us for a drink now?”

_Fuck, no._

“I’m good,” Jungkook declined, lifting his hand as he shook his head.

Seo tilted his head to the side. “Is that Jeon’s son? Where is your father, kid?” he inquired, the mere sound of his voice irritating Jungkook as the images of him touching Jimin flashed in front of his eyes.

The black haired male pushed his tongue into his cheek, but remained calm. “I’m not aware of his location,” he responded, quite frankly not having managed to find his father yet himself. “He must be somewhere in this room though, so you could go and look for him,” he suggested, flashing the man a
smile that lacked sincerity.

“Maybe, later,” Seo responded with a wave of his hand.

Insinuating to leave, Jungkook took a step back, executing the tiniest bow towards Yang.

“Are you already leaving again?” Yang wanted to know, arching up a brow.

The younger male didn’t look back. “Yeah,” he simply responded, yet then, he did halt. “Actually,” he added, turning back to close the distance to Seo. “Be careful, Seo,” he warned, his tone low and intimidating.

The man raised his brows. “Careful? With what?” he asked, swallowing hard as though Jungkook possessed information on him he didn’t want him to possess.

The black haired boy glared at him for a moment longer before he turned around and left.

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Sighing, Jimin sat down at one of the tables deposited in the center of the room, already feeling so drained although he had been here an hour at most, potentially much less. This whole night had been a bad idea. Well, not the night itself, obviously, as it was meant for a good cause, but Jimin attending this event had not been such a smart idea on his part.

Why had he even come here in the first place?

After all, he had sworn to not speak to Jungkook again.

Unsurprisingly, he had already retracted that threat by doing exactly that and talking to the younger male on two separate occasions in the past forty hours.

The two of them were not in a decent place right now; Jimin was more than hurt by how Jungkook has treated him. Quite frankly, Jimin was puzzled as to what he was even supposed to label them at this point.

So, why was he here?

To talk to him?

Then why was he running away?

Undeniably, Jimin had claimed that he was here because of his acceptance voiced in Mr. Jeon’s presence and the fact that this was a beautiful event.

Despite that being true, Jimin was more than aware that he had come here for Jungkook.

What did that say about Jimin?

For him to attend this event for Jungkook, simply because his heart was still longing for him in a way he couldn’t explain, even after everything he had done to him.

Did that make him foolish? Did it make him weak?

Yet, deep within his core, Jimin wanted to believe that… there was a reason, for Jungkook’s behaviour, for his secrets; that there was a reason for all of it, that their lives wouldn’t shatter after this incident, that Jungkook still cared.
“Jimin-ssi,” a male addressed him, Jimin swift to identify the person as he recognized the voice.

“Mr. Jeon, good evening,” Jimin greeted the man, raising to his feet and executing a polite bow.

“Good evening,” he expressed, a smile curving his lips. “How are you, Jimin-ssi?”

“I’m good, Sir, thank you,” Jimin lied, flashing him a delicate smile. “How are you?”

“I’m wonderful,” Mr. Jeon responded with a grin. “Thank you for joining my son today, Jimin-ssi,” he declared with a pat on Jimin’s shoulder. “This is a very important night for him,” he added as he pointed to their side at no one in particular, Jimin’s insides squirming at his words.

It was a significant night indeed – in general, of course, but… but also for Jungkook personally. Inevitably, Jimin couldn’t help but recall every single time Jungkook had emphasised the importance that this night possessed for him, the way it established a step for him to go back to his roots and be involved in charities again to find a part of himself he had believed of having lost along his way. More than anything, Jungkook had expressed his pure delight and appreciation in Jimin being by his side through all of it.

“My son was very persistent in me doing this,” Mr. Jeon chuckled as he shook his head, recalling the conversation. “He’s got that from his mother, I guess. That passion, I mean. The two of them had built a connection in that sense; she had always been able to reach him in a way that I never had been able to, almost in the same way you’re able to touch him in a way I’ve never seen anyone else do before,” he expressed, a gentle smile adorning his features, an emotion that was somehow a mixture of grief and appreciation simultaneously gleaming in his dark eyes. “I know this means a lot to him. I also know that he’s nervous, although he will probably never admit to that. You’re surely calming him down a lot, aren’t you?” he chuckled. “I’m not sure if he said it to you yet, but it means all the more to him for you to be by his side, tonight and always,” he added softer, leaning in to pull Jimin into a hug, the affectionate gesture by the man catching Jimin off guard.

The pink haired boy’s heart ached at his words.

“I’m happy to be here as well, Mr. Jeon,” Jimin found himself utter, his tone delicate as they withdrew from one another, Jimin reflecting over every personal thought and shared words by others regarding Jungkook that he had encountered over the past day.

Jemin felt… wrong; felt wrong for how he was treating Jungkook – especially on this beautiful day – felt immature for avoiding Jungkook instead of facing him like he had vowed to do.

In a way, Jimin was clearly missing the significant point here.

Well, not the point of this night itself, but the importance and weight of… of promises, of the smaller things in life, of timing, of feelings, of grudges and arguments.

Tonight, Jungkook needed him; had even expressed that he needed him.

For a moment, all the anger, all the fear, all the pain within Jimin vanished.

Maybe, just for tonight, Jimin could look past all of that – all of their unfinished business, all of the secrets, the arguments, the mean words and any issue that would reveal itself at one point – no matter how difficult it was going to be to pretend that nothing had shattered, that Jimin wasn’t aware that there was a storm just around a dark corner looming to tear his life apart.

“Well, where is my son?” Mr. Jeon inquired then, glancing around in an attempt to find Jungkook. “I haven’t seen him tonight at all,” he noted, furrowing his brows.
The smaller boy scanned the room, his brain trying to come up with a valid excuse.

“Jimin-ssi?”

“Oh, he’s… he wanted to get us some drinks, but I guess he got lost somewhere, so I should go and look for him,” Jimin responded in an attempt to prevent Mr. Jeon from asking any further questions about him and Jungkook.

Mr. Jeon gave a nod, humming. “Ah, I see,” he noted, clearing his throat. “Well, I won’t hold you back any longer then,” he chuckled as he waved for Jimin to leave. “I will talk to you two later”

“Later, Mr. Jeon,” Jimin expressed, smiling at the man as he watched him leave his side.

As soon as he was gone, Jimin inhaled a shaky breath, scanning the room all over again in an attempt to locate Jungkook.

Eventually, he did.

Then, he found himself moving closer almost subconsciously.

*Just for tonight, you were fine.*

*Just for tonight, that night at the cabin had never happened.*

*Just for tonight, you hadn’t cried your eyes out after Jungkook had treated you like a pet.*

*Just for tonight, nothing had shattered.*

Almost as though Jungkook could sense that Jimin was near, he turned around to face the latter, his eyes going bigger as he watched the smaller one approach him.

Jimin, on his part, completely froze – just for a moment; just for a moment, but he did. It was like all the air was kicked out of his lungs as he realised what he was about to do.

Inhaling another shaky breath, Jimin closed the distance between them.

“Jimin-ah,” Jungkook breathed, fixing his posture, his tone so soft.

The smaller guy stared at him for a moment, disregarding the painful aching of his heart as he looked into Jungkook’s gorgeous brown orbs. Now, there was that familiar softness gleaming in them, opposed to that iciness they had conveyed back at the cabin.

“This night means a lot to you. I know that,” Jimin expressed, inhaling another deep breath as he played with his petite fingers, a nervous habit of his. “You hurt me with what you did to me, but regardless of any of that, I promised you to be by your side tonight and I… I want you to know that I’m proud of you. I’m happy that you’re doing this, and I’m happy that you’re here,” he added, relieved and only the slightest bit astonished that he had managed to say those words without crying or backing out.

The younger male blinked, appearing to be baffled.

“Thank you,” he noted, his gaze flickering back and forth between Jimin’s eyes. “I’m happy that you’re here, too,” he asserted with a smile – that stupid smile that had Jimin’s heart flutter for him.

Naturally, Jimin returned the smile, it was faint and delicate, but it was visible.
“You look very beautiful,” Jungkook then complimented him, his eyes tailing over Jimin’s figure and the suit he had spent a fortune on – and hours to find, for that matter, thank you again, Tae – enchanted by the way it accentuated Jimin’s curves in just the nicest way.

“Thank you,” Jimin whispered. “You look very handsome yourself,” he added as he moved beside Jungkook, not quite sure what else to say, not exactly having thoroughly thought this through, if he was being honest.

The two of them stared off into the crowd.

It was odd, but… the mere proximity to Jungkook was comforting.

For a moment, silence consumed them, yet, surprisingly, it wasn’t awkward at all.

“Did you break up with me back at the cabin?” Jungkook suddenly inquired, cutting the silence between them.

What?

The pink haired one turned to face Jungkook.

“Do you think I did?” Jimin asked opposed to answering, raising his brows.

Jungkook only stared at him, parting his lips, but remaining silent.

“Are you drinking?” Jimin then wanted to know, disregarding the prior question altogether as he noticed the prominent trace of an alcoholic beverage in the air and Jungkook’s palm being curled around a cold glass.

The younger male followed Jimin’s gaze down to his glass. “Maybe,” he chose to respond.

At his words, Jimin titled his head to the side. “I thought you don’t drink anymore?”

Almost vividly, Jimin could recall their previous conversation about Jungkook’s past drinking habits, about the way he had been drinking a lot at a very young age, just for him to cease that addiction of his altogether – entirely.

Well, apparently not eternally.

“I’m sorry,” Jungkook sighed, shaking his head at himself. “I… just… I couldn’t help it”

“Why?”

The black haired boy smiled faintly. “You, this night, my mother,” he listed with a shrug of his shoulders. “It’s all coming together,” he explained.

Undeniably, Jungkook was nervous, perhaps overwhelmed by the night and the memories of his mother he reminisced about. On top of everything, there was that unspoken thing between them that Jimin tried to pretend of being non-existent.

“Give me that,” Jimin insisted, reaching for the glass. “You shouldn’t be drunk tonight, Jungkook-ah”

Reluctantly, the younger male handed him the glass, chuckling at Jimin’s demand. “I’m tipsy, at most,” he objected with humour in his eyes as he leaned against the counter, watching Jimin set the glass down beside them. “I don’t get drunk that quickly, don’t worry,” he added.
Jimin rolled his eyes at him, but smiled all the same.

At the sight of Jimin’s genuine smile, a surge of warmth spread within Jungkook’s chest. Yet then, the man was reminded of everything he had put Jimin through.

“I’m sorry, Jimin-ah,” he declared, his tone quiet and soft. “For everything. For what I said to you at the cabin and-”

“Let’s not do this now,” Jimin interrupted him, shaking his head, the reminder twisting the knife pierced through his heart deeper. “I don’t think this is the right place to talk about us,” he added. “Let’s just… focus on tonight, okay?”

After all, he was currently trying to disregard that exact subject. Additionally, they were still present at the charity gala and Jimin was convinced that this wasn’t the most appropriate setting to have an argument at.

“Why are you talking to me?” Jungkook wanted to know, frowning.

“What?”

The younger male wet his lips. “You said you would never talk to me again,” he reminded Jimin, his gaze flickering back and forth between his eyes and lips.

Jimin lowered his head. “Well, maybe we both said things back at the cabin that we didn’t quite mean,” he expressed with a faint shrug of his shoulders. “Or maybe this is just an exception. I haven’t decided yet,” he added, a faint smile curling the corners of his lips.

“For now, I can live with that,” Jungkook stated, his tone gentle.

“Can you?”

The other male gave a nod. “I get to hear your pretty voice for now, so…”

“Pretty?” Jimin echoed, raising his brows, ignoring the way the compliment had his insides squirm.

Jungkook hummed in affirmation. “Just like everything else about you,” he stressed softly, his eyes sincere as he leaned closer to Jimin, the latter swallowing hard at their intimate proximity.

“Here you are, Jungkook-ah,” a male voice interrupted them, the two of them lifting their head to enlighten themselves on the new presence. “I’ve been looking for you,” the man added.

“Appa, hey,” Jungkook greeted his father, straightening his back.

His father gestured for them to follow after him. “Come and join me at the table,” he insisted. “I’ve just been informed that the auction is starting soon,” he revealed, turning around to head towards the center of the room.

The other two boys shared a glance before they followed after him.

“Auction? What auction?” Jimin wanted to know, furrowing his brows.

“Aside from everyone donating freely as much as they can and want to, the organisers are auctioning off different items or merchandise that some businesses donated and contributed to raise money,” Jungkook explained, walking right beside Jimin. “That money will then be used for two different charities”
“I see,” Jimin uttered with a smile, giving a nod as they reached the table, discovering that a girl was already seated at their designated spot.

“Have a seat,” Mr. Jeon insisted as he sat down next to his assistant.

At the sight of Minji, images of catching her leaving the men’s bathroom back at the company prior to walking into Mr. Jeon in that exact bathroom a few weeks ago flashed right in front of Jimin’s eyes.

Wonderful.

Beside him, Jungkook pulled the chair back for him, gesturing for Jimin to take a seat. At the kind gesture, Jimin smiled, expressing a tiny, “Thank you” as he sat down on the chair. As soon as Jimin was sitting, Jungkook took the seat right next to him.

“Good evening, Jimin-ssi,” Minji greeted him with a polite smile.

Naturally, Jimin returned the smile, giving a faint nod. “Hello, Minji-ssi,” he uttered, not certain why her presence staggered him that much.

Where Minji and Jungkook’s father…?

No, surely not.

Jungkook and Minji shared a glance, Jimin merely noticing the way Minji smiled at him as though she was proud of something he had done.

“Ah, Wang is going to say a few words first,” Mr. Jeon noticed with a grin, pointing at the back of the room where a small platform alongside a table were deposited. A man had climbed on the platform and was now standing beside the table, picking up a microphone.

Suddenly, Jungkook leaned closer, his lips brushing over Jimin’s ear. “Wang is a business associate of my father, has been for years; he’s the one that planned this whole night,” he informed Jimin, the smaller boy gulping at the close proximity to Jungkook, his familiar trace nearly intoxicating.

Jimin gave a faint nod, ignoring the way his cheeks flushed.

Wang cleared his throat, the sound amplified over the multiple speakers hung in the room. “Welcome to this meaningful night,” he expressed, his voice distinct with delight, Jimin lifting his head to glance at him. “Thank you for joining us tonight,” he added, spreading his arm out. “Tonight, we get together to enjoy each other’s company and raise money for causes that mean a lot to us”

The audience applauded.

“I can’t begin without expressing my gratitude first. This night wouldn’t be possible, if it wasn’t for the Jeon’s sponsoring this beautiful event,” Wang declared, raising his glass into the air. “Let’s give it up for them”

The audience applauded again, Jimin smiling as he turned to face Jungkook, their gazes meeting. The younger male returned his smile, his eyes gleaming in affection as they stared into Jimin’s.

“First of all, I would like to tell you about the two causes we’re raising money for tonight,” Wang expressed, Jimin resuming to glance at Wang. “In honour of the Jeon’s, we couldn’t have picked a better place. For tonight, we decided on a place we know you have a dear connection to,” he added, Jimin inquisitive to learn what place it was. “The Seoul Children’s Hospital”
Previously, Jungkook had talked about his prior charity work he had participated in alongside his mother, yet he had never explicitly revealed what precise areas they had helped out at.

“Where you born there?” Jimin inquired as he turned to face Jungkook again, Wang proceeding to enlighten everyone on the importance of the place, Mr. Jeon’s and Minji’s attention fixated on him. The black haired male leaned closer. “It was the first place my mother raised money for,” he informed Jimin, the latter arching up his brows.

“Really?”

Jungkook gave a nod, wetting his lips before he added, “Yeah, she was fond of the place,” he cleared his throat. “Her… Her sister had worked there,” he then revealed.

“Sister?” Jimin echoed, his eyes going bigger, the boy not recalling Jungkook ever mentioning an aunt. Then again, just because Jimin wasn’t aware of any relatives he possessed himself, didn’t equal everyone else not having any either.

A gloomy smile adorned Jungkook’s handsome features. “She died, when I was about two years old,” he expressed. “I don’t really remember her”

In a way, it was similar to the way Jimin couldn’t recall many memories of his mother, the woman having died way too soon, thwarting Jimin from ever having the opportunity to remember her fully.

“Oh, I’m sorry to hear that,” Jimin uttered softly, sincerity in his tone as he found himself place his hand on top of Jungkook’s, giving it a tender squeeze to comfort him.

The younger male’s gaze trailed down to their touch, Jimin realising what he was doing, causing him to withdraw his hand in a swift manner. Flushing, the boy cleared his throat as he lifted his head to focus on Wang speaking.

“We’re also raising money for a homeless shelter very close to my home,” Wang stated, the audience applauding again.

As Wang went on with his monologue, Jimin scanned the room, impressed by how many people had actually attended the event and were potentially intending to donate to such meaningful places.

Naturally, Jimin wondered how this whole night was going to evolve, considering how it has had a rather bumpy beginning – with Jimin nearly being kicked out, arguing with Jungkook and engaging in a conversation he had wished to abandon a lot sooner.

Certainly, this night could only go better from here, right?

“How does this work?” Jimin found himself ask, stealing a glimpse at Jungkook again. “I mean, where do you donate?”

“Well, you either participate in the auction that’s about to start or you go to one of the tables over there,” Jungkook answered, pointing at a table at the far left of the room, a few people seated in the area, “and you can make an immediate donation for either of the places there”

“I see,” Jimin said quietly, giving a nod, deciding to pay the place a visit later to contribute.

A few minutes later, Wang commenced the auction, Jimin’s lack of experience and knowledge regarding an elaborate event such as this one illustrating itself by him being utterly amazed by there not being any physical items up on the platform alongside Wang.
What was he going to auction off? Wasn’t he supposed to show the people what they were bidding for?

Slightly puzzled, Jimin parted his lips, insinuating to voice his confusion to Jungkook, yet he remained silent as Wang spoke up again.

“We’re starting off with a chance to meet Son Heung-Min,” he noted, his tone full of joy. “A dear friend of mine”

Jimin blinked.

Well, this definitely wasn’t what he had perceived to be part of at an auction. No, not all.

The smaller one had imagined there to be valuable items, such as treasured art or precious vases – physical objects – that people would bid for. In a way, this was just another piece of evidence to prove how this part of society and world was still fairly new to Jimin.

A chance to meet Son... who?

“Who?” Jimin wondered out loud as he glanced at Jungkook, frowning as the name didn’t ring any bell.

The black haired male met his gaze, raising his brows at Jimin. “Son Heung-Min,” he echoed.

Jimin blinked again.

“Don’t tell me you don’t know who- Jimin-ah, he’s national treasure when it comes to football,” Jungkook expressed, leaning closer to Jimin as his eyes went bigger.

Was he?

“Oh, yes of course. Son Heung-Min, yes, yes, who doesn’t know him?” Jimin responded, laughing his ignorance off.

Jungkook stared at him for a moment longer, amusement gleaming in his eyes. “You have no fucking idea who I’m talking about, huh?” he teased.

The other one pressed his lips into a line. “No, I’m sorry,” he admitted with a sigh. “I’m sure he’s great?” Jimin noted, titling his head to the side.

“He- Great?” Jungkook reiterated, shaking his head. “Baby, I don’t even watch football that often and I know who he is,” he stressed with a chuckle in an attempt to verify his popularity.

However, the only thing that was ringing in Jimin’s ears now was that particular pet name. Baby.

Jungkook didn’t even seem to realise, almost as though it had fallen from his lips so naturally. For a moment, Jimin deliberated whether he should correct him, but he refrained, deciding to simply brush it off.

“I’m gonna have to show you some of his best goals, when we get home,” Jungkook decided, a smile proceeding to embellish his handsome features.

Prior to even obtaining the chance to truly process Jungkook’s words, the pink haired one was distracted by the sudden turn of noises audible in the room, a mixture of incoherent words
resounding from the speakers.

“Twohundredthousandwonbid,nowthree,nowthree,willyougivemethree?
Threehundredthousandwonbid,nowfour,nowfour,willyougivemefour?” Wang called out in a loop, Jimin not certain whether he detected any alterations in his sentences.

For a brief moment, Jimin diligently attempted to decipher those sounds, bewildered by the amount of people that were participating in the bidding and evidently understanding anything of what was being said.

“What is he saying?” Jimin wanted to know with big eyes, overwhelmed by the words Wang was calling out.

Briefly, Jimin considered him speaking any other language but Korean.

Had he missed something?

Jungkook chuckled. “Wang is a good auctioneer actually,” he claimed.

“Are those even words?”

“It sounds like he’s mumbling incoherent words, but he’s just talking very fast,” Jungkook noted, humour in his eyes as he leaned closer, propping himself up on Jimin’s chair as he inclined his face down to Jimin’s ear. “If you listen very closely, you can hear him say numbers. The first one indicates the money which is currently being offered by a bidder for a given item,” he explained softly, Jimin ignoring the way his heart skipped a beat at their close proximity. “The second number is what the next bid needs to be in order to become the high bidder”

The smaller boy gave a faint nod, swallowing hard.

“It’s moving so fast,” Jimin noted, any effort of trying to apprehend his words now that Jungkook had enlightened him on what was being said for vain, nevertheless.

“That’s the fashion of auctions,” Jungkook stressed with a grin, giving a nod. “Makes it exciting”

Carefully, Jimin turned his head to the side, causing their faces to be much closer.

“How does anyone even follow what’s happening,” Jimin wondered, his tone a lot softer and quieter now that there were mere inches between their faces.

The younger male’s gaze flickered back and forth between Jimin’s eyes and lips. “You will get used to it eventually, trust me,” he noted, flashing Jimin a gentle smile.

Inevitably, Jimin’s eyes rushed down to Jungkook’s lips, a surge of desire vivid within him, the boy itching to close the last fraction of distance between them.

“Going once, going twice, sold!” Wang suddenly called out, a loud thud echoing in the room.

Startled, Jimin flinched, turning to face the older man again.

“What happened now?”

Jungkook cleared his throat, increasing the distance between them and sinking back in his own chair. “Well, now no one bid above the highest bidder, making him the winning bidder,” he expressed, Jimin scanning the room to see that a woman had gotten up from her seat, enabling everyone to see the winner.
“Interesting,” Jimin uttered quietly.

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Over the course of the next hour, Wang went on to auction off a few more items, such as backstage passes for a concert of a popular artist, a golf outlet and various famously signed objects – finally, Jimin hadn’t been that oblivious, after all!

So far, Jimin had only played with the thought of participating in the bidding, but eventually realising that the people present in the room were too wealthy for him to compete with, thus deciding that he was going to pay that table Jungkook had pointed out earlier a visit to donate some money to the places later.

Well, at least, Jimin had been firm in that belief up until Wang mentioned the following.

“We’re moving on,” Wang presented, “We have some limited tickets for the admired and sold-out World Dance Championship taking place in New York this year, including flights and a weekend stay in a five star hotel”

At his words, Jimin’s jaw dropped.

*The World Dance Championship – in New York!*

Rapidly, Jimin reached for his paddle.

The dance group Jimin and Hoseok had been a part of hadn’t made it to the first place at the Seoul Dance Championship, thus being eliminated and not making it further in the competition. Yet, this… was it fate? The mere notion of being able to experience it at all – regardless whether he would participate or not – was… thrilling.

“Are you bidding?” Jungkook wanted to know, raising his brows as amusement gleamed in his eyes at the quick manner Jimin had reached for that paddle.

The smaller one turned to face him.

“It’s the World Dance Championship, Jungkook-ah,” Jimin whispered, Jungkook’s smile growing at the light in Jimin’s eyes. “I would be foolish not to try,” he stressed.

“Of course,” Jungkook grinned, giving a nod.

“800,000 won,” Wang commenced the bidding, Jimin somehow managing to decipher his words now after having listened to the auction for the past hour.

Enthusiastically, Jimin raised his paddle, followed by Wang who recognised his participation by calling out, “800,000 won bid!” prior to raising the bid by voicing, “Now 900,000, will you give me 900,000?”

Another person joined, raising their paddle into the air, consequently leading the bid.

“900,000 won bid, now 1,000,000, will you give me 1,000,000?”

Everything was moving so fast.

In the midst of Jimin lifting his arm once more, someone else beat him to it, thus leading the bid.

“1,000,000 won bid, now 1-”
Preceding to Wang even obtaining the chance to finish announcing the bid, a familiar male voice yelled out, “2,000,000 won!”

*How much now?*

After Jimin had processed the huge amount of the bid, his eyes went bigger.

As Wang went on to proclaim the bid, Jimin only attained a split moment to decide whether he was going to bid higher than that.

*Could he?*

It was for a good cause, after all…

Wang called out, “2,000,000 won bid, now 2,100,000, will you give me 2,100,000?”

Carefully, Jimin raised his paddle, causing him to be the leading bidder.

“2,100,000 won bid, now 2,200,000, will you give me-”

“3,000,000 won!” a man yelled out, that oh so familiar voice ringing in Jimin’s ears.

*That had escalated so quickly.*

“3,000,000 won bid, now 3,100,000, will you give me 3,100,000?”

Hesitantly, Jimin raised his paddle.

Gosh, that was not going to sit well on his wallet… But, it was for such a good cause, hence Jimin was in no way regretting his decision.

“4,000,000!” that familiar male voice called out, ahead of Wang even commencing to announce the highest bid.

Who did that voice belong to? Why did it sound so familiar, yet then still be that unacquainted to Jimin that he lacked the ability to identify the person?

“Who is that?” Jimin wondered, slightly frustrated by how fast the bid was raised.

“Fucking Seo,” Jungkook cursed out next to him.

*Seo?*

*What?*

Did Jungkook know him?

Then again, why did that astonish Jimin? *Stupid question.* After all, this was *Jungkook.* Of course, he knew him, as the co-CEO of Jeon Entertainment. Undoubtedly, he was at least familiar with good about everyone who was currently present in this room.

Suddenly, Jungkook had lifted his own paddle into the air, thus participating in the bidding.

“4,100,000 won bid,” Wang proclaimed after Jungkook’s participation. “Now 4,200,000, will you give me 4,200,000?”

“Jungkook-ah, what are you doing?” Jimin gasped, staring back at Jungkook.
The younger male met his gaze, his brows knitted. “I saw Seo looking over here,” he stated, nodding towards a table on the other side of the room. “I know he’s just bidding because of you. Fucking dickhead. Do you think I’m gonna let that happen? He doesn’t even want these tickets. If he wanted to be there so badly, he could pull some strings to be,” he stressed, puzzling Jimin with his statement.

For him? Why would Seo be bidding because of Jimin? That didn’t make any sense at all.

Was it revenge for Jimin’s earlier remark?

No, that appeared to be a very petty move.

“5,000,000,” the man Jungkook claimed to be Seo called out.

Now that Jungkook had appealed that, Jimin would be lying, if he asserted that there was no similarity to Seo’s voice in that particular voice audible.

“6,000,000!” Jungkook shouted, raising his paddle, impeding Wang to proclaim Seo’s prior bid and ask for a higher bid.

Mr. Jeon and Minji stole a glimpse at Jungkook, raising their brows.

“Oh my god, stop, Jungkook-ah,” Jimin whispered with big eyes, curling his delicate hand around Jungkook’s arm to tug it back down. “I won’t be able to pay you back all of that,” he expressed.

“I didn’t ask you to, Jimin-ah,” Jungkook responded gently, meeting Jimin’s eyes.

“Going once, going twice, sold!” Wang announced, a loud *thud* echoing in the room again.

The audience applauded, Jungkook and Jimin not tearing their gazes away from one another, almost as though they had commenced to get lost in one another’s eyes for a brief moment.

Yet, it only lasted until Mr. Jeon cleared his throat, drawing them back to reality. “I didn’t know you wanted to go there that badly, Jungkook-ah. I could have made a few calls to make that possible,” his father commented, titling his head to the side.

The black haired glanced at his father. “It’s not for me, Appa,” he revealed, Wang proclaiming that the auction had come to an end in the background.

Mr. Jeon turned to face Jimin. “I could have made these calls for you, too, Jimin-ah,” he noted, the smaller one flashing him a bashful smile.

“It’s fine, Appa,” Jungkook interfered, shaking his head. “The money is going to be used for a good cause,” he reminded his father.

The latter smiled, giving an enthusiastic nod as he lifted his wine glass into the air. “That it will, that it will, you are right,” he agreed before he took a sip from his alcoholic beverage.

“I’ll give you back half of the money and when I get my next-” Jimin intended to promise as he met Jungkook’s gaze again.

“You don’t have to give me back anything, Jimin-ah,” Jungkook interrupted him, shaking his head at Jimin’s offer.

“I want to, though,” the smaller one noted quietly.

By all means, it had been a kind gesture of Jungkook to help Jimin bid during the auction to assure
that he would receive the tickets, yet all the same, Jimin didn’t want Jungkook to use his money for him—again.

“Jimin-ah—”

“Jungkook-ah,” Jimin pressed.

The younger male rolled his eyes, a small smile curving his lips. “Okay, okay, half of it,” he compromised.

“Kook-ah,” Jimin pressed again, not satisfied with the slight adjustment to his request.

Jungkook leaned closer. “If you’re that persistent, you can pay half the price of it, okay? You don’t have to though, you know money is not an issue for me,” he stressed.

Jimin raised his brows at his statement. “Are you implying that it is for me?”

“No, fuck, Jimin-ah, that’s not what I meant at all,” Jungkook rushed to elucidate with a frown.

The pink haired one shook his head at himself, puzzled and angered at himself for having mentioned that at all, as his heart was more than aware that Jungkook had never and would never impose his status and money onto Jimin.

Fair enough, Jungkook had exuded a sense of dominance and authority over Jimin, yet… there were only a few handful instances where that demeanor had evoked a sense of inferiority in Jimin—like that dreadful night at the cabin that Jimin had done a good job of omitting over the past hour.

“I know. I’m sorry,” Jimin apologised softly. “Okay, let’s make it half each,” he decided. “I want to contribute something to the donation, too,” he added, reminding himself that it was one of the reasons he had attended this night, albeit having earlier tried to convince himself that it had been the sole reason.

“Okay,” Jungkook noted, the two of them proceeding to stare at one another.

A few moments later, the room was filled with chatter and laughter again, Wang having closed the auction for the night and expressing his gratitude for everyone who had participated, also incorporating a small notice as to where each and every bidding winner could contribute their donation while simultaneously receive the item they had bid for.

“Well, well, well, that was a success indeed,” Jungkook’s father remarked after realising that the auction had ended, a proud and satisfied smile curling up the corners of his lips.

“It was,” Jungkook agreed with a nod, tearing his eyes away from Jimin as he cleared his throat.

“What a beautiful place Wang has chosen,” Mr. Jeon commented, undoubtedly referring to the Seoul Children’s Hospital that his deceased wife had donated to before.

“Yeah,” Jungkook breathed, Jimin turning to study Jungkook’s features.

For a moment, Jimin itched to ask Jungkook more about that—about his mother’s charity work, about his aunt, about the Soul Children’s Hospital—yet maybe, this wasn’t the right place, nor the right time.

“I’m starving,” Minji complained with a sigh, pouting as she reached for her nearly empty glass, disregarding the prior topic altogether.
“The food should be served soon,” Mr. Jeon noted.

A few minutes later, the first course was served indeed, consisting of a small salad that Jimin savoured in what appeared akin to a few seconds, illustrating his hunger.

“Where were you prior to the auction, Appa? I’ve been looking all over the place for you,” Jungkook picked up a conversation with his father, breaking the peaceful silence that had consumed their table for the time of them devouring their meals.

“Ah, I was outside,” Mr. Jeon responded, dabbing his napkin over his mouth although he had barely touched his salad, appearing to prefer his glass of wine. “I met Min and we got caught up in an interesting conversation,” he added with a chuckle. “My apologies”

“Min is here?” Jungkook asked, raising his brows, the name ringing a bell for Jimin, although he wasn’t quite capable to recall where he had heard that name before.

Jungkook’s father hummed in affirmation, giving a nod. “Yes, so is Euna,” he noted, his eyes going bigger as a smile slowly curled up the corners of his lips. “Ah, there they are, what a coincidence,” he stated, his eyes fixated on something – or rather someone – behind them, causing Jimin and Jungkook to follow his gaze.

Certainly, an older man and a girl were approaching their table.

“Great,” Jungkook commented beneath his breath, a sigh falling from his lips, making Jimin wonder whether their presence evoke a sense of discomfort or annoyance in Jungkook.

“May we?” the man Jimin assumed of being Min asked.

Mr. Jeon smiled, nodding his head as he pointed at the two empty seats at their table. “Of course, have a seat,” he invited them to their small group.

Politely, Jimin had risen to his feet, executing a small bow towards the stranger. However, Jungkook curled his palm around Jimin’s wrist and pulled him back down on his seat.

Confused, Jimin turned to look at Jungkook, the latter only flashing him an amused smile.

“Jungkook-ssi, nice to see you again,” Min remarked with a grin.

“You, too,” Jungkook returned, nodding towards the man.

Mr. Jeon pointed at the woman beside him. “You know Minji already,” he noted, insinuating that Minji wasn’t a stranger to Min either, bearing in mind that she was Mr. Jeon’s assistant and had in all probability been present at a few meetings of theirs.

“I do, I do,” Min said, flashing Minji a smile as well.

“And this, Min, this is Park Jimin,” he introduced the smaller boy, everyone turning to face the latter, causing a flush to adorn his cheeks. “Jimin works as an assistant choreographer for us,” he explained, disregarding the fact that Jimin was…. Well, that him and Jungkook were… whatever.

“I see, I see,” Min responded, performing the slightest bow for Jimin. “Nice to meet you, Mr. Park”

“You, too, Sir,” Jimin uttered softly, exhibiting another bow, albeit not rising to his feet this time.

The older male pointed to the girl beside him. “This is my daughter, Euna,” he introduced proudly, Jimin noticing the similarities in their facial structures, especially the shape and shade of their eyes
“Nice to meet you,” Jimin expressed with a polite smile.

Almost reluctantly, the girl tore her gaze away from Jungkook, flashing him a small smile before she rushed to divert her gaze back over to Jungkook. Euna didn’t look older than nineteen, potentially only having turned legal recently. Her hair was a dark shade of brown, her skin pale, aside from her cheeks that flushed a shade of rose upon Jungkook looking at her.

In that moment, Jimin recalled why their names had sounded familiar to him.

Min was a significant business associate of Mr. Jeon. A couple of weeks ago, Jungkook had ditched a meeting of theirs just to spend time with Jimin, impeding him to satisfy Euna by being present at said meeting – because Euna had a crush on Jungkook.

Well, Jimin would be lying, if he asserted that it wasn’t obvious in the way she was staring at Jungkook with gleaming stars in her eyes. Undeniably, she had fallen for Jungkook – fallen for Jungkook’s irresistible charming nature.

How couldn’t one fall for him?

“Jungkook-ssi, I have talked to your father about an interesting business idea I had last night,” Min revealed as a waiter had approached their table, placing a glass of water and a glass of wine in front of Minji and Min respectively. “I will have to pay you two a visit at the company tomorrow to let you know all about it,” he added.

“It was interesting, indeed,” Mr. Jeon agreed with a grin, appearing to be in favour of the idea.

The black haired male gave a nod, although he didn’t respond at all.

“Can I join, Appa?” Euna asked immediately, her eyes going bigger.

“I know this whole business talk doesn’t interest you that much,” he reminded her with a chuckle.

“Appa, of course it does,” she remarked quietly, her cheeks flushing a darker shade of rose as her gaze flickered back over to Jungkook who raised his brows.

“You have classes tomorrow, Euna-yah,” Min noted.

However, as soon as he noticed the way she pouted upon his response, his expression faltered.

“But, I mean, your classes end in the afternoon, so we can schedule my meeting around that time,” he decided, brushing Euna’s hair out of her face.

“Great,” she grinned, clapping her hands together.

“Wonderful,” Mr. Jeon commented. “Pay us a visit tomorrow, then. I’m sure, Jungkook can’t wait to hear your idea, either”

“Mhm-mh,” Jungkook mumbled, giving a faint nod, appearing only partially interested in the business related conversation – or perhaps by the news of having to attend a meeting tomorrow alongside Euna?

“You’ve picked a beautiful event to sponsor, Jeon,” Min then noted as he scanned the room.

“Ah, it was Jungkook who convinced me,” Mr. Jeon revealed with a proud smile.
Min arched up his brows. “Jungkook?” he echoed, turning to face the younger. “You’re interested in charities at such a young age? Or was it the PR that struck your attention?” Min joked, humour gleaming in his eyes as he took a sip from his wine.

Jimin and Jungkook furrowed their brows at his inconsiderate remark.

“Appa!” Euna exclaimed, swatting her father’s arm. “How can you say that about Jungkook?” she whispered, glaring at her father in an angry manner. “Of course, he did it because he wants to help the poor people”

Min rubbed over his arm, giving a nod as he chuckled. “Of course, I know, I was just joking”

“My mother and I were involved in many charities, when I was younger,” Jungkook expressed, exchanging a glance with his father. “I want to start giving back again,” he added.

“That sounds wonderful,” Min stated, his tone sounding more sincere this time around. “We have donated already,” he expressed, seemingly in a way to make amends for his remark.

“What place did you chose?” Mr. Jeon wanted to know.

“The Seoul Children’s Hospital,” Min responded. “They do beautiful work there”

“They do, they do,” Mr. Jeon agreed, giving a nod.

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It wasn’t long until their next meal was served, two waiters approaching their table with a few dishes and placing them down in front of everyone respectively.

Politely, Jimin uttered out a “Thank you” in regard to the waiter before he dived into his meal, the scent of the fresh ingredients filling his nostrils. The dish consisted of grilled salmon, alongside some green beans and steamed rice.

For a while, Mr. Jeon and Min lead a conversation about a past business partner they had both been involved with, Jimin having long lost the red string of the conversation and failing to follow along.

Euna, on the other hand, had been ogling at Jungkook for the entire time, trying to implicate him into a conversation by mentioning anything that came to her mind, while simultaneously giggling or finding any excuse to touch Jungkook.

“I haven’t seen you in so long, Jungkook Oppa!”

“Your hair looks so good today, Oppa!”

“Can you cut my salmon for me, Jungkook Oppa?”

“Isn’t my dress nice, Oppa? Appa bought it for me. It’s Chanel”

“You should visit more often, Jungkook Oppa!”

The pink haired boy pressed his lips into a line, trying to simply disregard Euna’s voice at this point whilst he moved his food from side to side, not aware of the passive aggressiveness distinct within his body.

“Are you not going to eat your beans?” Jungkook asked Jimin, pointing at the green beans that Jimin hadn’t touched at all, having moved them from side to side opposed to eating them.
Evidently, Jungkook wasn’t that interested in any conversation going on at the table, considering how he had noticed Jimin’s eating habit.

The smaller one smiled faintly, shaking his head. “I don’t really like beans, actually”

“Not at all?”

“No,” Jimin chuckled.

“Well, how about you give me your beans and I give you my salmon?”

Surprised, Jimin’s gaze trailed down to Jungkook’s plate, the boy puzzled as he learned that Jungkook hadn’t taken any bite from his salmon.

“You dislike salmon?” Jimin questioned, raising his brows.

“I’m not a big fan,” Jungkook explained with a smile, shrugging his shoulders.

“I see,” Jimin noted, observing how Jungkook picked up his piece of salmon to place it on Jimin’s plate. “Uhm, thank you,” he uttered out softly, moving his plate closer to Jungkook’s to allow him to shift his beans from one plate to the other.

“How was your weekend trip, my son?” Mr. Jeon suddenly inquired, the two boys lifting their heads to meet his gaze.

At his question, Jimin’s insides squirmed.

Jungkook stole a glimpse at Jimin, clearing his throat as he lowered his spoon back down on the table. “It was…” he trailed off, trying to decide how much honesty his response was going to carry.

“Beautiful,” Jimin found himself declare, beating him to it.

To be fair, it had been – up until that dark awakening in the middle of the night on that dreadful Sunday – a beautiful trip. Yet, more than anything, Jimin wasn’t keen on displaying his relationship issues with Jungkook in front of his father, Minji and a near stranger.

“Did you like the cabin, Jimin-ssi?” Mr. Jeon wanted to know, inquisitiveness adorning his expression as he titled his head to the side.

“I did, Sir,” Jimin affirmed with a delicate smile, his gaze rushing down to Jungkook’s hands, observing how he proceeded to move the beans over to his plate. “It was beautiful, to say the least,” he added, meeting the older one’s gaze again.

Mr. Jeon hummed in agreement. “Did you show him the lake, Jungkook-ah?”

“I…” Jungkook trailed off again, seemingly trying to avoid the subject.

“Jungkook-ah loved to go down there when he was younger,” Mr. Jeon chimed with a big grin. “When we couldn’t find him in the cabin, we knew we would find him down at the lake,” he added. “Is it still as picturesque as it was?”

“We didn’t stay there for long, unfortunately,” Jimin retorted. “I was clumsy and- Well, we had to leave, but it was beautiful for while it lasted,” he expressed, recalling the way he had ruined their plans for the night by falling down the hill and into the water.

Then again, the alteration of their plans had been just as beautiful – with the both of them snuggled
up on the sofa by the fire, Jungkook having asked Jimin to move in with him, them making love by the blaze before they fell asleep entangled with one another.

Why did all of that seem like a dream now?

Why did Jimin’s heart claim that it had not meant anything at all – that it wasn’t real – simply because of what had occurred a few hours later?

Frustrated by his own thoughts, Jimin shook his head.

The smaller boy cleared his throat, pulling his plate back in front of him to finish his food. Now that his attention wasn’t fixated on the black haired boy beside him any longer, Jimin noticed Euna’s absence.

For a moment, he wondered whether she had left because of the conversation about their trip, or whether she had excused herself prior to that already.

After all, she wasn’t aware that Jungkook was taken – that Jimin and him were…; well, at least, that’s what Jimin believed. By the way she had been ogling at Jungkook, it wasn’t reprehensible to estimate that she didn’t possess any profound knowledge about his relationship status – or, she simply didn’t care.

“Why did you have to leave? Was everything okay during the trip?” Mr. Jeon inquired, his tone full of concern and confusion, the man furrowing his brows.

No, nothing had been okay after that dreadful Sunday morning.

“I just meant…. I was referring to the lake,” Jimin clarified, ignoring the way his heart ached. “I fell into the water, so we decided to leave”

“Did you hurt yourself, Jimin-ah?” Mr. Jeon asked.

“Oh, no, Sir, I’m – I’m fine,” Jimin responded, shaking his head.

No, physically, the trip hadn’t left any wounds. Yet, emotionally, it had left a mark behind, some traces of the weekend having created a scar in Jimin’s heart that he tried so desperately to pretend of being non-existent.

“So, what did you two do then?” Mr. Jeon wondered, raising his brows.

At his question and the reminder of what they had done after coming back from the lake, Jimin’s cheeks flushed a faint shade of rose.

Jungkook was the one to speak this time, “I didn’t want Jimin to be sick, so we went back to the cabin and I—” undressed Jimin and allowed him to snuggle up to me on the sofa before I asked him to move in with me. “I guess, we—” had sex by the fireplace and fell asleep entangled with one another before we awoke to some knocking that would cause everything to shatter. “So, we just went back to the cabin and… and slept,” Jungkook explained, the pink haired one noticing the smug expression on Minji’s face as she watched Jungkook struggle to respond.

“I see,” Mr. Jeon said with a knowing smirk. “What else did you two do on the entire trip?”

The blush on Jimin’s cheeks tinged a darker shade of rose, the boy clearing his throat.

“We…”
“Mr. Jeon, why don’t we pay the donation table a visit?” Minji saved the awkward moment, placing her hand on Mr. Jeon’s arm to receive his attention.

Jungkook’s father gasped, giving a nod. “We haven’t been there yet. You are right,” he agreed, dabbing his napkin over his mouth before he finished his glass of wine. “We’ll be right back. Please, finish your food,” he insisted, pointing at Jimin’s and Jungkook’s plates that weren’t empty yet.

Then, Minji and Mr. Jeon rose to their feet, the woman flashing Jungkook a smug smile before the two of them went off to search for that donation table.

A relieved sigh slipped past Jimin’s lips that he hadn’t noticed of holding.

“I’m sorry about that,” Jungkook apologised, leaning closer to Jimin.

“It’s not your fault,” Jimin spoke softly, shaking his head, flashing Jungkook a half smile.

Min cleared his throat, drawing both of their attention over to him.

“When is Euna coming back?” he wanted to know.

“Did she say where she wanted to go to?” Jimin inquired, inclining his head to the side.

The older man sighed. “No”

“Should we go look for her?” Jimin suggested, insinuating to raise to his feet in order to search for her. After all, she had in fact been gone for a while now, yet perhaps she just needed a little longer in the restroom or there was an extended line.

“I’m sure, she’ll return soon,” Min commented, brushing Jimin’s suggestion off, taking a sip from his drink instead as his gaze flickered back and forth between Jimin and Jungkook. “This … trip you two did,” he started, “Was it… business related? A friendship trip or…”

At his question, Jimin’s eyes went bigger.

Well, there it was.

What were they supposed to answer? Was Min allowed to learn that Jungkook was no longer available for his daughter? Was it going to interfere with their business-

“Jimin is… Jimin is my boyfriend, Min,” Jungkook revealed, drawing Jimin out of his thoughts, and bewildering him – to say the least – as he hadn’t expected Jungkook to share that part about himself with Min.

“Boyfriend?” Min echoed, arching up his brows as he glanced at Jimin. “Is that so?”

“Yes,” Jimin found himself affirm softly, Jungkook turning to face Jimin at the delicate tone of his voice.

“I didn’t know you had… I didn’t know you were…” Min struggled to express, clearing his throat. “What a pity,” he noted. “I mean, good for you,” he corrected himself, clearing his throat again as he raised his glass as though he were to cheer for them. “Well… I believe Euna might have gotten lost somewhere,” he changed the subject.

“I could go and look for her,” Jimin offered again.

“That’s fine, Jimin-ah. I can look for her,” Jungkook suggested, rising to his feet already. “I’ll be
Nervously, Jimin parted his lips to protest, not fond of the thought of remaining at the table all on his own with Min. Not because he didn’t like the man, but simply because his presence exuded a certain power that made Jimin anxious – and quite frankly, he had no idea what he was supposed to talk to him about.

“Is that okay?” Jungkook asked softly, stealing a glimpse at Jimin to make sure that he would manage to stay with Min for the time of Jungkook’s absence.

“Y-Yeah,” Jimin hummed, giving a faint nod.

Then, the taller boy left, heading off into the crowd to search for Euna.

Min sipped on his drink, Jimin picked up his chopsticks to finish his food.

A somewhat awkward silence consumed them for a few minutes, leaving Jimin praying that someone would return to their table fairly soon and save them from this moment.

Suddenly, a soft melody resounded from the speakers deposited in the room, the gentle song startling Jimin. A few people rose to their feet, walking to the back of the room to share a dance.

At the same time, Minji and Mr. Jeon returned to their table, their hands interlaced.

“Jimin-ssi, I didn’t know that you were familiar with Seo,” Jungkook’s father spoke with raised brows, not taking a seat at the table, but remaining standing up.

At his surprising words, Jimin was too caught off guard to truly register and process the sight of Minji’s and Mr. Jeon’s intertwined hands.

“Am I?” Jimin murmured in confusion, titling his head to the side as he faced the man.

They had met for the very first time approximately two and a half hours ago, merely talking to one another for about twenty minutes before Jimin had excused himself and had run off. By no means would Jimin go as far as to refer to them as being anything close to familiar with one another.

“Mr. Seo asked for you,” Mr. Jeon revealed.

Jungkook’s gaze, however, flickered from Jimin to his father and back to Jimin.

“What’s going on?” Jungkook wondered, knitting his brows at Jimin’s bewildered expression.

Mr. Jeon ignored Jungkook’s question. “Well, if you have a few minutes, we could go and pay his
table a visit, Jimin-ssi?” he suggested instead.

“Who?” Jungkook asked.

“Seo,” Mr. Jeon responded, glancing at his son. “Apparently, Jimin left quite the impression on him,” he said, chuckling.

“Did he?” Jungkook echoed, pushing his tongue into his cheek as he titled his head to the side, clearly not fond of the thought of Seo being interested in Jimin.

“Well, he was certainly interested in knowing more about Jimin,” Mr. Jeon chimed, presumably intrigued by the knowledge of another business associate being enchanted by Jimin – whatever that implied.

Jungkook snorted, shaking his head. “Of fucking course,” he cursed beneath his breath, his blood boiling at the thought of Seo being that captivated by Jimin – and that fucking audacious – that he would send Jungkook’s oblivious father as a wing man. “Where is he?”

“Why?”

“Tell me,” Jungkook insisted, his jaw locking.

There was a distinct surge of tension in the air among them.

“Why don’t you two go on and share a dance as well?” Minji suddenly suggested, pointing at Jungkook and Jimin, reaching out for Mr. Jeon’s hand simultaneously.

The older man glanced at her before he gave a nod. “What a great idea,” he coincided, having noticed the change in Jungkook’s demeanor as well.

Jimin and Jungkook stared at one another.

“Appa, I…” Jungkook tried to decline.

“O-Okay,” Jimin found himself utter softly, rising to his feet, not intending for Mr. Jeon to be suspicious of their relationship, if they were to refuse, and hoping that it would distract Jungkook from his rage aimed at Mr. Seo.

Quite astonished by Jimin’s agreement, Jungkook got up to his feet as well, hesitant as he reached for Jimin’s hand. Gently, the smaller boy placed his palm in Jungkook’s, allowing the latter to interlace their fingers before he guided them towards the dance floor.

The song that resounded from the speakers was slow and sweet, the melody summoning a leisurely dance. As soon as the two boys had arrived at the spot, Jungkook’s hands found their way to Jimin’s waist, the latter timid as he curled his arms around Jungkook’s neck.

Tenderly, Jungkook pulled Jimin tighter, their bodies mere inches apart, their faces so much closer that way. Nervously, Jimin inhaled a shaky breath, disregarding the way his insides squirmed at their intimate proximity.

“I guess these aren’t the perfect circumstances I had imagined our first slow dance to be,” Jungkook noted as the two boys commenced to move to the melody of the record.

A half-smile curved Jimin’s lips. “When are things ever truly perfect?” he commented.

In no way had Jimin envisaged their first slow dance to be at a charity gala in the midst of them
silently fighting and being unaware of where exactly their hearts belonged.

This wasn’t perfect – by no means.

*Yet, life was too short to seek for perfect moments.*

“Is this okay for you?” Jungkook inquired.

“What do you mean?” Jimin wondered, inclining his head to the side.

“For me to touch you?” Jungkook elucidated. “For us to dance like this?” he added, a small smile curling up the corners of his lips. “I know you only agreed because you don’t want my father to worry,” he stated, an emotion similar to melancholy displayed in his doe eyes.

Jimin averted his gaze down. “I wouldn’t be here, if I wasn’t comfortable,” he whispered.

The black haired male’s gaze flickered down to Jimin’s lips, the man deliberating whether to touch Jimin’s chin and guide his face back up for them to lock eyes, but he refrained.

“Did you really only come tonight because you had already agreed to attend?” Jungkook wanted to know, his voice a lot softer and quieter than it had initially been.

Slowly, Jimin lifted his head, meeting Jungkook’s gaze again.

“A lot of money was raised today,” Jimin disregarded his question by stating another thought. “This day was already a success,” he added, flashing Jungkook a soft smile. “I’m very proud of you and your father”

The younger male parted his lips, as though he itched to reiterate his preceding question, but he shook his head at himself, uttering out a gentle “Thank you” instead as he spun Jimin around, the latter giggling at the action.

Was it that unfair of Jimin to ignore Jungkook’s question?

Yet, what had Jimin been supposed to answer?

Declare that he had in fact attended this event because of Jungkook, regardless of everything he had done to him? Lie and pretend that he had only come here because of his former agreement stated in Mr. Jeon’s presence?

It wasn’t even an unblemished answer to Jimin himself, the boy still not certain whether he should listen to his heart or proceed to act oblivious and convince himself of the statement that he was here solely because of Mr. Jeon and the significance of this night.

All of it was too confusing for Jimin’s poor heart to apprehend.

“So, you and Seo, hm?” Jungkook noted, his grasp around Jimin’s hips tightening for a brief moment. “I saw him by your side earlier”

Jimin raised his brows. “Did you?” he questioned, pretending to be unaware of his earlier intent stares and his vibrant attention that had been fixated on Jimin for nearly half an hour.

“Yes,” Jungkook affirmed. “I didn’t get to ask you yet whether you’re okay?”

At his question, Jimin furrowed his brows.
“Yes, why wouldn’t I?” he asked.

The younger male wet his lips. “I saw him touching you,” he stated.

Jimin lowered his head. “It’s fine,” he mumbled, not fond of reminiscing over these earlier moments, still undecided whether Seo had simply been very friendly or whether he had suggested more with his touches.

“It’s not fine,” Jungkook objected, placing his fingers below Jimin’s chin to guide his face back up, causing the two of them to lock eyes.

“It’s over now,” Jimin spoke with a shrug of his shoulder. “It’s okay, really”

“I don’t want you to think that it’s fine, little one,” Jungkook emphasised, furrowing his brows at the way Jimin appeared to accept the disgusting way he had been treated in, brushing it off as something lightly and seemingly failing to see that there was more to it; that Seo had believed of himself to be superior, thus entitling himself with the permission to touch Jimin as often as he wanted to.

No, Jungkook was not overreacting.

After all, this was Jimin – The love of his fucking life.

No one was allowed to touch him without Jimin’s consent – Jungkook vowed to make sure of that to the day he was forced to leave this world.

“Kook-ah,” Jimin pressed, missing the dear pet name Jungkook had addressed him with.

The black haired male cleared his throat. “I’m sorry,” he apologised.

“I mean, I know that it’s not fine, but I really don’t want that to get in the way of the purpose of this night,” Jimin expressed, obviously not having been endeared by the inconsiderate way Seo had treated him in, but then all the more wanting to focus on the significance of this event. “I won’t be seeing him again anyway and it might just have been an accident,” he murmured.

Jungkook, however, appeared unimpressed. “Those were quite a few accidents then,” he pointed out.

“Jungkook-ah,” Jimin prompted again.

“Fine,” Jungkook sighed. “I’ll be quiet,” he promised, only staring at Jimin with that softness in his eyes.

Certainly, Jimin was endeared by the way Jungkook seemed to care, but… it confused him all the more as to why he had behaved that way at the cabin, why he had treated Jimin in such a hostile way.

Did he really only consider him a toy?

What had all of these months really meant?

The pink haired one wanted to believe so badly that there was a reasonable explanation for everything; that Jungkook truly loved him.

Yet, the longer Jimin stared into Jungkook’s gorgeous eyes, the more his heart ached as it feared to learn the entire truth; as it feared for everything to be damaged beyond repair.
Jimin realised that his heart couldn’t pretend any longer.

“When this song ends, I think it’s time for me to go,” Jimin informed him, his tone delicate. “It’s late already,” he noted, although it wasn’t at all, Jimin merely having been here for approximately three and a half hours.

At his words, Jungkook stilled. “Don’t go yet,” he requested, his grasp around Jimin tightening.

*What a contrast to the morning at the cabin; asking him to stay now after yelling at him to leave just yesterday.*

“I did what I came here for,” Jimin expressed. “There is no reason for me to stay any longer”

“There is. You know that there is,” Jungkook whispered, leaning closer.

“I don’t think this day should be ruined, Jungkook-ah,” Jimin stressed, placing his petite palm on Jungkook’s chest to halt his movement. “I want you to remember this event as a happy one; and as much as I wish I could, it’s only for so long that I can pretend that everything is okay, when it’s not,” he uttered.

“I don’t want you to have to pretend,” Jungkook declared, shaking his head. “You could never ruin anything, Jimin-ah,” he added softer, reaching up to brush Jimin’s fringe out of his face.

The touch was tender and comforting, causing Jimin’s eyes to flutter shut subconsciously, deceiving his heart to believe that everything was wholesome again, even if it was only for a split moment.

“I know that I will, if I stay much longer,” Jimin expressed, shaking his head as he forced his eyes back open. “I know that I won’t be able to look at you much longer and pretend that you didn’t hurt me. I know that when we do decide to talk about us eventually, it won’t be pretty. I don’t want you to remember this pivotal moment in your life as the day we… Let’s not do that tonight”

“Jimin-ah,” Jungkook whispered, reluctantly allowing Jimin to withdraw.

“What you made possible for these children and homeless people is beautiful, Jungkook-ah,” Jimin stated with a genuine smile, ignoring the iciness that suddenly engulfed him, now that Jungkook was no longer touching him. “I hope you know how proud your mother would have been of you. I hope you know that *I’m* very proud of you,” he added.

“Jimin-ah, please-” Jungkook begged, taking a step closer.

“Good night, Jungkook-ah,” Jimin whispered, turning around and leaving.

This time, voluntarily – one could argue.

Yet, deep within, Jimin was aware that leaving Jungkook tonight was not truly a choice of his heart either, similar to the way he hadn’t left the cabin yesterday morning.

However, this was the sane choice, the right one.

At least, that’s what Jimin convinced himself to view it as.

As he made his way through the crowd, he tried to locate Mr. Jeon or Minji, not intending to be rude by simply leaving without saying goodbye. However, their table was empty, and Jimin didn’t want to stay here any longer, but just wanted to go home.

In the end, he decided to leave without searching for them any longer, choosing to find Mr. Jeon
tomorrow at work and apologise for his lack of mannerism.

The pink haired boy had just reached the now empty hallway by the entrance, making his way down to the huge doors to leave, but halting in his steps as soon as he noticed the way it was pouring outside, heavy raindrops falling down from the sky.

Sighing, Jimin stepped outside, shielded from the downpour by the small roof above him.

At last, Jimin decided to call himself a cab, not keen on making his way home by public transportation tonight. After making a quick call, Jimin went back inside, choosing to wait in the hallway until he saw his taxi park in front of the building to pick him up.

As he remained in the hallway, he curled his arms around his upper body, wanting to ignore the way his body felt so cold all of a sudden.

“Leaving already?” a male inquired, the unexpected presence startling Jimin.

For some reason, the mere voice caused a shiver to run down Jimin’s back.

The smaller boy turned to face the man.

“I, uhm… Yeah, I guess,” he uttered, giving a faint nod before he fixated his attention back over to the windows, wishing for his cab to speed up.

Mr. Seo cleared his throat. “Alone?” he wanted to know, scanning their surroundings.

“Oh,” Jimin murmured, not meeting his gaze this time.

“I see,” Mr. Seo noted with a nod.

An awkward silence consumed them.

Jimin wondered why Mr. Seo was even beside him to begin with, considering how he certainly employed a personal driver himself and could simply leave already, if he truly wanted to.

“I must say,” Mr. Seo broke the silence between them. “I like the chase, Mr. Park,” he declared with a slurring voice as he pulled on his tie, displaying his vast intoxication.

Great, another drunk man.

“The chase?” Jimin echoed, confusion adorning his pretty features as he furrowed his brows. “In what sense?” he wanted to know, turning to face the man again.

Frankly, having a conversation with Mr. Seo right now was not exactly high on Jimin’s priority list – and definitely not on his agenda for tonight as he just wanted to go home and sleep – but he was admittedly inquisitive to learn what Seo was referring to with such a bizarre statement.

“I like when I have to teach them,” Mr. Seo stated opposed to answering, his pupils dilating as he scanned Jimin from head to toe.

Teach whom? Teach whom what?

Undeniably, Mr. Seo was speaking Korean, but why were his words so difficult for Jimin to decipher?

“Teach what?” Jimin voiced his confusion, knitting his brows again.
A wicked smirk curved Mr. Seo’s lips. “How to submit themselves to me,” he responded, bewildering Jimin.

The boy blinked.

“What… What do you mean?” Jimin whispered, ignoring the part of him that declared it had a probable assumption regarding his statement.

“I think you know what I mean, Mr. Park,” Mr. Seo noted with a wink, his tone low.

Was he implying…

No, he couldn’t… Right?

Jimin’s eyes went bigger.

“This is a charity gala, Mr. Seo,” Jimin reminded him of the innocent event they were present at. “We’re raising money to donate to a children’s hospital and a homeless shelter,” he added, emphasising the purity of this night.

Mr. Seo chuckled. “That doesn’t mean I’m not allowed to have fun, does it?” he questioned.

“In what way, Mr. Seo?” Jimin inquired, despite his uncertainty of whether he truly wanted to learn the answer to that question.

Why was Jimin even engaging in this conversation?

After all, there were so many red lights beaming at him, his heart screaming abort, begging him to leave this situation before it escalated to a point of no return.

However, his natural politeness compelled him to respond, nonetheless.

“1,000,000 won,” Mr. Seo suddenly chimed, titling his head to the side.

“What?” Jimin exclaimed, his confusion not having decreased at all.

“For a night with you,” the man explained, raising his brows. “That should be enough, shouldn’t it?”

Appalled by his offer, Jimin’s eyes went bigger.

“Mr. Seo, I’m not- What?” he expressed, taking a step back as he dropped his hands back to his side.

“You heard me,” Mr. Seo said as though there had even been the slimmest chance of his words not having been audible to Jimin.

They had, undoubtably, but Jimin wished his ears had deceived him so badly.

Yet, they hadn’t.

Mr. Seo was too drunk, Jimin realised, he wasn’t sober enough for his brain to truly function and notice how inappropriate and utterly rude his words were.

“I’m not purchasable, Mr. Seo,” Jimin retorted with a huff.

“So, a night with you is free?” Mr. Seo concluded, snickering at his own remark like a child making
their first vulgar remark.

“Mr. Seo, you’re being disrespectful and very degrading, I—”

“Hey, you better be nice to me, understood?” the older man interrupted him harshly, curling his hand around Jimin’s arm to force him closer. “I could ruin your career, if I wanted to,” he warned, his tone low and threatening. “We both know what you did to get into Jeon Entertainment,” he implied through gritted teeth.

The pink haired one was too overwhelmed and staggered by the sudden turn of events, his body having legitimately frozen, unable to move at all.

“Did you let him fuck you or was a blowjob enough?” Mr. Seo asked, his words obscene, his question more than inappropriate. “Now that you’re a part of the industry, you know that’s the way things work around here,” he claimed.

“M-Mr. Seo,” Jimin whimpered, trying to free himself from Mr. Seo’s grasp.

“Don’t play a fool now, Mr. Park,” the man growled, leaning closer to Jimin, their faces mere inches apart.

“Leave me alone!” Jimin exclaimed, shoving the man away, desperately trying to recall those self-defence techniques Jungkook had taught him.

Suddenly, another figure had appeared a few feet away from them, their silhouette visible in Jimin’s peripheral vision, although the boy was too focused on his current problem to truly pay that visitor much attention.

“Take your fucking hands off of him right now,” a male voice demanded through gritted teeth.

At the familiar voice, a surge of relief bloomed within Jimin – and if his heart fluttered a little, no one but him had to know.

“Jeon, we meet again,” Mr. Seo commented, his grasp around Jimin loosening, albeit not vanishing entirely. “This time properly, I guess,” he added with a laugh, turning to meet Jungkook’s gaze.

“I’m not going to ask you again, Seo,” Jungkook warned him, taking slow steps to close the distance between them.

“Jeon, did your father never teach you to keep yourself out of shit you have no business in?” Mr. Seo responded with a sigh, curling his arm around Jimin’s waist to pull him tighter to his body.

The black haired male pushed his tongue into his cheek. “Jimin-ah told you to leave him alone, so get your fucking hands off of him right now, Seo,” Jungkook insisted again, his eyes dark and demanding, a shiver running down Jimin’s back.

A slight part within Jimin feared of when Jungkook was going to snap – and what he was going to do, if it happened – yet vastly, Jimin just felt protected.

For a moment, Mr. Seo was distracted, leaving Jimin a solid opportunity to rescue himself, but somehow, Jimin couldn’t move at all, as though every fibre of his very being was frozen.

Mr. Seo sneered at Jungkook’s words, not at all intimidated by Jungkook’s threat. “Is it your dick he’s sucking or why are you that fucking interested? Fuck off, Jeon,” he ordered.
The younger male’s jaw locked, the man balling his hands to fists as he closed the last fraction of distance between them. “I swear, Seo, I will fucking—”

“You will what?” Mr. Seo provoked him, raising his brows. “I know damn well you won’t do shit around here, so just turn around and let me have him, and we will pretend this has never happened, okay?”

“G-Guys, please, can we just—” Jimin begged, trying to push Mr. Seo away.

“Shut up,” Mr. Seo interrupted Jimin harshly. “No one asked for you to talk,” he remarked, his tone stern and annoyed.

“How dare you fucking speak to him like that?” Jungkook growled at him.

The older man raised his brows. “No one asked for him to speak, so how dare he raise his voice?”

“You see, you’re clearly fucking pissed right now, so for the benefit of the doubt, I’m going to one – believe that usually, you’re not that big of a fucking piece of shit, and two – give you five seconds to reconsider what you just said and did to him, and then get your fucking hands finally off of him” Mr. Seo leaned closer to Jungkook, a wicked smirk curving his lips. “I won’t get my hands off of him until my name is the only thing he remembers after I have fucked—”

They would never hear the remainder of that sentence, Jungkook having punched his fist right into Mr. Seo’s face, thus impeding him to finish that disgusting remark.

The pink haired boy gasped, his eyes going bigger.

As a result of the hit, Mr. Seo tumbled backwards into the wall, groaning at the pain he endured. Jungkook, however, wasn’t satisfied yet, his hands grasping Mr. Seo’s collar and pushing the man into the wall.

“Are you fucking insane?” Mr. Seo exclaimed with big eyes. “How is it any of your fucking business whether I fuck that pretty doll or not? I don’t—”

Mr. Seo did not obtain any opportunity to finish that sentence either, Jungkook having repeated his prior action, causing his fist to collide with the older male’s face again, and again, and again… and again, and…

“Oh my god! Stop! Jungkook-ah, get off him!” Jimin yelled, his voice full of horror, the boy swift to reach for a bundle of the fabric of Jungkook’s tuxedo, tugging on it in an attempt to gain Jungkook’s attention.

The younger male didn’t budge, causing Jimin to close his delicate arms around Jungkook’s upper body in order to draw him back that way. Ultimately, Jungkook softened, the tension within his body subsiding as he allowed Jimin to pull him back.

Carefully, Jimin withdrew, moving in front of Jungkook to meet his gaze.

“Kook-ah,” Jimin whispered, the other boy breathing heavily, his eyes full of rage. “Please,” he added softly, not certain what he was begging for, but content with the effect it had on Jungkook, nonetheless; the latter’s eyes softening as they stared into Jimin’s.

“Son of a fucking bitch,” Mr. Seo insulted Jungkook behind them, wiping the back of his hand over his bloody nose, only smearing the blood around on his skin, opposed to removing it from his face.
At his mean and inconsiderate remark towards Jungkook, a sudden wave of anger bloomed within Jimin, causing him to do clench his hands into petite fists, insinuating to punch Mr. Seo in the face.

However, Jungkook was swift to curl his hand around Jimin’s wrist, stilling his movement.

“Don’t be like me,” Jungkook whispered, shaking his head.

“This will have legal actions, Jeon, you’re aware, aren’t you?” Mr. Seo stressed, spitting some blood out on the floor.

“Seo, if I were you, I would be careful with who I threat, considering how I know about quite a few of your secrets myself,” another voice suddenly warned behind them. “It would be a pity to make them public, don’t you think?”

All of them turned around to identify the newcomer, another singe of relief blossoming within Jimin as he realised that it was Mr. Jeon who had appeared by their side, as well as Minji who was standing right beside him.

“Your son is fucking crazy,” Mr. Seo declared, his tone full of anger.

“And you’re a piece of shit,” Minji commented, crossing her arms over her chest.

“You’re no saint either, Seo,” Mr. Jeon noted, waving for Jimin and Jungkook to head over to them.

“Appa, it’s-” Jungkook intended to talk, but was interrupted by his father.

“Jimin-ah, please bring him home,” Mr. Jeon insisted as he placed his hand on Jimin’s shoulder, addressing the smaller boy before he diverted his gaze over to Jungkook. “Jungkook-ah, this will have consequences,” he warned his son.

“Appa, he tried to fucking assault Jimin, I-” Jungkook defended his actions.

“I’ll take care of it,” his father interrupted him, lifting his flat palm up in the air in a nonverbal command to silence him. “You don’t need to worry, okay?” he assured him before he pointed at the door. “Now, leave, you two”

They stared at Mr. Jeon for a moment longer, Minji the one to give them a careful push.

Gently, Jimin curled his palm around Jungkook’s wrist, giving it a tender tug as he made his way down the hallway, heading towards the entrance doors.

“My… My car is right across the street,” Jungkook announced, fishing for his car keys.

Unimpressed, Jimin stilled and turned to face Jungkook, the latter nearly walking into him. “You’re not driving anywhere – give me the keys,” he demanded.

“I’m not that drunk,” Jungkook justified, blinking at Jimin’s request. “I’m tipsy,” he mumbled, tripping over his own two feet in the midst of proceeding to walk, and disproving that former statement in a mere second.

“Jungkook-ah,” Jimin pressed, his flat palm sprawled out, waiting for Jungkook to hand over his keys.

The other male halted again, turning to face Jimin. “Fuck, okay, let me just text Beomsoo,” Jungkook decided, picking out his phone, his digits moving over the device’s display. “He’s not far from here,” he informed him.
Well, to be fair, ever since obtaining his driver’s licence, Jimin hadn’t exactly been driving a lot… or ever again, really. To his defence, a car was way too expensive for him and Jimin preferred a nice walk anyway.

Hence… Jimin driving – especially on this utterly bizarre and never-ending night – might not be the most secure decision on either of their behalf.

“Okay,” Jimin agreed, giving a nod, completely omitting the fact that he had called himself a cab not too long ago.

Notably, Beomsoo must have been awfully close by, considering how Jimin and Jungkook had barely exited the building and make it to the other side of the street, when they saw that familiar car slow down right in front of them.

Naturally, Beomsoo climbed out of the vehicle and executed a deep bow. “Good evening, Mr. Jeon, Jimin-ssi,” he greeted them as he opened the car to the backseats, awaiting the two of them to enter the vehicle.

“Good evening, Beomsoo,” Jimin responded politely, observing how Jungkook got in the back seat, then going ahead and opening the door to the passenger seat instead of joining him. The pink haired one climbed into the front of the car and shut the door close behind him.

The older male beside him glanced at Jimin, but he didn’t say a word.

Similarly, Jungkook stole a glimpse at Jimin as he realised that Jimin hadn’t climbed into the vehicle beside him, but had consciously decided to separate himself from Jungkook by establishing some physical distance between them.

For a moment, Jungkook wanted to say something, already parting his lips as the words were itching to slip from him, but… he refrained, pressing his lips into a line instead and respecting Jimin’s nonverbal expression.

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Carefully, Jimin shut the door close behind him, allowing his palm to stay on the wood as he remained standing by the door, watching Jungkook head over to his sofa and take a seat on it.

They hadn’t said a word to one another ever since they had left the charity gala.

No, silence had consumed them.

Neither of them knew what to say, or how to say it.

For a moment, Jimin was completely still, finding himself gazing at Jungkook who simply sat there as he looked back at Jimin, their eyes locking – Those gorgeous brown eyes, now gleaming with everything Jimin wished he had seen in them yesterday morning at the cabin.

Slowly, Jimin closed the distance between them, studying Jungkook’s handsome features intently, noticing the bruises on his knuckles. They were covered in blood – not his own, but Mr. Seo’s, the latter not having obtained any true chance to throw his fists at Jungkook.

“You shouldn’t have done that,” Jimin whispered, shaking his head as he fidgeted with his petite fingers, somehow nervous and feeling all the more vulnerable now that he was here in Jungkook’s apartment, all alone with him.
The black haired male titled his head to the side, his eyes trailing over Jimin’s pretty features. “There are a lot of things I shouldn’t have done, but that earlier isn’t one of them,” he uttered, his tone soft and quiet, almost as though he feared Jimin would break, if he were to speak any louder.

Jimin lowered his head. “Thank you,” he murmured, his gratitude sincere.

After all, Jimin didn’t even want to envisage what Mr. Seo would have done to him, if Jungkook hadn’t appeared and protected him. Admittedly, Jimin’s mind had been absolutely blank in that moment, impeding him to recall any of the self-defence techniques Jungkook had been so adamant to teach him. It was almost as though the utter shock and fear had made him numb, causing a moment of weakness to nearly make him completely helpless.

Slowly, Jimin lifted his gaze again, discovering that Jungkook had never teared his eyes away, staring right at Jimin with gleaming affection and something Jimin wanted to define as apology. Jungkook’s intent stare made him weak.

“This doesn’t change anything between us,” Jimin found himself whisper.

A half smile curved Jungkook’s lips. “I know,” he whispered back.

“Then don’t look at me like that,” the smaller boy insisted, his gaze rushing down to Jungkook’s lips.

The other male raised his brows. “Like what?”

*Like you love me. Like I’m your everything. Like you never meant to hurt me.*

However, Jimin didn’t respond.

“I love you, Jimin-ah,” Jungkook declared softly, when Jimin didn’t elucidate his request. “I don’t know how else to look at you”

At his words, Jimin’s insides squirmed.

Carefully, Jungkook reached for Jimin’s waist, gentle as he pulled him down on his lap, Jimin feeling as though his body was moving all on his own, finding himself straddling Jungkook’s lap in the blinking of an eye.

Delicately, the younger male brushed Jimin’s fringe out of his face, his digits tracing down over Jimin’s cheek before he grabbed Jimin’s chin. Slowly, he leaned in, Jimin inhaling a shaky breath as he felt Jungkook’s lips brush over his own in a soft kiss.

The smaller one’s eyes fluttered shut, his heart quivering the way it always did when Jungkook touched him, when he looked at him, when he was simply anywhere close by. Yet, Jimin withdrew, turning his face to the side as he dug his teeth into his bottom lip.

*This wasn’t right.*

Shaking his head, Jimin rose to his feet, creating some distance between them.

“Are you leaving?” Jungkook wanted to know as he sat further up on the sofa, wetting his lips as though he wished he could still taste Jimin on them.

“Your father asked me to bring you home,” Jimin stressed, hugging his own upper body tight like he was trying to protect himself… *From what?*
“Is that the only reason you’re here?” Jungkook inquired, his tone softer.

The pink haired one remained mute.

“Please, stay, Jimin-ah,” Jungkook begged. “Please, let’s talk this out”

Jimin averted his gaze. “You’re drunk and you just punched the CEO of a company,” he reminded the other one, verifying that Jungkook was not capable to have any sort of serious conversation right now.

“I’m not. I’m just tipsy,” Jungkook corrected, albeit Jimin was doubting that claim, judging by the way his eyes fell shut every now and then, by the way he hadn’t even gotten up from the sofa again.

“You’re not,” Jimin objected, shaking his head. “Go to bed, Jungkook-ah,” he reiterated. “You should sleep”

The younger male rose to his feet.

“Little one, please, let me fix this,” Jungkook whispered.

“Jungkook-ah, just go to bed,” Jimin insisted as he slid his hand through his pink locks, not meeting the other one’s gaze. “And… and cool your hand”

For a moment, Jungkook just proceeded to stare at Jimin, wishing the boy would meet his gaze, wishing he would stay.

Yet, he didn’t.

“If you want to talk, just wake me up,” Jungkook offered, itching to approach Jimin and kiss him goodbye, but apprehending that this wasn’t the right moment.

Reluctantly, Jungkook turned around and headed up his staircase, wondering whether he had hurt Jimin the same way he was hurting now.

***

It was late, and dark, and cold.

The pink haired boy swung his legs back and forth, his fingers playing with the hem of his suit jacket absentmindedly. A dark scheme was among him, painting the room in pitch black, a faint illumination from the moon barely breaking through the curtains.

It was silent.

At least, it had been, until there was some rustling audible in the room, a quiet groan resounding from the bed a few feet away from him.

At the noise, Jimin lifted his head, his pulse quickening for a brief moment as he reconsidered his decision, but there wasn’t much time to reflect on anything, when a lightning strike broke the silence and the darkness in the room for a split moment, illuminating Jimin’s silhouette.

Then, the nightlamp was switched on, causing a dim light to brighten the room.

Blankly, the younger male stared at him for a moment, blinking a few times.

“You are… You are still here,” Jungkook whispered, his tone raspy as he rubbed his fist over his
eyes, almost as though he was indecisive whether he was still seized in his slumber.

“I am,” Jimin affirmed, like it wasn’t apparent, to confirm that Jungkook was no longer detained in any dream of his, but that this was real, that they were alive and here.

The black haired male cleared his throat, sitting up. “Why?”

Jimin blinked.

Another one of those simple questions. Those simple questions one would consider to be just as simple to respond to. However, somehow, it was anything but simple.

Perhaps, Jimin’s brain possessed some sort of deficiency when it came to those simple questions – bearing in mind how he appeared to struggle all the time to answer them – some form of lacking, like someone had forgotten to supply Jimin with that ability, when he had been created.

“I don’t know,” Jimin found himself answer.

It was a lie.

You see, Jimin always strived to be honest. In fact, purposely lying to someone was simply not any part of his nature, definitely not anything he ought himself out to do.

However, in the past forty-eight hours, Jimin had been dishonest for at least four times, whether it had been an intentionally stated lie or a choice of remaining silent, when he was certain that he knew the answer.

Why was he lying again?

Why was he trying to convince himself that he didn’t know the answer?

After all, wasn’t it more than apparent why he was still here?

Wasn’t the answer right there in front of him – literally?

“I screwed up,” Jungkook murmured, moving to the edge of the bed. “I don’t deserve for you to be here,” he stressed, sliding his hand through his messy black locks, Jimin only now noticing that the first four buttons of his shirt were open, causing his chest to be revealed.

For some reason, Jimin envisaged for Jungkook to having tried to remove his shirt, but having been way too exhausted and sleepy to proceed, and ultimately just having fallen right into bed.

Cute, Jimin thought, not realising that a small smile found its way on his pretty face.

However, when he did notice, his smile faltered.

“I know,” Jimin uttered softly, wondering whether it was too harsh for him to agree to Jungkook’s belief of him not deserving for Jimin to be here. For a split moment, a surge of guilt bloomed within Jimin, but he compelled it to vanish, just for now.

The black haired male’s stare was intent, but soft, his eyes never leaving Jimin’s features, as though he was scared Jimin would disappear, when he chose to tear his eyes away, or even blink.

“Yet, I’m still here,” Jimin added.

“Yeah,” Jungkook whispered.
Carefully, Jungkook rose to his feet, taking slow steps towards Jimin.

Jimin swallowed hard, his heart nervously racing faster the closer Jungkook moved, the boy not quite sure what exactly was causing that particular anxiety. Was it the close proximity that might lure him in to do something stupid? Was it the pain he felt when he looked into Jungkook’s eyes, scared of what he was going to say?

The latter halted right in front of Jimin, his body so close now that Jimin was able to feel that comforting warmth that was radiating from him.

“Just shut up and go.”

“I want you to go. Is that so fucking difficult for you to understand?”

“You’re being immature.”

“Stop acting like a fucking child for once in your goddamn life!”

“Leave”

The pink haired boy squeezed his eyes shut, his insides squirming in pain as his stupid memory decided to remind him of that dreadful incident.

“Maybe, this was a bad idea,” Jimin murmured, getting up from the armchair and walking past the younger male.

Jungkook, however, was quick to curl his hand around Jimin’s arm to spin him back around and face him. “No, Jimin-ah, please-”

“I can’t, Jungkook-ah,” Jimin expressed, snatching his arm back. “Every time I look at you now, I remember that… that cold stare in your eyes when you demanded for me to leave the cabin; when you said those horrible things to me and treated me like I was your pet,” he added, shaking his head. “I can’t pretend to not be hurt any longer,” he whispered. “I tried to. This whole night, I tried to do just that, but I can’t pretend any longer”

“Little one, I’m so sorry, I just-” Jungkook tried to explain, wetting his lips as he ran his hand through his messy black locks again. “Fuck, I didn’t mean any of that”

“Why would you say those words, if you don’t mean them?” Jimin wanted to know, furrowing his brows as he voiced his doubt. “You… You hurt me so much, when you just let me go like that,” he whispered, wanting to ignore the aching of his heart, not noticing the tears that prickled in the corners of his eyes.

Jungkook’s heart ached just the same at the sight of Jimin’s glassy eyes. “Jimin-ah, I’m so terribly sorry”

“Sorry for what exactly?” Jimin inquired, sniffing. “Sorry that you said those words? Sorry that they hurt me? That you treat me like a toy? That you make decisions for me, when that’s not your place? That you lied to me, repeatedly? That you have been keeping god knows how many secrets behind my back for these past weeks? Tell me, Jungkook-ah, what exactly?” he listed, his tone remaining soft opposed to the turmoil of emotions that was currently residing within him.

Saying those words out loud, Jimin realised that the magnitude of their issues was way bigger than just that incident at the cabin. Yes, that argument had essentially just been the icing on the cake, but it had also operated as some sort of clarity – in spite of being anything but enlightening itself – It had
helped Jimin to understand that Jungkook had been treating Jimin in a way the smaller one didn’t deserve and didn’t want to allow himself to be treated in any longer.

“I- Little one, I-” Jungkook stammered, trying to find a way to explain himself.

“I don’t want that anymore, Jungkook-ah,” Jimin interrupted him, his tone delicate and vulnerable, albeit still firm. “I don’t want… I don’t want this anymore,” he whispered, pointing from Jungkook to himself, like he was referring to them as an item.

At his words, Jungkook’s eyes grew bigger, his lips parting as he reached out for Jimin.

“No, Jimin-ah, please. I’m sorry,” Jungkook apologised, panic vivid in his voice. “Please, little one, don’t,” he begged, petrified that Jimin would just… go, and leave him for good.

Suddenly, Jungkook fell to his knees, his head hanging low.

“Jungkook-ah,” Jimin whispered, shocked and confused by the sight of Jungkook sinking to his knees in front of him, as though he was too weak to hold himself up any longer, as though he intended to establish a certain sign of surrender of his control and power.

“Please, don’t leave me, Jimin-ah,” Jungkook pleaded. “I can’t live without you,” he asserted, his voice breaking. “Please, I love you. I love you more than anything else in this world; more than I will ever love anyone else. Let me fix this,” he begged, his shoulders heaving.

Jimin blinked, his heart requiring a moment to process the sudden turn of events.

Slowly, Jimin sank to his knees as well. “Kook-ah,” he whispered.

“Don’t say it, please,” Jungkook uttered, shaking his head, his gaze still not meeting Jimin’s.

“Say what?” Jimin wanted to know, frowning.

“That you’re leaving me; that you don’t want me any longer,” the other one responded quietly, like he feared that his words would become vivid, when he said them any louder than that.

“Jungkook-ah, look at me,” Jimin insisted softly, gentle as he cupped Jungkook’s face, guiding it back up to lock eyes with the black haired male.

There were tears in Jungkook’s eyes. Jimin swore his heart broke at the sight.

“I don’t want any of this,” the pink haired one reiterated, Jungkook flinching at the words. “But… Gosh, Jungkook-ah, I don’t want to run away anymore either,” he added, pressing his eyes shut as he shook his head. “More than anything, I don’t want to lose you,” he whispered.

Jungkook blinked.

“I don’t want to lose you either, Jimin-ah,” he spoke, his tone delicate.

Good, that was good.

Just don’t back out now, Jimin, stand your ground.

“I… I want to believe that you love me,” Jimin noted, wetting his lips as he dropped his hands back to his side. “But maybe that’s just not enough anymore, Kook-ah,” he added.

By all means, love was such a fervent emotion, truly profound in any shape and form. However, was
the fact of loving someone enough to validate any action of yours – regardless of how flawed or mean they were?

The smaller boy believed that Jungkook loved him. After all, the latter had declared those words various times, reminding Jimin of the love for him that resided within Jungkook’s heart.

However, all the same, Jungkook vowing his heart to Jimin didn’t excuse a few actions of his, such as repeatedly pushing Jimin away, lying to him, keeping secrets from him, Jungkook using his authority over him.

A false behaviour and an unfair treatment couldn’t just be rectified by the fact of that person loving you, could it?

“Then let me fix it, please,” Jungkook said, drawing Jimin out of his thoughts. “What do I have to do? What do you need?”

Jimin’s gaze flickered back and forth between Jungkook’s eyes.

“I want to look at you and know that you are not hiding anything from me; that you’re not lying,” he found himself request, certain that it was one of the more severe issues, and maybe even the genesis of their problems. “I want you to talk to me, about anything and everything; I want you to be honest with me. No more lies. No more secrets”

The younger male dipped his head down.

“It’s not-…” he trailed off, shaking his head. “I tried, Jimin-ah. It’s not-… Some shit is too fucked up to share with you,” he claimed, barely meeting Jimin’s eyes.

At his words, a shiver ran down Jimin’s back, his pulse quickening at the notion of something being that awful that Jungkook had decided to not enlighten Jimin on it, that he had decided to withhold that information from Jimin.

Arguably, the black haired male had reserved a lot of information to himself in the past, whether it be a prior fling with an employee, or the murder of his mother. Hence, it wasn’t exactly anything unprecedented – which was just another fact that Jimin wished would change between them – Yet, Jungkook had never looked so… scared to share something with Jimin.

Carefully, Jimin adjusted his position.

“Jungkook-ah, when we’re together, your shit is my shit just as much,” Jimin expressed softly, only realising that his choice of words might not have been the most appropriate one although he had only meant to use Jungkook’s words – that the literal narrative could suggest something different – when a small smirk curved Jungkook’s lips, the boy appearing to be amused by Jimin’s comment. “I mean, just… whatever burdens your heart doesn’t have to be something you fight on your own,” Jimin corrected, pressing his eyes shut for a moment as he smiled at himself, or maybe at the fact of Jungkook smiling, he wasn’t sure. “I’m here, Jungkook-ah,” he declared, opening his eyes again. “Why are you not seeing me? Why are you not trusting me?”

Jungkook shook his head. “It’s not… I trust you more than anyone else in this world,” he stressed.

“Clearly, not enough,” Jimin objected, firm in his conviction that if Jungkook would in fact trust him as much as he said he did, he would have shared whatever was burdening him a long time ago.

“Little one, I promise you,” Jungkook emphasised, his eyes genuine. “It’s not about trust. I would give my life for you, that’s how much I trust you,” he added. “If anyone asked me who I trust the
most in the world, it’s you. It will always be you,” he accentuated.

“Then why are there things about yourself that you’re hiding from me?”

“I’m not…”

“Jungkook-ah, no more lies,” Jimin interrupted him quietly.

The black haired boy pulled on his own bottom lip with his teeth, shaking his head.

“They’re too fucked up to share, Jimin-ah,” he asserted.

“They’re not, Kook-ah,” Jimin objected.

After all, the two of them have been through so much together, or have shared their individual past with one another – the offer, Busan, Seoyun, Jimin’s biological father, that contract, Dongha, the murder of Jungkook’s mother, the childhood with Jimin’s father – just to mention a few.

By no means were either of them perfect. No, they both were flawed in their own ways and carried their baggage, they both had made mistakes in the past and would certainly make mistakes again.

Yet, they had learned, and they were still learning from their mistakes, learning from anything the universe decided to project on them – and they grew, it shaped them, in many ways, and it still did.

It’s a journey everyone takes.

“We’ve been through so much together,” Jimin voiced. “There is not much that can shock me at this point”

“This will,” Jungkook claimed.

“I can decide that.”

The taller male stared at Jimin for a moment.

“There will be no turning back after that, Jimin-ah,” he tried to make him understand. “I… I can’t. It’s insane and crazy and… I’m fucking scared”

Jimin knitted his brows.

“Scared of what?” Jimin inquired, cognising that fear was the reason for Jungkook’s silence and lies. Whereas it had been his trauma that had impeded him to share the truth about his mother for a long time, Jungkook was evidently frightened of something this time around.

“That you’ll leave me,” Jungkook answered.

There it was. That was his fear. That was his nightmare.

_Jimin leaving him._

Almost ironic, Jimin thought, considering how it had been exactly what he had demanded for Jimin to do on that dreadful Sunday morning.

“I’m still here now, Kook-ah”

“You might not be, when you know everything,” the younger male uttered.
Jimin reached for his hand, curling his petite fingers around Jungkook’s bigger palm. At the tender touch, Jungkook locked eyes with him.

“Jeon Jungkook, I want to believe that you are that same person I fell for,” he expressed. “Yet, I also believe- No, I know that you have secrets. I know that there is something going on behind my back. I know Beomsoo isn’t just driving me around for convenience. I know he’s not just carrying a gun for nothing. I know Joon hasn’t appeared in front of your apartment one day to the other for no reason at all,” Jimin listed, his voice soft. “I already know that. I also know that you’ve treated me in a way I no longer want to allow you to”

There was another lightning strike outside, followed by a roaring thunder that startled Jimin. Ever since that last lightning strike a few minutes ago, it had been quiet, causing Jimin to estimate that he might have only imagined it, but evidently, a thunderstorm was truly commencing.

Why did there always seem to be thunderstorm, when Jimin and Jungkook were in some sort of argument? It was almost as though the sky behaved accordingly to how they were feeling, crying along with them.

Jungkook ran his thumb over the back of Jimin’s palm that was still holding onto his hand, the caressing touch comforting Jimin.

“If you love me like you say you do, then treat me like you do,” Jimin resumed, trying to ignore the fluttering that had been evoked by Jungkook’s soothing gesture. “I’m supposed to be your other half, Jungkook-ah, an equal partner, not a pet or a toy you decide when to play with, and if there is anything personally bothering you or even any inconvenience, you just push me away again”

The black haired male’s eyes grew bigger. “I never… I never intended to treat you that way, angel,” he expressed. “I wanted to protect you, that’s all I ever wanted”

“Protect me from what?” Jimin wanted to know.

“Jimin-ah, I can’t-”

“You said you were going to fix this, Kook-ah, so try,” Jimin insisted, never raising his voice, his tone remaining calm and soft, a quiet hush just between them, maybe attributable to the fact that they were sitting on the floor right across from one another, their knees pressed against one another, their faces just a few inches apart.

“You’ll hate me,” Jungkook objected, shaking his head.

“Jeon Jungkook, please,” Jimin begged, desperation apparent in his voice, but just as much illustrated on his face. “Please allow me to be a part of your life and actually share your burdens and feelings with me. If you love me, and you want me to stay, please, try this for me. I never wanted to force you to anything, nor do I want you to change a part of yourself for me. However, you can’t expect me to bear this silence, those secrets and that pushing away anymore either”

The younger male remained silent, the boy appearing to deliberate what he was going to say.

“I have questions and I need answers,” Jimin accentuated. “More than anything, I don’t want any secrets between us any longer”

“I don’t want that between us either,” Jungkook commented.

“Then it’s up to you,” Jimin uttered, withdrawing his hand from Jungkook, the other male only reluctantly allowing Jimin’s touch to leave him. “I won’t force you, but… I think I deserve this”
“Okay,” Jungkook breathed, catching Jimin off guard with that response. “Okay, let me just,” he added, wiping his hand over his face before he adjusted his position, sitting down on his bottom beside Jimin opposed to kneeling across from him any longer, pressing his back against the wall.

The smaller boy emulated his action, sitting down on his bottom beside the wall, but turning his body to face Jungkook. At the realisation of finally going to have clarity, Jimin’s heart rate picked up.

It was everything he had desired all along, yet why did the notion cause his insides to squirm in anxiety and slight horror of what he was going to discover along the way?

“Tell me, what do you want to know?”

Where should Jimin even start?

There were so many questions, so many unspoken words and suspicious signs he knew he needed answers to.

“Why… Why did I have to leave the cabin?” Jimin found himself ask, deciding that it was the reason they were even here to begin with. “Why did you say those mean things to me?”

“It wasn’t safe to stay there any longer,” Jungkook responded, sliding his hand through his black locks, a small curl of his falling back down to cover his eye. “I needed you to leave the place immediately. I knew you weren’t going to leave, if I asked you nicely, but that you would be persistent in staying with me. I was scared, so I panicked and turned impulsive. I thought that making you hate me was the only option for you to leave,” he explained, a vast fraction within Jimin relieved and even grateful that Jungkook hadn’t meant any of those words, despite that not changing the fact that they had hurt him.

Who was Jungkook that scared of? Why hadn’t it been safe to stay there any longer?

“What are you scared of?” Jimin wanted to know, furrowing his brows.

“I… Fuck, I have… I have to share everything for you to understand all of it,” Jungkook expressed. “The beginning is crucial”

How long has this been going on for?

“I have time,” Jimin uttered, swallowing hard.

The taller one stared at him for a moment longer, studying his beautiful features before he stated, “I want you to know that… that nothing of this was ever my intention, okay? All I wanted was to protect you,” he stressed. “This is not- I didn’t want this”

“Okay,” Jimin whispered, giving a nod.

“I’m going to tell you some fucked up shit, Jimin-ah,” Jungkook tried to make him understand, leaving him one last chance to change his mind. “Are you sure you want to hear all of it?”

“Yes, Jungkook-ah,” he answered.

Yet, was he truly?

“Are you-”

“Kook-ah,” Jimin pressed softly, interrupting him.
Okay,” Jungkook breathed, wetting his lips as he leaned his head back into his neck, staring at the ceiling for a brief moment as he seemed to organise his thoughts, or perhaps contemplate how to share all of it with Jimin. “I don’t even know how to begin”

“How so?”

“It’s a lot,” the younger responded, stealing a glimpse at Jimin again, an emotion gleaming in his eyes as their gazes met. “I think, I…” he trailed off, suddenly raising to his feet again.

“What are you…” Jimin intended to ask, but went silent as he simply observed Jungkook move over to his dresser, pulling the top drawer open to pick out a few items – pages, Jimin realised. “What are those?”

The black haired boy returned to his side, lowering himself down on his prior spot.

“I’ve been receiving these for a while now”

“Pages?” Jimin asked, furrowing his brows, puzzled as to why Jungkook was showing him these, confused about what part they played in all of this. “From whom? What are those pages?”

“These are photos,” Jungkook revealed, holding them out for Jimin.

Photos?

Unfortunately, Jungkook’s response didn’t decrease Jimin’s confusion at all, but simply left him with even more perplexing thoughts, and further questions.

“Of what?” Jimin inquired.

For a moment, Jungkook just stared at him, before he whispered, “You”

“Me?” Jimin echoed, frowning.

Why did this conversation turn even more obscure the more Jimin learned?

Hesitantly, Jimin grasped the pictures.

As soon as he had curled his delicate fingers around them, a loud thunder roared outside, yet Jimin was too appalled by the first frame that the usual staggering sound didn’t even startle him.

“Oh my… Oh my god,” he whispered, his heart turning motionless for a split moment.

In his hands, he was holding onto four pictures – all of them displaying Jimin.

One of him working at the library.

One of him entering his apartment building.

One of him getting out of Beomsoo’s car and heading towards Jungkook’s apartment building.

And one… one of him and Jungkook-

“Oh my god,” Jimin breathed again, a dark shade of rose embellishing his cheeks at the sight of the last photo in his hand. “Kook-ah, who took these?” he wanted to know, his stomach twisting at the knowledge of someone having taken pictures of him without his notice nor permission – very intrusive and intimate pictures, to mention.
Jimin felt sick to his stomach.

“I don’t know who took those,” Jungkook responded, wetting his lips. “I just know how it all started”

“That is?”

“With Baek,” Jungkook revealed.

“Baek?” Jimin echoed.

Oddly enough, that name did ring a bell, but Jimin lacked the ability to identify the person and envision a face to the name. Why did the name sound awfully familiar, but any effort of trying to recall an encounter with the man was simply for vain.

That is – if Jimin even has ever encountered the man.

Maybe, Jimin had never actually seen him.

Maybe, Jimin-

That’s when it clicked.

“Yes, he-”

“That’s the guy you asked to look for my family,” Jimin found himself utter, remembering the person that had searched for his biological father, reminding himself of Jungkook having mentioned his name a few times before. For the vast majority of those times, the name had been dropped along some curse words or angry stares, a clear display of Baek not exactly being a friend of Jungkook.

“Correct,” Jungkook confirmed.

Wait, but that didn’t make any sense at all, did it?

Why would Baek send Jungkook photos of Jimin?

“Are you sure?” Jimin questioned.

“Yes,” Jungkook affirmed, giving a nod.

The smaller boy blinked.

“Wait, but why would he- What?”

“I’ll explain everything,” Jungkook said softly. “First of all, you need to know who Baek really is,” he added, Jimin not certain whether he truly wanted to know, judging by the fact that he had been watching Jimin without his knowledge. “Baek works for an organised gang, well he doesn’t just work for them, he’s the boss of the mob – some… mafia-type shit,” Jungkook disclosed.

“M-Mafia?” Jimin reiterated, his eyes going bigger. “Jungkook-ah, what does that mean? What does he do?”

“The easiest way to explain it is… Baek rules shit around the country incognito, so everything he does happens secretly,” the other male elucidated. “Everything you need, Baek has it, or knows how to get it. Information, drugs, guns, people-”
“People?” Jimin interrupted him, not exactly disregarding the other facts that had been mentioned, but then somehow so bewildered and staggered by the comment of people during the topic of everything Baek could supply one with. “What for?”

“All sorts of things,” the other one noted.

Jimin furrowed his brows.

“Like what?”

“Jimin-ah-”

“Like what?” Jimin urged.

The black haired male pressed his lips shut, hesitating.

“Sex, and… Fuck, really anything you can imagine,” he eventually answered.

“Does he… does he kill people?” Jimin found himself whisper.

Admittedly, Jimin didn’t possess any profound knowledge on the term mafia, and everything that it implied. To be honest, the smaller one had believed that to be some sort of myth, something just created for movies or novels, not a group that actually existed in the real world. However, in movies they were always described as a very dark entity, out to kill and manipulate people to obtain anything they desired – and if you ever were to cross them, your head would be rolling.

“I…” Jungkook hesitated.

“I don’t put it past him,” the younger one spoke, causing Jimin’s insides to squirm. “I think he does, but I don’t know too much about all of that either because I’ve only ever asked Baek for information”

The pink haired boy swallowed hard. “That’s… that’s insane,” he breathed out.

It was.

Jimin wasn’t overreacting, right?

“I know,” Jungkook agreed with a nod.

How did Jungkook even become a part of all of this? How does one even meet the mafia?

“How did you meet someone from the mafia, Jungkook-ah? How did you get into that?”

“My father; he has connections to them,” Jungkook revealed. “Well, as far as I know not for personal reasons, but for the sake of the company,” he explained, not exactly enlightening Jimin much.

After all, why would Mr. Jeon be involved with the mafia? What could they have possibly done for the sake of the company? Eliminate competition? Spy on competition? Deliver information, money?

At the mere notion of any of those options, Jimin swallowed hard.

“My father had some… business with him – matters that Baek took care of for him,” Jungkook proceeded, drawing Jimin out of his thoughts. “You might remember that Lee guy from Busan, he is
part of the mob as well. I don’t know too much about, but enough to know that Baek is a fucked up son of a bitch.”

“Wait, your… your father has connections to the mafia?” Jimin inquired, just to verify that he had in fact apprehended Jungkook’s words correctly, regardless of how much he wished that he hadn’t.

Faintly, Jimin found himself recall Jungkook mentioning that the informant from Busan hadn’t hurt him in that gambling casino because they worked for his father in a way. Yet, back then, Jimin had been way too overwhelmed by all of the revolving circumstances – being in Busan to begin with, being there with Jungkook, looking for his biological father – that the magnitude of that statement had been completely neglected by him, albeit not purposely.

“They’re not actually the mafia,” Jungkook objected, as though that would make it any less insane. “At least, they don’t refer to themselves as one,” he expressed, shrugging his shoulders.

“Doesn’t make them less of a mafia,” Jimin pointed out.

Not everything required a label for you to see and know what it truly was.

“Fair enough,” Jungkook coincided.

There was another loud, roaring thunder outside, but Jimin’s attention was too fixated on their current situation to sincerely acknowledge anything else but Jungkook and every word that slipped past his lips.

“What exactly did your father want from him?” Jimin wanted to know, always having envisaged Mr. Jeon to be a respectful, loyal and virtuous person. For some reason, this new information caused Jimin to wonder whether it were Mr. Jeon’s ties to the mafia that Jungkook had referred to whenever he had insinuated that Jimin shouldn’t put his entire trust into his father.

Was it because of this?

“Again, I don’t know the exact details,” Jungkook answered, shrugging his shoulders.

The smaller one narrowed his eyes, studying Jungkook’s features, searching for anything that depicted his insincerity, but there wasn’t – Jungkook was genuine.

“I’m sorry,” Jungkook apologised. “This is all I know. This is a part of the business my father strictly takes care of himself. I know about the existence of their connection, but I don’t have any inside information”

Jimin believed him.

“Okay, so… so Baek did some work for your company, correct?” Jimin resumed. “However, you don’t know what kind of matters those were? And Baek is the same person you asked to search for my father?”

“Correct,” Jungkook confirmed, giving a nod, impressed by how well Jimin managed to follow along thus far. "So, that's who Baek really is"

Yet, none of this truly elucidated why Baek would send Jungkook photos of Jimin.

“I just don’t get why… But what does this have to do with the photos?” Jimin mumbled.

“We’ll get there,” Jungkook reiterated, adjusting his position, the fabric of his button shirt sliding
down his shoulders in the midst of it, exposing an even bigger section of his upper body. Inevitably, Jimin’s gaze trailed down to his bare skin, the boy gulping at the sight.

The younger male noticed, his eyes following Jimin’s.

“I wanted to change earlier, but I was too tired and fell asleep,” Jungkook reasoned.

“You can… You can change now, if you want to,” Jimin suggested. “I can wait”

“You’ve waited long enough to know all of this, Jimin-ah”

“I don’t mind, really,” Jimin assured him softly.

After staring at Jimin for a moment, Jungkook gave a nod.

“Do you… I mean, do you want to change, too? I could lend you some clothes?” the black haired one offered as he got up to his feet in order to head over to his dresser. “It must be uncomfortable to stay in that suit for so long”

On his way over to the piece of furniture, he removed his shirt from his body, tossing it over onto his bed before he opened a drawer of his dresser and picked out a black shirt. In a swift motion, he tugged it over his head.

Jimin blinked, his eyes having been glued to Jungkook’s back the entire time.

“Jimin-ah?” Jungkook uttered, turning back around to face the boy because he hadn’t received a response, his fingers unbuckling the belt around his hips.

“Oh, uhm,” Jimin murmured, clearing his throat as he shook his head, his cheeks flushing a faint shade of rose. “No, I’m fine, thank you,” he added, observing how Jungkook tugged down his trousers.

Swiftly, Jimin teared his eyes away, fixating his attention on his own lap that was suddenly so fascinating. Nervously, Jimin traced the tips of his fingers over his thigh, drawing random shapes on it as he waited for Jungkook to return to his side.

However, it had become so hot in here, causing Jimin to decide to remove his suit jacket.

Just as Jimin had dropped the jacket on the floor beside him, Jungkook sat back down on the ground with his back against the wall, now dressed in a black shirt and some sweatpants.

“Where was I?” Jungkook asked, knitting his brows.

“Baek,” Jimin reminded him, the younger one giving a nod while he slid his hand through his black locks.

“Now you know who Baek really is,” Jungkook recommenced. “I asked Baek to search for your family,” he stated, although it wasn’t an unknown fact to Jimin.

“I remember, yes”

“I paid the money and we got the information,” he continued.

“Yes,” Jimin murmured, following along, although he wasn’t sure where any of this was heading to, yet then deciding to just trust that all of this had a purpose, and wait for Jungkook to enlighten him.
“However, I wasn’t satisfied with the way all of that shit was handled,” Jungkook expressed, presumably referring to the two-day delay of their meeting with Lee that had forced them to stay longer in Busan than they had initially intended.

Then again, Jimin wouldn’t exactly say he was at all disappointed or furious by that fact, considering that it had allowed Jungkook and him to spend a lot of time with one another that had enabled them to confess their feelings to one another.

“So, I let him know,” Jungkook stressed, drawing Jimin out of his thoughts.

“What did you say?”

The taller male cleared his throat, pushing his tongue into his cheek. “Well, that I wasn’t going to work with him on a personal level any longer because of the poor job he and his men did,” he noted.

Jimin squinted his eyes at him. “What else?”

At the way Jimin knew him so well, Jungkook found himself smile. “Might have told him to fuck himself, but that’s beside the point here,” he stated.

“Jungkook-ah!” Jimin exclaimed, his eyes growing bigger. “You can’t just insult someone like that – let alone someone who owns a gun and works for the mafia!” he scolded him, as though Jungkook needed someone to remind him of that fact.

Undeniably, Jungkook was aware of that detail.

However, Jungkook couldn’t help the way he was amused by Jimin’s endearing expression, the cute boy scolding him for verbally insulting someone. Inevitably, the smile that curved his lips grew.

“Baek knew that I was in the right for being annoyed by his behaviour,” Jungkook reasoned, shrugging his shoulders. “That asshole made us wait two days for something he promised me in a few hours. Baek knew that it wasn’t a loyal move on his part, nor was it beneficial for his reputation of being reliable.”

“Does he really rely on loyalty?” Jimin questioned, doubting that the head of a mob truly valued the virtue of being loyal, or fairness, for that matter.

“Yes,” Jungkook responded. “I told you before that Baek is a fucked up son of a bitch, but you can trust his word,” he claimed.

Then again, Jimin didn’t know the man – at all – so how could he judge his personality or traits he valued, if he had never even met him? Jungkook, on his part, has known Baek for years, thus he evidently knew him better than Jimin ever could.

“So, you asked for information, you got that information, you paid for it, and… then?” Jimin returned to the preceding subject.

“That was it,” Jungkook said. “I was done with him, and I told him,” he added.

“So, you are done?” Jimin concluded, raising his brows, even more puzzled why Baek had been mentioned in regard to the photos at all, if Jungkook didn’t have any ties to him any longer. “Do you still have connections to him now?”

“Once you’re in, you’re never really out,” Jungkook expressed, lowering his head down. “My father never cut the ties to him, so on a business level – at least as far as I know – we’re still involved with
them,” he explained.

Despite Jimin not exactly being fond of the knowledge that Jeon Entertainment had connections to the mafia, it was calming to learn that Jungkook wasn’t associated with Baek on a personal level any longer.

However, none of this answered the question why Baek has been sending Jungkook photos of Jimin, nor why those photos existed in the first place.

“I just don’t get what any of this has to do with the photos,” Jimin voiced his confusion.

“We’ll get there,” the other male noted again, meeting Jimin’s gaze. “For you to understand, I need to start here,” he said, the smaller boy uttering out a soft “Okay”, allowing Jungkook to proceed with his explanation. “So, after I cut my personal ties to Baek, that bastard Lee snitched on me”

Jimin frowned.

Lee? That informant from Busan? How would he have done that? For what?

“For what?” Jimin voiced.

“For my behaviour back in Busan,” Jungkook answered, the other male only blinking, confusion still adorning his pretty features, causing Jungkook to sit up straighter and clear his throat before he went on, “You see, Lee is so far up Baek’s ass that he tells him anything. Lee can’t handle any shit on his own. So, like a little boy, he ran off to Daddy and told him what I did to him”

“Wait, what did you do?” Jimin wanted to know, his frown deepening as he recalled their little visit to the gambling casino in Busan, that dreadful incident that had left Jimin terrified of what they had done to Jungkook. “Lee was the one who threatened us with guns. If anything, he was the one who was crazy and behaved more than uncalled for,” he stated.

The black haired male wet his lips, clearing his throat again. “I… well, I might have called him a son of a bitch as well, and… might have punched his face a few times,” he revealed, his voice a lot quieter, as though he hoped his words wouldn’t be audible to Jimin, but the latter registered them, all of them.

“Jungkook-ah!” Jimin exclaimed, his eyes going wide.

When Jimin had asked him about what had happened in there after he had been compelled to leave, Jungkook had never said a word about any of this!

How in the world had he made it out of there without any of them leaving a scratch on him?

“How did he not shoot you for that?” Jimin voiced his thoughts, his mouth agape in shock, but amazement just as much at the notion of Jungkook having managed to make it out of there untouched.

“There is this agreement,” Jungkook revealed, his teeth tugging on his bottom lips as a sigh slipped past them. “As any good and smart businessman would, my father has an agreement including various conditions with Baek”

Perhaps, it was attributable to Jimin’s lack of experience in this field, yet on behalf of his own narrative, Jimin wasn’t certain that it was the smartest idea to have an agreement with the mafia, now was it?
After all, didn’t that for one tie you to the group – potentially only temporarily, but still long enough to be retraced and pose as a piece of evidence of your connection to them. In addition, you were bound to the conditions of said agreement regardless of what they were.

Then again, what even were the guidelines in a deal like that, considering that the circumstances weren’t exactly in any legal region, impeding you to press any legal charges, if the other part were to violate the agreement.

In the end, the only virtue you could rely on was trust and loyalty.

Yet then, could you even trust the head of a mob?

Perhaps, Baek and Mr. Jeon trusted and respected one another enough to establish this sort of agreement, regardless of their status or past. Perhaps, the conditions of the agreement and repercussions if they were to be violated were too vast and significant for them to risk infringing them.

“What is it about?” Jimin eventually asked.

“I don’t know too much about each and every condition,” Jungkook noted, causing Jimin to wonder why, considering how him and his father were in the business collectively. “I just know that it forces Baek and his men to never harm me or my father, whether it be financially or physically,” he expressed.

Well, this… was definitely a huge perk.

The mafia that ruled the whole country in secret promised you infinite safety and protection.

That was definitely something Jimin could see Mr. Jeon take a risk for.

“So, Lee wasn’t allowed to do shit to me, or he would have risked Baek to violate the agreement, which then would have caused Lee to be in some fucked up shit with Baek – and trust me, he doesn’t want that,” the younger continued, drawing Jimin out of his thoughts again.

“Because Baek never goes back on his word,” Jimin concluded.

“Exactly”

“Why do you only know about parts of the agreement, though?”

At the question, a half-smile curved Jungkook’s lips. “My father tries to keep me out of that side of business,” he answered.

“How considerate,” Jimin commented, irony depicted in his tone.

The fact that Mr. Jeon didn’t share the entirety of this acquaintance to Baek with Jungkook didn’t exactly equal to it being any less existing or protecting Jungkook from it, as the repercussions of it would still hit Jungkook just as much.

“Tell me about it,” Jungkook noted with a chuckle.

The pink haired one smiled softly, ignoring the way his heart quivered at the endearing expression embellishing Jungkook’s handsome features.

“Okay, so Lee told Baek about you hurting him, yes?” Jimin resumed, clearing his throat.
“Correct,” Jungkook affirmed with a nod. “Baek wasn’t happy about and called me. He wanted money as redemption, but I refused because of the shit Lee pulled. Who does Lee fucking think he is?” he ranted, knitting his brows.

“Baek didn’t like that, right?” Jimin assumed, quite certain that someone akin to Baek surely didn’t appreciate such behaviour.

“Well, actually, when I told him everything that actually went down, he agreed with me,” Jungkook revealed, astonishing Jimin as he refuted his theory. “Baek said some shit about Lee going too far and that he overstepped his orders, so he was going to take care of it personally. Baek let me off with a warning”

“Wait… that’s good”

“Yes,” Jungkook agreed. “Well, it was. I thought I was done with him, but… I was wrong”

The smaller boy swallowed hard at the tone of his voice, not yet having recovered from the information that Baek was the head of a mob, thus definitely not prepared to be stunned for what was only to come and crash down on him like heavy rain.

“What happened?”

Jungkook hesitated, leaning his head back into his neck. “One day, when I picked you up, I saw someone I knew worked for Baek nearby,” he revealed.

“What were they doing there?” Jimin inquired, a shiver running down his back.

Why was someone that worked for Baek anywhere close to Jimin? That… that had been a mere coincidence, hadn’t it?

“That’s what I wanted to know,” Jungkook coincided, meeting Jimin’s gaze again. “So, I contacted Baek again,” he said, shaking his head. “I was so fucking furious, asking him why the fuck any of his men were even close to you, when I told that son of a bitch to stay away from you,” he ranted. “The piece of shit he is, he claimed it was a coincidence, but I knew it wasn’t,” he added before he averted his gaze. “I… I threatened him”

Jimin’s eyes went bigger.

Threaten? Jungkook has threatened the mafia? Wasn’t that suicide?

“Kook-ah, what did you threaten him with?” Jimin breathed out, somewhat anxious to learn the answer.

The younger male hesitated, his gaze flickering back and forth between Jimin’s beautiful doe eyes.

“I threatened to kill him, if he ever laid his hand on you,” he then stated.

Jimin blinked.

“Would you?” he found himself whisper. “Would you actually kill him, if he ever… if he ever hurt me?”

“I would,” Jungkook answered in a heartbeat, deprived on any form of hesitance.

At his promise, Jimin swallowed hard, his heart quivering at the notion of Jungkook vowing to protect him to that degree. Didn’t that prove how fervent his feelings for Jimin really were, how
Jimin cleared his throat, tearing his gaze away from Jungkook’s eyes as he had commenced to get lost in them.

“What did Baek do?” Jimin wanted to know, certain that Baek didn’t appreciate Jungkook’s threat at all, nor would he find any humour in it.

“Baek offered to see me and talk it out in person,” Jungkook revealed, causing the smaller boy to squint his eyes at the presumption of that having been a trap. “I refused, but he was persistent and texted me several times’

At the word texted, the image of that suspicious text message on Jungkook’s phone flashed right in front of Jimin’s eyes, reminding him of that odd contact name.

Could it have been this message?

“Jungkook-ah, is Baek… is he 21511?” Jimin found himself whisper, omitting the fact that he was exposing his own nosiness, albeit his action to check Jungkook’s phone had been ruled by innocent inquisitiveness to ensure that Jungkook’s hadn’t received any urgent messages.

The black haired male’s eyes grew bigger, his lips parting.

“How do you…”

“I ask the questions,” Jimin interrupted him, his tone delicate.

“You can’t just talk to the boss of a Korean gang and have his name saved in your contact list,” Jungkook reasoned, stating a valid point. Then again, although it might be a legitimate reason, if anyone of certain power would obtain his phone, it surely wouldn’t take long to retrace that number and figure out who it is. “It’s gotta be encrypted, just enough to not make it obvious to anyone who gets hold of your phone,” he added. “Yes, that was Baek”

Diligently, Jimin attempted to recall the exact wording of the text message, but all he could remember was something along the lines of Jungkook being supposed to attend a meeting and that they wouldn’t hurt ‘him.’

Had they referred to Jimin all along?

“Well, did you… did you go and meet him?” Jimin asked softly.

“I did,” Jungkook confirmed, giving a nod.

“Did they hurt you?” Jimin whispered, astonished that this information of Jungkook meeting someone from an organised gang didn’t appal him that much, but that he found himself to be more concerned about Jungkook’s well-being.

Though, at this point, the fact that his care and affection for Jungkook prevailed anything else appeared to be a simple established circumstance.

“No, we talked,” Jungkook elucidated.

“About what?”

“You”
Jimin raised his brows.

“Me?” he echoed, pointing at himself.

“Yes, I demanded for him and his men to stay away from you,” Jungkook noted. “Baek, however, he… he just laughed in my fucking face and said… said some fucking up shit about you,” he added, pushing his tongue into his cheek. “Apparently, it wasn’t any of my business why or if his men were near you, because he doesn’t get any orders from me anymore. Baek thought it was all a fucking game. You’re not part of the agreement, so what did it matter that they were near you?”

“So, it wasn’t a coincidence?” Jimin concluded, realising what that implied. “Someone had… had ordered them to spy on me?”

Suddenly, Jimin recalled several moments of the past weeks that had been rather suspicious, that odd feeling of being watched that had lurked around him for a while…

“That’s what I thought, but Baek wouldn’t tell me,” Jungkook explained, his digits playing with the fabric of his sweatpants absentmindedly. “He just repeated that it was none of business and that I should be careful with who I threat”

“What happened then?” Jimin wanted to know. “You left and then?”

“I knew I had to keep you safe,” Jungkook emphasised.

“So, you forced me to stay with Beomsoo,” Jimin whispered, finally finding clarity as to why Jungkook had been so very adamant for Jimin to allow Beomsoo to drive him anywhere he went. It had never just been a convenience matter, but a safety measure.

“Yes, I hoped you would be safe that way, but I also needed him to know that I’m not a fucking teenager anymore and I sure as hell won’t allow him anywhere near you,” he stated. “I won’t sit around and let him taunt me like that, especially not if your safety is on the line”

“What did you do?”

The younger one hesitated. “I… had Beomsoo take care of some stuff for me”

“Like what?” Jimin inquired, the boy nearly confident that the response wouldn’t be anything pleasant, in fact even horrifying, considering how Jungkook had vowed to even kill for Jimin’s safety.

Jungkook, however, didn’t answer at all.

“Jeon Jungkook, what did Beomsoo do?” Jimin pressed softly, his heart skipping a beat.

“I needed Baek to understand that I wasn’t going to allow him to hurt you, that I was going to ruin him, if he ever hurt you,” Jungkook uttered, digging his teeth into his bottom lip before he revealed, “Beomsoo managed to get hold of some information and evidence on Baek that, if it were to be made public, would blow up all of them”

“How?” Jimin whispered, staggered – and the slightest bit amazed – by Beomsoo having retrieved a leverage such as that one. However, it made him all the more inquisitive to learn how in the world he had managed to do that.

The black haired boy only stared at Jimin.
Another loud roaring thunder echoed outside, yet Jimin wasn’t startled this time around either, his attention too fixated on the handsome boy across from him.

“Jungkook-ah, how did he do that?” Jimin pressed when he didn’t receive a response.

Suddenly, Jimin recalled their preceding conversation about Beomsoo’s identity after Jimin’s discovery of him owning a gun. Back then, Jimin had innocently joked around about Beomsoo being a special agent. Maybe, he hadn’t been that far off after all… considering how Beomsoo had somehow been capable to go behind the back of the mafia and retain information on them that could ruin them.

As much as it was frightening, it was impressive.

“I never asked him,” Jungkook spoke, Jimin’s gaze flickering back and forth between Jungkook’s eyes in search of anything that would depict his insincerity, but there wasn’t. “I gave him one duty, and Beomsoo obliged, as always” he added, distracted for just a split moment as he studied Jimin’s pretty features. “I never asked how he got it,” he prompted, “I’m not sure, if I really want to”

“Did that work?” Jimin asked, perceiving that the threat could have gone either way.

Attributable to Jimin’s lack of familiarity on Baek’s personality, he couldn’t ascertain whether Baek would risk that information to leak or whether he would budge under the pressure Jungkook applied.

“Well, partially,” Jungkook enlightened him, rolling his neck from side to side, potentially turning uncomfortable by the current position he was sitting in.

“How so?” Jimin muttered.

The taller male stretched his limbs, his shirt raising up the slightest bit to reveal his lower stomach, Jimin’s eyes rushing down to the exposed skin nearly inevitably. Jungkook noticed Jimin’s stare, but refrained from saying anything as he lowered his arms down again.

“Baek said he was impressed by my guts to threaten him and the fact that I would risk my own life for you, although he also called me foolish for it,” he noted, a half smile curling up the corners of his lips. “Baek promised to stay away from you, if I promised to keep that shit I have on him to myself. I did, and so did he,” he shared with Jimin.

Well, then all of that prior information was… for what exactly? Don’t get Jimin wrong, he was more than appreciative of Jungkook finally opening up to him and allowing Jimin to be a part of his life and everything that burdened him, yet none of this had answered the terrifying question of why in the world anyone would send Jungkook those photos of Jimin.

Essentially, they were right back to square one.

“Then who are these photos from?” Jimin inquired again.

“Well, the first one is from Beomsoo,” Jungkook expressed, reaching for the first frame.

“What?” Jimin exclaimed, his eyes growing bigger.

“No!” Jungkook objected with equally wide eyes, realising how that statement could be misinterpreted. “No, not like that, he didn’t spy on you,” he clarified. “When I ordered Beomsoo to find some shit on Baek, he found that photo, taken by one of Baek’s men, and basically confirmed that they were truly spying on you”
Now Jimin apprehended why Jungkook had commenced to explain who Baek really was. The first photo had in fact been taken by him, or his men. Although it hadn’t been delivered to Jungkook, but retrieved by Beomsoo, it was still connected to Baek.

“So, Beomsoo has been more than just a driver,” Jimin uttered, leaning his temple against the wall as he proceeded to stare at Jungkook.

“Yes, I told you that’s not just my driver,” Jungkook reminded him, not incorrect with that statement as he had in fact mentioned that Beomsoo was posing as a guard just as much.

“You trust him a lot then, huh?” Jimin whispered.

The other one looked at him for a moment.

“Besides myself, and the boys, he’s the only other person I trust enough to protect you,” Jungkook asserted, Jimin the one to break their eye contact, maybe because he was too nervous to look into Jungkook’s eyes for too long.

For a moment, Jimin wanted to ask why Jungkook wasn’t naming his own father as one of the people he trusted the most in the world, but he refrained.

The pink haired boy caught his bottom lip between his teeth, furrowing his brows at the turmoil of thoughts and emotions residing within him.

“Who would order anyone to spy on me?” Jimin wanted to know, shaking his head at the absurdity of that occurrence. “I mean, what’s so interesting about me? I just don’t get it”

“I didn’t manage to learn that,” Jungkook informed him. “Baek never revealed that to me nor was Beomsoo able to figure anything out,” he added. “I even made some calls, but no one knew anything, so to this day, I still have no fucking idea,” he sighed. “I mean, I had some assumptions at first, figuring it might be someone who wants some scoop on me, but I wasn’t able to confirm or deny that”

Jimin gave a faint nod, his brain looming to explode at the chaos within him. If this were to be an animated movie, there would be a lot of smoke levitating from Jimin’s head right now to illustrate the absolute mess.

“So… the first photo is from Baek, but he didn’t send that to you,” Jimin reiterated, resuming to the burning subject. “However, Beomsoo found it somewhere – wherever that might be”

“Correct,” Jungkook affirmed.

“What about the other ones?” Jimin inquired, pointing at the remaining frames displayed on the floor in between them. “If they’re not from Baek, then…” he trailed off, furrowing his brows. “Who could it be?”

Frankly, Jimin couldn’t think of a single soul that would be that interested in him to spy on him, take photos of him and send them to Jungkook for whatever reason.

“It’s not Baek personally, I know that much,” Jungkook noted. “Aside from that, I’m fucking clueless as well,” he sighed, running his hand through his black locks. “I asked Beomsoo to try and locate the person, but any effort was fucking useless,” he cursed, reaching for the photos to pick them up. “There were no fingerprints on the photos, they came in an envelope with no addressor, meaning they were dropped off into my mailbox personally. I mean, one of them was literally dropped off right in front of my fucking apartment door”
At his words, Jimin’s eyes widened.

“How the hell did they get up here?” he gasped, a shiver running down his back at the notion of whoever intended to harm them having managed to be that close to them. “This apartment building is one of the safest places there are,” Jimin claimed, always having perceived this place to be some sort of castle no one that wasn’t permitted could enter.

Maybe, that narrative was flawed.

“That’s what I believed,” Jungkook coincided. “However, someone managed to go past it. Maybe, they hacked it, I have no fucking idea. To this day, I wasn’t able to figure that out”

That was scary.

Then again, all of this was frightening.

“That’s why Joon has been there ever since,” Jimin realised, arching up his brows.

The smaller boy had always wondered why Joon had suddenly appeared in front of Jungkook’s apartment from one day to the other, as though it was the most natural occurrence there is, when it’s not.

“Yeah, I had to make sure you were safe, whenever you were here,” Jungkook affirmed.

Despite Jimin perceiving the question to be redundant, he still found himself ask, “There are so many security cameras around here. Whoever sent these must be on them, no?”

“I checked the footage,” Jungkook responded, affirming what Jimin had assumed. “I looked up who got into the building, but they were completely different people, different heights and shapes, all covered up to the point that made it impossible to recognize any facial features. That’s when I realised that those people weren’t the actual threat, but randomly selected people that were probably paid to do the job”

Jimin swallowed hard.

“That is so… thoroughly thought through,” he whispered.

Whoever did this had known exactly what they were doing.

“Exactly. So, it has to be someone who is used to shit like that,” Jungkook claimed.

“You’re sure it’s not Baek?” Jimin suggested, estimating that the head of a mob could easily pull something such as this off without being caught.

“Yes, a hundred percent,” Jungkook responded.

Arguably, it could be legitimately anyone, if Jungkook was that certain that it wasn’t Baek.

“So, we know that someone ordered Baek and his men to spy on me,” Jimin condensed. “And we have someone that sent you these photos, but it’s not Baek”

Jungkook titled his head to the side. “You see, when I got that first photo sent to me, I didn’t think that much of it,” he revealed. “I contacted Baek and he assured me that him and his men had been staying away from you, so I honestly thought someone was just trying to get in my head or some shit like that,” he added. “However, when I got the next one with that message, I knew some shit was going on”
Message? What message? A threat?

“What do they want though?”

Who would go to this extent do threaten Jungkook? And for what? Money? Revenge?

“I don’t know,” Jungkook stated, shrugging his shoulders. “They never asked for something. They just leave disgusting messages about you on those photos. I know they’re trying to taunt me, which made me believe that it’s just a fucked up game to them”

A game? Was Jimin’s life just a game to them?

“Who would do that?” Jimin murmured. “Who is capable of that?”

“There are a few people I could see pull off some shit like this,” Jungkook stated, his jaw clenching. Inquisitive, Jimin raised his brows.

“Like whom?”

To be fair, Jimin was not prepared for Jungkook’s response, the name that would slip from his lips hitting him like a train at full speed.

“Dongha, for example”

Jimin blinked.

“Dongha?” he echoed softly, that mere notion sending a shiver down his back. “I haven’t heard from him in weeks,” he reminded the other one, in fact not having thought much about the boy either as he had been too busy with his own life. “Why would you say that?”

“Exactly. He has just completely vanished. Isn’t that weird?” Jungkook pointed out.

Well, it was peculiar, indeed.

“Besides, Dongha never fucking liked me and he proved himself to be pretty fucked up by the way he believed you owed him your body for being nice to you. Fucked up son of a bitch, I would-” Jungkook cursed, losing his track for a moment in his rage at Dongha, but composing himself again as he cleared his throat. “In addition to that, the photos come with messages,” he revealed, handing Jimin the photos again. “Whoever is sending these to me is clearly obsessed with you”

Puzzled, Jimin stared at the frames.

Tenderly, Jungkook curled his palm around Jimin’s wrist and turned it over, enabling Jimin to see that there were words scribbled on the back of the photo – In fact all of them.

Pretty boy is meeting you again, huh? Maybe I should walk up to him next time? Do you think he will let me play with him, too?

Isn’t he pretty? Do you share your toys, Jeon?

Fuck, what I would give to be the one fucking him-

Jimin didn’t finish that last one, his insides squirming in disgust.

“They could just be saying that to get to you,” Jimin noted softly, pushing the photos away as he
didn’t want to look at them any longer, the sight of those messages making him sick to his stomach. The younger male gave a nod. “True, it definitely worked, but there are other ways to get to me,” he objected, nonetheless.

“I don’t think it’s Dongha,” Jimin murmured, shaking his head. “That would be insane” Admittedly, Dongha had behaved awful towards Jimin in the past, but… what would he gain from any of this? If he did in fact care in any way for Jimin, would he truly do this to him? Yet maybe, it was a repercussion of him not caring about Jimin any longer because the latter hadn’t returned his feelings.

“It’s already insane,” Jungkook pointed out, the statement more than valid.

In fact, all of this was so utterly absurd and horrifying that it hadn’t sunken in just yet, not entirely, at least. Frankly, Jimin would need some time to digest all of this insanity.

“But, truthfully, Dongha isn’t my first choice either,” Jungkook added, drawing Jimin out of his thoughts. “I do believe he’s fucked up in his head as proven by himself, but I don’t think he’s that smart, cautious and devious”

“Then who is your first choice?”

“Lee,” Jungkook shared, astonishing Jimin, considering how he was working for Baek.

“Why him?”

“You see, Lee is fucking evil, like an actual psychopath,” Jungkook expressed. “You saw him with his gun, didn’t you? Lee is- Fuck, he is a true advocate of guns and violence, loves torture in many ways. Beomsoo found some fucked up shit and it’s just- Lee gets off on shit like that”

Jimin’s stomach stirred in fear and disgust.

It might be someone like that who was threatening them?

“Oh my god,” he breathed out.

“I think he knew about Baek’s deal to spy on you, and might have been involved, too,” Jungkook said. “However, when Baek ended that deal, Lee might not have been in favour of it and decided to play revenge on me for beating the shit out of him and for causing that spite between him and Baek,” he added, all of his reasons somehow sounding plausible. “Besides all of that, I didn’t like the way he was looking at you in the gambling casino and…” he trailed off. “Do you remember what he called you?”

“What do you mean?” Jimin asked, frowning, not apprehending what Jungkook was implying.

“In the casino, the way he addressed you,” Jungkook elucidated.

Suddenly, it clicked.

“Pretty boy,” Jimin whispered, reminded of the tone of Lee’s voice whenever he had addressed Jimin, not caring to learn his name, but referring to him as pretty boy – just like the message on the photos.

“Yeah,” Jungkook breathed. “Lee might like to taunt me with you, like some psychological games, you know? I knew that… well, I wanted to believe that he would never actually… that he wouldn’t
touch you, but I couldn’t risk it, so I had to make sure you were save and protected at all times.”

The pink haired boy’s heart skipped a beat at the notion of someone from the mafia might being the one to be following and threatening them.

“ln thought Lee is part of Baek’s mob?” Jimin prompted. “Baek told you he’s staying away from me, so how…”

“I think Lee might be pulling some personal strings here, but that’s also one of the reasons I’m not a hundred percent sure it’s actually Lee,” Jungkook responded with a nod. “I just know that someone asked Baek to spy on you and I know that someone threatened me for a while with those photos. I doubt that it’s the same person, but again, I’m just as clueless as you”

Consequently, it could be one person that was responsible for all of it, or it might be two completely unrelated people that were involved in this.

“And… and why did you want me to leave the cabin?” Jimin asked, inclining his head to the side, desperately wanting to find clarity to why Jungkook had demanded for him to leave the place in such a hostile way. “Was Baek there? Was Lee there?”

“No, Baek wasn’t there, but… I received this,” Jungkook retorted, pushing his hand into the pocket of his sweatpants, allowing him to pull something out of it.

Another photo, that he must have deposited there earlier, when changing his clothes.

Hesitantly, Jimin curled his delicate fingers around the frame, his insides squirming, when he realised that it was Jimin who was displayed on the photo. The pink haired boy was standing by the window of the cabin, staring outside.

“From the cabin,” Jimin breathed out.

Wasn’t that… In that moment, Jimin had been searching for Jungkook who had been off to collect some wood for the fireplace. There had been that silver car outside by the street that Jimin had noticed, the sight of it having unsettled him, but he hadn’t mentioned anything to Jungkook because it had left as quickly as it had appeared.

Could it be… Had they taken that picture?

Nervously, Jimin turned the photo over.

It’s over, Jeon. You fucked up.

We’re going to have some fun with Jimin now, won’t we?

Say goodbye to him.

“I know this is from Baek,” Jungkook revealed, reaching out to gently brush Jimin’s fringe out of his eyes when he had looked down at the photo. At the soft touch, Jimin lifted his head, meeting Jungkook’s gaze. “Maybe not personally, but ordered by him to take and be delivered. The moment I saw it, I knew something must have happened; something that made him finally snap and retract his promise of keeping you safe,” he added, his fingers still lingering on Jimin’s cheek. “I’m sure he wasn’t there personally, but his men definitely were. The realisation of Baek no longer promising to stay away from you scared the shit out of me. It was only a matter of time until he would allow his men to get in. I knew I had to get you to leave, no matter in what way. I hate myself for how I treated you there, but I… I couldn’t risk them being anywhere near you”
“Why didn’t you tell me?” Jimin whispered, ignoring the way his heart was fluttering at Jungkook’s touch, simultaneously not certain why he wasn’t withdrawing from it either.

“You wouldn’t have left,” Jungkook responded, a soft smile curving his lips. “I know you. There is no way in hell you would have left all on your own, if you knew what was going on. It would have taken way too long to explain all of it, too”

Was it wrong for Jimin to label his response as plausible?

Was it wrong for Jimin to… to forgive him, that naturally?

After all, Jimin did know himself just as much, was aware that he would in fact not have left Jungkook behind, if he’d learned that there were people that were trying to hurt them.

“Then what could have caused Baek to change his mind?” Jimin found himself utter, furrowing his brows. “What did you do?”

Arguably, something must have caused Baek to be furious to the point of him legitimately risking for whatever information Jungkook possessed on him to leak to the public, as he was going to break his own promise now, consequently enabling Jungkook to retract his own promise just as much.

“I don’t know,” Jungkook answered, shrugging his shoulders.

“Kook-ah,” Jimin pressed softly, Jungkook lowering his hand back down to his side.

“I truly don’t know,” the younger male assured him. “I have no fucking idea why he suddenly changed his mind”

For a moment, Jimin just studied his features, but there was nothing illustrated on his face that would hint at him being insincere. If Jungkook didn’t know what could have caused this sudden change in Baek’s narrative, then who would? How where they supposed to discover why this was occurring, let alone determine how they were going to be capable to fix it?

“Now you… now you know everything,” Jungkook uttered, drawing Jimin out of his thoughts.

What a long and bumpy ride this had been…

Quite honestly, it was too much for Jimin’s poor heart to comprehend all at once.

It was more than insane.

“So… so, let me get this straight,” Jimin stammered, fixing his posture. “Baek has worked with your father for years, yes?” he condensed.

“Ever since I was a child, yes,” Jungkook affirmed.

“You, your father and his ‘group’ have an agreement that grants you protection and safety from Baek and his men,” Jimin recited.

“Correct”

“However, after you ended your business with Baek, you noticed some of his men near me and contacted him, which eventually lead you to learn that he had been ordered to obtain some information on me, although he didn’t tell you for whom,” Jimin proceeded to outline, hoping it would allow him to receive a little more clarity and closure on all of this.
“That’s what I believe, yes,” Jungkook responded with a nod. “Baek never confirmed or denied that assumption, though.”

Yet, the fact that Beomsoo had obtained that photo of Jimin anywhere near them simply verified that they had been following after him, undeniably to receive information on him, that photo potentially posing as some sort of proof.

“When you found out that he has been near me, you had to find something to threaten him with in case he ever got too close to me?” Jimin continued, slightly astonished by how well he had actually been able to follow along, despite how much each and every information he had learned had just gradually staggered him more.

“Yes, I wanted them to stay away from you, so I asked Beomsoo for help,” he confirmed, a surge of warmth spreading within Jimin’s chest, both at the notion of Jungkook caring that much about him that he would ask Beomsoo for help, all the same at Beomsoo declaring to help and risk his own life by going in there to retrieve incriminating evidence on them.

Then again, Beomsoo might have only followed his orders, but it was… Jimin wanted to believe that Beomsoo cared about him, too – certainly not to the magnitude Jungkook did, but still enough to help Jungkook out in this matter.

“That then lead Baek to promise you to stay away from me, as long as you kept that information Beomsoo found to yourself,” Jimin added, his tone delicate, but still embellished by a singe of confusion, displaying that not all of it had settled in entirely just yet.

“Yes,” Jungkook nodded.

“However, you received more of these photos,” the pink haired one said, pointing at the dreadful photos on the floor in between them.

“I did”

“It could be that person that ordered Baek to spy on me, but it’s most likely someone else. You think they are from Lee, or potentially Dongha,” Jimin recited.

For some reason, Jimin could not envision Dongha to be behind all of this. That mere notion was way too ridiculous. There was no point at all in Dongha being responsible for any of this… Right?

“I do,” Jungkook affirmed.

“The last one, however, is from Baek, and he went back on his word because…”

“I don’t know,” the taller one responded. “I didn’t go public with anything”

“What else could it be?” Jimin inquired, certain that there must be another reason for Baek to change his mind and retract his promise; a grave reason.

The black haired male knitted his brows, his fingers running over his bottom lip before he pulled on it lightly. “The only… Well, the only other possibility is the company,” he claimed.

“What do you mean?” Jimin wanted to know, not managing to apprehend what Jungkook was referring to.

“My father might have worked with him again without my knowledge,” Jungkook explained.
“And he might have pissed Baek off?” Jimin concluded, his eyes going bigger.

“Yes, and he might use you as peer pressure, or he is at a point where he won’t forgive,” Jungkook expressed. “I mean, Baek can’t touch me or my father, so… to hurt me, he might go through you”

What did that imply?

Would they physically harm Jimin?

Would the use him to pressure Jungkook’s family?

*How had it all come to this point?*

“When… Why didn’t you tell me sooner?” Jimin found himself whisper.

“I promised to protect you,” Jungkook murmured. “I didn’t want to frighten you; I believed I would be able to handle it on my own and keep you safe without worrying you. I just… The thought of someone hurting you makes me crazy. I was scared. Fuck, I am scared. I'm scared that they will hurt you, Jimin-ah. I'm scared of coming home one day and finding you on the sofa murdered like…” he trailed off, a heart wrenching emotion gleaming in his eyes.

*Like his mother,* Jimin finished.

Jungkook was scared that Jimin would strike the same fate as his own mother; was scared of losing Jimin forever.

The smaller boy’s heart went motionless; only for a split moment, but it did.

“Murdered?” Jimin echoed, swallowing hard. “Kook-ah, do you think they want to kill me?”

“No, they... I don’t think they would kill you,” Jungkook spoke, shaking his head as he slid his hand through his black locks. “Fuck, I don't know what they want or what they're capable of, Jimin-ah, but I'm imagining the worst,” he asserted. “They might want you just because they believe they can, or they want to hurt you to get back at me. I can’t… Fuck, I can’t live with the thought of someone hurting you… or… or…” he proceeded, his handsome features embellished by prominent fear, pain and remorse.

The image caused Jimin’s heart to ache.

“Jungkook-ah, look at me, I’m here, I’m alive,” Jimin interrupted him, placing his palm on Jungkook’s cheek, the younger turning his face to meet Jimin’s gaze. “I understand that you want to protect me, but talk to me, don’t just keep me sheltered. I know that whatever happened to your mother was horrible, I know that you’re scared – I’m scared just as much – but you locking me up won’t fix this, Kook-ah. Let us find a solution together”

For some reason, Jimin found himself to say all of those optimistic words, but… how in the world where they supposed to find a solution to this? How were they supposed to fix this?

Yet then, with the way Jungkook was looking absolutely broken, Jimin couldn’t help but wish that he could mend his heart, wish that he could fix whatever was wounded.

“I was scared you would leave me,” Jungkook whispered, his eyes so watery, displaying how torn his heart was. “I couldn’t lose you, Jimin-ah. I can’t live without you”

Hesitantly, Jimin leaned forward, pressing his lips on Jungkook’s in a soft kiss. It was quick and
tender, Jimin’s lips gone before Jungkook even realised, but the sparks lingered, the trace of Jimin remaining on Jungkook’s lips.

“I’m sorry, little one,” Jungkook apologised, their faces remaining inches apart. “I should have never lied to you; I should have never hidden this from you, nor should I have ever screamed at you the way I did at the cabin or force you to go with Beomsoo or me wherever you went’

The pink haired one remained mute, Jungkook’s gaze flickering back and forth between his beautiful eyes.

“Say something,” Jungkook begged. “What are you thinking about?”

“I think… I think I’m going to need some time to let all of that sink in,” Jimin declared. “It’s a lot,” he added, which it was.

“I know,” Jungkook coincided, noticing how Jimin averted his gaze, lowering his head down. “There is something else bothering your heart, though, you’re not looking at me the same way”

Nervously, Jimin caught his bottom lip between his teeth.

“Please, tell me, little one,” Jungkook insisted softly, placing his fingers below Jimin’s chin.

“It's just... Can I be honest?” Jimin whispered, allowing Jungkook to guide his face back up.

"Of course, baby, go ahead"

“Jungkook-ah, you’re impulsive,” Jimin spoke quietly as he squeezed his eyes shut. “You tend to treat me differently in situations you lack control in,” he claimed, his eyes fluttering back open. “I want us to be equal partners, Kook-ah. I know that you’ve been the one to adamantly remind me of the necessity of my understanding that I don’t have to submit myself to you outside of the bedroom, yet you go and demand for me to listen to you, to obey you, when things don’t go your way,” he stated. “I understand that a certain form of dominance is simply part of your nature, but I don’t think it’s healthy for you to try and dominate me anywhere outside of the bedroom. I listen to you because I am submissive by nature, but it’s not fair for you to use that against me.”

The black haired male parted his lips, caught off guard by Jimin’s words.

“Jimin-ah, I…,” he responded, shaking his head. “I don’t think of you inferior in any way, nor did I ever intend to force you into submission anywhere outside of the bedroom,” he declared. “In certain situations, I turn possessive or I get.. I get scared of your safety, so I unintentionally find myself behaving impulsively”

At least, Jungkook wasn’t denying Jimin’s observations, was in fact aware of his own demeanor and behaviour in certain situations. Arguably, Jungkook’s behaviour might be ruled by his traumatic past, a few particular circumstances such as the secret about Baek and the photos that were no longer an unspoken subject between them.

Maybe, now that those secrets no longer existed, Jungkook wouldn’t be as impulsive anymore.

Yet, Jimin wasn’t certain whether he could confidently assert this.

“I understand that you’re traumatised because of what happened to your mother, and I know that you just want to protect me, but making decisions for me or treating me like an obedient toy are not the right way,” Jimin prompted, shaking his head. “Trust me, Kook-ah. Allow me to take care of certain things myself. I want to feel like I’m your boyfriend, not a toy”
“Little one, I never… I didn’t know you felt that way. I don’t think of you as anything less; you’re the most valuable thing in the world” Jungkook responded, his befuddled expression conveying that he had in fact not been aware of how he had treated Jimin in certain situations. “Are you saying this because of what I said back at the cabin? Please, I’m begging for you to forgive me; I didn’t mean a word of that”

“I believe you, Jungkook-ah, but I… I felt that way for a while,” Jimin revealed softly. “I just never really allowed myself to reflect over everything that has happened between us. That moment at the cabin just opened my eyes to a lot of things I had chosen to ignore”

“I didn’t know,” Jungkook whispered, hurt by the way he had been hurting Jimin unintentionally all along. “I would have tried to change that all along, if I’d only known you felt that way, Jimin-ah. I am the way I am, but I never wanted to hurt you”

Jungkook was the way he was, just like Jimin was the way he was.

In the end, Jungkook was only twenty-one years old, younger than Jimin was. Despite all the maturity and authority that he exuded, he was still barely an adult, all of those inevitable impressions proceeding to shape him to another version of the man he was today. There was all of that weight, that trauma and responsibility resting on his shoulders that he had to deal with alongside the journey of growing up.

“I know,” Jimin whispered back, wanting to believe that Jungkook never wanted to hurt him. “I don’t think it’s right for me to ask you to change, but... I just want you to try and be less impulsive in situations you lack control in”

“For you, I will do anything,” Jungkook declared, his tone tender. “Just ask me to and I will do it”

At his words, Jimin’s heart fluttered, a smile finding its way to Jimin’s face unconsciously.

“It’s your turn,” Jimin murmured.

Jungkook arched up his brows, echoing, “My turn?”

“Yes, we’re being honest with one another,” Jimin retorted, giving a nod. “It’s your turn to tell me what has been bothering your heart about me”

After all, that was only fair.

“What if there isn’t anything?” Jungkook objected, titling his head to the side.

“Kook-ah, there has to be something,” Jimin noted, a small smile embellishing his pretty features.

“It’s okay. Tell me, I won’t be hurt”

The younger male studied his features for a moment, a slight smile dancing around his lips. “You’re incredibly stubborn,” Jungkook suddenly accused, glancing up at the ceiling for a moment as he groaned out. “Gosh, are you stubborn,” he echoed with a chuckle, meeting Jimin’s gaze again, the latter raising his brows. “And sometimes, you smack your lips when eating. Did someone ever tell you that? Each time, I have to check whether my boyfriend hasn’t just been replaced by a fucking alpaca. And you-”

“Oh,” Jimin interrupted him, crossing his arms over his chest. “Okay, I get it,” he mumbled, not having expected Jungkook to go on full ramble mode, considering how he had just claimed two seconds ago that there wasn’t anything bothering him about Jimin. “I guess… Well, there are a few then”
The black haired one laughed at Jimin’s expression, shaking his head. “I was only teasing you,” he elucidated, perhaps only having intended to raise the mood and establish a less tensed air among them. “I love every trait about you, Jimin-ah. I do, I really do,” he declared. “I couldn’t pick one thing that bothers me about you, nor is there anything that I would want you to change”

For some reason, Jimin felt guilty for having mentioned a trait of Jungkook’s that he wasn’t in entire favour of. Undeniably, Jimin had fallen for Jungkook just the way he was, but if they truly wanted this to work long-term, they needed to be honest with one another and cut any toxic behaviour.

“I didn’t say that to make you feel guilty,” Jungkook whispered, almost as though he could read Jimin’s mind. “You’re right. I am impulsive. I know that, and I understand that I need to change that; and I will try. I don’t want you to ever feel like you’re inferior, nor do I want you to ever feel like you can’t be honest with me, whenever there is something bothering you”

“That goes for you just as much,” Jimin returned. “I want you to be honest with me, too”

“Okay,” Jungkook agreed.

“Okay,” Jimin echoed.

The two boys stared at one another, the thunderstorm outside not having vanished just yet, but still proceeding to create a chaos behind those windows.

Where were they supposed to go from here?

By all means, Jimin was at a point where he wasn’t quite certain whether this all wasn’t just a nightmare; that it was real and vivid; that someone out there was trying to harm them in a way Jimin didn’t even want to imagine.

It was a lot; and insane, and overwhelming, and everything in between.

And Jimin… well, he needed time.

“So say it,” Jungkook whispered, leaning closer to nudge his nose against Jimin’s cheek, his fingers reaching up to brush his pink locks out of his face.

Jimin furrowed his brows, puzzled by Jungkook’s request. “Say what?”

“I can see it in your eyes, but you’re afraid to say it out loud,” Jungkook murmured, a half smile curling up the corners of his lips. “You need time. I can understand that you do. All of this… it’s a lot, and overwhelming. You need time, and that’s… that’s okay. I will manage”

There was no doubt in Jimin’s mind: Jungkook certainly could read his mind.

Yet then… they might just be connected in a way that allowed them to understand the other one without any words. In the end… fate evidently had done the right thing to bring them together.

Gently, Jimin found himself lean in to press another kiss to Jungkook’s lips.

For a moment, they remained just like that, their lips lingering close by, their eyes still shut as they both inhaled a shaky breath.

This time, Jimin didn’t withdraw, causing Jungkook’s hand to find its familiar way to Jimin’s hips, curling around the soft flesh as the boy returned the kiss passionately, moving his lips against Jimin’s.

Carefully, Jungkook pulled Jimin on his lap as he tugged on Jimin’s bottom lip with his teeth,
evoking a whimper in Jimin.

As soon as Jimin was straddling his lap, he awoke from his trance.

“Kook-ah,” Jimin whispered, catching his own bottom lip between his teeth as he turned his face to the side, his palm pressing against Jungkook’s chest to halt his motion.

“I’m sorry,” Jungkook apologised. “I just… I can see the pain in your eyes, and I wish I could mend it”

“I’m not hurt,” Jimin claimed, shaking his head. “I’m grateful that you’re finally honest with me; relieved that those horrible words you said to me were said simply used to protect me; hopeful that we will work on the things that need some work done on to make a relationship work,” he expressed. “I am scared, though, of whoever is threatening you, of whoever is ordered to follow me”

“I won’t let anyone hurt you, little one,” Jungkook promised.

A soft smile adorned Jimin’s face.

“We’ll.. we’ll find a way, right?” Jimin spoke delicately. “We’ll find out who is doing this… won’t we?”

“Yeah,” Jungkook breathed, giving a nod. “I think it’s time for me to talk to my father. I have to. I know he’s going to be pissed when he learns that I was personally involved with Baek, but I need to do this. My father might know more about all of this”

Evidently, that was indeed a good idea.

Even if Mr. Jeon had not worked with Baek again, he certainly knew more about him than Jungkook did, thus he might be able to help them out in this situation. In fact, he might have access to even more methods to enable them to locate whoever had taken those photos of Jimin and consequently find the true threat.

“I’m going to talk to him tomorrow,” Jungkook decided, not realising that it was long past midnight already, the next day long upon them. “Are you going to join me?”

Jimin raised his brows, surprised by the request.

“If you want me to,” Jimin uttered, giving a nod.

“I do,” Jungkook responded.

“Then I’ll be right by your side”

Jungkook smiled, giving a nod, and just… looking at Jimin with that stupid gaze that had his knees weak.

The smaller boy cleared his throat, tearing his eyes away from Jungkook.

“I… I should probably go now,” he decided, raising to his feet, his muscles aching at the way he had been sitting on the uncomfortable floor for the past hour. “I’m supposed to sleep over at Tae’s tonight,” he revealed, completely having omitted his former promise to Taehyung earlier today. “Tae wanted me to tell him all about the gala; and he wanted to tell me about his meeting with that designer,” he reminded himself, pressing his fist to his forehead as he recalled that today had been a significant day for Taehyung. “Although, Tae probably fell asleep already waiting that long for me,”
he murmured as he realised that it was in the middle of the night as he picked up his suit jacket.

The black haired male enumerated his action, getting up to his feet as well. For a moment, Jungkook just observed Jimin, trying to refrain from the urgency to speak, but... he failed.

“Is it wrong for me to ask you to stay with me tonight?” Jungkook inquired, leaning against the wall.

Jimin stilled, blinking at Jungkook.

“Kook-ah, I-”

“Please,” Jungkook interrupted him. “I know you need time, and I’ll give you all the time, but... just for tonight, will you stay?” he asked, his tone soft, Jimin’s insides squirming at the notion of what would occur, if he chose to stay tonight.

Jimin swallowed hard.

There it was again – one of those easy questions.

After all, there were only two possible responses – Yes or no, it was legitimately so easy.

Yet, somehow, it was anything but easy.

Chapter End Notes

What should Jimin decide?
Do you think he will forgive Jungkook and be able to look past all of this?
Who is the secret threat?
I would love to hear your thoughts :) 

I hope you stay healthy and happy! <3

I love you <3

See you in the next chapter :)
Always

Chapter Notes

Hello, lovely readers, I missed you! <3

It's me, I'm back :)

Ah, it's been so long again, please forgive me :( 
Please remember, I'll always come back!
Thank you for your sweet messages encouraging me and asking me whether I am okay. <3

I wasn't, unfortunately. As you may know, I'm struggling with my mental health, and 
these past days/weeks it has been rather difficult for me again, as I've told a few of you 
about.

I'm feeling a little better, and I'm very happy to be back. <3

Thank you so much for always waiting so patiently for me. I know it's annoying to wait 
so long, and can be very hard, so I appreciate it a lot that you still care about my story 
regardless of how long it takes me to update <3

Although I wasn't feeling well mentally, I did my best to write you a new chapter.

I hope you'll enjoy it <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes


It was so silent in the room.

Yet then, it was as though there was a resounding clock ticking within Jimin, representing the 
amount of time that passed between them for as long as they simply stood there across from one 
another, not saying another word.

“Say something,” Jungkook whispered.

“Jungkook-ah, I don’t think…” Jimin spoke softly, shaking his head.

“I’m not going to touch you, if you don’t want me to,” Jungkook promised him, taking a step closer. 
“If that’s your concern,” he added, like it could be; and maybe it was.

“I…”

“It’s just that…” the younger trailed off, sliding his hand through his messy black locks. “Fuck, it’s 
only been a night we were apart, but I couldn’t sleep without you,” he declared, causing Jimin’s 
heart to quiver.

Nervously, Jimin averted his gaze.
The candid thing was, Jimin was certain that the only reason he had been able to fall asleep last night was the alcohol that had run through his system, compelling him to fall into a long slumber.

“I missed you,” Jungkook confessed, Jimin finding himself urge to respond the same thing.

Generally, it might not be such a smart idea on Jimin’s behalf to decide to go home tonight with all of these revolving issues, was it? In a way, wasn’t this place the safest to stay at right now? At any rate, a lot safer than his own?

At least, that’s how his heart tried to convince him of the decision it had long made.

“Okay,” Jimin found himself whisper, giving a nod. “Just… for tonight”

“Thank you,” Jungkook whispered back, a soft smile adorning his handsome features.

Jimin cleared his throat, pulling his phone out from his pocket. “I should just… I should text Taehyung, in case he is still awake, to let him know that I’m not coming home tonight,” he decided, not wanting Taehyung to wait for him throughout the entire night.

“Yeah, of course,” Jungkook noted, pushing his hands into his pockets as he leaned against the wall to wait for Jimin.

Carefully, the smaller boy headed over to the bed, taking a seat on the edge of it as he unlocked his phone, his digits tapping over the display of the device a moment later to write a message.

Tae? Are you already asleep?  
– Jimin

As Jimin had predicted, he didn’t receive a response.

I guess, you are.  
I mean, it’s already 3 in the morning.  
You said I shouldn’t worry about you and just enjoy my night…  
But still, I’m sorry that I didn’t come over.  
I hope today was a success for you?  
Let’s talk all about it later, yeah?  
Love you.
– Jimin

Once the message was delivered, Jimin locked his phone again, turning the device over in his palm a few times absentmindedly as he stared at the wall across from him. In that moment, Jungkook returned to the bedroom, seemingly having been absent for the time Jimin had texted Tae – a fact that had gone unnoticed to Jimin.

Slowly, Jimin lifted his head, meeting Jungkook’s gaze.

Well, what now?

Where they supposed to talk?

Yet then, what else was there to say?

“I guess… I’m going to wash up now,” Jimin found himself decide as he rose to his feet for the day had been rather draining and he was craving to find some peaceful sleep.
Ironic, how his life was anything from peaceful.

“Is that okay?” Jimin asked.

Jungkook gave a nod. “Of course, yes,” he said, leaning against the wall again.

“Do you… Do you have some clothes for me?” Jimin wondered, his tone delicate and quiet, the boy somehow so much more bashful than he usually tended to be – which said a lot, bearing in mind how we were talking about Jimin.

“Yeah,” Jungkook affirmed. “Just take whatever you need,” he added, pointing at his dresser.

Timidly, Jimin approached the restroom. “Thank you,” he uttered out as he curled his hand around the doorknob.

“I’m going to be here, if you need anything,” Jungkook assured.

“Okay,” Jimin said again, commencing to believe that it was one of the very few words residing in his vocabulary at this point. “Thank you,” he added before he rushed into the restroom, pushing the door shut behind him.

As soon as Jimin was all by himself, he exhaled a shaky breath, leaning his head back against the door whilst he pressed his eyes shut; puzzled why he was behaving that distant and hesitant towards Jungkook.

As his eyes fluttered back open, Jimin walked over to the sink, his feet padded on the small and fluffy rug deposited in front of it.

The pink haired boy looked at his own reflection in the mirror, met with flushed cheeks and sleepy eyes, visibly still trying to process everything that he had learned over the course of the past hours.

Certainly, it would require quite a bit of time for Jimin to comprehend all of this.

It was too insane.

Shaking his head at himself, Jimin untied the fabric around his collar, allowing him to unbutton his shirt and remove it from his body. After folding the shirt neatly, he deposited it next to the sink, prior to him reaching for his toothbrush in order to brush his teeth.

Once Jimin had finished that task as well, he washed his face, the cold water waking him up and posing as some sort of calming procedure, sinking the temperature within him.

As soon as he had dried his face, Jimin stared at his reflection again, trying to fix the mess of hair that adorned his appearance.

Was it right for Jimin to stay?

Would he regret to stay here tonight, when he awoke in the morning?

Inhaling another deep breath, Jimin opened the top drawer of the dresser to seek for something to wear for the night. Jimin then, however, realised that he had forgotten that Jungkook’s clothes were retained in the dresser deposited in his bedroom.

After shutting the drawer, Jimin picked up his shirt and headed back over to the bedroom, yet
discovering that it was empty.

Almost simultaneously to his entrance, there was a loud thunder roaring outside, the noise startling Jimin.

“Kook-ah?” the pink haired boy called out.

“Yes, I’m right here,” Jungkook yelled back, appearing back in the bedroom a few moments later. “Are you okay? What’s wrong?”

Jimin shook his head, his eyes trailing down to Jungkook’s hands, noticing that he was carrying two water bottles and two apples. “Nothing, I just… You were gone, so I-” Jimin murmured, his eyes rushing back up to meet Jungkook’s gaze.

“I got us some food and water,” Jungkook said as he lifted his hands, although that fact had already been apparent to Jimin. “Just in case you were hungry”

“Oh,” Jimin whispered. “Thank you”

The smaller boy realised that he was still only dressed in his trousers, his bare upper body exposed to Jungkook’s eyes, causing the former to be timid and turn to face the dresser.

Carefully, Jimin pulled the top drawer of the dresser open, picking out a large hoodie that belonged to Jungkook, quick to tug it over his head in order to veil his body beneath the extremely soft fabric. Then, Jimin unzipped his trousers, removing them in a quick motion before he folded them neatly and placed them on top of the dresser beside his shirt.

As soon as Jimin had changed, he turned back around, discovering that Jungkook was sitting on his bed already, his eyes fixated on Jimin.

Jungkook smiled at the sight of Jimin in his oversized clothes, his eyes trailing over Jimin’s delicate figure before they met Jimin’s gaze again.

“What?” Jimin murmured, looking down at himself.

“Nothing,” Jungkook spoke softly, shaking his head, his stare intent, but so gentle.

Jimin cleared his throat. “How is your hand?” he wondered as he pointed at Jungkook’s limb, sincerely interested, but then also trying to distract himself from Jungkook’s gorgeous eyes.

The younger male followed his gaze, brushing Jimin’s question off with a shrug. “It’s fine; that’s nothing,” he responded, shaking his head.

“Did you cool it?”

“No, it’s going to be fine, don’t worry,” Jungkook claimed.

Jimin narrowed his eyes, deliberating whether he should insist on Jungkook to cool his hand for its healing procedure to accelerate, but he refrained, deciding that Jungkook was surely capable to assess his own physical needs and health measures a lot better than Jimin could.

Hesitantly, Jimin closed the distance between them, coming to a halt right in front of Jungkook. The latter stared up at him, not even blinking as he observed Jimin move closer to him.

“Here,” Jungkook uttered, handing Jimin a bottle of water and an apple, the older curling his hands around the items as a tiny “Thank you” fell from his lips.
The smaller one caught his bottom lip between his teeth, eventually lowering himself down on the bed beside Jungkook to take a seat, their thighs touching one another.

For a moment, it was silent, neither of them saying a word, their gazes not even meeting.

Why was the air between them so awkward?

Carefully, Jimin opened his water bottle, wishing it would distract him from this unfamiliar tension that he wasn't used to when it came to Jungkook. The boy took a few big gulps from his water, the cold fluid refreshing him.

“Are you tired?” Jungkook wanted to know after Jimin had shut his water bottle again, turning to face the other one.

“A little sleepy, yeah,” Jimin affirmed, giving a gentle nod, his voice delicate and quiet.

The younger insinuated to rise to his feet. “I can leave, so you can-”

Jimin grasped his wrist, his petite hand closed around it to prevent him from leaving. “No, it’s fine,” he uttered softly, not wanting Jungkook to leave his own bedroom, or perhaps not wanting Jungkook to leave him, he wasn’t certain, but didn’t want to find out either.

“Okay,” Jungkook spoke, glancing down at his wrist where Jimin was touching him, the latter not having withdrawn his hand yet. “You really hate thunderstorms, hm?” he noted, a slight smile curving his lips, although there was an ounce of pain hidden behind the softness that gleamed within his eyes.

“That’s not the reason I don’t want you to go,” Jimin whispered, shaking his head. “This is your bedroom after all, and… and… you asked me to stay,” he added, averting his gaze down on his lap, a few strands of his pink locks falling into his face.

Carefully, Jungkook reached up, brushing Jimin’s hair out of his face, his fingers tender as they grazed over his skin. At the soft touch, Jimin lifted his head, locking eyes with Jungkook whose hand remained on Jimin’s cheek.

Jimin swallowed hard, his gaze rushing down to Jungkook’s lips, his heart pumping fast within his chest. If Jimin didn’t want to do anything stupid right now and follow what his heart was begging him to do, he needed to find a distraction. Rapidly.

“Do you… Do you think you’ll get in trouble for beating up Seo?” Jimin found himself inquire, tilting his head to the side.

The taller male blinked.

“I don’t know,” Jungkook responded, dropping his hand back down to his side. “That’s my least concern right now, though,” he asserted, a half smile curving his lips, appearing to carry some gloominess.

“You punched him… a lot,” Jimin stated quietly, as though that fact wasn’t apparent to Jungkook, as though he hadn’t been the one to actually beat up Seo.

“I… guess so”

“Did you even realise that?” Jimin wondered, raising his brows.
Whenever Jungkook was fuming to the degree of turning to violence, it tended to be rather
calling to render him to cease. Did his rage rule each and every of his actions to that magnitude
that it was impossible for him to refrain from executing the commands it threw at him?

“Be honest,” Jimin added softly.

“No, not really,” Jungkook revealed. “It’s like… you’re in a tunnel,” he tried to explain. “I got
absolutely furious at the way he was treating you and how he threatened to have his way with you,
that I just wanted to hurt him so fucking badly, so he wouldn’t be able to hurt you,” he elaborated.

Jimin swallowed hard. “You can’t just punch people, Kook-ah,” he murmured gently.

“You wanted to hit him, too,” Jungkook reminded him, a half smile adorning his handsome features
as he recalled the moment. “I saw the look in your eyes and your tiny fists clenched,” he added.

At his words, Jimin’s eyes grew bigger, his lips parting. “Hey, first of all, they’re not tiny,” he
whined, lifting his clenched fist up into the air between them, the younger male smiling in
amusement and raising his brows as they both stared at it. “Well… whatever,” Jimin mumbled,
lowering his delicate hand back down on his lap. “I don’t know what happened to me either,” he
revealed softly, remembering that surge of anger that had bloomed within him in that moment. “I
wanted to hit him, too, although I don’t condone violence at all,” he expressed. “However, he had
treated me in a degrading way for the entire night and once he insulted you and your mother, I just…I
do… I wanted him to shut up,” he added with a slight shrug of his shoulder, almost certain
that he would have punched Seo, if it wasn’t for Jungkook who had stopped him.

Slowly, Jimin’s gaze flickered back and forth between Jungkook’s eyes.

“Why did you stop me?” he wanted to know.

Jungkook blinked.

“What?”

“You stopped me and said that you don’t want me to be like you,” Jimin elaborated. “Why?”

“Because it’s true,” Jungkook responded. “I don’t want you to be like me,” he asserted, shaking his
head. “You’re so much better than that, little one”

At his words, Jimin’s heart fluttered, albeit it clenched all the same at the notion of Jungkook putting
himself down. “Stop saying that, Kook-ah,” he demanded softly. “You just… you protected me; you
always do,” he stressed, finding himself reaching out to place his delicate palm on Jungkook’s bigger
hand. “Aside from you, Tae and the Hyungs, I’ve never had anyone want to protect me and do so
much to actually do it,” he added, stealing a glimpse at Jungkook’s knuckles. “All of these bruises,”
he whispered, “Just… because of me”

“They vanish,” Jungkook objected, shrugging his shoulders.

“But you don’t care to have them. You just... always try to keep me safe,” Jimin stated, his voice
turning softer with each syllable of his until it was barely audible at all, Jungkook somehow
managing to register it regardless.

Tonight had just enlightened Jimin on another example of that, hadn’t it?

All this time, Jungkook had just tried to keep Jimin safe from the mafia.
Jungkook always wants to keep him safe.

“How could I not?” Jungkook whispered, “I love you, Jimin-ah”

For a moment, Jimin just stared at him.

Yet, only for so long.

In the end, Jimin’s heart did win any battle his brain should have predicted of being destined to lose all along.

Hesitantly, the smaller boy leaned up, stilling just close enough to brush his lips over Jungkook’s, the latter completely frozen.

Carefully, Jimin captured Jungkook’s lips in a soft kiss, the younger remaining in the touch but not returning the kiss, as though he was waiting for Jimin to reflect over this and decide where he wanted to take this.

After counting to three, and realising that Jimin didn’t insinuate to withdraw, Jungkook kissed him back, his hands finding their way to Jimin’s hips to grasp his waist and pull him onto his lap.

The pink haired one gasped into the kiss, curling his arms around Jungkook’s neck as he moved his lips against Jungkook’s. Gently, Jungkook fell back on the bed, pulling Jimin with him who never broke their kiss apart; too drunk on the taste of Jungkook.

It was hot, and pure, and vastly passionate all the same; and the slightest bit dirty, when Jungkook tugged on Jimin’s bottom lip with his teeth before his tongue licked over Jimin’s to taste his sweetness.

And it was as though time had stopped; just for a moment, but it had.

In a swift motion, Jungkook had turned them over, Jimin pinned to the bed, the former’s hands placed on either side of Jimin’s head for he didn’t want to squish Jimin beneath his weight; even now, there lips never left one another for longer than a split second.

Yet, to Jimin’s dismay, there was a rational part within him – a part that scolded him to cease this action immediately as it wasn’t of low probability that it could lure them down an inevitable path in just a few moments which wouldn’t exactly be beneficial for their current issues.

Reluctantly, Jimin applied some pressure against Jungkook’s shoulders to urge him to stop, the black haired one withdrawing immediately to stare at Jimin, his gorgeous eyes looking at him with patience.

“This… We might…” Jimin whispered with flushed cheeks.

“Yeah, you’re right, I’m sorry,” Jungkook coincided, giving a few gentle nods as he rolled off of Jimin, lying down on the bed beside him instead, the two of them catching their breaths.

“I kissed you first, I’m sorry,” Jimin apologised instead as he fixed his appearance; sliding his hand through his pink locks a few times as he pulled his hoodie down, the fabric having risen up his skin to expose his pink lace panties.

Inevitably, Jungkook’s gaze rushed down to the thin fabric veiling Jimin’s private parts before it was hidden beneath the oversized hoodie, impeding Jungkook to see the lace any longer.
The black haired male blinked upon catching that swift glimpse, his mouth agape as he realised what Jimin was wearing.

Jimin’s eyes went bigger in bashfulness as he noticed Jungkook’s reaction. “I…” he uttered, his cheeks tingling a darker shade of rose. “They… They feel comfort-”

“Little one, you don’t have to explain yourself to me,” Jungkook interrupted him softly. “I shouldn’t have looked, I’m sorry,” he apologised instead, reaching down to curl his fingers around the velvety blanket on the bed in order to tug it over Jimin’s delicate body. “You can wear whatever you want, for whatever reason,” he added with a gentle smile.

Fuck, nevertheless, Jungkook couldn’t deny the effect the sight of those sinful lace panties veiling Jimin’s pretty body had on him.

The smaller one cleared his throat, nuzzling his face into the pillow as he returned the smile delicately, grateful that Jungkook didn't make a big deal out of it. Warmth engulfed Jimin as his dainty figure was hidden beneath the covers.

The two boys were facing one another, a few inches between them, their gazes piercing through each other. Unconsciously, Jimin licked over his own lips, wishing he could taste Jungkook’s trace on them, missing the familiar feeling of his lips on him.

Jungkook’s gaze rushed down to his plump lips at the motion, the man gulping hard as a part within him wondered whether Jimin was doing that on purpose to torture him.

“I… I should leave now, so you can sleep,” Jungkook decided, his voice gentle, although it wasn’t the sole reason for his decision to leave. The notion of having Jimin right beside him was wholesome and calming, yet it was so fucking difficult to resist to kiss or cuddle him all the same.

“You can sleep here,” Jimin said softly, shaking his head. “I don’t mind”

After all, this was Jungkook’s place to begin with, and his king sized bed was more than big enough to fit both of them, causing it to be a silly thought for Jungkook to leave the comfort of his own bed just for Jimin.

“Are you sure?”

“Yes,” Jimin responded, devoid of any hesitance.

There was another lighting strike breaking through the curtains, followed by a roaring thunder. The sudden sound startled Jimin, reminding him that Jungkook and him weren’t living inside a bubble, that time hadn’t stopped, but that the world around them was proceeding to spin.

_The person that was after them could very well be scheming how to harm them in this very moment. Wasn’t it just a matter of time until they were here to hurt them?_

“What’s wrong?” Jungkook asked, having noticed the alteration in Jimin’s expression, a fact that had gone unnoticed to Jimin himself - his soft smile having faltered, replaced by trepidation.

“I’m scared,” Jimin found himself whisper.

The younger male’s gaze flickered back and forth between Jimin’s eyes.

“Do you think they’ll try to get in here?” Jimin wondered quietly.
After all, although Jimin believed that this place was of certain security, the people that were trying to hurt them had evidently been able to surmount any obstacle to get up here before. Hence, it wasn’t reprehensible to envision them managing to get up here again, was it?

“No, Baek wouldn’t be that stupid,” Jungkook objected, shaking his head.

“What if they just take Joon out?” Jimin noted, assuming that Joon could only fight against so much. However, a gun would certainly bring him to his knees, wouldn’t it?

“I won’t let anyone hurt you, Jimin-ah, okay?” Jungkook promised, placing his palm against Jimin’s cheek. “Never,” he added, his voice full of determination.

The smaller boy wanted to believe in his sincerity, but he couldn’t help but wonder whether Jungkook was just trying to uphold a strong demeanor for him. In the end, Jungkook always wanted to maintain a tough appearance, maybe just because it was in his nature, but maybe because he wanted Jimin to feel safe and protected around him.

Did Jimin exude a certain aura of helplessness?

After all, Jimin… well, he was easily startled.

For instance, this very moment; Jungkook appeared so very calm and collected, whereas Jimin was certain that he would have a mental breakdown as soon as his brain had finally processed everything that he had learned today.

*Maybe, there had been some truth to Jungkook’s words back at the cabin?*

*Did Jimin really behave like a child sometimes?*

“What are you thinking about, baby?” Jungkook asked, the tips of his fingers tracing over Jimin’s furrowed brow in a tender manner, noticing that something was occupying his mind.

“Nothing…,” Jimin murmured.

“Do you want to talk about that nothing?” Jungkook offered, smiling gently, knowing Jimin all too well.

The pink haired one hesitated, catching his bottom lip between his teeth. “Do you… Do you really think of me as a child sometimes?” Jimin wondered, his voice quiet and vulnerable.

“What?” Jungkook said, his eyes going bigger.

“I know, you just said it to get me to leave the cabin, but…” Jimin trailed off.

“No, Jimin-ah, please don’t even finish that thought,” Jungkook interrupted him, sitting up on his elbow. “You’re not a child, and you’re not weak,” he asserted. “You’ve been through so much shit in your life, but you’ve grown to become this beautiful person, inside and out. That requires strength. You’re one of the strongest people I know,” he emphasised. “And you’re mature, so much more mature than I am-”

“Kook-ah, don’t be ridiculous-” Jimin interrupted him with a snort, shaking his head at the absurdity of that statement.

“No, it’s true,” Jungkook interfered. “You’re way more mature than me, Jimin-ah. You had to learn how to fight on your own at such a young age. Just because you allow yourself to be taken care of in
certain situations doesn’t make you weak or any less mature,” he stressed. “You don’t behave like a child, by no means”

The smaller boy lowered his head down. “Thank you,” he murmured.

“If anything, I’m the immature one,” Jungkook claimed.

“You’re not, Kook-ah,” Jimin protested, shaking his head.

How could Jungkook of all people – Jungkook, the co-CEO of that huge empire, the man that exuded such authority and power with a mere stare – associate himself with the word immature. “It’s okay, little one,” Jungkook smiled. “I admit that I can be immature in situations”

Well, Jimin wouldn’t exactly call his behaviour immature, but Jungkook definitely behaved differently in particular situations, “In situations you lack control in,” Jimin voiced softly.

“Oh,” Jungkook agreed. “I guess it’s partially because of my nature, but I also think a big fraction of it is attributable to traumatic shit in my past I had no way of preventing. I need control, so I know that I can protect what I love, so I know that you’re safe”

The pink haired one smiled softly, rolling over onto his stomach to be a little closer to Jungkook.

“That’s a lot of responsibility and pressure on you, Kook-ah,” he uttered.

“It’s the way it is,” Jungkook noted with a shrug of his shoulders.

Jimin tilted his head to the side. “It’s okay to share your burdens and give your control up sometimes,” he declared.

“I don’t think I’m capable of that”

Faintly, Jimin recalled that intimate moment of theirs during which Jimin had tied him up to take care of him. Despite Jungkook’s kind attempt to allow Jimin to try to attain a more dominant role, it had been more than difficult to let go of his own dominance.

“I’m not just talking about sex,” Jimin clarified.

“I’m not either,” Jungkook elucidated, a faint smile curving his lips. “I don’t think I can just…”

“You can trust me, Kook-ah,” Jimin whispered. “You don’t need to be strong all the time; you shouldn’t need to make sure you have the control all the time. I’m here, too. I can look after you, too,” he stated, sincere in his remark.

Despite Jimin being on the receiving line for the vast majority of the time, he wanted Jungkook to know that he would do anything to protect him as well; that they were supposed to be a team that could fight any odds together.

Maybe, if Jungkook allowed himself to view Jimin as someone who didn't need to be saved all the time, but was willing to protect Jungkook as well, and allow himself to let go of a certain amount of control sometimes, he would share his burdens with Jimin without Jimin needing to ask him to open up.

And maybe, if Jungkook had allowed himself to understand this a long time ago, he would have revealed the horrifying truth about the mafia being after Jimin sooner.
Then again, it didn't matter what *would have been*, or *could have been*. They were here now, and
could only learn from it to lead themselves on another path.

“Although I don’t think your age says anything about your mental capability – well, to a certain
degree maybe, but not too much – I’m your Hyung, Kookie,” Jimin reminded him. “You can trust
me to protect you, too”

The younger male raised his brows, a smirk dancing around his lips.

“You’re playing the age card now, hm?” he teased, wetting his lips.

Jimin chuckled, shaking his head. “No,” he giggled. “I just…”

“I see, Hyung,” Jungkook mocked him with amusement gleaming in his eyes, smirking at Jimin,
“Have I ever told you that I rarely go for older guys?”

“Older guys?” Jimin echoed, arching up his brows as he pulled his head back. “Hang on now, I’m
two years older!” he exclaimed, swatting Jungkook’s arm. “You make it sound like I’m a grandpa-”

“I’m sorry, you were serious,” Jungkook interrupted him, feeling apologetic for joking around when
Jimin had meant to be thoughtful. “In all honesty, thank you for saying that, little one,” he spoke, his
voice softer. “I know that I can trust you, but learning to give up my control will take time,” he
expressed.

“That’s okay,” Jimin uttered, carefully reaching up to slide his hand through Jungkook’s black locks.
“Just try to let go sometimes; you’re tensed a lot of the times,” he noted, “And... and you tend to
keep things to yourself, if you’re in that state of mind. I want you to know that you can tell me
anything”

Softly, Jimin played with Jungkook’s hair, the latter’s eyes fluttering shut at the tender touch.

“It feels nice to be taken care of,” Jimin whispered. “You should try it”

The younger smiled.

“I’m sure it does,” he coincided. “It feels really fucking nice to take care of you, though,” he claimed.

Jimin giggled at his choice of words, proceeding to play with Jungkook’s hair.

“But I mean, this does feel nice, too,” Jungkook admitted, nuzzling his head up into Jimin’s touch
nearly subconsciously, the trace so gentle and careful, comforting Jungkook in a way he swore he
had never experienced prior to Jimin before.

“I told you,” Jimin chuckled, giving a nod.

A few quiet moments passed, the silence among them allowing them to register the pitter-patter of the
rain outside on the windows, the frequent lightning strikes and thunders slowing down to a few
occasional ones.

“Jimin-ah, why did you ask me that?” Jungkook suddenly wanted to know, breaking the silence
between them.

“Why did I ask you what?” Jimin wondered, puzzled as to what Jungkook was referring to.

“Whether I think you behave like a child sometimes?”
“Oh… I don’t know…” Jimin murmured, shrugging his shoulders. “It’s just that… I’m so scared, and you… you seem like you’re calm regardless of what’s going on around us”

Jungkook smiled, shaking his head. “I’m not,” he revealed. “I’m just as scared as you,” he whispered, his eyes falling back open, meeting Jimin’s gaze.

“Really?”

“Yeah,” Jungkook breathed. “I’m scared just thinking about what they want to do to you,” he added, Jimin’s gaze flickering back and forth between his eyes. “But I will give my life to keep you safe, little one,” he promised.

*It might sound crazy, but… Jimin felt his heart vow the same thing.*

Yes, he would do absolutely *anything* to protect Jungkook.

And maybe, that should scare him.

Yet, somehow, it didn’t.

The smaller boy leaned closer, his hand still entangled in Jungkook’s black curls, the boy pressing his lips to Jungkook’s cheek in a soft peck.

Carefully, Jungkook turned his face closer, his arm curling around Jimin’s delicate figure in order to pull the boy tighter. It was Jimin who captured Jungkook’s lips in a gentle kiss; swift and pure and gone as quick as it had appeared.

And maybe they were connected in a way neither of them quite frankly understood, causing them to gravitate right back to each other every single time, causing them to *need* one another as though they were the air to breathe, as though they would suffocate, if they were apart for too long.

Jimin managed to refrain from deepening the kiss, clearing his throat and creating some distance between him and Jungkook by rolling back over to his side of the bed. The younger male didn’t say anything, allowing Jimin to leave his grasp, albeit he couldn’t deny the way Jimin’s loss caused all the warmth around him to disappear.

“’m sorry,” Jimin murmured, his cheeks tinging a faint shade of rose.

“There is nothing you need to be sorry for, little one,” Jungkook reassured him with a soft smile.

*Jimin did feel like there was.*

After all, it really wasn’t kind nor fair for Jimin to tell Jungkook that he would need some space, and then go ahead and kiss the boy *repeatedly*. No, his behaviour was contradicting and certainly puzzling.

Maybe, the smartest idea was just to go to sleep immediately; in order to refrain from doing anything *stupid*; in order to impede his heart from proceeding to rule his decisions and actions as though he had lost the absolute control over any rational fragment within him.

“Well, then… good night, Kook-ah,” Jimin whispered, digging his teeth into his bottom lip as he turned over to face away from Jungkook.

The younger male blinked, slightly astonished by Jimin’s sudden change in demeanor.

“Good night, angel,” Jungkook whispered back, nonetheless, making sure that Jimin was tucked in,
covered by the velvety blanket that engulfed him in warmth.

Jimin squeezed his eyes shut, his heart clenching at his own abrupt change of behaviour, and the notice of Jungkook’s clearly confused – and potentially hurt – reaction.

In a quick motion, Jungkook had switched the lights off, painting the room in a black scheme, any illumination around them having vanished.

The pink haired boy was drained, exhausted to the core of his very being, just wishing this never-ending day would do just that – finally end.

However, Jimin’s brain didn’t allow him to fall into a sweet haze of slumber, impeding him to have this day come to an end he was dreading on to. No, opposed to that, thoughts and fears were residing within him, a turmoil so loud inside of his head that made it impossible to find any peace.

“I don’t think I’ll be able to fall asleep tonight,” Jimin murmured into the dark after a few minutes, his eyes fluttering back open, met with pitch-black darkness that habited among them. “My brain won’t shut up,” Jimin whispered, not certain whether Jungkook was even still awake at this point.

In reality, Jungkook had never even shut his eyes, the urgency to assure himself of Jimin’s comfort too vast for him to fall asleep tonight, his gaze having been fixated on Jimin’s back all along, the latter completely unaware of that fact.

The black haired male adjusted his position, silent for a few more seconds, causing Jimin to assess that Jungkook was truly seized in a deep slumber.

“What helps you calm down?” Jungkook then spoke, his voice husky and quiet.

You, Jimin wanted to answer, but he remained mute.

The smaller one parted his lips, but pressed them shut a mere second later.

Slowly, Jimin rolled over to face Jungkook, somehow managing to distinguish his silhouette in the darkness; even capable to catch that familiar soft glint in his hazel eyes.

For a moment, they just stared at one another, neither of them blinking.

Then, carefully, Jungkook closed the distance between them, moving beneath the covers and curling his arm around Jimin’s body. For a split moment, Jimin froze, the slightest surge of hesitation blooming within him.

However, naturally, Jimin felt himself calm down, nuzzling his face against Jungkook’s chest, allowing the latter to pull him even tighter.

“Maybe, when we wake up tomorrow, all of this was just… a dream?” Jimin said softly.

Silence.

“…Maybe,” Jungkook then coincided quietly, pressing a kiss to the top of Jimin’s head.

For some stupid reason, Jimin found himself smile – delicately, but nonetheless.

Certainly, they had both acknowledged the harsh and horrifying reality, were aware that disregarding its existence was a silly notion. Yet, Jimin was grateful that Jungkook pretended that the thought of those terrifying circumstances being a dream could be plausible, that all of this might just be a nightmare they would wake up from tomorrow.
And in the end, they did fall asleep in the comfort of one another, their hearts beating to the same beat.

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The pink haired boy awoke to a strong arm being curled around his waist, pressed tightly to a broad chest and inhaling the comforting scent of Jungkook; and he awoke to the soothing warmth that Jungkook radiated, awoke to the notion of this being his safe haven.

And for a moment, Jimin wished that he could pretend that there was nothing else but this, that everything would be fine and fixed, if they just stayed like this.

Yet, Jimin also awoke to the reality of last night having been vivid, of every word of Jungkook’s having been valid, and real and… as terrifying and absolutely heart wrenching as they could have been.

No, Jimin and Jungkook had not awoken from that nightmare, it was the dark reality.

The taller male shifted beside him, his grip around Jimin loosening.

“How did you sleep?” Jungkook inquired, his voice low and raspy.

Jimin lifted his head to meet Jungkook’s gaze.

“I had better nights,” he answered sincerely. “What about you?”

“I didn’t sleep much,” Jungkook revealed as he sat up on the bed, his touch leaving Jimin entirely. In the midst, the blanket slid down his body, exposing his bare chest and stomach, indicating that he had removed his hoodie during the night – potentially attributable to the high temperatures beneath the covers and the close proximity to Jimin’s warm body.

Inevitably, Jimin’s eyes rushed down to Jungkook’s bare skin, but he forced his gaze back up to Jungkook’s face, swallowing hard.

“So, we’re… What… should we…,” Jimin trailed off, raising his brows as he enumerated Jungkook’s action and sat up on the bed as well, rubbing his petite fists over his sleepy eyes.

“I need to talk to my father,” Jungkook said, rising to his feet and running his hand through his messy black locks. “I want to make sure that he won’t be stuck in any meetings, so I think it would be better to meet him before he leaves for work,” he reasoned.

“So, we should head to his home?” Jimin concluded, titling his head to the side, not certain whether Mr. Jeon would appreciate to see them this early, especially after what had happened yesterday at the gala.

Then again, Jimin also recalled Mr. Jeon’s preceding wish for Jungkook to visit him more often, enabling them to spend more time together aside from anything business related, like a true family.

Yet, their visit today wouldn’t exactly be anything at ease either.

“Yeah,” Jungkook affirmed, giving a nod as he headed towards the bathroom.

Jimin blinked.

“Ohay,” he spoke, crawling closer to the edge of the bed. “Uhm, can I take a shower before we leave?”
“Of course,” Jungkook responded, coming to a halt and turning back to face Jimin, leaning against the wall as he pointed towards the restroom. “Do you want to go first?”

“I can wait until you’ve finished,” Jimin declined, shaking his head.

The younger stared at him for a moment longer. It appeared as though Jungkook had deliberated whether or not to suggest another option, but he refrained, shaking his head at himself.

“Why don’t you pick out an outfit already?” Jungkook suggested instead, “Take whatever you need”

“Thank you,” Jimin responded, giving a nod as he rose to his feet as well.

They looked at one another.

“And… if you need anything, just come in,” Jungkook noted.

The smaller boy gave a gentle nod, relieved that Jungkook had already disappeared into the bathroom, impeding him to see the blush that tinged Jimin’s cheeks at his offer.

A few moments later, the sound of water running echoed in the room, Jimin’s cheeks flushing a darker shade of rose at the knowledge of Jungkook being entirely naked just a few feet away from him, wet and touching-

The pink haired one shook his head at himself, inhaling a deep breath as he headed towards the dresser to pick out an outfit. As he halted in front of the piece of furniture, he caught sight of his phone.

In a quick motion, he had closed his digits around it, unlocking the device to ascertain that he hadn’t received any messages or phone calls.

To his dismay, Taehyung hadn’t replied to any of his messages yet.

*Maybe, he was still fast asleep?*

Well, it was barely past six in the morning, so it wasn’t unlikely to imagine that being the narrative. Arguably, it was out of character for Taehyung to not reply to any of his messages, but if he was still fast asleep, how in the world was he supposed to respond?

Jimin decided to send him another message.

> Do you wanna meet up later?  
> Maybe, after work?  
> There is a lot we have to talk about!  
> – Jimin

Pressing his lips into a line, Jimin locked his phone again and placed it down on his clothes from last night before he pulled the top drawer of the dresser open, rummaging through Jungkook’s clothes to decide on an outfit for the day.

Slowly, Jimin’s gaze trailed over to the side, noticing the piece of clothing that was lying on the floor beside his feet. The smaller boy realised that it was the hoodie Jungkook had worn last night, although he hadn’t been dressed in it for long.

Jimin squatted down to pick up the hoodie, the fabric extremely soft against his skin.

*It smelled like Jungkook – in every good way.*
Was it weird that he wanted to wear this, just because a part within him was begging him to, for a reason he didn’t understand, or perhaps even knew?

Maybe.

Yet, somehow, Jimin didn’t care.

After placing the hoodie down on the dresser, Jimin decided to match it with a pair of jeans. As he pulled on the fabric, a tiny item fell to the floor with a serene thud, potentially having been hidden somewhere between the textile.

Furrowing his brows, Jimin crouched down to the floor once more, closing his delicate hand around the equally as tiny item to pick it back up and return it to its designated spot.

It was a small black box, Jimin realised.

Slowly, Jimin straightened his back and tilted his head to the side, examining the item and turning it over in his palm a few times, somewhat fascinated by the size of the box. In a way, there wasn’t much that could actually fit inside of it.

All of a sudden, there was a deafening alarm echoing in the apartment, startling Jimin who lost his grasp around the little box, causing it to fall from his hand. Fortunately, it didn’t fall to the floor again, but slumped back into the drawer.

The piercing sound of the alarm was ringing in Jimin’s ears, causing the boy to bring his palms up to his ears as though it would silence the noise. As predicted, the sound didn’t hush entirely, yet the act did make it less strident and painful.

Carefully, Jimin headed towards the restroom, then hurrying inside, but crashing into a broad, moist chest on his way in. At their collision, Jimin tumbled backwards with a groan, nearly dropping to the floor. However, fortunately, Jungkook was quick to wrap his arms around Jimin’s waist, securing the boy in his grasp.

Shocked, Jimin lifted his head, staring into Jungkook’s brown orbs that were equally as blown wide as his own at the deafening alarm that was resounding in the apartment. Due to the noise of the alarm, Jimin hadn’t noticed that the water had stopped running long ago, implying that Jungkook had left the shower.

“Angel, are you okay?” Jungkook inquired.

“What is this?” Jimin called out over the alarm.

“Did you cook anything?” the black haired male wanted to know, rushing outside of the bedroom and checking the other room before he headed to the staircase at the end of the hall.

“No, why?”

“It’s the fire alarm,” Jungkook stated as he ran down the stairs.

You see, in movies, Jimin had always wondered how it was possible for a towel to remain around the body of the protagonist whenever they were running around. In a way, Jimin had always believed that they were glued to the body of the actors in some way.

Yet, here Jungkook was, the living proof of how it was actually achievable.
The black towel was curled around his waist, the only fabric that veiled an area of his wet body, but it didn’t budge at all.

“Why did it go off?” Jimin wanted to know, following Jungkook down into the kitchen.

There was no smoke either.

“I don’t know,” Jungkook replied with furrowed brows, picking up the landline to call someone.

Nervously, Jimin remained by his side, studying Jungkook’s features in interest.

“Hey, Han, can you turn that fucking sound off, please?” was the first thing Jungkook requested as someone appeared to having picked up on the other side of the line. “There is no fire, no,” he affirmed.

A few moments later, the piercing sound of the alarm was gone.

*Ah, how peaceful.*

However, Jimin’s ears were still ringing, having to accustom to the sudden silence surrounding them.

“False alarm?” Jungkook proceeded. “What do you mean? How is that possible?”

Certainly, a false alarm could have many reasons… right?

“I’ll be leaving soon, but Joon will accompany you,” Jungkook continued. “Yes, please check the whole system,” he added. “Thank you, Han”

Then, he ended the call, placing the device down on the kitchen island.

“Is everything okay?” Jimin asked softly, observing Jungkook wipe his palm over his face.

“Well, the fire alarm in my apartment went off, as you heard, although there isn’t any fire nor smoke,” Jungkook explained, despite that fact being apparent to Jimin already. “Han is an engineer and in charge of any technology in the building,” he elaborated. “He explained that the smoke detectors can go off because of a few different reasons, sending out a false alarm; like a malfunction, or excessive dust”

“Oh,” Jimin uttered out, giving a nod.

“He’ll be checking them out later and fix them,” Jungkook stated.

“That’s good,” Jimin noted, relieved that no fire had ignited in the building and was now posing a threat to their homes and lives.

After all, they had enough going on already.

The two boys stared at one another.

Now that they weren’t distracted by the deafening alarm any longer, Jimin allowed himself to study Jungkook’s appearance, hardly managing to refrain from gazing at Jungkook’s moist body that was lightly covered by a towel.

What caught his attention, however, was his black hair that was coated in shampoo, adorning his appearance in a way that caused him to appear so much cuter. The endearing sight of Jungkook’s black hair grazed in a white layer sticking up to either side evoke a giggle in Jimin.
“What?” Jungkook wanted to, raising his brows.

The pink haired one hid his mouth behind his sweater paw, shaking his head.

“What are you laughing?” Jungkook asked, furrowing his brows now, although there was a smile that embellished his handsome features at the sound of Jimin’s giggles.

“You still have shampoo in your hair,” Jimin explained, realising that it wasn’t actually that funny, but… Jungkook wasn’t seeing himself!

“Oh, you think that’s funny?” Jungkook said, tilting his head to the side, his smile growing.

“Yes,” Jimin giggled, giving a nod.

“I left the shower as fast as I could because I thought you were in danger,” Jungkook reasoned.

“My hero,” Jimin whispered, his eyes gleaming in amusement.

Jungkook raised his brows.

“Fuck, you enjoy making fun of me?”

“No, why would I?” Jimin protested innocently, shaking his head with big eyes.

“Mhm,” Jungkook hummed, approaching the smaller boy with slow steps. “You wouldn’t, hm?” he echoed as he had eliminated the distance between them, the close proximity to Jungkook causing Jimin to be bashful.

Nervously, Jimin took another step back, crashing into the wall behind him.

For a moment, they just stared at one another.

“You wouldn’t?” Jungkook reiterated, reaching out to brush Jimin’s fringe out of his face, the latter responding to the gentle touch by nuzzling up into the touch. “Because you’re my good boy, aren’t you?” he teased, his voice a low hush just between them.

Abort!

Naturally, Jimin averted his gaze, too nervous because of the intent glint in Jungkook’s eyes, because of that familiar softness that lured him in – and, certainly, because of those suggestive words uttered in that low tone Jungkook just knew affected Jimin.

Clearing his throat, Jimin slid out of Jungkook’s grasp, Jungkook the one to chuckle now as he was satisfied with Jimin’s response.

“W-We… shower,” Jimin stammered, his cheeks flushing a shade of rose as he realised that he was speaking absolute nonsense.

Hello, brain, do you still... you know, like, function? Could you please stop embarrassing me for once? I would appreciate that. Thank you very much. – Yours sincerely, Jimin.

Honestly, why did Jungkook possess the ability to have Jimin’s brain lose any capability to form a coherent sentence? That was so unfair!

“I mean… we should get ready,” Jimin corrected, pressing his eyes shut.
Jungkook chuckled, amused by Jimin’s timidity.

“I’ll just finish, yeah?” Jungkook noted, deciding not to tease Jimin any further, but let the poor boy breathe and recollect himself. “Then you are free to take a shower.”

“Okay,” Jimin murmured, giving a nod and following after Jungkook who was heading back upstairs into the bedroom in order to finish his shower.

As the two of them entered the bedroom, Jimin recalled Jungkook’s earlier remark.

“Hey, why did you ask me whether I had cooked after the alarm had gone off?” Jimin wanted to know, tilting his head to the side.

The black haired male stole a glimpse at him, only smirking.

“Oh, never mind,” Jungkook said, shaking his head.

“Hey, what does that mean?” Jimin whined, watching Jungkook rush into the restroom with a laugh, the sound evoking a surge of warmth within Jimin’s chest.

In the midst of everything right now, it was nice to share a lighthearted moment such as this one.

Soon enough, they were both showered and dressed, Jimin tugging the hoodie over his head at last before he left the restroom and entered the bedroom where Jungkook was awaiting him already.

Jungkook was just finishing making the bed, stealing a glimpse at Jimin before he diverted his gaze down to the pillow in his hands.

However, quickly, Jungkook glanced at Jimin again.

“Didn’t I wear that last night?” Jungkook wondered, inclining his head to the side as he examined the hoodie veiling Jimin’s body, pretty certain that he had worn that exact hoodie the preceding night.

“Yeah,” Jimin uttered softly, a faint shade of rose tinging his cheeks.

The black haired male only smiled, not commenting on it any further.

“Are you ready to leave then?”

“Yes,” Jimin said, giving a nod.

“Let’s go, then”

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“Jungkook-ah! Jimin-ah!” Jiyoo exclaimed with a shriek of delight, the frequency of her voice close to one that neither of them was capable to register – but somehow, they did. The woman rushed over to their side with spread arms, her vibrant excitement visible. “How lovely to see you!” she beamed, waving them in. “I just prepared breakfast, come on in”

The two boys exchanged a glance.

“We’re not hungry, Jiyoo-ssi, thank-”

Jiyoo scowled at Jungkook, smacking his arm, the action causing the latter to go silent. “Not
hungry?” she echoed. “Breakfast is the most important meal of the day, Bunny! Are you going to let Jimin starve? You two are going to eat! I don’t accept any no,” she scolded them.

“Jiyoo-ssi, I’m just here to talk to my father,” Jungkook explained. “It’s important,” he stressed.

“Well, any conversation can wait, but your breakfast can’t,” Jiyoo objected, shaking her head. “Besides, your father isn’t down here anyway, so come on,” she urged them.

The older woman curled her hand around Jimin’s wrist, tugging the boy over into the kitchen. Helplessly, Jimin stole a glimpse back at Jungkook, the latter sighing, but smiling as he followed after them.

“Have a seat, children,” Jiyoo chimed. “I made enough for you to have some as well, don’t you worry,” she reassured them. “Today, I made a western inspired breakfast,” she revealed. “Pancakes, waffles, French toast, scrambled eggs, bacon, fruit, coffee, tea, orange juice, but I can get any other drink you prefer to have,” she listed.

The variation of food that was displayed on the dining table was enough to feed a whole of two or three larger families. Despite it not being any of Jimin’s business, he found himself wonder why Jiyoo prepared such a huge breakfast solely for Mr. Jeon.

Was she expecting anyone else? Was she hoping for Jungkook to join them every single day? What happened to the remainder of the food? There was no way Mr. Jeon devoured all of this on his own, was it?

“Do you want anything else? I’m sure I could make it for you,” Jiyoo offered.

The two boys shook their heads. “No, Jiyoo-ssi, this is more than enough, thank you,” Jungkook declined with an appreciative smile.

Jiyoo returned the smile, addressing Jimin, “What would you like to drink, sweet Jimin-ssi?” she wanted to know, patting his head.

“I… I think some orange juice, please,” Jimin responded, not quite having fathomed that they were going to have breakfast now as though everything was fine, despite them coming here for a completely unrelated and quite frankly more urgent matter.

“Of course,” Jiyoo beamed, giving a nod as she picked up the bottle and filled Jimin’s glass with orange juice. “There you go, love”

“Thank you,” Jimin smiled, attaining the glass of orange juice from her before he brought it up to his lips to take a sip.

“What about you, Bunny?” the woman then wanted to know, causing Jimin to nearly choke on his juice as he found himself giggle at the endearing pet name.

The black haired male pressed his eyes shut. “Jiyoo-ssi, we talked about that,” Jungkook spoke quietly.

“Right,” she gasped, her hand flying up to her mouth. “Jungkook-ah, what would you like to drink?” she corrected.

“I’ve got it, Jiyoo-ssi, thank you,” Jungkook noted.
“Of course,” she retorted, giving a nod as she caressed Jungkook’s cheek. “I’m so happy that you two are here,” she added.

“It’s nice to see you, too, Noona,” Jungkook asserted, flashing her a sweet smile.

“Well, you two enjoy your food while I clean up in the kitchen,” Jiyoo decided, heading over into the kitchen. “In case you need anything, just call for me,” she added before she disappeared.

The black haired male stared at Jimin, the latter’s gaze trailing over the food on the table.

“Go ahead,” Jungkook insisted with a smile.

Jimin lifted his head to meet his gaze.

“That’s a lot of food just for your father, isn’t it?” Jimin noted, titling his head to the side as he reached for a French toast, placing it down on his plate.

“It… is, yeah,” Jungkook coincided with a sigh, scratching over the back of his head. “I think it’s just a habit of Jiyoo to prepare that much?” he stated. “Usually, we had huge breakfasts when I was younger; and one day my father preferred to eat one thing and on the next something else, so Jiyoo just tends to prepare a lot to have everything covered,” he explained.

The smaller one gave a nod. “I see,” he murmured, not exactly capable to relate to a memory such as that one, remembering days where his father would simply forget – or maybe not care enough – to even prepare any breakfast for Jimin at all, causing the poor boy to go to school hungry.

“We can take something home, if you want to, so we know that it won’t be wasted,” Jungkook suggested as he raised his brows, drawing Jimin out of his thoughts.

Home.

There it was, again.

Jimin didn’t know what to respond, so he just took a bite from his French toast, a few crumbs falling down on the plate in front of him, Jimin chewing on the crunchy substance.

In the meanwhile, Jungkook had decided to eat a banana, potentially not that hungry. Quite frankly, Jimin wasn’t exactly hungry either, his vast nervousness presumably impeding him to currently feel such humane phenomenon.

“Have you decided on what to say to your father?” Jimin found himself wonder, tilting his head to the side as he observed Jungkook take a bite from the banana.

“Well, I-”

Suddenly, another figure walked into the dining room, causing Jungkook to go silent.

“Jungkook-ssi, I was going to meet you at the company; what a nice surprise to see you and Jimin here,” Mr. Jeon greeted them, his digits fumbling with the tie around his collar. “There are a few things we have to discuss,” he expressed as he took a seat at the table, picking up a few grapes that he tossed into his mouth before he picked up the newspaper that Jiyoo had deposited there for him, his attention visibly not that fixated on Jungkook.

Carefully, Jimin lowered his glass down on the table, placing his delicate hands in his lap.

“We have to talk about last night,” he spoke, looking up from his newspaper as Jiyoo rushed to his
side to fill his mug with black coffee. “Thank you, Jiyoo-ssi,” he addressed her, then trailing his gaze back over to his newspaper. “I managed to fix the situation with Seo, but this cannot happen again, got it?” he scolded Jungkook as he raised his mug up to his lips to take his first daily doses of caffeine. “I can understand that you wanted to protect Jimin, but you can’t just go around-”

“Yes, Appa, I don’t want to hear that shit right now,” Jungkook interrupted his father.

Mr. Jeon lifted his head; raising his brows at Jungkook’s interruption while he lowered his mug back down on the table. “Excuse me?”

Jimin swallowed hard.

“I’m sorry, but there are more important things to discuss right now,” the younger male apologised for his disrespectful behaviour. “It’s urgent”

Slowly, Jungkook’s father folded the newspaper, placing it down on the dining table as he tilted his head to the side. “And what could be more urgent than you venturing to have Seo press legal charges against you?”

“Did you work with Baek again?” Jungkook wanted to know, not sugar coating this subject in the slightest, but crashing right into this matter like a train at full speed. Then again, had Jimin truly expected anything else from Jungkook? “If you did, you need to cut any ties to him”

Mr. Jeon parted his lips, clearly shocked by Jungkook’s question.

“Jungkook-ah-” he spoke, but turned to face Jimin instead with a wave of his hand. “Jimin-ssi, would you mind leaving us alone”

The smaller boy insinuated to rise to his feet in order to oblige, but Jungkook placed his hand on Jimin’s thigh, giving it a tender squeeze. “Jimin knows already,” Jungkook interfered again. “He stays,” he decided.

Allegedly, Mr. Jeon was not fond of that news.

“Jungkook-ah, this is confidential information you are not allowed to share with-” he intended to scold Jungkook for exposing secretive data and facts about their company, albeit it was solely Jimin who he had declared them to.

“Fuck, Appa, none of that fucking shit is important right now!” Jungkook snapped, startling Jimin and causing the latter to flinch beside him at the volume of his voice.

The younger male appeared to notice, his palm that was still resting on Jimin’s thigh caressing him as though he meant to nonverbally apologise and comfort Jimin for raising his voice.

For a moment, it was silent; almost dangerously.

Was Mr. Jeon going to yell at Jungkook now for disrespecting him?

Jungkook’s father simply stared at Jungkook, then diverting his gaze towards Jiyoo who was standing in the doorway, having appeared upon hearing Jungkook scream at his father.

“Jiyoo-ssi,” Mr. Jeon addressed her.

“Yes?” she said.

“Would you be so kind and change the sheets upstairs?” he requested. “I spilled some coffee over
them earlier,” he stated, causing Jimin to wonder whether that was a valid fact or a bluff to have
Jiyoo leave the floor for them to have a private conversation – maybe it was a secretive code between
them.

“Of course,” Jiyoo responded, executing a slight bow, not scrutinizing the order she had received.
Then again, she was probably obligated to follow any command she obtained from Mr. Jeon without
questioning them.

With that, Jiyoo left and headed upstairs, leaving Mr. Jeon, Jungkook and Jimin to themselves.

As soon as she was gone, Mr. Jeon cleared his throat.

“Appa, you need to cut your ties to Baek,” Jungkook emphasised again.

“Son, don’t be ridiculous,” his father snorted, shaking his head at what he appeared to view as an
absurd idea – because, why would he cut his ties to the mafia? At any rate, wasn’t it such a
wonderful and enviable thing to be connected to the fucking mafia?

Yeah, sure, fuck that, Jungkook was not having this.

“I’m fucking serious, Appa,” Jungkook stressed.

“Jungkook-ah, you know-”

“If you don’t cut your ties to Baek, I’m going to fucking leave the company and make all of your
shady shit public,” Jungkook threatened, his eyes narrowed and dark, his words poisonous.

The pink haired boy stopped breathing.

“Kook-ah,” Jimin breathed out.

“You wouldn’t dare,” Mr. Jeon whispered, just as bewildered by the sudden threat as Jimin was.

By no means, Jungkook couldn’t be sincere in that threat, could he? Would he truly not only loom to
leave his family’s empire behind, but assure that they would be ruined by publicly proclaiming his
father’s ties to the mafia? There was no way… was there?

Surely, Jungkook was only venturing this threat to render his father to cut his ties to Baek.

“Try me;” Jungkook challenged, a daring glint gleaming in his eyes.

Mr. Jeon blinked.

“How dare you talk to your father like that?” his father spoke, raising the volume of his voice, clearly
fed up with Jungkook’s behaviour.

“I’m done with this shit, Appa,” Jungkook responded, not finding any care in his very being to
change his diction to a more respectful and less curse-filled one. “I have been done with it from the
get-go,” he added. “For years you’ve pulled me into your shit not giving a damn about how I feel”

Mr. Jeon shook his head, pain flashing in his eyes upon that accusation. “That’s not true, you know
that,” he objected, his voice softer, Jimin reminded of a preceding conversation of theirs during
which Mr. Jeon had expressed his desire to reconnect with Jungkook as they had been drawn apart
over the years.

Arguably, in his fervent will to establish this powerful empire, and the traumatic experience of losing
his wife, Mr. Jeon might have struggled to pay enough attention to Jungkook, might have writhed to take Jungkook’s feelings into account.

Regardless of how one perceived Mr. Jeon’s parenting skills to be, wasn’t it considerable to see that he was trying – trying to maintain a close relationship, trying to be even closer to Jungkook than he has been before?

“Mom begged you to stop,” the younger boy declared, his words piercing through Mr. Jeon’s heart like an arrow, but through Jimin’s just as much.

“Don’t talk about her,” Mr. Jeon warned him with a thin voice, pointing his index finger at Jungkook.

“Why not? We both know how much she hated you for doing that shit-” Jungkook scowled.

“Shut up!” Mr. Jeon yelled, rising to his feet as he slammed his palms on the table, the loud thud echoing in the room.

At the sound, Jimin flinched.

“I never wanted any of you to get hurt,” Jungkook’s father reasoned, his palms still placed on the table, his head hanging low.

For some reason, a surge of pity and guilt bloomed within Jimin at the sight of Mr. Jeon who was visibly hurting by Jungkook’s words, the older man raising his voice and using any physical reaction as a defence mechanism.

“This is strictly business related and you know that we’re safe,” his father claimed, meeting Jungkook’s gaze again. “They would never hurt you, son,” he reassured him, his tone gentle.

“They found a fucking loophole, Appa,” Jungkook revealed.

“That is?”

“Jimin,” the black haired male uttered.

Mr. Jeon’s gaze flickered over to Jimin, then back to Jungkook.

“What do you mean?” he wanted to know, knitting his brows.

“They threatened to hurt him,” Jungkook expressed.

“What?” Mr. Jeon asked, a singe of shock depicted on his face. “Elaborate”

“For a while, someone has been sending me pictures of Jimin, clearly following him and potentially threatening to hurt Jimin, if they get their hands on him,” he explained, pointing at the smaller boy beside him who has been extremely quiet for the past minutes, almost as though he lacked the ability to talk, perhaps having lost his voice entirely. “I don’t know who it is, but I’m certain that Baek is involved in it somehow and that he wants to hurt Jimin’

“Why didn’t you say anything, Jungkook-ah?”

“They fucking followed me and Jimin to the cabin, Appa,” Jungkook went on, opposed to answering him. “Now, it’s Baek who is threatening to hurt Jimin. I’m sure he’s doing this as a payback for what you did; because they can’t hurt you or me, they are after him”
“I told you to stay away from Baek,” Mr. Jeon scolded him, like that was a valid response, like that truly mattered right now in the midst of everything.

“Fuck, Appa, that’s not the fucking point,” Jungkook growled in annoyance.

“Stop cursing,” his father demanded.

Irritated by Mr. Jeon’s refusal to apprehend where the real issue laid, Jungkook slammed his fist on the table as he rose to his feet. “Goddammit, what the fuck did you do, Appa?” he yelled. “Tell me what you did! You crossed Baek, didn’t you?”

“I’m not going to discuss-”

“Appa,” Jungkook pressed through gritted teeth.

For a moment, Mr. Jeon just stared at him.

“Just pay him,” Jungkook demanded harshly, when he didn’t receive a response.

“Jungkook-ssi, this is my business with Baek,” his father emphasised, shaking his head, "Regardless of what happened between me and Baek, I’m not going to have you give me orders, understood?"

Then, it was true?

It might be Mr. Jeon that was the reason Baek was after them?

“So, you’re just going to risk Jimin’s life?” the younger concluded, glaring at the other man.

“They won’t touch him,” Mr. Jeon assured him, as if he possessed almighty knowledge regarding this matter that they were unaware of, as if he could promise them definitively that Baek wouldn’t dare to hurt him. "Trust me"

Was this actually a narrative Mr. Jeon believed in, or were these empty words he proclaimed to calm Jungkook down?

Suddenly, Jungkook walked up to his father. “How do you know?” he asked, coming to a halt right in front of the older man. “How do you know they won’t hurt him like they hurt Eomma?”

At his words, Jimin’s heart dropped.

What? They had… they had hurt Jungkook’s mother, too?

No. No, please tell him that Jungkook was wrong; that he was lying; anything.

“They never touched your mother!” Mr. Jeon yelled, shaking his head, visibly irritated by that mere notion.

“That’s what you keep telling yourself, but you know those bastards that raped her worked for him,” Jungkook accused, his voice sounding so much calmer, but also vicious, in comparison to his father’s. “We both know,” he spoke, “When are you going to finally admit that to yourself?”

The smaller boy was devastated.

Jungkook believed that Baek’s men had raped and murdered his mother?

Mr. Jeon’s gaze flickered back and forth between Jungkook’s eyes. “Baek promised me,” he spoke
quietly, Jimin barely capable to register his words, causing him to wonder whether Mr. Jeon was trying to convince himself of the authenticity of those words more than anyone else. “He promised that they never worked for him”

“What’s his word worth in this world, Appa?” Jungkook noted, having reached a point in his life where Baek’s word had lost any significance; any statement could very well be made by any other stranger, Jungkook would hold their words to the same amount of veracity as Baek’s.

“Baek has never gone back on his word,” Mr. Jeon guaranteed him, or maybe himself. “I know, he’s involved in illegal work, but he is a loyal businessman,” he emphasised.

How odd, Jimin thought, to call the head of the mafia loyal.

“I don’t fucking trust him at this point,” Jungkook belted out, hitting his flat palm against the wall beside his father. “They’re going to hurt Jimin. They’ve been following him for weeks! Weeks! They keep threaten—”

Mr. Jeon averted his gaze at those words.

“That’s my fault,” his father then whispered, interrupting Jungkook.

What?

“What is your fault?” Jungkook inquired, furrowing his brows, visibly puzzled by his father’s interruption, or perhaps choosing to disregard what his heart assumed his words implied.

“Back then… you wanted out of the contract with Seoyun so badly for a boy I didn’t know anything about,” his father uttered.

“You knew that I loved him,” Jungkook expressed.

“I didn’t know who he was, what his roots were nor how trustworthy he is for our company,” Mr. Jeon added, shaking his head.

“So, what, you fucking asked Baek’s men to spy on—” Jungkook went silent as something clicked within him, his eyes growing wide. “You didn’t,” he breathed out in disbelief, “Tell me you fucking didn’t”

“I didn’t believe that they would use it against us,” Mr. Jeon justified quietly.

Jimin swore he was going to throw up, biting back a gasp. In fact, the pink haired boy had completely frozen, shaken up to the core of his very being.

This couldn’t be true…

Certainly, his ears were deceiving him, weren’t they?

Please. Please, tell him that Mr. Jeon was not the one who had asked the mafia to spy on him.

“Oh my fucking- Appa, you’re fucking crazy!” Jungkook yelled out, sliding his hand through his black locks and tugging on them in a frustrated manner, perhaps as a way to redirect his anger in order to refrain from hurting anything or anyone else.

“You have to understand that I have to protect my family and this company,” his father reasoned.

“So, what, you can screw up someone else’s life?” Jungkook concluded, pointing back at Jimin, his
father following his direction to meet Jimin’s gaze. However, he diverted his eyes upon noticing the absolute horror in Jimin’s eyes.

“I ordered them to stay away from him,” Mr. Jeon said. “My order was to receive information”

“I can’t believe you fucking did that!” Jungkook belted out.

“You have to understand-”

“No!” Jungkook interrupted him, shaking his head, clearly not interested in allowing his father to justify his actions. “There is nothing for me to understand! That’s fucked up! If you wanted to get to know him, ask me, ask him, don’t send the fucking mafia after him!”

“All this time, you pretended to be unaware of who he was, pretended to be curious to learn more about him and his past, when you already knew all that shit from Baek,” he went on, disregarding any of his father’s words.

Similarly, Jimin recalled each incident when Mr. Jeon had displayed what had appeared to be valid interest in Jimin’s past, appeared to be genuinely inquisitive to learn more about him and his family, asking him questions that inevitably twisted a knife through his heart – which he had known they would.

All that time, he had known who Jimin was all along, had been aware of how vulnerable and scarred he was because of his past. Nonetheless, he had pretended to care, pretended to lack any knowledge about Jimin.

Mr. Jeon had perfected a mask, had managed to maintain a feigned demeanor without anyone noticing – not even his own son.

Yet, that didn’t… it didn’t insinuate that he didn’t care about Jimin at all, did it?

“I… I didn’t want you to find out,” Mr. Jeon spoke quietly.

“No, of course, not,” Jungkook mocked.

“Let’s talk about this later, son,” his father begged. “We need to find a solution now,” he stressed. “So, you believe Baek is threatening Jimin now because of my business with him? Are you sure it’s Baek?”

The younger male hesitated, seemingly deliberating whether he was content with dropping the subject of his father asking the mafia to spy on Jimin, but then deciding that Jimin’s safety was the most significant issue right now.

“Yes, I am,” Jungkook affirmed with a nod.

“Were you polite?” Mr. Jeon suddenly inquired.

“What?” Jungkook expressed, furrowing his brows at the vague question.

“Whenever you were in contact with him, were you polite?” Mr. Jeon elucidated, despite this topic being rather unrelated to the current matter and certainly not diminishing Jungkook’s confusion to the question. “Baek is not a fan of bad mannerism, so you behaving rude might have caused him-”

“So just because I don’t suck his dick like all of his men do, he has the privilege to threaten to hurt or
rape my boyfriend? Makes perfect fucking sense, Appa, why didn’t I think of that before?”

Jungkook commented with a humourless laugh, shaking his head at the absurdity, but then undoubtedly venting out all of his pent up anger at his father for his act of betrayal simultaneously.

“In this industry, nothing really makes sense,” Mr. Jeon remarked. “We use dirty tricks to get what we want,” he added, maybe partially revealing a portion of truth about himself as well. “Baek is just trying to get us to oblige. They would never actually touch Jimin,” he claimed.

“I want them to leave Jimin out of this,” Jungkook emphasised through gritted teeth.

“They won’t hurt him, son,” Mr. Jeon stressed again, lifting his hand as though to calm Jungkook.

“He’s not part of the agreement,” Jungkook reiterated, frustrated by the notion of his own fucking father visibly lacking the ability to fathom how damn serious this was; or perhaps not caring enough to lose his fucking mind the way Jungkook was. “You know that. You know damn well that it’s only protecting our asses”

“I’ve been speaking to my own men yesterday,” Mr. Jeon informed them. “They know where he is,” he added as he fixed his tie. “Baek is in Busan, has been for the past week”

“Of course, he wouldn’t turn up at the cabin by himself, but have his men do the dirty work,” Jungkook commented beneath his breath.

“Baek is not here,” his father accentuated again. “Jimin is safe here in Seoul”

“For how long?” Jungkook wanted to know. “You know they will find him. You know Baek will come here to get whatever you owe him or his revenge”

Jimin swallowed hard, wondering whether the other two had omitted his presence altogether as they were speaking about him, rather than addressing him in their conversation.

“That’s what we have our security for. We just have to lay low until the situation dies down by itself,” Mr. Jeon suggested calmly. “Just don’t contact them and stop provoking them,” he urged, a scolding glint gleaming in his eyes as he looked at Jungkook – as if it was his fault. “I’ll talk to them and see what we can negotiate, and then we’ll just have to wait for it to die down”

“Great solution,” Jungkook responded, irony dripping from his tone.

“Jungkook-ah”

“Just- end this fucking thing, Appa. I wasn’t bluffing about going public,” Jungkook asserted again, clenching his fists as he moved his face closer to his father’s. “If Jimin gets hurt because of you, I’ll- I swear, I’ll fucking-” Jungkook threatened, his tone low and intimidating.

“Kook-ah,” Jimin finally breathed out and rose to his feet, causing the younger male to go silent.

Mr. Jeon gulped.

The black haired boy pushed his tongue into his cheek, cursing beneath his breath as he took a step back and stormed out of the room.

In a swift motion, Jimin had walked around the table, intending to rush after Jungkook.

“Jimin-ssi, please, I-” he trailed off, his voice causing Jimin to still entirely.

“I-I don’t know what to say, Mr. Jeon,” Jimin whispered, honestly too overwhelmed by the entire
situation that had unfolded over the past fifty-six hours. How was one supposed to bear all of this?

“I did it to protect my family, I hope you can understand that,” Mr. Jeon defended his act of asking the mafia to retrieve personal information on Jimin and his past. “I never meant for you to be in danger,” he asserted.

“I… I believe you, Mr. Jeon,” Jimin found himself utter, facing the man. “I think, right now, we have to stick together to make sure that we all stay safe,” he decided, certain that distancing himself from the Jeon’s wasn’t any effective move either; certain that in a way, he had no one else to rely on regarding this matter – above all, he indubitably didn’t want to permanently part from Jungkook.

“Yeah,” Mr. Jeon agreed with a nod. “Thank you, son.”

Jimin remained mute, disregarding the endearing term altogether as he averted his gaze before he ran after Jungkook in hopes of calming the boy down.

However, although Jimin had believed he would only manage to catch up with Jungkook downstairs in the lobby, he was surprised to meet him up in the living room of the apartment, the boy apparently not having gone far.

“Kook-ah!” Jimin exclaimed.

“My own fucking father,” Jungkook breathed out, shaking his head as he turned around at the familiar voice of Jimin.

“My own fucking father asked the fucking mafia to fucking spy on you!” Jungkook belted out, a humourless laugh slipping past his lips as he wiped his hand over his face.

“Sssh, hey, Jungkook-ah, calm down,” Jimin whispered – not sure why he was consciously talking in such a quiet and hushed tone as though he was scared anyone else could hear them; yet then equally as indecisive why he wasn’t freaking out about all of this the way Jungkook was – as he placed his palms against Jungkook’s cheeks. “Look at me,” he begged.

“I can’t believe he would do that- No, fuck that, I can,” Jungkook corrected himself, ignoring Jimin’s touch on his skin, too deeply seized in his profound rage. “I knew he would stoop that low to protect the fucking company.”

The black haired male was tensed, visibly fuming and pissed at his father’s behaviour – allowing him to voice any cruel notion about his father’s intentions and ambitions that resided within him. Jimin, however, was certain that deep within, those were words spat in anger, but not any thoughts Jungkook truly, authentically latched onto or believed in by even the slightest fragment.

“Jungkook-ah, he just wanted to protect you,” Jimin reasoned, his voice so much softer and quieter than Jungkook’s.

“Are you justifying his actions now?” Jungkook wanted to know, frowning at Jimin, finally meeting his eyes again. “He didn’t do that to protect his family, but his company. If he really cared about me, he would have never sent the mafia after the only person I love on this fucking planet,” he ranted, shaking his head as he pointed towards the kitchen where his father was located, Jimin’s heart skipping a beat at Jungkook’s words – him, the only person he loved on the entire planet. “How could he do that to such an innocent person like you? What did he think he would find?”

“Jungkook-ah,” Jimin spoke softly, discovering a surge within him that urged him to protect
Jungkook’s father; perhaps too afraid that he would be the reason that would pull Jungkook and his father further apart again, especially after they had worked so hard on rebuilding their relationship. “Your father does care for you; we both know that,” he dared to say, wondering whether it was even appropriate for him to state these claims. “Yes, you knew me, but your father didn’t. Sometimes, we make stupid decisions. I think in his fervent will to protect you and the company, he made a choice that—”

“A choice that could make me lose you,” Jungkook interrupted, the one to place his hand on Jimin’s cheek this time, like he feared Jimin would disappear, if he were not touching him.

“You said we would find a way, hm?” Jimin reminded him with a shy smile. “We will find a way, Kook-ah, but you screaming at your father like this won’t get us anywhere,” he tried to make him understand.

Admittedly, Jimin could more than empathise with Jungkook’s fury at his own father, but right now they needed to find a solution to keep all of them safe, and screaming at one another definitely won’t be beneficial in that challenge.

“What’s going on down here? Is there a fucking war going on, or what?” a female voice suddenly ventured, her figure having appeared on the top of the stairs.

The two boys turned to face the source of the voice.

“Minji?” Jimin and Jungkook uttered out in unison, both equally astonished to encounter her here, yet all the more by her light appearance. The woman was only dressed in a white robe, implying that she might have stayed here the past night, then indicating that she might have…

“What the fuck are you doing here?” Jungkook called out with knitted brows.

“I should ask you that question,” Minji challenged, crossing her arms in front of her chest. “It’s not even eight and you’re out here screaming around like a maniac,” she complained as she walked down the remainder of the staircase. “Thank you for waking me from my beauty sleep,” she huffed.

Jungkook blinked.

The pink haired boy could practically see how his brain was racing, slowly connecting all the dots that would paint the bigger picture.

And then, it finally clicked.

“You’re fucking my father,” Jungkook breathed out.

Now, Jungkook was voicing what a slim part within Jimin had presumed for weeks.

“What?” Minji asked, her eyes going bigger as she almost choked on air.

“You’re fucking my father,” Jungkook reiterated as he shook his head, the volume of his voice louder. “I can’t believe—”

Suddenly, another figure appeared in the living room.

Mr. Jeon himself.

Well, this really couldn’t go any worse, could it?

“You’re fucking your assistant?” Jungkook belted out, turning to face his father who came to a halt
upon the accusation.

Mr. Jeon’s eyes grew bigger, his gaze flickering from Jungkook to Minji and back to Jungkook.

“Jungkook-ah, stop with those obscenities,” his father scolded him for his choice of words, scowling as he stepped closer.

“Tell me this is a fucking dream,” Jungkook demanded.

“You’re in a relationship with our assistant choreographer, Jungkook-ah,” Mr. Jeon reminded him, disregarding his command altogether and essentially confirming Jungkook’s assessment by not denying it.

“That’s not the- How is that the same?” Jungkook wanted to know. “I’ve been with Jimin long before he ever joined the fucking company! You’re not only fucking your assistant that’s twenty-five years younger than you, but- Oh my god, she fucking sucked my dick before, Appa!” he yelled out.

Suddenly, Jiyoo appeared on the staircase as well, her arms curled around a fresh pair of sheets, the woman visibly flabbergasted by the scene occurring downstairs, probably alarmed by the loud voice of Jungkook.

“Jungkook-ah!” Minji exclaimed at Jungkook’s statement.

“What? Didn’t you tell him?” Jungkook inquired, stealing a glimpse at her. “Yes, she wanted to suck my dick so bad, but because I didn’t want her, she is now bouncing on my own fucking father’s dick,” he sneered, laughing at the absurdity of the entire situation. “How long has that been going on for? This is a fucking joke, right?”

“Jungkook-ah,” Jimin whispered, curling his hand around Jungkook’s wrist. “You’re being mean,” he added, feeling apologetic for Minji and Mr. Jeon, albeit he could sympathise with Jungkook feeling appalled by this entire situation.

The younger male turned to face him.

“No, this is fucking insane, Jimin-ah,” Jungkook expressed, his voice full of poison, both aware that it wasn’t directed at Jimin, but painful all the same.

“Jungkook-ah, look at me,” Jimin spoke gently, closing his arms around Jungkook’s neck to ensure that he wouldn’t look at anything else, but him. “You’re very angry right now because of what your father did to me and because you just found out that… well that-”

“My father is fucking Minji,” Jungkook finished for him, disregarding that Minji and his father were standing just a few feet beside them.

“I understand that you don’t like that, I understand that you’re angry, but please, this anger directed at them won’t get you anywhere, okay?” Jimin stressed, his tone delicate. “Please, remember what we talked about, let’s just all calm down now, okay?”

Jungkook blinked. “I…”

“Deep breath, and just look at me, okay?” Jimin insisted quietly.

The younger male’s gaze flickered back and forth between Jimin’s eyes.

“Okay,” Jungkook then whispered, causing Jimin to be amazed that he had actually succeeded in
calming Jungkook down.

“Why don’t we all sit down and discuss the important issues at hand like civil people,” Mr. Jeon suggested, drawing Jimin and Jungkook out of their little bubble.

“That sounds like a plan,” Jimin coincided, giving a nod as he tugged on Jungkook’s arm, gesturing for him to follow, all of them heading over into the kitchen to take a seat.

Minji and Mr. Jeon sat down on one side of the table, Jimin and Jungkook taking their respective seats across from them.

It was silent – that awkward kind.

“Jungkook-ah,” Mr. Jeon was the one to break the silence, his low yet gentle voice cutting through the air like a sharp knife. “This thing between me and Minji is not… it’s not just sex related,” he expressed.

“I’m going to throw up, thank you,” Jungkook murmured, wrinkling his nose.

“Kook-ah,” Jimin whispered, placing his chin on Jungkook’s shoulder, the closer proximity calming Jungkook immediately.

“Minji told me about her past with you,” his father elaborated. “We didn’t plan on this to happen, but it just kind of did; not just recently,” he proceeded, stealing a glimpse at Minji who placed her hand on top of his. “It has been going on for many weeks”

“I know this might sound crazy, but… I really like your father, Jungkook-ssi,” Minji confessed. The younger male blinked.

“I know we’ve had our differences, and yes I… I might not have the purest past… I’ve been with many people, but… I want this to last,” Minji declared, “I really care for your father, Jungkook-ssi”

“I… see,” Jungkook responded, giving a slow nod, visibly not determined on what else to say.

At any rate, what was he supposed to respond?

Jimin could empathise with his reaction; was certain that he would be just as speechless, if he were to be in Jungkook’s place.

After all, just a few minutes ago, he had learned that his father had asked the mafia to spy on his boyfriend, and was now caught off guard by the news of his own father being romantically involved with a past fling of his.

“Are you hurt because you had feelings for Minji-ssi?” Mr. Jeon inquired, titling his head to the side, appearing to believe that it could be the reason for Jungkook’s outburst.

“No, I’ve never had feelings for her.” Jungkook asserted with a frown, shaking his head. “I’m with Jimin and he’s the only one I care for. Honestly, I couldn’t care less who you’re… who you’re fucking. It’s just, it’s Minji”

To be honest, Jimin wasn’t decided on what to think about this either. By all means, this was none of his business at all, but it was still… unique and certainly unexpected to see Minji and Mr. Jeon be an item.

“I’m right here, thank you,” Minji commented, rolling her eyes.
“No, it’s not… Fuck, I’m sorry, I don’t know,” Jungkook apologized with a sigh, running his hand through his black locks. “I honestly don't really care,” he stated, ”It's weird, but I'm just... I'm on edge because of this thing with Jimin, I can't think straight. All I can think about is that I need to keep him safe,” he stressed, placing his hand on Jimin's thigh. "And I'm pissed, Appa. I swear I'm so fucking annoyed by what you did—"

Suddenly, the sound of a ringtone echoed in the room, interrupting Jungkook.

It was Jungkook’s father who pulled out his phone, a blank expression embellishing his features as he plainly stared at the display of the device for a few moments.

“It’s…” Mr. Jeon trailed off, frowning as he chose to accept the call without an explanation, bringing his phone up to his ear.

Inquisitive, the other’s stared at him with big eyes, curious to learn who could be of that high significance that Mr. Jeon chose to accept the call in the midst of their conversation.

*Could it be… Baek?*

“Yes? … What? … No, you… Are you sure?... Okay, yes, thank you… I will call you back in a few minutes,” the other’s registered Mr. Jeon’s part of the dialogue, oblivious to the words said by the person on the other side of the line.

“What’s going on?” Jungkook was the one to ask once Mr. Jeon had ended the call.

Slowly, the older man lowered his phone down on the table while he rose to his feet simultaneously.

“It seems like Baek has sent us a little gift,” he murmured, not meeting any of their gazes.

“Poisoned rats,” Mr. Jeon responded. “All dead,” he elucidated.

Jimin’s insides squirmed in horror.

“Oh my god,” Minji gasped.

“Why would he…” Jimin trailed off, frowning as he shook his head, lacking the ability to fathom why Baek would send Mr. Jeon dead animals, and how that was even anything real someone would do.

What a barbaric act to poison those poor animals and deliver them to someone. It was scary to envisage someone be capable of doing something as awful as that.

“It’s a metaphor,” Jungkook’s father explained, Jimin slowly commencing to apprehend, assuming that those rats were supposed to represent them and what would occur to them, if they were to refuse to comply whatever demand Baek had stated.

“Appa, do you see how serious that is?” Jungkook stressed and disregarded the prior exchange about Minji’s and Mr. Jeon’s relationship, trying to make his father understand that he could no longer look at this lightly – *this shit was freaking sick and twisted.*

“They can’t hurt us, okay?” Mr. Jeon reiterated his earlier claim, proceeding to latch onto it and appearing to be fervent in his conviction – or perhaps only upholding a composed demeanor for the sake of keeping everyone else calm.
“The agreement doesn’t protect Jimin, Appa, don’t you understand?” Jungkook emphasised.

The older man slowly turned away, facing the windows opposed to any of them.

“They’re really pissed off now,” Mr. Jeon uttered quietly, still choosing to remain mute on what exact business with Baek it was that was causing all of this, then turning back around to meet Jimin’s gaze. “I’ll call my men and make sure you’re guarded by security twenty-four hours a day,” he assured him.

“Appa, stay realistic,” Jungkook interfered, raising his hand as he shook his head at his father’s suggestion. “I tried that move, it just backfires,” he claimed.

“I can ensure safety on a larger scale, Jungkook-ah,” Mr. Jeon asserted, arching up his brows.
Admittedly, Mr. Jeon might truly have access to more means that could provide them with a larger scale of safety and establish a less paranoid environment. Yet, all the same, it wouldn’t cause the problem to vanish entirely, but just delay the inevitable blow.

“It will only work so long,” Jungkook objected, voicing Jimin’s notion.

Leisurely, Jungkook’s father placed his palms on the dining table. “There is another way,” he murmured with knitted brows, visibly deeply in thought.

“That is?” Jungkook was quick to ask, clinging on to essentially anything that would ensure Jimin’s safety in some way.

Mr. Jeon lifted his head to lock eyes with Jungkook.

“The agreement doesn’t just protect us two,” he stated.

The other’s frowned at his words.

“Who else?” Jungkook wondered, tilting his head to the side, puzzled how the fact of someone having been added to the agreement could be unknown to him.

“It protects the Jeon family; every member of our family,” Mr. Jeon elaborated, his gaze trailing over to Jimin.

“So?” Jungkook wondered.

“So, if you and Jimin were to-”

Jimin’s heart skipped a beat.

“Marry,” he breathed out, finishing Mr. Jeon’s sentence. “I would legally be part of the family, thus be part of the agreement,” he explained, his voice quiet, a soft hush in the air between them, yet still audible to anyone else in the room.

“Exactly,” Mr. Jeon affirmed with a nod.

Jungkook turned to face Jimin.

“I have to cut in here,” Minji interfered immediately. “Slow down there, big guy, I saw you get ready to drop down on one knee for him,” she added, pointing at Jungkook who was staring at Jimin intently. “Jungwhan-ssi, do you think this is the right thing to do? They’re still children,” she expressed, staring at Mr. Jeon.
“Hello, we’re right here?” Jungkook noted, lifting his hand up into the air as though the other two had completely disregarded their presence from one second to the other—like they had just disappeared into thin air.

“You’re in your early twenties,” Minji reasoned, stealing a glimpse at Jungkook before she diverted her gaze back over to Mr. Jeon. “I mean, it bounds them together for a lifetime; and shouldn’t the reason they marry one another be solely out of love, not because of this?” she objected.

“Since when have you become such an advocate for marriage?” Jungkook wondered, just the slightest bit mocking her, as he raised his brows.

“Marriage!” Jiyoo suddenly echoed as her head popped into the room, then rushing over to them upon hearing the term drop during their dialogue, clearly having omitted the context and anything else said between them. “Who is getting married? Bunny!” she squeaked, running up to Jungkook and pulling him into a hug. “With our Jiminie? Oh, that sounds beautiful, so beautiful. Yes, my lovely children, I can’t wait-”

“Jiyoo-ssi, no,” Jungkook’s father chuckled, shaking his head. “No one is getting married,” he corrected, lifting his hand up.

“No? Oh, I see. I see,” she murmured, clearing her throat as she brushed the dust off her clothes. “Okay, I’ll... be in the kitchen, if you need anything,” she added, slowly disappearing back into the kitchen.

“Well, then what else can we do?” Minji resumed. “There has to be another way”

“I will contact Baek,” Mr. Jeon reiterated. “We’ll find a way. For now, I’m going to increase the security around the company and we’re going to hire a personal guard that will be standing in front of your apartment, Jimin-ssi,” he promised. “Minji, please cancel my 9am meeting, I’m going to have to take care of this first,” he addressed her, picking up his phone again to take some notes.

“Mr. Jeon, that’s really not-” Jimin objected, but went silent upon Mr. Jeon speaking up again.

“You’re in all of this because of me,” he uttered. “This is the least I can do” The pink haired one still hadn’t digested their prior idea of Jimin marrying into the family, thus establishing for him to be protected by the legal agreement between the Jeon’s and Baek.

It was a silly idea... or, was it?

“I’m going to get ready quickly,” Minji decided, drawing Jimin out of his thoughts. “Then we can leave right away,” she added, exiting the room to rush upstairs and get dressed.

“We should head over to the company, too,” Jungkook stated with a nod.

“Jimin-ssi, I can understand, if you don’t feel like going to work now, but I’ll assure you that you will be protected there,” Mr. Jeon spoke.

“It’s fine,” Jimin responded with a soft smile. “I don’t want to stay home, and I missed dancing, with Hoseok,” he added, truly having missed to work alongside Hoseok for the past five days.

“Let’s go then, little one,” Jungkook spoke, gesturing for Jimin to follow him.

“Take some food with you!” Jiyoo yelled from the kitchen, her head peeking back into the room.
Soon, Jimin and Jungkook were seated in Jungkook’s familiar black Range Rover, the taller male behind the steering wheel as he drove them off to work, Jimin right beside him in the passenger seat.

As if it was any other simple day.

It wasn’t – any other simple day – but life was still moving around them; and they had to adapt.

Yet, the events that had occurred over the past hour were still occupying their minds, causing inevitable silence to lie in the air among them as the voices residing within them were the noisy ones.

“I can’t believe my father is fucking Minji,” Jungkook blurted out, breaking the silence between them with an unexpected remark.

The smaller boy glanced at him.

“Kook-ah, they both said that it’s more than just any physical relationship,” Jimin reminded him, assessing that this subject would require some time for Jungkook to digest – which was understandable.

“Well, they’re still fucking, nonetheless,” the younger pointed out, stealing a glimpse at Jimin before he diverted his gaze back on the road for their safety.

“As long as they’re happy,” Jimin declared, determined that everyone was entitled to experience love and happiness in every shade; that it was beautiful in any way.

“Yeah, I guess…” Jungkook mumbled, sighing, but then quickly adding, “Sorry, that’s— there are worse things going on right now,” he pressed his eyes shut for a moment, a surge of regret blossoming within him for having spoken up about this at all. “You probably care about anything else but who my father is currently fucking. I should read the fucking signs and just shut—”

“Kook-ah, I care about anything you say, if you care about it,” Jimin interrupted him, his tone soft and sincere. “It’s okay that this news shocked you, and it’s understandable for you to want to talk about it,” he added.

“Yeah, well… It’s just weird, but I guess… I will get over it,” Jungkook retorted. “There are more important things to focus on now,” he stressed.

Jimin only flashed him a sympathetic smile, feeling like it wasn’t his place to comment on Jungkook’s decision as he was entitled to react to this news in whatever way he felt fitting. By all means, Jungkook wasn’t obligated to just get over it, but was allowed to take his time to digest this.

“Do you want to talk about… that?” the younger male inquired a few moments later.

“About what?” Jimin wondered, raising his brows.

“The fact that my own father sent the mafia after you?” Jungkook elucidated.

Oh.

Jimin’s stomach twisted in discomfort.

“Well… at this rate, I think I might need more than just a few days to comprehend all of this,” Jimin answered, catching his bottom lip between his teeth. “It’s… overwhelming,” he whispered.
How did the universe expect him to deal with all of this at once?

Honestly, had he not suffered enough already? Was it really necessary for him to bear the notion of his boyfriend’s father having sent the mafia after him; that same mafia that was now threatening to hurt him?

How was this even real?

It didn’t sound like it was real. No, instead, it sounded like a poorly written synopsis of a new dramatic Netflix series with too much angst, suffering and tragedy.

Why couldn’t it for once just be… a fluffy rom-com with the sweetest clichés?

Was it too much to ask for a happy ending?

“I don’t know whether I can forgive him,” Jungkook expressed with knitted brows, drawing Jimin out of his thoughts. “I can’t imagine how you feel”

As a response, Jimin’s eyes grew bigger.

“Kook-ah, he’s your father,” Jimin spoke.

“You’re the love of my life, Jimin-ah; you’re the most important person to me,” Jungkook declared, implying that he vowed Jimin to be more important to him than his own father.

How could that be?

It was… his own father, his only family.

Yet, didn’t Jimin feel the very same about Jungkook?

Jimin cared more for Jungkook than he has ever had for his father that raised him, so who was Jimin to comment on this?

“I… I think he was just scared, and we make stupid decisions when we’re scared,” Jimin reasoned. “Your father didn’t want to hurt me,” he found himself state, not certain whether he truly believed that or was simply praying that this notion was legitimate.

“I guess I’m not one to judge, huh?” Jungkook remarked with a gloomy smile, reminded of every stupid decision he had made whenever he was scared of someone hurting Jimin.

“No, I’m sorry, I didn’t mean it like that,” Jimin apologised, shaking his head. “You’re not like your father at all, you’re so much more-” he spoke softly, but realised how that sounded and could be misunderstood, causing him to quickly add, “I mean, I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to insult your father, there is nothing wrong with him, it’s just…” he trailed off, pressing his eyes shut. “You’re not like your father, Kook-ah,” he whispered.

By no means did Jimin intend to insult Jungkook’s father, but… they weren’t alike. Just a mere look at how they set their priorities was proving that – Jungkook’s were entirely different from his father’s; whereas Mr. Jeon focused on his assets and company, Jungkook was passionate about charities and… well, Jimin.

Then again, Jimin didn’t know Mr. Jeon as well as he knew Jungkook, so he might possess a flawed perception on him. At any rate, was anything about the man he thought he knew even real at this point, bearing in mind how he had been so very convincing in keeping up that mask for the entire
time they had known one another?

“Thank you,” the black haired boy said, a smile curving his lips as he met Jimin’s gaze, the latter drawn out of his thoughts by his voice.

Their gazes were fixated on one other for a little too long, causing Jimin’s smile to grow as he pointed towards the street for Jungkook to pay attention to the road.

“Right,” Jungkook commented quietly, diverting his attention back on driving.

The smile that embellished Jimin’s pretty features remained as he looked outside of the window, gazing at the streets and buildings they were passing by.

However, slowly, his smile faltered, the boy reminded of something else Jungkook had mentioned earlier, when talking to his father.

“Kook-ah?” Jimin spoke softly, turning to stare at the man again.

“Yeah?” Jungkook responded, his focus remaining on the road this time.

“Do you… Do you really think those men that raped and murdered your mother worked for Baek?” Jimin wondered, his voice quiet and vulnerable, almost scared to learn the answer.

The younger male hesitated.

“Those men were involved in drug dealing,” Jungkook then informed him, slow when he spoke. “As I told you, Baek deals with drugs,” he added, Jimin recalling Jungkook revealing the sickening variation of services and acquires Baek offered. “In Busan, he’s essentially the source everyone gets their drugs from”

*Baek has built such a… large-scale business – an illegal one, but a business.*

Despite it being more than appalling, it was also… *impressive* to imagine this large empire to rule without anyone knowing – completely *incognito*, moving in underground.

How was that possible?

How did no one do anything to stop them?

Maybe, people were aware of it, but simply chose to close their eyes; potentially too scared to do anything, potentially profiting from the mafia themselves.

*What a cruel world.*

“So, you… you think they were drug dealers that worked for Baek?” Jimin clarified, raising his brows, quite frankly horrified but also amazed how this all appeared to be connected in some way.

“I think it’s likely,” Jungkook responded.

“Did you ever talk to him about that?”

“Baek?” Jungkook asked, proceeding once Jimin had nodded, “No, I never did”

“Your father says Baek swore that they didn’t work for him,” Jimin was reminded.

The younger male snorted. “If you were working with a businessman that keeps your money
flowing, would you admit that your own men killed his wife?” he wanted to know, making a fairly valid point there. “No, Baek would be an idiot to do that”

“But, didn’t you say you can trust Baek’s word?” Jimin whispered.

“Well, we clearly can’t anymore,” Jungkook noted, evidently referencing the current issue of Baek threatening them – especially Jimin, although he had vowed to stay away from him. “We wouldn’t be in this situation, if we could”

*Maybe, things had changed.*

“What… about the police?” Jimin found himself inquire.

“What about them?”

“Don’t you think… don’t you think they could help us?” Jimin wondered, his digits fumbling with the hem of his hoodie absentmindedly. “I mean, how can all of this go on without anyone doing anything to stop them? That’s so absurd,” he stated, knitting his brows.

“It’s too risky,” Jungkook asserted.

“Why?”

“I wouldn’t put it past Baek to bribe the police,” he informed Jimin.

The smaller one’s eyes grew bigger.

“What?”

“They might get rid of evidence for him, or terminate any official investigations; shit like that,” Jungkook explained, only enhancing the staggering horror within Jimin.

“How is that possible?” Jimin gasped. “I thought… Can’t we trust the police?”

They were supposed to protect the citizens, maintain safety and order!

“Little one, the system is corrupt and fucked up,” Jungkook responded in a gentle tone – almost as though he didn’t want to crush Jimin’s starry-eyedness – as he glanced at Jimin. “These days, you can’t trust anyone working for the government either; they’re all bribed and involved in dirty shit themselves”

“Oh,” Jimin whispered, swallowing hard.

*Now, they really had no one else to rely on but themselves, had they?*

“There… might be a few good people in there,” Jungkook then added, having noticed Jimin’s fear at the information he had attained.

“The police?”

“Yeah,” Jungkook affirmed. “They’re not all messed up”

“Yeah,” Jimin murmured, giving a nod.

“Hey, don’t worry, okay?” Jungkook comforted him, placing his hand on Jimin’s thigh to give it a tender squeeze. “I’m going to protect you with my life,” he assured him.
Jimin’s gaze trailed down to Jungkook’s hand on his lap, hesitant as he placed his palm on top of Jungkook’s and uttered out a tiny, “Thank you”

They would make it out of this somehow, wouldn’t they?

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“It’s weird to be here,” Jimin whispered, staring at the enormous entertainment company through the window of the vehicle.

“Why?” Jungkook wondered, shutting the engine off, allowing him to remove the key from the ignition. The taller male turned to face Jimin, inquisitive and patient as he stared at him intently.

“It’s only been five days since I’ve been here, but… it feels like an eternity has passed,” Jimin expressed, pondering whether Jungkook could relate to that feeling, or whether it was peculiar for that emotion to reside within him. “Just five days ago, everything was… different,” he added, “How quickly things can change, huh?”

A part within Jimin wished he could go back to that time – back to a time where he didn’t know about the mafia, where he wasn’t scared of someone kidnapping and hurting him. Yet, the vast majority within him was relieved to know the truth, to know that Jungkook was honest with him and was determined to protect him.

“Yeah,” Jungkook coincided, giving a nod.

“It’s weird,” Jimin reiterated quietly.

A few silent moments passed.

“You don’t have to go inside,” Jungkook spoke softly. “I can drive you home, if you want to”

“I don’t think my apartment is any safer than this place, is it?” Jimin noted with a gloomy smile, finally stealing a glimpse at Jungkook.

The younger male didn’t reply, but he didn’t need to – they were both aware of the answer.

“We can both go home,” Jungkook suggested, causing Jimin to raise his brows. “I’ll keep you safe, Jimin-ah,” he promised, causing Jimin’s heart to quiver.

“You’re the co-CEO, Jungkook-ah,” Jimin reminded him, as if Jungkook had forgotten that impressive fact about himself – he hadn’t.

“Exactly,” Jungkook responded with a nod. “So, I say there is no problem with us staying home together today,” he asserted.

Jimin smiled, shaking his head.

“We can’t run away from our responsibilities, Kook-ah,” he objected. “Let’s go”

Then, the two boys climbed out of the vehicle and headed towards the huge entertainment company, the familiar building welcoming them as if it was any other day. In contrast to everything else revolving around them – or the horrifying previous night – it was a rather beautiful day; there was bright sunshine adorning the place, no grey skies embellishing the city at all.

Maybe, the universe was trying to indemnify for having everything else around them burn like an impending wildfire, for having everything around them be triste and dark.
“Do you want to head down to the practice rooms already?” Jungkook wanted to know as they entered the building, the familiar security guard allowing them access with a mere glance at Jungkook.

“Uhm, well… Hyung won’t be there ‘til 9,” Jimin noted, tilting his head to the side.

“Do you want to wait up in my office until he arrives?” Jungkook suggested, turning to face Jimin. “Just so you won’t have to be down there all on your own,” he reasoned, raising his brows.

The smaller boy smiled at the kind offer, but shook his head. “I think I’ll manage, but thank you,” he responded.

Jungkook parted his lips, insinuating to protest, but he refrained.

“Okay,” he then responded.

For a split moment, Jungkook’s eyes trailed over to something behind Jimin, a sudden alteration in his expression apparent – those soft orbs of his abruptly gleaming in fury.

“What the fuck is that bastard doing here?” Jungkook growled through gritted teeth.

“Who?” Jimin wondered, arching up his brows, a shiver running down his back.

“Seo,” Jungkook answered, causing Jimin to spin around in the speed of light to catch sight of the man; the boy nearly snapping his neck in the process.

Naturally, Jimin’s insides squirmed in discomfort, an immediate reminder of the past night blooming within him. However, simultaneously, a surge of shock resided within him at the sight of his bruised face.

Jungkook really got him good.

Deprived of any hesitance, the black haired boy indicated to walk up to Seo, but Jimin was quick to wrap his delicate hand around Jungkook’s arm to tug him back.

“What are you doing?” Jimin inquired.

“Asking him what fucking nerves he has to come here,” Jungkook answered, glaring at the older man across from them – the latter unaware of them having noticed his presence at all.

“Jungkook-ah, I don’t think that’s a good idea,” Jimin murmured, shaking his head.

“Why?” Jungkook wanted to know, turning to meet Jimin’s gaze.

“There are people around,” Jimin pointed out, scanning the room to ascertain that there were in fact numerous people around – too many – for Jungkook to do anything regretful right now. “If you snap at him, all of these people are going to witness that. You’re already in enough trouble,” he reminded him, recalling Mr. Jeon’s earlier monologue regarding the preceding night, the man having verbally scolded Jungkook for his behaviour.

Admittedly, the degree to which Mr. Jeon appeared to be disappointed in Jungkook’s behaviour was salient. At any rate, no one knew what Mr. Seo might have done to Jimin, if it wasn’t for Jungkook who had appeared to save him. Regardless of how one viewed Jungkook’s decision to turn to violence in order to protect Jimin, wasn’t it at all worth a mention how virtuous Jungkook’s act had been?
Did Mr. Jeon not care about that at all?

Did his fervent obsession for his company and reputation to be free of any scandals truly prevail anything else?

“Well, I definitely won’t allow him to be here,” Jungkook decided, drawing Jimin out of his thoughts.

Then, Jungkook stormed over to Seo.

The pink haired boy blinked, caught off guard by the sudden act of Jungkook.

“Oh no,” Jimin breathed out, rushing after the taller male.

“Seo,” Jungkook addressed the older man upon his arrival by his side.

Mr. Seo lifted his head, tearing his eyes away from the display of his phone to meet Jungkook’s gaze, an unsettling emotion gleaming in his nearly black eyes.

“Jeon,” he spoke, pushing his phone into the inside pocket of his suit jacket.

“What honour do we have to welcome you here?” Jungkook wanted to know with knitted brows, evident sarcasm dripping from his tone.

“Young father invited me,” Mr. Seo revealed with a sneer. “To settle our… incident from last night,” he explained, his gaze trailing over to Jimin who was standing behind Jungkook, a smirk curving his lips at the sight of Jimin.

“Don’t look at him,” Jungkook ordered, clenching his hands into fists, irritated by Mr. Seo even daring to steal a glimpse at Jimin.

Mr. Seo met Jungkook’s eyes again.

“We had a misunderstanding last night,” the older man resumed.

“Right,” Jungkook said, “It wasn’t a misunderstanding. You know what you were trying to do”

“I’m not going to press any charges,” Mr. Seo proceeded, ignoring Jungkook’s remark. “Your father was convincing in that matter,” he added, causing Jimin to wonder in fact how Mr. Jeon had managed to persuade Mr. Seo not to press any charges. “But I want an apology,” he suddenly demanded.

The pink haired one blinked, a part within him certain that his ears had deceived him.

“Apology?” Jungkook echoed – seemingly equally as staggered by the command as Jimin was – snorting at the request. “Fuck off” Mr. Seo frowned at Jungkook’s response. “Get your head out of your fucking ass,” he demanded, his tone vicious.

“Excuse me?” Jungkook said, raising his brows.

“It’s a simple sentence,” Mr. Seo claimed.

“You sexually harassed my boyfriend, you piece of shit,” Jungkook reminded him, visibly fed up with Mr. Seo’s bullshit and annoyed by his audacity to demand an apology after his behaviour
towards Jimin.

“You got involved in shit that was none of your business,” Mr. Seo challenged.

“None of my business?” Jungkook reiterated. “Are you fucking deluded? Do you still not get it?”

“Apologise to me, Jeon,” Mr. Seo ordered.

“You came all the way here to ask me to apologise?” the younger male inquired.

Frankly, it was odd that Mr. Seo had come all the way to not only ask but insist on receiving an apology from Jungkook, despite everything that he had done.

“Do you want me to press charges?” Mr. Seo asked, trying to intimidate Jungkook now that he wasn’t receiving the apology he demanded to obtain.

“Do you want me to break your bones for touching my boyfriend without his consent?” Jungkook challenged, taking a step closer to the man.

“Kook-ah,” Jimin whispered, frightened that Jungkook was going to act upon his threat.

“Yes, Kook-ah, listen to our doll,” Mr. Seo mocked with a taunting smirk.

“Fuck, don’t push me to hurt you, Seo,” Jungkook warned him through gritted teeth.

Jimin swallowed hard, mentally preparing to step in any moment and prevent Jungkook from beating the absolute hell out of Mr. Seo yet again.

“What’s going on here?” another male voice suddenly spoke behind them.

The three men turned to face the source of the voice.

“Appa, why did you invite Seo?” Jungkook was quick to ask upon the sight of his father.

“I didn’t,” Mr. Jeon revealed, furrowing his brows. “Seo, I believe we have everything settled,” he then addressed the intruder, eyeing the man that had shown up here uninvited. “Please, leave my company before I have to call the security,” he requested politely.

“I want your son to apologise,” Mr. Seo insisted, crossing his arms over his chest, like a little spoiled child complaining about not receiving the expensive toy they had wished for.

“Seo, you got your money,” Jungkook’s father sighed, shaking his head.

“You paid him?” Jungkook exclaimed in disbelief. “Appa, he- Fuck, he harassed Jimin!”

Carefully, Mr. Jeon scanned their surroundings, appearing to deliberate whether it was appropriate to have this conversation in public, but then obviously selecting another choice – just like Jimin had predicted for him to resolve.

“Let’s discuss this in a more private area,” Mr. Jeon determined, gesturing for the two men to follow after him.

Annoyed, Jungkook rolled his eyes, but obliged.

However, he halted immediately and turned back around to face Jimin, the other two men not noticing his absence behind them and proceeding to enter a meeting room to their side.
“Jimin-ah,” Jungkook addressed the smaller boy.

“Yes?”

“Please, wait upstairs in my office,” Jungkook requested, his tone so much softer than just a few minutes ago.

“Why?” Jimin wanted to know, inclining his head to the side.

“There was something else I wanted to talk to you about,” he revealed, checking the time on the watch wrapped around his left wrist – the watch that Jimin had gifted him a few days ago at the cabin, the pink haired one noticed. “Hyung won’t be here ‘til 9 anyway, right?” he added, meeting Jimin’s eyes again.

To be honest, Jimin didn’t mind waiting for Hoseok down in the practice rooms, but if there was something Jungkook wanted to discuss with Jimin later, then he certainly didn’t mind waiting up in his office room either.

“Okay,” Jimin uttered, giving a nod.

Then, he watched Jungkook join Mr. Seo and his father in the meeting room, the door falling shut behind him.

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The smaller boy stared up at the ceiling with a blank expression, sat on the sofa in Jungkook’s office room for the past hours. – Well, it might only have been fifteen minutes in reality, but it certainly felt like an eternity to him.

Jimin assumed that phenomenon was attributable to the fact of him being isolated, lonesome with his frightening thoughts residing in his head, and one crisis after the other being voiced within him.

It was easier to be distracted, to have someone to talk to, for these internal voices to not even being enabled to gain his attention at all – because it was scary, when they did succeed in being amplified within him. In a way, it made all of this so much more real. And Jimin realized that the fact that his life was in danger was something he still had not quite digested entirely, wishing he could pretend that it would remain a sole nightmare.

But, it wasn’t.

The pink haired boy rose to his feet, heading over to the glass wall to gaze outside.

All of a sudden, the door was pushed open, startling Jimin who spun around at the noise.

“Hyung,” Jimin called out at the unexpected sight of Jin entering the office room.

Immediately, the taller male halted, his eyes growing bigger at the sound of a voice. As soon as he recognized Jimin, a smile curled up the corners of his lips. “Jimin-ah, what are you doing up here?” he inquired, heading towards Jungkook’s desk to deposit a few records and documents on the tidy surface of the piece of furniture.

“I’m waiting for Jungkook,” Jimin answered, closing the distance between them to pull Jin into a hug, realising that it had been a few days since he had seen the older one.

“Ah, is he running late again?” Jin chuckled as soon as they withdrew from one another.
The younger one shook his head. “Kookie is in a meeting with his father right now,” he revealed, the information causing Jin to raise his brows.

“A meeting?” Jin echoed, inclining his head to the side. “I’m not aware of any meetings for this morning,” he murmured, pursing his lips as he tried to recall whether he had missed any part of Jungkook’s morning schedule, yet then certain that he was aware of Jungkook’s business agenda for the day.

“It was spontaneous,” Jimin explained with a smile.

“I see,” Jin hummed, giving a nod before he organized the documents on the desk in the order he desired. “How was your trip?” he asked then, his attention fixated on his current task, but the man still managed to steal a glimpse at Jimin. “Did you have some time to relax? I’m sure you didn’t get to sleep much, though, huh?” he teased.

The smaller boy blushed at his suggestive words, not missing what he was certainly implying.

“We… Well, it was nice,” he chose to respond before he cleared his throat, deciding to omit that dreadful Sunday morning and everything that had followed after like a domino effect.

Timidly, Jimin tugged the sleeves of Jungkook’s hoodie over his petite hands, the shade of rose that tinged his cheeks darkening as he noticed the knowing smirk on Jin’s face.

“And the charity gala?”

“Beautiful,” Jimin declared softly, genuine in his remark, and grateful that they had changed the subject.

“I’m happy to hear that,” Jin asserted with a bright grin, straightening his back as soon as he was finished with arranging the records on the desk. “Would you like me to wait here with you?” he offered.

“Ah, no, that won’t be necessary, Hyung, thank you,” Jimin declined with a sweet smile, knowing that Jin undoubtably had a lot to do. “You can go back to work, if you want to”

“I’ll talk to you later then,” Jin said, ruffling through Jimin’s pink locks before he headed towards the door.

“Later,” Jimin retorted with a giggle, fixing his hair with one hand while waving at Jin with the other, the latter exiting the room and pulling the door shut behind him, leaving Jimin all to himself again.

Slowly, Jimin dropped his hands back to his side, his smile faltering leisurely as a sigh slipped past his lips. The silence in the room was anything but comforting, causing him to regret his decision of declining Jin’s offer to stay with him for until Jungkook would arrive.

The smaller boy walked around the desk, his gaze trailing over to Jungkook’s shelf, one particular item to be exact. At the sight of the little plush toy, a smile adorned Jimin’s beautiful features, the boy reaching out to curl his delicate hand around it and pick it up.

“You’re still here, huh, Bunny?” Jimin uttered softly, disregarding the obscure fact that he was talking to a plush toy that lacked the ability to respond, or any consciousness for that matter. Then again, this right here wasn’t exactly the most absurd situation in Jimin’s life, considering the current chaos that was his life.
Curiously, Jimin eyed the plush toy.

Frankly, he still wondered why Jungkook was keeping the plushie in his office room.

Carefully, Jimin sat down on the chair behind Jungkook’s desk, caressing the head of the little bunny plushie, giggling as he was reminded of each time he had referred to Jungkook with that endearing pet name.

Suddenly, the office door was pushed open again, allowing a figure to enter the room.

“Hey,” Jungkook said, his voice deep and soft simultaneously, causing Jimin to lift his head and meet his gaze.

“Hey,” Jimin replied with a smile, watching Jungkook shut the door before he approached the pink haired one with slow steps. “And?” Jimin inquired, not needing to be more specific with his question as they were both more than aware that he was referring to the conversation with Mr. Seo and his father.

“Well, my father just keeps piling shit up to piss me off,” Jungkook sighed, sliding his hand through his black locks. “First, I find out that he asked the mafia to spy on my boyfriend, then I find out that he paid the man that sexually assaulted my boyfriend to keep quiet,” he listed with a snort that lacked any humour. “I would say: the award for Father of the Year goes to Jeon Jungwhan,” he announced sarcastically, loosening the tie around his collar.

“Kook-ah,” Jimin pressed softly.

“Do you disagree?” Jungkook wondered with raised brows. “Honestly, there is only so much more he can do until I lose the last bit of respect I have for him,” he asserted, placing his index finger and thumb close to one another to physically display the amount. “It’s disgusting that he paid Seo to be quiet after what Seo did to you”

“I guess you didn’t apologise?” Jimin wanted to know in hopes of changing the topic, doubting that Jungkook’s answer would differ from Jimin’s presumption regarding the matter. After all, Jungkook had visibly displayed his refusal to apologise to Mr. Seo earlier.

“… No,” Jungkook responded, shaking his head, not surprising Jimin with his remark.

“Kook-ah”

“Honestly, little one, he didn’t deserve an apology,” Jungkook stressed, shrugging his shoulders as he leaned against the wall.

Well, although Jimin didn’t condone violence in any way, for Mr. Seo to demand an apology from Jungkook for beating him up after what he had done – or had wanted to do – to Jimin, without voicing an apology towards Jimin either was definitely audacious.

“Did he leave now?” Jimin wondered, titling his head to the side.

“Yes, he did,” Jungkook retorted with a nod. “I can’t believe he had the fucking nerves to come here,” he ranted, pushing his tongue into his cheek.

“I wonder how he got even in here…” Jimin murmured, furrowing his brows.

At any rate, the security had always been diligent to ask for Jimin’s ID whenever he had intended to
enter the company building without Jungkook or Hoseok by his side until they had eventually been that familiar with Jimin to recognize him with a mere glance and consequently grant him access without asking for his ID anymore.

The whole process was a little trickier for anyone who wasn’t employed or a trainee here. If they wanted to enter the entertainment company, they needed to be expected by Mr. Seo or Jungkook, thus their names would be passed on to the security so they would know to permit them entrance.

How had Mr. Seo managed to enter the company without that?

Was it the fact that he was a known businessman that had caused the security to grant him access just like that?

“That’s what I want to know,” Jungkook coincided with knitted brows. “After this, I’m going to have to talk to them,” he added. “I’m pissed as fuck that they let him enter just like that. If he can enter, that means anyone else can, too – someone that could pose as a potential threat to you, like any of Baek’s men”

Jimin swallowed hard.

“The increased security will be here soon, and I’ll make sure to make them understand to take their job fucking serious to keep you and anyone else here safe,” Jungkook reassured him, pushing himself off the wall to approach Jimin.

“Thank you,” Jimin uttered softly, his digits still caressing the little plush toy in his hand absentmindedly.

At the motion of Jimin’s hand, Jungkook’s gaze trailed down to the item in Jimin’s grasp, a smile curling up the corners of his lips.

“I see you’ve found someone to keep you company for my absence?” Jungkook noted, affection gleaming in his eyes as he nodded towards the plush toy.

“Oh, yes, he’s great,” Jimin played along with a giggle. “He’s a little quiet, though”

Jungkook chuckled as he leaned on his desk while his gaze was fixated on Jimin’s endearing smile, the sound of his giggles the sweetest melody to his ears.

“I won’t have to worry about being replaced by it then?” the taller male asked.

“No,” Jimin responded softly, shaking his head. “You don’t need to worry about being replaced at all,” he added quietly.

Naturally, Jimin averted his gaze a few seconds later because the intent stare of Jungkook’s brown orbs caused him to be too timid.

“What… What did you want to talk to me about?” Jimin then inquired.

“Oh, yes,” Jungkook remembered, clearing his throat as he straightened his back. “So, for the time we wait for this issue to settle, I would like for Beomsoo to be by your side whenever I’m not able to,” Jungkook expressed. “Not only as your driver, but as your personal guard; meaning he walks you down to the practice rooms, and so on,” he elaborated.

The smaller boy raised his brows.
“Kook-ah, that’s… a lot,” Jimin pointed out, realising that Beomsoo would essentially be his shadow, if he were to agree to this, following his every step.

“I know, it’s just… I can’t think about anything else, but someone trying to hurt you. I think this would make me feel a little more at ease, knowing Beomsoo is there to protect you, whenever I’m not,” Jungkook reasoned. “I’m not making this decision on my own, that’s why I’m asking for your consent,” he was quick to add.

“Beomsoo works so much already, we can’t expect him to-” Jimin intended to protest.

“Beomsoo was more than honoured, when I asked him to protect you,” Jungkook revealed. “Beomsoo likes you a lot, Jimin-ah, he doesn’t want anyone to hurt you either”

For some reason, those words sparked a surge of warmth within Jimin’s chest, his admiration for Beomsoo growing at the notion of him wanting to protect Jimin that vastly.

In a way, Jimin felt like he was treated as some sort of royal – all of these people guarding him like he was the prince of a foreign land or something similar to that. It was silly, yet also… heartrending. All of these people cared so much that they looked after him to that degree.

“Okay,” Jimin found himself agree with a nod, certain that he would feel a little safer, if he knew that someone was looking out for him. “I like Beomsoo. I would prefer him over someone I don’t know at all,” he explained.

“Okay, great, thank you,” Jungkook said, reaching up to brush Jimin’s fringe out of his face, a few of his pink locks having falling to veil his pretty eyes.

Suddenly, they were interrupted by some knocking on the door.

“Yes?” Jungkook called out, dropping his hand back to his side.

A mere second later, the door was pushed open, Minji peeking into the room.

“Sorry for the interruption, but Jungwhan would like to talk to you, Jimin-ssi,” she revealed, her tone a lot softer than it usually tended to be – not that her usual tone was in any way negative, but typically there was a lot more force and confidence in her voice.

Was that alteration attributable to the recent circumstances?

“Now?” Jimin wondered, raising his brows as he got up to his feet.

“If you have a few minutes,” Minji expressed, giving a nod.

The smaller boy hummed in spite of being clueless as to why Mr. Jeon would want to talk to him now when they had been at Mr. Jeon’s place an hour ago. Gently, Jimin handed Jungkook the little plushie before he insinuated to follow after Minji in order to meet Mr. Jeon.

“I’ll join you,” Jungkook decided, setting the plush toy down on the desk before he turned to follow after them.

“He wants to talk to Jimin on his own,” Minji objected with a sympathetic smile.

The younger male came to a halt.

“It’s fine,” Jimin assured Jungkook, stealing a glimpse at the boy.
“Okay,” Jungkook said, pressing his lips into a line as he leaned against his desk again. “I’ll… Okay, then just text me or come in, if you need anything, yeah?” he offered Jimin. “I’ll call Beomsoo right now and let him know to come here”

“Okay,” Jimin uttered with a smile. “Thank you”

Then, he turned around and approached the door, but stilled again.

“Hey, uhm…” he murmured softly, turning back to face Jungkook, the latter already seated in his chair behind the desk, now lifting his head to meet Jimin’s gaze. “Let’s have dinner later?” Jimin suggested before he even realised that he was, his voice delicate.

Jungkook arched up his brows.

“Really?”

“Yes,” Jimin smiled.

“At mine?”

“I would like that,” Jimin declared with a nod.

The younger male smiled.

“Let’s go,” Minji insisted, not at all rushed or annoyed, her tone kind.

So, Jimin did, following after Minji to meet Mr. Jeon.

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“Jimin-ssi,” Mr. Jeon greeted him as soon as the door was pushed open.

“Mr. Jeon,” Jimin spoke, executing a polite bow after he had entered the office room, Minji shutting the door behind him to allow them some privacy.

“Please, have a seat,” Mr. Jeon offered, pointing at the chair across from him.

“Is everything okay?” Jimin inquired as he headed towards the chair, permitting him to take a seat. “Did you manage to reach Baek?” he asked, figuring that it could be a plausible reason for his request of Jimin to meet him here.

“No, not yet, but don’t worry about that, I’ll manage to contact him somehow,” Mr. Jeon retorted, shaking his head as he sat down in his respective seat again as well. “I called you upstairs because I wanted to know how you were,” he spoke, removing his glasses from his nose and placing them down on his desk – a desk that was a lot more chaotic than Jungkook’s was, if Jimin dared to assess.

The pink haired boy blinked, surprised by that question.

Mr. Jeon had called him up to his office to ask how he was?

“I… I’m doing okay, so far,” Jimin answered hesitantly, his tone soft as he found his digits playing with the hem of Jungkook’s hoodie absentmindedly.

“It’s a lot you were hit with over the past two days, I assume,” Mr. Jeon noted, an empathetic smile curving his lips.
‘I assume.’

Was there room to assume anything else?

“Yeah,” Jimin breathed out.

“I want to apologise, Jimin-ssi,” Mr. Jeon spoke.

Was that the true reason he had been called up here?

“I do backup checks on anyone that gets too close to my family,” he revealed. “Yet, you were the first to ever be that close to my son; in a very emotional aspect, I mean,” he elucidated. “Naturally, I was alarmed by you, and who you really were”

Mr. Jeon did backup checks on anyone that got too close to his family?

Did that imply that he had done the same thing for Hoseok, for Taehyung, for Namjoon and Jin, and even for Yoongi?

Inevitably, Jimin’s insides squirmed, a frightening shiver running down his back.

“I don’t want to justify my actions, you have every right to be appalled by what I did, but in this industry, it’s difficult to trust someone,” Mr. Jeon proceeded, Jimin mustering any fibre within him that would enable him to focus on Mr. Jeon’s words, and not the surge of panic that was currently residing within him. “It’s difficult to ascertain that the person is staying by your side because of you, sincerely, and not just because they’re after your assets or trying to betray you,” he added.

Admittedly, this industry was anything but kind and welcoming; it was harsh and cold, and rich businessmen believed they were entitled to do anything at all to reach the top because they had established a certain status.

In the midst of it all, how were you supposed to trust anyone in a competitive world like that?

“I had to protect my son and this empire I have built for the past years,” Mr. Jeon justified. “And the only way I thought I could assure that was by asking Baek for help”

“I…” Jimin trailed off, indecisive what he was supposed to reply.

“I should have known that it could backfire and be used against us at one point, but I was foolish to believe that Baek wouldn’t take that route,” he elaborated, shaking his head at himself. “It pains me all the more to know that my son truly loves you; and to know that I did this to you, someone that has proven to be humble, kind, caring and the sole reason my son is the happiest I’ve ever seen him”

Jimin was flattered by his kind words, but appalled, nevertheless.

“Can you understand that, Jimin-ssi?”

“Mr. Jeon, I… I hope you don’t mind me saying this, with all due respect, but the notion of you being in contact with the mafia at all is… is something I am not in favour of,” Jimin dared to express. “I know, you probably don’t care at all, and it’s none of my business, but I never believed that you would be involved in such an illegal world. I… I find myself comprehending why you wanted to know more about me, or more about the people that are close to your son – to protect him – but asking the mafia for help is not in any way… a morally right decision”

Jimin swallowed hard, too scared to meet Mr. Jeon’s eyes.
“You put the lives of those people in danger, whether you realise that or not, whether it was intentional or not,” Jimin added. “But, Mr. Jeon, the worst thing is that you put the life of your own son in danger. I know, the agreement protects him from any physical pain, but clearly, he’s hurting emotionally and mentally. If you truly care for your son, and I want to believe that you do, then it’s not too late to fix it and put an end to your connection to the mafia.”

“What about you?” Mr. Jeon inquired.

“Huh?” Jimin uttered, lifting his head to meet Mr. Jeon’s gaze.

“I do care about you as well, Jimin-ssi,” Mr. Jeon revealed. “I never wanted your life to be in danger, and all I can do is ask for you to try and forgive me,” he declared, diverting his gaze down to his desk. “And Jungkook, he… he’s all I have. I love him, although I don’t show it very often. All I want to do is protect him. I know, I might have chosen the wrong ways to execute that, but I never intended to hurt him, or you.”

The pink haired boy wanted to believe him, but he also noticed the way Mr. Jeon chose to disregard Jimin’s polite request – or rather advice – for him to cease his business with Baek and ultimately cut any connection to him.

Allegedly, Mr. Jeon didn’t want to cut his ties to Baek.

“I hope this didn’t put an even bigger split between me and my son,” Mr. Jeon murmured, wiping his palm over his face in a distressed manner.

“I think he’ll manage somehow, Sir,” Jimin spoke softly, despite his awareness of Jungkook’s evident disapproval of his father’s actions, and his earlier depicted anger regarding this matter.

“If he doesn’t, that would be my own fault, though, and my sole problem,” Mr. Jeon cleared his throat. “Well then, I also called you up here to let you know that your new security guard Hwang is already waiting in front of your apartment, so don’t get scared, if you see him later,” he revealed.

“Oh, thank you, Mr. Jeon,” Jimin said, exhibiting a bow to display his gratitude.

Jimin’s own security guard, on top of Beomsoo who would be his personal guard whenever he wasn’t home. What an absurd and truly unique statement for Jimin to make. By no means had he ever envisaged himself to be in this kind of situation.

“That’s the least I can do,” Jungkook’s father replied, flashing Jimin another faint smile.

Then, he cleared his throat again.

“Well, I won’t hold you back any longer. Please, go downstairs to meet Mr. Jung, I’m sure he’s already awaiting you,” Mr. Jeon insisted, pointing at the door of his office room.

“Yes, Sir, thank you,” Jimin obliged, rising to his feet before he performed another bow.

Then, he turned around and headed towards the door.

“Oh, and Jimin-ssi,” Mr. Jeon mentioned, the smaller boy stilling with his palm curled around the doorknob, facing the man again.

“Yes?” Jimin uttered.

“I’ve actually intended to speak to you about something else for a while now,” Mr. Jeon spoke.
Inquisitive, Jimin raised his brows.

“Yes, what is it?” he wondered.

“I had planned for you to be part of a music video project,” Mr. Jeon expressed, amazing Jimin with the vastly surprising reveal. “But I think we should delay this idea for the time of the recent events,” he added, grabbing his chin.

“A music video?” Jimin echoed, his eyes growing wider.

“Yes, I would like for you to be involved,” Mr. Jeon affirmed.

“In what way?”

“Creatively, but also as a dancer, hence being physically present in the video and the performances that will follow,” Mr. Jeon explained. “Is that something you could see yourself do?” he wanted to know. “You simply fit the concept so well, that I couldn’t picture anyone else, but you. Of course, we would have to discuss the overall concept and so on, but I would first like to see where your interest and consent lies in this field?”

“I… I would be honoured, Mr. Jeon,” Jimin stated, giving an enthusiastic nod, yet then pressing his lips into a line as he recalled his current situation. “I just… Can I think about it a little more, it’s just—so much going on right now,” he added softer.

Certainly, Jimin was flattered to be asked to be part of a music video, yet… maybe, they should postpone that idea to a point in Jimin’s life’s where, well, he wasn’t threatened to be killed or tortured.

“Of course, of course, yes,” Mr. Jeon agreed with a wave of his hand. “We can talk about this again once everything has died down,” he decided.

“Thank you, Sir,” Jimin said again.

However, he still didn’t leave.

“Mr. Jeon?”

“Yes?”

“Please, Sir, at least think about what I said,” Jimin requested softly. “Jungkook is struggling enough and I know that you don’t want to lose him,” he added, his tone delicate.

Politely, Jimin performed one last bow before he exited the office room, not waiting for Mr. Jeon to reply anything.

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A few minutes later, Jimin was down in the practice room by himself, having decided to commence to stretch already as he was waiting for Hoseok to arrive for their day to really start.

Suddenly, a figure entered the practice room, their silhouette causing Jimin to lift his head and steal a glimpse at them in order to identify them.

As Jimin recognised the visitor, his face lit up.

“Tae!” Jimin beamed at the unexpected sight of his best friend. “What are you doing here?” he
wanted to know nonetheless, not recalling Taehyung texting him to announce his stopover.

“I’m here to see you!” Tae explained with a grin. “We didn’t get to talk yesterday”

“How did it go?” was the first thing Jimin inquired, too impatient to learn how Taehyung’s meeting with the designer Kang Nayoung went. Although, by the way Taehyung was literally glowing there was no doubt in Jimin’s mind that it had gone well.

“You’re talking to the new face of Kang Fashion, hello,” Taehyung revealed, his eyes gleaming in cheerfulness as he strutted through the room, exaggeratingly swaying his hips from side to side.

“So, you’re going to walk for her?” Jimin concluded with big eyes and a blissful smile embellishing his pretty features; a part within him rolling their eyes at his obliviousness asking these redundant questions.

“You bet your ass I am!” Taehyung chimed, giving a vehement nod.

“Oh my god, Tae!” Jimin squeaked in delight, enthusiastically running up to his best friend who embraced him immediately.

Taehyung’s hug was comforting and warm, the two boys laughing in glee as the taller one spun them around, pure exhilaration surrounding them. Honestly, Jimin couldn’t express how joyful for and proud of Tae he was, aware that this was such a huge step in his career – wondering whether Taehyung was prepared for even a small section of what would await him on his path in the future.

“Can I join the party?” another voice suddenly inquired.

Their laughter didn’t subside as they searched for the source of the voice.

“Hyung!” they both exclaimed in unison as they located Hoseok who entered the practice room with an equally as beaming smile.

There was a surge of warmth and happiness residing within Jimin’s chest that he couldn’t quite explain, ignited by the proximity to two of his closest friends in the whole universe. They truly possessed the ability to evoke a sense of belonging and comfort in Jimin; an emotion that was similar to one a family evoke in you, Jimin was certain.

Well, they were his family.

And Jimin realised that he had missed this feeling, despite it only having been a few days.

Yet, for some reason, the past days had felt like weeks, draining Jimin to a point that rendered him to lose his sense of time, causing him to believe that he hadn’t seen his friends in an eternity.

“So, can anyone tell me why there are two huge, broad guys guarding this hallway?” Hoseok wanted to know, pointing back over his shoulder. “Quite intimidating, if you ask me,” he chuckled.

Oh, right, the security had arrived.

Earlier, when Jimin had exited the elevator to walk down the hallway to reach the practice room, he had encountered the security guards as well – who had flashed him a kind smile and had bowed at the sight of him, causing Jimin to question whether they were fitting for the job as he had expected them to be threatening.

However, a few seconds later, Jimin had dared to steal a glimpse back at them, having noticed their
cold stares fixated down the hall, and their overall very intimidating appearance that Jimin didn’t dare to argue of being inappropriate.

“Long story,” Jimin only responded, waving his hand to brush the subject off.

“Hyung, I missed you!” Taehyung chimed, throwing his arms around Hoseok to pepper his neck with kisses, the latter chuckling at Taehyung’s clinginess.

“We facetime last night, with Yoongi Hyung,” he reminded his lover.

The blond haired one pouted. “Yeah, but I still missed you two,” he said. “We couldn’t even celebrate last night,” he added, roaming his palm over Hoseok’s chest.

“We can celebrate all of today,” the older one suggested.

“Oh, yes! Let’s all meet up!” Taehyung decided with a vehement nod.

“That sounds like a great idea,” Hoseok agreed, meeting Jimin’s gaze. “What do you think?”

Naturally, Jimin smiled at the idea.

“I missed you guys, too,” he declared, genuine in his remark.

A part within him doubted whether it was such a good idea to hang out with his friends right now, considering how his life was legitimately at stake, but everyone was assuring him that he was safe here, and Jimin didn’t want to relinquish on anything because of those horrible men out to hurt him.

And maybe, Jimin didn’t understand how serious this whole issue was just yet.

Maybe, Jimin hadn’t allowed his heart to deal with the entirety of it yet, clinging on to any distraction it could find to repel the reality he was trying to convince himself of seeing already.

“Sure, I would love that,” Jimin coincided, flashing the other two a sweet smile.

“I’m going to call Yoongi Hyung after our practice,” Hoseok informed them.

“Perfect,” Taehyung beamed, clapping his hands together in joy.

The oldest one pressed a kiss to Tae’s temple before he headed over to the table, unzipping his backpack on his way there. “Are you ready for today, Min-ah?” he wanted to know, stealing a glimpse back over his shoulder before he placed his bag down on the table, allowing him to rummage through it easier.

“I am!” Jimin answered. “It might sound crazy, but I missed work”

Certainly, Jimin had missed to dance and work alongside Hoseok, yet he was also intrigued and even somewhat relieved that his work could pose as a distraction from the chaos that was currently trying to tear his life apart.

“It doesn’t sound crazy,” Hoseok chuckled. “If you love what you do, it never really feels like work anyway,” he expressed, Jimin not at all puzzled how well he could relate to that statement.

“I agree,” Jimin smiled, giving a nod.

Furrowing his brows, Hoseok sighed, ceasing to search through his backpack.
“Ah, I left my papers up in the office,” Hoseok informed them. “I’ll just go and grab them really quick, yeah?” he added, jogging past them to exit the room, on his way to retrieve his missing papers.

“Okay, we’ll be waiting here,” Taehyung called out. “Oh, and if you happen to see Jin Hyung, ask him whether he’s free today! Or actually, don’t ask him, tell him he has to come, or I’ll be really sad!” he yelled after him, although Hoseok had already left, neither of the two remaining ones certain whether he had even registered that.

All of a sudden, Taehyung reached for Jimin’s hand to gain his attention.

“Now, spill,” he insisted.

The smaller boy’s eyes grew bigger, startled by Taehyung’s abrupt demand and his inquisitive expression. “Me?” he murmured, puzzled by Tae’s request. “Spill what?”

“How was the gala?” the other male elucidated. “Where were you last night?”

“Oh… uhm,” Jimin trailed off, clearing his throat as he diverted his gaze, not quite sure what to say, how much he should actually disclose, or was even allowed to share. “I asked first!” he then called out as he pointed at his best friend, relieved as he recalled that he had in fact been the first to ask Taehyung how his preceding day had went. “I want to know more about your meeting with Kang!”

“It went great; I got the job, and I didn’t fall while walking,” Taehyung quickly listed, before he added in a whispering tone, “However, now I want to know all about you. How did it go? Why didn’t you make it home last night? Did you kill Jungkook for whatever he did to you? If you need me to hide the body-”

Although Tae was only joking, Jimin smacked his arm at the remark.

“No, I did not kill Jungkook,” Jimin interrupted him, as if he actually needed to clarify that.

“Oh,” Taehyung mumbled, actually sounding surprised as he dropped his hand back to his side. “Then where were you?” he wanted to know, tilting his head to the side.

Well, here we go…

“At… Jungkook’s place,” Jimin revealed, his tone quiet and unsure.

The blond haired one raised his brows.

“What happened?” he inquired.

“We talked,” Jimin murmured, tugging the sleeves of Jungkook’s hoodie over his delicate hands. “About us, about everything,” he explained, although his statement was immensely vague. “And the gala was… it was overwhelming. Truly a beautiful event, but I guess I just have bad luck, so there were some things that weren’t that great,” he elaborated, hoping his transition to another section of Taehyung’s question was subtle and seamless, rendering Tae to omit any further question about Jungkook with a little luck.

Then again, luck wasn’t really on Jimin’s side, now, was it?

“Did you have sex with Jungkook?” Taehyung was quick to wonder. “Did you two make up?”

“We…” Jimin trailed off, realising that he didn’t know what they were, or where their hearts were at
right now, and that he truly, genuinely did not possess an answer to that question. “Well, it’s complicated,” he decided to reply, reminded of how much he despised that statement as it rendered him to recall every time Jungkook had used that sentence in regard to his relation to Seoyun – or any secret issue, for that matter. “I guess, we’re working on it,” he added softly, because they were. “And no, we didn’t have sex,” he murmured, although he wasn’t sure whether he would have truly been able to reject Jungkook last night, if Jungkook had been the one to initiate any intimate touch.

To Jimin’s surprise, the other one didn’t scold him.

“I’ll support you in your decision,” Taehyung responded, a sympathetic smile curving his lips. “So, if you want to work things out with him, I’m going to be right by your side… And not kill him,” he added.

“Thank you,” Jimin giggled.

“But what happened at the gala?” the blond haired boy asked. “Why wasn’t it great? Who do I have to kill?” he stressed, scowling at the notion of someone having interfered in Jimin’s opportunity to spend a beautiful evening at such a prestigious event.

“It’s fine now,” Jimin said, shaking his head. “There was… Ah, never mind,” he backed out.

“Did someone… touch you?” Taehyung presumed, careful as he spoke.

The smaller boy hesitated.

“Kookie protected me,” Jimin responded, deciding not to elaborate on the topic.

Taehyung gave a nod, a relieved sigh falling from his lips. “Well, at least one thing he did right,” he remarked.

“Hey, that’s mean,” Jimin commented with a whine, furrowing his brows.

After all, there were at least a thousand things Jungkook had done right in his life.

“I'm sorry,” Tae apologised immediately, not having intended to upset Jimin with his remark, but having been ruled by his hatred at the thought of Jungkook having done something horrible to Jimin for there to currently be a few issues between them. “I don’t know what’s going on between you two,” he added.

Forgiving, Jimin flashed him a smile.

“That’s okay, Min-ah, take your time,” Taehyung reassured him, placing his hand on Jimin’s shoulder to give it a tender squeeze, the latter’s eyes falling back open.

Time.

Yet, how much time did Jimin actually still have left?

***

After an hour of choreographing a new dance for a few trainees, the three of them were taking a little
break. Well, Jimin and Hoseok were taking a break. For the time of them practicing, Taehyung had just sat by the side, switching between gazing at them dance and playing on his phone, so he didn’t really need a rest from that.

“Hyung?” Taehyung said softly, Jimin barely registering his voice as he nipped on his water bottle, trying to slake his thirst and stay hydrated by taking big gulps.

“Yes?” Hoseok said, glancing at his boyfriend.

“Can we… go to the bathroom?” Tae whispered, flashing Hoseok a suggestive glare, a daring glint gleaming in his eyes that caused Jimin to nearly choke on his water.

“Why? Are you not feeling well- Oh,” Hoseok cleared his throat, seemingly realising what Taehyung was implying.

The blond haired one giggled, rising to his feet as he held his hand out to his boyfriend.

Deprived of any hesitation, Hoseok got back up as well, interlacing his hand with Taehyung’s before they headed towards the door.

“We’ll… be right back, Jimin-ah, yeah?” Hoseok called back, addressing Jimin now.

“Yes,” Jimin responded, a knowing smile curving his lips as he observed the two leave the room, his cheeks flushing the slightest bit at the notion of them… yeah, never mind.

Just like that, the smaller boy was left alone again.

After shutting his water bottle, Jimin decided to pull out his phone to kill his boredom – or perhaps, and more probable, to find a distraction from his haunting thoughts.

Nearly subconsciously, Jimin found himself open up a chat – not any, but a special one, how shocking.

Kook-ah?
– Jimin

Jungkook replied immediately, almost as though he had already been lurking in the chat as well, as if he had known Jimin would text him.

Yes, little one.
Are you okay?
– Handsome

The pink haired boy smiled at his concern, his heart fluttering.

I am.
– Jimin

Nervously, Jimin caught his bottom lip between his teeth, realising that he had no idea what else to say; not aware of why he had texted Jungkook in the first place.

However, it would be weird for Jimin to just end their little exchange here – even a little awkward, wouldn’t it?
Promptly, Jimin attempted to come up with something to say.

Well, Tae and Hoseok want to organise a hang for tonight.
At Yoongi’s.
You in?
– Jimin

There you go.

Well done, brain. For once, you did cooperate.

That was a valid reason for Jimin to have texted him.

Then again… Jungkook probably didn’t even mind, did he? After all, he had mentioned that Jimin could simply text him, whenever.

Oh.
Are you sure?
– Handsome

At his response, Jimin knitted his brows.

Why wouldn’t he be sure?

Yes, why not?
– Jimin

Well…
Never mind.
– Handsome

Jimin tilted his head to the side, but decided not to dig.

So?
What do you say?
– Jimin

Yes, I’m in.
– Handsome

Jimin smiled, displaying his cheerfulness in his response.

Great :)
– Jimin

This time, Jungkook didn’t respond anything.

The smaller boy caught his bottom lip between his teeth, his digits remaining over the display for a few moments as Jimin deliberated whether or not to say anything else.

Because, for some reason, Jimin didn’t want their conversation to end just yet.

What… are you doing?
– Jimin
I’m in a briefing.
– Handsome

Oh, then I won’t bother you.
– Jimin

It had been a stupid idea anyway, to force the conversation to keep going, when there wasn’t truly anything else to say… right?

You’re not.
Are you not working with Hoseok, though?
I don’t have to scold you, do I?
– Handsome

The pink haired one chuckled, shaking his head at Jungkook’s cheekiness.

You are the one who’s texting during a briefing, Sir!
– Jimin

Touché.
– Handsome

We’re taking a small break.
Well, Tae and Hyung went to the bathroom.
– Jimin

Tae Hyung is here?
– Handsome

Yeah.
Well, he was.

Until he made Hoseok join him to go to the bathroom.
So, now I’m waiting for them to return.
– Jimin

Jimin sucked in a breath, regret blooming within him.

Maybe, he shouldn’t have shared that.

Then again, despite Jungkook being their boss, he was their friend first and foremost – and Hoseok was in a break right now, so it wasn’t reprehensible for them to spend their rest in whatever way they desired.

To the bathroom? Together?
Why?
Ah, never mind.
Got it.
– Handsome

Jimin chuckled again.

Yeah.
– Jimin

So, you’re alone?
Although Jimin was already aware, he still found himself scan the room to ascertain that he was in fact all alone.

Yes.
– Jimin

Do you want to come upstairs?
– Handsome

Jimin raised his brows.

You’re in a briefing.
– Jimin

Had Jungkook forgotten?
Was he plainly ignoring that fact?
Or did he, perhaps, just not care?

At any rate, shouldn’t Jungkook focus on his briefing, and not text Jimin?

So?
– Handsome

I don’t want to disrupt anything.
– Jimin

You wouldn’t.
Do you want me to come downstairs?
– Handsome

You’re in a briefing!
– Jimin

So?
– Handsome

Jimin giggled, shaking his head.

I’m fine, Kook-ah.
– Jimin

He was… wasn’t he?
It wasn’t just a façade… was it?
Jimin wasn’t pretending… right?

Promise?
– Handsome

Promise.
– Jimin
Why did it feel like Jimin was lying?

You're really holding up incredibly, little one.
– Handsome

Better than you'd expected?
– Jimin

I knew you were strong,
but you're amazing me more every day.
– Handsome

Why did a surge of guilt bloom within Jimin?

Why did it feel as if he was being dishonest, causing Jungkook to believe that he was oh so strong,
when… he really wasn’t at all?

Yet, Jimin didn’t have the guts to correct him.

And, maybe, Jimin didn’t even want to admit his pretence to himself, but wanted to convince himself
that he was fine indeed.

It feels like…
an eternity has passed,
but at the same time it feels like time is moving…
slower.
– Jimin

As soon as Jimin had pressed sent, he wished he could retract that message, feeling like he was
rambling too much, certainly not even making much sense with his incohesive sentences.

I get what you mean.
I feel the same way.
– Handsome

Yet, Jungkook understood.

Or maybe, he just pretended that he did.

Either way, Jimin was grateful that he did, a soft smile embellishing his features.


At the sudden sound of those knocks, Jimin lifted his head to search for the source of that sound,
startled by the noise that resounded from the other side of the room.

And there standing in the doorway with a kind smile was Beomsoo.

“Jimin-ssi,” the older man greeted him, exhibiting a deep bow.

Immediately, Jimin rose to his feet – almost losing his balance in the process –, enumerating
Beomsoo’s act and performing an equally as deep bow.
“Beomsoo-ssi,” Jimin uttered out, the sight of Beomsoo causing Jimin to recall everything Jungkook had revealed about him – especially the way he had somehow managed to spy on the mafia and retrieve information on them that could render them to fall like a house of cards.

“I just wanted to let you know that I’m here now,” he informed the younger one. “I believe Mr. Jeon has talked to you already?”

“Which one?” Jimin wondered, considering how both Jeons had requested to talk to him on various occasions today.

“Junior,” Beomsoo smiled. “To inform you that I’ll be guarding you from now on,” he explained. The pink haired one gave a nod.

“Yes, he has,” Jimin affirmed. “Thank you very much, Beomsoo-ssi”

“I’m honoured”

Was he?

For what?

This was just… well, Jimin.

Beomsoo executed another bow.

“I’ll be waiting outside of the room until you’ve finished your practice,” he decided.

“Thank you,” Jimin said, slightly flabbergasted by the new situation that would certainly require some time to accustom to.

The older one flashed him a smile before he exited the room, leaving Jimin to himself yet again.

Slowly, Jimin dipped his head down, fixating his gaze on the display of his phone.

Beomsoo is here.

– Jimin

Is he?

Okay, great.
If you want him to back off a little or anything like that, just tell him.
Or, if you’re too shy to say anything, let me know, I will tell him.
Not that you need to be shy, just… yeah.
– Handsome

Jimin smiled again.

Thank you, Kook-ah.

– Jimin

Always, little one.

– Handsome
Thank you for reading this chapter.
Thank you for your continuous support <3

I'll see you in the next chapter! ^^
Until then, I hope your days are filled with happiness! :)

Love you <3

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