**Monster**

by **Avv99**

**Summary**

Marriage can bring happiness- love, prosperity, and unity. Unless you marry as you are told to by your family. Unless you marry the very monster in your worst nightmares. The one who seems to hate you. The one that hurts you. Unless you become his.

**Notes**

Hi! I'm back- because my life has come to this. I have written a new fic! Yay! Said no one. Writing these always ruin my sleep schedule and as someone who doesn't get acne, I've been getting acne. I would be okay with it if I was like fourteen, but I'm not. I'm 18 and too old for this. When will puberty end and my voice stop cracking?! Oh... I should probably explain the story slightly... Well, it's about Jin and lil meow meow. So, it's gonna be a bit emotional. Have that planed out but you know I love arranged marriages. So, tell me what you think!!

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Mourn The Loss Of

Seokjin stretched his arms into the air, yawning. He stared at the Television on in his room. He must have left it on while in his slumber, he laid back down for a moment. He reached over on his side, taking in the cool end of the bed. The bed he once shared with his husband. Once. He shook the sleep from his eyes, knowing all too well not to dwindle at the bitter thoughts. He dragged his legs across the side of the bed, standing up. He moved around the bedroom- passing over an empty pizza box and a few bottles of wine. He went into the restroom, passing the mirror and turning the shower on. He looked around the marble counter holding a fresh towel for him. He pulled his shirt off, tossing it behind him. He stripped completely, going into the shower. He was washed quickly, moving around and dressing. A nice pale blue hoodie, with sweatpants. He left the bathroom and looked around his room. He needed to clean before a maid offered to do it. He hated when they judged him, hated when they entered his room because they knew. He sighed, going and picking up the empty bottles.

Seokjin lowered himself down the stairs, holding up two trash bags. Quickly, a maid took them from his hands. Offering him a quick glance at his attire for the day. He moved to the dining room, waiting patiently. Another maid brought him his breakfast. He stared at it. Eggs Benedict, with a cup of warm earl grey tea. He wasn’t much to complain, especially to the chef- that he did not hire but… he would have preferred oatmeal, or something just not as heavy. But, what was given to him was given to him. He still remembers the days, when they had first moved into this place. When it still felt like a home and not a prison. He would cook for himself and his husband. Now, he wasn’t even allowed in the kitchen. He had concluded his husband was to blame for this. He refused to eat if he had anything to do with it. Probably thought he might poison him, to be fair though… he might. He sighed, pulling up his cup of tea.

Bzz! His phone caught his attention, as he lifted it. He read over the message, pulling the phone up and dialing.

“Hello?” Someone spoke quickly, and he knew that it wasn’t a good sign. “I’ll head over in-” He looked up at the grandfather clock. “An hour. Tell them to meet me at our building alright? Handle them until I get there okay?” He hung up, sighing. Now he would have to go. He knew it wasn’t easy to just leave his home, especially- today. A Friday morning. He shook his head, looking for a maid. She seemed reluctant to look him in the eyes as she entered the room,

“Where is Yoongi?”

He and his husband weren’t on good terms. That was the easiest way to place it. They spoke, only when necessary. Which was like- once a month. When they had an outing or a company dinner. Just to keep up appearances. And to let the general public know he wasn’t… dead. He wasn’t complaining, it got him out of the house but he knew Yoongi would rather go without him. They both would. They lived in a large mansion, both keeping to their own sides to avoid contact or accidental run-ins. Since, Seokjin favored the gardens he was allowed to keep the east wing, which provided a glance at their garden and the large koi pond in the back. It was nice, except he wasn’t allowed out anymore. Not since reporters managed to get into the hedges and snap photos of him feeding the fish and gardening. Now, he was told to stay inside and let the gardeners take care of it. It seemed like all of his privileges had dwindled down, and now he never left his home. He never cooked, he stayed in his room and handled his business over the phone. Which had worked pretty well, until just now? When he had gotten a call, and he had to head over to his building to meet with the distributor. His new eyeshadow palette was supposed to be released by midnight, and he
was just called about shipping issues. This was annoying, and one of the times when he really hates not being able to just leave without permission. He walked in the cool house, Yoongi liked it cold. Moving towards his office. He hated being on this side of the house, it was like he was visiting the wicked witch of the west. It was even darker at this end of the home. He swears he can see his breath in small clouds. The wood underneath him made him nervous it was so silent at this part that he worried what if he was being too loud and he could hear him approaching? His husband’s office was near the end of the hall downstairs, which he reached without so much as a glance of a few maids. He knew they were surprised to see him. He didn’t venture through these parts unless he wanted something. Seokjin was a multi-millionaire on his own with a good family with more money behind him, so it was truly rare for him to ever go to his husband. For anything. He gritted his teeth, very hesitant to knock on the door. He knew he had a nasty attitude, especially so early in the morning. He swayed for a moment, he could still turn back- figure out how to solve this through the phone. No. It wasn’t that simple, the distributors needed to see his face. Needed to tell him what the issues were and not blame his workers for their bosses incompetence. He knocked lightly. So lightly, he knew it could barely be heard. He had to be strong he told himself, very strong as he again brought down his hand a bit louder.

Knock!

Kn-

There was a sort of a grunt. He knew this was an answer, maybe not an invitation to enter but- he needed to make it known it wasn’t just another maid. It was his husband. He turned the knob, entering the room. A rush of cold air hit him, even in his hoodie his bones chattered. He saw the small man, sifting through paperwork. Seokjin closed the door behind him. Only to see his eyes shifted up, growling at his presence.

“What do you want?” He grumbled lowly. Seokjin was hoping for a better greeting but knew this man hated him. So, it was best to get to the point. To get it out, tell him what he wanted and get ready to beg.

“My new line is launching-”

“Why do I care?” Seokjin knew those words hurt, he knew they were meant to pierce him but he needed to take it. Just until he got what he wanted.

“I need to head out. Some issues have risen-”

“You aren’t leaving.” Seokjin bit down on his tongue.

“I need to leave.” His voice held a begging tone already, “It’s important. I won’t be long or cause a commotion-”

“No.” He didn’t bother looking up at him. “Now get out.”

“I need to leave Yoongi. Just for a few hours, I’ll be out of your hair and I won’t bother-” His eyes drifted up.

“Who’s driving you?” Yoongi held venom in his voice. “Not my driver.”

“No. I...I was going to hire an uber-”

“An uber? You? Do you know how that would look?” His breathing was getting heavier.

“I...I will just drive myself...” He lowered his head to him. “I won’t cause any suspicion or anything-”

“There are still paparazzi outside. What if someone finds out it’s you leaving the driveway?”

“I will handle it. I swear... I won’t cause any problems.” He took one step forward into the dark room. It was gloomy only being illuminated by the lamp on Yoongi’s desk. The room smelled like whiskey and dark wood. Books littered the shelves behind them. It was his office, it was dark and cold like him. Yoongi tried his best to ignore him. “Please?”

“Get out.” Seokjin turned his lips into a straight line at the answer. Seokjin lowered his head, seeing the man smile at his sadden look. “Don’t ever ask for anything anymore.” He looked up to see the man’s cold expression. “Don’t ever come into my office again. You can leave for four hours. You don’t speak to anyone outside, and you will keep your head down when photos are taken.” Seokjin sighed lightly.

“Thanks.” He turned back to him. Leaving the room quickly. He almost sprinted to get back to his
Seokjin hadn’t driven in so long. The sensation was so unfamiliar, he knew going through the driveway wasn’t the way to do it. Someone could snap a photo of him, and although he did look rather dashing at this moment. He was finally wearing something other than sweatpants and a hoodie, he had already spoken with Yoongi. That man scared him, scared him to the bone. He would do as he said, and take a back road. He waited for the garage to open, and quickly backed up. Following a road to behind the home. He drove for a few minutes, before finally reaching a fence at the back of the large property. There was a guard posted, seemingly snoozing. Seokjin knew he hardly did anything, just made sure no paparazzi made it to the back. Which was rare. They liked waiting for Yoongi at the front, and not a single soul expected for his husband to leave. He rolled down his passenger window to his Ferrari. He cleared his throat, causing the man to sit up. His eyes were large as he faced him. “Yoongi said I could leave.” He tilted his head to him, almost as if he was unsure and untrusting of his words. “I will be back in four hours.” He nodded. Reaching and pressing open to the gate. It pulled back, and Seokjin smiled at the man. Pulling up his window again. He drove up, looking both ways before joining the street. This was when he knew he could shift up in speed. This backroad, after all, was owned by him and Yoongi. He smiled, holding his steering wheel with a single hand as he shifted into second gear. He knew cameras were placed outside of the house, but hey- it’s been almost three weeks since he’s seen the world outside. And almost four years since he drove. So, yes going over a hundred miles an hour in a car that was meant to do that was bad but hey- Yoongi had worked at nine. It was nine right now. He should be the one being swarmed outside right now. So, he hit the acceleration finally escaping his prison.

Seokjin stopped his car into the front of the building, hoping out. He stared around for a moment. Taking in his building. He built this place up after he retired from modeling. Nice, but he hadn’t seen it in so long.

“Sir?” He turned his head, seeing a valet. He handed them his keys. He reached back, taking up his wallet and tipping him.

“If reporters come. Don’t tell them this is my car alright?” He nodded, and Seokjin went up the stairs and into the building. What a change of atmosphere. His building was like the light that tried to warm outside. Bright, warm and smelled nice. Heads turned to him as he entered. He was happy to see these faces. All of them were, lowering their heads at their boss. His smile seemed to grow, as he made his way to the elevator. It opened, and he entered. It was empty, he didn’t care to step inside. He pressed the button to the top floor and was swiftly taken up. There were no other stops and he knew his security team did that. Everyone in this building was up and down all the time after all. Makeup was handled through floors 2-5 and then upwards were his fashion line. He liked fashion, reminded him of his days on the catwalk. His clothing and fashion lines were a success, but he wanted to venture into makeup. Who would have known it would also outsell Kylie and KKW beauty combined? He knew what it came with though, higher expectations. His door opened and he stepped out, walking quickly to his meeting room. He felt eyes over him, he- was in fact like a unicorn. A myth, who ran his entire company from a tablet, phone and laptop at home. He entered the office, shedding his coat. Eyes were all spun to see him.

“Seokjin!” He knew the voice, it was Irene. She stood up, smiling brightly.

“Hi-” He moved to the main chair at the large table placing his coat on the table. “So sorry I am late. I had something to take care of before heading here.” He did. He had to convince his husband to let him leave their house. “So what is the issue?” Irene leaned into him, whispering.

“They don’t want to provide shipping worldwide. Which means Europe and North America will experience delays. Two days tops but- it will be quite the issue.” He nodded. “There boss is telling
“us there is nothing we can do.” Seokjin sighs. As he looks up at the grouchy old man. “Also not a big fan of you.” Seokjin almost groaned under gritted teeth, as he caught the man eyeing him.

“Isn’t the first. I’ll take care of it.” He moved away from her, pulling up the seat across from the man. He sat down, smiling brightly.

“So, the boss decides to show himself?” He didn’t let that hurt him, he has had heard worse from someone more frightening.

“Sorry. I had to handle business at my home-”

“With bending over for your husband?” Seokjin rolled his eyes, everyone always concluded he was at home- at the call of Yoongi. Little did they know that man hasn’t touched him. Not once since their wedding.

“It appears so.” He smiled, “I hear there is an issue with shipping to Europe and North America. Why?” He shrugged,

“The boss wasn’t there for the signing of the contract.” Seokjin shook his head,

“I sided it. So did you.” He looked over at Irene, the girl already has the papers in her hand. She slid them over without another word. Seokjin flung through them, this was a good time to imitate his husband. He found the paper with their signatures and grumbled lowly. He pulled it up, showing him it. “I don’t like it when people breach contracts. I don’t like it when people lie. So, either you will call over the shipping department and handle it or I will be calling my lawyers.” He smiled brightly, “They’ve never lost a case. I’m sure you’ve heard?” He swallowed at this.

“It is too late-”

“It’s never too late. If you get working now, I am sure it will work out.” Seokjin lowered the paper. “Now go.” The man sat up from his seat, grunting at him. He took his coat and stormed out of the office. Irene seemed concerned as she took the seat next to him.

“Should we be worried?” He shook his head.

“He’ll do what I say.” She turned her face upwards,

“How do you know?” Seokjin smiled,

“He’s scared of my husband.” Irene patted his shoulder,

“Ahh!! Yoongi always comes in handy! You’re so lucky to have married a man like him!” Irene squeaked. Seokjin nodded.

“Yeah.”

He was greeted everywhere he went in the building. Everyone was happy to see him. Their hard-working boss. He built this place, not with his families scary reputation, or even his husbands even scarier one but on his own. Modeling helped get him to the right people but it was his own money that started this place, fashion was his natural step forward. He didn’t know how but he exceeded everyone’s expectations and now makeup was a high priority. It made him feel nice. He read reviews on his products to kill time when nights were hard and when the wine wasn’t enough. He was praised, almost as if he had reinvented makeup as a whole. He was more worried about skin care for a long time, but after a while of that it expanded and his color line became the most talked about thing in the makeup community since finding out everyone could wear makeup. A very inclusive line. His foundation range was, in fact, the largest in the world with over 100 shades. And more to come. He wanted everyone to be able to wear it, regardless of skin color, or skin type. His lipsticks, they’ve caused so many problems for sellers- people have almost rioted because of product quantities. To say the least, he was very successful in both worlds of fashion and beauty. That was nice. He didn’t have to worry about his families marketing business or his husbands. He ran back and forth for a bit, making sure everyone was doing their jobs. They seemed more than happy to have their boss in the workplace, examining their work. Politely criticizing and offering insight. His fashion line’s next debut was in winter. So, he had a few more weeks of prepping ahead, but besides that- the company seemed to be working completely well on its own. Or rather with his vice-president of sales. Irene. The girl was chugging coffee, as she sat down next to him.
“They love seeing you here, you know?”
“I know…” He lowered his head a bit in guilt. “I just can’t be around here… as much as anyone would like. I-I have other commitments-”
“I know sweetie. Don’t have to tell me, I understand. Being married is hard, and keeping it working with a man who is as powerful and busy as Yoongi is difficult. You manage though…” She passed him a cup of coffee, he took it. Drinking without another worry,
“I am glad. You run this place well on your own… without me- thanks.”
“What are you thanking me for? I just follow all the extensively typed emails I get.” She tilted her head back. “Besides that, the fashion lines looking good?”
“I’m happy. Send me the catalog of the models. I’ll choose them, so you can have that day off?” She shook her head.
“I don’t like days off. But I’ll send it regardless. Male models always made me feel like I’m genuinely a genius.”
“I was a male model.”
“Means you understand the talk about protein shakes then?” She offered him a toothy smile. He shook his head.
“That- my dearest, I still do not understand either.” She nodded.
“Let’s go get a bite to eat?” Seokjin nodded.

He was happily eating with his workers, everyone thought that a nice Japanese restaurant would be a good idea. Not bad. It was quiet, extravagant and most importantly had high reviews. Seokjin saw Irene pull up her phone, smiling largely.
“They solved it!” She exclaimed. The group of people all let out a large sigh. He was happy it worked out. He would watch online tonight, just to see how long it would take for the eyeshadows palettes to sell out. He hoped it wouldn’t break the internet. Like it did last time.
“Okay.” He smiled. “Irene, make sure we have the team monitoring the site. I don’t want it to go down like it did last time.” She nodded.
“I’ll make some calls. It’ll be alright.” She sounded like she had so much more confidence now. She didn’t sound panicked, not in the least. He was more than satisfied with his workers, who managed this all without his presence. He couldn’t ask for a better group of workers.
“Foods on me so go all out!” Everyone looked at their boss, and seemingly called in unison.
“Yes!”

Irene nestled next to Seokjin both chattering lightly.
“We should add a holographic line-”
“Overdone.” Seokjin retorts thinking for a moment. “Let’s do an all pink collection?” She turned her head to him.
“No. No! No one likes pink that much-”
“Not my kind of people.” He spat. “Pink lies.” She looked at him, eyes wide.
“I think we have a new line in the works?” He nodded. “I’ll call the labs tomorrow and begin the swatches?”
“Send them to my house. I’ll try them all out from there.” She nodded.
“Do you want me to also send the fabric samples?” He paused,
“Yeah. I’ll have to go over that too huh?” He looked so annoyed at the thought, fabric choosing always forced him to pick between comfort or fashion and he swore one day- he would overcome that. It would one day, be comfortable and fashionable. They continued walking down the street, going back to their building as a bright light snapped in his face. He was stunned for a moment, before he pressed his eyes closed, lowering his head at the swarming bright lights. He knew who they were. Yoongi’s words seemed to echo in his mind as he kept
his head low. Irene knew what to do as well, help him get back- but she was also a former model. They wanted pictures of both of them- getting back from eating together. This was annoying, having to constantly be followed, photos being taken of you without consent. He felt a slight tug on his overcoat. They always seem to grab at him, he kept his head low, trying his best to just watch the steps they both took from the grounds. It was hard, considering it would be quite the walk back to the building. He paused as he heard a familiar voice, he turned his head to the sidewalk. His eyes grew large, at the man. It was his husband’s driver. He hated Seokjin’s guts. “Mr. Min!” He called, Seokjin really debated, walking on the sidewalk- and keeping his head low and hoping no one made a grab at his face rather then getting in the car with the devil’s driver. His mind was actually considering walking. Very much so- but the tug at his wrist, let him know Irene intended to get into the car. He begrudgingly followed, pulling up his collar to keep his face hidden as he stepped into the vehicle. It was quickly shut after Irene joined him, sitting at his side. They both let out large sighs. “How did they find us?” Irene huffed. “Someone at the restaurant probably called?” He tilted his head, looking out the closed window. Just as their driver sat back in the car. “Who called for you?” Seokjin asked, not bothering to have a nice tone with the man who saved him just moments ago. “Your husband Mr. Min. He wanted to remind you that you only had four hours.” Seokjin pressed his eyes closed, as he took up his phone. It was only three hours. “I’m not late-” Irene placed a hand on his knee. As they both saw the car door open again, Seokjin almost cried at the sight of the man who entered. Yoongi. His eyes were holding something, Seokjin knew as anger. He was angry at him. For what, he didn’t know yet. He would find out soon though, “Mr. Min.” Irene lowered her head to him lightly as the door slammed closed. And he took the seat opposite them. Seokjin couldn’t even look him in the eyes, instead staring at the ring on his hand. “Irene. Seokjin.” He lifted his eyes briskly, offering him a small fake smile. One he gave at dinners where Yoongi took him. “Hello dear.” He took in a deep breath, “What are you doing here-” “I was having lunch with some important business partners.” Oh no. “It wouldn’t happen to be at that-” “The best Japanese restaurant in the city? Yes.” He sighed, he had heard about his work with Japanese lenders from the news. He wasn’t invited though… so he didn’t believe it. Now he regretted ever eating sashimi. “Irene would it be alright if we just drop you off at the office?” She nodded quickly, “Yes. Yes- in fact, you can just let me off here- it’s fine!” Even she seemed to feel the tension. “I think I’ll drop you off at the office.” She nodded. “That’s fine as well.” The drive was silent. So silent, all of them seem to feel Yoongi’s bubbling anger. Seokjin’s… methods in the workplace were much different than Yoongi’s were. A different type of audience after all. So, drinking wasn’t beyond him. And neither was yelling to pay everyone’s bill. Yoongi must have been the source of the paparazzi too. Probably some super important people from Japan. Not only did… he make a fool of himself, but he must have embarrassed the man in front of him too. To the point where he looked beyond angry. Straight up like he was planning on where to dump his remains. He swallowed at the thought, as they neared the entrance of the building. He grabbed Irene’s bag, handing it to her. She took it without a hesitation as the car stopped. Their driver stepped out going to open the door for her. Seokjin got up as well, ready to join her- until he felt a grip on his wrist pull him back. He knew who it was. He turned his head back lightly, “I have to take my car home-” “I’ve already had it tolled.” His voice was low, only he heard it. He was positive, as Irene turned back. “I’ll call you later than Seokjin?” He nodded, “We’ll celebrate the launch soon, ey?” She smiled looking back to Yoong as she waved lightly to
“Goodbye Mr. Min, Seokjin?” Yoongi offered her a small nod before the door was shut. Then again silence encompassed everything around them. Seokjin felt the silence much worse, he knew if he had just yelled. It felt better for him, it was less of an offense but this- the silence made him quiver to his stomach. Who knew what he was going to do? Not him. Min Yoongi was as unpredictable as the weather. Sudden changes and a burst of winds expected but the damage? Seokjin’s feelings.

He took him home, straight in the midafternoon. He knew he would never leave work unless it was... Important. He knew he was the cause, as they pulled into their driveway. Seokjin didn’t wait for the other man to open his door, instead, he pushed it open- stepping outside alone. He went into the house without worrying for the man who was surely behind him. Something was going to be taken away. What he didn’t know. But it was sure to keep him in line, he always did that. Seokjin had wondered for a while, how long until he took away everything? Everything being his entire freedom? He already never left the house. What more could he take from him? The door shut after he entered letting him know he was directly behind him. It echoed. Oh. He sent the staff out. This was going to be a proper shouting match. He didn’t hesitate, to pull off his coat tossing it to the ground behind him before he turned to see Yoongi, his eyes never moving away from him. After a few moments, it became clear it would be Seokjin to break the silence.

“Go on? Out with it?”
“I’m taking away all of your cars.” He guessed that much. He was waiting for it, how he would make him sad. But it didn’t seem to come. Instead came a menacing look.
“What?” Seokjin huffed, “Just say it.” He felt his air being taken away from him as the man remained silent. “What?!”
“Your father passed away.” Seokjin stared at him, “What?”
“I just got the call at the restaurant. He died.” Seokjin’s chest felt as if it would burst. “Taehyung called me already and said he won’t be able to attend. He said you should plan the funeral-”
“No. No- I spoke to him-” He paused in his steps. “Yesterday... He said he was fine- just a cold-”
“He had cancer Seokjin. He’s dead.” Seokjin looked up at him, “Why are you so mean...?” He shook his head, “It’s not funny-”
“I’m not joking.” He sighed, “You should head out. I’ll send you some clothes-”
“Youngi!” His eyes welled up with tears. “You’re lying... you’re lying to me, right? Right?” He didn’t move. “Youngi!” He felt his legs buckle under his weight, as he slipped down to the ground. Gasping. He... he didn’t feel okay. It was like he had forgotten how to breathe. He reached forward, taking a hold of Yoongi’s foot. “Yo-Yoongi-” He moved his foot away, in disgust. It was usual. He did this always at Seokjin’s touch. He left Seokjin there, in the middle of the giant mansion, sobbing on the ground his chest in flashing pain.
Disgust

Chapter Notes

Well, this was unexpected. A second update so soon? Who is this person who is currently in pain because she bought a new pillow and slept on it wrong and now had joint pain at the ripe old age of 18? Me. Does that matter to my beautiful family? NO. They have made me into a cleaning robot but they don't know- all I do is dust a bit and sit down and read. I honestly have read this summer more than in my four years of high school combined. I didn't read much. Well, I wanted to thank everyone who read the first chapter and like- liked it despite my repetition of small words because I am a child. HA. I like writing with a cup of soda. Coke. But guess what?? My parents told me if I wanted some I would have to go to the store on my own and buy it. I don't want to drive, it's raining. I am also hungry but the kitchen is like literally too far away. Oh... umm.... thanks for reading the first chapter. Sorry, I'm not consistent. I usually never get such a great response especially not on a first chapter. Thanks!! But that's in the past. Well, this chapter isn't too long. But the next should be much longer promise!!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“God bless his soul and may he rest in peace.” The priest lowered his head in prayer. Seokjin held his head low, rain pouring down on the umbrella he shared with his mother. The air was cold, and the group of people were for the first time in so long completely silent. Mostly just his father’s golf friends but some family members were mixed into this as well. He didn’t cry, his mother was though. She was crying. Hard. He lifted his head up when he heard the priest call amen.

Seokjin lifted his head from his bed, looking around his room. It was a few months ago that he attended his father’s funeral. Two months later, his mother’s followed. He planned both funerals. Alone.
He swung his legs off the side of the bed, standing up. His moved around the bottles of wine. He went into the bathroom, looking at the counter. A fresh new towel on it. He took off his shirt, placing a hand over his exposed chest. He finished undressing and got in the shower. After he was washed, he got dressed. He went back into his room, staring at the empty bottles. He didn't hesitate already beginning to clean.

He made his way downstairs, handing his trash off and making it into the dining room. He took his seat and began swiping on his phone. A maid entered, placing a cup of earl grey tea down in front of him with a small plate holding two soft boiled eggs the top already cut off. And another plate of toast. He looked at it, unwilling to even force himself to even try to eat it. He looked over at her, “Just... Just... Can you just bring me an apple?” Her eyes grew slightly but did as she was told taking up the plates she and previously placed. He sat back, pulling up a leg onto the chair. He continued to swipe down his phone. Until a message appeared. He read it and sighed. Getting up from his seat and moving towards the front door. He opened it and stood on the porch before shutting the door behind him. He dialed back the number quickly.
“Why are you texting me?” He huffed. The other person's voice was low, “When are you getting back? I don’t like having to be in this situation-” He was cut off by the other person. “I don’t want to. Not anymore-” Again this person didn’t let him finish. “Alright. Fine.” He took in a strained
breath. "I’ll do what I believe is right then.” He lowered his head, “Come to see me soon okay?” The person hung up, leaving Seokjin staring back at the dark screen. It was normal. For people to turn a blind eye to him. It was all so normal.

He went back into the house, entering the dining room. He was slightly surprised at the man sitting across from his seat. He was out of his office? This certainly wasn't normal. Seokjin knew better, going in and taking up his mug- turning back to leave as-

“I want to speak with you. Sit down.” Seokjin gritted his teeth, regretting ever coming down here to eat. He turned back, seeing him already eating the eggs with toast. Seokjin took the seat though, placing his mug back on to the table. The maid entered again, holding Seokjin’s freshly sliced apples. She was afraid, she must have felt the tension that was in the room. Especially since this was one of the first times they were both sitting in the dining room having breakfast. Alone. No guest, nothing just both of them. Seokjin took the apple slices, telling her lowly to leave them. They were alone after a moment, and again as usual, it was silent between them. Seokjin knew he would have to break it first.

“What did you want to speak to me about?” He knew what was coming.

“You inherited your family's company. What are you going to do with it?” Seokjin looks down at his hand, twisting his wedding ring.

“I...” He hesitated. "I don’t know."

“Are you going to give it to Taehyung?” He didn’t know.

“He doesn’t want it.” He took in a deep breath,

“So you’ll run it?”

“I...I don’t know.” He was keeping his voice low.

“Have you considered the merger your father wanted?” Seokjin knew this. That’s why they were still married. His father knew his model turned beauty icon son wouldn’t handle a finance firm well. He wanted him to marry the best of the best, the company that competed head to head with them for so long. So that they could one day merge and Yoongi and Seokjin could hold onto what his father had built up.

“I need a bit more time... to consider everything...” He saw Yoongi sit back in his seat.

“It’s been six months already. Hurry up and decide before the company falls into financial ruin.” He knew he had to but... he just couldn’t give it to him. He...he didn’t feel good about it. Seokjin was stripped of everything, now he was given this company. He didn't want it. And seemingly the only other heir was hesitant about it as well. But- he just didn’t want to hand it over. Not to him. Not another thing of his for him to take. “Also, the real estate people called me.” His eyes grew at this, “They said you refused the sale?” Seokjin drew his eyes up to him.

“It was a low offer-”

“They said you pulled the sale.” He picked up his cup of coffee eyeing Seokjin down. "And took it off the market.” Seokjin felt his breath slow, “Are you planning on keeping a separate home?”

“No! No...I-I... I want there to be a place for Taehyung to return to-”

“He owns his own home in Seoul.” He never lived there though. The boy was always off working in different countries.

“I...I just don’t...don’t think I’m ready to give it up yet-”

“Then are you planning on keeping it?” He smirked, “Who are you going to keep there?” Seokjin knew what he was implying. Who would he cheat on him with again.

“I grew up there Yoongi. It means something to me-”

“So things have meaning to you now?” He shook his head, “Decide soon alright? You’ll ruin another thing if you keep stalling.”

“I...I... know.” He pressed his eyes closed. “Just give me a bit of time... Just a little bit more to think it over?” His lips fell into the blank expression he always gave Seokjin when he wasn't insulting him. The one that didn't hurt as much as his taunting gaze.

“I have a charity dinner tonight.” He took up a napkin wiping the side of his mouth. "You should wear a red tie.” He looked up at Yoongi.
“I... I don’t think I want to go-”
“You haven’t been seen in over four months.” He didn’t sound worried just kinda of matter of fact.
“Be ready by seven. So we can get there early for once.”
“I just don’t think I can see people-”
“What are you hiding from? Huh?” Seokjin kept his head low. “People have been asking about you on the news. It’s best to push the rumors aside when they begin. So, be ready by then.”
“Yoongi-”
“You will be there Seokjin.” He looked at his husband’s face. It wasn’t angry, it wasn’t snarky. But it held seriousness.
“Yes.”

Their marriage wasn’t always bad. They did, believe it or not once loved each other at one point or another. They seemed as if they would never be separated. Though they were put together by their families, it wasn't bad. Yoongi wasn’t cruel, wasn’t demanding. Seokjin, however, ruined it. He was the one who messed up their relationship with a selfish act. After that, Yoongi never forgave him. He did marry him, but that was the last of it. They were enemies in their home, Seokjin never blamed Yoongi for his action. No matter how mean he was, Seokjin knew he was responsible for it. It was his punishment for being unfaithful. He sat back on the bed, hearing a ding on his phone. He took it from his hoodie front pocket. He sat up on his bed, the model’s photos had been sent to him finally. He swiped through them, remembering his own headshots from back in the day and how easily he would get the new jobs as soon as they were sent out. He would have to meet them, but it seemed like he had gotten everyone he wanted. The fashion show was in a week, so he would have to schedule them soon. He waited for a moment, before responding to Irene's text.

He looked himself over in the mirror of his room, he looked dashing in a navy blue form-fitting suit- with a bright cherry red tie. He combed his hair back with his hand for a moment, he looked nice.

Seokjin exited his room, seeing the face of his husband leaning on the wall in the hall. He was on his phone.
“You take forever.”
“I make money from my looks. It’s only expected for me to take the time to look as good as I do.” He looked up from his phone smirking lightly.
“Beauty fades.”
“So does my time. Let’s get this over with.” He lowered his phone, allowing for Seokjin to look him over. This was something he still did, despite their mutual understanding of where they stood in this fake relationship Seokjin always double checked him before he left home. Yoongi's tie was a bit off placed, but he was wearing a suit as well, but he was a light grey- his white shirt underneath allowing for the red tie to pop out. Seokjin knew he hated his touch but didn’t hesitate for a moment to move forward, and with quick fingers- adjusted his tie. Yoongi's shock at first must have been what kept him from pushing him straight away, but after a moment- he realized that Seokjin’s hands were on him. He slapped it away, leaving Seokjin’s hand in the air for a moment. Seokjin swallowed hard before speaking up. “For someone who wears a tie every day, you sure don’t know how to put it on.” He bit back the pain from his actions. “If you want me to be at your side, at least try to look decent.”

The car ride was silent, as Yoongi remained at the other end of the car- typing away on his phone. Seokjin didn’t do much, read a few reviews on his eyeshadow palette. It had five stars on all sites, and he was praised for the blendability of them as well as the opaque pigments that didn’t leave fallout on peoples faces. He smiled at the screen, seeing a few try-on photos.
“What are you smiling at?” Yoongi’s grouchy voice was almost booming to hear as it broke the silence they had held. He lifted his face to his husband, his smile fading at the sight of the other man’s face.
“Nothing.” He turned his phone off, sighing as he slid down the seat. “I won’t smile anymore.” He pressed his eyes closed, “Does that make you feel better?”

“Shut up.”

His hand was so cold- freezing to the touch, as it was intertwined through his own. Nine months and four days, he had counted to the day. This is how long it had been since his husband had held his hand. Seokjin turned to him, giving him large smile. It was one of his best smiles, the ones he saved for photoshoots. Yoongi returned him a small lift of his lip. That was it. That was the smile this man could muster to him. They moved away from the cameras entering the building. They didn’t break apart, seeing everyone turn to them as they entered. Seokjin was used to the eyes on him but still hated their impending questioning. He drew close to Yoongi’s ear, letting his lips brush against it.

“What time do I get to leave?”

“After you convince people me and you are happy together.” He pulled his head back, holding his chin with his other hand- staring into Seokjin's eyes. “Understand?”

“Don’t touch my face.” He let out a bit more bitter-filled then the other man liked. “We’ll split up and mingle. You deal with your coworkers, I’ll deal with the rest of them.” He lifted his brow. “Dinners starts at 8. Be back by then.” Seokjin gave him a toothy smile, moving forward and pressing a slight peck on his cheek.

“Alright.”

Seokjin kept his head up, keeping the alcohol flowing and conversation light and bubbly. It did help that it was all conversations about his fashion days or people wanting to hear funny stories. He had plenty of those. He once broke a models heel minutes before she had to walk on stage- he managed not to get fired by and this is truly amazing. By breaking the other heel to make them match. No one seemed to notice, not even the designer or model cause the whole thing was a success. It was a stomach pain for Seokjin though. They asked about his makeup line- which was good, cause they all praised him. Many of them being customers, occasionally they would ask him about how he was fairing. After the big change. Offering condolences, and telling him the pain will subside- or giving him their own personal stories with a dead loved one. He hated hearing them, it wasn’t painful until they brought it back to his mind.

“Ahh… Imagine having someone so handsome to be married to!” The woman placed a hand on his face, he gave her a small chuckle. Not trying to be rude and move his face away.

“I am so lucky-” She shook her head.

“Yoongi is the lucky one- you’re not just a pretty face.” That was nice. Probably the nicest compliment he’s received in a long time. “So… when do you think you’ll be having another one of your famous dinners at your home again?” Seokjin did throw amazing parties. Everyone ate all the food he cooked, which made it worth slaving over it for hours. Yoongi however never ate at these parties. He was like that with him, so Seokjin honestly never truly dwindled on it. It hurt more to think about it.

“I’m not sure. Soon though~” A person began to make an announcement about dinner, and Seokjin knew he was running late. He leaned close to the woman excusing himself. He looked around for a moment, trying to find Yoongi. He was still, with the same men that he went to when they entered. Seokjin dreaded hearing any mentions of finances but decided it was best to be at his side. He moved through the crowd easily, taking another glass of champagne on the way. He stood by his husband side, not touching but at his side. Eyes fell on him, as Yoongi turned back to look at him.

“Dinner is starting soon, dear.” Seokjin gave him a bright smile before he heard the voices of Yoongi’s pals speaking to him. He sighed lightly, turning to face them.

“Hello.” He let out,

“Yoongi brought his beauty of a husband?” He hated all these men. Much like how he hated most people around Yoongi. They all thought he was a stupid man who was devoted to his husband, one who only knew how to look good and suck him off. Well, he had news for them. He did none of
those two things for Yoongi.
“Please, you flatter me.” He moved a hand up to his face, covering his mouth lightly.
“No. It’s true.” He offered him a small smile, “I’ve always wondered...How did Yoongi ever
manage to sweep such a man? Like I mean...you were a world-renowned model?” Seokjin looked
over to his husband, who is holding a rather bland look. One he sees when he’s annoyed about
what’s going on.
“Family friends.” He says, taking a sip of his amber drink. He knew what it was about. He never
wanted Seokjin. He was just a problem to have, especially when someone made it seemed like he
was the lucky one. For finding him. Seokjin knew this got under his skin, so he always tried his
best to steer the conversation in a different direction.
“Oh? Look the doors open to the dining room!” They looked back and lingering for a moment
before they all began to make their respective ways to the doors. Seokjin followed his husband
matching his steps. He heard him again, back on his phone. He didn’t mind. It was better when he
was distracted his cold eyes were away from him.
After a bit of time, they took their seats at the table in the front. Seokjin was next to Yoongi.
Seokjin kept his head low, as he ate allowing for Yoongi to continue his conversations with those
around them.
“So, are we going to be expecting the merger soon Seokjin?” He didn’t want to answer. Not with
Yoongi here. He couldn’t just say no. He didn’t know what to say. He lifted his head at the man
ahead of him.
“Pardon me for a moment?” He turned his gaze to Yoongi who was midbite in his steak. “I have to
go to the restroom. I’ll be back soon-” He took up his napkin placing it on the table as he stood up
from his seat, but a hand took his wrist keeping him from moving. He turned to face him, his eyes
unchanging.
“Be back soon.” Seokjin nodded.
He had curled up on the floor of the restroom, his stomach was not in the best condition lately. He
had already let out all of the contents of tonight out into the toilet. He knew he shouldn’t have
eaten. He didn’t want to be here anymore. Not in this place, being stared at by Yoongi’s workers,
his friends, and colleagues. They judged him more than the servers at their home did. At least at
home, they knew Yoongi and Seokjin weren’t actually together, here they all picked at him to pick
on him. Was it because he was a Kim? Was it because his father’s company rivals them? Cause
Yoongi allowed it? He pulled himself up, keeping his head between his legs. He should head
home. He lifted his phone, typing quickly out the message. Yoongi would be upset if he just... left.
There were reporters outside. They had some very important clients here today. He needed to leave
though. He was dirty. Covered in his own vomit and sweat. He couldn’t let anyone see him like
this. He pulled himself up, going over to the sink- and washing out his mouth. Yoongi would be upset if he just... left.
He had managed to walk away from the building and was standing outside in the back- his coat in
his arms, even as he shivered through the wet dress shirt. He couldn’t just put it on, it was covered
in his vomit. He pulled down his cigarette, staring at it in his hand. He quit after his modeling days.
But on stressful days, he always seemed to revert back to it. When they were still happy together
Yoongi hated it when he would come home- he would take a whiff of him and huskily tell him to
shower. Afterwards, though, they would cuddle on whatever hotel bed they had found in the city
they were both in. They both used to travel so much, one for Seokjin’s work and two because
Yoongi wasn’t the president of his company yet. Things changed over time. He lowered the
cigarette to the ground stomping on it.

Seokjin was at home, waiting for his scolding like a child who knew they did wrong. He knew he
would get back, angry at him for leaving him half-way through dinner at such an important charity
event. What would he take away this time? Seokjin smiled at the thought. He didn’t have much
anymore. Whatever it was, he didn’t care. If he wanted to keep him here, well he has finally
succeeded. He doesn’t want to leave this place anymore.

Seokjin could see the headlights to the car pull up, and see as his driver moved to the side of the
car opening it for him. His husband sat up and made the walk to the front door rather quickly.
Seokjin sat back on the living room couch. Preparing an explanation quickly. He saw as he made
his way through until he entered the house. Seokjin waited for a moment before calling out.
“I’m in here.” His voice echoed through the large home- as he could hear his footsteps coming into
the room. He moved his eyes to him. Taking in what he looked like in. He was shorter than him, he
was- but always seemed more mature. His hair was black, which bounced off his pale skin. His
eyes were small but held a look of hostility. His tie was pulled down, loosened for what was going
to be another argument between them. “I’m sorry I left you.”
“It’s not the first time.” He pressed his eyes closed, folding his arms together. “I fired the guy.”
Seokjin’s brow moved at this,
“What?”
“If you don’t want to merge, then don’t. I don’t need your company.” He said this flatly. “Now, we
have to discuss-”
“You’ve already won. Whatever you want, take it. I’m too tired to put up a fight.” Yoongi’s eyes
showed a bit of mockery,
“I’m not taking anything away.” His eyes then grew dark as he said this, and Seokjin knew he had
offended him.
“I’m sorry.” He shook his head.
“Jungkook called me earlier...” His eyes lifted at this,
“He did?” Seokjin’s voice nearly broke at the sound of hearing from him. Yoongi’s little brother,
who unlike him- still loved him. Still, though he was a decent human being to him.
“Is he coming here?” Yoongi nodded.
“Yeah...” He ran his hand through his hair, showing him he was a bit nervous at what he was about
to say. "He’s engaged.”
"E-engaged?!" His eyes lit up at this, “To?”
“This kid from a huge law firm.” He sighed, “His family works for your company.” Seokjin looked
back at him.
“My lawyers? The ones who’ve never lost a case?” He nods. “Alright.” Seokjin knew his rules,
ever interact with his family. Which is why Seokjin has spent the last five years alone during the
holidays, alone during vacations and birthdays. He wasn’t allowed near anyone Yoongi found
precious as a fear of tainting them. He was probably just telling him so he could fill out the card on
the gift.
“They are having a party here in Korea to celebrate their return and engagement.”
“How long will you be gone?” Yoongi sighed.
“I’m taking you along.” Seokjin’s eyes grew at this,
“Pardon?”
“I’m taking you with me.” He huffed in annoyance. "That kid likes you, and it’s been a while." He
shrugged, "They... My family... they all want to see you.” He ruffled his hand through his hair.
“When will they be here?” He paused. “Wait- will they be here-”
“No.” He sounded reluctant to keep speaking with him. "I’ve already rented them out a place.”
Seokjin felt himself sigh in relief.
“They plan to get married in Italy a few days afterwards.” Seokjin smiled at the thought. He hadn't been to Italy in ages. “We will be attending that together as well.”
“We’ll be going overseas? But I have to work on-”
“You’ve handled it from here you can do it over there as well.” He wanted to complain slightly, but the prospects of leaving the country seemed to outweigh his previous statements. Maybe it was because he was still in the bubble of people who knew who he was, well… time had passed maybe in a different country he was just a plain ol’ former model. He could leave this place, all it would take was a bit of time.
“When is the engagement party?”
“It’s next week. They’re flying into Korea on Saturday though.” He sighed, “We’ll be throwing them a party when they get here.” Oh. This meant that there would be people in their large home? This was a first, in a long time. Yoongi hates being disturbed, especially for stupid reasons. Like a party. But Yoongi always had a soft spot for his younger brother. “You should clear plans for then-”
“I have to hire models tomorrow-”
“Is that really important?”
“It’s for my collection. I need to have it done.” He pressed his eyes closed, “I’ll have it done quickly-”
“Do it quick. Then-” He looked him down, “They want you to throw the party. I told them no… you-”
“I’ll do it.” He didn’t hesitate. He loved parties, they made him happy to plan. He had always thought he would never be able to plan another one.
“I hired a party planner. They’ll be here tomorrow. Handle it with them.” He nodded. And again they like so much before were consumed by silence.
“Is that all?” He nodded.
“We’ll be acting like a couple while they are here-”
“Can’t have anyone knowing we don’t like each other.” Seokjin huffed, “Don’t worry on my end. You should practice though, that smile tonight-” He scoffed. “I wouldn’t believe we were even acquaintances.”
“Shut it.” He bit back, scrunching his nose in distaste. He sniffed the air for a bit. At this, his eyes opened and stared back at Seokjin. “You’re smoking again?” Seokjin's face paled. Did he still smell? “Disgusting.”

Chapter End Notes

Well.
That was something.
Can you tell I don't like smokers? Not by my past work. I usually have everyone smoking. No, but seriously don't smoke kids, it's bad for your lungs. They didn't do anything wrong.
Well, I'm updating this kinda cause I wrote a chapter for another story... but like editing has consumed my life. So, I'll be posting that on some other time. But seriously the reason I was able to update so quickly was that of the response I got. Y'all liked it and I got to keep my audience happy.
So, I do have some more writing that I did for this that I'll be posting soon. So stay tuned.
Again tell me what you think. Criticism is always more than welcomed, no need to worry I'm not too sensitive. Nope, I am, be careful with your words. I cry easily. But seriously thank you for reading and understanding I am a mess of a human and have
never heard of consistency cause let me tell you I don't know her. Oh. I should mention there will be some new characters in the next chapter. Take a guess who? I doubt you'll get it though. Ok. That seems like a good place to leave off, hope you enjoyed and you should hear from me soon!
Koi

Chapter Notes

Hello! So, I had a near death experience today. I was turning out of a store and a car nearly hit mine. That is why I am updating. Death has a way of making people work. Okay, so I usually talk about myself in the top but like... I don't want to say much. Just that like thank you for all the comments and kuddos? I call them likes okay. And the hits? Like yay!! This is a troupe-ass fic so like thank you so much! Okay. Thanks for reading and I hope you enjoy!

Inspiration from: Redamancy by mintjinies (chuyasexual).

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Seokjin woke up very early the next morning, feeling slightly determined to finish his hectic schedule quickly. He dressed in something… less comfortable than his usual, just a white dress shirt, sleeves slightly rolled up and black dress pants. He exited his room, going downstairs to see a maid staring at him intensely. She probably just hasn't seen him so dressed up in like… forever, since his usual attire is sweatpants and a hoodie. She lowered her head slightly, “Mr. Min. There are a group of people waiting for you in the study-” He nodded to her, “Yes. I will take care of it-” He paused, “Did my husband leave already?” She nodded.

“He did.” He almost sighed in relief, “Have drinks prepared, please?” He smiled, “And let me know if the party planner gets here?” She nodded leaving him alone. He took in a deep breath. How long had it been since he had hired his own models? Too long.

He watched them strictly, remembering the advice of his former designers. They must look graceful, dress well- but not too well. They shouldn’t refuse the food you give them, they should eat. Faces must be wearing little to no makeup, and finally, they must be slightly intimidating even to the designer. Seokjin did feel it, as the group of men and women sat in his lavish study. He looked them down, each and everyone matching his every request. He was delighted at this, “I think everyone here will be in the fashion show next week.” He closed the last folder, offering them all a warm look. They seemed relieved, he moved his hands to the couches. “You can all sit down now-” He nodded quickly. “I understand. It hurts to stand for too long.” They all eyed him.

He wasn’t a mean designer, but he could feel that they had all had personal experiences with one. The ones that force them to not only stop eating but to dehydrate as well as the time for the show approached. They were probably just a bit terrified, wondering if he was like that. Seokjin knew their hesitation was real. “I swear, it’s fine. I get it.” Some knew who he was, some already agreeing and taking the seats. Then another person walked into the study. Late, Seokjin thought. Then though he noted the familiar face among them. He moved closer to Seokjin offering him a slight nod of the head.

“Jooheon?” He smiled at him remembering.”It’s been a minute?” He nodded. “I-I didn’t think you would show up-”

“I never refuse work from a good friend.” The younger models behind them seemed a bit frightened as he turned back to look at them. “You guys see this man? He was one of the highest paid models at one point. He knows the pain, so just listen to him.”

“Don’t tell them that- they don’t even know who they are working for yet-”
“They know who you are.” He smiled back, “Jin.” Faces grew slightly pale at his stage name. “Hey! There is food prepared in the dining room! Feel free to get some!” They all stared at him for a moment, before standing and leaving. They must have been more afraid then he thought. Seokjin shook his head up at his friend. “I thought you were in Paris?” “I was. Got bored.” “You can’t just get bored.” Seokjin began to nag. “You have to put up with it.” He rolled his eyes, “You won’t believe how annoying everyone’s being. Everyone’s wearing the same old shit as always. And there isn’t anyone fun to speak with.” “Well…” He turned back at him, “It isn’t about changing every two seconds Jooheon. Some stuff has to stay the same.” He nodded. “How’s retirement?” “Good.” He said it without a thought, “I don’t have to worry about eating noodles anymore.” “Shit… I haven’t eaten noodles in a while…” He lowered his head, “So are you gonna hire me?” “I’ll hire you.” Seokjin confirmed, “But you’ll have to do me a favor?” “A favor?” “I have an engagement party around that time and I will be tending to that… so I won’t be able to go to the fashion show.” “Ah...The legendary designer who hasn’t shown up to any of his own shows?” Seokjin puffed his lip. “I’m guilty. I know. But I just won’t be able to make it.” “You want me to thank the guest?” He nodded. “You’d sound the most professional.” “Am I invited to this engagement party?” “You’d most likely find it boring. But sure, I’ll have your invite.” He nodded, looking around the room. “Must be nice to live in one place huh?” Seokjin knew what this was about. “You haven’t visited your family in a while huh?” He nodded, before turning his head back to him. “Sorry... I didn’t mean to-” “It’s fine.” He shook his head, “It’s good to want to be around family. I would have wanted to.” Jooheon smiled, “Thanks.” He nodded, “Can’t imagine what it must be like going through that…” He shook his head from the thought, “I’m sure your husband’s been a huge help?” Seokjin nodded. “Of course.” He hadn’t. Didn’t even attend even one of his parent’s funerals. Seokjin wasn’t upset though, why would he want that man around him during such an emotional time in his life? He was no help, so him being here was the best thing Seokjin could ask for. “Now let’s go eat?” He nodded. “So, I was thinking about 10,000 roses spread out across the backyard?” Seokjin stared at the party planner. It was as if Yoongi had told her to ignore his input and plan it all on her own. “I’ve been looking in on hiring a full array of chefs-” “Actually.” Seokjin offered her a smile. “I’ll be cooking.” “You?” She turned back to face him, “No. We’ll have too many people for that-” Seokjin looked confused for a moment. “It’s a small family gathering.” “Small?” She shook her head, “Mr. Min has ordered for it to be for over three hundred guests.” “That’s a bit excessive-” “Exactly. I’ll handle the caterers. You just handle looking nice Mr. Min.” Seokjin wasn’t the stubborn type. Nope, he wasn’t but this was a bit annoying to hear. He had to just handle looking nice? He looked at her, a bit of frustration apparent. “Who said I couldn’t handle it?”
“Oh. I didn’t mean to offend you. I just meant-”
“You meant I can’t handle this on my own?” He pressed his eyes closed. “I didn’t hire you.”
Seokjin crossed his arms over his chest. “My husband did... Which is why I am not firing you.
You’ll handle the other affairs, I will handle the food. Do you understand that?” She seemed
flustered at him. “Do you?”
“Yes, sir.”

Seokjin was beyond himself, how in the world would he make that much food? 300? That was not
only ambitious but also foolish of him. What was he to do? Cook it all on his own? No. He would
just have to admit defeat and order it from a catering company on his own... Or- he could hire a
good few sous-chefs and some other cooks to help him. He... in theory could do it. It wasn’t
impossible, and he was a good cook. Cooked for about thirty at most but that was a lot. He lowered
his fabric sample, taking up his phone and again pulling favors with people who he knew.

To say he was overwhelmed by work was an understatement. He was swamped. The eyeshadow
pigments they had sent him from the lab- first of all were not the right pink shades he wanted. Too
pastel or just- orange scaled, and not enough pay off- too much fallout. He ruined one of his white
turtlenecks in the process of touching the pigments. The lipsticks were too fragile, stained his arm
with just light swatches and the bottles were hideous, whoever approved of the design was not him.
So, that had to be sent back- with a heavily worded email, and an explanation as to why his name
would never be on anything like this. That was easy, it would hold them off for a few days as they
fixed the color ratios and formulas. His fashion show had come to an almost halt as one of the
models seemed to be too thin to fit into a tunic that fit just perfectly a few days before. Which
confused him, but his fashion director Joy had claimed it was too off-putting. He had to have the
entire cloth brought here to his home- and for the first time in a while, he had to use his own
sewing machine- having the model have it fixed while in his presence. They seemed very nervous,
but Seokjin was more. The fabric was meant to look a bit larger on them, but not like a sack. He
had pricked his fingers so many times just trying to avoid touching the model's skin. They were the
squeamish type. Now though, he was fixing up what he planned to serve for the next day. Just
dessert, he had already come up with the menu with a few other chefs hours ago. Who approved
delightfully at his cooking. He actually felt as if he could pull this off. Sure, his fingers were
bandaged tightly from the needles and his hands were stained because of the lipsticks but hey- he
was trying. He can’t look his best at this point. He sliced a few more peeled kiwis, adding them on
top of the tart for better visuals. He smiled, picking it up and moving it to the fridge. He was
prepared, taking out a previously made one. Insomnia was only starting to pay off in his books. He
brought the tart down on the marble countertop. Stares were drawn to him by the sous-chefs and
other chefs he had hired by pulling other favors. He took up his knife, slicing quickly handing
everyone a piece. They all seemed to approve.
“We’ll make around one hundred of those by tonight.” They all nodded. “I placed the recipes at
every station- and we have three full kitchens in the house- so we’ll be a bit apart. But every
kitchen should prepare around roughly 34 of them and set them in the two walk-in fridges in the
basement.” They were listening to him. “We should try to finish before three in the morning, so we
can have some time to rest before tomorrow. We’ll start at around dawn?”
“At dawn?” He looked at Junmyeon.
“We should begin to butterfly the quails. Then we’ll proceed to prep the rest of the ingredients.
That way we can ensure we are finished before dinner.” Jongin pokes his head up,
“We’ll have it done at that time then?!” He winks lightly, “We’ve already brought ruin to the
modeling world! We can do the same with cooking!” Seokjin really appreciated his modeling days.
They’ve brought him close to not only other foodies but to people who actually answer his calls for
His hand was aching and he had taken so many pain relievers, he had lost count. He took another two, just to make sure he wasn’t hallucinating. He had been cutting fruit for so long he swears, he was absorbing their vitamins through his skin. Everyone was chattering lightly, he enjoyed this. A kitchen with just silence was honestly no fun. He remembers when Yoongi would get home, sit on the counter and eat everything he had set aside for dinner, chatting with him about his day. He used to love his cooking so much. Jungkook loved it too. He wondered if he would be delighted to eat his cooking again. Or if he much like his older brother would grow in distaste for everything he touched. A hand was then on his shoulder, causing him to almost quiver as he looked back at Jongin. He held up a wine glass,
“My kitchen finished up 45 of ‘em.” Seokjin sighed.
“Mine is on 50.” They both let out small laughs,
“Junmyeon’s done too. His staff’s sleeping in the extra rooms already.” Seokjin nodded looking at the four people with him.
“I think you guys should head up and rest.” He pulled up his watch. They were early it was only 1:50. He smiled. They all slightly celebrated, moving away and heading in the direction of the east wing. Where he had prepared them each a room. Yes, they needed rooms here. They were going to be cooking through the night- well… partially.
“You gonna crash or have some wine with us outside?” He dropped his knife down on the cutting board.
“Wine.”

They were outside all three of them. Sitting near the Koi pond, watching the fish move through the moonlight.
“My house doesn’t have a pond.” Junmyeon let out,
“That’s because it has a race track.” He looked at Seokjin.
“I thought you had one too- for all your cars?” Seokjin liked collecting cars. Liked. Before his husband forbade him leaving and then took away his collection.
“I haven’t driven. Too busy these days.” He nodded. Jongin leaned back looking at him.
“Heard you hired Jooheon for the upcoming show?”
“You guys were invited too. Don’t complain.”
“Well. We don’t go cause you’re never there.” Jongin said. “We know it’s going to be a success so why show up?” He brought up his hands, showing them his bandaged fingers.
“You see this? My pain is a good reason to be there.” They stifled some laughs. “I didn’t get them from cutting berries. I had to sew on an outfit today.” Jongin shook his head.
“You know not to hire models who crash diet.” He nodded.
“I made it clear to stay their size. Guess they don’t listen like we did?” They all nod, “Whenever anyone told me to stay the same size, I would almost cry. Meant we could go out for-
“Pizza.” Junmyeon pursed his lips at the memory.
“We sound like old people reminiscing.”
“We are old. Too old for the world of modeling.” Seokjin looked at them with questioning looks,
“I retired to get married.” They turned to look at him,
“I retired to eat.” Jongin let out. Only for Junmyeon to pause,
“I retired to raise my kids.” They all seemed to silence. “So none of us retired cause we were too old?” They all looked around. “We were like what-”
“25.” They all shook their heads. “Holy shit, I thought it was cause we were old.” Seokjin waved them off,
“We are now.” Thirty was old in the world of modeling. “I’m over it. Standing for 13 hours? No thanks.”
“Drinking that many proteins shakes?” Seokjin turned to Jongin.
“What was that all about huh? Protein shakes?” He shrugged,
“They liked seeing me big.” Seokjin now knew why he never understood. He was the thin type of model, the ones who showed skin but never too much. He was more high fashion than for magazines.
“They always steered me away from being too big.”
“You were the pretty type. I was too masculine for that.” Seokjin looked a bit offended.
“I used to have a six pack you know...”
“Really? What happened to it?” He could say being married didn’t require it but he was Seokjin.
“I drank it.” They all let out hard chuckles. Junmyeon looked down at his watch, “Oh, shit? It’s already three.” He turned up to Seokjin. “Shouldn’t you be in bed with your husband?” Seokjin’s brow moved up.
“He’s already sleeping. I don’t want to wake him up.” Jongin shook his head at him, “What a considerate husband you are?” He smiled, “I sure am.” Seokjin moved back in his seat. “Both of you should head to bed.” He stared at them.
“I don’t need both of you looking like walking dead extras.” They nodded.
“You’re to talk.” Seokjin waved them off, “Heading there.”

Seokjin drank another three glasses of wine, staring at the pond. He could see the fish moving as a group- to where the full moon was hitting the water. His mind wandered as he listened to their splashing.
He wondered if his husband was watching him, or if he was sitting in his office again. Was he? Did he care enough check on his planning? On him? He always said the only ever checked on him because it put his reputation at risk to have out and about. He knew he didn’t care what he did anymore. Only when he was alone with another man did he come to him- and offer true insults. He always referred to him as that whore then. Seokjin let out a sigh as he looked around the garden, he hasn’t been out here in a while. He stood up, going back inside.

He fell asleep on the couch in the living room, which didn’t offer much- it was very uncomfortable but was still better than heading upstairs and laying down on his bed. He couldn’t trust that he would get up after only resting for an hour on that thing. At dawn, he was already up- tying his apron in the kitchen.
“You’re up early.” The voice was tired and ghostly. He wasn’t sure if he was hearing things or if it actually belonged to Yoongi. “Where’s the cook?” Seokjin turned back to see him, he was scratching his stomach from underneath his white shirt. He was still in his pajamas, hair a mess much like how his eyes were still pretty much closed.
“I gave him the day off.” Seokjin placed a hand on his cheek, knowing he was probably hungry. “I think he left a tart in the fridge?” He turned to point at the fridge. “Would you like me to serve you?” He shook his head.
“I can do it myself.” Seokjin watched Yoongi move past him and go into the fridge. He must have seen the desert, taking it up and setting it down on the kitchen’s island. He looked around for a moment a bit confused. Seokjin knew why. He never spent his time in any of the kitchens. He didn't know where anything was. “When is the party planner coming to finish decorating outside?” Seokjin moved to the cabinet near the four ovens, taking out a small plate. He handed it to Yoongi who took it without another word.
“She said she would get here at eight. She had to prep the roses beforehand or something like that?” He took a slice of the tart, and again Seokjin had deemed he was lost. He pulled out a fork
from another drawer, handing it to him. “She never told me how she was going to decorate the house though?” He took a bite of the sweet tart. He liked sweets. Seokjin was staring a bit, knowing he had made that and not their usual chef. Would he throw it up if he told him he made it? Possibly. “Handle her when she gets here.” Seokjin nodded, “I’ll be in my office. Try not to get in my way?” Seokjin offered him a tug of his lips.

“Have you had a maid iron your outfit for tonight?” He nodded.

“I had two new suits made, yours is hung in your closet-”

“Good morning-Oh? Yoongi?” Jongin entered the kitchen tying an apron on. His husband seems to freeze up at the sight of another man entering their kitchen from Seokjin’s wing of the home. He maybe should have told him they were housing their cooks for tonight?

“Yoongi, Dear, you remember Jongin right? Kai? My friend.” He didn’t look pleased one bit, Jongin moved his hand forward smiling waiting for him to shake it.

“We met at your wedding. I was apart of his groomsmen?” Yoongi nodded, placing his plate down and hesitantly shaking his hand. Junmyeon came into the kitchen next, hair a bit undone.

“Morning-” He looked up to see Yoongi. “Oh? Yoongi? You stayed up with Seokjin?” His brow rose at the question. His eyes moved down to the tart, smiling largely. “Do you like it? You’re husband spent so long making that one in particular.” Seokjin didn’t need that. Not a single bit, he didn’t want him to know he cooked it. He never ate a single thing he touched. And as stated before he looked at Yoongi who stopped chewing.

“It’s nice.” He pushed the plate forward, “But I’m not into sweets.” He sighed lightly, “I have to head to work now Seokjin,” Seokjin nodded,

“On a Saturday?” Jongin asked. Seokjin jumped forward speaking quickly.

“I’ll call your driver out then?” Yoongi agreed, raising his hand to Seokjin's friends.

“Nice seeing you all. I’m sorry I have to head out.” They both offered their own farewells.

Seokjin followed Yoongi out of the kitchen and down the hall to his side of the home. They were both silent, as they approached his office. He knew it though, that he was leading them into the room. It was soundproof. They entered, and Seokjin closed the door behind them- quickly trying to offer an explanation

“Yoongi? We were just cooking-” He turned back narrowing his eyes. He knew he wasn’t pleased.

“It’s not what it looks like… I’m not…”

“Don’t speak to me.” His voice was low. “Were you hiding them in your room or something?”

“Yoongi please-”

“Wasn’t that model you brought home the other day enough? Or do you just want to start keeping them in our house-”

“Yoongi. It isn’t like that.” He paused. The maids in the house must have told him, told him that he and Jooheon were left alone in the study. “He’s was a friend-”

“So they have to be at least friends huh?” He smirked. “At least try to keep your legs closed when my family gets here?”

“Yoongi.” His voice was low. “They are friends. Nothing more.” Yoongi rolled his eyes at him. “Sure.” He shook his head up at him, “Get the fuck out of my office Seokjin.” Seokjin sighed. He could always be so mean to him. “I’ll be back during lunch. Try not to drool over more men till I get back, alright?” He took in a deep breath.

“Yoongi. You shouldn’t be speaking like-”

“Like what?” He took in a deep breath, “What am I speaking of that is making you so uncomfortable?” Seokjin pressed his lips together. “Can’t say it huh?” He let out a scoff. “Get out.” Seokjin looked down at the ground for a moment.

“I’m sorry.” “Get. Out.” He looked up, seeing Yoongi’s expression. It was anger,
“Yoongi-”
“What? What do you want?!” Seokjin took in a deep breath.
“I’m sorry.” He swallowed hard, “I’m so sorry… but please- don’t… stop bringing that up?”
“Why?” He shook his head tauntingly. “Does it make you feel guilty? Makes you feel bad doesn’t it?” Seokjin lifted a hand to his mouth.
“It does.” He pressed his eyes closed. “Please. Let’s not act like this now-”
“Why?” He crossed his arms. “Why shouldn’t I act like this Seokjin?”
“Because we have guest Yoongi. They shouldn’t know you can’t stand me.” He huffed, smirking at him.
“I loathe you.” Seokjin stared at his husband, trying his best not to dwell on his words. Words were used to hurt him.
“I… I know…” He lowered his head.

Seokjin was slitting the small birds in half, breaking their backbones to butterfly them.
“So…Why is your husband so… how do I say this- nicely… umm... unfriendly?”
“It’s early.” He smiled, “He’s a bit grouchy. Sorry.” Jongin shook his head,
“Don’t worry. My man’s the same.” He sighed, “Mine eat’s whatever I feed him though?”
“He doesn't like sweets.” Seokjin smiled, “I don’t take it personally. He’s kinda just like that?” He shrugged. “He’s a sweetheart though. I swear.”
“Whatever you say…” Junmyeon let out.

They had finished cutting open so many birds which in turn also required them to season so many birds. They honestly could have fed a small army with everything they were making. Seokjin felt good, about everything they were doing. A specific kitchen, the one Jongin was dealing with was working on the risotto. Junmyeon was making an ambiguous amount of stuffed mushrooms for horderves. Everyone was working around the clock- until someone came into Seokjin’s main kitchen looking him down.
“Mr. Min?” It was the party planner. He turned back to her, a large butcher knife at hand.
“Yes, what is it?” She looked at the sharp tool.
“We are having some issues with the pond?” His brow lifted at this-
“What kind of problems?”
“Umm…” She placed a hand over her ear, listening through her earpiece as a static voice came up.
“All the fish are dead.” His mouth opens slightly.
“My-my what?”
“The fish… they are all dead.”

Seokjin stared at his gardeners and maids as they reached into the pond taking up his dead koi fish. There were seven of them. He had gotten them when they were no larger than his pinky. Imported them here, and had this pond built just for them. So that they could grow and become as large as they had. His gaze never wavered from them.
“They were a gift from Japan. From- from my husband…” He bit his bottom lip, looking over at the party planner. “I got them on my last show before I retired.”
“I-I can arrange for more to be brought in before lunch Mr. Min?” He felt his eyes sting for a moment, taking his hand up to his eyes- wiping away the tear.
“No.” He shook his head. “The-something must be wrong with the water.” He blinked quickly, feeling a large sigh coming on. “I... I have to get back to cooking.” He looked over at the maid holding up the only albino one. “Move them out- and don’t let any reporters see this alright? Drain
out the water- and replace it.” He turned to his gardener. “Let’s not get any more fish until after the party’s over okay?” He nodded, taking the large fish in his hands and moving them away from Seokjin’s view. He looked down at the ground, seeing a few petals spread around. “Have this place finished soon. I don’t need Mr. Min seeing a mess.” He had a feeling in his stomach. He tried not to think about it, he tried to ignore it. He wouldn’t... Would he? No. He wouldn’t hurt them... he was mean, he was selfish but, he was a lot of things... but he wouldn’t hurt something so precious to him right? Yoongi wouldn’t kill his last present to him... right?

He was in a bit of a haze, as he chopped at the herbs under his hand.

“Ah? Seokjin?” Jongin entered stealing a glance at his work. “Where are your bandages?”

“I-I took them off. I didn’t want anyone finding one in the food.” Jongin placed a hand over his shoulder.

“Wash the wounds out when you are done then- don’t want to get an infection?” He nodded.

“I will. I just have to make sure this is all done.” He looked over at the six large pots on the stove.

“They’ll be done in a few hours. We should be done by dinner no?” He nodded.

“I’m just prepping some garnish.” He seemed a bit concerned as he began to speak.

“Hey- there’s been some commotion out front for a bit?”

“Ignore it. Just paparazzi causing issues for the planner and valet.” He looked back for a moment, seeing the man's hands inside the pocket of his apron. “They are here all the time.”

“Must suck?”

“It does.” He shrugged. “You get over it though. Just have to stay inside a bit more.” He looked bewildered to hear this,

“You? Stay in? You’re the same man who went to four countries in the span of 34 hours?” Seokjin scraped his knife on the board, rounding up all the chopped thyme.

“Yes. I was. That life was tiring though, and now I’m married.” He let out a small snuffle.

“Sometimes you have to give up somethings for better things.” He rose a brow at this,

“Must be hard being married to someone so important- and being born into such an important family-”

“You were born into one too-”

“Yeah but like... I don’t have to deal with that stuff. I mean... he’s working on a Saturday Seokjin?” Seokjin shook his head at him,

“Yoongi keeps his business life and our lives apart.” He did. He doesn’t want Seokjin near anything he does. Afraid he'll ruin it. “I have my own business... so we are both too busy all the time-”

“Then take some time off.”

“We are both too busy to go on vacation.”

“Still... You should take some time out- from the fashion world. Designer Jin and Jin Cosmetics can wait you know? Sometimes taking time for yourself is important?” Seokjin placed his knife down.

“I know.” He smiled lightly, “Which is why I am trying my best to cement my companies so then I can take some time for me.” Jongin smiled.

“That’s nice to hear.” He nodded before his eyes lit up. “I know! You should go to that private island! The one your parents own.” He paused at his mention of his parents. He attended the funeral, most of his model friends did. “Ah... sorry.”

“No. It’s fine.” He rubbed his cheek for a moment. “I own it now- so I should go there huh?” Jongin nodded.

“Take a weekend. Oh! Take Yoongi with you...it’ll help relax the both of you.” Of all the things he could get Yoongi to do for him, the last thing was convincing him to go to an isolated island. Even if they could both be on separate sides of it and forget each other's existence even just for a weekend he wouldn’t.
“I’ll ask him later.” No. He wouldn’t. Maybe he would bring up the fact that they haven’t been out in a while. But that was all he would say. Who cared anyway? He would be going to Italy soon. That’s all that mattered right now. That and Jungkook’s arrival back to Korea. Those were his focuses, not letting him down with his cooking. Not letting him down with a bad party. Not thinking of his dead fish. Keeping everyone at this party happy, was also another way of pleasing his husband.

“Okay- now come on. We should go make sure they are setting the roses down correctly?” Seokjin nodded, turning back to the stove top. Those huge pots would take a while to cook.

“Let’s.”

The pond was being refilled as he exited the home to see the wild forest of white roses that had consumed his backyard. His eyes were still focused on that as Jongin spoke up.

“I think… it’s a bit excessive?” Junmyeon shrugged,

“Not all of us can get our hands on- how many roses?” Seokjin took in a deep breath looking back at the flowers.

“10,000 I think-”

“1,000,000.” He pressed his eyes at the number, as the party planner came from behind them.

“Guess I’m starting a compost pile after this?” He sighed, as he watched people forcefully opening the flowers to show them in full bloom.

“Funnny Mr. Min.” She drew up her clipboard, “Tables are being set up right now- and the entertainment will arrive soon.”

“Oh? Who’s entertaining, Seokjin?” Jongin asked. Seokjin shrugged, the party planner, however, turned back lips pursed.

“You don’t know? Mr. Min told me to hire I.U.” He lifted his brow to her,

“She agreed?” She nodded. Wow. Yoongi was pulling out all the stops for his little brother? Seokjin looked around, his garden looked nice. If be it a bit too nice but overall white. The tables were set out were white, the chairs as well. He wondered what wouldn’t be. “Are we setting up a bar outside as well?”

“Yes. Of course but the one in the house will be functional. Both bartenders were selected by-”

“As long as they have scotch and whiskey it’ll do.” Jongin bumped him lightly, he knew he was being impolite.

“What? Yoongi only drinks dark liquors.” He rolled his eyes lightly, “Besides that, Jungkook isn’t the biggest fan of alcohol- so get him some juice or something-”

“He’s a man Seokjin.” He almost jumped at the sound of his voice. Was it lunch time already? He didn’t bother turning back to greet him, seeing as everyone else made way for him as he stood by his side looking out at the garden. “He drinks now.”

“Well… he didn’t when I last saw him.” Seokjin didn’t say this above a whisper. “What do you think?” He asked.

“It looks nice.” He turned back to the three people behind them. “Right?” They all agreed, leaving him to be the last to ask. “Right Seokjin?”

“Yeah.” He took in a deep breath, planting a smile on his lips as he turned back to see him. “You should go up and rest, I’ll have a maid send something up for you?” He nodded.

“Come with me, will you?” His words were a bit strange to hear. Yoongi hasn’t asked him to go anywhere with him in a while, “I need you to look over something for me.” His words left him a bit shocked, but he knew they had an audience.

“Yeah.” He turned but to look at the other three, who were offering him large smiles. They probably thought he was going to get some. But nope. When it came to Yoongi, he was sure the only hard thing he would get was a scolding. Yoongi reached his hand out and allowed for Seokjin to wrap his own fingers between his.
Seokjin watches as his husband entered his office, following behind. He closed the door, watching him closely. He moved behind his desk taking up a pair of keys. Seokjin’s eyes grew large.

“Are those my—”

“This is their present.” Seokjin’s hope deflated. It wasn’t his car keys. “I bought them a yacht.” His voice was sure to have disappointment in it. “What do you think?”

“I’m pretty sure that’s more of a wedding gift?” He placed the keys down on the desk.

“You think so?” Seokjin went over to the desk, placing the keys in his palm.

“Yeah.” He lowered them again hearing the small thud as they hit the desk, “So, when are they getting here?”

“Guest should arrive at 7?” He tilted up his watch, “They get here at four. But I’m sure they’ll want to freshen up a bit?” Seokjin nodded, standing back. “You should be changed by then too— you look like a hysterical mess.” He looked up at Yoongi.

“Yeah.” He seemed to, unlike that response, crossing his arms.

“What?” Seokjin wasn’t going to ask. He had told himself this before.

“Nothing.” Did you kill the Koi Fish? That’s what he wanted to know. If he was really as cold-hearted as he thought he was. “I have some things to finish up… Can I go yet?” His eyes were strangely burning. Yoongi’s top lip pouted slightly,

“Go.”

Chapter End Notes

Hello. Yes. Hello. So, a lot of people had commented on the fact that... umm Yoongi seems evil. Well, I don't really think so. His actions are mean, yup and aren't justified by anything but it is a person. I always like saying this but I don't like black and white characters and by that I mean, I don't like it when a character is seen as good or evil. People aren't like that, even the nicest person is evil in someone else's story. So, no Yoongi isn't evil. And no matter how much Seokjin is perceived as the stereotypical kind protagonist with no flaws, he isn't. People are complex, and that's kind of how I want my characters to be seen. Not good, definitely flawed but also not evil. They are people.

Okay, sorry for the preach it's just been on my mind for a bit.

So, more about the story. I bet you didn't guess who I was going to add huh? I love exo too. Anyways, the next chapter we should be at the party so- look forward to that drama. And the intro of yup, more characters.

Also, koi fish, if you haven't figured out, is like my spirit animal. I've always loved them, and I want to own a pond one day with them. But I also read somewhere, that a group of them in a pond represents love and friendship. Kinda how BTS is huh? Okay, I think that's enough for today. Thank you for reading, please leave me comments cause that's what I need to continue working cause like... I sometimes feel uninspired and go to read your comments for inspiration! Leave kudos's and comments thanks a bunch!
Chapter Summary

The party plays out.

Chapter Notes

Hello. It has been a while. Well, I wanted to update I don't know if I'll be able to update this soon cause I'm in school and my schedule is shit.

Seokjin had finished everything. All that was needed to be done was for the guest to arrive finish their cocktails and then sit down for dinner. Seokjin was beyond himself, having slightly. How long had he worked for? Over three days non-stop. But it seemed worth it, his nose filling with the wonderful aroma of the food. He had left the quails for the chefs to finish up. Five minutes on each side in a rippling hot skillet and then ten minutes in the oven. With the amount done, he knew the twelve people he had hired could manage that easily.

“The both of you should head up and get ready? I left a little something for helping me.” Seokjin gave Junmyeon and Jongin smiles.

“You want us to attend?” Jongin asked almost in shock. Seokjin nodded.

“Well… if you have time?” They both looked at each other nodding, “You should get to try the fruits of your labor.” They looked pleased.

“We did cook for a long time?”

“And we did help set up?” Junmyeon added, “Yeah... We’ll stay.” Seokjin smiled,

“Go get ready then.”

“And you?” Seokjin looked down at his pink apron, and mud trekking shoes.

“You know, I run a fashion empire. This is a new look I want in my spring collection.”

“It’s a mess,” Junmyeon said. He nodded in agreeance.

“I know!” He huffed, “I’m justing waiting…”

“For?” Jongin asked. He scratched the back of his head, “Is your husband napping in the room?”

He coughed slightly. No. He was in his room.

“Yeah. I don’t want to wake him… so I guess I’ll use a spare bathroom?” They all nodded,

“Best to wake him up smelling fresh and clean.” He nodded, seeing the two turn and head up the stairs.

He looked himself in the mirror. Yoongi had chosen his outfit, which hurt him slightly. Was it his pride that made it hurt? He had made two matching outfits for both of them. He gave them to Jongin and Junmyeon instead. He pulled over his tie, looking himself in the mirror as he tied it. His fingers were bright, and it was painful to touch the fabric. Was he proud he had managed to do what he set his mind too? Yes, but still he felt empty. Seokjin had wondered for years now… if he could ever be forgiven. With what he did to Yoongi. He knew the answer. No. He wouldn’t forgive him. If Seokjin was in his position, he wouldn’t either. He would be doing the same- if not worse.
than how Yoongi treated him. His own heart ached at the thought, what he must see when he looks at him. The feelings of betrayal Seokjin must cause, that’s why his eyes always were dark when they looked at him. He remembers the light they held when they were happy. How happy he was with a night out with Seokjin. How office visits would make him happy. How much love those eyes used to carry for him. ‘I loathe you.’ Those were his words he told him now. He gave a pitiful smile at the mirror, looking himself over. He looked well. A waist pinching suit over him, with form-fitting dress pants. His shoes were solid black, which matched his hair.

Knock! Knock! He looked up at the sound, seeing his door thrown open. His eyes grew in slight fear at the sight of Yoongi.

“Y-yoongi?” He closed the door quickly. Venturing into his room, all styled up in a matching suit. Seokjin wondered what brought him here. To his room. “What are you doing in here?”

“Guests are here.” Seokjin rose a brow at this, did this call for him to burst into his room? “Why are you in my room specifically?” He turned his head back to Seokjin, giving him a look that meant he thought he was clueless.

“It’s the master bedroom, you idiot.” It was. When they moved in as a married couple, he refused to sleep in a bed with Seokjin. He called him dirty. So, he slept in the west wing in a guest room. This was an arrangement to ensure no run-ins. “We can’t exit two different rooms. People will talk.” His face held distaste. Seokjin nodded, waving the man off.

“Then knock. I could have been naked-” Yoongi rolled his eyes.

“I’ve seen you naked before.” Seokjin moved his gaze away slightly.

“Knock next time.” Yoongi shuffled back a bit,

“Or are you afraid I’ll find you with another ‘friend’?” He turned to look at Yoongi. His gaze wasn’t meek as it had been every time he talked down to him.

“You want to rat out that we’re in a loveless marriage?” Those words had never leapt out of his mouth. Loveless. “If you keep speaking to me like that- I’m sure the entire crowd of people downstairs will find out.” Yoongi’s mouth grew into a straight line. Looking him up and down. “The brats are going to be here soon.” Yoongi wasn’t too thrilled to say that, “Are you ready?” Seokjin looked over at the mirror, seeing his reflection. He remembered the days when he would ask for Yoongi’s final approval. He always asked for his, but- he can’t bring himself to ask for it anymore. For fear of insult.

“Yeah.” Yoongi moved from the wall at the side of the vanity, exposing himself slightly. Seokjin looked him down. He was sure he had picked these out, they were what he liked to wear. He moved forward, hand on his chin.

“Is it good or what?” He was as impatient as always.

“Your zipper is down.” His face flushed bright red, as he cupped his crotch turning away and fixing his fly.

“Fucking shit.”

“Language.” Seokjin let out, “Fix your tie too, you look like you slept in it.”

“Yeah… yeah… you fix your goddamn attitude.” He was one to talk.

Seokjin held his arm, which again… was slightly cold. Was he always this cold? He remembered there was a time when he was warm, or maybe it was just his imagination?

“Who did you invite?” They were making their way down the hall- leading to the main staircase. “I logged into Jungkook’s laptop when I went to go visit him last month.”

“Violating people’s privacy again huh?” He turned his head to stare at him, “I wasn’t going to find anything incriminating on it- like I would if I checked yours.” He pressed his eyes closed. “Besides that, his password was too simple. Anyone could break into it.”

“What was it?”

“Password.” Seokjin let out a small chuckle, “Yeah… not the smartest thing he could have done.”
They turned the corner and then they could hear the slight sound of classical music playing from outside. “You hired an orchestra?”

“Yup.” He seemed mused.

“I’m impressed.” Seokjin stomach grew in knots at the compliment, “Thank you.” He stopped as they approached the stairs, the small number of people in their house was a muse in Seokjin eyes. A real party. He placed a large smile on his lips, feeling the man next to him beginning down the stairs. He took equal steps making sure to lean his head slightly. He watched people turn to look at them and felt the grip over his arm grow tighter.

People mingled throughout the party, and the presences of people around him made his chest feel almost overwhelmed.

“It’s been so long since your face has appeared anywhere Hyung?”

“I want to focus on my husband. He did so much for me during my modeling days- the least I should do is support him as much as he did for me.” Hoseok smile grew at that, “He found the right one didn’t he?” Seokjin shrugged,

“How’s the dance company?” He peeked at this,

“Amazing!” Seokjin heard his flutter, “I trained a few girl groups, nothing too big-“ Seokjin jumped slightly at the touch over his back, he swung back seeing the large doe eyes he had come to see as foreign.

“Jungkook?!” A small smile crept over his lips, “Hyung!” Seokjin didn’t hesitate, wrapping his arms around him in a tight hug. He seemed stunned for a moment but did the same. Picking him up slightly. After a moment he placed him on the ground. Face slightly confused. “Did you get lighter Hyung?” Seokjin shook his head. “No. You just got bigger, brat.” He choked up a smile, turning his attention to Hoseok. “Hyung!” He pursed his lips, “There he goes again… giving me the second most attention?” Jungkook narrowed his eyes slightly.

“I saw you a week ago… it’s been a while since I’ve seen Seokjin Hyung.” Hoseok crossed his arms.

“I’ll let it slide this time kid.” His smile grew and he turned his attention around to look around him. “Where’s Jimin?” Jungkook pressed his eyes slightly, “He’s nervous… Doesn’t want to meet Seokjin Hyung.” Seokjin swallowed hard at this. “I-I’m sorry…” “Don’t be.” Jungkook shrugged, “Why’s he nervous to be around Hyung?” Hoseok asked crossing his arms. Jungkook bit his lower lip, “He thinks he’s kinda… scary?” Hoseok choked up a good laugh. “Are you sure you're not talking about your brother?” He shook his head, “He said your notoriously… scary.” Seokjin rose a brow. “Me?” He was confused by this. How was he scary?

“I’m just pulling your leg. He went to go get you a gift… but it’s taking him a while- so I decided to come here on my own.” Seokjin should have known better than to listen to this kid. “Why is he getting me a gift?” He smiled, “Because he’s never met you. And you’re like my other big brother!”

“You should have told him that was unnecessary. We are here to celebrate you and him not to bring me a gift.” Hoseok pursed his lips lightly, “Let him bring you a gift. And act scary, it’s best to scare the new ones-” “No, it is not Hoseok.” He jumped at the voice, hand over his chest. “Sneaky husband, you got here Hyung?” Yoongi rolled his eyes, attention quickly turning to Jungkook.
“Where is my hug?” Jungkook grumbled, moving and plucking him up into a tight hug. Seokjin scoffed at this. This man was soft for his little-big brother. He lowered him and his eyes wandered. “Where is Jimin?”

“Buying a gift for Seokjin Hyung. He said he couldn’t just go into the house of his parent’s boss and future brother-in-law without a gift at least.”

“Did you tell him it was unnecessary?” Jungkook sighed.

“Man, you two are like an old record player.” Hoseok nodded, “Years of marriage will do that to people Jungkook.” Hoseok let out causing Yoongi to sigh, “It’s cute though. Seeing the both of you connect on such a level.” Yoongi’s eyes met Seokjin’s, “You’ll be like that with Jimin too you know?” Seokjin would argue. No. No one should ever be like them. Seokjin felt his throat grow a lump, “You should head up with Yoongi. I’m sure you both have a lot to speak of-”

“I want to be with Hyung-”

“So you want to ditch your big brother?” Jungkook froze at the question. “I have to go finish some loose ends. Head up with Yoongi and Hoseok. I’ll call you down when I see Jimin?” Jungkook shook his head.

“He’s really nervous to meet you-” Yoongi shook his head, “Why would he be nervous to meet Seokjin?”

“Well… he’s a model.”

“I’m retired.”

“Well… he’s still scary.” Seokjin didn’t know how to answer to that. Yoongi smacked his brother’s head. “Apologize. He’s not fucking scary. You’ll make him feel bad.” Jungkook sighed, “I’m sorry.” He seemed to have the dotty eyes a child made when they were told they had said something bad. “Your presences just… intimidates a lot of people. You were a supermodel. And the new CEO-”

“Jungkook. I think it’s time we head up to my office-” Seokjin blinked lightly, smiling, “It’s fine.” He waved them off, “Go on up. I’ll have something sent up soon.” Yoongi nodded, seeing Hoseok pull Jungkook along. He lifted his head lightly. Most likely a way to see if he was alright. “I’m fine.” Seokjin smiled, “Go on up.” He nodded, leaving.

Seokjin sighed, as he took a seat on a bench behind a large shrub. He wasn’t hidden, but it gave him a moment to breathe away from the eyes of the people. He knew he was intimidating. He was told that… a lot in his younger years. He shouldn’t be sad to hear that, he was known as one of the most intimidating. That’s why he got so high in his career but hearing those words leave Jungkook’s mouth seemed to slightly jab at his chest. Maybe all the years of fighting Yoongi’s words prevented him from taking Jungkook lesser insults. Maybe he should leave. Let them all have a nice time, and go to his family home. But… with what car? The amount of press in front of their home was ridiculous. He would just have to bear it all until he could run back to his room and sleep.

“Shit-” Someone fell down in front of him, Seokjin’s brow rose. Seeing a small bag in his hand fall. Seokjin stood up, moving to the man. He lowered himself to the ground, offering him a hand. “Are you alright?” The man pulled his head up, eyes still closed. Seokjin offered a hand and the man took it. He was smaller framed, adorable looking with light brown hair and plump lips. As he sat up, he rubbed his face- as Seokjin pulled up the small bag he had dropped moments ago. “I’m fine-” Seokjin handed him the bag- seeing the man’s eyes finally open. His eyes grew small at his face. “Y-You-”

“You dropped your bag.” His eyes grew large, seeing what was in Seokjin’s hand. He moved his hands up slightly covering his flushed face. Seokjin looked down to the gift, and it seemed to click in his brain quickly. “Are you Park Jimin?” He nodded, Seokjin now knew he was probably
peeking at him behind the bushes. “When did you arrive?” His eyes grew small and he looked down at the ground.
“A few minutes ago...” He nodded,
“Well, you are one of the main guests.” Seokjin smiled, “Let’s go find Jungkook and have dinner alright?” He nodded.

Seokjin took him up to the top bar in the house. There he left him with the other three. He didn’t want to stay, maybe it was the previous comments. But being around that smaller boy made his stomach knot in a way he wasn’t sure his body could handle for too long. He made his way to the kitchen, seeing everyone working hard. He didn’t want to interrupt, so he sped past them looking around for a while. He didn’t know what else to be done. He finished most of the planning and for the love of god, he was actually nervous. Maybe it was of what Jimin would say about him? Was he nice enough? Was he scary? In his mind, the scariest thing was seeing Yoongi angry, but maybe in the eyes of others, it was truly him. He was the offputting one which is a good reason to keep him trapped in this home.

“How is the party going to Mr. Min?” He almost jumped at the voice, he turned his head back to see the party planner smiling.
“What is your name?” She pressed her eyes.
“Lisa.” He nodded,
“The party is going swell Lisa. Thank you so much for the help-”
“About what happened today. The fish I mean...” She checked her clipboard. “I think they were poisoned.”
“I know.” She looked surprised.
“Do you know what by?” Seokjin shook his head.
“It’s fine. They were just a bunch of fancy fish, nothing to lose a nerve over.” She pursed her lips lightly.
“Are you alright Mr. Min?” He looked back at her, brow risen.
“What does that mean?”
“I meant... you seemed to be lost in thought quite often. It seems as though you are exhausted.”
“I’m fine.” He smiled. “Jungkook hasn’t seen me in a while... since I’m so busy. I’m just a bit nervous, to be around new people.” She nodded.
“Should I tell everyone you headed up to rest?” He shook his head.
“No. No, never- Just call everyone for dinner. I want to serve the brat and my husband.” She smiled at this,
“Yes, sir.”

Seokjin took up two trays, taking them without a worry. He learned how to walk a long time ago, he was sure he wouldn’t fall. He walked through the lines of tables, seeing everyone already served sept for one. The one at the front. His husband’s low gaze let him already know. He wasn’t planning on eating anything he cooked. He felt bad. It tasted amazing. He made it to the table, having a server take the plates and place them in front of them all.
“You cooked Hyung!” Jungkook wasted no time, already eating. Seokjin felt his chest pound slightly. He was praying for a good review. And it didn’t take long to see his eyes grow large. “It’s delicious!” He sighed, feeling relief spread as the person to his right took a bite. Jimin’s eyes lit up.
“It’s amazing Mr. Min.” Seokjin shook his head, as the server then took the trays. He pulled up a seat sitting down.
“Call me Hyung, Jimin.” Jimin nodded lightly.
“Yes, hyung.” Hoseok was chatting lightly with his husband, but he was eating. Yoongi, on the other hand, didn’t seem interested at all. He knew this would happen.
“Are you going to eat Hyung?” Seokjin looked down at his plate. His appetite was gone.
“Not hungry.” He confessed to smiling. “Besides that… tell me how you’ve been-”
“Great!” He never lost his hyperness did he? Jungkook continued, telling him about his many trips
with Jimin while the other blushed lightly at the tales. Seokjin paid attention, he wanted to know
how the boy was. He did- but his eyes seemed to always wander back at his husband’s plate. And
notice the untouched food. He didn’t cook for him. He didn’t but it felt bad to see the food.
“So, why did you skip my birthday?” Seokjin paused,
“I had a new line to prepare for… I am sorry-”
“You should be. I planned out a day for me and you-”
“Jungkook. Don’t be like that-” Jimin chimed in, “He meant that he was sad to not have seen you
that day.” Seokjin nodded.
“I’m sorry. I-I’ve been a bit frazzled with work.”
“Please don’t be!” Jimin let out, “We understand. I mean… it has been a… hard couple of months
for you.” Yoongi seemed to hear this,
“Let’s not bring that up. Seokjin- you okay?” He must have noticed that he had been silenced by
his words.
“I’m fine. It’s just… Oh? I think we should serve dessert.” He pushed himself up from his seat,
“I’ll be back soon.” He offered them all his famous smile, leaving the table.

There he was again, fleeing from situations where others would sit through. He was weak, and he
knew it. He washed his face, as he stared at the mirror. His eyes were puffy and red. He looked
like he had either done hard drugs or cried his eyes out. He was debating it too even as he stared
back at the mirror. How soft had he turned? Crying every time anyone else criticized him when he
was younger… those little things like criticism were normal to hear. He sighed, looking himself
down.
Desert was already served… he should take some time off, go get a drink and relax.

He turned his wine glass, seeing it almost empty.
“What are you doing up here?” He felt someone sit down next to him and knew who it was.
“I didn’t want things to be awkward with me around.” The bartender served his husband at his
side.
“Jungkook is looking for you. He feels bad. So does Jimin.”
“I’m fine.” He moved his finger up, and his glass was filled again. “I just don’t want to be there…
interrupting them.”
“Well… they’ll feel bad if you don’t come back. Just sit through it for a bit longer.” Seokjin turned
to look at him, “What the hell happened to your face?”
“I haven’t been feeling too well lately.” Yoongi’s brow moved up, “Besides that. Did everyone
enjoy dinner?”
“Yes.” Seokjin smiled lightly.
“You should head back then, and give them their gift- I’ll be down soon.” He shook his head,
“You need to be there. It’s a gift we have to give together.” Seokjin pressed his eyes closed,
“When do you think this will be over?”
“After Jimin and Jungkook leave. Then I’ll leave you alone.” Seokjin sighed,
“Alright.” He placed his glass of wine down. “Have you planned something special for the gift
giving?” Yoongi reached into his coat pocket, pulling out the keys.
“Yeah.” He pushed them over the counter, passing it over to Seokjin. “You’ll give it to them.”
Seokjin scoffed,
“So you didn’t come up with anything special huh?” He shook his head,
“Yeah.” Seokjin took up the keys. “I think you’ll figure something out right?”
“I’ll have no choice.” He shrugged, “Where are they?”

“Near the pond.” Seokjin nodded, pulling up from his seat. He didn’t wobble, but it sure had dawned on him how many drinks he had consumed.

“Are you alright?”

“I’m just fine.” He moved back slowly, making a small circle. “Let’s go.”

They were seated near the pond, both of them smiling largely. To say his chest hurt to see such a display of love was an understatement. He was happy that Jungkook managed to find love, even though in his own mind. Love was a lie.

“Jungkook! Jimin!” He waved his arm around, catching the couples attention. He crossed the small bridge, reaching the other side of the pond near the bench. “I hope you both liked the party.”

Jungkook nodded,

“The food was amazing. As everything else was Hyung!” He smiled largely,

“Jimin?” Jimin’s eyes lit up at his name.

“It was amazing H-Hyung.” Seokjin smiled at hearing his name.

“Thank you. Yoongi had more to do with all this then I did… so please make sure to thank him.” They both nodded. “Also…” He pulled out the keys, dangling them slightly in front of the couple.

“What’s that Hyung?” Jungkook stared at the keys. “You know I don’t have my license yet-”

“No.” Jimin’s eyes grew large. “That’s for a-”

“We got you both a yacht.” Jungkook cupped his hands, taking the keys away. Seokjin saw his joy.

“I can drive it!”

“No.” Jimin shook his head quickly, “We both don’t have our licenses-”

“We hired a captain.” Jimin bounced at the news. “It’s docked in Busan, so you can both take it wherever you want.” They both jumped up and down.

“Yeah!” Jimin stopped in his celebration, lowering his head lightly. “Thank you so much, Hyung!”

Jungkook nodded.

“Hyung!” Jungkook pulled him into a hug rocking them both side to side.

“You’re crushing me kid.” He released him, scratching the back of his head.

“Sorry…” He let out. “I got excited.” Seokjin nodded,

“Both of you run off. It’s late and I don’t want you to be chased by reporters, alright?” Jungkook nodded.

“No… ugh…. I wanted to speak with Hyung for a bit… If that’s alright?” His eyes lit up, as he looked back at Seokjin.

“Okay. I’m gonna run and say goodbye to Yoongi Hyung.” Seokjin nodded, as he quickly moved to him, hugging him one last time before seeing him speed away. This left Seokjin and Jimin alone.

Seokjin didn’t want to be around this kid.

“Hyung?” He offered him a slight smile.

“What is that you wanted to speak to me about Jimin?” Jimin was bright pink, almost cherry colored.

“I-I… wanted to apologize… for what Jungkook told you- I-I wasn’t afraid of you.”

“I know Jimin.” He seemed to hold his breath, “They are just a bunch of bullies with new people.” He nodded.

“I know… I- I did want to make a good impression on you- so-” He looked back to the bench taking up the present and handing it over to Seokjin.

“You didn’t have to-”

“I wanted to. To thank you for throwing us this party.” Seokjin took it, smiling back at him.

“It was a pleasure. You will be family soon.” His eyes lit up at this,

“Thank you, Hyung!” He lowered his head to him, “You are too kind.” Seokjin placed a hand on
his shoulder.
“No need to thank me. I did this because I love Jungkook. If you make him happy, that is all you will ever have to do.”
“I promise I will.” Seokjin wanted to be that enthusiastic about pleasing his husband.
“Then there is nothing to thank me for.” He smiled, “You run off now- and meet up with your fiance. Don’t want him to leave you again?” He nodded,
“Thank you, Hyung.” His smile was large, “I- I want me and Jungkook to be like you and Yoongi Hyung.” Seokjin shook his head.
“You be you. Jungkook loves you, so I love you too.” He seemed a bit frazzled to hear this.
Seokjin moved forward, taking him into a hug. Jimin seemed to stiffen, almost as if he was made of stone. Seokjin pulled back, smiling. “Go off now.” He nodded.
“Goodbye Hyung.”

He was back at the bar, how many glasses had he drank? Who knew?
“Min Seokjin.” He tilted his head. That was his name. He pressed his eyes closed. Where had his life gone wrong? Where had it all just come down on him and was slowly suffocating him in this mansion? Why did he have to be in a loveless marriage? Why couldn’t he divorce? Why couldn’t he leave this place? “Min-”
“Why are you rambling?”
“I feel like dying.” Yoongi took the seat beside him,
“I called a doctor. He’ll be here to see you in the morning.” Seokjin shook his head,
“I don’t want to see your doctor.” He sighed,
“Then don’t. I’m not forcing you.” He took up his drink, “You did well tonight. Besides leaving, you did great.” Seokjin was being praised. This was a surprise.
“I- don’t want them to be like us.”
“They won’t be.” Seokjin looked up seeing the bartender gone. Had Yoongi dismissed him? “Jimin isn’t a pile of trash like you. He’ll love Jungkook properly.”
“You might take this as bullshit. In fact, I know you will… but there was a time when I loved you.” He heard Yoongi’s cackle. “I’m going to bed.” Seokjin pushed up from his seat, turning away.
“Seokjin-” He paused looking back at Yoongi, slung over the bar. “You’re right. I think you are a load of bullshit.”

Chapter End Notes

Bye!!!!!! Drink water! Study cause that's not what I'm doing right now!
School is hard. Worse yet, I am giving up my soda addiction. Which you would be like, wow so healthy. No, I feel like dying and honestly, the caffeine withdrawal is horrible. Sadly, I've come to a new addiction. Tea. I tried to drink more water, but guess what? I am just a struggling kid. Nope, sorry not a kid anymore. I just like calling myself that because I look like a five-year-old running around. I am so sorry for the chapter before this being so, short like. I was stressed out. Let me tell you a story. I move into my dorm, first day- I forget my headphones in the car. I cried that night. Woke the next day, went to the school store bought a pair. Then it rained. It's still raining. It's parent's weekend now, and mine aren't coming. So, I'm alone. But I'm cleaning cause my roommate's parents are coming. Also, I'm hungry- but I refuse to walk to the dining hall. Like, yall I've complained about going to the kitchen to get food, now I have to walk a good five minutes just to feed myself. Test 1 was bad. Like really bad. My fault though, thought the same amount of studying would get me through it. Nope. Study kids. Study hard, cause I have never- and I mean it never gotten such a low score on a test. Oh. Thank you all for your concern about me overstressing. No need to worry, cause I will do it regardless.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It was morning. Seokjin propped himself up onto one of his elbows, rubbing his head. He drank a lot again.
Knock!
Knock!
He paused at the sound. This was unusual.
“Yes?” The door opened, and there he saw the face of his husband. Seokjin tilted his head, moving a hand up to his eyes, rubbing them lightly.
“Are you decent?” Seokjin looked down at his attire. It was his striped blue pajamas.
“As you can get...” He entered the room,
“At least you can be decent.” He sighed, looking back at Seokjin in bed. “The doctor is here. He’s downstairs waiting for you.”
“Send him away- I’ll call for my own-”
“You look like shit. Just go see him- he won’t tell me shit.” He pressed his eyes, leaning over a wall.
“I-I’ll be fine.” He felt his stomach rattle lightly. “I just need to take better care of myself-”
“Hurry up and go see him, will you? Jimin will be here soon.” His eyes flickered at the sound of the boy.
“H-he’s coming here?” Yoongi nodded,
“I’m taking Jungkook fishing.” He pressed his eyes lightly, “Jimin said he’d like to spend the day with you... “
“I-I d...do..don’t do much-”
“I’m driving Jungkook. My drivers at your disposal all day. Take him-”
“Where?” He lifted his watch staring at it for a moment.
“What would you usually do?”
“I-I don’t remember.” Yoongi sighed in annoyance,
“Take him to your thing...” He didn’t know what that meant.
“My thing?” He stared at Seokjin,
“That place you own.” He lifted his brow.
“My company?” He nodded.
“Sure. That’s what you call it huh?” He rolled his eyes, “We’ll meet up for dinner?”
“Where at?” His voice was groggy,
“I’ll send the location to my driver. Is that alright?” Seokjin didn’t know what else to say.
“It’s Sunday…”
“Is that a problem?” He shook his head.
“I-I’ll take him to prep for my fashion show instead?” He nodded,
“Do that then... I’ll call you if anything changes.”
“Alright.” He pressed his eyes closed.
“Go see the doctor. The last thing I need is for Jimin to see you looking like that…” Seokjin’s eyes opened slightly.
“Alright.” He sighed, “I’ll be down to see him then.”

Seokjin unbuttoned his shirt, feeling the cold press of the stethoscope on his chest.
“Take in a deep breath.” He did as he said, seeing him pull back lightly. He moved away taking some notes on a paper. “Are you sexually active?”
“Yes.” He lied but hey- this guy knew him and Yoongi personally.
“So, I want to have a blood test on you- also I know cancer runs through your family so I also want full C.T scan over you.”
“Yeah…” He saw the man lean over and take a seat.
“Now tell me what you’ve been feeling lately?”
“Huh… umm… I can’t keep much down… chest pain... tiredness…” His brow rose,
“How long has this been going on for?”
“... A few months…”
“Have you been eating three meals a day?”
“One… at most.”
“Hyung…” He shook his head,
“I just can’t keep up with eating all day round.” He pressed his eyes closed. “I’m sorry Namjoon. I should have gone to see a doctor sooner shouldn’t have I?”
“What’s important is that you're seeing one now Hyung.” He flashed him a large grin.
“Yeah…” Seokjin nodded.
“I think you should start eating more. Eat three meals a day, and drink more than just wine.” He nodded.
“I-I’ve been trying to.”
“Well, eat a little. Try to drink milk and more water… besides that, I’ll prescribe you something for the chest pain.”
“Alright.” He began to button his shirt back up,
“Rest. Truly. Rest Hyung.” He nodded.
“I will try Joonie.”

Seokjin sat in the living room, typing quickly on his phone.
“Hyung?” He heard a voice poke out from beyond the wall. He turned his head around seeing the door open exposing a familiar boyish face.
“Jimin. You’re here?” He slipped his phone in his pocket, standing up. The boy entered the room, eyes large.
“Yeah.” He seemed slightly nervous,
"Should we head out?" He tilted his head slightly, "Where to?" He pressed his lips.
"I have a fashion show coming up. So, I wanted to go set up a bit beforehand." His eyes grew large at this, "Or we don’t have to?" He spoke lowly as the man didn’t move. "I mean we could go out and do anything you would like-"
"NO!" He almost shouted. "I want to go with you!" He placed a hand on his chest. Realising most likely that he was screaming, he cupped his mouth. "I’m sorry." Seokjin shook his head.
"It’s fine." Seokjin offered him a smile. "I’d love to take you with me."

Seokjin could see Jimin’s fidgeting from the corner of his vision. He wondered why he was all dressed up? A suit, a complete suit. Like what Yoongi wore when he was headed to work. With all the fixins while he sported a white dress shirt and black dress pants.
"You don’t like fishing Jimin?” He shook his head, "Not the most patient.” Seokjin nodded.
"Last time I went fishing my father and I ended up buying a fish from a store three miles away from my home.” He huffed at the memory, "I made sure we were far enough my mother would never know we bought it.” He lowered his phone. "My mother was impressed.” His voice sounded slightly strained as he let out a cough. Jimin lowered his head,
"I-I am so sorry… I never got to say my condolences-”
"You’re fine.” Seokjin offered him a small smile. "My father… He liked to be talked about.” "It must be so hard on you- and Yoongi- He and your father were very close.” They were. Yoongi and his father played golf every Thursday.
"He helped me through it.” Jimin smiled.
"I hope that one day I and Jungkook can be like you too. Your relationship is all I want our marriage to be.” He gushed.
"Your marriage shouldn’t be based on others. Your love is different and special on its own.” "You’re right.” He lowered his head. "My mistake.” Seokjin shook his head.
"Don’t apologize to me about your feelings.” Seokjin let out.
"Yes, Hyung.” He sat up happily.
"So… how long have you been with Jungkook?” He lifted his head lightly.
"Two years. I met him while he was studying in Canada.” Seokjin nodded.
"He-he was in Canada?... I forgot about that…” Seokjin let out. And he had. He remembered he left because his younger brother went along with him. “ My memory isn’t the best. Sorry?” The car came to a halt. Which stir his stomach. “Guess we are here?”

Seokjin’s doors were open- and even on a Sunday, the location where he was holding the show was buzzing with people working. He received bows and hellos as he entered the building.
"I heard he was here!” He knew the loud voice. Seeing Irene come around the corner with Jooheon at her side arms crossed. “Boss!” He jumped at her tone.
"...Yes?" Her brow arched sharply as she turned to face Jooheon.
"You tell him!” She screamed running her hand through her messy hair.
"The model you hired… they’ve lost more weight.” "More weight?” Jooheon nodded. Seokjin turned to Jimin.
"I-I-I have to go… you can go-” "It’s fine Hyung!” He chirped up quickly. “I want to go with you- I mean… if that’s alright?” Seokjin nodded lightly.
“This is the second time I’ve had to do this.” He flinched, as he felt the needle stick straight into his finger.
“I apologize.” The model held their head low.
“Don’t. Just eat.” It’s not good for you not to eat.” He continued hemming the end of the fabric.
“Is there something I can do to help you Hyung?” Jimin said, head tilted up.
“Yes. Could you?” Another needle entered his finger. “Ask Irene for my sewing machine.” Seokjin bit back the thought of crying out in pain. He nodded quickly sitting up and leaving the room.
After Seokjin heard the door click closed he knew he could have a serious talk with this model now. “I once went on a two-week diet. No food. For fourteen days. I allowed for two cups of water a day. It was hell for me. I lost 25 pounds... you've seemed to have lost so much more.”
“Pardon?” Seokjin, looked up meeting the models' confused eyes.
“When I hired you- everyone what did I say?”
“R-remain the same size?”
“I said that. You were all the perfect size. Now, look at you- ruining the fabric I had already prepared.” He pressed his eyes closed. “You were hired for fashion week I take it?” The boy's eyes grew small.
“H-how did you-”
“All my career. I spent at fashion week. Some of the best times of my life.” He smiled at the memory. “I also saw a lot of people fail during it. All the crash diets they have to go through? You think someone running on an apple every few days can walk down a catwalk?” He scoffed pinning another needle. “My work is sent to fashion week.” He heard the man slowly take in a deep breath.
“Did you ever stop to consider who hired you for that as well without a face-to-face meeting?”
“Mr. J-Jin… I’m-so-”
“You thought my work wouldn’t pass this country?” He smirked shaking his head. “The only reason I’m not firing you right now is that I’ve already altered the attire and the show is this week.” He moved his fingers quickly. “But rest assured you are most definitely not going to walk down fashion week wearing anything I made.” Seokjin looked up at the man. “You’re fired.”
“I’m-”
“Hyung! I got the machine!” Jimin bounces slightly as he wheels in the sewing machine. Seokjin looks back at him with a fond smile.
“Thank you.”

He was sewing a few more alterations on some outfits, while Jimin sat across from him- watching his fingers move quickly.
“How did you get into fashion Hyung?” He smiled.
“I retired. I was bored… and I started to design clothes. The people I knew helped me bring it to life and before I knew it, New York’s and Paris’s fashion week wanted to show my work.”
“Amazing.” He looked up to him.
“You think so?” He nodded. Seokjin hadn’t been complimented so much in such a long time.
“Hey Jimin…” He looked back at the catwalk.
“Do you want to try some clothes on?”
“Huh?” His eyes grew large, as Seokjin pulled back the fabric, taking up a pair of scissors and cutting off the stray thread. Pulling away from the seat.
“Come on!”

Jimin’s arms were drawn out as Seokjin examined his body. Many other models seemed to walk around, all in what Jimin can say is amazing clothing. Seokjin’s line. He is beyond words, he is getting an early look at such clothing. Still, their presences make him feel low. That’s just the other models, Seokjin, on the other hand, seems to tower in everything to Jimin. He wondered if this is
what the modeling world was. People’s presence growing larger than others.
“Is this what you had to go through?”
“Feels like you’re being inspected to be purchased huh?” JImin nodded. “After a while… you get
used to it. I promise.” Jimin scoffed.
“I’m a lawyer. I don’t think it’ll matter in that world—”
“That is where you are wrong Jiminie!” Jimin stared back at him a bit baffled at the name. “Your
back is straight, your eyes convey the message!” He smiled, leading him forward- taking him to
the edge of the stage. A line of models waiting for something. “It gives you confidence. And it
makes you look powerful!” He smiled slightly at him. This seemed to haze Jimin, only to see the
long line- now him in front. “Go on. Walk.” He patted his back, but Jimin turned back a terrified
look in his eyes.
“There- are- there are people out there watching?!?” Seokjin peeked out lightly, catching a view of
what was ahead.
“Yeah. We’re doing a small test run.” He smiled, “Walk. I’m sure you’ll do fine.” Jimin shook his
head furiously.
“I’m really clumsy.”
“They won’t judge.” Seokjin beamed. “As long as you don’t trip.” Jimin turned his head back at
him.
“B-B-b—” Seokjin gave him a light push and the boy’s legs seemed to look like jelly- as he sprang
out behind the wall. Seokjin crossed his arms, satisfied, as he leans slightly watching Jimin’s back.
The boy stopped in his steps, turning back to look at Seokjin.
“Go!” Jin mouthed. Jimin swallowed hard, facing the bright light. He seemed to then and there
take Seokjin’s advice, standing up straighter, moving with good steps. Seokjin actually wonders
why he hasn’t tried to become a model. Yes, he was on the shorter side, but he could make it in a
different market. He saw the boy stopped at the end of the catwalk, pushing back his hair. Seokjin
pulls back his head, not surprised. The boy had an air around him. Everyone who’s called model’s
airheads, simple-minded and lacking opinions honestly just envies the thought of being good at
walking. Although Jimin never said the words, his fear of Seokjin was apart of it. He wanted to see
what his world was like. He looks up to Seokjin. He doesn’t know why, but he feels as if he must
show him the glamorous side to it. The one that didn’t hurt Seokjin, that left him weeping on the
ground. The one where he still feels in charge of. His home life was a mess, his marriage was a
mess but Jin- model Jin was perfect.

Jimin seemed like a different man. Maybe it was his conversing with more models, who made him
comfortable. His praise for his walk, his gorgeous face. Whatever it was, the boy was a different
man now. Seokjin moved his hand up, passing him an iced coffee.
“Thanks.” He said, taking the drink. Seokjin nodded, taking the seat in front of him. He posture
seemed to adjust himself, and he looked rather dashing in the low v-neck Seokjin had made, the
boy’s hair tousled back slightly.
“By the way…” Seokjin lifted his cup lightly. “If you are you are ever looking for a career in
modeling. I may be able to teach you how to.” Seokjin’s toothy smile came out, and Jimin giggled
in response.
“Thanks, Hyung.” He lifted the straw to his lip.
“You can keep the outfit as well.” His eyes grew large at this,
“I-Isn’t this one of a kind?” Seokjin nodded, slouching slightly in his seat.
“Yes. It is.” He sounded rather tired.
“B-B-” He didn’t need to hear him protest.
“I made it. I think it looks better on you than any model I could ever hire.” He wasn’t lying there.
The boy was dashing, his dark eyes standing out. “Besides. What’s the point in making clothing if
someone in the real world won’t wear it.”
“Hyung-”
“Save it.” He scrunched his nose, “Jungkook will be wooed by my work.” Jimin only nodded.
“I am sure he will be!”
“Boss!” Seokjin grumbled lightly, he was being called for again. Irene again, came into the room-
clipboard in hand. “Someone ripped a pocket off of their shirt!” Seokjin rolled his eyes.
“Can’t it just become part of the design?” He was joking but the look Irene gave him let him know she wasn’t in the mood. He bit back quickly. “Sorry… sorry…. Bring it over.” He waved her off.
“I’ll fix it on my own.”
“Alright.” She nodded, and someone behind her came up- with the sparkly outfit. He sighed, as
Irene came down and placed a sewing kit.
“Should I come back later?” Seokjin shook his head.
“Take Jimin to the back please?” Her eyes lit up a large smile consuming her grim look.
“Mr. Park? Would you like to go pick out more than just that one outfit?” Jimin turned to face
Seokjin.
“Y-You’re just going to-”
“I make all the clothes Jimin. Take what you want.” He pulled out a needle from the kit. “It makes me happy to have someone I know wear it.” Jimin nodded. “Besides, you look good in it.” He gave him a large smile. “It’s free range.” Jimin nodded happily, standing up and moving to Irene.
“You just going to stay here?” Seokjin nodded.
“Take Jimin to the back please?” He waved her off, pulling the thread out- squinting to pull the thread through the small hole. Hearing the door click close. He stiff body grew limp. Keeping up this presence hurt him.

Seokjin joined in the car smiling brightly at the sparkly boy.
“Hyung- you have so many things-”
“I hope you liked it Jimin?” He lowered his head lightly.
“It was amazing!” His voice was reassuring. Giving his heavy stomach a sort of relief. “I even picked some stuff out for Jungkook-”
“Ah… you shouldn’t give it to him.”
“Why not?”
“He doesn’t like my lines. Says they’re too much.” Jimin’s mouth parted slightly.
“I’ll have a word with him.” His eyes grew slightly dull, “He should respect his brother-in-law.”
Seokjin shrugged it off quickly.
“It’s fine. I honestly believe everyone has their own style. I won’t force my clothing on those who don’t want it.” Jimin didn’t say another thing. “Besides, they should be running off their high of fishing?” He offered him a giggle,
“Wonder if they caught anything?” Seokjin nods,
“I’m sure they caught something. The both of them together are… kinda unstoppable.” Jimin nods.
“Jungkook always talks about you and his big brother.” He looks down to his lap, “He says you’ve always taken care of him, and loved him like your own brother.”
“He is my little brother.” Seokjin smiles, “I love him, just as much as I… love Yoongi.” He looked up to Seokjin, who only looked out of the window. “Jungkook must have told you already. The Min family likes to pester-”
“About your company?” Seokjin swallowed nodding.
“I was told you-you and your family work for me?” He looked to Jimin who nodded.
“We do.” Jimin’s lips moved slightly as if he wanted to say something, but instead pausing.
“You’re family must be pestering as well?” Seokjin sighed, “I haven’t even visited the company-”
“No!” Jimin threw up his hands, “I-we have been handling the matters Hyung. Of course- we’d love to see the CEO- but we all know… it’s not what you want to do-”
“It’s not that I don’t want to do it.” Seokjin couldn’t stop his mouth. “I don’t know how to. I was a model, then a homebody. Someone who doesn’t go out... how... how can someone like that just take over a company worth so much?” Jimin’s eyes grew large, “I don’t want to merge. Not with my husband. Not with anyone. Tell your parents that. I’ll find a way to take care of it... but I need time. Time to decide what I will do.” He nodded.

“Of course. The company is your Hyung. We will wait for you as long as it takes.” He moved forward, placing a hand on Seokjin’s knee. “Our firm has always been loyal to the Kim’s and we will continue through these times Hyung.” Seokjin smiled, placing his hand over Jimin’s.

“Thank you.”

Seokjin keeps his head low, as he exits the car Jimin following behind. He raises a hand to shield his face, as Jimin grips onto him. This boy seems all too new to this kind of world Seokjin has grown up in.

“Seokjin!”

“Seokjin! Tell us about your new line!”

“SEOKJIN!”

“Seokjin!! Who is this?!”

“Is that the fiance to Jungkook?!”

"Seokjin! Look here!” He walks smoothly, keeping a steady pace. He knows now that the two must already be here. He takes Jimin, pushes him in front of him lightly. Jimin doesn’t seem to mind, going inside the restaurant while Seokjin is still crowded by the many photographers. He feels a tug on his sleeve, he swallows hard. A bodyguard pulls him and the man from each other. “Smile Seokjin!” He feels flustered at the man’s lewd gestures, looking away quickly before being escorted into the restaurant. He enters, not bothering to look behind him. His arm is sore, that man grabbed him hard. He moved his sleeve slightly back- seeing the large bruise already forming.

Seokjin sighed,

“Hyung?” He pulled back his shirt, turning to look at Jimin.

“You alright?” Jimin pulled back his hair nodding,

“Th-they just grab at you?” Seokjin nods,

“They’ve gotten better nowadays, believe it or not?” Jimin stares at him for a moment. Maybe hoping for it to have been a joke but Seokjin only turns back to the host.

“Table for Min?” The man nods and leads them to a reserved room. Seokjin enters, placing a smile on his face when he sees his husband.

“Sorry we’re a little late-” Yoongi stands from his seat as does Jungkook- both dressed surprisingly well for two people who went fishing. Seokjin knows what that means. They went to a meeting Seokjin won’t be able to bring up. He doesn’t know why they want to hide it, but he sure he had people over at their home. He didn’t need Seokjin there, it means it was important. For him.

“You’re early actually?” Yoongi speaks up. Jimin moves into the room, smiling brightly.

“Oh? You’re here already?” Seokjin thinks Jimin may be a bit slow because the paparazzi outside had no idea they were coming. They were already here, for the Min’s. Seokjin couldn’t let on that he knew that much though. He moved forward, crossing the table- and going to his husband. He planted a small kiss on his cheek- not even bothering to see the man stiffen at the peck. He didn’t give him time to react, already moving to Jungkook- offering him the same kiss. Smiling at both of them.

“Let’s eat?”

Yoongi and Jungkook continued to chatter happily, offering conversation to Jimin. Seokjin, however, stared at the dish in front of him.

“So you made him clothes Hyung?” He was snapped from his thoughts,
“Pardon?” Jungkook’s lips curled into a small smile, “You made Jimin clothes?” Seokjin looks at him for a moment, “Yes, I did.” He smiled, “He also made me model them.” Jimin’s smile grows large, “I was told I was a natural! Tell ‘em Hyung!” Seokjin was then given three sets of stares. His husband stares crawling under his skin quickly forcing him to place a small smile over his lips. “Hyung wouldn’t just—” “He is.” Jungkook’s eyes grew slightly large, “Really?!” Jungkook’s eyes are large, as he turns to Jimin. “Damn. You got Hyung to approve—” “He’s an older model Jungkook. He can’t be too in the game.” Yoongi let out, pulling up his glass of wine. Seokjin didn’t even feel the jab at his chest as he spoke up without hesitation. “He’s right. Whatever my word means, I think you are great Jimin.” There wasn’t a moment for anyone to say anything, “We should get the chocolate cake, it’s great here right Yoongi?” Yoongi nods, looking away. The silence from the others must have told him, he said something wrong this time. Which may be why he then speaks up, “How’s your next line coming along Seokjin?” Seokjin smiles at his husband’s question. He knows it’s fake. He doesn’t concern himself with a damn thing he does, “Great. Finished the alteration on some clothes, and spoke with a few early reviewers.” “Reviewers?” Jimin’s eyes grew large, Seokjin nodded. “They thought you were a real perk to see.” He lowered his head to Jimin lightly. “Well- I want to see him walk!” Jungkook spat out. Seokjin stares at the boy, “I’ll show you!” They both then turned to Seokjin, “What—” “When’s the next show Hyung?” Jungkook and Jimin spat in unison. Seokjin was surprised by their sudden interject. “Umm…” “I don’t think he would want either of you two at such an event.” They turned to look at Yoongi. Who for once may be onto something, “Think about it— it’s a big night for him. Does he need two brats marching around messing with things in that situation?” “What do you mean Hyung?!” Jungkook calls, only for Yoongi to speak slowly. “Fashion shows are hectic.” Yoongi presses his eyes closed. “I’ve been to far too many to want to go to another.” Jimin tilts his head, “Then you won’t be attending his upcoming one either?” He pokes an eye out, “You have an upcoming one?” Seokjin nods, “When?” He presses his lips, letting a smile flatter his lips quickly. “It’s not important really. We have so many things that are better to do—” “Hyung!” Jungkook lets out, “It is important! We aren’t in Korea enough to come to these kinds of things—” “Well… he was at Paris’s fashion week Jungkook—” His eyes grow large at Jimin’s words, “You were in Paris?” Seokjin isn’t ready for this line of interrogation. “My work is sent up there. I never go—” Yoongi sighs, “Then we’ll all go to this one?” Seokjin stares at him, disbelief as he speaks. Seokjin feels his cool gaze, something like snakes wrapping over him. “W—...we... can’t.” Seokjin swallows, “Why?” Jungkook ponders, Yoongi’s eyes still pressing him. “I... W...we all have your engagement party that day—” “We can push it back, right?” Jimin asks, turning back to Jungkook. He nodded quickly, “Yeah... shit... you should have said it beforehand... having you miss something so—” “It’s not that important!” Seokjin smiles, “Really- it’s fine. They all know what to do already—” Yoongi’s glare isn’t gone and he knows it. “Your engagement is a once in a lifetime thing. It’s so much more important to me.” They all seemed in awe at what had just been said. “Well... I can’t just live with you doing that Hyung.” Jimin speaks up, “Y-you were working so
hard-
“Jimin’s right Hyung. We can postpone the engagement party until the next day-” Yoongi shakes his head from across the table.
“I think we should listen to Seokjin-”
“He’s right. Fashion is boring-” Seokjin tries to help Yoongi.
“No!” Jungkook pouts, “I want to see your work Hyung!” Seokjin blinks quickly, how can he steer the conversation away?
“Don’t you think it’s a bit unfair to ask such a thing? From both of us? Who’ve been planning this ahead for so long?” Jungkook looks to Yoongi.
“Hyung! It’s Seokjin’s night- we should go celebrate it. Us getting engaged can wait- right Jimin?” He turns to his fiance,
“They have been planning this for so long-?” Seokjin doesn’t even know for how long they have actually been planning. For him, it’s been about a week. “We should consider that Jungkook-”
“Nonsense! We can push it back! It’s not like anyone else has better things to do-”
“Jungkook, people have jobs.” He looks at his older brother,
“Which is why we should go to Seokjin Hyung’s.” Yoongi sighs knowing all too well, arguing with Jungkook is impossible.
“You can’t model in it,” Yoongi says cooly before Jungkook chokes slightly,
“I think that is Hyung’s choice!” Yoongi turns his sight to Seokjin.
“Jungkook doesn’t get to model.” Seokjin holds his gaze, “Alright?” Seokjin complies with his husband’s request.
“Alright.” Jungkook’s mouth is still open, “I-I’ll make arrangements for us-”
“Find them suitable for us-”
“I thought the front was for celebs and reporters?” Jimin inquires,
“It is.” Seokjin bites his lips, “It will be a bit hectic… to get seats-”
“See! I told you, we are dispositioning Hyung!” Jimin lets out,
“It’s his own show. He can get us seats- and for a few others right?” Seokjin nods,
“I can arrange for it of course.” Something pans in his stomach. He’s never attended his own shows. “I’ll tell you all the details by tomorrow then?” They all seemed satisfied to hear this.
“Good.” Yoongi lets out, sitting back in his seat still drinking. Jungkook doesn’t want to drop the subject.
“Hyung? If you have been planning for so long- why did you choose it on the engagement day?” Seokjin doesn’t know how to answer.
“He sets them beforehand Kook, he can’t just change them for his little brother’s engagement.” Jungkook presses his lips,
“I-I… I’m sorry. I would cancel it if I could-” Jimin tilts his head to him,
“Nonsense. Your work is art, we should all be thankful to be able to go see it.” Jungkook nods,
“He’s right. We’re both excited to go see Hyung’s work.” Their words, however foolish they are. Seem to milk at his heart, it’s just a stupid fashion show. One he’s never attended, one he’s never been nervous about but now-now he has a reason to concern himself with its success. Not only will Jungkook and Jimin attend, two people in his life but his husband will as well.

Their drive back home was completely silent.
“Did I do something bad?” This was followed by more silence. Seokjin can only assume what his husband will have to do to push back this date. A day or two seems like nothing, but he is a busy man. One who has to push back his work to just have lunch. “You don’t have to attend. I’ll tell them you’re sick-”
“So they can come to check up on me later?” His words are dim, as he taps on his phone quickly.
“Think before you do foolish things.” Seokjin lowers his head, hearing his phone chime. His husband’s eyes move up to him. Seokjin never gets calls- always messages, and most strangely his
phone is always on silent. Seokjin reaches into his pocket, pulling out his phone. He looks at the name, his eyes growing slightly wear. He hangs up, looking back up to the ceiling of the car.

“Who was that?”

“None of your business.” He hears him let out another scoff,

“Back to your slut ways huh?” Seokjin smiles at the words,

“You’re the worst thing that has ever happened to me.” He looks down at Yoongi, “I hope you know that?” He smiles at him, “Also, your flies down again.” His eyes grew large, as he moved to check his pants. “Hope he was good?” He smiles,

“What are you implying?”

“I’m not an idiot.” He scoffs. “I fucked you at some point you know?” He pressed his eyes closed. “Keep it low.” He lets out. He knows it’s painful to say it. His husband doing what he did to him. “I don’t need anyone finding out that both of us can’t keep it in our pants.” Yoongi’s mouth is askew lightly.

“Believe it or not. I’m not a sick asshole like you.” Seokjin stares out of the window. He’s lying. His voice always pinches at the end when he’s lying. Whoever he’s fucking… Seokjin can’t help but feel… sad. He has no right. He knows that but… he was his husband. It was only normal for him to feel this right? Betrayal wasn’t the right word for it. Payback? Revenge? He shook his head, it was guilt. The guilt of his own infidelity.

Chapter End Notes

Hello. Ahh... it's the end. Well, I hope you enjoyed this. You know, gotta give him some time off and not make Seokjin feel like crap at the end of all these chapters. Jk, I like the angst. Besides that, I am thriving. I mean it. I'm just a lazy potato who doesn't like change. So, please tell me what you think, and I will see you next time for a juicy chapter! Bye!! Drink water!
Joining

Chapter Notes

Hello. I know it may have seemed as if I was on the verge of a breakdown in the last chapter. I apologize- cause when I have to test I panic. In fact, I had another test yesterday and was really considering updating this instead of studying. I have been... stressed. I scored horribly on the other test and it made me sad. Like really sad. But hey! I'm better now. I have plenty of oatmeal and noodles- which sound horrible but like I don't have to go far to get it okay- it's progress. I've been eating, so thank you for all the concern but don't worry I'm having a vegetable every day and drinking plenty of water. I am so sorry for the inconsistency in updating. I will try to get better at it, so hope you enjoy this... strange chapter I've been working on for too long.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

He closed his drawer standing up,

Knock!
Knock!
“Come in.” The door slid open, revealing a familiar face. Yoongi grumbled lightly,

“Hey Hyung?” Yoongi stood up, locking eyes with him.

“You ready to go?”

“I wanted to say hello to-”

“He’s sleeping.” His eyes lit up,

“It’s pretty late-”

“He stayed up last night, he helped clean up.” Jungkook nodded,

“He planned it all out. I mean- he cooked.” Yoongi looked down at his shoes,

“Is Jimin on his way?” Jungkook nods,

“He doesn’t want to go with us-”

“He doesn’t want to attend our meeting?” Jungkook shook his head,

“He still works for the Kim’s.” Yoongi’s mouth grew into a frown.

“My husband. He works for my husband.” Jungkook nods,

“H-His family… wants to remain loyal to those that carry that last name.” Yoongi smiled,

“Seokjin’s name is Min.”

“By marriage.” He sighs, “Since what’s his face doesn’t want to take over-”

“His name is Taehyung. He is my brother-in-law. Be respectful.” Jungkook stared at his brother,

“I was going to ask you at dinner- but Hyung didn’t look so good- I didn’t want to bring it up.” Yoongi waves his hand, telling him to continue. “Is the merge going to happen?”

“I don’t know?” He bit back,

“H-hyung, how don’t you know-”

“His father told me he wanted it to happen. It was in his will for fuck's sake but- I don’t want to tell him. He’s not been the best since his passing-”

“Wouldn’t blame him. Two parent’s in one year?” Jungkook shook his head, “Hyung- I think Hyung needs a change in scenery?”

“He said he’s better off here.” He hadn’t but what choice does he have? Leave? He was keeping him here. It wasn’t good. Telling him to stay home, at all times- but he was reckless. He was already hurt once by the paparazzi. He had to be hospitalized for over a month then. It was horrible. For both of them. The idiot didn’t let that time faze him though, always trying to leave.
Now, he doesn’t have cars. He, of course, thinks Yoongi got rid of them, but they’re still in the garage. All he did was take his keys away. He hasn’t asked for them back, didn’t even try putting up a fight. “I don’t need him getting hurt again.” Jungkook smiles,
“You’re a good husband. I know you care for him, but keeping him here-” He looked around the dark room. “I don’t think it’s good for him. Hyung- he likes being out… I know it’s a bit scary- but-”
“He’s fine here. If he wanted to go out Kook, he can.” Jungkook sighs, “I’ll take your word then.” He huffs lightly,
“So, what does Jimin plan on doing?” Jungkook shrugs,
“Can’t he just hang out with Seokjin?” Yoongi lifted his brow,
“You want Seokjin to hang out with your fiance?”
“Jimin likes Hyung. Does Hyung not like him?” Yoongi shakes his head,
“Seokjin hasn’t ever hated anyone.” Except for him. “Besides, it’s best for them both not be involved with Min incorporate.” Jungkook shrugged,
“I thought you told Hyung everything?” Yoongi lifted his brow,
“Of course I do kid. That’s how marriage works.” Jungkook smiled,
“Go let him know then?” Yoongi nodded, standing up.

He was lingering slightly, knocking on the door.
“Yes?” He stared back at the door, waiting for a moment- hoping he would already be up. Nothing came. Annoyed he opened the door,
“Are you decent?”
“As you can get…” He peered into his room, he was wearing his blue striped pajamas. He looked as if sleep was still in his eyes, as he rubbed them.
“At least you can be decent.” Seokjin sighed, sitting up. “The doctor’s here. He’s waiting downstairs for you.” His eyes were still drawn from life, his skin a sickly pale.
“Send him away- I’ll call for my own-” His voice wasn’t strong.
“You look like shit.” He seemed to freeze at the words. Yoongi seemed to stammer, “-Just go see him? He won’t tell me shit.” Seokjin stared off at him, as Yoongi moved further away.
“I’ll be fine…” He looked drained to the core. “I just have to take better care of myself-” This man always made him impatient.
“Go see him will you?” He looked as if he was ready to protest. “Jimin will be here soon.” His eyes lit up at the name.
“H-He’s coming over?” A why was written over his face. Yoongi refused to tell him why,
“I’m taking Jungkook fishing with me.” Seokjin’s lips moved into a frown- this let him see how pale his lips were. The color looked muted, He couldn’t stand it closing his eyes. “Jimin said he’d like to spend the day with you-”
“I-don’t do much-” He didn’t need to hear his weak voice.
“I’m driving Jungkook. My driver is at your disposal. Take him-”
“Where?” He didn’t like his tone. It was as if he had to ask for everything. Yoongi sighed,
“What would you usually do?”
“I don’t remember.” Yoongi stared at Seokjin almost as if in disbelief. His eyes showed him a large amount of confusion.
“Take him to your thing…”
“My thing?” He stared at Seokjin,
“That place you own.” Yoongi drew his gaze to the ground.
“My company?” Seokjin asked in a bit of amusement.
“Sure.” Yoongi bit out. “That’s what you call it huh?” He rolled his eyes looking back up, “We’ll meet up for dinner?”
“Where at?” His voice was groggy. Yoongi paused, wondering if leaving him with Jimin was
going to be a good idea—especially in the state he was in.  
“I’ll send the location to my driver. Is that alright?” Seokjin remained silent, but his mouth slid open.  
“It’s Sunday…”  
“Is that a problem?” He locked his eyes for a moment.  
“I—I’ll take him to prep for my fashion show instead?” Yoongi nodded,  
“Do that then…I’ll call you if anything changes?”  
“Alright.” Yoongi pressed his eyes closed, speaking slowly.  
“Go see the doctor.” He looked eerily sick. “The last thing I need is for Jimin to see you looking like that…” Seokjin’s eyes opened slightly. He must finally realize how much like crap he looks like.  
“Alright.” He sighed, “I’ll be down to see him then?”  

Yoongi pressed his eyes closed,  
“So, what we are saying is that we need to push funds towards—”  
“That won’t work.” Jungkook spoke up, “The transaction won’t go well with our partners, namely Kim inc.”  
“Kim inc is on our side. CEO’s husband won’t be upset if we push towards this deal—” Yoongi sighed. Of course, he wouldn’t mind. That man didn’t leave his room for four months. Not to do a single thing. Hasn’t even called the company.  
“We can push it through.”  
“Hyung—” Yoongi turned to his younger brother,  
“With the conditions that we send a letter of our plan of action to Kim inc.”  
“So… You plan to send a letter to your husband?” A person asked Yoongi nodded.  
“Send it to the company. They’ll give it to him in due time.” There seemed to be some resound at his resolve. “Now—” Yoongi sat up, “Let’s have a drink.”  

Yoongi sat still, looking at the bar ahead of him.  
“You know? Drinking at—” Jungkook lifted his watch, “Three—”  
“It’s five o’clock somewhere.” He looked back up at Jungkook. “Why are you so suddenly worried about my drinking?”  
“Hyung—” He began sliding into the seat next to his. “That’s your fifth one?”  
“Four—” Jungkook pointed back at the four empty glasses. “One of those had to have been juice?”  
The bartender moved as Jungkook moved his finger along the bar.  
“Can you leave us?” He nodded, leaving swiftly.  
“Heechul.” Yoongi moved his glass up, “Tell my driver—”  
“Your driver went off with Master Seokjin.” He peeled his eyes open slightly.  
“Damn. Call an Uber. I have to go—” He paused,  
“Dinner isn’t until six Hyung—” He paused,  
“Jungkook. I have to go do something before dinner—”  
“Should I drive—” He shook his head,  
“No-No!” Yoongi paused, “I gotta do something—”  
“I can do it Hyung.” Jungkook stood up, “Just tell me what you need?” Yoongi nodded,  
“I’m going to need you to run to a store.”  
“A store?” His brow rose,  
“Is it Hyung’s—”  
“No! No!” He shook his head, “I need you to go buy a fish.” Jungkook stared at him.  
“A fish?—” His brow rose, “Did you kill one of Hyung’s fish?” Yoongi pressed his eyes closed.  
“No-no… I haven’t touched those things.” Yoongi rolled his eyes, “The fishing trip. I need him to
believe we went to a lake- and not-”

Yoongi wasn’t a kind man. No, he knew that. He knew people spoke ill of him. Said he was cold-hearted, a beast, devil- usurper well… sept for the latter he was sure that is how his husband thought of him. His beautiful former model husband. Yoongi caught him cheating on him… With that man. Yoongi isn’t beyond losing his mind. No, he wasn’t beyond making a scene. He was Yoongi, but when his eyes happened to falter on… on what he saw he turned meek. His mouth wouldn’t let out a single sound. His knees were weak. How does one react in those situations? His husband being fucked from behind? Moaning another man’s name? Well, Yoongi did the thing he never thought he would do. He turned back immediately and left. Yoongi had seen him, and his adulter. Yup. They knew they were caught. He screamed for Yoongi, but he didn’t stop not even for a moment. Cruel and scary Yoongi ran away.

Yoongi wasn’t beyond making a commotion, not even if it was his honeymoon. In his mind, the first thing that had clicked was that he was in a dream. That’s right! He was in some sort of a dream- where his husband… fucked his friend. After an hour of wondering and deliberating around the small city, it came to him- no. He was in reality. Then came the processing of what he would do next. Would Yoongi have had a problem filing for divorce straight away? No. Fuck the family business. He couldn’t care less what reporters would think, what it would do to his stocks- no of that. Did he stay because Seokjin got on his knees and begged him? No. He stayed because of two things. One, Yoongi wasn’t one to be rash and make a decision on his feelings. Yes, he was outspoken- but he wasn’t stupid. Two, he hated this man he was now bound to for eternity. Giving him the escape of a divorce would be like giving him a green light to continue living his life as if nothing happened. Yoongi was hurt by his actions. And now he was determined to make him pay for how he made him feel. That is why Yoongi didn’t divorce him. He also knew… Seokjin would never- ever file on his own. He didn’t have the backbone to do it. To sign the paper and leave him. Of course, the choice for a divorce has always been there. He kept his own lawyers, and Yoongi did as well. Whatever Yoongi has taken from him, Seokjin could always take back but the man didn’t have it in him. He was either scared of him or of the consequences, Yoongi would implement if he didn’t do as he said. He sounded bad, real bad. Yoongi never told him to stop leaving the house, told him to stop getting caught in public. Yoongi told him not cause commotions, he found him screaming in a Japanese restaurant. Yoongi told him to stop talking to his family while he was around, not to cut off contact- no he did. He did tell him that one. He didn’t need such a dirty speck in his life dampening the only other source of joy he got. With him keeping this marriage there were consequences for him as well. He could never move on, find someone better… Never be happy. Never be in love again. He was willing to give in, because whatever he was losing- Seokjin was too. If it hurt Yoongi, it hurt Seokjin twice as much. He was willing to live like that, to give up warmth and happiness to see someone who hurt him suffer. He sounded evil in his own mind, but maybe he was. He never wavered in his mind, when Seokjin did what he did he sealed his own fate in Yoongi’s book. Yoongi would despise him until the earth ended until the sky fell dark and the stars around disappeared. Yoongi would resent him. With every fiber in his being, he was determined to make this man pay for his heartbreak. His eyes were shaky as he made it to his room. His head was spinning lightly,

“Youngi?” He knew that voice.

“H-”

“You’re really drunk?” The man sounded muffled as Yoongi fell over him, “You know… drinking during the day is bad-”
“You sound like Jungkook.” There was a small sigh,
“You husband’s home?” Yoongi let out a scratchy laugh.
“No.” Yoongi fell into the grip, “He left.” He rested his head in the crook of his neck, snuggling closely taking in his scent. The minty scent. It reminded him of someone, someone who he used to hold long ago.
“Where is Jungkook?”
“He’s… Gone too.”
“Good.”

Yoongi pulled his suit jacket, entering the restaurant.
“Table for Min.” The host nodded, moving up quickly to show them the way. He followed, taking up his phone.
“Ahh…” Jungkook groaned,
“What?”
“They’re here.” Yoongi turned his head back and was stunned lightly at the flash.
“Shit.” He turned his head back, looking forward. “Who tipped them off?” Jungkook moved ahead going into the private room. They both took their seats, as Yoongi continued to search his phone. More work emails.
“Hyung. Is it gonna be alright of for Seokjin Hyung-”
“He’ll be fine.” Yoongi lowered his phone, giving his brother a small smile. “So… you know we aren’t going to speak about…”
“Yeah.”
“We went fishing up in the mountains.” Jungkook lowered his phone, nodding.
“Yeah.”
“We’ll leave the fish in the fridge. He’ll believe it if we leave it there.” Jungkook nodded, “W…why not just tell him?” Yoongi shrugged,
“I don’t want him thinking about… business. He… He hasn’t been in a good place for a while.”
“His family?”
“Yeah.” Yoongi bit the side of his cheek, “He always leaves… and gets sick when we bring up business… So… I’ve been leaving it out for a while now.”
“Has…has he gone to see anyone professionally?”
“He doesn’t want to talk about it.”
“Then- You should take him.” Yoongi nodded,
“I am planning on it… but he’s finally acting like his old self. Your engagement has brought him some joy.”
“He’s… he’s pouring himself into our engagement?”
“He loves you Jungkook. He wants the best for you and Jimin… he’s happy to see you get married.” Jungkook nods.
“I… I don’t want him to force himself.”
“He loves you. He isn’t forcing himself to do anything.” Of course, he was, Seokjin cared only about himself. Why else would he do everything he’s ever done. He doesn't love anyone. “Just… try to understand him okay?”
“When he gets here…” Jungkook pursed his lips, “I won’t bring it up at all.”
“Good.”

Dinner was annoying. Seokjin was decent to be around at least, he did what he was supposed to but still, they left dinner with another promise to be together.
Their drive back home was completely silent.
“Did I do something bad?” Why did he always ask stupid questions when everything was finally
okay? “You don’t have to attend. I’ll tell them you’re sick-” Why were all his ideas so foolish. “So they can come to check up on me later?” His words are dim, as he taps on his phone quickly. “Think before you do foolish things.” Seokjin lowers his head, hearing his phone chime. Yoongi hasn’t… in so long ever heard Seokjin’s phone go off. Not when his father died, not when his mother died. Why did it just go off? Seokjin never gets calls- always messages, and most strangely his phone is always on silent. Yoongi lifts his gaze from his screen to his husband. Seokjin reaches into his pocket, pulling out his phone. His eyes grew large at the name. He hung up, looking back up to the ceiling of the car. Yoongi saw his chest move quickly. He tilted his head in question. “Who was that?” Seokjin was quick to respond. For once. “None of your business.” Yoongi scoffs. How can it be no one when it got him this riled up “Back to your slut ways huh?” Seokjin smiles at the words, “You’re the worst thing that has ever happened to me.” He looks down at Yoongi, “I hope you know that?” He smiles at him, “Also, your flies down again.”Yoongi’s eyes flash for a moment, as he turns his attention to his pants. Zipping them up quickly. “Hope he was good?” Yoongi lifts his gaze at him. He has a stupid smile on his lips. “What are you implying?” “I’m not an idiot.” Yoongi shakes his head scoffing. “I fucked you at some point you know?” Seokjin pressed his eyes closed. Yoongi mouth flew open, what the hell was he saying? “Keep it low.” He lets out. He swallowed hard looking back at him. Yoongi was almost confused by the words that were leaving his mouth. “I don’t need anyone finding out that both of us can’t keep it in our pants.” Yoongi’s mouth is askew lightly, finally closing. Was Seokjin comparing himself to him? “Believe it or not. I’m not a sick asshole like you.” He ended his voice slightly up, trying to contain his anger. Seokjin stares out of the window. This left them completely silent. They arrived home, and Seokjin left the car without another word. He left Yoongi with his driver, he stepped out of the car. “Thanks for driving him.” He nodded, “Anything happens?” “He was rather silent with Mr. Park.” Yoongi nodded, “Did he make any detours-” “No. Just to his companies place, then straight to the restaurant.” “Good.” He nodded. Yoongi turned ready to go the other way before stopping and turning back to see the older man. “By the way… sorry, you had to hear that conversation… I think he’s losing his mind-” “I am usually not one to intervene Mr. Min… but may I say something?” The older man lowered his hat, “Go ahead.” “He seems hurt.” “He’s heard worse from me-” “Not that kind of hurt… Mr. Min… Is Master Min eating? He looks as if he’s lost more weight?” “I haven’t noticed…” He thinks back to the dinner. He couldn’t remember if Seokjin even took a bite from his plate. Jungkook certainly took from his plate, and he didn’t complain. He used to complain and now… “He’s looking ill. Please take care of him… whatever this marriage is… His father did ask for you to take care of him.” Yoongi pressed his eyes closed, “I’ll look into it further.” He lowered his head to his driver, “Thanks for telling me. I wouldn’t have noticed if you hadn’t said a thing.” “No problem Mr. Min…” He smiled, “Have a nice night.” “You as well.”

Yoongi entered his office, taking his jacket off. Was that idiot dieting again? He was sure that shit
was over after the modeling ended. He wasn’t one to worry. Not about Seokjin in the least, but… Jimin and Jungkook were in town. Soon his entire family would see him. He loosened his sleeves sliding them up over his arm. Was he really losing weight? He couldn’t remember what he looked like. The limo was dark, and Seokjin was barely visible. He couldn’t tell if his driver was right. If his husband was losing weight. It… didn’t sit well in his stomach. Maybe it was the time they had spent together in those countries at night… seeing him skipping meals was the worst. Was it a custom Yoongi had? To worry about what Seokjin ate? He had to know. It was like a creeping feeling, like something crawling over his back- latching on and he knew he wouldn’t rest at all if he left it alone. It was just out of custom that he was doing this, it wasn’t as if he actually cared for his husband.

Knock!
Knock!
Knock!

The only thing Yoongi missed about them being together was that he could just walk in. Walk in and see what he was doing, now he always knocked- and stood outside in the hall hoping the idiot would hear his knock and answer or Yoongi would have to come back some other time. He was probably sleeping already but-

Knock!

He was greeted by a tried face,

“What?” He crooked before noticing who he was speaking to. He seemed to look unpleased,

“What?” Yoongi asked. Seokjin pressed his eyes closed,

“Not that it isn’t pleasant seeing you here at…” He turned his head back into the room. “Two in the morning but what are you doing here?”

“I want to talk.” Seokjin nodded,

“Go ahead.” Yoongi’s eyes grew dull,

“Can we speak… inside?” Seokjin’s lip moved up into a questioning look. “I don’t want to speak in the hallway.” He nodded, moving aside. Yoongi entered the room, taking in the woof of Seokjin. It was his minty scent, spread across the room. Consuming his nose as he entered. The room was… well, the way Seokjin would have it. Pale walls, with a lot of paintings. Of his family, of random sceneries. The bed was still made, but the number of stuffed animals on it was well disheartening and slightly disturbing to Yoongi. He walked around for a moment, trying to find a spot in the room- where he felt. Not as unwelcome, or uncomfortable. Seokjin didn’t seem to care, planting himself right on the end of the bed. He turned his face upwards, showing Yoongi his face. He was wearing, a face mask- hair pulled back with a pink headband all while wearing light blue striped pajamas that didn’t allow him to truly see if Seokjin’s figure was slimmer than usual. Yoongi didn’t want to look at his face. It was too awkward to stare at the face mask on him but his body wasn’t giving him the immediate answer he was looking for. Seokjin tilted his head smiling lightly. Yoongi nodded slightly, moving his eyes around and down his body-

“What are you looking at?” Seokjin drew a hand up covering his chest, Yoongi rolled his eyes.

“We’ve done a lot more than just staring at each other. Calm down.” He stared at Yoongi.

Confused as to what he said,

“Are you here cause you want to-” His eyes were large, and Yoongi caught on to what he was insinuating.

“No.” He spoke up quickly. “I-I came to speak with you.” He seemed relieved, crossing his arms slightly. Seokjin tilted his head,

“About?” And here Yoongi was. How was he supposed to put it? Hey, are you not eating again? He could just lie and tell Yoongi he was fine. Yoongi stared at Seokjin for a moment, opening his mouth- but words not finding a way out.
“Is this about the limo?” Seokjin’s face lost interest, his eyes growing dull. Yoongi didn’t like the look— it was if he was expecting this conversation.

“Wha-”

“I’m not wrong, am I? You’re sleeping around?” Seokjin shook his head, “I don’t mind. Go ahead…”

“That wasn’t why I came here.” Seokjin scoffed,

“No?” He smiled, “Then why are you here?” Yoongi closed his mouth, starring at Seokjin.

“Get up and take off your shirt.” His brow rose,

“Pardon me?” His teeth were shone as he heard the question. “You’re insane aren’t you?”

“Just do it-” Seokjin cut him off,

“Why should I?” Yoongi pressed his lips together, “Say it. Why should I take my shirt off for you?”

“Can’t you just do it this once-”

“Not without a fucking reason Yoongi! Tell me why I should do what you want?!” Yoongi shook his head,

“I am doing it for you. Now do it-”

“That’s not a good fucking reason Yoongi! You know that. Now tell me-”

“I don’t want to argue tonight Seokjin-”

“Then why are you here? Making stupid demands-like me showing you my body-”

“You’ve shown it to others before.” Yoongi knew that was a low blow to him, but he just wouldn’t do as he said. If he did, then he would be on his way. Besides, it was for his own good. “Is it weird that your husband finally wants to see it?”

“Get out.” Seokjin stood up, getting closer to Yoongi. Yoongi bit his tongue, he’s never gotten up and close to him.

“You can’t-”

“Get. Out. Of. My. Room Yoongi.” Yoongi slid his tongue over his teeth, seeing the anger run in Seokjin’s eyes.

“Fine!” He brushed Seokjin’s shoulder, leaving the room. He threw the door closed behind him. This is what always happened. Whenever he worried about this man. He always managed to boil his blood. Always stepped on his nerve. This man’s torment was his glee. Making him pay for how he made him feel was the reason he was still with him. But here this idiot was, not allowing for Yoongi to show some interest in his health. He could die for all Yoongi cared, that’s how he’s always felt. Why was he so angry though? Was it the reminder of him… back in the day- when he loved him. When he worried about him. When he saw him almost starve himself? Was it his custom to worry about Seokjin that was causing this anger? Was it him telling him no to something so simple? Yoongi didn’t know but he sure was pissed. He walked forward down the hall, he looked at a vase on a table pushing it over. It crashed and echoed through their lonesome home. If he was going to behave like this then Yoongi wouldn’t bother to even care either.

He fixed his tie- blinking away the sleep from his eyes. He needed coffee. Without coffee, he wouldn’t be able to think straight. He wasn’t straight but hey- he could only grumble responses. He moved away, leaving his room. He moved down the stairs and into the living room. He looked around, seeing a maid carrying a bag of trash. His brow rose in suspicion from where she was going.

“Is Seokjin awake?” She nodded,

“Yes, Sir.” He scratched his head. “He eating breakfast?” She shook her head,

“He went to the garden to do some reading-” Yoongi began to walk to the kitchen not bothering to give the girl any explanation. He sped to the main kitchen, not bothering to pay mind to the other maid- dish in hand walking out. He entered the kitchen, his chief’s brow moving up at his presence.

“Mr. Yoongi-”
“I want you to record everything my husband eats. From lettuce to fucking thyme leaves.”
“Huh?”
“Serve him what he wants to eat. Whatever he wants but make sure he’s eating.”
“Mr. Yoongi-”
“No buts. Do you understand?” He nodded.
“Yes.”
“Where’s the head maid?”

Yoongi was back at his office, staring at the older woman.
“Good morning Mr.-” He threw closed his door,
“You clean Seokjin’s part of the house right?” She turned her head back to him.
“Your husbands?”
“Yes.”
“Of course I do.” He nods.
“Do-do you ever find… find food or leftovers-”
“No.” She shakes her head, “His room is always spotless.” That was exactly what he didn’t want to hear.
“If anyone comes to deliver food or- anything report back to me alright?”
“Yes, sir.” He nodded.
“If he eats. Write it down. Watch him for me?” She nodded.
“Yes, sir.” That was easy. So much easier than asking his husband to corporate and take his shirt off. He smiled at her,
“Thank you.” She nodded.
“I’ve noticed his recent weight loss as well sir. I think… you should consider consulting an expert.” He nodded.
“I’m starting to think so too.”

Yoongi’s foot tapped on the ground.
“Is this the last meeting?” He looked up, seeing his secretary.
“No.” He said in a dull tone. “Three more.”
“Can we push two of them back?” He lifted his brow, “What?” Yoongi inquired at his expression.
“You’ve never asked for a meeting to be pushed back. It’s surprising.”
“Is it?” He nods.
“You were here with a fever last year.” He shrugged,
“Is it your wedding anniversary or something?”
“No. That’s on November 7.” He pressed his lips together. He still remembered his anniversary date. The boy’s smile grew,
“What an attentive husband?! Even knows the date!” Yoongi’s nose wrinkled,
“I am.” He was. He for some reason wanted to get home and have dinner with Seokjin. Force him to eat downstairs in their dining hall. He needed to make sure of what he was concluding. If not it would eat at his brain till the end of time.
“Well…” His secretary shrugged, “You’ve never taken time off. I think it must be important…” He shrugged, “Go on home. I’ll take care the rest?” Yoongi sighed in relief,
“Thanks. I owe you.”
“No problem.” He waved Yoongi off, “Have a good night.”

Yoongi pushed open the front door, smelling something cooking. He made it.
“I’m home.” A maid appeared smiling brightly at him, 
“Mr. Yoongi- you’re so early-” 
“Is dinner being served?” She nodded, “Is Seokjin in the dining room?” Her faint smile disappeared. 
“Yes, sir.” He nodded, 
“Serve me a plate. I’ll be joining him tonight.”

Chapter End Notes

It was a Yoongi chapter! There! Ha! I did it. Okay, tell me what you think and I will be sure to listen to what you say! Thank you for reading and I hope you enjoyed.

Drink water, stream idol and I think Airplane pt. 2 comes out November 7. So... yeah...
Well, I passed my bio test. Then I failed two other test. So... gosh darn I need to study more! I was going to update this Friday but I fell asleep. Then I was going to update it on Saturday, but then... I binged the exorcist- the show with friends. And I was going to update it early this morning. But then I lost my charger for my phone so I had to order a new one off amazon and am worried about when my phone will die. See, I never live a normal life. Beyond that, it's been good. I need to study and go to the gym cause I need to get back into a healthy life. Cause I haven't left my dorm all day. I am serious. I haven't left at all. Okay, have fun reading. Heads up- wanted to give Jin a day off from the angst so, it's pretty upbeat. Can't make a promise for the next chapter though!

Seokjin was not having a good day. Not a good day at all. Maybe, it was the sudden outburst of his husband last night- he felt his face burn red. Why… why was he so embarrassed about him asking for him to take his shirt off? He clutched his shirt, perhaps it was his default response to refuse. After years of not being looked at, years and of not being touched how could he just come to his room and ask for him to show himself? He then stormed out and broke things around the house. Seokjin didn’t know what to do- and why he came to his room so late at night. That, though was only the beginning of the strange behavior that was occurring through the home. Seokjin usually woke up on his own, but today there was a knock at his door. At 6 in the morning. He didn’t answer before she was already in his room. It was the head maid. She asked him what he wanted for breakfast. While he was still in bed and rubbing sleep away from his eyes. He was annoyed, barely audibly answering. He didn’t want anything to eat so early in the morning. She seemed a bit angry with his answer but took and left him. He got ready and headed downstairs. He felt as if he was stared at. He was asked every thirty minutes if he’d like to eat. Every single time… he declined and they seemed to be more attentive to him. Asking him seemingly more often. Seokjin could only read outside for a few hours before he was completely overworn with concern. They kept asking him what he wanted to eat. It was really bothersome. Why were they so distressed today. Everywhere he went he seemed to be followed. The garden, the patio, the bar, his office… even the bathroom. He didn’t know what was going on. It was… odd to say the least, everyone here usually thought he was a bother to have around but all of a sudden he was the center of attention. He didn’t like it. He didn’t like any of this. Seokjin ended up going back to his room and swatching makeup testers. After a few hours, he heard it again. The knock at the door. He sighed, pulling his head up from bed- and hearing the maid ask him what he wanted for dinner. Again, he relented he didn’t mind or care what he had for dinner. Telling her to cook whatever Yoongi would eat. Then his door was almost broken down with a knock, telling him dinner was ready. He sighed, sitting up and heading downstairs on his own. He pushed his hair back with a hand, going into the dining room. The head maid was standing near the entrance, he was a bit nerved out with seeing her- she usually never served him unless Yoongi was around. He saw his plate already served, and a glass of wine paired with the sirloin steak. He did enjoy wine, but the sight of it already being there put him on edge. For years... he has always had to ask for a glass. It being there just seemed… wrong. He was feeling anxious. He stayed silent though, relenting in his mind what could be going on here. He sat down, blinking hard at the dish. Was something wrong with the
“Master Seokjin?” He turned his head back, looking at her.

“Yes?” He didn’t feel good being here.

“Is the food looking to your standards?” Hell no. He really wasn’t liking what was going on in here. He nodded still, he took up his silverware.

“Uhu?” He bit his lower lip, “What is it?”

“Sirloin steak. The chef said you enjoyed it-” Another maid entered the room, crossing over and in a hushed whisper said something into the head maid’s ear. Seokjin sat up straight at this, what was going on? She nodded, smiling to him before leaving the room. Seokjin turned his head back to where they had left. Finally, they left his side. He was beginning to think they were glued to him or something. He stuck his fork into the meat- turning it around. It looked normal enough. He stabbed his knife in it- almost waiting for something to happen. Inspecting it-

“Is it good?” Seokjin mouth became sour at the voice. He wasn’t sure if it was real or if he was imagining it. Why imagine it? His imagination was an escape- how could someone like Yoongi invade it? So, he settled it in his head, it was real. This did nothing to ease him though. How… how long since he had seen him at home so early? He lowered his utensils.

“You’re home early aren’t you?” It was a question but there came no direct answer. Once again he was unsure if he was hearing things or if his husband was home. Still, he had already settled what it was in his mind.

“I am.” He let out finally. He walked behind Seokjin, passing him up and moving to the seat directly in front of him. This wasn’t just unusual. This was straight up bizarre.

“And… yo-you’re going to… have dinner… with me?” He looked at Seokjin for a moment.

“Yeah. I’m here, and I’m hungry.” He nodded. Was that why everyone was so anxious today? His husband would be joining him for dinner? This was scaring him now. Being followed around all day was discomforting but this was on another level of strange.

“Did someone die?” Yoongi sat in his seat, and at his words looked up confused.

“Can’t your husband have dinner with you?” Seokjin looked around the room, leaning over slightly. Mouthing silently.

“Are Jungkook and Jimin joining us?” Yoongi sighed at this, unrolling his napkin.

“No.” Yoongi let out bluntly. Then what was going on?

“Is someone else coming-”

“It’s just you…” Yoongi laid his napkin on his lap. “And me.” Seokjin nodded slowly. This was a joke right? Something was off- were they being recorded? If they were… he should play his part as well.

“How was work today, sweetheart?” His brow moved up at his words,

“Fine.” In came the head maid, serving Yoongi quickly. He waved her off with a thank you. And again they were left alone.
“Did you have lunch?”

“Seokjin?” He nodded,

“Yes, love?” Yoongi stared at Seokjin for a long while.

“It’s just you and me.” He lowered his eyes to his plate. “Seriously. Drop the names will you?” His bad attitude shown through and Seokjin knew he wasn’t lying. With that Seokjin relaxed in his seat lightly, relief flushing over him. So… they no one here. Good- no, not good. Why was he having dinner with him? “Food looks good huh?” Seokjin was already worried about the food before now that Yoongi had brought it up- he definitely wasn’t going to eat it.

“Yeah.” He pressed his lips together,

“You…you should eat it before it gets cold?” Seokjin pushed his plate forward,

“I’m…” Seokjin tilted his head, “Not hungry actually. Ate a big lunch earlier.” He scrunched his nose at Yoongi. His husband licked his upper lip,

“Really?” He sounded as if he was questioning Seokjin. Seokjin nodded.

“Looks so good though?” He shrugged.

“If it looks so good you should take a bite. The chef did work hard to make it?” Seokjin stared at him, Yoongi continued eating not bothering to look at him.

“It’s a good thing you’re home early then.” Seokjin moved the napkin from his lap, placing it on the table. “I should go.” He began, “I have more makeup to test out-” He pushed his seat back, sitting up.

“You’re going to leave me to dine alone?” Seokjin stopped in place. He must be losing his mind. Did Yoongi just say that?

“Thought that was what you’d like?” Yoongi shook his head,

“I came into the dining room to have dinner with my husband.” He began to cut a piece of meat. “Now, sit down and join me.” Seokjin let out a large sigh lowering himself down. This was awkward. How was he supposed to behave? Maybe light conversation was the way? There were only a few things that Seokjin was sure wouldn’t cause an argument,

“Have you spoken with Jungkook?” Yoongi pulled up a chunk of meat,

“Yes.” He took a bite, chewing. Seokjin felt restless in his seat, this was not a situation he wanted to be in. To be honest, being followed around by the maids was easier than this.

“How was it?” He looked up lightly,

“What was?” Yoongi was really not the best at reading into things.

“How was Jungkook?” Seokjin leaned forward, taking up his glass of wine. He turned it lightly, trying to make out the bottom. It was red wine- he couldn’t see the bottom of the glass clearly. At that thought, he was sure he wasn’t going to drink it. He didn’t have any faith in the food or drinks around them. He lowered it, catching Yoongi’s mouth slightly askew staring at him. “What?”

“Nothing.” Seokjin nodded, turning his head up.
“Do you want wine?” Yoongi shook his head, 

“I’m fine.” Seokjin nodded lightly, 

“I want water.” He turned his head back, “I-” Yoongi’s stare was intense as Seokjin singled to stand. He obliged, “Can I get a glass of water?!“ Seokjin called, sitting back down. He was going to have an awful evening. 

“So… how… how did you spend your day?” Seokjin pressed his lips together. He didn’t know what was going on. He could only assume he wanted something from him… with these gestures. He maybe thought were kind? 

“Usual.” He lowered his head, “Just… the same as always.” Yoongi nodded turning his head upwards to look at Seokjin. 

“I was thinking…” He paused pressing his lips together for a moment. “Maybe you could stop by the office tomorrow?” He blinked hard, “Around lunchtime?” Seokjin had no words for what he was asking. “You can… have lunch with me tomorrow right?” Seokjin swallowed hard to answer. He hadn’t been asked to join him for lunch in so long. What was happening? 

“No.” Yoongi’s mouth opened lightly- a confused face in place, 

“No?” His voice sounded shocked but Seokjin nodded. 

“No.” Seokjin repeated before continuing to speak, “I have a doctor’s appointment tomorrow. I told your assistant this morning. He said he’d relay the message to you, did he not?” Yoongi sighed, 

“Then…” He lowered his utensils, “I should take you?” Seokjin paused staring at him. What did he just say? Seokjin looked down, before turning his face upwards and shaking his head, 

“No need.” Seokjin smiled lightly. “Just some blood work…” He nodded to himself, feeling questioning eyes from Yoongi on him. “Besides, I doubt Namjoon will be there-” Yoongi’s brow rose at this, “Besides… you have work tomorrow right?” 

“I’ll cancel.” He said it calmly, but in such a manner that let Seokjin know he didn’t want to take a no as an answer, “I’m the CEO, I can do that at least.” 

“It’s nothing to worry about. I’ll give some blood, have a screening-” 

“A screening?” Seokjin shook him off with his hand, 

“…Just some… Hereditary stuff. You know? Nothing too… serious.” Seokjin smiled lightly, “I’ll come by to meet with whoever you want me to meet the next day?” Yoongi stared at him, 

“I don’t have anyone for you to meet.” Yoongi bit his lower lip. Seokjin didn’t know why else he would ask Seokjin to go to his office around lunchtime? Maybe he was supposed to do a signing or something? Still, Yoongi always gave him a heads up about such events. He seemed to drift away from the conversation for a bit just before Yoongi decided to speak up. “So…” He cleared his throat, seemingly throwing away their previous conversation. “Was finding us a seat a problem?” This was a blessing in the thick atmosphere and silence. Seokjin perched up, 

“Not a problem. Plus I got you all front row-” 

“Where I used to sit?” Seokjin paused recalling a brief memory. When he used to walk the catwalk in his youth. Yoongi always made it his mission to attend as many of his shows as possible. Some
nights he would make it, others… the seat was left empty. Those were the worst nights for Seokjin. When he was there he made sure he had the best seat possible. He could see him, when he walked, to his direct left. Yoongi was the best thing for him to see during that time in his life.

“Y...yes.” He was so hesitant to speak up.

“Good. I thought there would be more issues with us being so… last minute.” It was hard to move people who had reserved seats for months. Still, Seokjin moved them- because if his family wanted to see what a fashion show looked like so be it. Even if Yoongi was apart of that. “It wasn’t too hard.” He gave him a sheepish smile. “It’s my show after all…” Yoongi looked down at his plate, almost grimacing at its lack of food.

“I think it’s time for dessert right?” Seokjin couldn’t remember the last time his husband enjoyed sweets? Perhaps when they were happy and he made it for him? “I’m not hungry.” Seokjin relented one last time, Yoongi stretched the inside of his cheek with his tongue. Seemingly more displeased. Seokjin didn’t know what to do to please him. Finally, the maid came into the room. She looked a bit pale- placing Seokjin’s cup of water down, he smiled up at her. “Thanks.” She nodded, looking at the plate.

“Are you finished?” Her eyes were slightly small,

“Yes.” He agreed, “Very much so.” She took up his plate, looking back at Yoongi. Seokjin could only assume it meant that Yoongi was the one putting everyone up to this. Maybe him being home was a cause of alarm to the others.

“Bring me dessert. I’d also care for a cup of-”

“You shouldn’t have coffee this late.” Yoongi looked back at Seokjin, staring at him. “It’s late.” He recounted. Yoongi stayed silent for a moment before his soft voice came out.

“It isn’t it?” Yoongi tilted his head, “Get me a cup of tea then?” Seokjin smiled lightly, “Me too.”

===

For the first time in a long time, Seokjin had… had had a nice evening. Strange as it was, he actually shared a cup of tea with his husband. The thought being foreign and sounding outlandish even in his own head. What was going on? Having dinner with him? Asking him how his day was? What did he want? Something Seokjin probably had right? Was there an issue at his company? Was that why he wanted Seokjin to show up? To improve the situation at work perhaps? Those were the only things that came to mind. Still…He felt oddly gleeful. He had a good conversation with Yoongi. One that didn’t leave him in tears, or Yoongi cursing at him. How long had it been since one of these had happened? Far too long ago for him to recall. Yoongi and him on good terms? He didn’t know if this was a good sign or the tranquility before a storm.

===

Seokjin woke up early, expecting for someone to be in his room. He was right.

“Good morning, Master Seokjin.” He rustled lightly in bed,

“Morning…” He mumbled sitting up, “Is… is my driver here?” She shook her head, Seokjin rubbed at his eyes.

“That and… Mr. Yoongi has left something for you.” Seokjin moved his hand away from his eyes-
looking at the maid.

“What?” She flattened down her apron, “Is he… is he waiting for me?” She shook her head,

“He left for an early meeting.” She lowered her head to Seokjin, “So what will you have for
breakfast?” He gave her a toothy smile,

“It’s fine… I shouldn’t eat before a blood exam.” She looked down to her feet,

“Yes… that is right.” She lowered her head again, “Well, please come down when you are ready
Master Seokjin.” He nodded.

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Seokjin rubbed his chin, making his way down the stairs and into the living room. He saw the
maid, waiting for him at the front door.

“Did Yoongi call for a driver already-” He paused mid-sentence as she shook her head.

“No, sir. He didn’t…” Seokjin sighed,

“I guess I’ll call an uber-” He pulled up his phone ready to order a car when he heard a small
jingle. His eyes drew up at what was in her hand. He hadn’t seen those since the day his father passed away. He closed his eyes, reopening them to still see it in her hands. He wasn’t imagining it then? “Are… are those my-

“They are your keys to your cars, yes.” She smiled, “Mr. Yoongi asked for me to give them to
you.” He stared at them in her hands. No. No way this was happening. Was something being…
given back to him? Of all his years with Yoongi not once had he ever returned things to Seokjin.
Not his choice to leave, his voice, not his freedom. But… in her hands. His keys? She pulled them
forward, Seokjin was hesitant as they landed on his hand. He stared at them.

“So… I get to drive myself?” She nodded but paused for a moment,

“If that is alright I mean- we can always call-

“No!” He shouted, clenching his fist over the keys. “No.” He nodded, “I’ll drive myself.” He
smiled, “I’ll be back home then.” She nodded,

“Have a nice day Master Seokjin.”

===

To say he was happy was an understatement. When the garage opened and his eyes caught sight of
the line of cars in there, he swore a tear almost left his eye. His eyes moved around, and he looked
gEEKish at them. Which one to take? He lifted his keys, pressing a random unlock button. He hit it,
and the Black Bugatti’s door popped open.

“We have a winner huh?” Seokjin got in the car, turning it on. The car’s engine came alive, and his
heart was engulfed with the sound. He pulled it out of neutral and slowly drove out of the
driveway. He went to the back of the house, to their private exit. He stopped lowering his
passenger window, waiting for their security guard to come and speak to him. Without another
word, the gate was opened up to him. Seokjin saw him raise his thumb up to him, telling him to go.
Seokjin went with it, pulling out into the street. He pulled his car back into first gear, and as soon
as he was out on the road- he gained speed.
He filled out some papers and then was moved to into a room. He was asked to change, and now he was in a gown. Cold and slightly, jittery. He wasn’t afraid of needles, but he sure as hell didn’t like having them stuck in him. He also has a big belief that his blood should remain in his body but the doctors sure like to argue with his beliefs.

“Mr. Min?” He poked his head up,

“Yes?” The doctor smiled,

“I am here to take your blood?” He nodded, preparing himself briefly. She entered the room with a tray of instruments, smiling back at him. She was smiling a lot, like a little too much. She neared him, taking up her iPad, flipping through it lightly. “I have to go through some questions beforehand, is that alright?” Seokjin nodded,

“Of course.” He let out a ragged breath. He was nervous.

“Are you sexually active?” He blinked for a moment,

“Yes.” She pressed a button,

“Are you on any medication?”

"I was on Ambien for a while… It wasn’t working so I stopped taking it.” She looked up for a moment,

“You woke up in the middle of the night a lot huh?” He nodded, “Well…” She typed a bit. “I can set you up with something that will keep you asleep for the entire night- I mean if sleep is still an issue?” He nods,

“It’s is.” She flashed him her teeth,

“Alright.” She looked back at him, “Anything else?” He thought for a moment,

“No.” She nodded,

“It says here you are having trouble keeping food down?” He nods,

“I eat once a day.” She pressed her lips together,

“For how long?” He thinks back,

“I can’t remember.” She continues to type,

“We will be running tests on that as well then?” He bit his upper lip, “May I ask you a question?”

He looked at her,

“Yes.” He was meek to answer,

“Did you diet a lot in your modeling days?” So she did know who he was. Of course, she did, someone outside screamed when they saw him enter. He had to be escorted away to a private waiting area.

“Yes.” He didn’t like admitting it. He dieted. Everyone did in his line of work, but the past was the past. He… He wasn’t into dieting like that. He wasn’t one to stick his finger down his throat. He
knew someone like that. It broke him to see someone like that. So broken and willing to hurt
themselves in order to retain a stupid figure. “Would that have anything to do with what is going on
with my body now?”

“No.” She said blandly. “Frankly, you retired 5 years ago… still, harsh diets have a way of staying
ingrained in the minds of some people.” He crossed his arms over his chest,

“Do I seem like I am the type to starve myself?” She lifted her eyes up to him,

“No.” She offered him a small smile, “You telling me about this lets me know… you aren’t hiding
it. When you’re hiding it… it worries people like me- and doctors.” She tapped on her iPad more,
“You are looking for a way to resolve this issue?”

“Of course!” He barked out, she lifted her gaze to him.

“Good.” Her eyes moved back to the page, “Now… can you please tell me about any family
conditions I should know about?” Seokjin tilted his head upwards speaking lowly,

“Yes… my father passed away from cancer… a few months ago.” She nodded, “My mother had…
asthma. She… also had bipolar depression.” Her eyes moved up to him,

“Have you been diagnosed with any of those things?” He shook his head,

“No… no…” He paused, “I have Cystic fibrosis though.” She scrolled up quickly, noting it in his
pre-existing conditions.

“Yes. Yes.. you do.” He nodded, “How long has it been?”

“Ten years.” He had had it for so long. He forgot about it every once and again, but every time he
coughed. Everyone in the house seemed to worry. It had been quite a while since he had his lungs
drained. “I take the vitamins I am supposed to. And I haven’t gotten sick in a while-”

“Doesn’t change the fact that you still have it?” He nodded, “When was the last time you did a
chest wall oscillation?”

“Six months ago.” She nodded,

“We are going to need to take more X-rays then. To make sure your lungs are fine…” She begins
to read more, “So, you are tired lately?” He nods,

“A lot.”

“That means we have to step up your vitamin intake.” She looked worried for a moment, “You are
taking your vitamins right?” Seokjin nods,

“Of course.” She scrolled down the page, signing off the bottom.

“Okay.” She nodded, “Time to get that blood!” She was too happy about what she was about to do.

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Seokjin rubbed at his sore arm, they had given him a plain band-aid and she even gave him a loli-
pop. She was a nice doctor.

“We are going to have you lie down and stay still Mr. Min? While the MRI machine scans your
body alright?” He nodded,
“For how long?”

“We are doing your entire body...” He shrugged, “An hour tops?”

“An hour?” He nodded,

“We tell people not to fall asleep... but the noise will probably put you down so... don’t be too worried alright?” Seokjin nodded at this guy's cool attitude. “Well have you out and about in a while.” Seokjin nodded, “Now lie down-”

“Where are you going?” The guy pointed to another room,

“Behind that concrete wall.” Seokjin stared at him, “Listen. I do this for a living- that will give you radiation poisoning if you're around it for too long.” Seokjin nodded, “See ya’ in a bit.” He complied, laying back. After a few minutes, he heard the machine startup and it gingerly moving him into it. That guy may have worried him, but he was right. This thing did have a nice hum to it, one that made him slightly drift into a light slumber.

He was finally changed, and back in the examination room.

“Ah! Mr. Min?!” The preppy doctor was back and smiling largely. He nodded slightly, “So how the scan go?”

“Alright.” She nodded,

“You slept through it huh?” He nodded, “Most people do.” She shrugged, “I have your prescriptions-” She slipped him a small note, “Eszopiclone will help you sleep. B12 for your blood, and more Iron to keep your blood enriched.” She smiled weakly, “We checked your iron levels... they were really low.” He felt a bit embarrassed at hearing that. “I also upped a few of your older vitamins. They should help sustain you until blood work comes back and we can have you back to your normal and healthy diet.”

“Yeah...” How was he supposed to react?

“Besides that... you seem to be quiet well, Mr. Min.” He looked at her smiling,

“Does that mean I’m all clear?” She shook her head,

“You seem healthy. I and your main doctor will have to see your scans and blood work but... I can say you are pretty healthy from a physical standpoint.” He felt glee to hear that. He knew that was what was going to happen. But relief filled his chest at the sound of that. He... he was alright. “Well... thank you, Mr. Min. I will contact you back as soon as we have your test results back.” He stood from the bed, moving forward to shake her hand. She took it smiling largely.

He didn’t waste much time. Going to the pharmacy straight afterward. He waited in line for a bit, and then set up his new medication. He was told it would be done in an hour. He felt a bit frazzled, staring up at the clock. It was already reaching... four in the afternoon. He was gone for a while, and the fuzzy feeling in his stomach worried him. Should he call Yoongi and explain where he was? Why he wasn’t already home? He was free from home, yet felt so inclined to go back- make a check-in call. Hell, even just send a text. He was sure though if he texted Yoongi... he wouldn’t answer him at all. Right? Yeah. He wouldn’t He could call his office, and explain to his assistant
why he was running late… to get home. That may seem odd though, checking in with his assistant? Yup, that was strange. Still, he felt, restless. Like he was up to something bad. He needed to let someone know he was just at the pharmacy getting his medication and not doing something…

what would he be doing if he wasn’t here? He can’t recall everything of what to he would do after he left his home? What would he do? Where would he go? Most certainly not a pharmacy, right? He pulled up his phone, swallowing hard at the screen. What would normal Seokjin do if he wasn’t afraid? He didn’t know. Was it bad he had no plan if he ever escaped the confines of his home? Was it bad that he was still calling it home? Seokjin didn’t know anymore.

He got home, right after the pharmacy. It was dark as he pulled into the backroad, the gate opened for him though. He proceeded in and parked into the garage. He stared at the line of car’s lovingly before closing the garage. He would most certainly give him back his keys. He probably only gave him back his car key so that he didn’t have to call for an uber. He went into the home from the front, feeling a bit odd to be entering.

“Welcome home, Master Seokjin?” He nodded,

“Sorry I am late.” He lifted his medicine. “Took a while for the pharmacy to have these done.” She nodded happily,

“Was it alright?” He nodded to her,

“Said I was pretty much in the clear for good health.” She lifted a brow but seemed to shake it off.

“Would you like to have dinner?” He nodded lightly,

“Yeah... “ He turned his head around for a moment before leaning closer to her, “Is Yoongi home yet-”

“No.” She looked down to her hands, “He called and said he had a few more meetings to take care of before heading home.” Seokjin nodded,

“Of course.” That made sense. He was the CEO of a company. Having dinner with his estranged husband wasn’t at the very top of his list. That was alright, Seokjin wasn’t holding on to too much hope of him being here when he got back anyway. He smiled at her, “I’m gonna head up and change first?” She nodded,

“You can, Master Seokjin.”

Seokjin took his new medicine, sighing lightly. He always hated not being able to sleep, but that doctor made it seem like this new prescription would make his problem go away. Good. He needed that to happen. Maybe with a full night of sleep, he would be better. Maybe. Seokjin pulled up his covers, crawling into them. Today… was one of the easiest days he’s had in a long time. As he eases into sleep, a few things continue to swarm his mind, not allowing him to completely drift into sleep. Why was his husband being nice to him? Why were the staff happy to see him? Why? Why? He had so many things he question. It was normal for him to do this right? His normal was shifted into something he wasn’t familiar with. He had a right to question everything. It was expected. He wondered when it would end. When his husband would become cold to him again. Soon. He thought, nothing this good last for long.

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Seokjin woke up early, without any rustling he spoke up.

“Morning.” Seokjin had found that what was foreign to him a few days ago had become quite common in such a small amount of time. Being woken up in the morning, and asked what he would want for breakfast.

“Good Morning Master Seokjin. What would you care for breakfast?” He yawned,

“Just a cup of tea… maybe some crackers?” Her eyes seem to light up,

“Alright.” She offered him a large smile, “I will go prepare it.”

He walked down the stairs and down to the living room,

“Morning Seokjin.” He met his eyes, they were dark and still seemed to hold a lack of sleep behind them. He was a bit skittish to see him, his hair was a bit unkempt but he looked attractive even like this. Still, for the entire week- Seokjin had come to see his husband’s face in the morning.

“Morning.” He smiled lightly, “Did you…” Seokjin fidgeted with his hands lightly. “Did you get back from work alright last night?” He nodded,

“Yeah?” He answered a bit unsure of himself, “They decided to swamp me with meetings today.” He ran his hand through his hair, “So… I won’t be able to join you for breakfast today… or for dinner.” Yoongi was a workaholic, Seokjin didn’t have his psychiatric license but he did have eyes. No one in the world worked as hard as Yoongi did. He poured himself into his work. When Seokjin and he were happy, it was still a strain on their relationship. His work would make him cancel events, lose sleep, and spend less and less time with him. Now that he was the CEO, Seokjin saw him even less than before. Which wasn’t bad. They never spoke even when they saw each other so him being held up at the office seemed like nothing too bad. But the lack of rest always took a toll on him. Seokjin nodded, seeing him pass him up and go towards the front door.

“Yoongi?” He could hear his footsteps stop in place, he didn’t turn. Neither did Seokjin, his chest was beating too hard for that.

“Uh?” It was a muffled sound,

“For lunch…” Why was it so hard for him to ask something so simple. “Can I visit you today?” He heard him sigh before his milky voice strung words.

“Yeah.” Yoongi scratched the back of his head, “Come for lunch.” He walked to the door, and it opened before something came back to Seokjin’s mind.

“Yoongi?” His husband once again stopped in his footsteps, as Seokjin turned to pull out the keys from his pocket. He hadn’t returned them to him. He was feeling quite anxious about them. Now, was the perfect time to give them back. “You forgot to take these back-” Yoongi turned his head back to Seokjin. Seeing the keys in his hand, he seemed to sigh in relief. Why was he relieved to see the keys?

“Keep them.” He gave him a slight tight smile. “You have to get to my office somehow, right?” He a risen brow and a nod, “I’m heading out then.” Seokjin placed a hand over his chest, holding his keys near him.

“Have a nice day.” Seokjin waved him off, lowering his head to his husband lightly. “I’ll see you
later.”

===

Seokjin was surprised his husband let him keep his keys. His keys were back in his hand. He wasn’t feeling so odd about all this. He liked this. His husband and him… had a lot of unresolved tension. He was the first to say that and covering it up- wasn’t good either but living in the constant knowledge that the other was around the corner wasn’t helping either of them. He felt like this… this treatment was a proper compromise. They were actually… okay enough to see each other. On their own accord. In this short week, they had made so much more progress than in 5 years of living with each other. I mean- they actually agreed to have lunch together!

“Who are-” The security guard was hit by his supervisor.

“Pardon him, Master Seokjin.” He offered Seokjin a small smile, “He’s new. And it’s been a while since you’ve… graced us with your appearance here at Min Inc.”

“It’s been a minute.” He relented.

“Master Seokjin!” His eyes drew up at the sound of Yoongi’s secretary. He smiled at him,

“Good afternoon.” Seokjin lowered his head to the security guards walking past them and to Yoongi’s secretary. “Haven’t seen you in a while?” He nods,

“Likewise.” He already began walking, Seokjin slowly following behind him. “What’s that you have in your hands?” Seokjin looked down at the bags in his hand.

“Oh?... I thought Yoongi would be hungry. I picked him up some lunch.” He turned back flashing Seokjin a smile,

“Such a considerate husband huh?”

“I try.” Seokjin nodded, the went to the elevator- it opening up before he could say another word. They entered and the elevator went up. Without stopping at any other stops.

“What brings you here on?” He looked at his watch, “A Friday?”

“I… I want to have lunch with Yoongi.” He nodded,

“He’s been working since this morning. So… he might be grouchy?” Seokjin had dealt with his grouchiness for far too long to be afraid of him and his words.

“I brought along coffee.” Seokjin smiled, “He just needs a small break.” His secretary nodded in agreeance,

“We have six more meetings… or it’ll end up carrying off until tomorrow.” Seokjin paused turning to look at him,

“It’s Saturday. He can’t work-” He looked back at Seokjin,

“Course he can. He does it all the time-” Seokjin shakes his head,

“Not this week. I-I have a-” The elevator door opened, cutting off their conversation. Seokjin lowered his head,

“Let’s go then?”
Being in his view wasn’t fun for him. His stomach knotted, chest hurt all because of his stare.

“Yoongi?” The man’s lips turned up into a smile,

“Yeah, babe?” Seokjin titled his head at the title. Seokjin felt the title was significant enough, snuggling under his grip. Yoongi held Seokjin closer, pressing his lips on his forehead. His scent was encompassing him. Making him his.

“When we get married… I want to be able to visit you every day.” Yoongi scoffed,

“Every day?” He mocked. Seokjin sat straight up,

“You’d like that right?” He asked brow lifted mouth already in a pout. Yoongi laid back on their bed,

“You know I’d love that.” His gummy smile poked through, “But I don’t think that be efficient on a business standpoint?” Seokjin nose wrinkled at hearing that, “What I mean is… I won’t be able to focus on numbers if my hot ex-model of a husband is there at my side?” Seokjin was a bit happier to hear that.

“I quit for you,” Seokjin argued. Yoongi nodded, pulling him into a bear hug- wrapping his legs over Seokjin’s torso.

“And I will make it up to you every day-” He placed a kiss on his forehead, his nose, and then down to his lips. His lips were warm, and enveloping him. “Does that make it any better?” Seokjin’s eyes opened, their eyes locked- staring into each other.

“No.” Yoongi’s mouth slid open lightly,

“No?” He repeated. Seokjin smirked drawing closer to Yoongi’s face.

“No.” Yoongi’s nose brushed against his, “But…” Seokjin moved forward, lips pushing against Yoongi’s. “If you keep at it. I can reconsider?” Yoongi nodded.

“I’ll make you reconsider?” Seokjin looked amused,

“I’d like that.”

Chapter End Notes

That was something huh? Gave a little bit of a backstory. Can you guess what will happen in the next chapter? I want to update this soon, but I will be studying so don’t hold me to my word. I should be done by next week though so- keep your eye out for that. Okay, hope you enjoyed! Drink water, stream idol and remember to love yourself.
What's good?! Huh?! guess who didn't fail her first semester of college?! Me. Now, a lesson I've learned is sometimes you gotta forget about fun things and study. Even if you have to stay up until and I am being serious, 3 in the morning reading notes about mutation and evolution. So, umm huge shout out to sleepy_time_tea. Read her stories. They are my favorite!! Also, can like... you read my other fics? Wings is good. Please read Wings! If Looks Could Kill. It Begins! Please read them. They good too. Promise. Oh... so, finals were here and as you can guess, I can't update during my crisis times. Like, I had only like three breakdowns, but hey- I didn't cry this time. Maybe because I did English in Highschool. Anyways. Enjoy this story. Umm... Hope you enjoy and I am sorry for not having a constant update time. I try, and well most of the time I just don't have time to even look at this fic, cause it's gotten complex and when they get to the point where I have to start writing connections down I usually take a lot longer to update! Sorry once again!

Yoongi looked over his shoulder as he buttoned his pants,
“Have another show tonight?” Seokjin nodded, hurriedly pulling on a pair of pants. He turned back, a smile on his lips, “Zipper.” Yoongi’s brow moved up but already knew of what he was speaking of. He zipped it up without even checking for himself.
“Yeah... it’s fine if you can’t come, you know?” Seokjin fastened his pants. “Just another thing for... Gucci- You can skip it if you want?” Yoongi shook his head,
“No! No...I’ll be there.” Seokjin paused from buttoning his pants, turning away and smiling fondly at Yoongi. He crossed the room, planting a kiss on Yoongi’s cheek.
“You’re sweet.” He pressed his eyes closed, “But don’t make promises you can’t keep okay?” Seokjin turned away, going back to fussing with his pants. Yoongi stared at Seokjin’s bareback. He could see his bones, it wasn’t unusual... Seokjin never seemed to gain weight- he was still the same size since he met him years ago but... Yoongi loathed seeing him so small. He loved Seokjin and would do anything for him.
“I meant it,” Yoongi assured, Seokjin turned his head back to him,
“Really?” He nods,
“I’ll be there.” Seokjin pulled closer to him, tilting his head at Yoongi. Yoongi grumbled lowly,
“What?” Seokjin enveloped his arms over Yoongi’s shoulders, eyeing him.
“You know... I couldn’t have asked for a better husband?” Yoongi gave him a toothy smile, leaning forward- Seokjin planted a kiss on Yoongi’s lips. Yoongi shifted his arms around him, pulling Seokjin as tightly as he physically could. He loved messing up Seokjin’s neat look. He loved hugging Seokjin. He just loved Seokjin. Yoongi moved his hand up, rustling his hair further. Their kiss growing stronger and more tentative. Running out breath both of them broke their kiss, huffing in exhaustion.
“Can we stay here for just a bit longer?” Yoongi asked. Seokjin’s sore lips were plump and bruised as he spoke. Seokjin’s eyes moved down. A smirk consuming his lips, eyeing Yoongi’s pants.
“I’m going to have to.”
Marketing has gone up by 13%, and we believe that in the next three months there will be another leap.” Yoongi fidgeted in his seat, his eyes flickering to his watch. “What do you think CEO Min?” He glanced back at his phone, checking it for a moment. “CEO Min?” He dropped his phone, attention snapping back to the man standing near a power point in the front of the room.

“Ah…” The room was hushed, and Yoongi had no idea what was going on. When this happened, he knew what to do, “Is that all?” The man lowered his head.

“We wanted to make sure that the amount we have expanded is to your measure, sir.” He took up his own spreadsheets, reading through them quickly.

“A bit low.” Yoongi sighed, “Is the amount estimated from an accurate source or was this another inference by the news?” The man flipped through his paper,

“It is from….”

“If it isn’t from our team then I don’t need to see it.” Yoongi lowered the papers, “Now… I think that’ the end of this meeting, right?” Yoongi smiled to all of them, standing up from his seat-

“CEO Min- we were just beginning-”

“CEO Min-?!” His secretary sprang into the room, shouting Yoongi’s name. Yoongi’s brow rose to him, “Ah… was the meeting still going on-”

“Yes.” The man with the spreadsheets spoke lowly. “We were just starting-”

“I’ll finish up this meeting in a few hours.” Yoongi launched himself back from his seat. “All of you go to lunch- or do something?” He waved them away. “Now-” He turned back to his secretary. “Is he here?”

“Yes, sir.” His secretary responded. "He's waiting for you in your office.” Yoongi nodded, buttoning up his jacket.

“Thanks.” Yoongi stormed out of the office without another word.

He tousled his hair slightly, as he entered his office. Was it odd, whenever Seokjin was around, he felt like he wasn’t in his own space any longer. Yoongi wasn’t where he was supposed to be when Seokjin was there. He knew it from the core of his being. Seokjin’s head poked around his desk, keeping his hands close to his body. He didn’t want to touch anything, he was worried Yoongi would tell him off. Little did he know that when he was around, Yoongi felt as if everything that was his, wasn’t. It was all Seokjin’s and Yoongi was the one invading his place.

“Hey…” He stood up, responding to Yoongi. Yoongi did the same,

“You came?” Seokjin seemed a bit taken aback by this,

“Oh- I- do you have something important to do- I can always leave-”

“No!” Seokjin shook his head, “You’re fine.” Yoongi tucked his hands into his pant pockets.

“Promise…”

“All right…” Yoongi’s eyes moved down, to the bag in his hands.

“What’s that-” He shot his arm up,

“Lunch!” Seokjin stammered, “I brought you lunch-” Yoongi eyed him just before he shouted out more, “I mean- I had it made by our chief- I swear I didn’t touch it-” Yoongi rose a hand,

“You’re fine.” He nodded, “Let’s eat?”
How’s work going?”
“Fine.” Yoongi seemed as if he didn’t want to continue to speak with him. “We were talking about your company actually.” Seokjin nodded, setting a plate in front of Yoongi.

“About the merge I assume?”
“About who’s gonna be the CEO.” Seokjin lifted his brows, “Since you haven’t taken claim of it… there were some rumors it’ll be passed down to your uncle or something?”

“Rumors?” Yoongi nodded,
“Well… I don’t know?” Seokjin shrugged,
“No ones called me- or spoken with me-”
“Have you spoken with your brother? I know that he has his-”
“He has his modeling thing going on. I could never ask of him to leave it and- and-” Yoongi stared at him for a moment.
“I had no problem asking you to leave that behind.” Seokjin bit his upper lip as he took his seat.
“It was for the best… I hated the modeling world anyways-” Yoongi didn’t pester, “Besides… I had to get married. That was all that was important to me at the time.” Yoongi shrugged again,
“If that’s what you say?” Yoongi dug his fork into a side dish. They were again silent. Yoongi, however, didn’t seem to want that to be the case today,
“How were you treated today?”

“Huh?”
“When you came to the company. Did they treat you well?” Seokjin scratched his head,
“Well… no one knows who I am-” Yoongi took a bite of his food, raising his brow.
“Should I fire someone?” Seokjin shook his head,
“I’m sure it’s because I don’t come here often…” He sat up straighter, “But never mind that.” He looked down at Yoongi’s plate, “Is the food all right?” Yoongi nodded,
“It’s good. Like usual.” Seokjin smiled to himself, lowering his chopsticks. “Did you finish setting up the show?” Seokjin nodded,
“Yup.” Seokjin’s smile grew. "It’s all set for tomorrow.” He lowered his head lightly, “You’ll be there right, Yoongi?” Seokjin glanced up, to see him looking completely unbothered.

“Of course.” He let out, “The two kids are gonna be there.” Seokjin paused knowing all too well what he was implying,

“Don’t make promises you can’t keep Yoongi.” He looked at Seokjin,
“I just said-”
“I spoke with your secretary outside.” Seokjin lowered his gaze. "He said you were going to be working well into tomorrow-”
“Does it matter what he says?” He grumbled, “I own this company. I decided when I stop working.” Yoongi let out, “When I say I will be there. Then I will be.” Yoongi’s tone was firm, Seokjin could only nod,
“I will believe it when I see you there.” Yoongi shrugged,
“Whatever?” He pressed his eyes closed, again beginning to eat. “How long are you going to stare at me and not eat?” Seokjin dropped his head quickly avoiding his judgmental gaze,
“I wasn’t staring.” Yoongi didn’t seem bothered at all, only continuing to eat. “Foods good.” He spoke with a spoon in his mouth. "Eat some before it gets cold.” Seokjin lowered his head, looking at the plate of rice in front of him. Yoongi wasn’t one for trying to make his significant other feel better, but, sometimes a feeling in his stomach overpowered him to do and say things he wouldn’t normally say.

“Have you gotten our outfits for tomorrow?” Seokjin's entire demeanor perked up, beaming largely.
“Yes-You-Yes!” He was notably excited to hear Yoongi ask that. “I- Should I leave it on your bed?” Yoongi nodded lazily,
“Yeah.” Yoongi agreed, “Have a maid iron it for me… I’ll come home straight from work and head to the show.” Seokjin nodded slowly, hearing him out. Yoongi knew he did good, there was a
slight smile on his lips. “Okay.” Yoongi lifted his gaze, seeing him take a bite of his meal. That was all he had to see, make sure Seokjin was eating. He wouldn’t change his feelings for him. Seokjin was Yoongi’s husband, yes he was only married to torment the man. But he couldn’t have Seokjin starving himself. Yoongi swore he never would allow for Seokjin to skip meals ever again. Whether he cared for him or not, he swore it would never happen again.

Eating at his husband's company was odd, the eyes he got were even odder. It was as if he wasn’t wanted around. Which wasn’t breaking news? After all, he was the heir to their rival company. Which was always great. His husband walking him down made all this even stranger. Yoongi kept his arms to himself but did walk at Seokjin's side. When Seokjin says that heads were turning. He means it. Everyone in a line of sight stopped what they were doing just to get a better glance at them. Who wouldn't? They were two of the most powerful people in Korea, married and for the first time in a long time- together. “What’s wrong?” Seokjin eased his hands from his fidgeting. The stares people were giving them made him revert to this. “Nothing.” Seokjin's eyes were slightly trembling, large looking over at him. He shrugged, moving along. They walked beside each other, reaching the front desk of the lobby. Only when they reached the desk did they see the people outside. They were caught up by the wave of photographers outside. Light poured into the dark workplace. “Ughhh…” Yoongi groaned, looking back at the glass doors door. “CEO Min?” The security guards came to his side, waiting for Yoongi to give commands. “I am going to need you to call the security team. All of you will need to escort my husband to his car.” The man nodded, pulling his walkie-talkie up to his mouth. “I’m going to need the entire security team down at the lobby right now. CEO Min's husband is here. We need the entire security team.” Seokjin laughed nervously at that, “No. It’s fine- I’ll just go through the back-” Yoongi drew a hand up over his back, rubbing it lightly. This stopped Seokjin in his tracks, “Just wait.” His voice was faint as he spoke. “You remember the last time you left this place without security.” Seokjin nodded slowly, “I’ll wait then?” Seokjin grinned down to Yoongi, “And you-” Seokjin spoke up, “Should get-get back to work. You are a busy man… I should be able to handle leaving your office without making a scene.” Yoongi’s brow lifted. “I- I should head back to work?” Seokjin nodded, “I’ll see you then?” Yoongi nodded, “Bye.”

Seokjin sat back in his car, turning it on. He was glad the guards came out with him. The paparazzi were being very aggressive today. Maybe because his show was tomorrow, maybe because he hasn’t visited his husband’s office in over 5 years? He felt safe with the men pushing away at the
cameraman. They even broke the crowd just enough for him to pull his car out and make it to the road. He was more than grateful for that. There had been times where he was frightened to be around such crowds. He had bad experiences with them being hostile towards him for wanting to avoid a photo-opt. He drove home. Leaving his car in the driveway, he stepped up to the doorway. He tugged at the door. It was locked. He couldn’t ever remember if his house was ever locked. He fished for his keys, managing to open it. He stepped inside, holding his head low.

“When Yoongi finally leaves that idiot, we’ll have a new master- who isn’t such a disaster!”

“Isn’t Mr. Min being kinder to-”

“Yeah… cause his company is something he wants. I heard since his father died, it’s taken the lead as the largest earning company. I am more than sure it has to do with it. I mean- it was probably the only reason they married, right? Mr. Min’s never been nice to Seokjin you know?” Seokjin stood at the doorway. He wasn’t shocked to hear the staff bad mouthing him. It was only natural, right? Seokjin and Yoongi were a married couple! But they never slept together, never ate together, never spoke to each other. Someone was bound to be at fault, and Seokjin didn't have them on his payroll. He walked to the doorway, seeing two maids, cleaning the living room.

“He does bring that man around a lot, right?” Seokjin breath came to a halt, as he heard them speak. “I am sure Mr. Min is cheating on him.”

“Yeah. He hasn’t slept with his husband since he brought him here-”

“Why are both of you not working?!” Seokjin swung his head back, seeing the oldest maid's stern face. The two women cleaning eyes grew enormous, both bowing and leaving the room.

“Sorry.” They shouted, leaving Seokjin standing at the doorway.

“Should I fire them, Master Min?” Seokjin took in a deep breath.

“No.” He smiled, “I only heard a little bit of what they were saying… it’s fine.” He smiled at the older woman. “I’m- I’m going to head out for a bit… Call me if anything happens all right?”

“You just arrived home Master Min.” She looked concerned. “Should I make you something to eat-”

“No. I-I just ate with…” He bit his upper lip, “I already ate.” Seokjin gave her a smile, “Also… I prepared an outfit for Mr. Min. Please have it ironed… and placed on his bed.” She nodded, “You look pale Master Min-”

“I am fine.” He smiled, “I promise.”

Seokjin pulled out his phone, dialing an old number he hadn’t touch in such a long time.

“It’s Kim Seokjin.” He heard them fumble lightly- almost as if he was the last person who would ever call them, “I am ready to sign the documents now.” He pressed his eyes closed. “The papers for the company. Gather my father’s old team, and prep for my arrival-” He felt his chest beat harder, “Call the Park Firm. I want them present for the signing.”

Seokjin looked at the building from inside his car. He hasn’t visited this place since he told his father he was going to become a model. Little to say, he wasn’t pleased and in no way did Seokjin ever think he would be stepping into this place ever again. He took in a deep breath.

“Now or never Seokjin.” He opened his car door, stepping out. He pulled at his sleeves. He was
wearing a pink knit sweater, with white dress pants. In no manner dressed to go into a formal business setting. He, however, didn’t have the chance to change so what he was wearing would have to do. He looked at the large building. His stomach sure wasn’t offering him any guidance, it was as if it was his greatest nemesis right now. He steadied his breath, he needed to look ready... If he didn’t look confident he was going to get eaten alive in there. He was hated, he was feared. Little did anyone know, he was terrified. He started his walk to the building. Within a moment, he saw his father’s older brother.

“Mr. Min!” Seokjin was trying to wrap his mind around what he was doing. He could still back out of it. He could- No. He wasn’t going to do that. Not anymore.

“Hello… Uncle.” It wasn’t smooth, but it was a start. He opened up his arms, Seokjin drew to it. Hugging him,

“You’ve been gone for far too long nephew?” Seokjin swallowed hard,

“Yeah.”

“That doesn’t matter… now that you are back- we can get back to business, right?” Seokjin stared at him for a while. This man wanted to take his place as heir of the company. Seokjin was sure his uncle thought Seokjin would either give it to him or to his husband.

“Yeah.” He smiled at Seokjin.

“Let’s get you in? The lawyers are waiting for you.”

Seokjin’s father’s entire team was there, including the Park firm. Jimin looked a bit frazzled, maybe because this was an unexpected call. For all of them.

“Seokjinine… Go on… Speak up.” His uncle spoke up for him, Seokjin peered back at him. Then back at the people in his father’s old office. Seokjin scratched his head, before going to his father’s desk. The room smelled like peppermint, and after smoke. His father was a heavy smoker. The room must have been saturated with the scent. It wasn’t good for his lungs. Not for Seokjin’s or his fathers.

“I… I am going to need paperwork for the company.” The room grew quiet. Jimin’s father looked over at Seokjin.

“Have you decided who will be taking over it, Mr. Min?” Seokjin held his own hand, eyeing everyone. “Will we be doing the merge, or passing it on Mr. Min?” Jimin was staring straight at him. Everyone in the room was staring at him. Seokjin’s old job was practically being watched by millions. Now, being seen by a few people terrorized him. Seokjin took in a deep breath,

“Neither.” It seemed as if everyone in the room stopped breathing. “I’m not merging. I’m not passing it on either.” His uncle’s mouth opened,

“Wha… Then what are you going to do?” Seokjin sighed,

“I am going to be taking over it.” Everyone stared at him. “I want to run this place-”

“That is exactly why I am doing this.” His uncle shook his head,

“Your father wanted a Kim-”

“I may no longer have that name, but I have you know uncle… I was born a Kim. I was raised to take over this position, yes… it will take me a moment to get used to the position, but I’ve run a fashion empire-”

“We don’t give a shit about your fucking fashion empire Seokjin! This is our family's company!” Seokjin allowed for his uncle to continue, “Not some stupid clothing line you run because you got too old to walk down a stupid runway!” Seokjin knew that opposition was something he was going to face. This was real life, not his imagination. Everyone in this room has come to the sole conclusion that Seokjin didn't have a master's in business and a bachelor's in marketing. Yup, he
“Sign here.” Seokjin gave his signature quickly, as all of his lawyers took notes of what they would have to annul and add.

“Should we retain your father’s old staff?” Seokjin looked up for a brief moment thinking back, “I will fire those of whom I find useless, but overall, I should keep most of them.” They nodded, Jimin was there in line- taking notes.

“Mr. Min… will you retain your last name-”

“Yes.” He had to. “I am married.” Seokjin let out a sigh, “But in no way will my husband have anything… and I mean anything to do with this company.”

“Does that mean that there will never be a merger?” Seokjin looked over at Jimin. He was still connected to Yoongi. He must be confused as to why Seokjin was here, taking over this company. Handing such a large thing over to Yoongi was probably the best thing Seokjin could have done.

“No. I won’t be merging.” Seokjin bit his upper lip, “As of now. I won’t be giving Kim Inc up to anyone.” Jimin nodded, moving his head back to his clipboard.

“Sign here.” Seokjin reads the paper over, skimming through everything before signing. He closed the file of papers. “That’s the last of it.” Seokjin agreed, his uncle was seated across the room. Glaring at him.

“We should call for a press conference-” Seokjin shook his head,

“No.” Eyes moved up to him, “I already know how I am going to tell the media about what I’ve done.” Jimin looked up at him,

“Are you planning on announcing it at the fashion show tomorrow?” Seokjin took in a deep breath, “Yes. As well, as my permanent retirement from the fashion and beauty industry.” Seokjin sat back in the office chair, “Until then, I want not a word of what we’ve discussed tonight to leave this room. All right?”

“Yes, sir.” The room let out gently. Seokjin smiled at each of them,

“Secretary Bang?” His secretary looked up,

“Yes, CEO Min?” Seokjin bit his lip at the name. His husband had that same title.

“Have the room cleaned out. I want the smell of smoke gone.” He nodded just as Seokjin stood up. The people in the room sat up with him, all waiting for him to speak up. “We are finished tonight…” He let his grin, leave his face, “Then, I will be seeing everyone on Monday?”
Seokjin made it outside to his car, opening it- he slid inside. When the door was shut, he finally let out a long-held sigh.
Tap!
Tap!
Tap!
“AHH!” Seokjin shrieked at the sudden sound, only to look at his window. It was just Jimin.
Seokjin felt his heart almost leaping out of his mouth. Seokjin rolled down his window, seeing the boy pressed lips.
“I’m sorry… I didn’t mean to scare you.” Seokjin waved him off,
“You’re good… You’re good…” Seokjin took a hand over his chest, “What do you want, Jimin?”
“Hyung…” He was hesitant to speak. "Can… W-we... talk?"

Yoongi loosened his tie, entering the living room. He didn’t bother waking anyone. Who wants to eat at? He flipped his Rolex around. It was four in the morning. God. He had to be up in a few hours. He rubbed his eyes. This was going to be a long day-
The door behind him creaked open, he spun his head. Peering at a tall man in the doorway. He flipped the light switch, only to bounce back at the sight of Yoongi.
“Seokjin?” Seokjin’s eyes were large at seeing Yoongi.
Yoongi?” Yoongi’s brow stirred up,
“What are you doing getting back so late?” Seokjin halted at the sudden question, 
“Umm... “ He smiled, only for Yoongi to approach him.
“Were you smoking again Seokjin?” Seokjin knew the smell would have stuck to him, especially since he sat down in that old desk chair.
“It was just one-” Yoongi shook his head,
“That’s disgusting, Seokjin.” His gaze was dark as he spoke. "You know I hate smokers.” Seokjin took in a deep breath,
“I know. I’m sorry.” Yoongi sighed in frustration,
“It’s bad for your condition, Seokjin.” Seokjin dropped his gaze, Yoongi had a way of making him feel like actual trash. Even when he didn't do a thing.
“Yes. It is.” Seokjin moved a hand to shield his mouth, “I won’t smoke ever again… I promise.”
“I don’t need you going back to having your lungs drained daily, Seokjin.” Seokjin nodded,
“I’m sorry.” Yoongi rubbed his forehead.
“Don’t be…just… just stop smoking.” Yoongi rolled his eyes. “Just do that. That one thing- can’t you just do that?” Seokjin felt his voice break off as he tried to reply.
“...I- can.”
“Then do that.” Yoongi watched at Seokjin for a moment, “I’m tired.” He grumbled. "I have to be up in the morning, and I can’t stay here and tell you why you're being an idiot. So, just… stop being one, all right?” Seokjin took in a deep breath, Yoongi’s eyes were bloodshot- and hard to look into.
“It’s fine Yoongi. I will stop being an idiot.” Seokjin pressed his eyes closed, “I won’t be an idiot anymore.”
Seokjin was nervous, downright neurotic maybe. Not only was this his first fashion show, but it was his last. Maybe doing this all in one day was a bad idea? No. He was sure it was. He was going to be announcing groundbreaking news. He would probably lose a lot of followers, or gain a lot- he hasn’t quite taken a grasp on how people will react. Sometimes fashion gets more expensive when the creator quits, but makeup usually doesn’t. He was intending on giving the makeup company to Irene. So, someone could at least hold it up. She was good at essentially running everything, she has done on her own for a while now.

“Can someone get her into a makeup chair!” Irene fussed with the woman’s collar. A makeup artist ran up behind Seokjin to her, “Yes, ma’am.” They pulled the model away, leaving Seokjin in awe as to how she was able to just handle everything here. Irene was perfect for taking over. He trusted her. For years long, but still, his fashion line wouldn’t have made it without him being present- or a group of designers. He knew that, but his makeup line was a perfect thing for her. He wondered if he should tell her- “Ow!” He bounced back lightly, he stabbed his own finger again.

“Are you all right?” A hand was placed on his shoulder, “I am fine.” Jooheon shook his head, “You should go change. The reviewers will be here soon-” Seokjin turned his head up, nodding. “I should… shouldn’t I?” He sat up, “Irene?” Her head turned back to him.

“I’m going to go change, can you get someone to come handle this?” She smiled back at him. “Yeah.” She waved him off, "Head back and change, I’ll find someone to finish that up all right?” Seokjin agreed, flattening his black turtleneck. “Also, someone is waiting for you in your dressing room?” Seokjin turned back to look at her.

“My husband?” She shrugged, “I think. Security wouldn’t let anyone else in- maybe your brother-in-law?” Seokjin nodded, “Okay. I’ll be back?” He ran a hand through his hair, walking away from the heavily trafficked area. Seokjin knew how to act in this kind of area, since- he was a model at one point, but overall, running a show like this was completely different. He had to make sure everyone was on at their posts. Everyone’s clothing fit. Thank god only a few alterations were needed. He had to make sure makeup was good, which meant having to go check on them every few minutes. He made sure that the security was keeping away the paparazzi. They were swarming. Hearing the news that Min Yoongi would be in attendance perhaps? His brother-in-law and his fiance were going to be here. Hell, one of them was supposed to model in his show. Last night, though, Jimin turned it down. He didn’t want a thing to do with his show today, he was a part of his legal team now and decided it was for the best that they didn’t. His new clothing collection, was most likely going to be forgotten about once he finished here tonight. Seokjin pulled away from his jacket, keeping it in an arm. He pushed open his office door- eyes focusing on the man. He was smoking. Seokjin stared at him. In shock, he stayed there for a moment. He caught his attention.

“Are you going to come in?” Seokjin didn’t know what to do. This man was the reason he and his husband couldn’t be in peace. Why Yoongi fell out of love with Seokjin. It was because of one night, where Seokjin… lost control of himself. When he cheated on Min Yoongi. “Someone will see us.” Seokjin wished this man stayed out of his life, he hated him. Maybe even more than he hated himself, “Jinnie?” Seokjin was almost in a trance, his mind wondering what this man was doing here. Sitting in his office, smoking and waiting for him. He didn’t need this. Not today. No, No, No… Not today. Seokjin turned back, looking at the hall behind him. No one was there. He moved into his office, shutting the door behind him.
Yoongi tilted his head,
“Is something going on with Kim Inc?” They all looked at Yoongi, who looked up from the spreadsheets in front of him. They all were expecting him to know what goes on with his husband. Little did they know, he barely spoke to the man.
“About?” His voice was bland and offered no insight as to what he was thinking,
“There is going to be some news today… regarding who will take over the company.” Yoongi blinked for a moment, as the man in front of the offices spoke. They all wanted to know if Yoongi would be merging with the company and taking it. Or if an unrelated family member would take it away.
“My husband hasn’t said a word of it. I doubt any of your idiotic rumors hold any base-” He crossed his arms, “Unless there is a takeover of the company, I doubt there will be change.”
“CE0 Min, this news comes from the company itself. There was an announcement on their webpage.” Yoongi shook his head,
“How so?”
“The page concerning their current CEO has been taken down. They seem to be waiting for something-” Yoongi sighed,
“Why is everyone who works for me insane?” He lifted his hand, “It doesn’t matter now, just tell me the status of that deal with Japan?” His men seemed rough to hear him speed past stuff concerning Kim Inc. Yoongi didn’t care, he didn’t care for Kim Inc. That wasn’t why he married Seokjin, he married that asshole because he loved him. That was it. The company, his family- they had no alteration on what he thought. Seokjin may have thought otherwise, but it was all right. He hated Seokjin now and was willing to keep him dangling if only at the thought of taking over his company. “Go on? How long before the deal goes in?”
“It goes in on the 18th. They stated that we would be their sole distributor.” Yoongi nodded, “All right.” Yoongi opened up the packet of papers placed in front of him. “Let’s speed this meeting along? Please- I have something to get to.”

Yoongi entered his office, hurling his jacket to the far end of the room. Unbuttoning his shirt with haste, and going to take up the one laid out for him on his desk. He stared at the clothing. It was nice, Seokjin must have made it by hand. Yoongi felt the fabric for a moment- staring at the dark fabric before he pulled the tag on the back. It was his clothesline. He slipped it on, feeling doubtful in his stomach. He had been to many of Seokjin’s shows. Not one run by him, though, not while wearing his clothing. It doesn’t matter though, he was doing this because Jungkook and Jimin were in attendance. That was why he was putting this on, that is why he was worried about Seokjin’s eating habits. He was doing it to keep up appearances. He knew that at least. Yoongi was sure of it. Yoongi was sure of himself.
Ding!
Ding!
Yoongi moved to his phone, looking at the two messages. He stared at it for a moment. Should he respond to it? Or should he head out to meet with Seokjin?
Chapter End Notes

Was that a backstory at the beginning?? Who is this person trying to make a cohesive storyline? Not me- that's who. Also, if you're like- wow why is there so much of a difference in the formatting. It's cause I'm lazy and editing is hard. I'm not an English major my dudes. I am sorry. Ohh... Also, please go read my friend's stories! She's sleepy_time_tea. Sea Turtles is my fav, and something she's been working on. I love it, so please go show her some love- and drink water stream idol/ airplane pt. 2 and Waste it on me. You know something- Stream everything. Drink water and don't forget to love yourself.
I updated it. It's short. It is. But it's here. I hope you enjoy, I know- I know... but I have so much due this week I am so sorry! Anyways, read Wings! Or any of my other fics, like help me! It's good it's a president AU! I want to thank my friend, Vic. She helped me so much with this chapter, so go show her love! >>sleepy_time_tea<< Go read her stories. (They are amazing. Not even being biased cause I know her. I'm serious, they are so good). Okay, it's 2 am where I am at, so I am going to publish this and go to sleep for four hours before I have to go to the gym work out- before going to classes and then going doing my homework- all day! Yay!!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Seokjin was content with himself, he hadn’t cheated on his husband- for so long. He hadn’t outspoken to the man, hadn’t done anything to wrong him. Even though, by now- it was long deserved. Seokjin was planning on that when this man had to show up. Had to come to his show- leave him frazzled and jumpy.

“What are you doing here?” He offered Seokjin a smile,

“I heard you’d be attending-”

“It’s my show. I should be attending-”

“But… you don’t,” He took his cigarette from his lips, leaning his head to Seokjin. “So, I took it upon myself to come to see you.” Seokjin took in a deep breath, “You should be happy?”

“Shouldn’t have bothered. Not a single bit.” Seokjin motioned at his lit cigarette, “Put that out. You can’t smoke here-”

“You own this building.” He smiled, “It shouldn’t bother you at all.” He lifted it, offering to Seokjin. “Want a hit?” Seokjin eyes fell to it,

“No.” He shook his head, “I-I don’t smoke anymore-”

“Did that skunk of a husband make you quit? Last time you were with me you were totally fine with-”

“I’m not okay with it anymore.” He rolled his eyes, going to the desk. He smashed his cigarette down, smoke flowing away.

“So… he didn’t leave you-”

“No.” Seokjin crossed his arms over his chest, “Thankfully he stayed with me… Unlike you.” He smiled,

“How could I stay with you? You quit modeling- I was just starting my career, you were getting
married with a tight ass-"

“His name is Yoongi and he is my husband. Treat him with respect, or don’t ever mention him.” His brow moved up,

“Ah… you’re one to speak… you were caught sucking me off.” Seokjin was tired of hearing this boy speak down to him. He refused to have to continue this impudent conversation. He refused to have to listen to him speak further.

“Get out.” He laughed,

“What?” Seokjin offered him a smile,

“Did I say something funny?” Seokjin pointed at the door behind him, “I said get out Ken.”

“Yoongi?” He opened his eyes, his hair still running through his dark hair. “When are you going to leave your husband?” Yoongi laughs,

“Listen… my parents are still holding hope that he’ll give me his company. So, until it becomes official that I can’t have it… Tough luck babe.” The sheets moved up with him, as he left Yoongi in the bed. “Hoseok!” He called after him,

“I’m done speaking with you…” He went into the restroom, keeping himself covered. Yoongi shrugged, looking around the room.

“You know I would leave him if I could!” Hoseok pulled his head back into the room, shaking his head.

“You’ve been saying that for 10 years.” Yoongi rolled his eyes, “I’m serious. I hate lying to his poor face-”

“You still talk to him?” Hoseok pulled a shirt over his body, entering the room slightly.

“Of course I do. He’s been, my friend since we met since he ate at my restaurant in France.” Yoongi sighed,

“Stop speaking with him… It makes me fucking you all the weirder?” Hoseok shook his head,

“It makes it weird that you married him. That you cheated on him before you married him, and are still cheating on him. And sleeping with me.” Yoongi gave him a hard glare,

“You bringing that up is annoying, you know?” Hoseok waved him off,

“You say that… but I texted you once.” Hoseok entered the room, crawling on the bed to Yoongi, “And here you are. In my apartment, and might I add…” He flipped over his Rolex, “In record time.”

“I haven’t spoken to you in two weeks.” Yoongi sat up, “Damn right I’d make my way to you.”

“You haven’t texted me is why.” Hoseok laid over Yoongi, pressing him. “Why haven’t you texted me?” Well. His husband was losing weight again. His staff was saying he wasn’t eating. At all.
Yoongi had been with Seokjin all that time. That’s why he hadn’t given it much thought- that’s why he hadn’t texted Hoseok. He had to be with Seokjin. He couldn’t tell Hoseok that. That would hurt Hoseok’s feeling. So, instead, he was going to lie to him.

“Jungkook’s back. I can’t have him knowing me and-”

“That you are cheating on Seokjin?” Yoongi lowered his gaze to him,

“Part of the reason.” Hoseok sat over him, “The other part is because I have work to do. You know I run an entire company.” His eyes grew large,

“Oh? I forgot.’ Hoseok sat on him, Yoongi’s hand’s sliding up his thighs. “That you were a workaholic.”

“You forgot?” Hoseok shrugged,

“I thought you forgot about me.” Yoongi pressed his eyes shut,

“How could I ever?”

“You’re right.” Hoseok leaned over him, pressing his lips over Yoongi’s. “You can’t just leave me.” Yoongi smiled brightly at him.

“I can’t,”

Bzz!

Bzzz!

Bzzzz!- Yoongi shifted his head to the night table, catching his phone a moment before it fell to the ground with a thump.

‘Ughh…” Yoongi pulled a hand up to Hoseok’s chest, “Let me answer that.” Hoseok shifted off of him, snarkily sticking out his tongue.

“Always going and answering your phone!” Yoongi offered him a chuckle, gripping his arm- pulling him in for a quick kiss.

“You’re still more important than anyone on the other end.” Hoseok seemed satisfied to hear that, his eyes drifting to the ground behind Yoongi.

“Answer it then… I’m going to go make us lunch, then we can pick up where we left off.” Yoongi nodded. Hoseok moved off the bed, allowing for Yoongi to sit up.

“Make something delicious!” Hoseok waved back at him,

“When I finish you best be off that phone…” His tone was teasing, him giving Yoongi a quick wink. Yoongi smiled at him as he left the room. His attention quickly drew back to his phone, him reaching over the bed and bringing it back up to his face. He was shocked at the name, quickly swiping.

“Hello?” There was a bit of a haze as he tried to make out who was speaking over the phone. They must have been in a crowd or something.

“W-where are you?” Yoongi’s brow moved up,
“What?”

“How… where are you?” Yoongi pulled the phone back, staring at the face on it. Jungkook.

“Watch your tone.” He spat back, “Why are you yelling?”

“I’m at the fashion show.” Yoongi felt a tremble run through him, “Where are you?” Yoongi bit his bottom lip, “It’s going to start soon, where are you-”

“I’m not there. I’m at the office-”

“Why?” He grumbled, “Whatever- ditch what you’re doing and get over here!” Yoongi pressed his eyes closed,

“Look, I don’t think I’m going to be able to make-”

“This is Seokjin hyung’s fashion show!” Jungkook screeched,

“I’ve missed tones of them-”

“Yoongi hyung.” Jungkook’s voice grew lower, “M-mom… and Dad are here.” He whispered. Yoongi sat up in fright, falling over the side of the bed. He scrambled reaching for his phone, choking up.

“Tell mom I’m driving!” Yoongi shuffled, throwing on his pants in a hurry. He reached for his shirt, hastily trying to button his shirt. “HOSEOK!” He bolted out of the room, “HOSEOK KEEP THE LUNCH FOR YOURSELF!” He stumbled into the living room, shifting on his shoes. “I’ll see myself out!” Hoseok’s pocked his head out of the kitchen, staring at him.

“You’re leaving-”

“I gotta go. M-my mom is-”

“Are you leaving me because you’re scared of your mother-”

“Damn right!”

Seokjin steadied himself, as he tightened his suit jacket. Nothing was going the way it should have. It should have been all fine. This was supposed to be his day. The day where he finally regained part of himself- yet… seeing him here made all that diminish. All previous hope- all previous spirt was gone.

“Seokjin?” He turned his head back, startled as he looked at the door to his office.

“Mom… and Mr. Min?” They offered him smiles,

“Well? Isn’t our son-in-law looking quite dashing?” Seokjin smiled at her, flashing her a smile. “Where’s my hug?” He stepped forward, opening his arms to her. She ran to him, embracing her. Mr. Min only patted his shoulder,

“How are you doing son?” Seokjin smiled,

“I-I’m fine…” He moved back, staring at both of the older people. Yoongi always told him to
avoid his parents. They asked for kids. Seokjin didn’t want to have kids. Not with Yoongi, and since that was his only option as a partner… he had given up at the thought of raising a dumpling looking kid like Yoongi.

“You’re looking quite thin! I thought you gave up modeling!” Seokjin smiled at her,

“I did…” He shook his head, “I-I guess I can’t gain weight?” She shook her head,

“I can’t believe it.” She turned back to her husband, “Our son-in-law can’t gain weight- what are we to do-”

“Nothing we can do.” Seokjin offered him a smile,

“I am very glad you are both here,” Seokjin spoke lowly. He didn’t think they actually come. He didn’t want to have to look Yoongi’s father in the eye. Not even for a moment. His announcement tonight might actually kill him.

“How have you been Mr. Min?”

“Fine. Thankfully.” He lifted his hand to Seokjin, “Where’s your husband?” Seokjin opened his mouth,

“He’s on his way.” He leaned closer to him, “He still had to work. Said he’d be here though… So nothing too much to worry about.” He nodded,

“Good. We’ve been hearing on the news-”

“News?” Seokjin crossed his arms,

“Oh dear…” Yoongi’s mother placed a hand over her face, before letting out a sigh. “It’s some gossip. You know… The usual tabloids- coming up with god knows what!” She rolled her eyes, “We know it’s all just a ruse to sell something.” Seokjin nodded,

“I’m sorry… W-what did the news say?”

Knock!

Knock!

Knock!

“Come in!” The door opened, revealing someone Seokjin actually wanted to see. Irene held a dull look in her eyes.

“Hello.” She lifted her hand up to them, “Who might you all be?” Seokjin crossed over the room, taking hold of her hand.

“They are Yoongi’s parents.” Her eyes grew large as she took in the information. “This is Irene. My most trusted worker.” She lowered her head to them,

“Nice to meet you Mrs. Min, Mr. Min.” Irene didn’t hesitate though, “Pardon me if I sound rude, how did you both come here to see Seokjin? The room’s being guarded- and you both weren’t on the list to see him.” Mr. Min smiled,

“We are family. Telling the guard so helped us in our cause.” She nodded,
“That’s great. I would have hated for them to have turned you away, even though… It’s very important for Seokjin to be alone until everything is prepped. So, if it’s not too much trouble, can I ask both of you to leave?” Mrs. Min’s mouth opened, nodding turning to her husband.

“Let’s go find our seats-” Irene was quick. This is why Seokjin was so grateful for her.

“I didn’t mean to be rude, I just meant that our designer needed to be alone for a while Mrs. Min. There is a room down the hall for family and close friends. Your son Jungkook is there, with his fiance.”

“Oh? There’s a private room for the family!” Mrs. Min clapped her hands, “Thank god. I couldn’t just sit waiting for your show to being Seokjin!” Seokjin offered her a smile. “Well, I guess we best be going!” She pulled Seokjin into a tight hug, “You kill ‘em out there honey!” Seokjin nodded, seeing her leave the room. Mr. Min nodded to him,

“Do good son.” Irene closed the door behind them, looking back at Seokjin.

“I’m firing security. All of them.” Irene nodded, staring at the door behind them.

“I’ll do it for you.” She sighed, “In-laws are the worst.”

“Well… She lets me call her mom-”

“Yeah… Is that alright for you?” Seokjin nodded,

“I’ve called her that since before…” He paused taking in a deep breath, “She’s not the worst thing I’ve had to deal with.” Irene smiled up at him,

“You’re a strong man, babe.” Seokjin shook his head,

“I feel like the weakest man on this planet.” He gave himself a pitiful smile, “I am the weakest man on this planet.” Irene placed a hand on his shoulder,

“You’re a gay man, who owns the fashion world, makeup world. Was the biggest model known to man, and isn’t a self-centered asshole.” Seokjin turned his head back to her,

“Why are you so nice?”

“I really want to say that you pay me to- but to be honest… I think that you are. You should stop shitting on yourself.” She sighed, “After this is all over… let’s go get fucked, you get fucked by your man- and I by my wife. How does that sound?” Seokjin smiled at her,

“I shouldn’t drink alcohol.” She sighed,

“Your health is important…” She pressed her eyes closed, “But you should still get fucked real good tonight. I mean… Yoongi’s been giving off some serious stressed vibes.” Seokjin turned to her,

“You see it too?” She nodded,

“Seduce his scary ass, and make him forget all his worries!” Like hell, Seokjin could do that? His husband wouldn’t touch him if he was the last man on earth. Yoongi… would most likely never move on from what he did to him. It was fine. Seokjin would always remain the worst man to Yoongi. He was okay with that at this point, he knew he could never go back… 5 years ago if he didn’t make that one mistake- Seokjin right now- could have been one of the happiest men on
earth. Now, that was all gone. Seokjin was prepared to give everything up. For him, this was the last time he would be looked down on. He was tired of being who he was. Tired of being Seokjin, the man pushed around- torn apart and belittled by the world. He was going to ruin his life if only to pick up the remains and try to salvage the broken mess that was left.

“Irene. Let’s go do the final check.” She smiled at hearing that,

“Let’s go!”

Seokjin peeked out, the crowd was enormous. But he wasn’t looking at them, the amount of paparazzi that were there was enormous. It was amazing! Well, for what he wanted to do. This made his stomach began to churn. How odd. When he was younger- Seokjin was never scared of being on a catwalk. Hell, he was great around crowds. Not so much paparazzi. He and they have never mixed quite well. Yet, tonight they were going to be doing him a great favor. Was Seokjin using them for his advantage? Yes. But hey- they used to follow him to get pizza. He was going to call it even after this though, they were the ugly part of being famous no one spoke about. They were the pesky flies that followed you around, wouldn’t die and loved to irritate you. His eyes panned up, seeing the front row. He saw Jungkook and Jimin settling into their seats. The show was starting in ten. W-where was Yoongi? He needed to be here. He was the reason Seokjin was going to throw away his life. Yoongi needed to be-

“Seokjin!” He turned his head back, catching the view of a model, holding up her scarf. Seokjin sighed, moving to her.

Yoongi tossed his keys to the man at the front. God, he hoped that was the vale. Well, if push came to shove- he’d just buy another fucking car. He wasn’t expecting this though, the hoard of paparazzi outside. He tucked his head in- seeing a wave of white. Shit. He looked like a fucking mess. And Hoseok sucked on his neck good. He- he should have just taken his time and got put together before heading here. Now, his disheveled photo would be printed. It was the threat of his mother coming that truly had him running out the door.

“Yoongi!”

“MR. MIN!” He grumbled, as he pushed past everyone- entering the building without an issue. Good. Him arguing with the bodyguards outside would only make his situation worse. The doors were shut after him, allowing for him to sigh. Only for him to stare at the sea of people. The show had already started. Seokjin had taught him a few things, first- modeling required a lot of patience. These shows could go from ten minutes to… thirty minutes. Good, Yoongi was a busy man. This made attending Seokjin’s shows easy. The second thing he learned, being a V.I.P guest didn’t excuse you for being late. He felt eyes catch on him, he didn’t spend too long on that- shuffling his way past people down to the front. A model seemed fazed to see him, everyone wanted to give him the most attention now that he was here in the front. Fucking shit. He waved an apology, moving to take his seat. Yoongi spotted his seat, it had his fucking name on it after all. His mother was seated beside his seat- next to her… his father. On the opposite side, Jungkook and Jimin. They all looked up at him, as he slid down to his seat. He huffed a sigh of relief,

“You’re late.” Yoongi sighed,
“I was running from my office to here. I’m sorry that I have to run our family business.” His mother turned to him,

“Does that matter more than your husband?” He rolled his eyes,

“No. I was just caught up… I lost track of time- then raced out here.” He waved his hand up, a man coming to him handing him a drink. Yoongi took it, sitting back.

“Dear lord… what happened to your neck Yoongi?” Well. Did he want his mother to see him like this? No. But, it was out in the open now- so lying was the only way through this.

“Seokjin and I were… We were having a little too much fun last night.” She shook her head,

“Well… cover that- there are a lot of cameras here today… With all the rumors going around it’s not good for you too look like such a mess.” She crossed her arms sitting back. Yoongi’s father didn’t seem at all bothered to see Yoongi.

“Rumors?” She shook her head,

“Yeah. About our family.” Yoongi’s brow moved up, as he looked at her,

“About who-”

“Hush!” Jungkook turned to both of them, “Both of you are being disrespectful! You were already late! You went to Seokjin’s office beforehand!” Yoongi turned to his mother,

“You went to his office?” She rolled her eyes,

“I haven’t seen him in so long-”

“He’s been going through stuff, he doesn’t want to be around someone he calls mother-”

“Shhh!” Yoongi huffed, sitting back in his seat. He couldn’t believe it. Another rule, don’t bug the designer before a show. He had done it once, the night he met Seokjin. He wanted to know the name of the cute guy he saw walking in through the back- so… he pulled some strings and made it to the back. He tried to ask the designer who he was- ended up getting thrown out of the show… without the cute model's name. Seokjin. He wondered where he was. A model walked out, her shirt resembling something he was sure his husband had worn.

“We will talk later Yoongi.” It was his father’s voice. Yoongi had hoped that he stayed silent, but here he was speaking up at his husband's fashion show. His tone was quite fun to hear, he wanted to have a talk. The last time Yoongi had a talk with him, he was getting married to Seokjin. Needless to say, his talks were never good.

The last model walked by, and then the cycle began- previous models walking back out on the catwalk. Seokjin was bitting his nails, knowing it was his turn to walk up there on his own. The final model made their way back stage. Seokjin stepped out from behind the curtain. Claps erupted at sight of him. Seokjin put on his best smile, feeling his stomach hurting as he walked. His eyes drifted to the front row. His gaze was captured by the man there. His buttons were all correct, his fly was open, hair mayhem, neck bruised and purple. Seokjin hadn’t done it. So, he was being cheated on. Did it enlight Seokjin more? Did it make him want to cry out now? Did it make him want to cry to the heavens now? No. It had the complete opposite feeling. It made him want to
crawl in a hole. Made him want to stop being who he was. Seokjin didn’t want to live in a world where he knew he was right. Where his husband cheated on him. He knew he deserved it, but-but… it was painful. He made it to the front of the stage, a podium already prepared for his speech. Seokjin held himself as he previously did, don’t show pain. Don’t seem sad. He smiled raising both his hands up- allowing for the cameras to take photos of him. It was a constant flash of lights, blinding him. He wasn’t afraid by that, keeping his best face. It slowed, as the interview was ready to commence itself.

“Good evening.” Seokjin smiled, “I am so grateful for everyone in attendance, my family who is no longer with me- I hope they are watching me in heaven and are proud of what I am doing in my life.” He lowered his head, “This year has been so tough on me.” He sighed, “Yet, I am thankful for the people I have around me. I am thankful for my company- for my fans who have supported me through modeling to fashion to makeup. I happy that I can venture this far-” Seokjin’s eyes locked with his husbands. “I am thankful for everyone who had loved me. Who has shone me- a hint of what kindness was. They have made me the way I am.” Seokjin lifted his head, “I know there have been many rumors surrounding how I am. Where I am? I want everyone to know… I am fine.” He took in a deep breath, lights going off- wow. So that was big for them. Imagine how they would react after he got to his point.

“What does that mean?!?”

“Seokjin!”

“SEOKJIN!” His name was being shrieked out from different directions. He wasn’t finished though.

“I know. Thank you all for your concern.” Seokjin smiled, “I have some other news…” Seokjin swallowed hard, “I have been asked this for months… What is going to happen with my father’s company.” He faced out at the people, they had grown quiet all of a sudden. “I’ve been asked if my husband would be taking over it. If my brother would be. If I would be merging, or giving to a distant family member.” Seokjin pressed his lips together, “Or if I would be taking over it.” He knew all them thought so little of him. His husband had moved forward to stare at him.

“Seokjin-” He mouthed his name.

“Don’t worry…” He chuckled, “I know… I can not- take over my father’s company. I have my own company to run. I have my fashion and my makeup.” Seokjin ran his hand through his hair. He steadied himself, speaking solely at his husband. Staring straight at him as he spoke. “Which is why I am retiring indefinitely from Jin fashion and Jin cosmetics.” He smiled, “I will be signing over the company to Irene, my trusted Vice-president.” Yoongi’s brow had moved up, “Which leaves me able to take over my father's company.” Seokjin smiled, “I plan on taking over it. Yesterday, I signed the papers- and it is now under my name. Which is why I wanted to present myself to you all today. This will be my last fashion show, my last walk on a cat-walk and my last interview as designer Jin. I thank you all for your support through the years, and I hope you continue to support this company even after I leave and that you will not hold anything against it because of me.” Seokjin lowered his head, “Thank you all, and goodbye.”

Yoongi hated family dinners. Hated being around boring people, who told him what to do- when to do it, and how to do it. When was he going to take over his family’s company? When would he finish school? When was he going to get married? He was 18 years old first of all, and then... he was gay. So, that was fun to explain. He was a gay man, who was going to lead his family on.
There was no remorse from his family, but onlookers loved to comment. If you were straight you could marry my daughter. Why the hell would Yoongi want to marry some dumbasses daughter? Why would Yoongi want to get married anyway? To have what? Make his company bigger? His parents wanted that. They wanted him to meet with that stupid Kim boy. He was like... a famous... something? Yoongi didn’t remember. The jist of it was that he was gay. Yoongi was gay. So, to every other straight person, they knew- it meant they needed to get together. Yoongi was high up, the Kim boy was high up. So, what better pair!

“Yoongi?” He stared at the woman in front of him,

“Hi...” He lifted his drink, “Excuse me.” He walked away from her, and to the guy who was holding the champaign. He traded his half-empty glass, eyes moving around the room. What could that stuck up man look like- Yoongi almost choked up his drink. T-that was that cute guy he saw the other day? Yoongi looked around. H-he was just standing there alone. W-why was there a model here? Yoongi crossed the room, at his side. He was tall- much like a model would. He was holding a glass- but it was clear water. He wasn’t swaying, just standing there. Yoongi tilted his head, “Boring isn’t it?” He turned his head to Yoongi. His eyes were dark, skin perfect. He-he was even better looking up close.

“It’s a family affair. Of course, it’s boring.” Yoongi loved his voice, it- it was nasaly yet soft. It sounded fresh, sounded rejuvenating in the swarm of monotone voices. “So... why are you here?” Yoongi stared at him. He titled his head,

“Same reason as everyone else. Obligation.” He smiled, lowering his head.

“I get that...” He smiled, “A lot.” He finally faced Yoongi, giving him a slight smile. “Do you think it’ll be over soon?”

“No.” Yoongi shook his head. He was going to be here- and talk to that stick in the mud Kim. Though if his parent’s wanted an arranged marriage- they could have just convinced his father. It wasn’t hard. They promised a merge, and Yoongi was sold off to anyone- though he was thankful they were considerate of the fact that he didn’t want to marry a woman. That was a step to consider right? “I heard that it’ll keep going until the Kim people and the Min people agree to give each other their oldest.” The man paused at hearing that, turning to him.

“Really?” He sighed, “That’s troubling to hear.” Yoongi nodded,

“It is.” He sighed, “I should just-just leave on my own.” He pressed his eyes closed, “Thanks for telling me-”

“Wait- you’re just going to head out?” He nodded,

“I don’t want to be here all night for-” Yoongi smiled,

“I know you barely know me... but how do you feel if- we head out.”

“We?” He lowered his gaze to him, “What do you mean we?”

“Together. You and me... let’s go have dinner.” The man smiled,

“I’m flattered... really but- I doubt you’ll like me when you find out what I am-”

“You’re not gay?” He shook his head,

“No. I am very much so... But like... you look- really smart- and I-”
“Are you calling yourself dumb?” He rolled his eyes,

“I’m not calling myself dumb… but- my job… a lot of people think I’m just some airhead.” He sighed, “Most people think I’m an airhead.”

“Whys that?” His plump lips let a pitiful smile show,

“I’m a model.” Yoongi knew that. He had gotten thrown out of a fashion show for this man already.

“So what of it? You look good for a living. What does that have to do with your brain?” He giggled at hearing that,

“You think I’m good looking?” Yoongi nodded,

“I would say… at the top .2 % of beautiful people, I have seen.” He nodded, “Now, are we going to sit here and listen to god awful music play all night or do we go out and have a good time?” The man looked down at his drink, moving to set it down behind him. Yoongi knew where this was going-

“Yoongi!” He groaned, hearing his father call his name. The man came over, placing an arm over his shoulder. “Are you mingling with our guests?” The cute boy looked back up. Seeing Yoongi’s father. Damn. The look in his eyes wasn’t good. He must have not known who he was speaking with… well, now the cat was out of the bag. “Oh? You’ve met Kim Seokjin already?” Yoongi’s brow moved up,

“Pardon?” Yoongi asked, as the other man waved back at him.

“I’m Kim Seokjin…” Yoongi stared at him as he spoke. “You must be Min Yoongi, am I right?”

Chapter End Notes

So Hi! THIS IS THE END!! of the chapter. I am so tired, but watch shane's video cause that got me to write this entire chapter- also I am hungry. So, I am going to have to get breakfast- and shower, and get ready for my 9 am. I know I have a horrible update schedule guys, I am so sorry! I really have school to worry about and I didn't do my trig work to finish this chapter, and I have a test on it Tuesday, Lab practical on Wednesday and chem Monday so... But anyways it's valentines and I wanted everyone to know I love them, so thank you for reading! Wing's might be updated soon- wink wink. Look out for that. Now, here I go. Drink water, stay hydrated, stream idol, and boy meets evil, cause Hoseok's month! And most importantly remember to love yourself!
HI. Welcome. This is what I'm calling a change of pace, watch the umbrella academy. I just watched it to write this. So, like- don't read this unless you're like an adult. I don't want to ramble much- which is rare... I don't care. If you want to complain about what I'm going to do, well then do. I'm not your mom. Have fun reading! Passage. Now, go one. Read this!

To say it was awkward was an understatement. The entire family was in a car, and everyone was scared to say anything. Min Yoongi was sitting across from Kim Seokjin. His parents on both his side. Jimin and Jungkook at Seokjin’s side. No one dared say a word. No one except Seokjin.

“So… did you all enjoy the show?” Yoongi’s mother gave Seokjin a faint smile,

“It was… a charming event.” Seokjin nodded,

“Thank you. I worked very hard on it.” Seokjin crossed his leg, lifting his brow to his husband. “And you, Dear?” Yoongi’s jaw clenched,

“It was a surprise.” Yoongi’s father spoke up, “I don’t think our son consulted us on some of the smaller details?” Seokjin took in a deep breath,

“Really?” He pressed his lips together, “Honey?” Yoongi’s eyes were piercing,

“What is it?” His voice was more of a growl than anything else,

“You were late were you not? Did something big happen at the office perhaps?”

“We had a big contract coming in-“

“Did you?” He shrugged, “I would have stayed to finish that. My show wasn’t that important at all.” He looked over at his mother-in-law. “I’m sorry-- What should we have for dinner mother?” Her eyes widened at the sudden question,

“Yes! Yes, let’s head to dinner-”

“I think it’s best we head home,” Jungkook placed a hand on Seokjin’s lap, “I mean… we have to prep for tomorrow and all-” Seokjin’s eyes grew,

“Yes. We have that dinner no?” Seokjin looked over at Jimin, “Then well all have to sit together tomorrow, no?” Jimin nodded,

“Yes.” Seokjin smiled, “Alright. Let’s go home.” With every stop, a couple left the car. And within two- Seokjin and Yoongi were the only two left in the car. Seokjin studied him, waiting for him to speak up. He wasn’t going to be the first who did. So, he lowered his phone to his lap- his voice clear as he spoke.
“How was work?” Yoongi sighed,

“It was fine.” Seokjin smiled,

“Really?” He nodded. “Your fly is undone.” His eyes grew large, quickly reaching to cover his crotch. Seokjin crossed his arms, “I called the office, and they said you left early.”

“I had to go home and-”

“But that hickey on your neck tells me you had other plans.” Seokjin smiled, “You really are the worst.” Yoongi shook his head,

“You want me to give up sex just because I refuse to touch you-” Seokjin knew he was right. Along time ago. He used to wait for his husband to get back home. Sometimes, he would get back-smelling of liquor and colon. Other times, he wouldn’t get home at all. He knew he was cheating on him. Still- the pain of hearing it leave his lips was something different. “Why’d you invite me here-”

“You said you had no intentions in taking over my father’s company.” Seokjin smiled, “I knew you didn’t care for it… but your parents do.”

“What do they have to do with any of this-”

“You married me for my father’s company.” Seokjin smiled at him, “You won’t get it. Until I die.” Seokjin sat back in his seat. “So file for a divorce.” Yoongi’s head moved up to him,

“What did you just say-”

“I said file for a divorce. I won’t give you what you want. Your parents will support the decision, and you can go be with that person who sucking you off-”

“How many fucking times did I have I said this- I am not with you because I want your fucking company Seokjin.” Yoongi shook his head, “You want me to file for it, is that how it is? A game of chicken for you?” Yoongi shook his head, “I won’t file. No matter what.” Seokjin sighed, pressing his eyes closed. He couldn’t help it. The lone tear he had fought back, drifted down his cheek.

“Have it your way, Yoongi.” Yoongi smiled up at him. He loved seeing him weak, Seokjin just gave him this as well.

“You cheated first. So, don’t go getting jealous now.” Seokjin trembled at the words.

“I hate you.”

“You should.”

“You’re a monster, Yoongi. A monster.”

Seokjin curled up on his bed, his stomach burning. He-he couldn’t stand it any longer, he stood up-running to the bathroom. He went to the toilet, emptying his stomach. He pulled his head up, running his hand through his hair. He hated Yoongi. With his entire being.

H-how could he? How could he do this to him? Seokjin deserved his cold behavior, that Seokjin
didn’t fight- but… but cheating on him as well? Why? Was he so deprived of touch? Had he never thought of coming to Seokjin? To his husband for those needs? Seokjin shared those needs- still, through all these years. He had done nothing. He didn’t even allow himself to think about it- about his husband. About wanting him. He thought he was being greedy, but today all of his fears were confirmed. He was being cheated on. Seokjin wiped his mouth, his mouth tasting awful. He was determined now. He wasn’t going to give Yoongi his company, either Seokjin would die- or he would divorce him. But Seokjin refused to play along with this any longer.

Yoongi slid down the back of his closed door, his heart pounding hard. D-did Kim Seokjin…. Did he really sit there and tell Yoongi to file for divorce? He pulled his legs closer to him. After everything, Seokjin had the audacity to ask him to divorce him? How dare he! How dare- Yoongi’s stomach seemed to churn, making him wince in pain. He wouldn’t. Seokjin wouldn’t leave him. This was a stupid thought of his. He had many of these. Yoongi was sure, he was sure that in the morning he would be back here- and apologize properly to him. Ask him to take him back, like the last time. He would apologize, and Yoongi would say it was all well. Things would go back to the way they were before. They would both mind their business, and never speak to each other. That was what their relationship was and how it would be.

He just needed to wait it out, wait for Seokjin to come back to him. He always did.

Seokjin was satisfied with the amount of press he had right now. For the first time in his life, Seokjin laid on his bed, rolling over back to stare at his laptop. He was blowing up! And the news of his leaving has made his entire collections sell out. In beauty and fashion. He should have left his company a long time ago if it meant his profits would this high. Irene accepted his offer, and his company was preparing for his arrival on Monday. Was he proud of what he was doing? Yes. But it seemed as if he and Yoongi were no longer at solemn terms, but now at war with each other. He was cheating on him. Seokjin was the first one, he knew that- but… there was no way he could repair his relationship with this man. Seokjin had held that as a dream, that one day- Yoongi would forgive him and that they would come to be with each other again. Now, it was the first to file for a divorce. It was a game to see who would give in first, and divorce the other. And after everything Seokjin’s been through- he was sure he would be able to put up. Drive Yoongi insane until he gave in and filed first. Seokjin was petty. He was sure he’d win.

He sat up from the bed, stretching his arms into the air.

All day he spent alone, until nightfall. When Seokjin found a suit prepared for him hanging in the bathroom. He knew he was expected. And he would attend. This was for Jimin and Jungkook. Those two deserved better than what he was going through. Which is why Seokjin prepared his body, groomed himself and looked the part. He was a husband, he was an ex-model now turned CEO. This would be his first public appearance since then, so Seokjin would make sure he looked the part. Even if he had to still hang off his husband's arm, he would make sure he looked like a
man of his own. Not just a cute accessory- he could just throw on right before leaving the door.

The car ride was uneventful, both parties refusing to make any eye contact. That was fine with Seokjin. Who wanted to speak to this bastard anyway?

*Ring!*

*Ring!!*

*Ring!!!*

Yoongi phone rang. Both the men met each other's gaze.

*Ring!!!*

*Ring!!!*

“You should answer that. Might want to let him know you're with your husband?” Seokjin tilted his head at him, “Don’t mind me,” He smiled, crossing his leg. Yoongi was hesitant, lifting up his phone. He licked his lips as he answered.

“Hello.” There was a moment where he listened, “I can’t. I’m out right now-” His eyes glossed over Seokjin. “Yeah. I’m with him.” Yoongi drew in a deep breath, “Yes, with my husband. So, no-I will not be able to attend-”

“You can attend!” Seokjin shouted, “Hope you’re toping cause this man’s dick is small!” Yoongi swallowed hard,

“I will speak to you later.” He ended the call, switching it over to allow Seokjin to look at it. Seokjin paused staring at the number.

“I’m glad my secretary now knows I have a small dick.” Seokjin pressed his eyes closed, “Are you planning on announcing this to us all the guest at dinner?” Seokjin rolled his eyes,

“I could.” His leg fidgeted, “But I won’t.” Seokjin ran his hands over his pants, “I care too much for Jungkook to ever do that to him or Jimin.” Seokjin rolled his eyes, ‘Besides, I would hate to ruin my image in front of all our friends.”

“That’s what you care about Seokjin?” Yoongi rolled his eyes, “Your images always been the top priority to you has it not?” Seokjin nodded,

“Bringing that up won’t change anything Yoongi.” Seokjin smiled up at him, “You’ll be begging to divorce me sooner or later. My image, my being will be the same.” Yoongi smiled,

“Not if I have anything to do with it.”

“Good luck with that.” Seokjin smiled back at him, “Now, for media’s sake… Let’s act madly in love, yes?”

Madly in love? Seokjin wouldn’t call what they were doing remote knowledge in each other. His
hands were big and warm. Seokjin hated that they looked so good in each other’s arms. Both of them posing for photos together. If Yoongi were a mediocre actor, they would look amazing. But no, Seokjin was stuck here—allowing for Yoongi to hold him, and posing proudly to the cameras. Trying his best to look happy, full of life, and in love. This was hard. His stomach ached at the thought of being near him. But, in the eyes of the media—Seokjin’s love had never wavered. Yoongi had allowed for that, and he was internally grateful for that when things came down to it. Yoongi would be the one that looked bad, Seokjin would leave this—would leave his side. He had no reason to continue to be with him. His parents would approve of the divorce, Seokjin was positive of it. He only married Seokjin for the company. He was sure of it.

They all hated being here. Seokjin stared down at his plate hearing chatter from above. How long would he be forced to deal with this? Being around all these people—who cared not for the two who were to marry, not for Seokjin or Min Yoongi. But for themselves. People would come to Seokjin and Yoongi and ask him for in short for the money. Well, business deals. His father always dealt with these matters but since he was dead. Seokjin would be at the mercy of all the no’s or I’m not sure his husband gave out. Min Yoongi was useful after all, perhaps not for emotions but business. He was a CEO after all if they were on good terms—Seokjin would ask for his help. But they weren’t, so Seokjin would suit to declining on his own.

“I’m sorry… I don’t care to speak about this at such a—”

“He means no.” Yoongi chalked up, “From both of us, uncle.” The man swallowed hard,

“Is that so?”

“It is.” Yoongi smiled up at him, “Now, can you leave us? My husband and I are trying to have a peaceful dinner.” The man nodded, briskly picking up his things and leaving them.

“Thank you.”

“No need. As long as you keep your mouth shut about my dick, I can still help you.” Yoongi smiled at him, “Deal?” In a world where their image was everything, Seokjin could offer a barter.

“I’ll keep our image pristine, until the moment you file. Even after, I won’t besmirch you.” Yoongi held a low grumble in his voice.

“I won’t file. So, you’ll be doing this a lot.” Yoongi lowered his fork, “Heads up. Jimin’s on his way.” Seokjin smiled at Yoongi,

“I’ve been telling you, we should change the curtains in our bedroom—”

“Hyungs!” Yoongi rested his hand on Seokjin’s thigh. This made him feel numb to the core,

“Hey, bud,” Yoongi spoke lowly, “Are you having a good time?” Jimin nodded,

“Of course!” His smile was large. Enough to make Seokjin put up with the hand on his thigh. “Have you all seen Jungkook though?” Yoongi looked back at Seokjin,

“Have you seen him?” Seokjin shook his head,

“No.” Yoongi looked back at Jimin,

“I’m sure he’s around here somewhere—”

“Right here!” Jungkook placed his hands on Jimin’s back, causing him to jump up. “Gotcha!”
Jungkook chuckled, hugging his frightened Fiancé.

“Yoongi!” His mother called for him, Seokjin turned back to him.

“Mother’s calling you Honey.” His brow moved up, pushing himself from his seat.

“Jimin!” Jimin’s own mother came up, looking back at Seokjin. “CEO Min.” She bowed to him, “May I steal my son away for just a moment?” Seokjin nodded to her.

“You’re fine.” He waved him off, leaving him with Jungkook. Seokjin shook his head at him, “Did you just go to the restroom?” Jungkook made a funny face, shaking his head.

“No. Why?” Seokjin lowered his fork, offering him a faint smile.

“Your zipper is down.” His eyes grew large for a moment, quickly fixing his pants.

“Sorry…”

“You’re fine.” Seokjin ran a hand through his hair. “You should go with Jimin. It’ll be bad if you aren’t by his side while- while his mother is chattering.” Jungkook nodded,

“I’ll be on my way then, hyung?” Seokjin nodded,

“See you later.” Seokjin stared at him as he left.

“Seokjin-” He wasn’t allowed to even think, his head moving back to look at Yoongi,

“What?”

“My mom is about to-

*Clink!*

*Clink!*

They both turned to face the stage, it was Yoongi’s mother, glass in hand.

“Hello!” He groaned, knowing why she would do something like this. Whenever Seokjin and Yoongi were together, nothing looked better for each other’s companies more than the two heirs sharing their feelings up on a stage. Even though it wasn’t their event. Seokjin was now the owner of his own company. No doubt a frustrating fact to Min Yoongi’s family, but it was still the same. He would go up there, with Min Yoongi in hand. Yoongi knew as well, reaching a hand out to Seokjin.

“C’mon.” Yoongi’s mouth moved as he spoke from the side of his mouth. “The quicker we get it over with, the faster we can say our goodbyes and head home.” Seokjin loved the sound of that.

“Promise?” Yoongi mumbled a yes. Seokjin begrudgingly took the hand, hoisting himself up. Yoongi and Seokjin passed by what seemed like a crowd of people to make their way to the stage. Seokjin smiled largely, raising a hand to wave at the people who were clapping at their appearance. Seokjin was best at public speaking, Yoongi quickly taking up two glasses- handing one to Seokjin. He giggled at his husband, moving closer to the mic.

“Thank you, mother.” She waved at him, as she left the stage. Yoongi, grew closer to him. Naturally wrapping his arms around his waist. Seokjin did his best to not show that that bothered him to no end. “Hello, everyone.”
“Hello.”

“I want to thank everyone for showing up today!” He perched, “For being here for two individuals who I love with all my heart.” He moved his glass to Jimin and Jungkook. “Here’s to that the both of you live a long and happy life together-”

“Like us.” Yoongi finished. That was the line. Claps erupted around them, Seokjin turning his head back to him. “Once,” Yoongi whispered. He knew this would sell their relationship to the public. What everyone else wanted. He would be stupid not to do what he was being offered right now.

Seokjin lowered himself, Yoongi taking his lips. It was weird to kiss him. Weird to taste him. Most days, he would offer Seokjin a peck on the cheek. He was expecting a peck- but… he kissed him. Seokjin pulled his head closer to him, feeling Yoongi do the same. Seokjin felt his arm, pull him into Yoongi’s body. If this was a kiss for the media, it would be over in a moment. This was different. Yoongi’s hand ran through Seokjin’s hair. Seokjin could recall a kiss like this. It was the night they first met. That kiss they shared in the bathroom that night, beyond the eyes of everyone. Now, they were allowed to kiss in front of all the camera and eyes. Seokjin dwindle on this, trying his best to not be wrapped up in this- however, his own body was failing him. Yoongi’s smell, Yoongi’s touch, Yoongi’s everything. Seokjin used to be his everything. W-why did this still feel so good? Seokjin moved a hand up, gripping his arm.

“More.” He whispered.

Seokjin hated Yoongi. Yoongi hated Seokjin. They were perfect for each other. Well, in a horrible, dysfunctional, hatred filled way. Yoongi was carrying Seokjin up holding on his chest, carrying him up to his own bedroom. Seokjin didn’t visit Yoongi’s room often. Hell, he thinks this may be the first time since their marriage. This is the first time they’ve done any of this since their honeymoon. Yoongi almost kicked down his door, slamming it shut behind him. He didn’t waste time, throwing him on the bed. Seokjin stared back at him, mouth opened as he saw Yoongi, ripping away his suit’s jacket. He climbed up on the bed, pressing Seokjin down onto the bed. “T-take it off…” Seokjin whimpered, Yoongi complied- working off Seokjin’s shirt with his fingers not stopping his pursuit on his lips. Seokjin wrapped his arms around him, allowing for him to continue. They both stipped as quickly as they could until Yoongi thumbed Seokjin’s belt. Smiling down at the bulge.

“You want me?” Yoongi’s eyes were dark as he looked up at him.

“Hurry!” His voice was pleading. Yoongi smirked down at him, “Please…” Seokjin bit down on his finger, so hard- he thought he might draw blood. Yoongi’s hands took hold of his clothing taking off Seokjin’s underwear and pants. Yoongi’s eyes were blazing red, as he took in the sight of a naked Seokjin on his bed. Seokjin smiled, leaning forward he took his lips. It was insane how much this one kiss- wrecked Seokjin. Yoongi definitely knew how to turn him on. As if on instinct alone Seokjin’s hands moved on their own, taking hold of Yoongi’s face. “F-fuck…” Yoongi must have loved the responses, keeping his hands on Seokjin’s stomach his kisses deviating from his lips. Sloppy, and dirty they began to trail down to his neck- leaving quite the hicky trail, it, however, did not end there. Him mouth warm and wet, moving lower- and lower down to naval. Yoongi’s eyes drew up, staring Seokjin in the eyes. “Can I?”
“J-just do it.” Yoongi lowered his head, opening his mouth taking in the tip of Seokjin’s penis.

“Ah-ahh…” Yoongi let himself taste Seokjin completely, his eyes never breaking away from the man’s face. Watching all of his reactions. Seokjin twitched at his touches. Yoongi held his cock in his hand, his mouth working on the sensitive tip. His penis was hot in his mouth, his grip over Seokjin’s thigh tightening as his head began to bob up and down. “Aaahhh…” Seokjin bit his lower lip, covering his moan. Seokjin threw his head back in satisfaction. Yoongi’s let out a low growl at this. He wrapped his tongue around Seokjin’s cock, knowing he was already on the verge of- “Y-Yoongi…” Seokjin took hold of Yoongi’s hair, his fist clenching through his hair, keeping Yoongi’s head low. “I’m...I’m close-” With that, Seokjin’s hips buckled into Yoongi’s mouth. He held it there, before pulling his head back- a stream of sticky semen trickling down Yoongi’s mouth. Seokjin panted, covering his eyes with his forearm. “Ha...ha-” Yoongi felt a grip over Seokjin’s ankles- forcefully tossing him around.

“Now it’s time for me to have fun.” Seokjin didn’t fight back, lifting his own hips for him.

“Go ahead.” Yoongi grinned at the sight.

“You be a good boy now and let me handle the rest, alright Seokjin?” Seokjin’s scent had mingled with Yoongi’s musk. The room smell paralyzing, stinking of their lust. Seokjin bit his bottom lip nodding. Yoongi drew to his side table, opening it up- pulling out a bottle of lube. Seokjin sat back up, his eyes steadying. “Put a condom on.” He heard Yoongi let out a scoff,

“Yeah- right…” Yoongi pushed open the bottle of lube- eyes moving to Seokjin. He held a pout on his lips,  

“I don’t want to do it with you without it-“ Yoongi shook his head, 

“I’ve never worn a condom with you-” Seokjin shook his head, 

“I don’t know where you’ve been.” This brought a halt to everything, 

“Seriously?” Seokjin turned back to him, crawling to Yoongi. His pressed his head on his pants- feeling his hard penis, smiling up to him.

“If you want inside me… then put one on.”

“This once.” Yoongi went back to the cabinet, pulling out a condom. He used his teeth to tear it open. He lowered his pants- with haste trying to fit it on. Not so well- it bouncing off the first time, again Yoongi fumbled with it. Seokjin was growing impatient, moving onto his knees- he placed his hands over Yoongi’s erect cock. With ease, he lowered it down his shaft. “Better?” Seokjin nodded, laying on his back. Yoongi came back to his spot- right between Seokjin’s legs, unscrewing the bottle- he tilted it back onto his fingertips, before lowering it to his erect penis. He must have used up to the entire bottle- since he then tossed it to the floor away from them. Yoongi was losing all logic, sliding his hand into Seokjin’s asshole. His fingers played at his hole, enacting an entirely new reaction from Seokjin.

“A-ahhh… Y-Yoongi…” Seokjin took in one finger. He was tight. Seokjin lifted his arm to his face covering his face. He curled his finger- only to hear Seokjin gasp. “Ahhh!” Seokjin placed his hand into his mouth, biting down. Yoongi felt him growing comfortable, adding another finger inside him. Seokjin’s moans engrossed them. Yoongi twisted his fingers, Seokjin’s body conforming to them. Seokjin’s toes curled, pulling on the bed sheet. “S-stop teasing me.” He whimpered. “J-just put it in already.” He could hear Yoongi’s growl,
“Want it?” His hand moved back to his penis, “Want my small penis?” Seokjin let out a panted,
“I was lying. You have a big dick- okay…” Seokjin obliged, “Now put it in me, and shut up.” Yoongi
pulled his fingers out of Seokjin, causing him to whine. “Please… I-I… feel empty.” Yoongi
pulled Seokjin by his waist, adjusting himself to Seokjin’s entrance.
“I’m putting it in.” Seokjin couldn’t hear his words, feeling himself being stretched open. How long
had it been since he’d been inside of him? “The tips in, Seokjin.”
Seokjin felt Yoongi grip over his waist. Feeling him inching his way inside- of…
“Ahhh!” Seokjin’s eyes were closed, “Y...Yes-yes...” Yoongi thrust into him, forcing Seokjin to
take in his entire length in one go. “Ahhh!” Seokjin was panting, trying not to scream his head off. It wasn’t easy, Yoongi was rough with him. Seokjin rested a hand over his, keeping their eyes
together. “D-don’t stop.” He shook his head, “Fuck me. Hard.” Yoongi smirked like he always did. He reached forward, his fingers coming to Seokjin’s puffy lips.
“Taste yourself.” Seokjin did as he was told. His tongue moving up and down Yoongi’s long
fingers. “That’s what you taste like.” Seokjin kept his gaze towards Yoongi, “You’re delicious you know?”
“Why’d you stop moving?” Seokjin smiled up at him, “I told you to fuck me.” Seokjin was barely
controlling his whimpers.
“I’m gonna start moving… let me know if it’s too much for you alright?” Seokjin readied himself,
raising his arms and holding himself to Yoongi’s neck. Yoongi’s hip buckled, as he pulled himself
out slowly- before sliding back in. His pace was slow to begin, trying to accustom himself with
Seokjin’s tightness.
“Y-you’re really tight babe…” That name was odd. Seokjin hadn’t heard it in a long time. Seokjin
stared him in the eyes.
“Keep... calling me that.” He smiled,
“Babe…” Seokjin’s mouth opened inviting him in. Yoongi smiled- taking Seokjin’s lips. Their
tongues danced, both trying to fight for dominance. Yoongi indulges Seokjin for a moment, his
hips driving himself further and further into Seokjin, drilling himself in his husband. Yoongi drew
his head up, his movements growing in momentum and force. Yoongi’s hands took the back of
Seokjin’s thighs- his skin soft and supple running through his hands. He thrust himself hard into
Seokjin. He felt Seokjin tremble, his own hips moving. He was so impatient. He was brash,
pushing himself further into Seokjin. The man didn’t hinder from his enjoyment, his whines
growing louder and louder with every thrust. “Babe...”
“Y-yoongi…” Seokjin’s lips drew into a pout, “Ruin me.” It was like a plea. His tone growing
more and more jittery. Yoongi snarled at that,
“Babe…” His fingers were tough, holding on to him tightly. “I- what do… what do you want?” His
words were slurry, as he slammed himself inside of Seokjin. Seokjin felt himself getting closer,
“Youngi...I-I’m close…” He was fleeting as he felt Yoongi grow larger at those words. Seokjin
smiled up at him,
“M-me to Babe.” Yoongi’s movement had lost rhythm, becoming shorter and harder- until one last
jerk. Yoongi’s body slumped over Seokjin in exhaustion. They were both so tired, Yoongi still
being inside of him.
“Let’s stay like this… just for a moment longer?” Seokjin wrapped his arms around Yoongi,
“A moment,” Seokjin replied.

Was it odd to lay at the side of your husband after having dirty sex? After knowing they cheated on you? After knowing both of them cheated on each other? They were both awake. That was for sure. Who could sleep after what they just did? They were both sweaty, covered in semen and lube. Both of them, not wanting to move.

“So…” Yoongi spoke up, “What do we do now?” Seokjin sat in bed,
“I’m going to go shower.” Yoongi moved up as well,
“Should I- Should I go with you?” Seokjin pulled up a sheet,
“I… I don’t know.” Seokjin swallowed hard, “Do… you want to join me?” They both stared at each other. How were they supposed to act? How is anyone supposed to act? “I should head back to my room-”

“You don’t have to.” Yoongi scratched his head, “You don’t.” Seokjin bit his upper lip, “You could go shower with me and… and- then we could go to sleep?” Seokjin ran a hand through his own hair,
“J-just this once.”

Seokjin had woken up in a dream. The arms of his husband. His eyes fluttered open, catching his eyes already open.

“Morning.” Seokjin skin was pressed against Yoongi’s under the sheets, both of them wrapped around each other.

“Morning…” Yoongi opened his mouth, trying to say something.

“Should I go make us some breakfast?” The both of them stared at each other. Neither willing to pull away from each other. “I mean… if we are to do it again… I feel like we have to at least eat?” Yoongi smirked,

“I guess… you’re right?” Seokjin drew closer to the man,

“Should I make you some bacon?” Yoongi’s hands ran down Seokjin’s spine.

“God yes.” Seokjin leaned in, pressing a quick peck on his husband's lips. It tingled. Felt odd for him to have someone in bed with him in the morning. Seokjin slipped away from his warm embrace, pulling a sheet up to cover himself. “Don’t cover your ass! It looks amazing when you walk away!” Seokjin shook his head at him, as he walked out of the room. He wasn’t too worried. After the third round, Yoongi called up the entire staff. Gave them the next day off. Yoongi hadn't given the entire staff off since- he can’t recall. He tightened the bed sheet over himself tying a quick knot to his side, all the while climbing down the stairs. He reached the kitchen, taking up all the necessary ingredients for their breakfast.
He turned on the stove, placing a pan on it. After it was heated enough, Seokjin laid down a few strips- quickly the smell of cooking meat spreading through the room. He was cooking for him. In all of Seokjin’s dreams. He-he was finally cooking for Yoongi. He felt thick hands warp around him,

“I thought you were going to stay in bed and wait?” He felt him place his head over Seokjin’s shoulder.

“Brother-in-law’s been trying you good huh?” Seokjin’s eyes grew large at the voice. N-no way in hell. He-he was hearing things-- He turned back eyes large.

“Ta-taehyung?” The boy’s smile grew large,

“How are you brother?”

Chapter End Notes

So, you didn't think I would write smut huh? I didn't either but let me tell you- this is how the story has to go. So, don't give me shit for it! See ya! Stay thriving, go to the gym- drink water, and love yourself!
Have you ordered Persona yet? I did, and I am so excited for the next comeback. No, this isn't my first- obviously but I've been seeing guides for new army and like. Yay. New army learn what to do and get ready to lose sleep and stream. Bts is getting ready to give us their all, and I wanna cry. Anyways. You probably won't read this- but have fun reading! Also, Passage and read, Wings and it's follow up, Answer OK! That's enough. Have fun!

“Brother-in-law’s been trying you good huh?” Seokjin’s eyes grew large at the voice. N-no way in hell. He-he was hearing things-- He turned back eyes large.

“Ta-taehyung?” The boy’s smile grew large,

“How are you brother?” His round cheeks made Seokjin heart to begin to race.

“Hey, Babe-” Yoongi’s eyes grew large at the sight of the man behind Seokjin. Seokjin’s mouth opened- ready to tell him to- “Taehyung is-” Seokjin’s eyes moved down his husband lack of clothing. “Move.” Seokjin mouthed. Yoongi complied. Rushing out of view, Taehyung groaned looking back.

“Disgusting.” Seokjin sighed,

“Taehyung. Can you let go of me?” His brother did as he was asked, releasing Seokjin. Seokjin held the thin fabric covering his waist tightly.

“I don’t know how you ever allow for him to just waltz around-”

“You know it is our home-”

“Does he walk through it naked all the time?”

“Taehyung-” The blond threw his arms into the air,

“I don’t want to know!” He shouts, “Go put something on-”

“I’m cooking-”

“I can handle that until you get here.” Taehyung assured him, “Go. And get back quickly- I want to have breakfast with you!” Seokjin’s eyes softened, nodding.

“I’ll be back.”
Seokjin sprinted up the stairs- and back into Yoongi’s bedroom. He closed the door behind him, his husband turning his head back to him.

“What the fuck is he-”

“I don’t know!” Seokjin half whispered, half screamed. “Why weren’t you dressed?!” Yoongi tilted his head back at him,

“I don’t know Seokjin- maybe because I am walking through our fucking house?!” He threw his arms up, “Now what do we do-”

“Get dressed for one.” Seokjin sighed, “You gave him an image he won’t get out of his head for a long time.”

“This is your fault. Alway just giving him the keys to where we live-” Seokjin looked back at him,

“Let’s not start this now.” Seokjin waved him off, “Now-” He crossed his arms, “Lend me a shirt.”

“Huh?” Seokjin sighed,

“I can’t just go to my room, now can I?” Yoongi bit his upper lip, “He’ll catch on.” Yoongi nodded, moving to lead them both to his closet. They stepped inside, Seokjin’s eyes moving around the clothing. “Remind me, why are all of your clothes black?”

“Shut it.” Yoongi pulled off a shirt from its hanger, holding it up to Seokjin. “Try this one on?” Seokjin allowed for the blanket to slip off his body, taking up the shirt. He pulled it over his body, earing a look from Yoongi. Yoongi’s eyes scanned his body, causing him to blush. Seokjin never knew why, his previous job was all about having people stare at his body- but whenever Yoongi looked at it. He suddenly became self-conscious.

“Stop staring.” He turned away, not before Yoongi moved in front of him. He fixed the collar of the shirt- beginning to button the shirt. “I could do it by myself-”

“I know.” Seokjin stood back, waiting for Yoongi to speak up about what he was seeing.

“It’s really big.” He didn’t seem too happy, but his eyes moved back over Seokjin’s face. “Are you dieting again?” Seokjin’s mouth opened,

“No.” Yoongi nodded,

“It’s too big for you to wear. It looks like it’s draped over your body.” Seokjin tilted his head.

“Does it-it look bad?” Yoongi seemed to pause,

“I mean… I love seeing you wear my clothes-” Yoongi bit his top lip, “I just-it looks like your wearing-”

“It’s fine.” Seokjin began unbuttoning his shirt- Yoongi placed his hand over his,

“Don’t-”

“You said it doesn’t look fine-” He shook his head,

“Your brother won’t like it.” He smiled, “But you can keep it on for me-” Yoongi drew closer to him, “If you’d wear it for me-”
“We are not going to right now.” Seokjin barked, “My brother is outside-” Yoongi shrugged,
“He can wait.”

Seokjin came back into the dining room, Taehyung at the end of the table- picking at the eggs at the plate in front of him.

“Tae?” He looked up a smile growing large,

“Hyung!” He waved at the seat beside him, pulling the chair directly next to him. Seokjin giggled, moving to it. He sat down- Taehyung pulling him into a hug. “I made your favorite hot chocolate-”

“Did you finish making breakfast Seokjin-” Taehyung’s eyes moved up at the entrance to the dining room.

“And he ruins the mood.” Seokjin looked back at his younger brother shaking his head.

“Play nice,” Seokjin warns him, Taehyung shrugging. “Yoongi Taehyung made breakfast for us-” Taehyung moved a hand up,

“I made you breakfast Hyung.” Taehyung smiled, “He can have cereal.” Yoongi sneered at him,

“Tae!” Seokjin called up to him,

“It’s fine.” Yoongi waved him off, “Seokjin fed me enough this morning” Yoongi speaks up, causing a look of disgust to come over Taehyung’s face. He pulled up his chair taking his seat. “So, what are you doing here Taehyung?” Seokjin darts his gaze to him,

“Hey-”

“It’s fine.” Taehyung shrugs, “If you must know Yoongi. I am here to see my big brother- and the next CEO to Kim Inc.” Seokjin looked back at him,

“You know-”

“Of course I know.” Taehyung waved him off, “When I got off my flight- that was the first thing that came up.”

“I-I tried to call you-”

“Yeah… I was on my way- the company had called for me. Told me there was something big coming.” He shrugged, “I would know more if you would have invited me to the fashion show-”

“It would only work if my husband’s brother wasn’t in a different country.” Taehyung looked at Yoongi,

“Oh gosh! Looks like you’ve never heard of flying-”

“I have. You, on the other hand, couldn’t be bothered to attend your own parent’s funerals-”

“Yoongi!” Seokjin called out, Taehyung shook his head at him.

“He’s right.”
“No, don’t take it like that Taehy-”

“It’s fine.” Taehyung smiled, “I didn’t come for their funerals. I didn’t want to have to see them-”

“But forcing your older brother to take care of it-”

“I was working.”

“Ahh…” Yoongi rolled his eyes, “So, your work is so important that it forces my husband-”

“Enough.” Seokjin’s voice was loud and commanding, “Both of you- we are a family. Let’s not offend each other.” Yoongi nodded,

“I’m sorry,” Yoongi spoke up, “I’m being an ass…” Taehyung ran his arm around Seokjin.

“Me too… I’ll be good from now on.” Seokjin smiled at him,

“Thank you.” Taehyung looked back at Seokjin,

“Now- are we going to spend the day together-”

“Actually Seokjin and I were going to spend the day together-” Taehyung smiled,

“As I was saying. My Big brother and I are going to spend the day together- we can go visit Mom and Dad’s graves- We can go get a pedicure, Have a nice lunch- go shopping, then we can go get some ingredients and we can spend the night together! Like we used to!” Yoongi looked back at the man,

“You’re spending the night here-”

“No.” Taehyung smiled, “Hyung and I are going home.” He turned to Seokjin, “Right?” Seokjin’s eyes moved from his husband to his brother.

“We have stuff to do Taehyung.” Yoongi remarked, ”It's kinda rude to just come here last minute and-”

“You’ve had him for years.” Taehyung spoke lowly, “I come back- and want to spend the day with my blood born sibling, is something wrong with that brother-in-law?” Yoongi swallowed hard,

“Seokjin can’t spend the night with you-”

“You sleep with him every night.” Seokjin’s mouth pressed closed. If only Taehyung knew that Seokjin had honestly spent one night with his husband, he’d be either livid or jump in joy. “I want to have my brother with me for the night. You know, have him do something normal like spend time with his family-”

“He would spend time with you if you were around-” Seokjin sat up from the table, pushing away from Taehyung.

“Both of you need to stop.” He sighed, “I’m married to you Yoongi. Be nice to my brother. Taehyung… I-I’m married to Yoongi weather you like it or-”

“I don’t like it.” Taehyung spat out, “Why do you think I avoid visiting you? So I can avoid staring straight into those cold, dead-”

“Tae!” Taehyung closed his mouth, being scolded. “Yoongi, I’m going out with him-”
“But you and I still have to talk-”

“We can talk tomorrow.” Seokjin offered him a smile, “Taehyung, go wait in the living room please?” He seemed happy to hear his brother side with him, pushing his seat out- stepping outside of the room. Seokjin moved around the table, kneeling down beside his husband. “Don’t be upset-”

“I’m not.” Yoongi rolled his eyes, “Just still amazed at how much of a wonderful human being your brother is.” His sarcasm truly hurt.

“He’s protective over me.” Seokjin smiled, “And you know how he gets when it comes to men who like me-”

“He did throw water at me when we first met?”

“You see?” Seokjin smiled up at him, “He’s getting better!” Yoongi’s brow moved up, “Okay-so… can you stay at home today?”

“Look- we have to talk about-”

“Talk?” Seokjin looked up at him, “I know.” Seokjin nodded, “We have to-”

“Seokjin. We just-” Seokjin tilted his head up at him, “I want to be with you. I-thinks have changed and we need to-” Seokjin stomach twisted at his words. “Can’t you just- just stay here?” Seokjin’s brow moved up,

“What?”

“You and him- but why do you have to go with him over there-” Seokjin smiled,

“I want to be with you.” Seokjin pressed his eyes closed, “I really do…” Yoongi’s gummy smile appeared, moving a hand to his cheek. “But it’ll just be one night. Then- You and I can-” Yoongi smiled,

“I am going to move our things back into our room.” Seokjin nodded,

“Yeah. Yeah…” Seokjin let out a deep breath, “Let’s share a bedroom.” Yoongi smirked,

“Fine.” He smiled, “Go with him. He- he’s a piece of work but you should get to be with your family.” Seokjin felt his long-held sigh leave him, moving up- he placed a kiss on Yoongi’s lips. Wrapping his arms over him, Seokjin wrapped his arms around him, Yoongi shifted in his seat- pulling his arms around him.

“I’ll see you later then?”

“You will.”

Seokjin had just taken his seat in the car, Taehyung speaking up instantly.

“When are you getting a divorce from the bastard?” Seokjin looked back at him,

“That bastard-” He shuffled putting on his seatbelt, “Is my husband Taehyung.” He rolled his eyes,

“Well, he could be your ex-husband?”
“No more talk like that.” Seokjin finished, “Besides, Mom and Dad love him-”

“Mom and Dad were horrible judges in personality.” Seokjin looked back at him,

“You know we are going to go visit their graves right now-”

“Hey- I’m not lying. Mom once said that that other dude you were dating was a catch-”

“He was-”

“He’s in jail now.” Seokjin looked back at him, “And Dad? Oh lord, that man thought you were straight!” He scoffed, “Idiot- you were a whole supermodel and-”

“They are dead, you know? Let’s not talk shit-”

“Talking shit is telling lies.” Taehyung pointed it out. “I only speak the truth.” He sighed, “Besides, our uncle called me.”

“Did he?” Seokjin pulled out the driveway and down to the back exit. The gate took a moment, before shifting open for them to leave. “What did he say?”

“He said you were either making the best choice you could ever make-” He lowered the mirror to his passenger seat. “Or the biggest mistake in the history of our family.” Seokjin’s eyes turned to him for a moment,

“And what did you think?” Taehyung shrugged,

“You already made the biggest mistake you could have- married that cat looking bastard-” Taehyung rolled his eyes, “So, taking over our families lively hood is probably just a walk in the park for you.”

“You think so?” Taehyung nodded,

“If it wasn’t you- I was sure it’d be handed over to that bastard of your husband- or worse. Me.”

“Is it alright for me to take-”

“If there is anyone who could do a better job then dad?” Taehyung smiled, “It’d be you. You’re a pain in the ass when it comes to getting what you want- that’s a quality you inherited from the old man.” Seokjin glimmered at that,

“I’m happy you’re here. I needed to hear that.” Taehyung placed a hand over his,

“See- all you need is me, Hyung.” He smiled, “Just me.”

“Stop being a pester,” Seokjin called. “I missed you.”

“I did too… maybe five years was a bit of a grudge?” He snickered, “But I can’t stand your husbands face.”

“Just his?” Seokjin asked,

“And his brothers.” Taehyung barked, “The whole lot of the Min’s are unbearable.”

“You know I’m a Min-”
“When you finally listen to me and divorce him, you’ll be Kim Seokjin again.” Taehyung smiled, “Then we can both talk shit about them?”

“Stop acting like a brat.” Taehyung slumped back in his seat,

“Who’s fault is it that I am a spoiled brat?”

“Mine.” Seokjin answered, “Which is why- you not calling me for a week hurt my feelings-”

“Look here!” Taehyung pouted, “I was upset! You told me that- that you were going to be helping plan that assholes engagement dinner-”

“Are you holding a grudge again?” Seokjin asked, “You said you were over him-”

“I am!” He answered, “I just want to never hear a thing about him! Isn’t that enough?”

“It’s enough.” Seokjin shrugged, “Now- let’s put on our best faces. Mom and Dad didn’t know you even cursed-”

“Mom and Dad didn’t know you were a heavy smoker-” He paused, “Despite the state of your lungs.”

“Yoongi made me quit, and start taking better care of myself-”

“Ah… so he did one thing right?” Taehyung held his breath, “How are you by the way- your lungs?”

“I went to the doctor this week. I haven’t gotten the full test back- but they said they think I’m fine.”

“Good.” Taehyung chirped up, “I need you to be healthy. We have to spend our lives together.” Taehyung was a bit bold. A bit rough around the edges but he meant well. In his heart, Seokjin was the only thing he needed, and likewise in Seokjin’s- Taehyung was his only reason for trying anymore.

Taehyung was holding a bouquet of white lilies, Seokjin opting for pink peonies. His mother enjoyed them. They reached their family’s mausoleum. It was grand. Of course, it was. The Kim family couldn’t be regular, not even in death.

“You know? We’re both going to be in there one day?” Seokjin looked back at him,

“Yeah- crossed my mind a few times.” Seokjin moved to the left, pulling out the old flowers. He hadn’t come to visit this place. He didn’t like being here.

“You know- grandmother hated the fact that grandad built this?” Taehyung beckoned from beyond as he likewise pulled out the old flowers. “Mom wouldn't like it either.”

“Mom didn’t like it.” Seokjin called, “Dad wanted us to be together through it all-” Seokjin smiled, “It’s nice to think about it though… us together forever?” He heard Taehyung scoff,

“I like it too.” The finished placing their flowers, both moving to the entrance to the place. It had glass doors, Seokjin fishing up his keys- he opened the door for both of them. Seokjin came in
first, his eyes moving around the dusty and poor lit building. Taehyung placed his hand over his brother’s shoulders.

“They in the walls?” Seokjin nodded, moving to the back of the large room. He took his seat at the bench, Taehyung standing. He looked around the room, smiling.

“Hey, Mom! Hey Dad! It’s Taehyung! I’m back!” He called, in such a familiar voice. Seokjin thought he’d never hear that. His brother calling for his parents ever again, “I’m well!” His cheeks were large, “So, is hyung!” Seokjin pressed his eyes closed. They would be happy. His Mother and Father both. Having both their sons back. “Hyung took the company Dad! He’s going to do better than you! I know he will!” Taehyung crossed his arms over his chest, “He’ll make you regret not just choosing him in the first place!”

“Don’t be rude to the dead,” Seokjin warned his brother,

“Fine.” Taehyung relented, “Mom, I’m well!” He buttered up, “I eat three square meals a day! I’m a great model! Might even beat Hyung’s old record!”

“Let’s pray you do.” Seokjin locked eyes with him, “You could make it farther than I ever did.” Taehyung’s smile came down,

“I still hate you both!” Taehyung screamed, “For being assholes to Seokjin hyung- for making him feel small! For telling him he was wrong- for making him hate who he was!” Seokjin swallowed hard at his brother’s words. “He was an amazing model you assholes!” He clenched his fist, “For making him marry that monster who ruined him!”

“Tae-”

“He’s done better- even though you did all that to him…” He lowered his head, “I did wrong by him as well- for not going to his wedding- for not being with him… But I’m back. He turned his head back to Seokjin. “And as long as my big brother wants me to- I’ll never leave his side again.” He moved a hand to his face, wiping away what looked like a tear. “So both of you!” He cried out, “Better watch how amazing we become!”

They had left their family mausoleum, after a bit of silent cleaning. They had gotten back into the car and gone out for lunch, chattering lightly about Taehyung’s flourishing modeling career. How his first runway was, how traveling all over was annoying and how much jet-lag sucked. After their lunch, they went and got their toes done. Seokjin chatting happily with his younger sibling. They went shopping afterward-

“I like this top hyung!” Seokjin turned his head back to him, brow moving up.

“It’s a crop top.” Taehyung nodded,

“It’ll look cute on you!” Seokjin shook his head,

“No. I don’t like shirt’s that don’t cover my-” A flash of light blinded him for a moment. Seokjin instinctively moving forward, pushing his brother out of the way. “Ugh…” He groaned, “They found us…” They were surrounded inside the store, Seokjin trying his best to conceal his younger brother. “L-let’s go!”
“Jin!”

“Jin!

“Min Seokjin!” Taehyung grabbed Seokjin’s arm, yanking him in front of him.

“Who is this mysterious man you are with!”

“You lover?!”

“Jin!”

“Seokjin!” Seokjin turned to look away, Taehyung beginning to push people aside before the crowd understood who he was.

“Kim Taehyung!”

“Taehyung!” The crowd seems to grow wild. This was amazing. Not one famous Kim, but both of them.

“The Kim siblings!” Seokjin gripped Taehyung’s hand harder, fully taking over the lead trying to get them out of the shop. He shuffled past paparazzi, sheiling his brother from their pokes and shoves. Seokjin hated these people, but he’d be damned if he let them have their way with his brother.

“Move. We are trying to get out-” A man pushed Seokjin back, causing him to stumble back onto the ground. Seokjin felt his stomach hurt again. It was impossible. It-it wasn’t happening again… was it? His chest was hurt- his heart was racing, he-he… it was all growing white. He felt himself grow numb, falling back onto the ground below.

Yoongi took in a deep breath, taking up his shirts- he threw them on Seokjin’s bed. The room smelled like him. Yoongi smelled like him. His lemony scent was embracing. Yoongi had forgotten how intoxicating it could be.

He had spent the better part of the entire day moving all of his things into the room. He was reorganizing everything, Seokjin was a clean man- but boy did he have a lot of useless shit. He had not one, not two but seven hand creams near his bed. Yoongi didn’t know if he could get rid of one of them- so he opted to leave them all there- and placing his reading glasses at the corner of the table. He-he and Seokjin would be sharing a room. Like-like how married couples actually did- all after one night in heaven together.

Ring!

Ring!

Ring !

Yoongi’s brow moved up, as he took out his phone. He stared at the name on the screen, his eyes growing small. He answered,
“Hey-” Yoongi swallowed hard, “C-can we talk?” The other person took alarm at his tone. “Yeah. It’s important.” He nodded at the phone. “Don’t come over.” He spoke slowly, looking back at his new bed. “I’ll come to see you.” Yoongi ended the call, sitting back on the bed. “It’s time.” He nodded to himself. “It’s time…”

Ring!

Ring!

Ring!

He was calling again? Yoongi shifted the phone up, answering it. “Look-”

“Yoongi hyung?” Yoongi sat up from his bed. That tone wasn’t good. Not one bit.

“Where are you-”

“The hospital-” Yoongi took a step back,

“Which one-”

“Hyung is-”

“WHICH ONE TAEHYUNG!??”

“Downtown, near Kim Inc.” Yoongi didn’t hesitate rushing out of the room,

“I’ll be there in twenty.” He hung up on him, fishing up his own car keys running down the stairs. “Please be alright.”

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Chapter End Notes

See ya! Stay thriving, go to the gym- drink water, STAN TXT (OH BOY THEY CUTE!), and love yourself! Also, follow me on twitter to know if I'll update and just to get my followers up!! Follow me. Okay, now please read passage and remember that BTS LOVES YOU!!!
What's good. I'm back- I know y'all like- who is this. Cause she did not just update this twice in one week?! I did. Now-let me say something. Damn I'm tired. But I did say in my other fics. If you request it at this point. I'll update. Okay, so... I don't want to rant. I'm like reading this super good fic and want to read it. so...not gonna dwindle. Tell me what you think! Anyways. You probably won't read this- but have fun reading! Also, Passage and read, Wings and it's follow up, Answer OK! That's enough. Have fun!

Seokjin lingered in his room, his husband was away in Japan. So, he had not a single thing to do. He sat up from his bed.

“I should go out.” He smiled to himself. Going out was fun. Even more so now that his husband was gone. He wouldn’t have to stare at his cold dark eyes when he pulled out one of his cars out of the garage and looked in the rearview mirror and saw him staring at him through his office window. His disapproving eyes. Seokjin hated that look. He could go out, get a nice lunch- a facial... maybe even go out for some ice cream?! Ahh... the idea was amazing! He sat up from his bed, looking around his room. It was so quiet in here. This entire home was so quiet. He dashed for his keys, swiping them up and rushing for the door. He sped down the stairs at lightning speed- and with no hesitation out of the door.

Yoongi pushed through the room, a security guard trying to hold him back- “I’m his husband!” Yoongi pushed the man back, seeing a few confused people turn back to face him.

“Yoongi hyung-” Taehyung’s voice was weak, as he stood up- Yoongi looked past him and down at the man sitting up on the hospital bed. He was awake, and looked fine-

“Yoongi?” Yoongi stopped in his pace, feeling unsure for a moment. Yoongi's legs were weak, as he slung himself to his bedside, taking hold of the older man’s hand.

“S-seokjin?” Seokjin gave him a soft smile,

“I’m sorry I had you worry-”

“Are you alright?” Seokjin nodded,

“Just some fluid buildup in my lungs again. I- I guess I stopped breathing for a bit-” Yoongi’s grip over his hand grew, his head swinging back to Taehyung.
“What happened?” He stood from his husband’s side, eyeing the younger man.

“We went shopping- and the paparazzi found us-” He spoke slowly, “and they-they stopped us from leaving and-” He lowered his head, “Seokjin was trying to shield me and he was pushed-” Yoongi took a step forward, pulling on Taehyung’s shirt-

“So, it’s your fault-” Seokjin moved up in bed,

“Yoongi- it isn’t his fault!” Yoongi swallowed hard at his husband’s words, letting go of the man. Taehyung brushed off his shirt, spewing a few hushed curses at him. “It was my own fault… I breathed in a lot of dust from visiting my Mom and Dad.” Seokjin smiled. “My lungs were in need of being drained- and I- I wasn’t paying attention.” He smiled, “It’s no one's fault but my own.” Yoongi gave a side glance at Taehyung, before moving back to Seokjin's side.

“I’ll press charges on whoever threw you-” He was trembling, hard- holding Seokjin’s hand with all his might. “I’ll have them all arrested-” Seokjin shook his head.

“I-It was my own fault. I was trying to get by-”

“I don’t care,” Yoongi remarked, “They hurt you. I won’t allow for that.” Taehyung was in the back of the room. His arms crossed over his chest.

“I already handled that.” He spoke up, “They have the guy who pushed Seokjin. I’ll be the one seeking legal action-”

“Let’s forget about this?” Seokjin asked, turning his head to both the men. “I want to just forget it. I have work tomorrow and- I don’t want to have everyone know how weak I really am-” Yoongi’s grip over him grew,

“You aren’t weak.” Yoongi held him. Taehyung took a step closer to him,

“Don’t ever speak like that Hyung.” Taehyung shook his head, “You-you aren’t weak.” Seokjin smiled,

“With you at my side, of course, I’m not.” Yoongi knew those words weren’t directed at him. He knew from the bottom of his heart that his husband meant that towards his younger brother. It was normal. It was his only living sibling- yet Yoongi felt jealous. Yoongi wanted that to be directed to himself. Yoongi wanted Seokjin to speak those words to him.

“I-I will go speak to the doctor-” Seokjin’s grip over his hand increased, his eyes moving down to their interlocked fingers.

“Thank you for coming.” He smiled, “Thank you for always coming.” Yoongi was dazed at his beauty. He was pale and thin. Yes, but his husband’s beauty was still radiant even at this time.

“I’m your husband. It’s my job.” Yoongi managed. “Lay back now, you need to rest.” Seokjin gave him a ginger smile, mouthing it to him. Thanks anyways.

Taehyung and Yoongi were outside of the room, the doctor speaking to them both.

“H-He’s lived a long life… for someone with Cystic fibrous.” Yoongi knew that. Seokjin was almost damn near thirty. Most with it only lived up to 17. He figured it was all due to his help.
Making him quit smoking, quit drinking, eat better, stay indoors. All of it. All of it for his well-being.

“Will he be alright doctor?” Taehyung was holding his hands near his chest, his voice weak and breaking.

“He should be fine… We are running a few tests. A week or two and they’ll be in from the lab.” He nodded, “Min Seokjin should be fine though. He just needs- he needs to be in a stress-free environment.” At that Taehyung faced Yoongi, “He’s big in media- I know that… but he doesn’t need to be surrounded like he was. I’ve read about the previous-”

“What does that have anything to do with this?” Yoongi barked. The doctor opened their mouth.

“Well… He-he seemed to be in shock when he arrived. We believe it was out of fear- from what happened-”

“What happened before?” Taehyung spoke up, looking back at Yoongi.

“Nothing.” Yoongi spat out, “Nothing that is of your concern, Taehyung.” The doctor gave them both grim looks,

“Family arguments or arguments, in general, are no good for him. For Seokjin to live a long and healthy life. You will both have to take care of him.” The doctor spoke lowly, “Make sure he’s taking his medication- eating-” He took in a deep breath. “He’s-he’s dangerously underweight.” Yoongi knew Seokjin was. He could feel it when he was wrapped around him last night. When he was putting on Yoongi’s clothes in the morning. Seokjin was frail and small. “He has to eat more. And put on weight, at least thirty pounds.” Taehyung blinked hard.

“H-he’s underweight?” The doctor nodded,

“We have it down that he suffered from anorexia-”

“That was in the past.” Yoongi called, “I’ve-I’ve been watching. I’ve made sure he’s been eating.” Taehyung turned to his brother-in-law.

“What?” Taehyung moved forward, taking hold of Yoongi’s shoulders. “You knew!” Yoongi grumbled, turning his head to Taehyung,

“Of course I knew.” Yoongi huffed out, “I’m always by his side- unlike you who left-”

“Men.” Both of them stopped from their small heated dispute turning back to the doctor. “This behavior- for his sake needs to stop.” Yoongi pushed away Taehyung’s arms.

“When can I take him home?” The doctor took in a deep breath,

“He’s not seriously hurt… so today.” He pressed his lips together, “But I must stress to you- the importance of keeping him calm. I know Mr. Min will begin his new job tomorrow as the CEO of Kim Inc but please- watch him.” Yoongi clenched his fists.

“Of course I will watch him.” Yoongi nodded, “He’s my husband after all.”
The car ride home was silent. Yoongi continued to give Seokjin worried glances from the driver seat. Taehyung was in the back, holding his husband. Why couldn’t Yoongi be the one there? Holding Seokjin, keeping him company?

“D-do you want anything to eat, Babe?” Yoongi called from the front. Seokjin gave him a weak smile,

“I’m full-”

“How about Yoongi and I cook you something?” Seokjin turned back to stare at his younger brother.

“So you both can burn down the house- no thank you. I’d rather make-” Yoongi was trying to remain silent. Not scold his husband. He wanted Seokjin to rest, not linger in thoughts of doing things for both of them.

“I’ll cook then,” Yoongi spoke lowly, “You’re favorite. I’ll make it on my own.” Seokjin paused, smiling up at him. “Does that sound good?” Seokjin nodded in delight,

“Yes. It does.”

Yoongi had plucked Seokjin up from the back of the car- Taehyung still strapped in, making a face at the older gentleman. Yoongi held him close, smiling down at him.

“You’re alright?”

“I can walk--” Seokjin spoke flushed,

“After what you and I did yesterday?” Yoongi scoffed, “I’m surprised you could move.” Seokjin let out a giggle,

“Me too.” Yoongi almost kicked down the door, easing Seokjin- still keeping him close.

“Let’s go put you to bed, alright?” Taehyung followed the men, holding up Seokjin’s belongings. Yoongi brought Seokjin up the stairs, Taehyung silently followed the two men, keeping to himself. They made it to Seokjin’s room. Yoongi stared at the bed, seeing all of Yoongi’s shirt spewed onto the bed. Yoongi grumbled. He had left in such a hurry- he had forgotten to throw it under the bed.

“Shit. I told them to put it away before they left.” Seokjin grinned up at Yoongi. “Sorry babe- let me just-” Before he could say a thing Taehyung moved to the bed- tossing all of Yoongi’s expensive shirts to the ground. Taehyung didn’t seem to care, not even bother to ask why all of his shirts were there.

“Lay him down.” He gestured to the now empty bed. Yoongi did as he was told, climbing on the bed. He laid Seokjin down placing a few pillows underneath his head.

“You comfortable?” Yoongi leaned closer to Seokjin, hoping he would only whisper to him.

“I am.” Seokjin smiled up at Yoongi. Yoongi nodded,

“Want anything- I can get it for you-”

“I’m fine,” Seokjin spoke lowly. “You shouldn’t worry too much- you’ll get wrinkles.” He poked
at his forehead. “I don’t like that look.”

“What look?” Yoongi spoke lowly. Seokjin looked back at Taehyung and then at him.

“Nevermind.” He smiled, “Taehyung- sweetheart- why do you look so upset?” Taehyung’s eyes grew large, moving forward. He climbed onto the bed- at Seokjin’s other side. Seokjin didn’t hesitate, moving away from his husband and pulled Taehyung into a tight hug. Yoongi sat back on the bed, seeing Seokjin dig his head further into Taehyung’s shoulder. Seokjin seemed more comfortable with Taehyung. Seemed more at ease, but with Yoongi. He didn’t do that. Seokjin wasn’t like that with him.

“I’m going to go make us supper,” Yoongi spoke up, neither parties moving to face him. He didn’t like Taehyung. Taehyung had left his brother with Yoongi for five years. He wasn’t there for him when he was sick, Yoongi was. Taehyung wasn’t here with Seokjin when his parents died. Yoongi was the one who spent sleepless nights wondering if he’d eaten properly or if he had smoked again. None of it. Yoongi did though, no matter how bad he was. It was for his husbands well being. Yoongi sighed, turning away from his room.

“I hate him.” Seokjin pulled his brother in closer,

“Why?”

“H-h… He’s an ass.” Seokjin felt his brother digging into him. He was acting like a small puppy. Taehyung always did this. Taehyung was Seokjin’s baby. The one thing that kept him happy.

“What can I do to make you feel better?” Taehyung moved up, staring down at Seokjin.

“Nothing.” He sighed, “Nothing you do can ever make up for what I’ve done to you.” Seokjin shook his head, feeling winded as he sat up,

“What’s wrong?” Concern drowned his voice- his arms opening up for Taehyung to come into them. Taehyung shook his head.

“I’m what’s wrong.” He spoke lowly. “I’ve been gone for so long- I have yet to be anything useful to you-” Seokjin jumped him, pulling him into a tight hug. They rolled on the bed, Seokjin wrapping his legs around the younger man. Seokjin peppered his face with small kisses, forcing him to try to pull away. “Hyung!”

“Kiss me back- and I will!” Seokjin proclaimed, his kisses not letting down. Taehyung gingerly agreed.

“Fine!” He proclaimed. “I’ll d-do it!” Seokjin pulled away, still holding Taehyung. Taehyung moved forward, pressing his lips over Seokjin’s cheek. This seemed to satisfy the older brother, his grip loosening and turning rather into just a small embrace.

“You could never do wrong by me.” Taehyung began to whimper, a tear flowing down his cheek. Seokjin only smiled fondly, wiping away his tear, “What’s wrong sweetheart?”

“I-I…” Taehyung lowered his head into Seokjin’s chest. “I left you.”

“I wanted you to go.” Seokjin held his face in his hands. “What big brother does for you is all because I want to.” Taehyung shakes his head, sinking in on himself. Seokjin shakes his head,
rubbing the younger ones back.

“W-why did you give up everything?” Seokjin only let out a sigh.

“I love you.” Seokjin shook his head, “I would give up the world for you.” He took in a deep
breath. “Don’t think for a second you have to worry for me.” Seokjin wiped his tears. “I am always fine-” Taehyung moved up, sitting back. Seokjin looked confused, Taehyung’s eyes moving to his
stomach. Seokjin followed his gaze, knowing what he was staring at. Seokjin moved his shirt back
down- giving him a soft smile.

“W-what was that?” Seokjin's hands trembled,

“Nothing-” Taehyung’s mouthed opened- closing and then again opening.

“D-Yoongi… Who did that to you?” Seokjin moved his head away, down in shame. Taehyung
pulled up his shirt, revealing his body. “Hyung?!” Seokjin bit his upper lip.

“It happened a few years ago…” He sighed, “I- I was alone- and someone-”

“H-hyung…” Seokjin was a model. Seokjin couldn’t be one anymore. His body was as good as
ruined. Seokjin opened up his arms, taking the weeping boy into his grips. “It’s not your fault.”
Seokjin shook his head. “It was mine…” Seokjin never wanted him to see it. Never wanted
Taehyung to know that this happened to him. “Don’t worry… It was my fault.”

After a few hours, Taehyung had fallen asleep in his arms. Crying had worn him down. Now, his
soft snore was all Seokjin heard. Seokjin stroked his hair. How long had he not held him? How
long had it been since he’d have someone in his arms like this? Since he felt this loved? He felt his
stomach growl. He was starving. He looked over to his brother, he was dead asleep. He pulled his
arm from underneath him, standing up. He tiptoed out the door, and down the stairs. He heard
some clattering from the kitchen. Seokjin then remembered someone. His husband. Seokjin peeked
over the edge of the kitchen, he was searing a steak. The kitchen smelled delightful, pesto running
through the air.

“Yoongi?” Yoongi dropped the tongs, scared at hearing Seokjin’s voice. He turned his head back,
almost in shock to see him. “Sorry- I didn’t mean to scare-”

“What are you doing up?” Yoongi dashed to the doorway, taking hold of him. “You should be
lying down-” Yoongi leads Seokjin to the dining room, helping him sit down.

“My lungs are shit.” Seokjin smiled, “Not my legs.” Yoongi let out a small chuckle.

“You need to rest-”

“I did.” Seokjin spoke lowly, “It’s boring to be in my room though. I hate staring at the stupid
walls.” Yoongi nodded,

“It’s… it’s safe in there though.” Seokjin pressed his lips together.

“I know it is.” Seokjin gave him a faint smile, “But you know keeping me in there won’t solve a
thing?” Yoongi kneeled down beside him.

“It’s kept you safe thus far.” He spoke lowly. “Every time you go out- I’m terrified you won’t
come home.” Yoongi placed a hand on Seokjin's thigh.

“I don’t want to stay here for the rest of my life. To-to hold me here-” Seokjin placed his hand over Yoongi’s. “I don’t even know what our relationship is.” Seokjin smiled, “We spoken more in the last month than in the last five years of our marriage.” Seokjin pressed his eyes closed. “Why are we still together?”

“Because we have to be married,” Yoongi said it. “Our families wanted us to be. We wanted to be-”

“Then I went ahead and cheated.” Seokjin sighed, “I ruined everything good we had-” Yoongi’s grip over his leg grew.

“I cheated too.” Yoongi pressed his eyes closed, “Worse than you.” Seokjin’s brow moved up at that.

“What?” Seokjin only shook his head, “You only did it because-”

“Seokjin- I…” Yoongi drew his eyes up to Seokjin. “I cheated on you. For a lot longer than you know-” Seokjin placed a hand on Yoongi’s mouth.

“I know.” He smiled, “I knew- I’m not stupid.” Seokjin sighed, “We really love hurting each other.”

“We’re both the worst.” Seokjin and Yoongi both let out small chuckles, “We really are.”

“Yup.” Seokjin agreed. Yoongi tilted his head up face him,

“What do we do now?” Seokjin shrugged.

“We both have work tomorrow.” Yoongi pressed his lips together,

“I can call in sick.” Seokjin’s eyes grew large at him,

“You- Min Yoongi-”

“If you want. I will call in sick.” Seokjin shook his head,

“Nope- people will talk.” He smiled at Yoongi, “Besides, it’s my first day.” Yoongi nodded,

“You should head to up to bed then.” Seokjin agreed,

“But-” Seokjin looked back shaking his head. “We can’t sleep together with Taehyung in our bed?” Yoongi gave him a soften look.

“I thought you prefer to spend the night there- with him-” Seokjin shook his head.

“He snores. Even if he’s cute… I want to sleep.” Yoongi leaned back, sitting straight on the floor,

“Then sleeping with me won’t get you anywhere better.” His looks were implying something. Well, Seokjin knew what it was. “So, I guess I can crash on the couch and you take bed?” Seokjin puckered his lips.

“If it’s just once… I think I can still manage to get some sleep?” Yoongi cracked a smile,

“Once?” He bit his bottom lip, “I’m not the type to keep my hands off-” Seokjin tilted his head
“Is something burning?” Yoongi’s eyes grew large, sprinting back into the kitchen. Seokjin heard him curse. Before coming back out of the kitchen looking defeated.

“So…” He pressed his eyes closed. “I set fire to the steak.” Seokjin nodded,

“I can order some pizza?” Yoongi’s eyes opened at hearing that.

“We can’t just eat pizza-” Seokjin stood up, going to Yoongi and wrapping his arms around Yoongi’s shoulders.

“We can eat pizza tonight,” Seokjin spoke lowly. Yoongi rested his arms over his thin waist.

“I wanted you to eat something good-”

“Pizza is good.” He slurred a bit, placing a kiss over his husband's lips. “How about it?”

“Just this once,” Yoongi repeated more to himself. “Then we go back to eating at home.” Seokjin nodded,

“We go back to eating at home.”

Seokjin woke up, groggy but still aware of where he was. His husband's hand was still over him- unwilling to let go of him.

“Ugh…” He grumbled. Seokjin felt him move on top of him, kissing his shoulder. “Don’t get up.”

“Stop whining. You kept me up all night.” His voice was low, chuckling still half-asleep.

“Told you…” Yoongi relented, “I can’t keep my hands off of you.” Seokjin pulled away, standing up. Yoongi took the opportunity to pull his head up, “You got a world-class ass babe.”

“Stop talking like that!” Seokjin remarked, “What if the staff hears!” Yoongi rolled his head back onto his pillow.

“Let them.” Seokjin went to the bathroom, closing the door. Yoongi woke up with a smile on his face. How long ago since that’d happened? He rocked to his side, checking his phone- eight missed calls. Shit. He sat up, eyes flickering back to the bathroom door. He heard the water start up, and waited for his husband to start his morning routine before he dialed up the number.

“Hey-” He could hear the alarm through the phone. Hoseok was loud, and Yoongi wondered if Seokjin could hear him through the phone- which was by the record not on speaker phone. “I’m sorry… Seokjin-” He shouldn’t have said that. Hoseok spewed even more words. “No-no something happened…” He ran his hand through his hair- staring at his own chest. Seokjin had likewise marked him up, leaving him blue and purple down his pale chest. “We-we gotta talk.” His tone was scary, the other man must have understood what it meant. “Me and you- we aren’t going to work out.” A shout came from his phone. He moved the phone back, “My husband needs me-” The line ended, and Yoongi stayed there. He had he just given up his lover of ten years- for his husband? Who he mistreated for far longer than he can remember? Yoongi ran a hand down his chest, why-why did he feel so light? What had he just done?
Water had covered Seokjin’s body, he lathered his figure- trying to get his husbands fluids off of him. Yoongi had a way with his tongue- it just made Seokjin-

“Ugh-” Seokjin bent forward, coughing. It was only a small cough, but it grew farther and more course. Turning into an almost hacking scene. He held his hand up to his mouth, as his fit continued. It became rougher, harder- and painful. To the point where Seokjin was actually crying. Seemingly out of nowhere though it ended, but not before Seokjin coughed one last time- this last one causing a burning sensation through his lungs. Seokjin stared back at his hand, his eyes growing small in disbelief. “Blood.”

Seokjin had enjoyed his day out of that stupid house. In the public eyes, there were no maids, or butlers who would watch and whisper about him. He stretched his arms into the air. He was free out here. Seokjin pulled up his glasses, the park had been a nice stop- but now he could head to the shopping district and maybe buy some new clothes. He did have his eye on a certain Gucci jacket. Seokjin ran his hand through his hair, feeling excited he bounced a bit- his sunglasses slipping to the ground ahead of him. He panicked slightly, reaching down to pick them up. He placed them back onto his face. Thank god. No had seen him. He had only just quit being a model a year ago- the amount of paparazzi that would arise if word went around that he was here. In a public park, no makeup, no bodyguards, not even his precious husband at his side. Well, he didn’t have to worry. Not a single bit- a flash of light came at his face.

“Shit.” He muttered. Seokjin instinctively lowered his face, shielding himself from the flashes of the camera. Seokjin doesn’t know who gave word that he was out here but- they were grabbing at him- pulling at his clothing. Trying to get a good shot of him. “St-stop… Don’t to-touch me.” He could barely hear himself over their loud questions.

“When are we to expect a Min baby?!”

“Seokjin?!”

“No-” He pushed away, managing to leave the pool of them behind- until he bumped into someone ahead of him. Seokjin looked up,

“I’m sorry-” The man held him close, Seokjin trying his best to pry himself from his grip. All the while, lights continued to flash behind him. H-he didn’t know who this was! “L-Let go of me!” Seokjin finally freed himself, falling back onto the ground. His eyes moved from the man’s deranged face to his hands. A knife in his grips, it was dripping in blood. Seokjin’s hand moved down to his stomach, he was soaking wet. He lifted the hand, his eyes seeing it. “Blood.”

“AHHHHH!” Someone screamed. It wasn't Seokjin. H-he couldn't find his voice. His head fell back, laying there on the ground.

Chapter End Notes
See ya! Stay thriving, go to the gym- drink water, STAN TXT (OH BOY THEY CUTE!), and love yourself! Also, follow me on twitter to know if I’ll update and just to get my followers up!! Follow me. Okay, now please read passage and remember that BTS LOVES YOU!!!
Hello. This is an update. So, my grades. Not looking too good my dudes, so my writing updates will not be so quite common. Answer has some prepped ahead of time- so don't worry too much. My other stories, not so much but-- hey go read them. *Every Cell, A Lifetime Ago*, Or *Passage*. Okay. Have a nice day!!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Consider, for a moment, the intriguing business we like to call falling in love. Seokjin and Yoongi’s relationship for example. Was any of that love? At all? Did either of them ever truly care for each other?" - Vic's philosophy professor.

“Mr. Kim?” Seokjin moved his head up, smiling as paparazzi took photos of him entering the building. How often was Seokjin allowed to dwindle in his thoughts? Not long enough,

“No offense,” Seokjin finished, “It wasn’t that. Not at all-”

“No.” Seokjin smiled, “You are worried about if I can handle working here.”
“Morning Jimin!” Jimin smile grew as he rushed to his side, “Do you have paperwork for me?” He nodded happily.

“Yup!” He looked like the only person at this entire company actually happy to see him. “Let’s go set you all up, and then you can meet the entire team?”

“Let’s go that then.”

Yoongi pressed his eyes closed, hearing Jungkook speak up.

“You know- I can tell when you aren’t paying attention to me?”

“Then take the hint kid.” Jungkook scoffed, sitting back in his seat.

“The meeting went to shit,”

“How is that my fault?” Jungkook’s eyes grew large,

“You weren’t in focus- hell we were having a real serious conversation today-”

“About?” Jungkook’s mouth almost dropped to the ground, staring a hole into his brother.

“Our stocks. They dropped.” Yoongi’s brow moved up,

“Did it?” Jungkook moved from his seat, placing his hand on his older brother’s forehead. “What are you doing?”

“Making sure you’re not dying.”

“Don’t touch me!” Yoongi slapped away Jungkook’s hand. “Besides, why would you-”

“Because you came back to work right after your marriage- to make sure everything was set before you set off to your honeymoon.”

“And?”

“You not caring about our stocks is something to be concerned about.”

“How bad?”

“6%.” Yoongi’s eyes opened,

“Really?” Jungkook nodded,

“Yeah- and you let it slide past during the meeting like it was nothing.” Yoongi ran his hand through his hair. “I guess since Kim Inc has their new CEO- and Seokjin hyung being- well him has brought a lot of attention to it.”

“Well, he was a model.”

“He was. And then he married you- and then he took over his company.” Jungkook shook his head, “Weird isn’t it?”
“What?”

“Being married to our biggest competitor.” Yoongi pressed his eyes closed,

“I don’t know?”

“You don’t know?” Jungkook asked, a bit mockingly.

“Listen Jungkook- how the hell am I supposed to feel?” Jungkook tilted his head,

“I don’t know… This is some weird Romeo and Juliet thing-”

“We are both men.”

“Romeo and Julien then.” Jungkook laughed out, “Its just weird man. Except you’re both like-married-”

“You know Jimin works for Seokjin right?” Jungkook nodded,

“I know which is why I am going to tell him to quit once we get married.” Jungkook placed his arms over his head, smiling largely. “He can come work here-”

“His entire family works for Seokjin. You think just cause he’s married you- he’ll do exactly what you say?”

“Yeah.” Jungkook scoffed, “Doesn’t Seokjin do anything for you?” He did. Every single time Yoongi told him to do something, Seokjin has done it. Every single time.

“Don’t expect that from him.” Jungkook waved him off,

“I’m gonna ask nicely. I’m sure we can take the entire legal team-”

“You really don’t know a damn thing about the Park’s do you?” Jungkook rolled his eyes,

“What does that mean?”

“Park Firm has worked for Kim Inc. longer than you can conceive kid. I went to a family dinner with Seokjin when I first met him, Park’s are their family there.” Jungkook sighed,

“Then there’s no hope of getting him to come here and work with us?” Yoongi shrugged,

“That’s up to Jimin, but I doubt his family will like that.” Jungkook nodded, leaning back in his seat.

Knock!

Knock!

Knock!

“Mr. Min?” Yoongi turned his head back, staring at his secretary,

“Yes, what is it?” She offered him a smile,

“You have gotten six calls from Mr. Jung-” Yoongi’s eyes grew large, sitting up in his chair.

“Hoseok hyung’s calling you?” Jungkook asked, “You should go answer-”
“Tell him to call my phone.” His secretary nodded, lowering her head to them. She left the room, Jungkook still staring up at him.

“Why not go answer him-”

“Jungkook?” The boy's brow moved up,

“What?”

“Did you get the paperwork-” Yoongi didn’t even finish, Jungkook standing up and making for the door. The door closed behind, allowing for Yoongi to sit back and let out a long sigh. His phone rang once again. He took it out, answering it.

“Why are you calling my office?”

“Y-Yoongi-”

“I said I would talk to you when I have time-”

“YOONGI!” He pulled the phone back, pressing his eyes closed.

“I don’t want to do this over the phone. I will see when I have time.” He pulled his phone back, hearing the sobs erupt from it. He ended the call. Yoongi had decided what he was going to do. So be it if he looked like an asshole at the end of this.

Seokjin stared at his entire team and the press. All of their eyes were over him, as his uncle spoke up.

“I am pleased to introduce our new CEO Kim Seokjin.” Seokjin moved to the podium, smiling largely.

“Good Morning.” The room grew silent, as attention drew back to him. “I’m actually CEO Min.” He corrected, “I am married.” He laughed it off slightly, “I am here today, being greeted so amazingly by my new team.” He beckoned to the people besides the camera crews. “I hope to keep this company in better conditions then my late father, and to live up to everyone’s expectation.” Seokjin looked back at his workers, “But I know, that in order for that- my team under me has to work just as hard or even more than me.” He lowered his head, in a deep bow. “Please take care of me.” He drew his head back up, “Kim Inc. will only go up from here, thank you.” He walked off, moving down the steps. Jimin waiting gleefully for him.

“You did great!” Seokjin smiled at that, “You’re like a natural-”

“I’ve been on T.V before Jimin.” Jimin nodded,

“Yeah-” He placed a hand on his face. “I forget about that.” Jimin nodded, “Let’s head up to your office? We have a meeting in a thirty.” Seokjin nodded.

“Yeah.” Seokjin and Jimin made it up to his office, both chattering happily. Seokjin pushed open his office door, a man standing there in the middle of the room.

“CEO Min-” Jimin came to a pause, staring forward- as the man turned back. Taehyung’s eyes
grew large, catching a view of them.

“Jimin?” His voice held so much glee, basically running past Seokjin- to Jimin. He hugged him, holding him tightly. Jimin seemed in shock. Not saying anything. Seokjin smiled,

“Taehyung- I think you should let go of him?” Taehyung shook his head, pulling back.

“Sorry-” He apologized, “I-I got excited.” Jimin nodded, his hand covering his chest. They seemed awkward to be by each other.

“It’s-it’s fine.” Seokjin shook his head at them.

“What are you doing here Taehyung?” He snapped from his thought- for the first time remembering his brother was still in the room.

“Hyung?” Seokjin nodded, “Are you alright?” Seokjin tilted his head at that, “You look like a mess- and you weren’t next to me when I woke up this morning so I got worried and came here on my own-”

“Woah.” Seokjin stopped him, “Let’s breathe.” Taehyung shook his head in disapproval,

“I’m serious. You look pale-” Seokjin sighed,

“You worry too much.” Seokjin looked back at Jimin, “Do you have the papers for the meeting?” Jimin nodded, moving a hand up to his face.

“They are on your desk-”

“Seokjin!” His uncle came into the room, causing the room to grow silent.

“What is it uncle, I have a meeting to get to-”

“Uncle.” Taehyung greeted him, lowering his head, “You told me Seokjin hyung was near collapsing-” Seokjin turned his head back to them all.

“What?”

“You look tired today, Seokjin. I was concerned and Taehyung told me-”

“You knew I collapsed beforehand.” Seokjin’s eyes moved through both of them. “You called him after our chat this morning-”

“CEO Min you collapsed yesterday?” Jimin’s eyes grew large, moving closer to him. “You should be at home-”

“I feel fine.” He told them all, “If I felt sick- I would have canceled everything today but I am fine-”

“Hyung-”

“Taehyung.” Seokjin warned, “Back off, and let me do my job.” Taehyung looked to the side, gritting his teeth. “I’m fine. I was checked out of the doctor’s office, and he told me I was fine now- can we get back on track? I don’t want to be late to my meeting.” Jimin didn’t answer, lowering his head. “If you all keep staring at me as if I am weak, then I will get upset. I said, let’s get back to work.”
Seokjin pressed his eyes closed, the meeting had gone horribly. They all thought he was a fool. Seokjin tried his best to keep up, he knew what to do- he knew how to do it. Still, they undermine him. Jimin kept asking him if he was alright, his uncle had a hard glare over him the entire time. He didn’t care for it. Not for a moment. Which is why when he returned home he was surprised to not see his husband. Seokjin kicked off his shoes- the maid came out of the kitchen, her face flushed of color.

“Mr. Min you are home-”

“Where is Yoongi?” She paused,

“Not home yet-” Seokjin nodded,

“I’m skipping dinner. Make sure he eats when he gets back alright?” She nods, as Seokjin speeds off to the stairs. Rushing up them. Seokjin pulled off his suit, tossing it to the floor- not bothering to pick it up. He threw on a hoodie, some sweatpants- and with that, he jumped onto his bed. He didn’t want to move. He was tired. His body ached, and his mind hurt. He could have done better. He should have done better. Seokjin sat up from his side of the bed, pulling out his phone. It was ringing. Non-stop since he got in his car to drive home. He looked at the name. Hoseok.

“I don’t want to hear this.” He turned his phone off, tossing it behind him. He sighed, looking around for the remote. He pulled it up, pressing it on. After a while of looking around, he settled on the nightly news report.

“CEO Min or rather the new CEO Min of Kim Inc was properly announced today, and people are talking about the way he appears.” One of the news anchors shakes their head, “Apparently, he seems to have slimmed down for-” Seokjin audibly groaned. He hated the way they portrayed him. He wasn’t a model anymore- but everyone still treated him as if he was.

Breaking News. Seokjin’s groaned, laying back on the bed.

“Breaking news, we have just heard from a source- that one of the Min’s is cheating on their partner. For more, we turn to-” Seokjin sat up at what he heard his eyes growing small at the screen, “We have received word from a very reliable source, that one of the Min brothers from Min Inc. Apparently, the affair has been confirmed by many-” The bedroom door opened, Seokjin turning his head back to stare at Yoongi.

“Y-yoongi?” Yoongi’s eyes grew large, the sweat over his face becoming apparent. His eyes moved to the screen and back to Seokjin.

“Shit.”

Chapter End Notes

See ya! Stay thriving, go to the gym- drink water, STAN TXT (OH BOY THEY CUTE!), and love yourself! Also, follow me on twitter to know if I’ll update and just to get my followers up!! Follow me. Okay, now please read passage and remember that BTS LOVES YOU!!!
"One seems, at one in the same time, to be a deeply involved participant and yet also detached, almost neutral, observer." (-Vic's philosophy teacher) Seokjin felt those words revolve through his head. Yoongi kneeling by his side. He placed his hand on Seokjin’s thigh.

“S-Seokjin-” Seokjin took in a deep breath, Yoongi taking hold of Seokjin’s hands. It was cold, Seokjin in a deep breath moving his eyes to Yoongi. He was petrified. “I’m sorry-” Seokjin cut him off,

“We need to do something-” Seokjin spoke lowly, “ or else Taehyung will come pounding down our door.” Yoongi stared at Seokjin. “W-we have to come up with something. The media will be all over this-- and Taehyung will lose his mind. Wh-what will we tell him? He’s-he’s smart-”

“What?” Yoongi asked Seokjin tilted his head back.

“We have to come up with a reason. Or a lie- something-” Seokjin drew closer to Yoongi.
“Taehyung will never forgive something like this… Your family- they will all be calling us soon-” Seokjin shook his head furiously. “Besides- Hoseok already called-” Yoongi’s eyes grew large at what he heard.

“What?” Seokjin nodded, taking hold of Yoongi’s hands.

“Don’t worry… I didn’t answer- I didn’t know- and now.” Seokjin pressed his eyes closed. “I don’t know what we will do?” Seokjin let out a hefty sigh, “Your parents too- Jungkook-” Seokjin was trembling, his hands withering down to his lap. Yoongi took a stronger grip over them, shaking his head. “What will we tell them? They will be so upset to hear this from the news- and not us.” Seokjin shook his head. “What will we do?” Yoongi stared at Seokjin dumbfounded. W-what was happening?

“D-don’t worry about that.” Yoongi stared at Seokjin. “Whatever they say- it won’t matter-”
Seokjin pressed his eyes, lifting his phone up. He stared at the dark screen for a moment.

“I think it’s yours?” Yoongi sat back on the ground, pulling out his phone. He wasn’t surprised to see who it was. Hoseok.

“Wh-who is it?” Yoongi took in a deep breath,

“No one.” Yoongi lowered his phone, “No-” Yoongi chuckled his phone, letting it slam against the wall behind Seokjin. Seokjin froze at the action, turning his head- staring at the shattered phone now on the wooden floor.

“Jesus, Yoongi-”

“I think it’s time we both get new phone numbers. To forget about our past.” Yoongi opened the palm of his hand waiting for Seokjin to place his phone into his hand. Seokjin didn’t hesitate, doing as what was expected from him. Yoongi closed his hand, nodding. He stood up, snapping the phone in half. He moved to the window of their room, pushing open the door going out to the patio. He tossed the phone, going back into the room. “I’ll send someone to get us new phones.” He smiled to Seokjin,

“What are we going to do?” Yoongi moved to Seokjin’s side, holding his hands again.

“I love you.” Yoongi smiled, “Whatever happens, we can get through it- right?” Seokjin nodded,

“Yeah…” Seokjin tightens his grip over Yoongi’s. “I love you too.”

Seokjin was in Yoongi’s arms laying on him, Yoongi running his fingers through Seokjin’s hair.

“I think we should sell this place…” Yoongi announced, “I-It isn’t a good place for us to start over-” Yoongi stroked Seokjin’s hair, “Not the way we need to.” Seokjin sighed, he pouted.

“We bought it because we were in love.” Seokjin let out, “It was our dream home-”

“It became a nightmare here… me ignoring you-”

“Well, that’s over.” Seokjin smiled, “And that is all that matter’s no?” Yoongi ran his thumb along Seokjin’s lip. Seokjin stared up at him,

“It’s over.” He nodded. Yoongi’s hand stop their movement, “Hey-- should we leave? Go on vacation-”

“Are you trying to avoid dealing with it?” Yoongi stared at Seokjin,

“I don’t care what the media will say about me- but that'll put you through-”

“I can deal with it-”
“I don’t want you to deal with it- I never want you to go through what you went through-” Seokjin’s pressed his eyes closed.

“That was a one-time incident.” Seokjin bit his bottom lip,

“And I wasn’t there for you-”

“I deserved it-”

“No.” Yoongi closed his eyes, “You didn’t. You didn’t deserve what happened to you-”

“It’s fine.” Seokjin stared up at Yoongi. “You’re by my side again. That’s all I need.” Seokjin took Yoongi’s hand- pressing a kiss over the back of it. “If you want to move. I’ll move. If you want to go on vacation- I’ll go. If you wanna pick up everything and leave-”

“We have compromises that we have to keep to. Your new company-”

“I’ll leave it for you.” Seokjin took in a deep breath, a pinching feeling coming over his chest. “I will.”

“Seokjin-”

KNOCK!
KNOCK!
KNOCK!

Both of them sat up from their spots, Seokjin flashing Yoongi a look of worry.

“It’s him.” Yoongi pressed his eyes closed,

“It was bound to happen…” He nodded to him, “I’ll go answer him-”

KNOCK!
KNOCK!
KNOCK!

Yoongi sat up- Seokjin taking a hold of him, throwing him back on to the couch.

“No- the way he sounds… If I answer first- you might have a chance to run.” Seokjin moved from his seat, standing up.

“Seokjin-” He shakes his head,

“No.” Seokjin repeats himself, “All he needed was a reason to hurt you- T-Taehyung has it now.” Yoongi pressed his lips together, sitting back on the couch.

“Hollar so I get a head start?” Yoongi called out, Seokjin waved him off-

“Will do babe.”

KNOCK!
KNOCK!
“COMING!” Seokjin grumbled as he approached the door.

“Jungkook-?” His eyes grew large, sweat pouring off of his head.

“Yo- why isn’t my brother answering his phone?” Seokjin paused for a moment. Jungkook caught that, “Whatever- is Hyung here?” He peeked into the house, Seokjin taking a step back. He looked as if he had run here-

“Are you alright-” His eyes were the size of saucers, “You look-”

“HYUNG!” He moved into the house, calling out louder. “HYUNG!?” Seokjin stared at him as he shrieked,

“What-? Oh, it’s you?” Yoongi came into the living room, anger strained over his face. “What are you doing coming here and pounding down at my door-”

“Why aren’t you answering your phone?!” Yoongi slid his hands into his pockets.

“I don’t need a brat like you coming into my house and screaming at me-” Jungkook took a step forward,

“We need to talk-” He looked back at Seokjin, “Alone.” Yoongi crossed his arms over his chest.

“Show some respect would you?” Yoongi shook his head, “That man next to raised your ass-”

“Hyung!” Jungkook called, Yoongi put his foot down- his tone growing serious.

“Whatever you need to say to me- can be said in front of both of us. Right, Seokjin?” Jungkook looked back at Seokjin, before hiding his eyes away.

“Hyung… I-I need to talk to you-”

“And I said-”

“I’ll go get you something to drink Jungkook- you both can head up to the study…” Yoongi stared at his husband still at the door, holding it tightly.

“Babe-”

“It’s a talk he wants to have with you alone… I understand.” Jungkook ran his hand through his hair,

“I’m sorry Seokjin hyung-” He lowered his head, “I-it’s something we need to discuss.”
“I understand.” Seokjin nodded, “Go on up-” Yoongi moved past his brother, taking hold of Seokjin’s waist. Yoongi drew close to his ear,

“I’ll tell him what we made up.” He moved back, staring at Seokjin. Seokjin nodded taking a step forward- he pressed his lips over Seokjin’s. A quick peck, before Seokjin, moved back. Yoongi turned back, placing a hand over Jungkook’s back- he leads him away. Seokjin closed the door, but not before catching the view of the front gate of his home. It was full- of camera flashed as they caught sight of him. Seokjin slammed the door behind him, sliding down the back of the door.

Jungkook fidgeted around the room, Yoongi taking his seat behind his desk.

“Are you going to continue to walk around? Or are you going to sit down and tell me what’s got you so worked up you come to our home and just stroll into our-”

“Have you not watched the news?” Yoongi drew silent at hearing that, “Have you?” Yoongi took in a deep breath,

“I can’t say I have-”

“Then you don’t know…” Jungkook took in a deep breath, “O-On the news- they are saying a Min has- has cheated on their partner.” There it was. He knew. Yoongi took in a deep breath,

“And since when did you start believing in stupid rumors?” Jungkook ran his hand through his hair. “Well?”

“Hyung…” Jungkook drew his head low, “I messed up.” Yoongi sat up at hearing that, his eyes piercing through the boy.

“Jungkook-”

“I fucked up… big time.” Jungkook shook his head,

“When and with who?” Jungkook pressed his eyes closed, Yoongi’s voice rose. “WHEN AND WITH WHO JUNGKOOK!”

“For a while…” Jungkook murmured. “About four months.”

“You got engaged-”

“I know!” Jungkook screamed out, “I know-”

“Then why did you do it?!” Yoongi slammed his fist onto the table, “YOU SAID YOU WERE REALLY IN LOVE WITH HIM!”

“I was! I- I am…”

“Who was it?” Jungkook looked back at him,

“Why does that matter-”

“Depending on who it is- we can get someone to shut up-”
“But—”

“OUT WITH IT?!”

“Lisa.” Yoongi let out a sigh,

“That kid? Wasn’t she your ex—”

“She was!” Jungkook lowered his head, “W-we met again a while back- and we just started hanging out- and-and then…”

“We invited her to the—” Yoongi looked back at him, “Please tell me Jungkook that you did not have the to hook up with him at your engagement party?” The silence that followed his answer. “Jungkook!”

“I’m sorry!” Yoongi shook his head,

“You’re not. You are not sorry what’s so ever—”

“Help me Hyung- I-I don’t know what I will do—” Yoongi pressed his lips together, “I don’t know- what if-what if he leaves me?” Yoongi’s eyes grew large at what he was hearing. Jungkook drew up his hands, covering his face. Soft sobs moved through the air, Yoongi staring at him.

“S-stop crying.” Yoongi called out, “This isn’t the end of—”

“What will I do!” Jungkook cried out, “H-how can I even face him—”

“You’ll have to do it.” Yoongi lifted his head up at him, “Or else.”

“What—”

“It’ll only fester. Right now- he probably thinks it’s me who cheated on Seokjin—” Jungkook waved him off,

“Who in the world would believe you cheated on Seokjin hyung? Like- like- that’s uncomprehensible hyung. I’m sure he knows already.” Jungkook shakes his head, “W-what will I do hyung?” Yoongi stared at his younger sibling, broken and torn down.

“I-it’ll be alright… Yo-you just have to be honest…”

“He’ll leave me—” Yoongi swallowed hard,

“Well… maybe that’s what you deserve.”

Seokjin drew his head up, hearing a small knock at the door. He peered out of the monitor at the side of it. Seeing the small framed man. He moved quickly, opening the door- a storm of lights went off. Seokjin pressed his eyes shut moving back allowing for him to enter. He closed the door behind him, turning back to Seokjin.

“Hyung? Are you alright?” Seokjin squeezed the bridge of his nose.

“I’m feeling a bit nauseous is all.” Jimin leaped, going to Seokjin’s side- helping him stand.
“Let’s go lay you down on a couch- I-I can make you a cup of coffee?” Seokjin nodded,

“Yes?” Jimin sat up, pointing back in the direction of the main kitchen.

“Don’t move. Call me if you need anything, alright?” Seokjin offered him a tender smile,

“Thank you, Jimin.” He nodded,

“No problem Hyung.” He crossed over the living room and into the hall, leaving Seokjin alone. Seokjin felt lightheaded. His chest was pounding, his head was hurting. He felt like he had to throw up- but… he didn’t recall eating a thing that day. Was that it? Had he forgotten to eat- perhaps it was-

“Yo.” Seokjin’s eyes opened large, moving his head at the voice. Besides him stood a tall man, gleaming down at him.

“You look awful.”

“Thanks. You too,” Taehyung lowered himself, placing a hand over Seokjin’s forehead.

“You- have a fever.” Seokjin batted his hand away,

“Who let you in? I sent the staff away-”

“With a key-” Seokjin tilted his head,

“You don’t have a key-”

“Mom and Dad did. I coped it from home.”

“Wha-”

“I took it.” He rolled his eyes, “Catch your lingo up grandpa.” Seokjin took in a deep breath,

“And what brought you to my home Taehyung?” Taehyung’s brow moved up at that,

“Isn’t it obvious? I’m here to make sure you haven’t gone sick on me.” He gleamed a large smile at Seokjin, “Even if you did hurt my feelings this morning?” Seokjin moved to his side,

“I’m sorry I did.”

“It’s fine. I deserve it for listening to ol’ bold headed uncle.” Seokjin stared at his younger sibling. “Besides that, why are there so much people taking pictures outside? Like- I had to put a whole mask on and scale the actual fence to get in.”

“You scaled the fence-”

“Yeah… so, what’s going on? Are you feeling ill-”

“Taehyung?” It was a good of a time to tell him why there were people outside of his home- waiting to get the perfect shot of him and Yoongi. “Have-have you watched the news today-”

“No.” Of course, he hadn’t. Seokjin half-expected him to show up with a bat and beat his door down. He was probably just as clueless as Seokjin was before the news.

“Sit down will you?” Taehyung’s brow moved up, and he shook his head vigorously.
“No. When you tell me to sit down you always give me bad news.” Taehyung crossed his arms over his chest, “Just tell me?” He pouted. “Hyung-”

“There is a rumor about a Min cheating on-”

“Oh.” Taehyung rolled his eyes, “Yeah, I heard about that.” He groaned, “It’s on more than just the news Hyung. Kim Inc’s been trying to talk to you all evening.” Seokjin stared at him,

“You’re really calm right now.”

“Why wouldn’t I be?” Taehyung’s brow drew into a crease.

“Y-You- You don’t like Yoongi-”

“That’s an understatement Hyung. I despise him.” Taehyung spat. Holy shit. Seokjin was worried. Did he sneak in and kill Yoongi- “But what does that have to do with anything?”

“Aren’t you upset? The rumors-”

“Why would I be?”

“It’s about me-” Taehyung shook his head,

“Woah, there Hyung!” He pulled up a hand, stopping Seokjin from continuing. “Who the hell think’s it’s about you and that green furry trashcan man?”

“Everyone-” Taehyung rolled his eyes,

“I’m sure that that fuck head is a lot of things- but I at least know for a fact that it wasn’t him who was caught cheating.” Seokjin sat up from his seat on the couch,

“What are you implying-”

“It was Jungkook.” Seokjin’s eyes grew small. He recalled the boy running into his home, his desperate need to speak with Yoongi- Seokjin was sure it was to avoid telling his brother the news of his own infidelity- but perhaps it was a confession of Jungkooks? Seokjin shook his head,

“No-It can’t be-” Taehyung shrugged, “How-how do you know that?” Taehyung gave Seokjin a sneer,

“I knew beforehand…” He shrugged at Seokjin’s confusion, “C’mon Hyung, its Jungkook were talking about. He was bound to do something stupid like this-”

CRASH!

Both of them turned, staring at the man behind them. Jimin’s eyes trembled, he wasn’t moving.

“Jimin-” Seokjin tried.

“Seokjin!” Yoongi came running down the stairs, eyes large as him and Jungkook entered the living room.

“Hyun-” Jungkook froze at the sight of Jimin, his eyes growing large.

“It’s a lie right?” Jungkook look’s away. “J-Jungkook look at me-” Jungkook turned to Yoongi,
“Hyung-” Jimin took a loopy step back, he drew his hand up to cover his mouth. His stare remaining on Jungkook. He shook his head, before bolting forward- running past everyone.

“Jimin!” Taehyung called as he chased after him, a hand caught him pulling him back. Jungkook stared at Taehyung,

“What the fuck do you think you’re doing?” He growled. Taehyung wrenched his arm away from him.

“I’m going to go see if he’s alright.”

“Oh sure, you do-”

“Really?!” Taehyung shrieked, “He just found out you cheated on him and you’re worried about me fucking him?!” He looked Jungkook down, “You should be disgusted with yourself.” He spat out. Taehyung turned back, ready to go after Jimin- when again Jungkook took hold of his wrist- Yoongi gripped Jungkook’s shoulder. Yoongi shook his head at him,

“You have no right.” Yoongi let out in a low tone, “Let him go Jungkook.” Jungkook looked as if had been stabbed at his brother's words. “Jungkook.” He did as he was told, as with that Taehyung shrugged Yoongi a nod, leaving the room. Jungkook took in a deep breath, before turning on his heel and sprinting out of the room. Seokjin looked up at Yoongi, eyes large.

“What just happened?” Yoongi stared at the coffee dropped on the ground.

“Jungkook cheated. He was caught.” Yoongi explained, “Someone- someone at the engagement party must have leaked it-”

“It was Taehyung.” Seokjin lowered his head. “H-he knew… H-H-”

“Dear God.” Yoongi took a step back, “I hope he fixes this…” Yoongi stared at Seokjin hard, “That boy- Jimin is the best thing that has ever happened to him.”

Chapter End Notes

See ya! Stay thriving, go to the gym- drink water, and love yourself! Also, follow me on twitter to know if I’ll update and just to get my followers up!! Follow me. Okay, now please read passage and remember that BTS LOVES YOU!!! Stream Boy With Luv
So, I have a test in like lie.... an hour- maybe an hour and thirty? Am I studying? No. I wrote this. But like, I swear I have no hope for me passing this. I suck at half-angles and like I'm sure I'm going to fail this course. But I have to study for Chem when I get back, so I am not going to be playing around when I get back from Trig. So pray for me and my horrible grades, because I have watched twilight at least seven times. Also, the maze runner.

My Other Work: Every Cell, A Lifetime Ago, Wings and it's follow up, Answer. Also, if you want another Sin fic here you go. Until Death Do Us Part

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Beep.

Beep.

Beep-

Seokjin’s eyes fluttered open, suddenly awake. He ripped off his air mask, looking around. W-where was he? Seokjin looked to his side, a needle in his arm- an I.V attached to him. Seokjin ripped it out-

“Gah-” He gasped, his arm beginning to leak his blood flowing over his arm. Seokjin breathing became labored, as he removed a clamp over his finger-

BEEEEEEE-

His eyes grew large at the sound, with a sudden rush- people came into his room, a team of nurses all staring at him.

“He ripped his I.V. needle from his arm-” Seokjin was startled, running his legs over the bed- he tried to stand. Tried. His legs failed him instantly, and he fell onto his face, a few nurses drew next to him. One took him by his shoulders turning him around. He stared at Seokjin, “He’s awake. Go get the officers watching over him.” Seokjin stared at the man,

“Wh-where am I?”

“He’s bleeding profusely. The blood thinners are preventing clotting-” They weren’t responding to Seokjin. Only speaking over him. Someone put pressure at his arm, squeezing tightly.

“W-Where am I?” His voice was low, his eyes fluttering shut.
Seokjin woke up again, his head groggy.

“Ughh…”

“He’s awake?” Seokjin tilted his head up, who was speaking?

“W-where am I?” Seokjin was helped up, someone placing a pillow under him. Seokjin looked around the room. It smelled like disinfectant. He wasn’t at home. His room smelled like wine. Seokjin looked to his side, catching a view of a forest of flowers. Who had brought that?

“Your fans are passionate.” Seokjin had heard a voice before,

“Who are you?” He didn’t bother looking at the man, slumping back onto his pillows.

“You worried all your doctors. They thought you died… but it was just you pulling off your wires.”

“Are you here to annoy me, or are you going to explain to me- why I am here?” He heard a small sneer at his side.

“Mr. Min?” Seokjin turned his head, looking around the room- he was speaking to Seokjin. Not his husband.

“What is it?”

“Do you not recall what happened to you before?” Seokjin thought back. H-he went out without permission. Yoongi was in Japan. He took his cars and went out without letting anyone know.

“I was out. Shopping…”

“Yes, is that all you recall?” Seokjin stayed silent. H-he went and ate. He walked around and then-

“The paparazzi caught me.”

“They did.” Who was speaking to him, “Do you remember what happened after that, Mr. Min?”

“I- a man…”

“You were stabbed.” Seokjin turned his head to the man. He had a five o’clock shadow, his eyes small and a cigarette in mouth.

“Was he arrested?” He nodded, “D-does the media know-”

“With the number of photos they took? Of course, everyone knows… they caught second by second the assault.”

“Assault?” Seokjin sighed, suddenly the pain of his ribs came over him. He took in a deep breath. “It was an attempt on my life-”

“It was.” Seokjin let out a deep breath,

“Has my family-”

“No one has come to visit you, Mr. Min. Fans- were directed to leave their gifts at the office downstairs. The hospitals have been changing the ones in your room every day.” Seokjin looked at the colorful flowers.
“My husband-”

“My husband-” Mr. Min has yet to call or send word of anything. We have begun to believe that he is not aware of this incident. Would you like for us to contact him-”

“No,” Seokjin answered. “I don’t want him to know- not a thing.” He blinked away a few tears. The man stared at Seokjin, “I-I mean… he’s working and I’d hate to scare him.” Seokjin nodded. “My husband is quite fearful- and-and I don’t want to trouble him-”

“You were stabbed, Mr. Min. It’s alright to light some panic in one’s own family in these types—” Seokjin shook his head.

“You captured the man who did this to me, right? Then- no need to worry anymore right-”

“Mr. Min, I have been here for over two weeks. Your heart gave out when we brought you here- and then you fell into a coma for a few days… and not a single member of your family came here-”

“My father is the CEO of Kim Inc. He probably hasn’t heard a thing about me-”

“This is all over the media-”

“My family is busy.” Seokjin reiterated. “They all have their reasons for not being here-”

“It’s odd. The first of it’s kind-” Seokjin’s mouth opened up,

“What is?”

“You haven’t had a single visitor. This is seen a lot by people with many enemies- but even those people have a close family-”

“Are you saying my family isn’t… close?” The man took the cigarette from his mouth,

“I am saying. It is odd for something like this to happen to someone like you-” He pointed back at the flowers, “You have so many fans… but not a single family member has come to see you?”

“What are you implying?” He sighed,

“I am wondering if what happened to you Mr. Min was just a coincidence or if it was… a planned incident.” Seokjin stared at him, “I was told you leaving your home like that was… a rare occurrence, and that someone knowing where you would be like that… someone tipped off the media- and then someone came to hurt you.” He shook his head, “It looks suspicious Mr. Min.”

“It may look like that…” Seokjin let out a whimper, his stomach aching. “But my family…” Seokjin’s eyes were large, as he felt a tear run down his cheek, “Would never hurt me like this.” He tilted his head,

“People change.” He smiled, “I have a twenty-four-hour watch on your room. They have it until you check-out and are taken home. Once you are home- I was told you have personal guards?”

“I do.”

“Use them next time you want to skip through town.” He shook his head, “It was dumb of you to think someone of your kind could just flow right into society without getting hurt.” Seokjin stared at him, “We’ll let you know when you have to testify against your attacker.”
“Fine.” He nodded,

“Rest up.” He stood up, beginning to walk out-

“Wait!” Seokjin called, he turned back looking at Seokjin.

“Did you recall anything?” Seokjin shook his head,

“Can-can I have a cigarette?”

Yoongi ran his hand through Seokjin’s hair.

“How could this happen to them?” Yoongi stayed silent, listening to Seokjin’s breathing. “I thought Jungkook was head-over-heels for Jimin-”

“He was.”

“A-are their photos online?” Yoongi bit his lower lip,

“Yes.” Seokjin let out a deep sigh, placing his hand over Yoongi’s. “W-was it with that dancer-”

“It was Lisa.” Seokjin sat up, starting at Yoongi.

“How could he?” Yoongi shrugged, opening his arms wider for Seokjin to come over. Seokjin laid on his chest again, Yoongi’s breathing calming him.

“This is going to cause you and I serious trouble.” Seokjin let out a sigh,

“Taehyung knew too…”

“H-he told the media?” Yoongi sighed, “I knew- I knew he was angry about them being together yet-”

“I didn't think he would ever do something like that.” Seokjin stared at his husband, “Both of our brothers, I didn’t think they could ever do something like that to each other.”

“Our brothers… they are young and-”

“Like us.” Seokjin smiled, “They are like watching a reflection of ourselves… ones that don’t cover their tracks well but-”

“They are idiots. Caught in some love-triangle that’s been going on for how long?”

“Taehyung was dating Jimin beforehand… then-then…”

“Jungkook and Taehyung huh?” Yoongi shook his head, “Let’s not dwindle on them, babe… you need to rest.”

“I’m going to have to deal with this at work tomorrow… you as well no?” Yoongi smiled,

“I don’t have a phone right now- but I am sure I am going to have to fire the idiot.”
“You’re going to fire J-”

“Jungkook.” He shrugged, “Depends on what the board votes on. The final choice is mine… but at this point, they might all vote against him.”

“But, he’s- this-”

“You see him as the cute kid you met when I brought you home babe. He’s a grown man now… the best thing that can happen to him is he goes into hiding for a while. Hopefully with Jimin.” Yoongi moved his hand down to Seokjin’s chest, rubbing a circle on it.

“I hope Jimin is alright.”

What was Jimin going to do? He opened his car, sliding into the car. He was shaking- he needed to leave. Now-

*KNOCK.*

*KNOCK.*

Jimin looked to his side, catching a view of a blond man. He slid his window down, staring straight out at him.

“What is it Taehyung-”

“You can’t drive.” Jimin’s eyes were red, burning as he felt his tear run down his cheek. “Get out, let me drive you.” Jimin shook his head,

“No- I’m fine… I just need to head home-” He stopped,

“You live with him don’t you?” Jimin nodded, Taehyung offered him a small smile,

“C’ mon, let me drive you-you can stay over at my place.” Jimin stared at him,

“Will- will that be alright? I-I can’t ask you to do something like that for-”

“I can stay at Kim’s residential. You can take my condo.” Taehyung lowered himself to Jimin’s eye level, “Now get out. You’re trembling.” Jimin lifted his hand from the steering wheel his eyes locking on his hand. They were just as he said. “Alright Jimin?” Jimin sighed but pushed open his car door standing up.

“Jimin!” His eyes grew small, hearing the call after his name. Taehyung’s smile faded, taking Jimin by his shoulders-

“Get in the car. I can get us out of here quick-”

“JIMIN DON’T LET HIM TOUCH YOU!” Jimin’s eyes were small, his own hand moving to hold Taehyung’s elbow.

“Let’s leave… please?” Taehyung nodded, getting into the car.

“JIMIN?!” Jungkook’s voice echoed, as Jimin rushed around his car- opening the passenger side. He moved in, taking a seat. Taehyung didn’t hesitate, putting the car into drive. “JIMIN!” He
Jimin never thought his life would be like this. He was sure it was Seokjin who was being cheated on. His idol- and his husband who paid so little attention to him. But Jimin judged wrong- before looking onto what was going on in someone else’s life- he should have taken a better view at his own. Jungkook spending less, and less time with him. His eagerness for Jimin to head to work- to go on business trips. To be away at all. How much time did he spend on him? Five years of his life. Jimin was in love with this man. Jimin was ready to give up his job for him- Jimin was willing to give everything up for him.

“I made you some-” Taehyung paused at the doorway, staring at the smaller man. In the corner of the room, tears leaking from his eyes. “Jimin?” He pulled his legs closer to his body, wiping away his tears. Jimin quickly smiled,

“Hey- Hi Taehyung,” Taehyung stared at him,

“I made you-” He lifted the tray, “Some tea.” Jimin shook his head,

“I am fine. I-I am fine… I just need- I just need to rest-” Taehyung looked to his side, setting the tray down. He drew closer to him, kneeling at Jimin’s side.

“I’m sorry.” Jimin shook his head,

“It’s-it’s not your fault.” Jimin smiled, “I-It’s mine for not noticing how-how distant he became…”

“Jimin.” Taehyung’s voice was low, as he scooted closer to Jimin’s side. He kept his arms to himself, lowering his head.

“Let’s not dwindle on it- I-I need you and me to both to stop- stop speaking about it.” Jimin bit his upper lip, “How’s modeling going Taehyung?” Taehyung let out a deep breath,

“My older brother left such an impression on the world… people just see me as his little brother.”

“Oh?” Jimin turned his head, “But-”

“I’m doing great? Due to the fact that I’m related to the most beautiful man on this planet.” Taehyung looked down to his hand, “I hate my brother for quitting… he-he was the best model-”

“Sojin hyung… he gave it all up to-”

“To make sure I have a good life,” He nodded, “I know. When our Dad died… he told me to stay back- that modeling was more important and that he and Yoongi would handle the funeral.”

“Yoongi hyung?” Jimin shook his head, “He loves your brother very much… right?” Taehyung sighed,

“He’s been with Soojin hyung through it all… even when his own family wasn’t there to support him.” He smiled, “Yoongi was one of the first to watch over Sookjin when he started. They apparently met at a gathering for Min Inc. My dad and his thought putting the two gays together would work.” He shrugged, “It did.”
“I’m glad it did.” Jimin smiled, “They are perfect- they’ve never hurt each other… never done a thing but love each other.”

“Seems too perfect to me.” Taehyung grunted, “Yoongi- he… he seems like the type to fake being in love with my brother. For what? I don’t know.” Jimin shook his head,

“He loves Seokjin. With all his heart.” Jimin shook his head, “I thought- I thought me and Jungkook would be like that…” Jimin was struggling to breathe, “H-he said he loved me Tae- he said he’d never hurt me.” Taehyung stared down at their feet, “H-he really cheated on me…” Taehyung hated hearing him crying, moving his arm, and rubbing his shoulder. “God! Why was I so stupid?!”

“You weren’t stupid Jimin…” Taehyung spoke up, “You were in love. We all do stupid things when we are in love…” Jimin shook his head, taking hold of Taehyung’s hand.

“Why would he do something like that?” Taehyung took in a deep breath,

“Because he was foolish, “ Taehyung turned his head to Jimin, staring down the smaller man. “He didn’t appreciate what was in front of him,” Taehyung moved his hand up to Jimin’s chin, “To see the amazing man he had by him.” Jimin’s eyes were raw, large and shocked at the words he had just heard from Taehyung. Taehyung’s hand moved up, his thumb running along Jimin’s bottom lip. “I would have never done that to you.” Jimin’s bottom lip wobbled, as he moved forward-pressing a tight kiss on Taehyung’s lips. They both felt bad. But they didn’t care.

Seokjin pulled his legs from his bed. Yoongi had left, went to pick up their new phones, and make sure his younger brother didn’t lose his mind or do something too stupid. Jimin and Taehyung had left together- and Seokjin had half-a-mind to go check out his family’s home. Taehyung loved having people over there. Seokjin wondered, where did it all go wrong for those kids? Seokjin kept up an act for them, pretended to be happy- yet they were doing the same things he did. Cheating on each other. He hoped Jimin would be alright. He loved that boy- like his very own brother. Seokjin sat up, swallowing hard. His chest hurt more than usual. He took up his medication, taking two pills into his hand- Seokjin dry swallowed them. He looked around for a moment, sighing. He should go make something for dinner, whenever Yoongi got home- he would probably be tired, and unwilling to do anything except to eat, and go to sleep. He was going to have a rough day ahead of him, so- it would be best if his husband could at least make him a nice meal. Seokjin left his room, scampering down the stairs. He went to the kitchen, putting on his apron. Seokjin started to boil water, taking out some meat and seasoning it. Seokjin started to heat up a pan and began cooking a nice cut of steak. Seokjin began boiling pasta, preparing a meat sauce with the meat. He finished in no time, smiling down at his work. His husband should be home soon. Then they could have dinner together- and after that… they can figure it out. That’s how it should be.

Knock!

Knock!

Knock!

Did he forget his keys again? Seokjin shook his head, mocking him under his breath. Seokjin scampered away, pulling away from his pink apron- tossing it to the couch. He needed to look cute for his husband. He pushed down his shirt, brushing away a few strands of his hair. Seokjin opened the door,
“Hey, babe-” Seokjin let out a sound, seeing the man standing before him. His muscles relaxed, seeing him.

“Seokjin hyung?” The man drew up his gaze, staring hard at Seokjin.

“Hoseok?”

Chapter End Notes

Two wrongs don't make a right.
Heya! To all those who like this fic- sorry. I think I ruined it. But for the best. Anyways. I never tagged this fic properly- cause I didn't want to give away too much- but like a lot of you figured it out. But I kinda have a big hint from the beginning where this was going in the ti- I can't tell you. But the ending to this fic is in sight. So bear with me. I think it's a happy ending.

My other work: Every Cell, A Lifetime Ago, Wings it's follow up, Answer Also, if you want another Sin fic here you go. Until Death Do Us Part

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Why hasn’t he come home?” Jungkook paced through the living room of his home, Yoongi seated directly behind him on the couch.

“I hate to break it to you-” Yoongi spoke up, “I doubt that he’s going to just come back here.”

“He’s with that lowlife-”

“That’s my brother-in-law. Watch your tongue.” Jungkook’s mouth opened, his head swinging back to his brother.

“Aren’t you defending him-”

“He’s not in the wrong brat. You cheated.” Jungkook shook his head,

“You’re defending him being with my man-”

“He’s not your man.” Yoongi rolled his eyes, “And- unlike you, I have faith that that kid can keep his dick in his pants.”

“You know- most brothers right now would be comforting their sibling-”

“Jungkook. I don’t know how many ways I can say this- but you fucked up. Not him. If I were ever to comfort someone- it would Jimin.” He checked his watch, “You know?”

“But-”

“What’s there to say? You accidentally fell on her and your dick was just out?” Yoongi’s brow moved up, “Take two to tango brat.” Yoongi shook his head, “Why?” Jungkook looked offended at the question,

“What?”

“Why’d you do it?”

“I-I don’t know-”

“That’s sucks.”
“What does?” Jungkook asked, confused as to where his elder was headed.

“That you don’t even know why you ruined your relationship. Could have lied, said- he was boring. Your dick needed a vacation- something… but here you are- not a single clue as to why you went ahead and fucked up.”

“I reconnected with her-”

“So, you fell out of love-”

“No!”

“People who love other people don’t just go around sleeping with others Kookie. It seems like you don’t respect your partner-”

“I know!” He shouted, “I’m not you- I-I’m not perfect with a beautiful partner-”

“I’m not perfect-”

“Well, Seokjin hyung and you are!” He shook his head, “You guys made it look so easy- to be in so much love-” Jungkook’s voice broke off, “It didn’t feel like that-”

“So you cheated?”

“I…”

“You cheated because you weren’t sure of your relationship with the man who- to be frank kid- so out of your league-”

“I did!” Jungkook lowered his head, “I cheated on him alright… I fucked up- I did… I-I love him though-”

“Well, it’s not up to you now. It’s up to him- and what he’s gonna have to live with until-” Yoongi shrugs, “The next big issue comes up.” Jungkook stared at Yoongi,

“D-do you think he’ll cancel the wedding?” Yoongi sighed,

“I don’t kid. That’s up to him. To figure out if he loves you enough to go through with that.”

“B-”

“There isn’t a but for you. If he decided he’s too good for you- we’ll Dad’s gonna be on your ass- and so is the company.” Jungkook stuffed his hands into his pocket,

“What am I going to do?”

“Beg him to stay with you.” Yoongi offered, “Get on your knees, and beg for forgiveness- and hope that he’ll at least stand next to you during the press conference.”

“Wait- WHAT PRESS CONFERENCE?!?”

“Yeah, the one you’re gonna have. To say you cheated.” Yoongi spoke up, “Settle the media and explain yourself. I’m sure someone already wrote what you have to say-”

“But why does Jimin have to be there-”
“Because, if he’s not- then it’ll be you stepping down from your role in Min Inc. You’re going to be judged… and Dad doesn’t want to deal with that damage control-”

“Hyung-”

“Don’t Hyung me. If you were gonna do that shit- you should have covered your tracks. You got caught- now you gotta deal with this-”

“You act like I wanted this to get out-”

“It did.” Yoongi spat at him, “I’m not going to make you feel good about yourself- you fucked up. Big time.” Jungkook took his phone out of his pocket, dialing-

“Give him the night.” Yoongi exclaimed, “He just found out he was cheated on. He’ll want to think it over-”

“But he’s with that-”

“He’s with Taehyung. Which means… he’s talking it over- you calling is only gonna ensure that Tae has shit to talk about you.”

“Why do I care about what he has to say about me-”

“He’s the one who told the media.” Jungkook’s eyes grew large, staring hard at his brother.

“What?” Yoongi gritted his teeth. Shit. He should have kept that to himself. “THAT SON OF A-”

“Again. He’s my brother-in-law.” Yoongi stared at his brother,

“I’m going to kill him-”

“What you are going to do is stay up all night. Jimin is sure to come back tomorrow- and you need to look like a mess. Like you have been thinking about him all night. And once he gets here- you are going to beg him not to leave you, kid. Then- you are going to swear to never do that to him again. Promise him the world- and buy him a new car. Maybe two.”

“Are you telling me to buy his affection-”

“Yes.” Yoongi smiled, “If he declines- up your promises- and gifts. Offer him whatever he wants. And give to him.”

“But-”

“Again Jungkook, you don’t get any buts in this situation anymore. Call me tomorrow if you get anywhere.” Jungkook stared at Yoongi,

“What if he doesn’t accept?”

“Then… you are screwed.”

Jimin slipped out of Taehyung’s grip, sitting up on the bed, taking up his shirt from the floor. Taehyung stirs in bed, causing Jimin to press his eyes closed.
“Where are you going?” Taehyung pulled himself up, rubbing the sleep away from his eyes. Jimin stayed silent, not moving. “Jimin?” Taehyung’s voice was husky, filled with sleep.

“I’m leaving.” Taehyung tilted his head,

“Do you want to go get something to eat-”

“No.” Jimin swallowed hard, “I-I’m going home.” Taehyung was confused,

“With your parent’s-”

“I’m going home.” Jimin repeated, “With my fiance.” Taehyung instantly seemed to wake up,

“Why-”

“Because…” Jimin’s voice was low, “I love him.” Taehyung stared at Jimin’s bareback. His small frame, growing smaller as he pulled himself in closer. “I want to be with him Taehyung-”

“But we-”

“What we just did… was a big mistake-”

“Jimin.” Taehyung croaked, “Don’t say-”

“It was.” He wasn’t looking him in the eye, “I- I was upset… and made the mistake of using you-”

“Jimin-”

“I’m sorry Taehyung.” He shook his head, “I-I’m going back home-” Taehyung took hold of his arm,

“You can leave me- but don’t say what we did was a mistake-”

“It was.” Jimin pulled his arm away, his eyes falling to the ground.

“Then look me in the eyes Jimin. Tell me- what we did was a big-” Jimin turned to face Taehyung, his eyes welling up in tears.

“I don’t love you- and this was a big mistake.” Taehyung blinked hard, shaking his head. “Goodbye Taehyung.”

Yoongi looked up from his phone- unlocking the front door.

“Babe? I’m home!” There was an eerie silence spreading through the home. He tilted his head, “BABE!?!”

Seokjin appeared from the kitchen a large smile on his face.

“You’re home?” Yoongi nodded,

“Yeah- hey… did you get a call from Jimin-”

“No.” Seokjin shook his head, “Haven’t heard a word from them.” His voice was high. Yoongi nodded,
“Did you want to go grab dinner-” Seokjin shook his head,

“No.” He pointed back at the dining room, “I made you dinner- go have seat would you?” Yoongi nodded, pausing for a moment.

“Why’s the house so warm?” Seokjin’s brow moved up,

“Oh?” He looked up, “I made turned on the dining room's fireplace” Yoongi was confused, Seokjin hated fires. It was bad for his lungs, so- they never had a fire in the home. Unless… there was a photo shoot.

“Did you?” He nodded,

“Go sit down. I’ll serve you.” Yoongi stared at Seokjin’s back- watching him go into the hall to the kitchen. Yoongi shrugged it off and listening to his husband. He moved to the dining hall. He sat down, his eyes trailing the room. Seokjin entered the room, a tray of food on it. He placed down a steak in front of his husband smiling.

“Eat up!” Seokjin smiled down at him,

“Aren’t you going to eat babe?” Seokjin’s brow moved up,

“No.” He shook his head, “I’m feeling kinda sick.” Yoongi lowered his fork, staring at him.

“Should we go to the doctor?” Seokjin shook his head,

“I’ll be fine. Just a small bug I have to get rid of.” Seokjin let out a sigh, “Besides, I have to tend to the fire.” He pointed back at it. Yoongi pressed his lips at that, “Please though… eat.” Seokjin smiled, sitting up and moving to the fire.

“Did something happen while I was gone?”

“No,” Seokjin answered. “Hey-- Yoongi?” Yoongi nodded,

“Do you remember the first time we met?” Yoongi let out a scoff,

“Yeah.”

“You were flirting with me- and talking shit about me at the same time.” Seokjin smiled, as he pulled up a book. “They forced us to sit with each other that night- remember?”

“You were angry that they ‘put the two gay men together’.” Yoongi nodded, “You told me that was the first time your father had spoken to you in four years.” Seokjin nodded,

“I was so young, 19 huh?” Seokjin sat down in the seat next to Yoongi, opening the book. There was a group photo of them, sitting at each other’s side. Yoongi looked grumpy, but Seokjin wore his best smile. He flipped the page, “Look, it was our engagement party- can’t believe we got engaged after only three months together.” He bit his tongue, “Everyone complimented us. They said we were so good looking together-” Seokjin flipped again. “Oh? That’s my last fashion show.” He smiled down at it, “I was so scared that night- you remember you had to hold me- the entire night.”

“You were so sad.” Seokjin nodded,

“I was.” Seokjin shrugged, “It didn’t matter. I just wanted to be with you.” Seokjin teeth shown, “You were my entire world.” He sighed, again turning the page. There it was. Their wedding
photo. “I hate this wedding photo. Only bad memories for me.” Both of them looked didn’t look happy, but they still held hands. Seokjin stared at the page, flipping it again. Their families and friends. Seokjin smiled, “Hoseok’s in every photo…” Seokjin drew his head to stare at Yoongi. Yoongi’s chewing slowed, Seokjin tilting his head.

“Is something wrong? Is the food not good-”

“No-” Yoongi choked out, “It’s delicious-”

“It best be.” Seokjin sighed with a smile on his lips, “It’s from the best restaurant in town.” Yoongi lowered his fork, knowing instantly what was happening.

“Seokjin-” Seokjin flipped the page, another family photo- Yoongi next to the other man.

“Oh…” Seokjin stared down at the photo, “This is after I got stabbed…” Seokjin looked up at Yoongi, “I spent three weeks in the hospital… That was so horrible. After that- you know I always listen to every single little thing you told me to do.” Seokjin’s brow moved up, “You know something Yoongi? While I was in a hospital,” Seokjin let out a giggle, “My dad didn’t visit me. Nope, not once- my mom wasn’t allowed to- he told her I deserved it. Taehyung was at fashion week and I told him to stay… You were by my side after all… but you know? You weren’t.” Seokjin smiled, “Yes, my dear loving husband- was- ”

“Seokjin-”

“Was off fucking a family friend.” Yoongi stared hard at Seokjin, “For ten years.” Seokjin slammed the book, standing up. He moved to the back of the room-

“Seokjin-” He tossed the book into the fire. He sighed,

“I stopped doing so much. Gave up my dreams, gave up my family- my happiness… all because I cheated on you once.” Seokjin nodded, “But here you are- cheated on me for ten years.” Seokjin smiled, “Funny huh? One of us suffered while others did what? Kept fucking the same man?” Seokjin shook his head, “I gave up sex for-” Seokjin shook his head, “I can’t even remember.” Yoongi stood up,

“Babe-”

“DON’T BABE ME!” Seokjin yelled, “I-- I put up with… with all that?” Seokjin paused, “I was a fucking idiot.” Seokjin turned to Yoongi, “To give up my freedom. To give up everything I loved.” Seokjin reached up above the mantel taking up another album, pulling up a photo. It was a photo of Seokjin and Yoongi at the Kim inc family Christmas. “My parents liked you…” He threw the entire book into the fire. “My dad wanted me to give up Kim inc. to you too,” He was laughing, hysterically. Yoongi took a step closer to him,

“Let me explain-”

“Explain what?” Seokjin asked, “How you lied to me? For ten years-?” Seokjin shook his head, “What you’re going to do Min Yoongi is fucking listen to me.” He pointed back at him, “For once in your fucking life- you are going to keep that fucking mouth of yours shut.” Yoongi swallowed hard,

“Ken offered to run away with me after we were caught- and I refused. I went to you- and I got on my knees… I begged you- I begged you Min-” His voice choked up, “I begged you that night- do you recall?” Yoongi’s mouth opened, “DO YOU RECALL?!”
“I do.”

“Then you remember- me… crying. Begging you-” Seokjin let out a whine, “to not leave me…” A tear ran down Seokjin’s cheek, “You know something? I cried for three months after that—everyday… every single day without fail. I would cry and pray-” He shook his head, biting down on his lower lip. “That you wouldn’t just-just come to your sense and leave me.” Seokjin nodded, “E-even when you ignored me, Min Yoongi- I didn’t care.” Seokjin took in a deep breath, he was trembling. “I was in love with you. I loved you- I loved you so much-” He shook his head, “I thought that just- just being by your side was enough. I was prepared for the rest of my life to be like that. For me to be there- ignored but by your side.” Seokjin shook his head, “I wanted to have kids with you. I wanted to make a real family-” Seokjin smiled, “When we made up-“ Seokjin cried out, “I was so happy- I could have died. I could have-” Seokjin shook his head, “I thought… this was my chance- to have the life I wanted with you. I was going- I was going to give you my company- I was going to leave everything- EVERYTHING FOR YOU!” Seokjin moved a hand up to his face, wiping away the streaming tears. It didn’t help- he was sobbing. “I hate you. I hate you Min YOONGI!” Seokjin was huffing for air, “I lowered myself- I made myself small- I hid away for years… To try to- to make sure you wouldn’t notice I was still at your side. That I was still there-” His voice quivered, “still loving you-” He paused, he couldn’t breathe. “Tha—that I was still there.”

“Seokjin…”

“I prayed- I begged- I cried- I did all that for you. You worthless asshole.” Seokjin pressed his eyes closed, “I blamed myself. Myself for everything that went wrong.” Seokjin nodded, “I gave you everything Yoongi.” Seokjin took in a deep breath, “And from the start- you-” He shook his head, “You used me. You- you were never in love with me-”

“I love you Seokjin-”

“You don’t love me.” Seokjin shook his head, “You don’t know how to love. You monster!” Seokjin screamed, “Don’t ever say that again.” Seokjin took a step back, his back hitting the fireplace. “I should have left you. I should have never looked at you- I should have never come back. I lost my family… I lost my happiness…” Seokjin pressed his lips together, “I lost my life for you.” Yoongi stared at him,

“Wh-” Seokjin took up a stack of papers, throwing it across the room at Yoongi. It hit him in the face, falling down to his hands. He took a hard grip over them. “I won’t divorce you Seokjin-” Seokjin rolled his eyes,

“Only worried about that huh?” Seokjin smiled, “That-” Seokjin pointed at it. “Is my diagnoses. My lungs-” Seokjin let out a small giggle, “They-” Seokjin nodded, “They are failing. I was given a year- at best.” Yoongi’s eyes grew small, “I had these written up yesterday.” Seokjin moved up a new stack of papers up, “These are the transfer papers- for Kim Inc to you. I was going to give them to you at Jungkook’s wedding.” Seokjin threw them into the fire. “Your family will get that company when I die…” Seokjin shook his head, “So not long.” Seokjin bottom lip trembled as he spoke. “So get out of my house.” Yoongi stared at him,

“BABE-”

“Don’t ever call me that again.” Seokjin let out. He had stopped crying, instead, his voice was low. “Get out of my house. Get out-”

“Seokjin. We have to talk about-about-”

“Why didn’t you tell me-”

“Why didn’t I tell you what? We both knew I was going to die- you probably married me because you knew I was sick. I wasn’t supposed to live as long as I did… “ Seokjin sucked in air, “I regret living that long, you bastard. Maybe if I had died earlier… I wouldn’t be living this hell.” Seokjin stammered out. “Get out.” Seokjin took in a deep breath,

“Seokjin-”


“I’ll go get my things-”

“Don’t even bother- I burned all your clothes already.” Yoongi let out a sigh,

“Goodbye Seokjin.”

Chapter End Notes

My twitter's twitter: Follow me. Just in case you wanna guess what the ending is- or follow me.
Namjoon lowered his head,

“What?”

“Ah-- Seokjin?” There was a pause over the phone, “Hello?”

“Yeah-- sorry… I-I just bought a new phone-”

“Seokjin, are you alright?” He didn’t answer immediately, “I mean- have you received your diagnosis?” Namjoon only needed to hear that. “Seokjin?”

“I--I did.”

“Then why haven’t you called me?” Namjoon’s voice was loud, almost a cry. “We need to discuss your options-”

“Namjoon there aren’t many-”

“You are a rich man. The owner of Kim Inc-”

“That doesn’t matter Namjoon,” Seokjin sounded defeated, “I-I don’t want to do anything-”

“I didn’t ask if you wanted to.” Namjoon sighed, “You’re going to make it through this, I’m your doctor. I can make sure of that.” Namjoon’s voice drew low, “I’m signing you up for the donor list. A lung will come up in a bit- so just come in and we can start treatments on you.”

“Namjoonie-”

“I know he cheated on you,” Namjoon shook over the phone, “Hoseok- he just told me as well.” Seokjin didn’t know how to respond. “The last thing you should do now is dying- that’ll make them happy. They’ll get away with everything- and-and never have to pay for what they did to you.”

“I don’t care about that anymore-”

“So you’re just gonna fucking die?! That’s fucking pathetic!”

“That’s my choice- it’s my body- my bodies privacy. Besides what else is there left for me-”
“Taehyung!” Namjoon called, “You gotta see that brat off- he- he loves you- and- and you have to live out your fucking life- you-”

“It’s over Namjoon. I don’t want to be alive anymore-”

“That’s a load of bullshit! Stop that!” Seokjin was taken back by the younger tone. “Like fucking hell Imma just let you die-”

“That’s for me to decide-”

“Seokjin, I am serious. I will strap you down and perform the surgery myself. I’m giving you an option. You are not going to die.”

“Joon-”

“Don’t Joon me. I ain't into that shit. Get your ass up and head over to my hospital. We are starting the treatments as soon as you get here.”

“Namjoon!”

“Don’t start that shit. You can mope over that fucked up man you called your husband after we fix you. Then-Then you can get over him.”

“I-I don’t want to-”

“I’m telling you Seokjin. If not for yourself- do it for Taehyung. T-that boy is like you. He won’t be able to live in a world where you aren’t.” Seokjin took in a deep breath,

“He’ll do better without me- I know he will-”

“He always fought off your parents- for you while you were gone. N-now you both don’t have them. All he has is you Seokjin. Do you really want to leave him in this world all alone?” Seokjin trembled,

“No.”

“Then?” Seokjin swallowed hard,

“Even with the treatments-”

“I will keep you alive until we find a donor. Then-then you can decide if you want to keep living.” Seokjin paused, that seemed- awfully fair.

“Alright.”

“Good. I can start the treatment immediately… So just come down to my hospital. I’ll be waiting for you.” Seokjin let out a small smile,

“I’m on my way.”

Jeongguk hasn’t seen Jimin in something like two days, longer than he’s gone without seeing his fiance for a long time. In fact, the last time he went more than a workday apart from Jimin was years ago, when they were just starting out. Now it’s the middle of the night, and Jeongguk laying
on the couch watching the first Terminator movie. It’s a sad sight. So when his phone begins
vibrating on the arm of the couch and he sees Jimin’s name pop up with a picture from the day
Jeongguk had proposed, Jeongguk scrambles to answer it and falls off the couch in the process.

“Jimin, babe!” He huffs out, flustered when he finally manages to swipe and answer the call.

“Jeonggukie…” He says from the other end of the line, and he never realized just how much he
would miss being called that. How much he needed Jimin’s voice to call out to him. Maybe it’s not
the name, but the way it rolls off of Jimin’s tongue. Maybe it was just Jimin. Maybe Jungkook just
needs Jimin. “Can we meet up somewhere?”

“Why don’t you just come home?” He asks, and Jimin’s breath catches, hesitant. “I need you back
here babe- we can talk it over- and-and-”

“Can you meet me at that park?” Jimin asks -- he doesn’t have to specify. Jeongguk knows which
park.

“I- I- yes, I’ll meet you there.” He says into the receiver, scrambling to his feet. “Jimin, I love you
so much--”

“Don’t,” He hears Jimin shudder, is he crying? “Just be there... I-I mean-I’ll sees you there.”

The line clicks dead, and Jeongguk reaches for his keys in the dish by the door as he steps into his
shoes.

Yoongi moved his glass around in his hand. He had been drinking, for- god knows how long.

“Another drink?” That was his sixth spirit. He looked up at the bartender. Yoongi tossed back the
rest of his drink, nodding.

“Yeah.” The man nodded, moving away to go make him his drink. Yoongi sighed, lowering the
empty glass. He hadn’t heard a word from Seokjin. Not a peep. News had broken, that he wasn’t
returning home. So, his parents were furious, Hoseok was trying to contact him. He couldn’t care.
He didn’t want to speak to him anymore. For the rest of his life. He had lost everything so quickly.
H-how could he have lost Seokjin? His husband who stayed with him regardless of all the
mistreatment. After everything Yoongi had put him through.

“Hey--” Yoongi always ignored those who spoke to him, “You’re that CEO aren’t you?” Yoongi
didn’t care. Kept his head low, waiting for his next drink, “I’m staying here for the night.” The
person placed something into Yoongi’s pocket, moving back and offering him a wink. “Come
over?” With that she pushed her hair away, leaving the bar. Yoongi ruined his marriage. It’s not
like he can’t do what he wants anymore right? It had been a long time since he fucked a woman.
He pressed his eyes closed grunting, before finally deciding. Yoongi looked over at the bartender,
he pulled out a bill, placing it down on the counter. He went to the elevator, sticking his hand into
his pocket wringing the key around in his hand. Fuck it. He went up to the floor, stepping out. His
stomach hurt. It did. He felt this way before. When he first met Hoseok. He went to the door,
pulling out the key. His hand was shaking. Guilt. It was guilt. He had said goodbye to that a long
time ago. It was a foreign feeling to him. He was used a different man in bed. He was koi, he
shouldn’t have cared. Yoongi pushed open the door,

“You’re Min Yoongi?” He looked at the woman seated at the bed,

“Listen I don’t have much time. Let’s get down to it?” She smirked,
“I heard you liked that. Lying to your husband and all-”

“Mention him again, and I’ll leave-”

“I was jesting.” She pulled herself further onto the bed, “I swear I am adamant in letting you ruining me.” Yoongi let out a sigh,

“And I’ll comply.” She stood up, moving to Yoongi. She took his hand, placing it on her chest. Yoongi pulled her shirt away, revealing her blue lingerie underneath.

“So, he’s a bottom?” She asked, “Or are you doing a reverse tonight?” Yoongi didn’t answer. She held a sly smile, lowering herself. Her hands were quick, working off his pants. He felt her small hand pull down his underwear- staring hard at his cock.

“Big aren’t we?” She smiled, “So you are the top?” She spoke more to herself, her mouth quickly wrapping around him-

Ring!

Ring!

Ring!

Yoongi’s eyes grew large. W-who was calling him this late at night? His breathing became sharp, not from pleasure- but the sudden worry. W-what if that was Seokjin? His eyes dropped down, the girl on her knees giving him head. He was disgusting. Yoongi reached into his pocket, his hand going over hers pushing her away. She moaned at that, looking sadden at the loss of his member from her mouth.

“Wait-” Yoongi gave her a disgusted face,

“Shut up for a second,” She sat back, eyes large.

“Yoongi- I was sucking-”

“Shut up,” Yoongi repeated himself, looking for his phone. It wasn’t in his jacket pocket. He looked around for it,

“Are you seriously ignoring me-”

“I asked you to shut up nicely- if you don’t want to then get out-” Her brow moved up,

“This is my room-”

“I will literally buy this hotel.” Yoongi hissed, “I can and will if you don’t shut up and leave me.” She rolled her eyes,

“What do you want me to do then?”

“Go to the restroom- or hide under the blanket. Or-” Yoongi shook his head, “Just get out- I’ll pay for your new room.” She rolled her eyes,

“I can pay for it myself-”

“Really?” Yoongi asked, “Then just leave.” Her mouth drew open,
“He’s too good for you.” She barked back at him, “I hope he leaves your ugly ass.” Yoongi scoffed,

“I can afford to get my ugly ass fixed.” Yoongi spat back, “Don’t let the door hit ya.” She pulled up her dress, slamming the door as she left. Yoongi stared at the door for a moment. Before springing to life, he pulled his pants up- buckling them in a hurry. He checked their pockets, finding his phone. He sighed,

Ring!

Ring- He flipped it over, seeing who was calling him. He sighed. Of course, it wasn’t Seokjin. He wouldn’t just call him. Not after what he did to him. Yoongi felt a chill run down his bones. What did Kim Taehyung want from him? He really should just let it ring on its own- Taehyung had nothing good to ever say to him. His eyes grew large, no. Did he tell him? Yoongi grew in fear. W- what did he want from Yoongi?

He swiped the phone, lifting it to his ear. Yoongi swallowed hard,

“He-hello?”

“Y-yoongi…” His voice was fragile. “There's been an accident.” Yoongi could hear him crying, another more fragile voice coming from the other end. It sounded like Park Jimin. Shit. “Come to the hospital-H-H-”

“I’m on my way.” Yoongi ended the call, taking a step forward, his legs were shaking. H-he ran out of the room, down to the elevator and out of the hotel lobby. He ran to the parking lot- his driver still waiting for him. Yoongi’s eyes were bloodshot as he screamed at him to give him his keys. His driver complied, Yoongi turning it on- and without hesitation speeding out of the place.

Taehyung stared at Jimin, crying on the floor- his legs held close to his body.

“AHHHH!” His sobs resounded through the hall. He had rushed here when he had received the call. Apparently, Taehyung was the first person on his contact list. He must have not updated it to Yoongi. Taehyung had been picking at his skin since he got here. His chest hurt, hearing Jimin shrieking. His heart broke with every wail. He had run here from his home when he got the call, finding Jimin the first one here. Crying as he waited. He called Yoongi because he didn’t know who else to call. Who else do you call in these types of situations?

“WHERE IS HE?!?” The shouting from the other man alerted both Jimin and Taehyung. Both of them coming to their feet. Theirs stared at him. Nurses tried their best to hold him back, as his bewildered actions brought fear to them all. “TAEHYUNG?!” Taehyung stood straighter- rushing to him.

“He’s family,” Taehyung explained as Yoongi shoved back to nurse.

“WHERE IS HE?!” Taehyung sighed, shaking his head.

“They haven’t arrived yet.” He sighed, “He’s still in the ambulance-” Just as they spoke the front door to the hospital was thrown open- and in came the gurney. Yoongi’s eyes were large as he stared at Seokjin. He wasn’t on the gurney, no. He was at the man’s side. It was Jungkook. Yoongi’s knees buckled from underneath, giving out he fell to the ground- an arm of a nurse catching hold of him as he stared at his younger brother.
Chapter End Notes

My twitter's twitter: Follow me. Just in case you wanna guess what the ending is- or follow me.
Jungkook

Chapter Notes

****Major Character Death******

My favorite fic. It's the end. Y'all this was amazing to write and thank you all for the support and nice comments and love for this fic! But it's time for it to end. By all means- read my other fics!

My other work: Every Cell, A Lifetime Ago, Wings it's follow up, Answer Also, if you want another Sin fic here you go. Until Death Do Us Part

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“You should deeply consider this, for Seokjin’s sake Yoongi.” Seokjin and Namjoon stared at each other. Both of them hearing the sobbing coming from the man besides Seokjin. “I-I’ll leave you both to decide.” Namjoon slid the papers to Seokjin, nodding to him. Seokjin did the same, taking hold of them. Namjoon stood from his seat, moving from behind the man. Seokjin turned his head to the man slumped over- weeping. His eyes were large at him. “Seokjin hyung?” Seokjin lifted his head, hearing Namjoon called out to him. “Can you come with me for a second.” Seokjin sat up from his seat,

“Is it important-” Namjoon rolled his eyes, taking hold of the sleeve of his shirt. He pulled him and Seokjin outside, closing the door. Seokjin turned back to him,

“What is it?”

“Listen-” Namjoon grew closer to Seokjin, “I know what you’re thinking- but just because he’s going through this doesn’t mean-”

“You just told my husband his brother was dead.” Seokjin stared at him,

“Your husband-”

“Yes.” Seokjin let out a sigh, “I shouldn’t be here even speaking with you- I should be at his side-”

“This wasn’t your fault.” Namjoon stared at Seokjin, “I understand he needs someone-”

“He needs me.” Seokjin stared at him, “I am not going to leave him.”

“Why? Because he finally needs-”

“Yes.” Seokjin lowered his voice. “H-He’s going through something I did-”

“This isn’t a reason to stay with him. This doesn’t change the fact that he-”

“He cheated on me?” Seokjin let out a deep breath, “Hoseok cheated on you too. That doesn’t matter right now-”

“I know that.” Namjoon whispered, “I know that it hurts to think about leaving him-”
“I’m not going to have to discuss this with you-”

“Then when are you going to discuss this?” Seokjin shook his head,

“When he is in a better place.” Seokjin pressed his eyes closed, “When he isn’t in pain- when he doesn't have to sign off the paper’s to pull the plug to his brother to give his husband a lung-”

“That doesn’t mean a thing.” Namjoon let out, “There isn’t a thing I can do for him anymore.” Namjoon swallowed hard, “It hurts… I know you saw him like your-

“He was my little brother.” Seokjin lowered his gaze, “Now- now he’s gone-”

“Which is all the reason for you not to be.” Namjoon sighed, “Just make sure he signs the paper. I- I don’t like seeing Taehyung and Jimin crying at his side.”

“What do I tell him?” Seokjin blinked away his tears, Namjoon placed his hand over his shoulder. “Help him get through this, get him to sign over the form. Then- leave him.” Seokjin let out a sigh. “L-let’s not talk about this now.”

Seokjin entered the room, his head moving to the man on the floor.

“H-he… he’s gone!” Seokjin swallowed hard, his eyes burning. Seokjin was different. He knew that. Seokjin moved to the ground, lowering himself at Yoongi’s side. Seokjin placed his hand over Yoongi’s his grip hard.

“I’m not.” Seokjin rubbed his hand over his back, “I won’t ever.”

Jimin stayed at his side, holding onto Jungkook’s hand as if it was his lifeline. It was.

“Ji-Jimin-” His eyes grew large as he turned back- his eyes flashing at the sight of Taehyung.

“WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?” Jimin stared at Taehyung, “WHY ARE YOU HERE?!” Taehyung took a step back,

“J-Jimin-”

“I-It’s your fault!” His breathing was rough, “A-All of it! I-IF I HADN’T BEEN WITH YOU HE’D-HE’D STILL BE-” Jimin lowered his head, “I-I’d still be with him.” Taehyung let out a deep breath,

“I’m sorry…”

“He’s dead.” Jimin turned his head back to Taehyung, “And it’s all-” He blinked away a few tears, “Your fault.”

Seokjin stared at Yoongi. He was sitting on the bed, staring at the wall. Seokjin hadn’t seen him
eat. Seokjin hadn’t seen him sleep, drink water, or even speak. Yoongi hadn’t left the room, and
today was the day.

“Yoongi?” He stayed silent, “W-we have to go-” He didn’t say a thing. “Yoongi?” Seokjin let out a
deep sigh, “W-e-we have to go. Your mother called. S-she want us to meet before the funeral. Get
something for breakfast-”

“I-I… I-I don’t wanna go-” Seokjin’s eyes grew large at that. W-what had he just heard? Seokjin
tilted his head at him,

“Yoongi-”

“G-go awa..away Jin-” Seokjin took a step into the room, the smell of alcohol hitting his nose. No.
Seokjin dropped to his knees, at Yoongi’s side. He placed his hand on Yoongi’s leg- staring him
straight in the eye.

“Y-you’re drunk-” Yoongi moved away,

“N-no…I’m not.” He pushed himself up, his legs wobbling as he stood. “I’m fine-” Seokjin sat up,
placing his hands on Yoongi’s shoulder’s looking straight into his eyes. They were trembling,
burning red.

“Holy shit.” Seokjin let out a sigh, “It’s eight in the morning Yoongi-”

“Do-don’t touch me-” He pushed away Seokjin’s arms, “I-m-I’m fine-” He pressed his eyes closed,

“Yoongi.” Seokjin muttered, “Go take a shower, and get dressed- I-I’ll go make you a cup of
coffee-”

“I-I don’t wanna go Jin…” He let out a deep sigh, “I-I don’t wanna see my little brother,” Yoongi
took in a deep breath, “And see him- lying in a casket-”

“Well that’s what we have to do,” Seokjin took a step towards Yoongi, “Because it will be the last
time we ever see him-”

“NO!” Yoongi called, “I-I don’t want to go Seokjin- I- I don’t!” It hurt Seokjin to see him like this.
To see him hurt, but it was for the best. He needed to be there at his brother’s funeral. He needed to
say his final goodbye.

“Go shower. I’ll be downstairs.” Yoongi stared at Seokjin, “I’m not going to argue. J-just do it.”

It was pouring. The day was muggy and hot. Seokjin held his hand. Yoongi’s mother’s cries
resounded the cemetery, Jimin was on his knees on the ground- his father holding him. Seokjin
hated being in these situations. He was saying goodbye to his younger brother. Seokjin swallowed
hard, knowing it was time for him and Yoongi to go leave their roses. Yoongi’s hand was clammy-
and Seokjin knew that if it wasn’t for him- he would be on the ground. He was barely able to stand.
Seokjin walked slowly, keeping a firm grip on him. Yoongi wasn’t crying anymore. No, he was
too drunk to cry. The slowly walked together, before reaching the casket. It was covered in colorful
roses. Seokjin wondered how many of these people knew him for real. Knew who Jungkook was
for real. How much he loved to eat everything Seokjin cooked, loved being scolded by Yoongi.
Jungkook’s need to watch all the star war movies at least once a year. Him sitting down on the
ground of Seokjin’s kitchen- and eating the leftovers left in the refrigerator. Him speaking of Jimin.
Him telling Jimin he loved him. The way he smiled at those who he loved. Seokjin would miss him. Seokjin loved him. He was his little brother. He loved this boy- and he missed him. He would miss him more than anything else. I-in a month from this day- Seokjin would be getting his lung. Yoongi signed the papers over. He would always be with him, for the rest of time. Jungkook would be in Seokjin. Seokjin heard a soft whimper at his side, lifting his head up to look over at his husband. He-he was crying. Seokjin was shocked. He was sure he was too drunk to cry. Still, Yoongi moved the sleeve of his jacket- rubbing away the tears. He took his rose, placing it on top of the casket. He took a step back, wobbling as he let go of Seokjin. Seokjin mimicked him, placing the rose down- before going back and taking a firm grip of his shoulder. Yoongi was huffing air, his eyes down.

“H-He’s dead-” Seokjin rubbed his back,

“I know… I know…” He sighed, turning back. Jimin’s father managed to get him up, and with his help- he walked the small man to the casket. He- he placed his hand over the dark wooden casket, shaking his head as he cried out his name. Seokjin lowered his head at his cries. Jimin loved him. Jimin loved Jungkook in a way no one else would. H-he felt worse. Jimin was supposed to be meeting up with Jungkook when the accident happened. Seokjin was the first contacted. Apparently, both him and Yoongi were written as his contact if anything were to happen to him. Seokjin was called first. He answered, and was shocked as to what he was told. His little brother had gotten into a head-on collision. Seokjin didn’t have time to process what he had heard- he- he was on his way to the hospital. He had left his car- joining the ambulance instead. He sat there, as they began to perform CPR. He stared hard, praying for the younger boy- holding his hand as tight as he could. When they were at the hospital- his brain had stopped working. They told Seokjin and Yoongi it was hopeless. They put him in a vegetated state- and with that, Namjoon asked Yoongi if he’d give his brother’s lungs to his dying husband. Yoongi couldn’t sign the papers no. He only wept. Seokjin signed them instead. And with that, Seokjin had a pair of lungs. Apparently- he and Jungkook were a match. So, with his death- Seokjin would live. He gripped Yoongi’s shoulder harder. Jimin took his ring off, placing it on top of the casket. Whimpers left his mouth, as his father held him. It was the worst day Seokjin would ever have to live through. Seokjin sighed.

After the casket was lowered, the family left- little by little until it was just Yoongi and Seokjin. Lord knows how many hours had passed, it was early when they got here- yet… it was dark now. Yoongi had sobered up, yelling out his frustration as he laid on the ground. The mound of dirt was still fresh, as he placed his hand over it. Seokjin was at his side,

"Yoongi?" Seokjin drew closer, "W-we have to leave-

"I don't want to." Seokjin sighed,

"It's been six hours." Yoongi didn't respond, sinking further in the dirt. "We have to leave at some point-"

"No!" Yoongi shook his head, "I don't want to leave him! Never-never-" Seokjin sank to his knees, besides his husband. Seokjin held him. Pulling him close, hearing his muffled cries through his cheat, "I don't want to leave him."

Seokjin stared at his husband. A month. It had been a month since Jungkook’s funeral. Every day,
Seokjin had come home to find him on the floor of their room. Drunk. Today was Seokjin’s transplant day. He woke up, and as expected- he found Yoongi on the floor of his study. Mumbling to himself. He wanted him to stop this. He wanted Yoongi to get up, to come with him.

“Yoongi?” He drew his head up, looking back at Seokjin.

“Oh?” He sat up, “I-I’ll drive you Babe-” Seokjin took in a deep breath, “J-Just let me get my keys-”

“It’s fine.” Seokjin let out, “I’ll just go on my own.” Yoongi rubbed away his tears,

“No-” Seokjin hated this,

“It’s fine.” Seokjin smiled, “I’ll be back later- just- just go to sleep.”

“So, who would you like to contact if something goes wrong during the procedure Seokjin?” Seokjin’s eyes moved to the paper ahead of him.

“J-just contact my lawyers.” Seokjin smiled, “They’ll know what to do if anything happens.” Namjoon let out a sigh,

“You can’t even put that man’s name down?” Seokjin smiled back at him,

“He’s my husband.”

The surgery went well. Seokjin had woken up and was taken back home. He had only seen Yoongi a few times since he arrived two weeks ago. Every single time, Yoongi was weeping on the floor- calling out Jungkook’s name. Seokjin hated seeing him crying. Seokjin wanted to make Yoongi feel better. He didn’t know how though. Seokjin stood up, walking through his home. He would get winded at just this. Still, he went to a familiar room, opening the door. Yoongi drew his head up, his eyes moving to Seokjin. His eyes were glazed over, trembling. Seokjin took a step into the room, closing the door behind him. Yoongi sat up, trying his best to stand.

“S-seokjin-?” He was drunk. Again. Seokjin let out a deep sigh,

“You’re drunk.” Seokjin let out, “Again.” Yoongi’s lip whimpered,

“I-I’m not- What’s wrong Seokjin?” Seokjin leaned over the door behind him,

“When are you going to stop this?” Yoongi stared at Seokjin,

“W-”

“You’re drunk. You’ve been drunk every time I’ve seen you.” Seokjin grimace, “When are you going to stop acting like this?”

“W-”

“When are you going to get your act together?” Yoongi stared hard at Seokjin, “Do you think Jungkook would want to see you like this?”
“My brother died. He died because- because-

“He wouldn’t want to see you crying for him-” Yoongi blinked hard.

“H-he’s dead. That idiot died because… because he- because he wanted to be with Jimin…” He let out a deep sigh,

“Don’t do this.” Seokjin shook his head, “He loved Jimin- and he loved you-”

“And now he’s dead!” Yoongi screamed, “Nothing you say- nothing you do- nothing can bring him back!” Seokjin hated seeing Yoongi like this. He knew it was painful, he knew he would never understand what he was going through. He wanted to help him though. Seokjin wanted to help his husband. To fix him before he left him.

Jimin looked up to Seokjin,

“What?” Seokjin nodded, sliding the paper over the desk. “Are you sure- you and Yoongi- I mean it’s only been a year.”

“I’ve decided it.” Seokjin smiled, “I trust my decision Jimin,” Jimin sighed,

“It’s a bit soon in my opinion,” Jimin nodded, “But it would help too-”

“It helps to start to pick things up Jimin,” Seokjin smiled, “Losing someone- it’s the worst thing that can happen but after some time- a lot of time.” Seokjin smiled, “You have to pick up what’s left…” He swallowed hard, “I think it’s time for something new.” Seokjin stared at Jimin, “How have you been sweety?” Jimin only pressed his lips together,

“I’ve been managing.” He nodded, “I’ve been managing.” Seokjin let out a sigh,

“That’s good to hear.” Seokjin set down his mug, “H-have you gone to see him yet? I mean his anniversary is coming up and all?” Jimin nodded,

“I know.” Seokjin smiled,

“I’m gonna go visit him tomorrow, you should too.” Jimin nodded,

“I will.” Jimin stood from his seat, “I’ll go put in these papers then?” Seokjin nodded, “It’s nice speaking with you CEO Min.” Seokjin waved his hand back at him,

“Let’s get dinner Jiminie, it’s been far too long.” Jimin offered Seokjin a smile,

“I think that would be a great idea.”

Jimin held the roses close to his chest, moving through the cemetery. He liked being here, it was quiet and allowed for him to think. Jimin visited him once a month, replaced the flowers- and made sure to tell him about his week. It was calm, and Jimin liked the thought of being near. It made his heart ache to lessen. Jimin neared the Min families area, his eyes focusing on the man sitting down at the front of Jungkook’s grave. Jimin’s eyes grew large, nearing he knew who he
was. He stopped mid-step taking in a deep breath at the sight,

“Tae--” His now dark hair moved up- staring at Jimin.

“Jimin?” Taehyung stood up quickly, looking around. “Hi-- I didn’t see you--” Jimin ran his hand through his hair,

“Me either.” Jimin smiled, “H-how have you been?” Taehyung paused,

“Traveling. A lot.” Taehyung sighed, “Modeling you know?” Jimin nodded,

“That sounds fun- right?” Taehyung shrugged,

“I mean… it’s amazing.” Jimin looked around for a moment,

“Yeah- umm… So, you’re back?” Taehyung nodded,

“Jin’s hired me to come, model, a few outfits.” Taehyung scratched his head, “So, I’m back in Korea.” Taehyung smiled, “You here to visit him?”

“Yes.” Jimin nodded,

“It’s been a year ay?” Jimin stares back at him,

“Yup.” Taehyung sighs,

“Can’t believe this?” Taehyung took a step back, “He-he was a piece of work with me- yet-”

“He was the love of my life.” Jimin swallowed hard, “What are you here for?” Taehyung lifted his brows,

“I came to see him,” Taehyung smiled. “We were friends you know?” Jimin nodded,

“I thought you stopped being friends, you know- after I started to date him?” Taehyung pressed his lips together,

“We had our differences… you being at the center of them all… But I didn’t get to go to his funeral so- I wanted to just- visit him his once.” Taehyung let out a sigh, “How’d have known that- that this would have happened?” Jimin pressed his lips together,

“So-- are you going to be here long?”

“No.” Taehyung smiled, “I’m only here for that show- then-I’m back on the road.” He smiled. Jimin nodded,

“So, it was nice seeing you here.” Jimin smiled, “Call your brother- I’m sure he’d love to speak with you again.”

“He- he wouldn’t.” Taehyung smiled, “Guess I’ll head out then?” Jimin waved at him,

“Yeah, I’ll see you some other time--”

“Jimin?” Taehyung spoke up,

“Wanna go get coffee?” Jimin bit his bottom lip,

“Yeah? Coffee sounds nice.”
Jimin and Taehyung were silent. Both of them had ordered his drink and sat down. Neither knowing of what to speak of,

“H-have you spoken with Seokjin?” Taehyung bit his bottom lip,

“No. I-I don’t feel like me and him speaking would do either of us any good. Yoongi you know-” Jimin let out a sigh,

“You still not over the fact that he married him?” Jimin let out a laugh, “You know how much Seokjin loves Yoongi?” Taehyung nodded,

“He hasn’t left him.” Taehyung nodded, “Even after Yoongi cheated on him.” Jimin placed his hand on his face,

“Yeah.” Again they were silenced. None of them had brought up that. New of Yoongi cheating on Seokjin got out a month after Seokjin had surgery. Seokjin refused to leave him. Made sense, his husband had just lost his younger brother. None of them expected for Seokjin to leave him. Jimin moved his head to the side, placing his hand under his chin. “Taehyung?” Taehyung’s brow moved up,

“Yeah?”

“Hey-- about what I told you a year ago at the hospital-” He took in a deep breath, “I’m sorry. I-I was hurt.” Taehyung nodded,

“I understand.” Taehyung spoke up, “I know that it must’ve been hard-” Taehyung lowered his head, “Not gonna lie that it hurt yet-” Taehyung pressed his lips together.

“That’s why I’m saying sorry.” Jimin took in a deep breath, “I-I was hurt and I shouldn’t have said what I did.”

“You lost the man you loved,” Taehyung looked back up, “I understand.” Taehyung smiled, “How have you been holding up Jimin?”

“I took over my family’s firm.” Jimin smiled, “So, me and CEO Min work together more.” Jimin smiled, “He-he misses you- you know?”

“If he cared about me- then he’d leave Yoongi.” Taehyung licked his bottom lip, “Or have at least let me kick the shit out of him- instead he defended him- teeth and bone.” Taehyung shrugged, “He doesn’t care about anyone else except him.” Jimin perked up,

“He cares so much about you.” Jimin lowered his head, “So much that you have no idea.”

“I get it. He loves me- but refuses to leave that asshole-”

“Do you ever wonder why he’s with him?” Jimin asks, “I understand him… he-he loves him.” Jimin smiled, “I don’t think you’d understand what that’d mean.” Taehyung took in a deep breath,

“I think I do.” Taehyung spoke lowly, “It’s been nice seeing you Jimin.” He took out his a bill, placing it down on the table-

“Wait!” Jimin called, Taehyung turned his head back to him. “You don’t have to pay-”
“I invited you out.” Jimin stared at him,

“Then-” Jimin sat up from his seat, “Let me buy you dinner?” Taehyung pressed his eyes closed, smiling back at Jimin.

“Yeah.”

Yoongi pushed back his leg, his headthrobbing as he stood up. His mouth was parched, as he looked out. His stomach was burning, trying to come back up. He needed another bottle- he sat up to his knees. He tried to find another bottle- rummaging through the empty bottles. Shit. He drank them all? He wobbled up to his feet- his stomach begging to let out what little it held in it.

“Ugh…” Yoongi ran quickly, barely making it to the bathroom. He puked, hard- feeling the blood vessels in his eyes next to pop- his throat burned, crying. He sat back, flushing down the chime of vomit. He felt like actual shit. Yoongi needed another drink- Seokjin should be out, at work or some shit- He could just go get another bottle from the kitchen. Yoongi slipped out of his study-shutting the door behind him. He walked slowly, his sweatpants swept under his feet. He- he needed a drink. It’s been too long. He stumbled into the kitchen, taking in a deep breath. Yoongi went to the fridge opening it. There was a bottle of wine. He took it up, opening it with his hand. He tossed back the cork, bringing the bottle to his lips. He didn’t even taste it, letting run down his throat. He chugged down the bottle, finishing it within a minute. He sighed, lifting the bottle. It wasn’t enough. He opened the fridge again, looking down the fridge. Yoongi smiled, seeing another bottle, Yoongi took it up. He unscrewed the bottle, bringing it up to his lips-

“What are you doing?” Yoongi paused, sighing. He was home. Yoongi turned his head back to him, his eyes falling to something in his arms. Yoongi swung the bottle pointing at it,

“What’s that?”

“What’s in your hand?” Yoongi looked down to his hand, blinking hard as he tried to focus.

“Wine.” Yoongi let out. “Now- who’s is that?” Yoongi looked around, “Where’s it parents- are we supposed to be babysitting?” Seokjin swallowed hard, bouncing up the newborn in his grip.

“Yes.” Yoongi nodded,

“Ohh… For how long?” He tilted his head back,

“For at least 18 years.” Yoongi paused, taking in a deep breath.

“Take it back….” He shook his head, seemingly running sober, “Take it back Seokjin-”

“His name is Soobin, and no. I cannot take him back-”

“SEOKJIN!” Yoongi shook his head, “Please… J-just take it back- I-I can..can’t raise it-”

“I am going to.” Seokjin answered, “You told me before we got married I would get to have a baby with you-”

“Not like this!”

“Then how?” Seokjin didn’t raise his voice, “If not now then when-”
“When I am ready!” Seokjin let out a scoff,

“When you are ready you’ll be dead.” Seokjin shook his head, “You cheated on me. Made me waste how many years of my life?” Seokjin shook his head, “I’m going to raise a baby- you are welcome to be his parent as well.” Seokjin drew his face closer to the small babe. “If you don’t, know that our son will grow up thinking his father doesn’t like his other father.” Seokjin looked up at him, “I refuse for him to have to live through that-”

“W-what will you do? LEAVE ME?!”

“I will.” Seokjin responded, “For real this time,” Seokjin smiled, “I’ll leave you. For real this time. I will.”

“T-then do it.” Yoongi stared at him, “Leave me. J-just do it already.” Seokjin nodded,

“I’ll give you a week to get your shit together then?” Seokjin looked down to the bottle, “Have fun with that.”

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Taehyung lifted his head, taking a glance at his side. Jimin was there. He pulled up his blanket, looking down at his body. He was naked. Shit. He- he did again. Taehyung stood up, reaching down for his pants. He quickly threw them on, adjusting them glancing back at the man on the bed. He picked up his shirt, throwing it on-

“Tae?” He was frozen by the voice. Shit.

“It’s fine. I’m getting my shit and leaving-” Jimin pulled himself up onto his elbow, looking down at the blankets.

“Y-you don’t have to leave you know?” Taehyung looked back at him,

“What?”

“You-you don’t have to leave… unless you want to…” Jimin pressed his lips together, Taehyung took a step towards him.

“W-what?” Jimin but his bottom lip,

“If you’d like… you can stay with me- if you want?” Taehyung stared at him,

“I-I can stay wi-with you?” Jimin nodded,

“If you don’t mind-”

“If I don’t mind?” Taehyung asked, “W- can you please tell me what you mean?” Jimin was starting to get the hint, he didn’t want to stay with him.

“It’s fine if you don’t want to-”

“Jimin!” Taehyung called out,

“All I’ve ever wanted to do is be with you!” Taehyung nearly ripped the shirt off of him, tossing it back onto the ground- before jumping onto the bed on top of Jimin. He gripped Jimin hard, holding him. Jimin giggled along, reaching over and holding onto him. Taehyung pressed a few kisses on
Jimin’s nose.

“STOP!” Jimin called, Taehyung did as he commanded, staring down at Jimin.

“What is it?”

“I want a kiss.” Taehyung’s eyes grew large- and before he could do it. Jimin pressed his plump lips over Taehyung’s. “There- you can, go back to kissing me.” Jimin teased, and again as Jimin wanted Taehyung did.

Yoongi looked up, shaking his head. H-he needed to start packing his shit. He was moving out- he already had a condo bought- and ready for him. He sat down on the chair in his office. Soon, he’d be able to drink as much as he wanted. To forget about his worried as much as he wanted. To do everything he was doing already without judgment. Yoongi poured himself a glass filled with whiskey, it was almost finally time for Yoongi to be alone. He tipped back in his seat, an arm over the back of his neck and just as he was about to have a sip-

WAHHHH! Yoongi sat straight up, angry. T-that thing needed to shut up! He slammed down his drink. Waiting for a moment. Seokjin should take care of that-

WAHHH! Why wasn’t he doing his job!? Yoongi ran out of his room, through the hall. His once silent home- was loud. Filled with this child's screams. He hated it. Yoongi sprinted up the stairs, and to its new room. He opened the door, seeing the room newly decorated. A mobile moved above the crib. The room was bright pink, courtesy of his father- Seokjin. The room had a weird scent, baby. He didn't care for it too much. Still, the thing continued it’s shrills cries. Yoongi stepped into the room, feeling odd. This is how he felt when around his husband. As if he didn’t belong. As if he was invading. Yoongi crept closer before he came face-to-face with it. The small babe shrieked, he was almost impressed by its lung power. His face was red, hot and almost angry- appearing like Seokjin when the man was complimented. Yoongi scoffed, and almost as if the baby had heard him, he paused- looking back at Yoongi. His eyes were large and almond-shaped- staring hard at Yoongi. The babe had ceased his cries, only staring at Yoongi. Yoongi gazed back at it. Yoongi drew his finger up, the babe’s eyes following it. So- he was awake? Yoongi moved it into its bed- poking the newborn’s face. Its face was squishy. The baby let out a small giggle.

“What the fu-” He paused. Maybe he shouldn’t swear in front of it. Yoongi drew back his finger, only for it to begin to scream. Yoongi froze. Had he done something wrong? He moved his finger back up- it paused. Yoongi tilted his head, moving it back into the crib. Another joyful giggle came from him. Yoongi drew up some curiosity, getting closer to the child. The babe moved it’s a hand up, taking hold of Yoongi’s finger. It was an iron grip- shit. Yoongi couldn’t take it back now-

“Daddy’s coming, Daddy’s coming-” Seokjin pauses at the door, staring back at Yoongi. “What are you doing?” Yoongi’s eyes grew large, turning his head back at Seokjin.

“I-it was crying-”

“Babies do that.” Seokjin crossed his arms, “Why are you in his room?”

“I was going to have a drink-”

“You’re drunk-” Yoongi shook his head,
“No! I was going to then-” He sighed, “He was crying and- and -” Yoongi looked back down to the child. “I-I wanted to make sure it was alright- and-and he took hold of my finger-.”

“Your finger?” Yoongi gave a curt nod, “So, you came into his room- to stop his crying?” Yoongi paused, “And you made him giggle?” Seokjin’s brow moved up,

“It’s not-”

“Yoongi?” Yoongi closed his eyes,

“I get it- I-I’ll leav-”

“No.” Seokjin shook his head, “Do you want to hold him?” Yoongi stared at Seokjin mouth opened wide.

“W-”

“Do you want to hold him?” Yoongi let out a deep sigh,

“I-I don’t know how to...” Yoongi hung his head in defeat. Seokjin smiled, his eyes moving back to the rocking chair in the corner of the room.

“Go sit there,” Yoongi followed what Seokjin told him to do. Seokjin placed a pillow down on his lap, before going to the crib and taking up the small baby. Seokjin cowed at the baby, as he bounced him in his arms. Seokjin moved to the corner, kneeling down- instructing Yoongi on what to do with his arms. Finally, he placed the babe down into his arms. Yoongi stiffened at that, not moving for what Seokjin calculated to be- an entire hour. “So- are you gonna rock him?”

“H-how do I do that?” Seokjin let out a chuckle, moving up and swaying Yoongi’s arms.

“They like it when you do this.” Yoongi nodded,

“What’s his name?” Seokjin stared up at Yoongi.

“Soobin.” Seokjin smiled, “His name is Soobin.”

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Four Years Later

“Hyung!” Seokjin rolled his eyes,

“What?” Seokjin asked as he wiped away a smudge on Taehyung’s face.

“Stop it!”

“You are getting married. I am not going to just let you walk down that aisle.” Seokjin pouted,

“Well!”

“Well!” Seokjin mocked, “C’ mon, Jimin is waiting for you-” Taehyung sighed,

“Where is Soobin?”

“Yoongi said he was having trouble putting on his tie.” Seokjin sighed,

“Yoongi can’t even put on his own tie.” Seokjin shook his head, “Besides that, are you all set?”
Taehyung nodded,

“I’m all set.” He nodded, “I’m ready to get married.” Seokjin nodded- pulling out his arm.

“I’ll walk you.”

Yoongi rushed, taking his seat besides Seokjin. Seokjin turned his head to him, whispering.

“Where’s our baby?”

“He was wearing his right shoe on his hand.” Seokjin sighed.

“Please tell me that you fixed it?” Yoongi nodded,

“I gave him a cookie for leverage babe- this kid knows how to bargain.” Yoongi pressed his eyes closed, “Got me to agree to let him hold your hand all the way home.” Seokjin sighed,

“Oh, he’s good.” Yoongi nodded,

“So-- you’re gonna have to hold another guys hand- all for your brother.” Seokjin smiled, his eyes scanning the crowd. Namjoon had his hand over his mouth. He was crying. Dear lord. He always cried at weddings. Seokjin smiled at him, again looking over the crowd. Irene was seated, next to Jong-in. Both of them staring hard at the couple. Seokjin looked a bit further. Hoseok was there with his new husband- Jackson. Seokjin and Yoongi had sat down and talked. Was a best man at his wedding actually- Hoseok was one of Soobin’s godfather actually.

“Can we have the rings?” And down came their son. Eyes were drawn to him, as he held the pillow close to his body. Seokjin waved at him, his face filled with determination as Yoongi gave him a curt nod. He handed the rings to the couple, both of them exchanging their vows before and then after their rings. With this, Soobin ran back to sit on Yoongi’s lap- a hand reaching for Seokjin’s.

“Park Jimin, do you take this man to be your lawfully wedded husband?”

“I do.” Taehyung smile grow over his face,

“And you Kim Taehyung- do you take Jimin to be your lawfully wedded husband?”

“I do!” Taehyung called out.

“With the power vested in me, I pronounce you legally bound!” The priest smiled, “You may now kiss your husband- ” He couldn’t even finish, Jimin bouncing onto Taehyung. The crowd began to cheer, before the couple turned back to them, waving at the guests. Soobin was raised in Yoongi’s arms- letting him give big waves to his uncles. Seokjin scoffed, at this.

They had moved to the reception, and after dinner, Yoongi insisted that they dance. Seokjin was pulled from their seat, they grew close to each other. Slowly they shifted back and forth. The newly married couple at the center of the dancehall. Yoongi pressed a kiss on Seokjin’s cheek, him letting out a small giggle.

“Stop,” Seokjin complained,

“I can’t, you are just too handsome.” Yoongi smiled, “I love you.” Seokjin let out a sigh,
“I love you too Yoongi.”

“You think Jungkook’s wedding would have been like this?” Seokjin nods.

“I think he’s happy about this. He loved Jimin- I am sure he would have wanted him happy.” Yoongi nods, “I miss him.”

“Me too.” Yoongi paused, feeling a tug at his leg.

“I think we have our small companion here?” Seokjin smiled, letting go of Yoongi, they turned down to look at their son,

“Was it buddy?” Soobin’s lip wobbled at Yoongi,

“D-dad!” Yoongi nodded for him to continue,

“Was it buddy?”

“I-I want to dance with Daddy,” Yoongi shook his head,

“I don’t know- that sounds like something we gotta rock paper scissors over?” Soobin looked down at his small hand. Yoongi and Seokjin knew he loved rock, paper, scissors but- he could only ever play paper. So, they could always beat him if they wanted to.

“Alright!” He let out, Yoongi smirked, lifting his hand out,

“Rock, Paper, Scissors-.” And as they called it, Yoongi drew a rock. Soogin cheered as his small hand covered his father’s larger one. Yoongi looked back up at Seokjin, “I lost babe.”

“You did.” Seokjin smiled, lowering himself- he plucked up his baby. Smothering him in kisses. After a bit of slow dancing, their son fell asleep on Seokjin. Yoongi plucked him up from his husband’s arms, both of them- kissing goodbye to the two grooms. Wishing them much luck. Then, they went to their car. They sat Soobin down in his car seat. Seokjin and Yoongi sat down at their seats, Seokjin turned the car on- Yoongi taking hold of his husband’s soft had. He never wanted to let go of this hand. No matter what, he wanted to hold Min Seokjin. The love of his life, the husband of his dreams, the father to his son. Min Seokjin. The man of his dreams, the only man Min Yoongi would ever want.

“I love you Seokjin.” Seokjin let out a giggle,

“Forever?” Yoongi let out a sigh,

“Forever.”

Fin.
Stay hydrated, eat, and lastly, don't forget to love yourself.
My twitter's twitter: Follow me. Just in case you wanna guess what the ending is- or follow me.

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