Say To Me That You Love Me
by house_laurie

Summary

Seokjin thinks Namjoon smells amazing, like strawberry jam cupcakes pulled fresh out of the oven and the sweetest lemon tea. He's convinced that they're soulmates, heart fluttering whenever they're together, but Namjoon is too oblivious to notice anything and Yoongi thinks they're all fools.
Blood.

It's very faint but Seokjin can still smell it over the cocktail of mostly omega and beta scents melding together in the large lecture hall, metallic in smell and rather heavy on his tongue.

If he can smell it, then so can everybody else and Seokjin can see quite a few of the omegas in his class squirming in their seats from discomfort. He knows it's more from the anguished scent pheromones filling the air than that tiny hint of blood that they were all capable of handling because their future occupations called for it.

Dealing with pheromones caused by pain, however, is something much harder to adapt to than their professors claim. Right away, omegas are sent into a motherly frenzy, desperate to coddle whoever it was that needed to be cared for and they were warned early on that such behavior was unprofessional and could rile up their alpha patients even more. No, it wasn't like they'd get smacked for coddling or anything awful like that but unmated alphas unfortunately could get rather attached to the omega who was attending to them even if it was just a one time thing.

This was typical behavior of both male and female alphas and Seokjin couldn't tell which was worse. Males started fist fights and females were catty, swearing left and right like they didn't have a filter on their mouths, and sometimes got into cat fights with other alpha females. In that way, maybe males and females weren't much different after all.

There was a whole, several pages long list of ethics that defined what was acceptable behavior in the medical workplace and yes, omegas were expected to memorize and know every point to the T.

A few months back when his Ethics In Healthcare class first started, they’d been given a booklet by the professor and were told to learn everything for the test would happen that very same week on Friday.

The professor wound up moving it to the following Wednesday and Seokjin remembered getting a fifty out of fifty -- the test was almost too easy -- but it was still ridiculous how much they needed to know just to not die in the workplace. Little things like not taking a suppressant before coming to work and not showering in the morning before coming to work could easily send alphas into a frenzy and in Seokjin’s case, he had to make sure that his scent was under control so it didn’t send new alpha parents into a rage while he cared for their newborn infants.

The tiniest slip-up could very easily get him fired.

And with that would most definitely come the end of his career, something he couldn't afford especially since it felt like he’d spent practically forever pursuing neonatal studies. That meant he’d drunk more cups of coffee infused with Red Bull or Rockstar or whatever energy drink he could scrounge up in order to stay up just one more hour to study for a test that could have made or broken his GPA, depending on if he passed or failed.

Once he got that coveted degree that certified he was professionally capable of caring for newborn infants, nothing -- not even overprotective omegas who just gave birth to their child, overly attached alphas who had sworn to protect their babies to the same extent that they guarded the omega they were mated to, or even emotional betas who still haven’t wrapped their heads around the fact that they’re finally parents to an adorable little one, though Seokjin couldn’t hate them so much since betas were the most manageable of the three social classes -- was going to take that away.
“Make sure you read the next chapter for Friday,” the professor announces, rousing Seokjin from his thoughts and realizing that class was over makes the omega feel a little more relaxed than he’d been a few moments ago, only wishing he hadn’t wired himself up thinking about a mostly unthinkable future outcome to his career when he knew that there was no way that he’d lose his license.

*You’re a good nurse-in-training and you’re careful, too so don’t stress more than you have to,* Seokjin reassures himself as he packs up his things. *No point in worrying over nothing.*

Now if only he could run away from the smell of blood that still seemed to linger in the air, giving it a coppery taste that made Seokjin want to leap over the tables rather than walk down the stairs like a normal, civilized person -- anything to get away from the smell of blood. In trying to do this while still remaining civil, he bumps into somebody -- or somebody bumps into him.

But either way, the knockback is enough to cause Seokjin to stumble into the wall and out of frustration, the omega barks out,

“Hey, watch where you’re going!”

“S-Sorry…”

*Alpha,* Seokjin notes once he’s gathered his senses, terror spiking through him because he knows it’ll only be seconds before the alpha starts screaming at him for stepping out of line or maybe even punches him in the face as a quick punishment.

He’d survived this long without getting a black eye but Seokjin feared that today was the day that his spotless, five year record would finally become tarnished by painful cuts, awful bruises and ugly words. But then…

“I’m just really clumsy,” the alpha laughs sheepishly, running his fingers through lovely blonde locks that Seokjin knew had to feel like soft crow’s feathers and all fear that the omega previously felt dissipates like a sigh, becoming replaced with something he can’t quite put his finger on.

Either way, he’s not scared shitless like he’d been a few moments ago.

“Aw, shit,” and Seokjin looks up just in time to see a flash of red, his eyes tracking the color until they lock onto the alpha’s hand, which is bleeding with several open cuts that look awfully deep judging by how profusely blood is spilling from the wounds.

“Oh, no, are you okay? Did I do that?” Seokjin stammers worriedly.

“N-No, it was my fault,” the alpha laughs, though Seokjin can tell how shaky his voice is, almost like he’s frightened and without even realizing it, the omega of the two closes off the space between them until he’s holding the alpha’s clammy hand in his own, holding it steady while he inspects the cuts.

It’s nothing terribly serious like a severed finger that’s barely hanging on or a deep cut that might need stitches but being the nursing major that he is, Seokjin immediately finds himself dragging the alpha out of the classroom and to the cafe that was located on the first floor of the building they were currently in. He sits the alpha down in a chair and takes a seat across from him before grabbing the first aid kit from his backpack, all the while remaining completely oblivious to the confusion on the alpha’s face.

“I just don’t want the cuts to get infected, y’know?” Seokjin explains, though it feels like he’s saying this more for his own sake than for the alpha’s.
Still, the alpha doesn’t seem to mind all that much, not even bothering to make any snarky comments about how he’s hovering and just sits there while Seokjin peels out bandages from their packages and disinfects the cuts on his knuckles. He takes care not to irritate any of the cuts, only touching them with the disinfectant wipe and all the while, silently tells himself how to fix each little injury.

“Aish,” Seokjin’s grumbles as he looks over the bruises on the alpha’s injured hand, making sure that he’d disinfected and bandaged every cut, “are you always this clumsy?”

“Actually, yeah,” the alpha mumbles, looking rather embarrassed and it’s a surprise to Seokjin too, feeling his own cheeks heat up because he didn’t expect this alpha to be so shy. He didn’t even have time to brace himself for the verbal abuse that was supposed to follow, especially since alphas were so confrontational that any little thing could set them off.

“You’re not gonna punch me in the face for saying that?”

“Why would I? It’s true.”

“Really?” Seokjin can’t help but chuckle a bit at that and the alpha cracks a smile, the omega of the two feeling his heart go haywire in his chest when he sees that adorable dimple on the alpha’s cheek.

“Yeah,” the alpha’s voice is light and filled with mirth, “my own mother says that I’d be dead if I didn’t make sure to put one foot over the other when walking.”

“That’s funny.”

“Funny for everybody but me.”

“Here,” Seokjin offers as he grabs the Advil he kept in the first aid kit and shakes out a single pinkish-tan pill, handing it to the alpha along with some water from his bag, “this’ll help with the pain.”

“It’s not that big of a deal.”

“Yeah but it’ll numb the pain enough that you won’t feel tempted to peel off the bandages. You should be okay by tomorrow or the day after so don’t worry too much.”

“Okay,” and then the alpha takes the pill, downing it along with half of the water from the bottle.

“How often do you get injured, anyways?”

“Too often, that’s for sure. I’m so clumsy, it’s only a miracle that I’m not in a full-body cast half of the time.”

“Just try to be more careful,” Seokjin chides playfully. He gently pats the alpha’s bandaged up hand, taking care not to hurt him too much just in case the pain killers hadn’t kicked in quite yet, and says, “I don’t want to see more injuries on you when we come to class on Friday. Or I’ll kill you to death.”

“I’ll do my best not to die,” the alpha’s voice is laced with mirth and laughter and Seokjin smiles.

“Good.”

“By the way…”

“Hmm?” Seokjin asks, looking up from his medical supplies, which were still strewn about all over the table, locking eyes with the alpha.
“We're both crazy enough to come to this three P.M. sociology class instead of going to our dorms and sleeping so we might well exchange names, y’know? Get to know each other, maybe?”

“Good point. My name's Kim Seokjin.”

“Oh, cool, we have the same last name. I'm Kim Namjoon.”

“Nice to meet you, Kim Namjoon. So what are you studying?”

“I'm double-majoring in business and music. And you?”

“Nursing, specifically neonatal.”

“So newborn babies?”

“Yes,” Seokjin affirms with a nod. “It's sorta my passion in life, y’know?”

“Yeah, it fits you. You've definitely got the healing touch and soft, caring hands to boot.”

“That’s awfully sweet of you.”

“I’m just pointing out what’s true,” and there’s that adorable dimple again, Seokjin feeling a gentle sort of warmth wash over him like he just bit into a soft sugar cookie that came fresh out of the oven.

“Well, thank you.”

“So when were you born?” Namjoon asks out of curiosity and Seokjin answers with,

“December 4th, 1992.”

“Are you a freshman?”

“Yes, that’s right.”

“No way, me too. Except I was born on September 12, 1994.”

“You’re two whole years younger than me.”

“How’d that happen? Did you skip a few years before going to school or something?”

“Yes, actually,” the omega admits sheepishly, “that’s actually pretty much what happened. I spent some time working so I could save money to pay for my first year of pre-med.”

“I’m kinda glad you did,” Namjoon says, “because I’d probably be bleeding all over the place if you weren’t here to bandage me up.”

“I guess it is good.”

“I’m really grateful, y’know? And it’s not just because you bandaged me up, y’know? I hope we can be friends.”

“I was glad to help and… same here, I hope we can be friends.”

They leave the classroom and say goodbye as they part, going their separate ways for the rest of the day. For a little while -- basically the rest of the day and the following day, which consisted of a different schedule than his Monday/Wednesday/Friday classes -- Seokjin finds himself unsure that Namjoon was sincere about what he had said. He surely seemed sincere but then again, alphas were
almost natural charmers and his Mr. Nice persona was probably something he’d keep up until he had
the chance to corner him.

No dorm visits until you’re absolutely sure you know what he’s like, Seokjin reminds himself. You
don’t want to be another statistic.

But just as he felt excited to see Namjoon again, to admire the adorable dimple on his right cheek that
would appear whenever he smiled, and appreciate the delicate beauty that somehow fit him so well
despite the fact that the younger boy was an alpha, another scumbag alpha had to ruin his day, much
to his disdain. And like most (excluding Namjoon), he seemed convinced that the world was his
pearl and every omega was just chomping at the bit to hop on his dick.

By the way, fat chance of that ever happening.

“Hey, baby, how’s it going? Wanna hang with me after class, eh? You’ll have a good time with me.”

“Screw off,” he growls as he shoves past the alpha who tries to grab his arm, storming into the
classroom and taking his usual seat at the very back of the lecture hall at the the top, all the while
fuming with rage.

Stupid ass horny alphas, Seokjin thinks, rage bubbling in his chest like a fire when he sees that same
alpha, one of his classmates -- some alpha jerk whose name he doesn’t know but that has a face he
wanted to punch into next month -- enter the classroom and flash him a grin that was much too
daring and not sweet like the omega liked.

Because it’s just the two of them in the room, he dares flip the bird at him, glaring at the fucker from
afar because as much as he’d like to, he didn’t dare get into a fist fight with an alpha, certainly not in
a classroom where it’s just the two of them. Even if there was somebody else in the room, he didn’t
need witnesses who would most definitely side with the alpha even if he was in the wrong. He
decides to busy himself by skimming over the chapter that had been assigned for today, knowing that
the professor was most definitely going to have a discussion of some sort about it and since sociology
wasn’t his strong suit, Seokjin decides he’d best read it before class started in ten minutes.

Sometime later, though he’s not sure how much time passes, he hears movement and for a moment,
he thinks its that alpha from before but when he looks up, ready to scream at the scumbag who dared
call him “baby” but he stops short when he sees Namjoon sitting next to him.

“Hey, what’s up? Did you read the chapter?” and all of the rage Seokjin previously felt dissipates
from his chest like a breath of air, becoming replaced with something pleasant that reminds him of
daisies dancing under the warm sun.

“Oh, hey. What’s up?”

“Nothing much. Really tired but all’s good. At least it’s Friday, y’know?”

“Yeah… yeah, at least there’s that.”

“So I was rewatching season three and I was wondering: what’d you think when Rick and the others
ignored that hitchhiker on the highway?”

Is this a dream? I’m sitting next to you and we’re talking about the Walking Dead. Man, this day
couldn’t possibly get any better.

That’s the basis of their discussion for the entire length of their sociology class and because they’re at
the very back of the classroom, voices low so the professor doesn’t catch them talking during the
lesson, they manage to carry on their conversation without a hitch. They could be talking about the most mundane things and as long as he was talking with Namjoon, it really wouldn’t matter. After all, there’s nothing Seokjin loves more than that adorable grin that finds its way onto Namjoon’s cheeks whenever he smiles and the way the young alpha’s eyes seem to sparkle as if somebody lit up fireworks in his eyes. And once class ends, the alpha stands up to leave but not before he says,

“Hey, I didn’t properly thank you for the other day so… I was wondering when you’re free?”

“U-Uh, I’m free now,” Seokjin reveals, cheeks burning red even though he’s not sure why he feels flustered. He comforts himself with the fact that Namjoon looks somewhat embarrassed himself, which is an odd sight to see on what should be a headstrong, confident alpha with certainly nothing to be embarrassed about.

“Do you have any more classes?” and Seokjin responds with a simple “no” in hopes that it would be a good enough response for Namjoon.

And just as he expects more questioning, Namjoon flashes him that dimply smile again and they start walking, Seokjin finding himself being lead across campus to the Starbucks that was located just off campus grounds, practically across the street from the building where they had their sociology class every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday from three o’clock until five thirty and while it did give them a chance to avoid the rush of students that came scurrying out of the classrooms at exactly three o’clock, it was a bit eerie to see practically nobody in the buildings.

Everybody had either gone back to their dorms or they were hanging out with friends on the lawn to enjoy the warm spring weather that had arrived a month and a half ago and was here to stay, much to the relief of practically every single person in Seoul.

“You don’t have to buy me coffee,” Seokjin insists as they come to stand in line, patiently waiting at the back while several customers stood in front of them also waiting their turn.

“Well, if you don’t like coffee, let me get you something else.”

“Namjoon--”

“C’mon, please? I wanna show my appreciation for what you did for me on Wednesday.”

There’s no fighting him, Seokjin realizes once they make it to the counter as it finally becomes their turn to order. Not wanting to seem like he was taking advantage of Namjoon’s generosity or his wallet, the omega settles on a tall strawberry smoothie and nothing more. He’s perfectly happy with the fruity treat but Namjoon insists on buying him a couple of chocolate chip cookies to go along with his strawberry smoothie and buys himself a venti frappuccino.

“Namjoon, you really didn’t have to--”

“But I wanted to.”

“I should do something for you--”

“You already did,” the alpha laughs. “Because of you, I didn’t bleed all over the place.”

“Well, at least let me thank you for the drink and the cookies.”

“Okay, fine, fine.”

“Thank you. You didn’t have to but I really appreciate it.”
“You’re very welcome.”
“Hey, I met another omega.”

Namjoon says this rather excitedly, one of Seokjin’s eyebrows quirking high on his forehead at this because he’s not quite sure how to respond. It’s certainly not the first time that Namjoon has met another omega and so Seokjin doesn’t know what’s so special about this particular omega. Even though they were good friends, Seokjin knew what Namjoon viewed the other ninety-nine percent of Seoul’s (or maybe it was even the whole world’s) omega population as “bitches” or “bitch males” and to see him so excited left him feeling suspicious.

“You meet omegas every day, Namjoon.”

“No, he’s different! He’s cool! He acts like an alpha,” and Seokjin rolls his eyes at this, finding himself on the fence between scoffing out of scorn and being sarcastic with Namjoon. He does neither and says,

“What if he’s just acting tough? You’re an alpha. He’s gotta show that he’s not going to let you fuck him so easily.”

“But I don’t feel like fucking him, not now or ever. I don’t like him that way.”

“That’s reassuring.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

“Nothing. It’s just, omegas normally aren’t so open to hanging out if the person isn’t a beta or another omega.”

“You’re hanging out with me.”

“That’s true.”

“And I’m not a beta or an omega.”

“Well, I’ve gotten to know you. That omega you met in, what class was it?”

“Aural Skills II.”

“I’m sorry, did you say oral skills?”


“I know, I’m only teasing,” Seokjin laughs but despite this, he still earns a kick to the knee from under the table and laughs when he sees Namjoon glowering at him.

“Aw, lighten up, Joonie.”

“Don’t call me Joonie,” but even with the awful frown that drew itself upon the younger’s lips, Seokjin can tell he actually likes the nickname more than he’d like to admit. Even if he never says it, Seokjin knows and the realization makes his heart flutter happily in his chest.

“So what’s this omega’s name?”
“His name’s Yoongi, Min Yoongi. I invited him to sit with us at lunch so we could talk about our
classes and just hang out a little outside of class.”

“How’d you get him to come along?” Seokjin asks suspiciously.

Normally, omegas didn’t run off with the first alpha who asked them to come sit together during their
break, having been taught from a very young age -- from when they had their first heats and
sometimes even before, depending on if the parents knew their child was an omega -- to never go
with an alpha they didn’t know.

The size differences between alphas and omegas, not to mention the contrasts of their strength and
capabilities, were like oil and water, so different that they couldn’t mix no matter how hard one tried
to make it happen.

“I told him that you're an omega and yeah, he doesn't know you but I promised that you'd be here
when he came by.”

“So you lured this omega you like by telling him that another omega was going to be here as a way
to get him to lower his guard?”

“For the last time, I don't like him like that! I just wanna hang out with him because he seems cool,
y’know? He's not whiney like the average omega.”

“Am I an average omega?”

Seokjin’s voice is jagged and challenging, practically daring Namjoon to answer the question. He
knows what Namjoon really thinks about him, that he more than just tolerates him, but Seokjin also
enjoyed teasing the young alpha for his own enjoyment. And as expected, Namjoon becomes
awfully flustered, cheeks burning red from embarrassment and Seokjin smiles. Right away, Namjoon
notices and he grumbles out,

“Hey, you're so mean!”

“I gotta check on you every now and then, have to make sure you still love me.”

“I do love you,” and Seokjin feels his heart skip a beat in his chest at this, the organ thudding against
his ribcage like it wanted to tear itself out of his chest. his chest because even though they’re not
thinking about the words with the same meaning.

It’s like Namjoon is completely, one-hundred percent oblivious to the meaningful gazes Seokjin
sends his way along with playful kicks under the table and “accidental” brushes of their hands when
they were walking to class or to that coffee shop Namjoon really liked. And the omega can’t help but
feel a bit jealous -- well, actually, he’s a lot jealous -- of this new omega who’s got Namjoon’s
attention. Whether he acted like an alpha or not, Seokjin could already feel competition settling into
his bones, eyes narrowing like a hawk targeting its prey even though the omega Namjoon mentioned
-- Min Yoongi, was it? -- wasn’t here at the moment.

“So when’s this omega coming by?”

“Hopefully today,” Namjoon answers. “He didn’t promise me anything but we’ll see.”

He doesn’t seem too confident and to be honest, neither does Seokjin. At the same time, though, he
can’t blame this omega for not wanting to hang out with Namjoon, especially since the promise of
another omega being present when he came by for lunch could very well be a ploy -- it was a unique
one, not often used by alphas to trap omegas when all they needed to do was force them into
submission using pheromones -- but sometimes alphas would change things up a little from the usual tactics they used to seduce omegas. Most weren’t that creative but there was always one or two in the rotten bunch that pulled wild cards whenever they could.

And when the omega Namjoon had been babbling about since their break started finally shows up, surprising them both, Seokjin is absolutely stunned at how gorgeous he looks.

He’s been graced with a tiny frame, legs so skinny that when he puts his feet together, he actually has a thigh gap, and has seemingly porcelain-white skin. His hair, so light in color, appears white rather than blonde when compared to his alabaster skin and his eyes are the darkest Seokjin has ever seen, tinged with a bit of gold that resembled honey. His pouty lips, which resembled bruised plums probably from how much he bit them, are so dark in comparison to his pale skin, the omega looking as if he hardly ever went outside besides to attend classes and it’s then that Seokjin starts to feel a little jealous.

It’s like Mother Nature spent her sweet-ass time making sure this omega was the prettiest in all of Seoul because Seokjin has never before seen somebody, let alone an omega, that has beauty only the most famous models could be worthy of.

“Namjoon?”

“Hey, Yoongi. Have a seat,” but rather than sit down next to him, the omega goes over to where Seokjin is sitting and says,

“Go sit next to him.”

“You could say please,” Seokjin snorts but he does as the omega says, sliding out of his booth to sit next to Namjoon. He’s not really complaining as much as he makes himself out to be to Yoongi, instead feeling rather content by the fact that his and Namjoon’s thighs are touching and that the alpha hadn’t even moved over a smidge.

“I don’t trust you and I don’t appreciate you luring me here by telling me he,” Yoongi growls, jabbing a finger at Seokjin, “was here. Omega or not, I oughta kick both your asses.”

“Hey, what did I do?” Seokjin protests.

“You went along with him! You’re just as guilty.”

“He just told me you were coming by, that’s it!”

“Doesn’t matter. You’re just as bad as him.”

“Nobody wants to fuck you, Yoongi. Namjoon’s in the same class as you and you’re safe here.”

“Do you feel safe?” the omega accuses and Seokjin makes sure to lock eyes with him, dark pools practically boring holes into the blonde’s forehead in hopes that it would be enough to convince him that yes, he felt perfectly safe sitting next to Namjoon and hanging out with said alpha.

And completely undeterred, Yoongi stares right back at him with eyes that are so wide, it almost scares Seokjin.

There’s something awfully cynical about this omega, he notes as he stares into those big eyes and sees a world of pain and suffering in them. A cry for help lingers in those chocolate pools, a desperate plea for somebody to notice that he’s not quite okay as he seems or likes to pretend. There’s that part of him that he keeps locked away but desires to be let free while somebody holds
him close, whispers sweet nothings and loving compliments in his ear, and reminds him that everything will be okay once the tears stop flowing down his porcelain cheeks.

It’s only been five minutes and Seokjin already feels like he’s glimpsed Yoongi’s soul through and through, having left no corner, nook, or cranny unchecked as he came to know everything this omega stood for.

Seokjin is convinced he’s known Yoongi since the day he was born and first drew oxygen into greedy little lungs. And they’ve only sat together for a few brief moments.

“He looked so sad,” Seokjin points out to Namjoon once Yoongi has left and they’re on their way back to their dorm building and the alpha shoots him a curious look.

“What do you mean? He looked fine to me.”

*Typical, unobservant alpha,* Seokjin thinks with an indirect roll of his eyes, though he doesn’t actually roll his eyes at Namjoon despite the fact that they’re pretty good friends and the younger probably wouldn’t take it the wrong way.

“No, I mean, there’s something about him that’s just… well, for lack of a better word at the moment, sad.”

“What if he’s just having a bad day?”

“No way.”

“No way? What do you mean by ‘no way?’”

“I mean, he looks like he’s holding in so much. C’mon, he’s got such dark bags under his eyes, I’m surprised you didn’t notice since you were practically ogling him the entire time he was sitting with us!”

“I was not!” Namjoon protests defensively and now Seokjin rolls his eyes without trying to hide the fact, earning him a dirty look from the alpha.

“Why else would you have invited him to sit with us, Namjoon? Because you like him!”

“I don’t like him! Not like that!”

“A pretty thing like Yoongi doesn’t just make people want to be ‘friends’ with him,” Seokjin snorts as he scans his ID under the scanner to put his entrance into the building on record so there weren’t any complications regarding security later, Namjoon doing the same before alpha and omega made their way up the stairs to their respective dorm rooms.

“Hate to say it but his beauty would make any alpha go hard as soon as they saw him. And maybe your dick’s not hard but you’re probably thinking about seeing his ass stretched around your cock right this very minute. You’d probably love it if he started screaming your name at the top of his lungs.”

*If only you’d think the same way about me,* Seokjin adds silently, not at all oblivious to the way his heart skips sadly in protest.

He hates that he’s become so accusing towards Namjoon in these past few weeks that they’ve gotten to know each other but the second the alpha started babbling about some omega with amazing rap skills and talent with Logic Pro like no other, he’d been feeling a bit competitive. And it wasn’t the
good kind of competitive either where everything was friendly and whoever won would have done so fair and square. But no, this was hardly fair and square at all.

And as much as he hated to admit it, Seokjin felt *jealous*.

Jealous because how dare Min Yoongi look like an angel with his pretty blonde locks, angelic face, and deep voice that was somewhere between ground up coffee beans covered in chocolate and glass shards in a blender? How dare he, despite being an omega, be a complete and total temptation for every alpha, beta, and perhaps omega in a five-mile radius of where he stood? The proportions of his tiny, slim body giving him the appearance of a Greek or Roman statue that had been carved with careful precision to ensure every little detail had been captured properly and that mellow gaze which made him look like he was always bored or sleepy didn’t fit the mould Mother Nature wanted him to fulfill.

Somebody as beautiful as Min Yoongi was probably supposed to be a model, according to the blueprint Mother Nature drew up.

Somewhere along the way, though, the plan was scrapped and now there was this gorgeous omega walking around and not realizing how pretty he really was. And even worse, not realizing that he was wasting his beauty when he could be making money off it with photo shoots and billion-dollar modeling contracts.

But besides being absolutely fuckable for every alpha and an object of envy for every female and male omega alike who desired to become the epitome of perfection, Yoongi didn’t seem to care about anything besides sleeping, his music, and being the snappiest son of a bitch he could possibly be.

Which was really unfair to the rest of the omega population (and some of the betas, too) who wanted to have that perfect, flawless skin and glowing skin that was always tinged a bit pink, especially in the cheeks. And all the while, being a temptation that had every alpha turning heads his way even as he went up to the cash register just to pay for a bag of chips he wanted to munch on. That omega could make anything look attractive.

“‘It’d be nice,’” Namjoon admits, “especially since he’s so pretty and talented but Yoongi said that I smell awful.”

“He what?”

“He doesn’t like my scent. Says I smell like cigarettes and bleach and that it makes him want to throw up.”

*No way… their scents aren't compatible?*

“So there’s no way he'll ever let you sleep with him?”

“Probably not,” Namjoon shrugs, seemingly oblivious to Seokjin’s overly excited tone, “and as I’ve been trying to say this whole time, I *don’t* like him that way. We’re just friends, well, sorta.”

“Sorta?” Seokjin’s tone is amused and his grin grows wider when Namjoon sheepishly scratches at the back of his head in embarrassment, cheeks red like tomatoes.

“I’m still working on that. We've only known each other for a few weeks, after all. And I wanna take my time so that I don't scare him off.”

“Sounds like a plan,” Seokjin mumbles, though he finds himself distracted by Namjoon’s words and
the gravity behind them.

Was I too fast? Did I come off as too pushy and that’s why he doesn’t like me the way I like him? And I know we haven’t known each other for long but he smells absolutely perfect, like strawberry cupcakes and chamomile tea that’s had a whole lemon squeezed into it…

He finds himself mulling over this long after he and Namjoon part, wracking his brain for something that could help him figure out why he liked the way the alpha smelled.

“Am I being too forward?” he asks himself, staring back at his reflection that sat in the darkened screen of his laptop. “Is that why he doesn’t like me?”

He can’t help but resent Yoongi just a little. That tiny omega didn’t have to put in any effort and the one person Seokjin wanted so badly to be his had also liked him and he had the nerve to act like Namjoon’s affections were a waste of his time or an inconvenience. Were it him in Yoongi’s place, Seokjin would have leapt into the alpha’s arms the second he said ‘hello’ to him.

And while you’re constantly hovering in his bubble all the time, Yoongi single-handedly caught his attention in a way you never will.

The thought makes his heart burn with jealousy for the younger omega and perhaps a bit of hatred, Seokjin wishing Yoongi had never signed up for the same class Namjoon had and pretending like he didn’t care about the alpha’s affections. Now that was about as selfish as Namjoon insisting he only wanted to be friends with the pale-cheeked omega but in a way, perhaps that was what made the two of them perfect for each other.

The fact that Yoongi comes to sit with them the next day, same time and same place, further convinces Seokjin that Namjoon is dating the pretty omega sitting across from them, nose buried in his music homework because he would never start on it until the day before he had to turn it in, sometimes even working on it up until the very last minute before he had to turn it in. And somehow, he’s getting mostly A’s and a few B’s like it wasn’t difficult at all. Yoongi and Namjoon occasionally hold some conversation that quickly fades off almost after a minute, usually being ended by the omega like it took too much effort to keep a simple discussion going.

Part of Seokjin wishes Namjoon would leave, at least for a few minutes while he asked Yoongi something in private, practically twitching with the desire to pose the question lingering on his tongue to the omega right then and there but he knows that won’t be good. Besides, he needs Namjoon gone, at least for a few minutes. A few minutes is all he really needs.

Eventually, though not quick enough, Namjoon leaves for a quick trip to the bathroom and Seokjin allows himself to breathe out in relief, not even caring if the alpha or Yoongi noticed. He was grateful, too, especially since he was convinced that Yoongi was going to pack up and head back to his dorm pretty soon and if that happened, he would have lost his chance until he happened to see the omega again at a later time.

“Hey,” Seokjin says once Namjoon’s gone and Yoongi looks up from his homework, watching him expectantly with those dark eyes that seemed to hide worlds in them, “do you have anymore classes after this?”

“No, I don’t. Why, is Namjoon gonna try to ask me out again?”

Despite his deadpan voice and serious face, Yoongi’s tone is playful but what he probably doesn’t realize how frustrated -- and upset -- the elder omega feels because of his answer. Tears threaten to well up to the surface but thankfully, Yoongi has turned back to his homework and his focus is
anywhere but at Seokjin.

So he does want to be more than just friends? Seokjin thinks jealously as he wipes at the corners of his eyes with his hands to make sure there wasn’t any wetness there. Why does Namjoon keep denying it, then?

“No,” Seokjin asks coolly, priding himself in keeping his voice steady and tears at bay despite wanting to start bawling right then and there. “Well, actually, I was wondering if you were free so we could go out for some lunch, just me and you. Namjoon isn’t coming along.”

“Even if he isn’t, I don’t have any money for food right now.”

“I’ll pay,” Seokjin offers and for the first time ever, he sees the corners of Yoongi’s lips quirk up into a grin. It doesn’t really reach his eyes, appearing as if the omega were forcing himself to smile in response but Seokjin doesn’t say anything about it because he doesn’t want to upset Yoongi.

“Okay, then. I’ll come along.”

Well, that wasn’t so hard, but Seokjin realizes quickly that part of the reason might be because he’s an omega just like Yoongi. That, and knowing that Namjoon wasn’t coming along with the promise that he was going to get a free meal had probably convinced Yoongi to come along, though it was probably more because of the food than Namjoon.

Or maybe it was more because Namjoon wasn’t coming along than the food?

Either way, once said alpha returns from the bathroom, Seokjin lets him know that he and Yoongi are leaving and despite wanting so desperately to also invite him for lunch, he doesn’t because he’d promised Yoongi it would just be the two of them and he didn’t want the omega to get upset. Despite acting like he was made of nails and grit, Yoongi was quite the opposite of the alpha he was trying to make himself out to be and as they leave the cafeteria building, he can’t help but notice how there’s bruises littering the younger’s arms, knuckles, and even his neck.

And they’re not hickeys -- not that anybody would leave hickeys on their lover’s knuckles.

What kind of trouble are you getting yourself into?

Seokjin’s question goes unanswered, the omega never even voicing it nor would he want to because he senses it would land him in a massive argument he really didn’t want to have with the blonde cherub walking alongside him.

He’s tiny and seemingly frail, looking as if he hasn’t eaten a good meal in a long while, but seems to wear armor made of barbed wire and carries around a bloodied sword on his back with which he kills any enemies that dare send crude remarks his way and try to force him into submission by pheromones and threats. Yoongi looks like he can shatter with a flick of a finger against his forehead but he behaves like he’s made of steel or titanium, completely unbreakable in that not even a tank could run him over.

Or maybe that’s what Yoongi liked to tell himself as a way to get through the bad days and still be able to get up in the mornings without admitting defeat.

“Since you’re paying,” Yoongi says as they walk into the restaurant and are seated, “you can pick the food. I don’t really care.”

“What if I pick something you don’t want to eat?”
“Food is food,” the younger shrugs, “so you pick. I’ll eat whatever’s on the table.”

“Are you always this easy when it comes to food?” Seokjin laughs and Yoongi smiles, probably flashing one of the most genuine -- or as close as genuine as he could get -- at what Seokjin had just said.

“So I’ve been told.”

“How come? Are you just not a picky eater or what?”

“I guess I just appreciate having something to eat, that’s all,” and right away, Seokjin senses they’ve stumbled into a field of landmines, the topic having already become far too dark for light conversation and the elder actively reminds himself -- not that he really needs to, though -- to not nag Yoongi about the words that just left his mouth. So instead, he tries to divert their conversation to a more happier note by saying,

“At least you’re easy to shop for.”

“Got that right.”

“Is there anything you’d like to try that you haven’t tried?”

“Meaning foreign food? I guess Chicago-style deep dish pizza and maybe churros. Those are a thing, right?” and Seokjin nods, which spurs Yoongi on to add more things to the imaginary list of foods he’d like to try at some point in his life.

“I’ve also heard of snails being a delicacy but I don’t really wanna eat some slimy, creepy crawler that was on the ground before it found its way onto my plate. I know they say ‘don’t knock it ‘til you try it’ but I think I’m gonna knock it anyways.”

“No escargot for you?”

“Is that what they call snails?”

“Yep, that’s what they’re called in French. They’re cooked snails.”

“Cooked or not, no thanks.”

“Fair enough. So does a big plate of bulgogi and a bowl of fried rice sound good to you?” Seokjin asks as he skims over the menu despite having been to this little restaurant many times and Yoongi offers a “yep” that’s more than good enough for Seokjin.

The elder calls over a waiter and orders those two dishes along with Sprite for himself and Coca-Cola for Yoongi, which are brought to them in tall glasses filled with ice and have straws sitting in them. Their food takes a little longer but that’s okay since neither omega is in any rush to go back to his dorm just yet. All Seokjin knew for sure was that Yoongi wasn’t leaving until the promise of food was fulfilled and said elder wasn’t leaving until he asked the younger a couple of questions.

“So what do you think of Namjoon?” he asks once their food arrives, both omegas thanking the server who delivers their food.

“I think he’s okay,” Yoongi grumbles as he takes a bite of the bulgogi, snatching it right off the plate it came on rather than put it on the small plate sitting in front of him.

“Do you like him?” and the look Yoongi shoots him is suspicious, though the omega doesn’t
comment on the question.

“I guess he’s a pretty decent person. Probably not one of my most favorite people but he’s definitely not the worst I’ve hung out with either.”

“What do you mean by that?”

“No, my turn to ask a question.”

“O-Okay…”

“Why are you asking me about Namjoon?”

“Well… I was wondering if you could tell me some stuff about him.”

“Like what? We just have class together. You hang out with him more than I do.”

“But he seems more open with you. Can you tell me about him?”

“Tell you what?”

“Does he like me?”

“He didn’t say,” Yoongi comments before taking a sip of his Coca-Cola and Seokjin feels his heart sinking. “I mean, he likes you but he doesn’t talk about you all that much except that one time when he mentioned how you bandaged up his hand or something.”

“That’s actually why we met in the first place.”

“Namjoon’s a klutz.”

“Tell me about it.”

“The reason why we met was because he tripped and almost sent me tumbling down the stairs along with him. I swear, he should come with a caution sign or something.”


“Good one.”

“Thanks. But I really have to ask: do you think he notices me when I sit next to him when we’re all sitting together in the cafeteria?”

“Namjoon’s so thickheaded, you could be sucking his dick and he wouldn’t notice,” Yoongi scoffs and Seokjin flushes a dark pink at this, the elder omega feeling his cheeks burning at the lack of shame Yoongi had when it came to speaking.

*Does this kid even think before he speaks?* but judging by the yellowing bruise lingering just under his jaw, probably the result of more than a couple punches as punishment for something he said, he probably doesn’t.

“Geez…”

“It’s true,” the younger omega snorts. “You just gotta be straightforward when it comes to Namjoon or he just gets confused. So much for being a genius with a high IQ.”
“It’s just… Yoongi, he doesn’t notice me the way he notices you. He’s always talking to you and…”

“That’s because I tell it like it is. I try to speak plainly because that’s the kind of person Namjoon is.”

“But you’re both rappers by trade. You write raps that sound like complicated poetry and they kinda are.”

“Yeah, but there’s a difference. It’s one thing to be creative when trying to write raps because you’ve gotta know more than one way to tell somebody to go fuck themselves but there’s also something nice about simplicity. Namjoon likes it when things are easy and nobody’s beating around the bush.”

*So that’s what I should do? Be simple instead of causing his brain to overload from all that nursing mumbo-jumbo I talk about all the time? Maybe that’s why he always says “uh-huh” instead of really trying to talk with me.*

“Hey, you still with me?” Yoongi asks, snapping his fingers in front of Seokjin’s face when the elder suddenly goes quiet and then, he snaps out his reverie, having come back from whatever far off world he went to.

“Y-Yeah, don’t worry about me.”

“I wasn’t worried. I was just wondering why you suddenly spaced out.”

“Dunno. I guess I was just thinking.”

“About what?”

“Well… about Namjoon.”

“You do that a lot,” Yoongi says knowingly as he scoops up some more fried rice into his mouth and Seokjin flinches, eyes wide with what appeared to be a mix between terror and surprise.

“How’d you know?”

“Because every time Namjoon starts talking or somebody mentions his name, your eyes start to sparkle or you smile really wide or you start getting all twitchy. You do any one of those three things individually or all at the same time. It’s weird.”

“So maybe I should try to tone it down a little?”

“I don’t think you can,” the blonde scoffs. “Is Namjoon all you think about?”

“Well,” Seokjin ponders. “This is gonna sound really weird but I think about you a lot, too. With Namjoon. Y’know, the two of you… together.”

“Wait, are you jealous of me?”

“You want the truth?” and Yoongi shrugs, looking unbothered by the elder omega’s tone or the sneer in his voice.

“Sure, tell it like it is. My feelings won’t be hurt.”

“The truth is… yes, I’m fucking jealous.”

“Why?” There’s amusement in Yoongi’s tone, like Seokjin had just told him a funny little story or a joke that was too cheesy to really make him laugh, and the elder omega scowls.
“What do you mean ‘why’? You’ve got Namjoon’s attention and you didn’t even have to work for it!”

“So I got his attention,” Yoongi sighs. “That doesn’t mean I reciprocate his feelings.”

“How come? Namjoon’s only one of the most attractive alphas here and you’re acting like it’s no big deal and--”

“I hate his scent,” and it’s right there that Seokjin stops dead in his tracks, the rest of his rant lingering on his lips but something about how unbothered Yoongi looks makes him slow down and think for a moment.

“You hate his scent? But he smells like sweet lemons and strawberries!”

“Maybe to you but I can barely sit next to him for an hour without wanting to vomit. That’s why I make you sit next to him because it’s a little more bearable to be sitting across from him than sharing the same air.”

“So… so you don’t like him?”

“I mean,” Yoongi scoffs, “he’s nice as a potential friend and he’s definitely good at music but I’m not into him. He’s really not my type nor would I want some bumbling idiot to be the reason I die from tripping over my own two feet. And I nearly did almost die from tripping over my feet because of him.”

“Oh.”

“Is that why you brought me here? To confront me about Namjoon? Because you could’ve just asked me without making this seem like an interrogation or bribing me with food.”

“Namjoon was always around us,” Seokjin grumbles as he shoots a glare Yoongi’s way as if he were trying to tell the omega that it was his fault the alpha trailed after him like a lost puppy, “so I couldn’t.”

“Well, if he won’t tell you the truth, then I will: we’re not dating or anything so if you wanna claim him as your mate, go right ahead. You’ve got no competition from me. In fact, you’ve got my support, especially since Namjoon seems like a good alpha and you’re not too bad of an omega yourself. You guys would look good together.”

“Um… thanks?”

“That was a compliment.”

“Thanks,” but Seokjin still feels like he’s saying it as a question rather than a statement, though Yoongi doesn’t seem to care either way.

“And y’know, I don’t have an alpha but that doesn’t mean I wanna steal the guy of your dreams from you. If you want Namjoon, I won’t stand in your way.”

“What do you mean you don’t have an alpha? You haven’t found anybody yet?”

“I guess nobody interests me,” the younger omega says with a shrug, looking a bit sad as he says this. “Nobody smells nice either and yeah, I guess maybe scents aren’t the best rule of thumb to use when choosing a mate but I don’t want somebody who doesn’t smell nice to me. I don’t wanna share a bed with somebody who makes me wanna hold my nose so I don’t breathe in their nasty scent.”
“I see. So you’re… you’re single but unavailable?”

“I guess you could call it that.”

“By the way, Yoongi?”

“Hmm?”

“Can you… can you keep this a secret between us? Don’t tell Namjoon what we talked about?” and Yoongi nods reassuringly.

“Yeah, no problem.”

“Really?”

“Yeah, I won’t tell him anything. As far as I know, we just went out for lunch and that’s it.”

“Thanks.”

“Don’t mention it,” the omega says as he zips up his backpack and slings it over his shoulder. “And thanks for the food.”

“Yeah, no problem,” and without so much as another word from Yoongi, he walks out of the restaurant and Seokjin watches him leave until he disappears out the front door and he’s left sitting there with only the cheque to keep him company.

There’s not much of a charge on it so he pays for it and leaves a small tip for the waiter -- he did offer to pay, after all -- and heads back to his dorm but their conversation keeps running through his mind even as he unlocks the door to his room and goes inside. It feels like all of the oxygen has been sucked out of his lungs and out of the room, leaving him feeling uncomfortably lightheaded, sending the omega tumbling over to the bed and belly-flopping down onto it. Yoongi’s words, so nonchalant and relaxed in comparison to his own accusing ones, ring in his head like overlapping echoes and Seokjin feels tears tumbling down his cheeks when he realizes how much of an asshole he’d been to the younger omega.

Chances were that, despite his promise not to say anything, Yoongi was probably going to tell Namjoon everything that happened today at the restaurant and all Seokjin can do is bury his face in his pillow and cry until he falls asleep.

You’re so stupid.
Because they’re both in the same Aural Skills class, specifically the 10:30 A.M. block, Yoongi always finds himself sitting next to Namjoon no matter how hard he tries to avoid the alpha. It doesn’t really matter where he sits himself in the considerably large lecture room because Namjoon always finds a way to sit next to him, almost like he’s a magnet polarized to stick to him even though the last thing Yoongi needs or wants is for Namjoon to stick to him in any way, shape, or form.

While not a fan of PDA in the slightest, Yoongi found he’d much rather see the alpha sticking to Seokjin, something that he was sure the other omega wanted badly. He didn’t know Seokjin that well even though they hang out practically every day during their break, though the omega’s attention is often focused completely on Namjoon for them to be able to get much conversation in.

Sometimes Namjoon doesn’t join them and they spend their break quietly working on homework and occasionally exchanging polite conversation because even though they were both omegas and therefore of equal standing with each other, they hardly knew anything about each other.

Sure, they knew little details like their majors -- Seokjin was pursuing neonatal studies and Yoongi was gunning for a music production degree -- and each other’s schedules, which was useful because they knew when to expect each other’s (and Namjoon’s) arrival at their usual table in the cafeteria, but other than that, the only conversation that took place at their table that went on for more than a few seconds was between Seokjin and Namjoon.

“Hey, Yoongi,” Namjoon says after class has ended and the omega looks to him expectantly, impatience glimmering in his dark pools as he waits for the alpha to speak.

“Do you want to go out for dinner sometime?”

“No thanks.”

“Why not? C’mon, it’ll be fun, just the two of us--”

“You need to get it into your thick skull that I’m not interested,” Yoongi growls as he leaps to his feet so fast that he almost gets whiplash, “so stop trying to seduce me. Your scent makes me want to throw up so please just stop. You don’t have a chance with me.”

“Yoongi…”

“No, Namjoon. I want to be friends and nothing more.”

“So there’s no chance you’ll ever want to be with me?” and the omega shakes his head.

“No chance at all. I’m sorry. I just don’t think we’re meant to be.”

“You won’t even consider giving me -- giving us -- a chance?”

“You’ll find somebody who’s way better than me, don’t worry. And to answer your question, no way in hell.”

“I want you, though.”

“You can’t have me.”

“What’s keeping you from saying yes, Yoongi? I can give you everything you want and need, baby-
“Don’t you ever call me that again. If I ever hear you say that again,” Yoongi barks, “I swear I’ll cut your balls off and feed them to you.”

“Whoa, take it easy.”

“Don’t fucking tell me take it easy,” Yoongi snaps as he scrambles to his feet, shoving his books into his bag with so much force that Namjoon is sure he’s going to tear right through the bottom of the backpack.

“You can’t just pretend I’ll start liking you one day out of the blue and to be honest, the chance of that happening gets slimmer and slimmer every time you try some cheesy one-liner on me.”

“But I really like you.”

“I don’t. I’m not even sorry.”

“I’m sorry if I upset you,” Namjoon says as he watches Yoongi shove the last of his things into his bag, just his pencil case and a few sheets of paper, and the omega stops, letting out an exasperated sigh.

“You didn’t, at least not that much,” Yoongi says as he zips up his backpack. “But don’t think you’re off the hook, either. There is somebody else you did upset with your behavior from the past few weeks, especially with all the ogling you do. I know you didn’t realize it but I’m just letting you know so you can think about your actions.”

“Who did I upset?”

“Think about it, genius. Use that big brain of yours and maybe you’ll figure it out,” the omega sneers and then he takes his leave, exiting the classroom and leaving Namjoon sitting there all by himself.

Even though he knows Namjoon might follow, Yoongi decides to head to the cafeteria anyways so he could meet up with Seokjin, who was known to arrive at their usual table a good five minutes before he and Namjoon did. Sometimes they’d walk together and talk about music and their compositions but today, after the alpha’s lame attempt at seducing him, he didn’t feel like sitting in the cafeteria. When he actually meets up with Seokjin, though, the previous urgency Yoongi had felt, especially to get away from the cafeteria before Namjoon showed up, fades when he notices how relaxed Seokjin is and he forces himself to slow down so he’s not scampering about like a chicken that lost its head.

“So do you have any more finals after today?” the elder asks and Yoongi shakes his head in response before taking a sip of his water, screwing the cap on it afterward and shoving it back into his backpack.

“I’m officially done with my first year of college.”

“You and me both. We should go out for dinner tomorrow to celebrate, my treat.”

“I’m not getting interrogated again, am I?” Yoongi teases and Seokjin manages to crack a smile before responding with,

“No, you’re not, I promise. It’s just a celebratory dinner, no strings attached.”

“Okay, that sounds good.”
“Yeah, I bet. Do you want to go anywhere in particular or are you fine with what I pick?”

“Can we go to that Pan-Asian place that’s located a few blocks away from here? I heard they give you big portions but it’s pretty inexpensive for how much they give you. Like, the entire check winds up being somewhere around 36,000 Won.”

“That’s not too bad, actually.”

“And the menu is huge,” Yoongi adds, his eyes bulging to emphasize how big the menu really was, though Seokjin was already convinced.

“I imagine it is.”

“I’m gonna try not to order anything too expensive,” and Seokjin raises an eyebrow, unsure what Yoongi meant by that.

“Yoongi, I don’t want to seem like I’m intruding but what do you mean by that?”

“It’s nothing. I’m just not gonna order anything big, is all. Maybe just some boba tea or something. It’s all I can afford right now,” he chokes out.

“Are you having money troubles?”

“Since I’m leaving Seoul for the summer, I had to leave my job and I used up what was left from my paycheck to pay off some last minute college expenses so now I’ve just been living off ramen for the past week or so.”

“How has your body not shut down from all the crap you’ve been eating?” Seokjin asks, his voice filled with slight mirth even though the topic of their discussion wasn’t all that funny to begin with.

“Dunno. But it wouldn’t be the first time I’ve eaten something that wasn’t good for me.”

“Maybe you should stop playing with death, then,” and Yoongi cracks a grin at this, one corner of his otherwise frozen lips quirking upwards and breaking the stoic look he almost always wears that’s something between sleepy and indifferent.

“I would if I had money to pay for better food.”

“It’s okay that you don’t have a lot of money right now,” Seokjin soothes, striding over to where the omega sits and kneeling down beside him, wrapping his arms around the younger’s shoulders as he tries to comfort him. “Things will get better, they will. I can promise you that. One day soon, you’re going to be making a lot of money and you won’t have financial worries ever again.”

“But I’m broke right now,” Yoongi mumbles as he sniffs a bit. “I’ve been practically broke since halfway though the semester. All I’m doing is drowning myself in debt because there’s no other way for me to pay for college besides taking out loans and I don’t even know if my degree will be enough to help me pay off my debt once I’m finished.”

“Would you mind if I took care of you for a while? Y’know, like if I fed you at every meal and gave you a little pocket money whenever you need something?”

“I couldn’t let you do that. That would be asking way too much from you.”

“What are you gonna do, though? Starve the whole summer until I come back to university?”

Seokjin scoffs, his tone of voice playful despite the seriousness of their discussion and his heart sinks
into his belly a little when Yoongi doesn’t smile back, looking almost as if he would be content with starving if the chance of dying wasn’t a factor.

“Yoongi, I was joking.”

“About taking me in like a puppy?”

“No, about the starvation thing. Would you like to come home with me for the summer? I live in Anyang -- it’s a city not too far from Seoul -- and my parents are really nice people. You’ll fit right in, I promise.”

“We’ve only known each other for a few months, though. You hardly know me.”

“I think I know you well enough. Besides, you’re not going home to Daegu, are you?”

“Wasn’t planning on it. There’s nothing waiting for me there.”

“But you have parents, don’t you?” Seokjin asks, his tone rather teasing to match the smile that stretches across his lips, and Yoongi scoffs.

“Of course I have parents. I just don’t like them, especially my dad.”

“I guess you don’t want to talk about it?” and Yoongi shakes his head.

“I’d rather not.”

“Okay, that’s fair. And if you need time to think about coming with me, I can give you a few days. They’re not kicking us out of our dorms until Friday so just let me know before then.”

“And if I don’t?”

“Then I’ll take it as a no. No hard feelings, either.”

“Okay. I’ll see you later, I guess.”

“Stay safe.”

“Thanks,” and with that, Yoongi takes his leave, striding out of the cafeteria and leaving the elder omega sitting in their usual booth all by himself.

And even though he tries not to feel too bummed out about it, Seokjin quickly realizes that Yoongi probably isn’t going to take him up on his offer, especially as Tuesday turns into Wednesday and Wednesday morning quickly shifts over into Wednesday night with pretty much a blink of an eye.

But even though they’ve got just a little more than two days left before they had to pack their things up and say goodbye to their dorms and roommates, Seokjin gets up in the middle of packing up a box that’s been stuffed halfway to the top with clothes and decides to go see Yoongi in his dorm, temporarily abandoning his packing efforts to see how the younger omega was doing.

Finals were still going on until Friday but being done early meant he had lots of free time -- two more days -- to pack up his things for when he had to head home for the summer.

He shuts the door to his dorm and makes his way down the stairs, ignoring Namjoon as the alpha calls to him from his room, and doesn’t slow down until he’s made it across campus to the other dorm building that only houses betas and omegas. No alphas were allowed in that dorm but a select few were allowed in Seokjin’s, mainly because the R.A’s in his building were all betas who could
handle a frustrated alpha or two. Given how frustrated Yoongi seemed around alphas, Seokjin figured it was a good thing that the younger omega didn’t have to share breathing space with them anymore than he had to.

Being a music major meant being surrounded mostly by betas and alphas seeking to make a breakthrough in the music industry, hardly ever any omegas since they were all conditioned to become doctors and caretakers.

Thinking of it that way and being an omega himself, what should have just been an off-handed observation suddenly becomes a scathing realization and it stings.

*Is there anything I could have majored in besides nursing?* Seokjin thinks to himself as he heads up the stairs to Yoongi’s dorm, having asked the residence advisor working at the front desk where his dorm room was.

“It’s the door that looks like a Tardis, can’t miss it,” the residence advisor had told him, her voice filled with mirth like it was the most amusing thing she heard all day.

And it turns out she was right, Seokjin thinks as he heads down the hallway in search of a blue door that looks like a police box, finding it to be the only one that stands out to him. Yoongi didn’t seem like a Doctor Who fan but then again, looks could be deceiving especially when it came to the fiery omega he’d gotten to know.

“I really like the decoration,” Seokjin says as he leans against the door, gesturing to the blue tissue paper taped to the door that was complete with windows made from white and blue construction paper and even had a sign that read *Police Telephone -- Free For Public Use* taped right by the handle.

“That was Jinyoung's idea,” Yoongi says rather than ignore him, shoving some more clothes into a box he’s been packing.

“It’s gonna have to come down, right?”

“Yeah but even if we don’t, the RA’s will take it down and throw it away anyways. Jinyoung wants to keep it up for as long as we can.”

“So are you gonna be roommates next semester, too?”

“I dunno, probably. Unless he decides to room with somebody else, that is.”

“Is he nice?”

“Nice enough. He’s a beta so he’s easy to talk to but he’s not overly pushy like alphas, either. He never has heats but he’s accommodating when I go through them.”

“That’s good. He seems like a nice roommate.”

“So did you come here for anything other than making small talk because I’ve still got a lot of shit to pack up and I don’t think I’m gonna finish in time if I keep talking to you.”

“Well, if you’re not doing anything overly important at the moment, do you wanna go out to dinner?”

“Now?” Yoongi asks, sounding almost surprised or like he’s unsure of the meaning behind his request even though there’s no hidden meaning behind it and Seokjin shrugs.
“Or tomorrow. Just anytime before Friday.”

“I already told you that I don’t have any money left.”

“Remember when I said I’d pay? And you can order anything you want.”

“I won’t be able to pay you back, though.”

“You don’t have to,” Seokjin says. “Just consider it as me taking care of you, is all. Kind of how Jinyoung does sometimes, if you get what I’m trying to say.”

“Jinyoung never takes me out to dinner,” Yoongi snorts.

“He should be ashamed of himself.”

“See, if you were an alpha, I’d have kicked your ass for being so persistent let alone have enough balls to keep standing there but since you’re not, I guess I can spare a few hours to go to dinner with you.”

“You should stop getting into fights with alphas, you dummy. They’re bigger and stronger than you and they could put you down in seconds.”

“Tell that to the alpha whose ass I kicked last week,” Yoongi snorts as he climbs to his feet, shutting the door behind him so that nobody walked in and stole anything from his and Jinyoung’s dorm before following Seokjin down the stairs and out of the building.

“Okay, so maybe you won against that guy but you won’t always be so lucky, Yoongi. Or even worse, he might come back seeking revenge and you might not be able to protect yourself.”

“Okay, mom.”

“Very funny.”

“Technically I should be calling you Mom since you more or less propositioned to adopt me.”

“When did I do that?”

“When you asked me if I wanted to live with you in Anyang for the summer.”

“Oh. Right.”

“There you go.”

“But if I’ve adopted you, then you need to obey me.”

“I don’t obey anyone.”

“But I’m your mom and you’re my baby,” Seokjin chuckles as he reaches over to pinch Yoongi’s cheek, the younger hardly offering any protest besides the grumpy glare he shoots his way, “so I expect you to listen to me at least fifty-percent of the time.”

“How about twenty-five percent of the time? Fifty is asking a little too bit much.”

“Okay, deal. You’ll listen to me at least twenty five percent of the time.”

“No promises,” Yoongi snickers.
“Yah!”

As he’s not the one paying for the food, Yoongi allows Seokjin to choose the meal that they would be sharing and for a little while, finds himself fighting against “Mom” after being told that he could order a dish for himself. He tries to stay strong but the prospect of having a big bowl of food just for himself makes the younger omega drool and he gives in pretty quickly by ordering himself a bowl of Pad Thai chicken and shrimp, eyes going wide when his plate finally arrives. Seokjin had ordered a bowl of chicken teriyaki for himself and even though he’s a bit reluctant after having already ordered himself a bowl, Yoongi grabs some chicken from Seokjin’s bowl at the elder omega’s insistence.

“Thanks for buying me dinner, Mom,” Yoongi says after he’s taken a bite out of the teriyaki chicken clutched between his chopsticks, earning him a grin and a playful kick to the knee under the table from the elder omega.

“No need to actually, literally call me Mom,” Seokjin laughs.

“Okay… Mom.”

“Yah, you’re such a brat,” at which Yoongi grins, looking a bit too proud while he munches on his food.

“That’s my middle name.”

“Really? I didn’t notice.”

“I’m sure you did.”

“Hmph, whatever.”

“Mom, you’re setting a bad example.”

“You’re already such a punk that there’s no way I could be a bad example. If anything, you’re the bad example.”

“I don’t think that works,” Yoongi says with a roll of his eyes.

“Lip off to me one more time and you’re going to bed without dessert,” Seokjin threatens but the smile on his face reassures Yoongi that he’s only joking.

“Who said anything about dessert? I doubt we’ll even be able to finish this. I’ll probably have to take this home and eat it for breakfast.”

“Speaking of breakfast, do you still want to come with me to Anyang?” and right away, Seokjin watches as the playful glimmer in Yoongi’s eyes fades and is replaced with something he can’t quite discern, only that it looks so much like guilt and he suddenly wishes he hadn’t brought it up and he wouldn’t have if he knew Yoongi would be uncomfortable with the idea.

“I don’t want to be a burden or to accidentally get in the way.”

“That’s what you’re worried about?”

“It’s a pretty big deal, Seokjin. You’re inviting me into your home but that doesn’t mean I can just walk in like I own the place. That would be disrespectful.”

“Sure, if I hadn’t invited you, it might be but since I’ve asked more than once, I think it’s safe to say you’re not intruding. But if the answer’s no and I’ve just been nagging too much, tell me right now.”
“N-No… you’re not nagging,” Yoongi insists. “Actually, I’m really grateful that you asked and I couldn’t stop thinking about it for the past few days but… if it’s still okay, I’d like to come live with you over the summer.”

“Really? That’s great! And yes, it's okay!”

“On one condition.”

“What?”

“You have to give me at least some chores to do while I’m there so it’s not like I’m completely freeloading off you and your family.”

“You’ve got yourself a deal,” Seokjin says perhaps a bit too excitedly and after a moment of hesitation, Yoongi looks up from his food, locking eyes with the elder omega, and grins so wide that his lips curl back into a gorgeous, gummy grin.

Seokjin can see gratitude present in his honey pools and he already feels a little bit more at ease and not so guilty about feeling like he had been nagging too much and Yoongi seems to share the same sentiments as him.

“Thanks. I really appreciate it. It makes me feel at ease.”

“Make sure you eat up and get lots of sleep once you get back to your dorm,” Seokjin says after they’ve started eating again and Yoongi nods as he slurps up some noodles right from the bowl, “because we’re waking up bright and early tomorrow.”

“Okay, Mom!”

*Looks like this summer is gonna be more interesting than I’d originally anticipated,* Seokjin thinks as he scoops up some rice into his mouth, warmth filling his heart as he watches Yoongi gobble up his food like a little kid.

*But I don’t mind one bit.*
Seokjin hadn’t been kidding when he said they would be up bright and early.

Ever since the elder had come his dorm to wake him up what had to be only a half hour ago, Yoongi had been constantly yawning since then. He figured it was his body’s way of complaining about all the sleep it had lost out on.

The red flannel shirt hanging over the white t-shirt he’s got on underneath was something he threw on last minute because he wanted to hide the fact that he had slept in the ratty shirt and he wasn’t able to find anything better to change into since everything was already packed into boxes and his backpack. It wasn’t even an exaggeration that Seokjin had literally only given him five minutes to get dressed. The tattered skinny jeans hugging his legs further proved that he hardly had any time to compose his wardrobe and even though they were comfortable, they were, at the same time, the ugliest pair of jeans he owned and would soon need to be replaced.

Yoongi hoped he could find a store in Anyang that sold them for a fairly cheap price. That is, he first needed to make some money and he hoped Seokjin’s parents could give him some work or find him a temporary job that would help the numbers in his bank account climb back up.

Seokjin had rushed him so much to the point that he didn’t even get any time to brush his teeth, which was why he was currently chewing on what had to be his tenth breath mint and wishing he had some water or something sweet to wash away the bitter, minty taste lingering on his tongue.

He checks the time on his phone -- it’s currently eight forty-five in the morning -- and even though their bus wasn’t supposed to arrive for another twenty minutes, he had no money for the soda machine located near the ticket and info booth so there was no point in getting up to stare at the pretty bottles sitting just inside the glass when he could do it from where he was seated on an uncomfortable, cold, metal bench next to Seokjin.

“Can you please stop biting on your candy?” said elder snaps. “All I can imagine is your teeth crushing glass. Please stooooop before I lose my mind!”

“Sorry, mom.”

“You see those machines over there?”

Seokjin points to the same two vending machines Yoongi had been staring at, and the younger shrugs.

“Yeah, so?”

“Could you buy me some SunChips and a Sprite? Feel free to buy something for yourself so you can occupy your mouth with something other than those goddamn breath mints,” Seokjin says as he hands Yoongi his wallet.

The younger looks a bit unsure, clearly uneasy about being allowed to have control over somebody else’s wallet, and Seokjin notices this almost immediately, especially since Yoongi hadn’t leapt to his feet to go get them some snacks like he’d anticipated. He could tell just from the pout of the omega’s lip that Yoongi wasn’t on board with spending his money and even looked uncomfortable just from being allowed to hold his wallet. Looking to the younger, Seokjin says,

“Yoongi, it’s not a big deal.”
“It’s your money, Seokjin. I shouldn’t be the one to spend it.”

“Well, I asked you to buy me chips and a drink and I’m letting you get something for yourself.”

“Are you sure it’s okay?”

“It’s just a couple dollars,” Seokjin shrugs. “Like I said before, it’s no big deal so go buy something before our bus arrives. You don’t wanna starve on the road, do you? Anyang might be close to Seoul but it’s also pretty far. And we have to take two buses to get there.”

“Okay, fine,” Yoongi huffs and the elder smugly watches him stumble off towards the vending machines, grateful that it hadn’t taken much effort to convince the younger to do as he asked.

It does take Yoongi forever -- at least, it sure feels that way -- before the omega makes his way back to the bench where they’d been sitting for the past hour or so while waiting for their bus. The time on their tickets had said it was guaranteed to arrive in the station at ten thirty sharp but even with another twenty minutes until boarding time, he still hoped Yoongi would get back in time so they could enjoy their snacks before they had to board the bus. After having eaten barely anything at all this morning, Seokjin wasn't too keen on having to wait a minute longer to gorge on his chips.

“One bag of chips and a soda, as requested.”

“Thanks, Yoongs,” he says as he eagerly takes the bottle of Sprite and bag of SunChips from the younger’s hands, freeing up Yoongi’s hands so he’s now just holding onto the bottle of Coca-Cola and bag of Cheetos he’d chosen for himself.

Once he’s sure there’s no chance that he’ll drop the chips or soda, Seokjin takes back his wallet from Yoongi and pockets it before turning his attention to his snacks.

“What did you call me?” the younger omega asks as he takes a seat next to the elder, Seokjin barely catching what he’d said over the crinkling of his bag of chips and the fizzing from his Sprite.

“Um, I called you Yoongs?”

“That’s not my name.”

“Well, sorry, Yoongi.”

“I don’t wanna seem rude but I just really dislike nicknames, sorry,” the younger grumbles as he tears into his bag of Cheetos, eagerly chowing down on cheesy, crunchy puffs and taking sips of his soda in between.

Deep down, he’s grateful that Seokjin had let him buy something for himself, which was the first thing he’d had all morning that’s been able to successfully kill the dryness in his mouth caused by chewing on one too many breath mints. Despite the semi-awkward silence lingering between them that had left the air around them feeling choked, Yoongi swallows his pride the best he can and says,

“Thanks for letting me buy something.”

“Of course,” Seokjin says as he pops a chip into his mouth, chewing almost daintily.

“No, really, I appreciate it. You didn’t have to but--”

“Well, I wasn’t going to have you sit there and watch me eat. That would be just plain rude of me.”

“T-Thanks again, Mom.”
“Sure thing, kiddo.”

The time to board their bus comes moments after Yoongi finishes his bag of Cheetos, the omega staring longingly at the crumbs sitting in the corners of the otherwise empty bag and wishing that he had some more. There’s no time to grab another bag from the vending machine because their bus is here and just the thought of being on the road for three hours made Yoongi scowl. He hoped the trip would take less than that but estimates posted on the transit website Seokjin had used were usually accurate, meaning that he was doomed to suffer on an empty stomach.

He only hopes the half-full bottle of Coca-Cola sitting in the side pocket of his backpack will be enough to sustain him until they make it to the Sinsa Station. By then, they’ll be halfway to Anyang and will only need to wait for one more bus before finally making it to Seokjin’s home city.

Deep down, Yoongi hopes there are vending machines at the Sinsa Station and that Seokjin is willing to buy him another bag of chips so he doesn’t die of starvation. Chips probably weren’t the healthiest thing to eat but beggars couldn’t be choosers.

“If you don’t mind me asking,” Seokjin says once they’ve finally stepped foot onto the bus, following Yoongi to the back where there’s two available seats to their right, the omegas feeling just a bit frustrated that all the other passengers, most of them lone travelers, had taken up one of the two seats in almost all the rows.

They didn’t want to sit apart, especially since bad company could very easily find an omega who happened to be on his own even if their friend happened to be just a few seats away. Traveling was dangerous and sometimes, just making a quick trip to the convenience store was dangerous unless there was somebody accompanying them. Even then, that wasn’t always foolproof. Omegas like Yoongi, the ones who took no shit, seemed to attract trouble but at the same time, Seokjin couldn’t help but admire the younger for his cutthroat attitude and unapologetic approach to life.

Yoongi was tiny enough that Seokjin was sure he could carry him like a sack of potatoes without ever taking notice to the extra weight but got into more fights than Seokjin could count on two hands.

“What?”

“Why don’t you like nicknames?”

“I don’t like it when people mess up my name.”

“You know, your boyfriend is gonna want to give you all kinds of pet names and nicknames.”

“Well, I don’t have a boyfriend.”

“You might one day.”

“All alphas are disgusting pigs and I don’t ever want to be touched by one.”

“So you consider Namjoon a disgusting pig?”

“Yeah, and especially when he tries to hit on me. I wish he’d hit on you instead.”

“That’s the nicest thing you’ve ever said about Namjoon,” Seokjin chuckles as he puts his bag in the compartment above their heads before doing the same with Yoongi’s, quickly sitting down afterward because he had no idea if another passenger was going to swoop in out of nowhere and steal his seat.
“The hitting on me thing, not about him being a pig.”

If that did happen, Yoongi would probably be the one to fuck them up pretty good but that would probably cause them to get kicked off the bus before the journey even started and Seokjin knew he didn’t have enough money on him to buy another set of tickets for a bus that would take them to Sinsa Station, where they would transfer to another bus that would take them all the way to Anyang. All in all, it meant they would be on the road for two, maybe three hours and Seokjin was sure that the chips they had bought weren’t going to be enough to sustain them until they made it to his house, all of a sudden wishing he’d had the foresight to tell Yoongi to buy more chips.

“Why don’t you just tell him that you want him to fuck you? No point in waiting for him to give you what you want if you don’t take initiative,” Yoongi mumbles, pouting a bit as he looks at something on his phone that’s momentarily got his attention.

“Well, I don’t want just to fuck him. I want him to be my boyfriend.”

“Even if Namjoon was the gentlemanly type, it wouldn’t last.”

“How come?”

“Ninety-nine percent of college relationships are doomed to fail.”

“I’m pretty sure those statistics refer to high school, not college,” Seokjin corrects.

“Either way, the only thing that’s guaranteed is eternal suffering.”

“What makes you say that?”

“The person who you decide to spend the rest of your life with probably won’t even be your soulmate,” Yoongi explains, voice bearing this matter-of-fact tone like what he was talking about was so blatantly obvious and Seokjin was just too naive to understand, “and you’ll live the rest of your life with a hole in your heart because you know your true love is somewhere out there and you’re doomed to live out the rest of your life with some imposter.”

“But what if, by some stroke of luck, you actually find your soulmate? How about that?”

“The odds are slim to none.”

“So by that logic, there's a chance that your soulmate might not even exist?”

“Basically.”

“But what if you meet somebody who comes pretty damn close?”

“There will still always be something about them that's flawed.”

“Humans are flawed, Yoongi. It's in our nature.”

“Flawed or not, it shouldn't be so difficult to find the person who you're destined to be with.”

“What if your soulmate happens to be an omega like you?” Seokjin questions and Yoongi scowls at this, clearly displeased with the question just from the frown that's made his lips turn downward in discontent.

“Don't remind me.”
“You're eventually going to have to accept biology, you know.”

“No, I don't.”

“Yoongi.”

“Just make your point already.”

“Would you be content with having an omega for a mate, especially if they were guaranteed to be your soulmate?”

“I dunno. It's hard imagining myself with another omega. One of us would have to step up and be the alpha, if you get what I'm trying to say.”

“If that were the case, it would probably be you?” Seokjin guesses.

“Most omegas are wimpy anyways.”

“Most omegas don't get into fist fights with every alpha who so much as glances at them.”

“More omegas should. It would teach all those scumbag alphas that they can't just walk over us without expecting some retaliation.”

“So I'm guessing you're not getting together with any alphas anytime soon?”

“I'd rather not.”

“Is it just male alphas that bother you or…”

“I don't like female alphas either.”

“Is there anybody you do like?”

“To be honest, not really. I kind of want to trust male alphas a little more because, well, y'know, I'd like it if I wasn't always the one fighting people off and having a protector would be kind of nice. After a while, it starts to get really tedious always standing up for yourself.”

“But you can't stand letting people walk over you either, huh?”

“The moment I left Daegu, I promised myself not to let anybody control me ever again.”

“I see.”

Seokjin finds himself wishing he could say something more than just “I see” but he knows there's certain things he just shouldn't pry about, like asking Yoongi what he meant when he said he'd never let anybody tell him what to do ever again. He knew the younger didn't mean his professors or the residence advisors who worked shifts in his dorm but besides that, he couldn't really think of who Yoongi was referring to. Perhaps his parents? Seokjin could vaguely recall Yoongi mentioning how he disliked his parents, especially his father, and the elder figured it wasn't typical teenage rebelliousness that made him dislike the man he called 'dad'.

“So what do you want to do when we get to Anyang?” Seokjin asks in hopes of changing the topic to something much lighter than discussing crappy fathers and traumatic childhoods.

“I dunno, never been to Anyang. Can you suggest some things?”
“We can go bowling, eat food at the mall, go see a movie or two, and there’s even a couple of museums. Do any of those things sound fun?”

“Bowling and seeing a movie both sound really nice,” Yoongi hums, “but I’m fine with doing pretty much anything as long as you don’t wake me up before eleven A.M.”

“Okay, that’s what we’ll do. First thing’s first, we’ll catch up on sleep because I can imagine exams have left you feeling worn out.”

“Yeah, that’s true,” Yoongi yawns. “Do you mind if I take a nap?”

“Sure, go ahead. I’ll wake you up when we arrive at the Sinsa Station.”

“Thanks,” and with that, Yoongi shrugs off the red flannel shirt he was wearing over his white t-shirt and drapes it over himself like a blanket.

_Aw, cute_, Seokjin thinks as he watches Yoongi get comfortable in his seat, the omega’s eyes easing closed and his body falling still a few moments later with only the gentle rise and fall of his chest being the movement Seokjin notices once he’s asleep.

Sleeping with one leg pulled up to his chest, arms tucked in against his stomach, and the other on the floor so he remained grounded and didn’t wind up slouching seems really uncomfortable by Seokjin’s standards but Yoongi looked like he was sleeping in the fluffiest bed in the whole world. All Seokjin hoped for was that he’d wake up feeling refreshed and not sore with an awful kink in his neck or even worse, his whole body but miraculously, Yoongi remains asleep throughout the entire trip, undisturbed even when the bus gets a little noisy at times and remaining asleep until their bus finally rolls up into the Sinsa Station.

“Yoongi, wake up,” Seokjin says, choosing to take the time to rouse the omega while all the other passengers scrambled to get their things, all of them bumping into each other (and Seokjin, who was the one seated by the aisle) and in a rush to get out of the bus as soon as possible.

Seokjin understood that they were all desperate to get out of this stuffy vehicle and stretch their legs but he finds he’s near the breaking point, almost wanting to scream at everybody after an alpha who is much older than him purposely hits him with his bag as he pulls it onto his shoulders but instead, he chooses to swallow his rage and focus his efforts on getting Yoongi to open both of his eyes.

“Hey, we made it to the Sinsa Station,” he says as he shakes Yoongi by the shoulders this time and the younger omega grunts, forcing his eyes open because he knows that they have to go but his tired body refuses to cooperate with him.

“No, five more minutes.”

“Time to wake up, Sleeping Beauty. You can continue your nap once we get on our second bus.”

“You’re so mean,” Yoongi grumbles as he stumbles off the bus behind Seokjin, the two omegas being the last ones to get off the bus.

And because they were the last of the passengers from their bus to file into the station, all the seats have been taken by passengers who had been on their bus as well as travelers from another bus that had no doubt arrived by a little earlier to drop more people off. To their chagrin, all the passengers seemed to be waiting for another bus like they were which left Yoongi and Seokjin standing in a corner where it was somewhat quiet and not as crowded.

Twenty-five minutes later, they’ve thankfully boarded their second bus and another hour later, they
finally touch down in Anyang and are picked up by the elder omega’s parents, who warmly greet Yoongi like they’re his own parents and he’s their son.

“Hi, Yoongi, it’s so great to meet you! How are you?” Seokjin’s mother asks once she draws away from the hug she gave the omega, lips curled back into a bright grin and Yoongi finds it in him to smile back.

“I’m doing good and it’s really nice to meet you too.”

“Are you sleepy? You boys have been traveling for over three hours.”

“Seokjin promised it would only be two hours but that was a lie.”

“Hey, I can’t control the way traffic flows,” said omega says with a shrug.

“You’ve got all the time in the world to sleep,” Mr. Kim says and Yoongi can’t help but grin at the thought of curling up under soft, warm blankets until the dark bags under his eyes disappear and he no longer looks like king of the raccoons.

Mr. Kim takes their bags and loads them into the trunk of the car before inviting the boys to get into the car so they could head home. Yoongi climbs into the car on the passenger side of the car and Seokjin comes to sit behind his father, who climbs into the driver’s seat and rolls out into the street. It’s not long before the train station is no longer within view but the ride home proves rather painful, especially for Yoongi since he has no idea where Seokjin’s house is located and he’s feeling awfully antsy, much too exhausted from the long trip just to get to Anyang from Seoul to sit still any longer than he absolutely had to.

By the time Seokjin’s father rolls up into a driveway right next to a rather quaint-looking house that’s two stories high with a gray shingle roof, a white paint-job, and has what’s got to be one of the greenest lawns Yoongi has ever seen.

*I’ve been on the road for five motherfucking hours,* the omega thinks as he hurriedly climbs out of the car, legs singing in relief as he finally gets to stretch them but it does nothing for the frustration he’s feeling by being on the road for so long. *A minute longer and I swear I will fucking murder somebody.*

“This is my house,” Seokjin says as he climbs out of the car over on his side before making his way to the back of the car to get their things out of the trunk.

“Nice place,” Yoongi comments as he slings his backpack onto his shoulders before picking up the box he’d packed and painstakingly carrying it to the doorstep.

“Thanks,” Seokjin says as he comes up behind him with his own box of things under his arm and keys that looked like they went to the front door of the house in his other hand, “I grew up in this house.”

*The apartment I grew up in back in Daegu looked nothing like this,* Yoongi thinks, reminiscing for just a moment about what his own childhood home had looked like.

Rat and cockroach infestations, bad lighting on all the floors, crappy landlords who kept the worst tenants, and taking the fire escape to get to the unit he lived in with his parents because the building was equipped with a broken elevator that was never fixed had been his entire childhood. Seeing this stunning house situated in a neighborhood with lots of similar-looking houses made Yoongi feel more than a little jealous because he’d never gotten to experience living like that, at least not before today.
Now he had a whole summer to see what it was like to live someplace that wasn’t noisy from loud-as-fuck parties constantly being held by alcoholics and druggies or overrun with annoying pests that seemed to multiply every time one of their fellow brethren was killed.

“Is Seokjin home?” somebody calls and Yoongi looks up in time to see a boy come down the stairs who shares similar features to Seokjin, closing off the space between them until he’s close enough to give Seokjin a bro-hug.

“Thanks for opening the door and helping us carry our stuff inside,” Seokjin teases, playfully poking the boy in the side.

“You’re very welcome, kiddo.”

“Yoongi, this is my older brother, Seokjung,” and the beta offers Yoongi a smile that, for once, the omega is able to return and deep down, he knows it’s mostly because Seokjin’s brother is a beta. He can tell just from his scent.

Betas were considered the “sane” ones of their society, arguably the easiest people to get along with, and for the first time in a long time, Yoongi feels comfortable chatting with a stranger. Seokjung looks a lot like Seokjin, Yoongi thinks, feeling rather amused by the observation, but he’s got chubby cheeks and thick rimmed glasses that set him apart from his younger brother just enough. Otherwise, Yoongi thinks he might have even confused Seokjin for his brother and vice versa.

“It’s nice to meet you, Yoongi.”

“Yeah, same here.”

“You’re a first year student, right? Have you chosen your major or are you still taking general ed classes to figure out what you want to do?”

“Music, specifically music production. I haven’t declared my major yet but I’m gonna start taking classes for it in the fall.”

“Oh, that’s cool. I studied engineering at Kyung Hee.”

“And he graduated last year,” Seokjin says proudly but his brother playfully waves him off.

“So what classes are you taking in the fall, Yoongi?”

“Aural Skills III and then tons of classes in applied music: piano, guitar, voice placement, stuff like that.”

“That’s pretty cool! It sounds like you’re on your way to getting all the credits you need. If you ever need any advice about college, you can ask me me anything.”

“I don’t wanna impose--”

“No, don’t worry, Jinnie calls me all the time for advice.”

“Not ‘all the time’, the omega protests. “Just… sometimes.”

“All the time,” Seokjung insists.

“You keep track of how many times I call you during the fall semester,” Seokjin snorts. “I bet you I’ll call you less than twenty times.”
“Twenty times is still a lot, baby bro. Just saying.”

“Yeah, well, who’s counting?”

“I will be.”

“We’ll see about that.”

“So Yoongi, what do you do in an aural skills class?” Seokjung asks Yoongi, directing his attention back to the omega who had started feeling just a little bit ignored -- not that it was Seokjin’s or his brother’s fault.

“It’s mostly about learning to be able to use our sense of hearing to comprehend things like dictation, rhythms, scale degrees, melodies and harmonies,” the omega explains.

“It sounds like you really know your stuff.”

“I was just recalling the course description, is all. I’m not really that great of a musician just yet.”

“Well, if you keep at it, you’ll do great. College is tough but it’s not impossible to graduate so do your best!”

“There’s a reason why he studied engineering and didn’t become a teacher,” Seokjin teases, playfully elbowing his brother in the side who returns the jab with one of his own.

“And Jinnie here is so afraid of public speaking that he decided it would be better to hang out with newborns all day.”

“Yah, I’m not afraid.”

“Any baby who sees your ugly face will shit themselves.”

“Very funny.”

“I thought that was very funny,” Yoongi chuckles, earning him a dirty look from the elder omega and a high five from Seokjung.

“I’ll see you around, Yoongi,” the beta says as he steps out of the house and even though Seokjung can’t see, said omega offers him a smile anyways.

“Your brother seems pretty cool,” Yoongi comments sometime later once said they’ve left Seokjung to go upstairs so they could put their stuff away, the younger’s features ever so stoic in comparison to the giddiness on Seokjin’s face.

“Is it just because he’s a beta?” the elder omega teases.

“Well, it helps.”

“One day you should tell me all about your opinions about betas, alphas, and omegas.”

“Maybe one day.”

“Well, feel free to get settled,” Seokjin says. “Do you want the bed or the couch?”

“Which is more comfortable?” and when Seokjin answers that they’re both about the same, Yoongi goes and sets his things down on the floor by the couch.
“You sure you don’t want the bed?”

“I can sleep pretty much anywhere and I don’t want to take your bed away from you. It just feels a little too awkward for me sleeping in somebody else’s bed, is all.”

“What if that person was somebody you’re in love with?” and Yoongi snorts at this.

“Right, because the last thing I want is to date an alpha who will rape me while I’m asleep.”

“Not all alphas are bad,” Seokjin protests, “and I promise you will never find yourself dating somebody who is such a scumbag.”

“So you’re saying somebody like Namjoon is a good person?”

“He’s not a rapist.”

“How can you be so sure?”

“If he was, don’t you think he would have forced himself on you already?” Seokjin challenges and Yoongi snorts.

“I guess so. Still, I hope he gets together with you at some point. You deserve to be happy and if he’s the one who can give you that, then I hope you get that.”

“Aw, that’s so sweet of you,” Seokjin coos, feeling his cheeks heating up from a mixture of embarrassment and giddiness because, wow, there’s somebody besides himself who wants him to be with Namjoon.

“It’s the truth. And I said that because of you, not because of Namjoon.”

“I still appreciate it.”

“Hey, boys,” Mrs. Kim says as she steps into the room, “dinner will be ready in a few hours.”

“Thanks, Mom.”

“Yoongi, if you’re hungry, you can help yourself to something in the fridge,” Seokjin says once his mom has left and Yoongi nods.

“Thanks, I will.”

Even then, Yoongi doesn’t go downstairs until he’s invited to join Seokjin, his brother, and their parents in the dining room a few hours later, stomach growling obscenely. He feels awfully embarrassed by the grumbling of his belly but he soothes himself with the fact that it’s finally time for dinner. And he can tell something yummy had been prepared just from the smell of cooked meat wafting through the air. Remembering his promise to Seokjin, Yoongi asks the elder where they keep the plates and then starts to set the table.

“Yoongi, you don’t have to,” Mrs. Kim says but the omega insists. “Just sit down and make yourself comfortable, sweetie.”

“I wanna help.”

“Mom, let him. I told him he could if he wanted to.”

“Yoongi, you’re a guest in our house.”
“I just want to help out. It’s the least I can do to show my appreciation for letting me stay in your home for the whole summer.”

Seokjin finds he can’t fight against the grin as he squeezes by to get some silverware from the kitchen, also hoping to help set the table so they could get started with dinner sooner. But just as he closes the drawer that held the silverware, he hears something shatter and a loud shriek of surprise.

“O-oh my gosh I’m so sorry!” Yoongi bawls, burying his face into his hands as he becomes frozen in place amongst the carnage and Seokjin feels something tugging at his heart -- perhaps pity for his upset friend? -- at the sight of the younger’s shoulders shaking as he cries.

“Hey, Yoongi, it’s okay, it’s okay,” Seokjin soothes as he guides Yoongi around the mess strewn about the floor and pulls him into his arms, gently rocking him back and forth in hopes of bringing him some much-needed comfort.

“It’s just a plate, sweetie, it’s okay.”

“I didn’t mean to!” the younger hiccups.

“I know you didn’t,” Seokjin coos as he threads his fingers through Yoongi’s soft hair, blonde tendrils spilling through his fingers as he tries to provide comfort the best he can given how upset Yoongi is.

“Really, I didn’t mean to! Please forgive me!”

“I’m gonna take Yoongi upstairs for a few minutes. You guys can start eating without us.” Seokjin says to his family as he guides the sobbing omega away from the table and up the stairs.

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry…”

“Yoongi, don’t cry,” Seokjin coos as he guides Yoongi into their shared bedroom, sitting the omega down on the couch before hurrying to shut the door so their conversation could remain private. He’s sure that, even if he left the door open, his parents and brother wouldn’t intrude but he didn’t want Yoongi to feel even more uncomfortable.

“I’m just so sorry, I didn’t mean to,” Yoongi rambles. “Please don’t kick me out--”

“I’m not going to kick you out over a plate, silly.”

“Gosh, I had one job and I couldn’t even do that right.”

“Hey, I’ve broken more than my fair share of plates. Don’t beat yourself up over something so minor.”

“B-But,” Yoongi blubbers as his lower lip starts quivering and tears spill from his eyes like water from a broken dam, “I shouldn’t have broken it!”

“So it slipped out of your hands. Who cares?”

“I do.”

“My parents don’t care. My mom’s probably swept it into the trash by now.”

“But it wouldn’t be if I hadn’t been so dumb a-and… and I’ve destroyed your parents’ property and…”
“Hey, Yoongi, just breathe. It’s just a stupid plate, okay? Nobody’s mad.”

“Are you just saying that to make me feel better or do you really mean it?” the younger sniffs.

“I really mean it,” Seokjin insists as he gently brushes away Yoongi’s tears now that they’ve started to slow.

The younger whimpers, leaning into Seokjin’s touch as he allows himself to be comforted even though he can feel his cheeks burning from embarrassment. He feels awfully rigid, back stiff and arms limp in his lap, and being comforted makes him feel more than a little guilty. Being comforted feels awkward since it had been a long time since anybody had ever tried to soothe him and he couldn’t even remember the last time somebody hugged him and told him that everything was going to be alright.

“Are you feeling okay now?” Seokjin asks once Yoongi’s whimpers have faded off into soft sniffling and the younger nods after a few moments of hesitation, head bowed in hopes of hiding his face and the elder ruffles his hair in hopes of bringing him a little more comfort.

“‘m sorry for crying…”

“Don’t be. I understand that you got scared and that’s okay.”

“Still dumb.”

“Well, food always makes me feel better so why don’t we go eat?”

“I’d rather not go downstairs.”

“Well, if it makes you feel more comfortable, I can bring some food up from downstairs and we can eat here.”

“Is that okay?”

“Hey, this won’t be the first time I’ve eaten in my room. Just make yourself comfortable and I’ll be back with food in a few minutes.”

With that, Seokjin leaves the room, shutting the door behind him and leaving Yoongi sitting by himself for a few minutes but as promised, he returns with a large tray bearing a plate of barbequed chicken, two tall glasses filled with lemonade, and two packages with the word Samanco and a dead-eyed cartoon fish printed across the wrapper. Yoongi crawls off the couch that was his bed onto the floor once Seokjin has set the plate down, grabbing one of the two pairs of plastic chopsticks on the tray. He waits until the elder omega has taken the first bite out of a piece of chicken before he starts eating, all the while sparing glances at Seokjin and at the packages of Samanco ice cream on the tray.

“This is really good,” Yoongi mumbles, Seokjin grinning at what he’d said, and continues to eat.

“I’ll tell my mom you enjoyed dinner.”

“She’s a really good cook.”

“My mom taught me how to cook.”

“I wish I knew how to cook.”

“Maybe I can teach you how to cook. We’ve got the whole summer, after all.”
“As long as it’s not ramen,” Yoongi mumbles between a mouthful of chicken, “because I’m absolutely sick of it.”

“You and me both. But don’t worry, I’ll show you how to cook stuff like meat—”

“Like I’ll ever be able to afford it once I return to university.”

“Never hurts to learn, especially if you’re gonna live out the rest of your life as an independent omega who don’t need no alpha.”

“Fair enough.”

Dinner shifts over to dessert once they’ve cleaned off the plate of chicken and by the time they unwrap the ice cream, the omegas find the treats have warmed up just enough to room temperature their teeth don’t ache when they bite into the yummy frozen treat, red bean paste melding perfectly with vanilla ice cream and exploding in a wonderful array of tastes on their tongues. And because it’s been nagging him ever since Yoongi dropped the plate more than an hour ago, Seokjin finds he can no longer keep quiet and he says,

“Do you want to talk about it?”

“Talk about what?”

“Why you cried?”

“I’d rather not. It’s embarrassing.”

“It’s okay. You don’t have to.”

“Do your parents want an explanation?” Yoongi asks warily after tearing off the tail from the ice cream fish with his teeth, chewing almost thoughtfully.

“No, not really. They’re just worried about you, that’s all.”

“You can tell them I’m feeling okay.”

“Okay,” Seokjin says with a bit of uncertainty. “But if you ever want to talk—”

“I said I’m fine,” Yoongi snaps.

“Alright, sorry…”

“If you don’t mind, I want to sleep.”

“Okay,” Seokjin says, not bothering to argue with Yoongi and without another word, he picks up the tray bearing the dirty plate that once held chicken on it after grabbing the ice cream wrappers and carries it downstairs to the kitchen to be washed.

“Is he feeling okay?” his mom asks as he walks into the kitchen, worry etched across her face and Seokjin shrugs.

“Well, for the most part. He won’t talk to me but I’m not gonna push it. He’ll talk to me if and when he decides that he wants to.”

“I’ve raised you right,” and Seokjin grins at the praise, pride clearly apparent in his mom’s voice.
“Do you want me to do the dishes, mom?”

“No, no, you’ve had a long day. Go get some rest, sweetie.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yes, now go. I’ll give you some chores to do tomorrow if you’re so desperate to do housework,” his mom teases, playfully pinching his cheek and Seokjin laughs before stumbling off upstairs to get ready for bed.

He finds Yoongi curled up on the couch like he’d left him a little while ago, shivering just a little bit because he didn’t have a blanket and head pillowed on his arm, and the sight of the younger omega tugs at Seokjin’s heart. He opens up the closet and grabs a blanket from the upper shelf and is about to cover Yoongi with it when something falls from the shelf and hits him over the head. It’s soft, feeling like a pillow, but it turns out to be a stuffed bunny when Seokjin spares a glance down at his feet to see what had fallen from the shelf.

Kids hug their favorite stuffed animal when they’re upset. I wonder if this could make Yoongi feel better, Seokjin wonders as he picks up the bunny off the floor, carrying it over to where the younger was asleep on the couch. He puts the bunny down on the floor by the couch and covers the omega with the blanket in hopes that he’ll feel a little warmer and might be able to get some sleep.

He then grabs a couple of pillows from the top shelf in the closet, bringing those over before lifting Yoongi’s head off the couch cushion. The younger shifts his weight onto his elbows, clearly not as asleep as Seokjin thought, and falls still once both pillows are under his head.

“Hey, Yoongi,” Seokjin whispers as he crouches by the omega’s bedside, ears barely picking up soft sniffles that inform him the younger is still crying, but even after a few moments of prodding, Yoongi still refuses to look up at him.

“Leave me alone.” The younger isn’t asking: he’s making a demand and despite his croaky voice, he still sounds rather menacing, almost like he’s on the verge of punching Seokjin if he doesn’t back off.

“I know you’re still upset so I was wondering if you’d like to cuddle with a stuffed animal for comfort?”

“Are you joking?”

“From a psychological standpoint, it’s healthy for children to cuddle with their favorite stuffed animals because it helps them feel comfortable in unfamiliar situations.”

“Do I look like a fucking newborn to you?”

“I know you’re not but those studies show similar positive effects on adults--”

“Get to your point.”

“And so I think it might help if you cuddled with this bunny,” Seokjin finishes as he holds up the yellow bunny he’d grabbed from his closet for Yoongi to see and instead of rejecting his proposal, the younger simply stares at the stuffed animal in his hands like it’s the most puzzling thing he’s ever seen before.

“If it doesn’t help or you don’t like it, we’ll put this behind us and I’ll never tell anybody.”

“Is that all?”
“And if it does help, you can keep him.”

“Don’t be dumb,” but to Seokjin’s amusement, Yoongi takes the bunny anyways, laying the stuffed animal down on the mattress right next to him so the bunny’s head rested on the pillow -- not that it needed any sort of cushioning to be comfortable when, after all, it was an inanimate object.

“Sleep well,” Seokjin says and then he decides to crawl into bed as well, wanting nothing more than to sleep after the long, eventful day he’s had.

Sleep comes easy since he’s exhausted, having been completely worn out between traveling from Seoul to Anyang at what felt like the buttcrack of dawn (but really wasn’t) and Yoongi’s sudden panic attack, and Seokjin easily sleeps through the night while hoping Yoongi does too. In the morning, he wakes up feeling refreshed and grateful to be back in his own bed after having slept in it for a little more than a month if he counted Easter and Thanksgiving break and spares a quick glance over at Yoongi, who was curled up under a thin sheet with the bunny he’d been given clutched to his chest.

This is the first time I’ve used my knowledge on somebody who’s not a newborn baby, Seokjin muses, feeling rather amused at the thought.

He decides to lay in bed even though he doesn’t feel like going back to sleep, feeling well-rested even after one night of sleep but sometimes that was enough. After all, sleeping in one’s own bed with fluffy covers that smelled like home and being supported by a soft mattress that was familiar with his body had guaranteed a good night’s sleep. He hopes Yoongi also slept well especially after his meltdown last night.

“Good morning,” he hears Yoongi croak from the other side of the room a few hours later and Seokjin smiles before turning over so he could look at his friend.

“Sleep well?” and Yoongi nods.

“I felt better sleeping with the bunny and… I’ve named him Mr. Cinnabun,” Yoongi admits, cheeks becoming colored with a lovely shade of red that resembles the ripest strawberries and he buries his face in the bunny out of embarrassment, and Seokjin smiles.

“He’s all yours.”
While he’s out with Yoongi, the younger having agreed to go see any movie that was currently showing in theaters as long as it wasn’t a romcom, Seokjin gets a call and from none other than Namjoon. As soon as he sees somebody is calling, Yoongi steps off the side to give him some privacy so the elder can take the call and decides to wander a little further ahead of Seokjin while still remaining in his line of sight. It wasn’t that he was a child who wasn’t allowed to venture farther than arm’s reach from his parents but he didn’t know anything about Anyang or even how to get back to Seokjin’s house and just didn’t want to get lost for the next twelve hours in some alleyway or foreign street.

“Hey, what’s up? I wasn’t expecting to hear from you until we got back for the fall semester,” Seokjin says into the phone, not really bothering to conceal the sneer that found its way into his voice the moment he answered the call.

“Yeah, well, I kinda wanted to catch up, is all.”

“Namjoon, class let out for the summer not even a week ago.”

“I know, I know, I just… was just wondering how things were going. I didn’t get to see you off before you left for Anyang.”

“We left first thing in the morning, that’s why.”

“We?” Namjoon questions, sounding utterly confused, and Seokjin spares a quick glance over at where Yoongi is standing further down the street, nose in his phone.

“Yoongi came home with me for the summer.”

“So he’s living with you? I thought he was gonna go back to Daegu for the summer.”

“I guess not since I’m looking at him right now.”

“Really? What are you two doing right now?”

“Gonna go see a movie, probably an action film since Yoongi doesn’t want to see a romcom. Makes him wanna throw up from all the mushiness, y’know?”

“So… if we went together to see a movie, would you want to watch a romcom?”


“No particular reason. I’m just… y’know, asking.”

“I see. Well, you asked and I answered.”

“And listen…”

“I'm listening.”

“I know that Goyang is like an hour and thirty minutes away from Anyang but do you think that we
could maybe hang out together at least once over the summer?”

“What about Yoongi?”

“Yeah, sure, we can go do something together, all three of us, but can we have one day just to ourselves? Y’know, just me and you?”

“What, like a date?” Seokjin asks boldly, unable to resist the urge to tease the alpha and right away, he detects how flustered Namjoon has become, the alpha stuttering over his words as he struggles to maintain the same level of sophistication he’d started the call with.

“Um, sure… let’s call it a date.”

“O-Okay, cool.”

“So do you want to talk more later? I don’t want to keep you from Yoongi,” and Seokjin smiles.

“Okay, sure. We’ll talk later.”

“Sounds great. Bye, Jinnie.”

“B-bye, Namjoon,” and before he can even remove his phone from his ear, he hears a click, signalling that the call has ended.

“Who was that?” Yoongi asks out of curiosity, startling Seokjin a bit because the elder hadn’t expected Yoongi to sneak up on him, and the elder omega breathes out in relief in hopes of relieving the tension in his chest.

“You scared me.”

“Sorry. So, who was that on the phone? Your mom?”

“Uh, no, it was Namjoon,” and Seokjin looks up just in time to see Yoongi make a face, clearly displeased to hear the alpha’s name being mentioned.

“What did he want?” he asks reluctantly.

“Um… well, he called asking if he could come hang out one day,” and Yoongi scowls.

“Count me out. No offense to you, though.”

“No worries, I understand,” Seokjin says reassuringly but deep down, he appreciates what Yoongi told him because it pretty much guarantees that he and Namjoon will be able to hang out together without third-party interferences of any sort.

It wasn’t that he resented Yoongi or was no longer enjoying his company but he figured removing the omega from a situation where Namjoon was involved would help them get to know each other a little better. Thankfully, Yoongi was more than willing to cooperate with him on this. Seokjin only wished Yoongi had a boyfriend because the omega deserved to have somebody in his life who would take care of him. At the very least, Yoongi having a boyfriend would probably put an end to all of the fights the omega would get into with alphas because his alpha, should Yoongi ever find one to his liking, would be able to fight his battles for him.

Or even better, said alpha would be able to keep him out of trouble and thus prevent Yoongi from getting into fistfights that would only get worse as time went on and as alphas got more aggressive. He knew the omega wouldn’t appreciate such a suggestion if he voiced it aloud but what Yoongi
didn’t know certainly wouldn’t hurt him, either.

Seokjin knew that he’d, at the very least, get punched in the shoulder if he told Yoongi that having an alpha would be good for him, which is why he keeps his mouth shut and asks the younger if he’d like to go catch a movie now.

“Yeah, sure. You can pick the movie since you’re paying.”

Even so, Seokjin still makes sure to ask Yoongi for his opinion on the movie he’d decided on while they’re waiting in line at the box office to purchase their tickets and once the younger omega expresses his approval, it’s all Seokjin needs before paying for the tickets to that show once it’s their turn. The time printed on their tickets informs them that the show won’t be starting for another twenty minutes and while they wait, Seokjin figures he might as well buy something from the concession stand and asks Yoongi if he’d like anything.

“Popcorn, I guess,” the omega answers with a shrug.

“Would you be okay with sharing?”

“Yeah, that’s fine.”

Along with an extra-large bucket of popcorn that they were going to share between themselves, Seokjin also orders a large Coca-Cola that comes in a plain styrofoam cup with two straws stabbed into the plastic cap so that they could both have their own straws. He wasn’t really squeamish about the whole “indirect kissing” thing that made first-graders squirm but he also wanted to make sure Yoongi wasn’t uncomfortable, which was why he figured the best course of action was for everyone to have their own straws.

He knew that, if Namjoon were with them, everybody would have their own drinks but thankfully (or maybe not?), the alpha wasn’t present to ruin Yoongi’s mood. Seokjin knows that if Namjoon ever decides to catch a movie with them, perhaps once they’re all back at Kyung Hee for the fall semester, he’ll be stuck sitting between Namjoon and Yoongi because said omega wouldn’t be able to stand sitting next to him for two-something hours let alone even comprehend the thought of it without absolutely losing his fucking mind.

But then again, the so-called “seating arrangement” would work out well in Seokjin’s favor and so, if it ever happened that the three of them went out to see a movie, he wouldn’t mind sitting next to Namjoon and no, it wouldn’t be to preserve Yoongi’s sanity.

He’ll never tell Yoongi that, though. He knew the omega would probably bust a vein or have a heart attack or suffer some other horrible, life-threatening thing if he did and Seokjin didn’t want to be the reason Yoongi died and didn’t graduate college.

“Oh my gosh, that’s so much popcorn,” Seokjin hears the younger gasp as the person working the concession stand sets the bucket on the counter and the elder can’t help but chuckle as he pays for the snacks and drink, handing over exact change so they could go find someplace to sit before all the good seats got taken.

“I heard this is a pretty good movie,” Yoongi comments as they slide into a row situated more towards the very back of the theater where they could see the screen better, the omega’s hands occupied with holding onto the bucket of warm, freshly-popped popcorn and a large soda and even though Yoongi can’t see, Seokjin smiles at what he’d said.

“It’s based off the comics by Hyung Min-woo, or so I’ve heard.”
“I’ve also heard the vampires are scary as shit.”

“So have I. I heard this movie got average reviews but I don’t really care about what critics have to say, to be honest.”

“Same here. As long this movie gives me nightmares for the next week and a half, I’ll be happy,” Yoongi chuckles. “And the critics can all go fuck themselves.”

The movie turns out to be rather entertaining, brimming with so many action scenes that Seokjin was sure Yoongi was more than satisfied with his choice, the elder also feeling rather pleased with the movie he’d picked out. They pass the popcorn bucket between them throughout the movie, narrowly managing to avoid spilling their soda all over the floor more than a couple times, and take turns sipping on ice-cold Coca-Cola. Seokjin is sure they’ve switched straws, drunk from both straws, and have maybe even “indirectly kissed” but Yoongi is clearly too focused on the movie to care and so the elder decides it’s best just to relax, enjoy the movie, and not worry about something as trivial as mixed-up straws.

It’s not going to matter once they finish up the soda and with that, Seokjin takes a rather generous sip, not even bothering to figure out which straw was his, before handing it off to Yoongi once the omega makes grabby hands for it.

“Holy shit, that was intense,” Seokjin gasps once the credits start to roll and he hears Yoongi chuckle, a soft, breathless thing escaping from his chest, beside him.

“My favorite part was where the Priestess crashed her motorcycle into the train,” the younger announces.

“I liked the part when the Priest revealed that Lucy was actually his daughter and not his niece. That was real sweet, I think.”

“Okay, sure,” Yoongi snorts, clearly not on board with the idea and Seokjin pouts.

“I know you hate sappy stuff but I think that was a nice touch for a horror movie.”

“Okay, I guess it was.”

They decide not to sit through the credits and after tossing the now-empty popcorn bucket and soda in the trash, Seokjin suggests they go get ice cream. Although the buttery popcorn they’d shared had been rather tasty, Yoongi agrees to come along anyways since popcorn wasn’t really the most filling treat he’d eaten today -- the bulgogi and fried rice Seokjin had made for them this morning was rather yummy and he feels his toes curling from bliss at the somewhat distant memory -- and follows the elder omega into a somewhat crowded McDonald’s.

“You’re lucky to have such loving parents.”

“You really think so?” Seokjin can’t help but smile and even though they’re currently waiting for their turn to buy soft-serve ice cream, they were almost at the front and he didn’t want to get too distracted.

He hoped to be in-and-out because there were only more people pouring into the fast food restaurant from the entrance and he wanted to get out before the line started going out the door. It wouldn’t be the first time he saw it happen, either. It didn’t look like that would happen, though, since they had already been waiting for a good five minutes or so. Seokjin knew he could be patient, yes, but he knew he wouldn’t be for much longer and he was sure Yoongi was losing his patience as quickly if not quicker.
“Yeah,” Yoongi mumbles, attention ever-so-focused on his phone like whatever was on his screen was more exciting than standing in line for ice cream. “They don’t seem to care that you’re an omega.”

“Don’t be fooled. My mom was a huge nag when I was growing up, especially once she found out I was an omega. She was always making sure I stayed out of trouble and didn’t draw too much attention to myself.”

“You’re pretty well-built. You didn’t think there was a chance that you could be a beta like your brother or maybe even an alpha? You could definitely pass off for one.”

“Somehow, I think everybody in my family knew I wasn’t going to be an alpha even if we hoped for it day and night.”

“What, because you wanted to major in nursing?” Yoongi curses his voice for sounding like a sneer but when he (finally) looks up at Seokjin, he sees the elder omega isn’t at all bothered by his comment and probably didn’t even detect the cruelty in his voice.

“No, it’s because my mom could tell. She’s an omega so she was able to detect the signs pretty easily. She says I developed the same habits she did.”

“Habits?” Yoongi questions.

“Y’know, nesting habits. Before I had my first heat, I grabbed lots of blankets, pillows, and stuffed animals and made a pillow fort. It was a really good pillow fort, too.”

“And your mom also made a pillow fort when she showed as an omega?”

“Well, it was more of a pillow pile than a fort but you get the gist. What did you do when you had your first heat?”

“Um… nothing special. Just, y’know, curled up in my bed and slept. It was my first heat so it didn't hurt.”

“Heats generally aren't supposed to hurt,” Seokjin says, feeling panicked by Yoongi’s response but before he can say anything else, they're called up to the register because it's finally their turn but even while he's fishing for the exact amount of change, Yoongi having been tasked with the responsibility of holding their ice cream cones, he can't ignore what Yoongi had told him.

“We’re still talking about this?”

“Sure, heats make you sex-crazy but they’re not supposed to cause you pain. I remember experiencing a painful heat only once but that was just because I was sick with a fever and my body didn’t like all the things that was happening to it. Normally, pain isn’t supposed to be a factor.”

“Well, maybe it’s different for me, y’know? They say that no two omegas will ever experience the same kind of heat symptoms,” but Seokjin isn’t convinced.

“I guess? But—”

“So what are you and Namjoon gonna do? Anything special?” Yoongi asks in hopes of detracting attention from himself and Seokjin scowls, completely aware of what he was trying to do but he decides to play along just until he can change the topic back to what it had been before Yoongi tried to get all attention away from what he'd said.
“I dunno yet. We’re gonna discuss it later tonight probably.”

“Sounds interesting.” but Yoongi’s indifferent tone says otherwise.

“So what were your heats like?” Seokjin asks, jumping at the chance when he sees a window of opportunity crack itself wide open for him to redirect the conversation to the topic they’d momentarily abandoned and he tries his best to ignore Yoongi when he rolls his eyes at him.

“Terrible.”

“Do you mind me asking how?”

“Yeah, I do but I’ll tell you about them anyways. Might as well.”

“You don’t have to,” Seokjin insists, all of a sudden feeling rather guilty due to the fact that he’s sure he had pressured Yoongi too much and now the younger felt compelled to talk but not of his own free will. Sadly, it looked like there was no going back at this point.

“There’s not much to tell but the reason why my heats always hurt a lot is because my dad would force me to take suppressants.”

“Most parents do. It’s not--”

“Sure, maybe it’s okay if it’s one pill a day but my dad would make me take two or three pills a day even though the instructions on the bottle warned against it,” and Seokjin feels an awful chill shoot through him when his brain registers Yoongi’s words.

“You mean…”

“Uh-huh. My dad would make me take pills like they were candy because he wanted to make sure I didn’t have a scent. I guess you can say he was really disappointed when he found out I was an omega and wanted to do anything he could to change the fact. He compensated by doing everything he could to make me seem like a beta, which was still a better status in his eyes than being an omega.”

“That’s so not fair.”

“I know, but it’s not like I could do anything about it. My brother tried defending me -- you see, he’s a beta and you know that they’re all about defending omegas from shitty alphas -- but even he couldn’t get my dad to, at the very least, tone it down so I was only taking one pill a day.”

“What about your mom?” and Yoongi shakes his head.

“I think she tried but she’s also an alpha and the problem that arises when two alphas get married is that one alpha usually has to submit to the other and guess what, she was the one who gave in. That meant pretty much nothing she said could get my dad to treat me differently even if we all knew she was right.”

“Sorry.”

“Don’t be. It’s not your fault I have a shitty dad.”

“If you don’t mind me asking, how did taking so many suppressants affect your heats?”

“They became irregular and actually going through them hurt like hell. Sometimes I’d go six months without having a heat and then I could go through a period where I’d have heats every single month
or even have two or more heats in the same month. There was no way of knowing when the next one would occur and I still can’t seem to keep track even with all of those heat-tracking apps you can download from the app store.”

“You know… overdosing on suppressants is just as bad as OD’ing on any other drug? And I’m not an expert but experiencing all of those heats is a sign that your body’s trying to tell you something’s wrong,” Seokjin says once they’ve both finished their ice cream and Yoongi rolls his eyes,

“I know but it’s not like I had a choice in the matter.”

“Did you go see a doctor? Yoongi, that could have been dangerous to your health,” but the younger bows his head before letting out a long and drawn-out sigh.

“Anyways, I went to a doctor last semester, right around Halloween but he said that besides therapy that would involve me taking hormone supplements for an undetermined amount of time, there really wasn’t anything they could give me to fix my irregular heat cycles or make them hurt less,” Yoongi explains, eyes downcast at his melting ice cream because he didn’t feel like looking up at Seokjin right now.

“Man, that really sucks,” the elder mumbles lamely.

“Not as much as knowing I’ll probably have a hard time getting pregnant… that is, if I ever decide that I want kids. Not having heats for so long and then suddenly going cold turkey on suppressants wasn’t exactly the best thing to do but I did it anyways because I couldn’t stand shoving another pill down my throat.”

“When did this happen?”

“Back in high school. I told my dad he couldn’t force me to take suppressants anymore and that nobody would be able to force me to take them. He got really mad but there was nothing he could do to stop me.”

“Did he yell?” Seokjin asks and Yoongi nods.

“Yeah, my dad is a real bitch when he gets pissed off but I figured if I was gonna piss him off, I might as well go all the way. I took all of the bottles he kept in the kitchen and dumped them all over the seats and floor of his car. It had to be at least 58-thousand Won of suppressants and I wasted every last pill.”

“And I’m guessing he wasn’t happy to find pills all over his car?”

“He yelled at me for, like, three hours when I told him that I wasn’t going to take suppressants anymore and that there was nothing he could do to stop me and then he grounded me for, like, the rest of the year until I graduated from high school. He probably would have killed me if my mom wasn’t there.”

“He could have killed you with all those suppressants,” Seokjin mootly points out. “That alone would have been enough evidence to get you taken out of your home and placed with foster parents, I think.”

“I considered that,” Yoongi admits, “but I also realized there was a chance that my foster parents could have been even worse people than my father. That, and I was worried I would lose all contact with my mom if I had decided to take that route.”

“I’m still really sorry you had to deal with all that bullshit growing up.”
“Yeah, well… it’s no big deal anymore because my dad doesn’t call so I guess you can say I’ve got some freedom now.”

“At least there’s that.”

“And so now you know why I’m probably the only omega on this planet suffering from painful heats. It probably wasn't what you were expecting to hear, huh?”

“I'm sorry if I made you uncomfortable, Yoongi. I honestly didn't mean to.”

“It's okay,” the younger mumbles. “At least now you won't be shocked if you see me writhing in pain the next time I go into heat.”

“I’ll do my best to help you out if you go into heat while you’re living with me,” and even though the topic of their discussion still feels too grim and somber for smiles, Yoongi doesn’t fight it as his lips quirk up into a tiny grin.

“Thanks. I really appreciate it.”

“No problem.”

Chapter End Notes

Notes:
- 58,000 Won = approximately 50 USD.
- the movie Seokjin and Yoongi watched was “Priest” (2011).
“Are you sure you don’t want to come along?”

“No, thanks. I already said I’m not coming. And besides, I don’t want to get in the way of your attempt to romance Namjoon,” to which Seokjin grins, feeling completely unbothered by the younger’s adorably snippy tone because of what he’d said.

“I’m not really gonna try to romance him.” Seokjin chuckles as he pulls on a clean, blue t-shirt that he finds after sifting through the dress shirts and hoodies he also had hanging on the hooks. “I’m just kind of hoping that we’ll have a good time and he’ll have a good enough day that he’ll want to hang out again.”

“If you want him and you really, really like him, then you should just ask him out. There’s no point in waiting for him to ask you out because that’s how you can lose him, you feel me?”

“I don’t actually want to feel you,” which earns him a dirty look from Yoongi, the younger’s eyes hardening into a glare because he clearly didn’t appreciate Seokjin’s bad attempt at a joke.

“I was just kidding, Yoongi.”

“Hmph, whatever.”

“Hey, learn to lighten up. The world isn’t as bad as you think,” but this only seems to irk Yoongi even more and kills their conversation as a consequence, to Seokjin’s disappointment.

He’s not too bummed out, though, since he’s due to leave the house any minute now so he could catch a bus to the bowling alley where he and Namjoon had agreed to meet up and so those few, lingering moments of silence give him enough time to put some money in his wallet and pocket his phone before he leaves the house. Besides the obvious reason that Yoongi was staying home (meaning that he was looking to avoid Namjoon at any and all costs), he was pretty sure that his next heat was going to hit one of these days and he wanted to avoid going outside.

Seokjin admired him for being responsible and because of that, he’d figure out a way to deal with the younger’s moodiness -- maybe stop by the convenience store near his house on the way home and grab some chocolate or soda? From personal experience, sugar always seemed to help him better whenever his heats were just around the corner -- and even though Yoongi wasn’t all that sure when his heat would happen, Seokjin still figured that any little kind gesture would alleviate his suffering at least a little.

A few minutes later, he feels his phone vibrating and he unlocks it, only to find a text from Namjoon that reads:

[Sent at 10:34 A.M.]

Hey, I just arrived at the bus station. I’m gonna catch a cab and I’ll be at the bowling alley in, like, a half hour?
Seokjin:

[Sent at 10:37 A.M.]

Okay! I’m on my way right now! ;]

Namjoon:

[Sent at 10:43 A.M.]

Awesome! Let’s see who gets there first!

_It’ll probably be me_, Seokjin thinks smugly as he hurries out of the house and to the bus stop that he knew would take him directly to the bowling alley where they’d agreed to meet up. Knowing Namjoon, though, he’ll trip over his own feet at least ten times before he arrives and Seokjin half-expects him to show up with lots of bruises and scratches all over because Namjoon was just too clumsy for his own good.

Seokjin had never brought it up with Yoongi, knowing how sensitive he was about statuses, especially his own, but he always wondered how Namjoon was even an alpha when he didn’t fit the stereotype. Of course, he possessed that bit of pushiness all alphas had to some extent but most alphas also weren’t clumsy like he was. Even Yoongi, an omega who pretended to be an alpha because he felt he had been wronged by biology, wasn’t always tripping over his feet.

Rather, he was tripping people who even happened to look at him the wrong way right into the ground but Seokjin was glad, even with how little they really knew each other, that he and Yoongi were on good terms.

Then again, his status as an omega probably had something to do with it.

Seokjin:

[Sent at 10:48 A.M.]

If you need anything, let me know, okay?

Yoongi:

[Sent at 10:52 A.M.]

Okay.
“Okay to you, too.”

The bus ride to the bowling alley is quiet, thankfully, with no pesky alphas of any kind bothering him, regardless of whether they were on a chivalric quest to woo an omega into their bed or forcibly drag them into a dirty alley to achieve the same end goal -- although Seokjin was confident in his abilities to hand an alpha’s ass to him if needed. When his stop comes up, he climbs to his feet and steps off the bus through the back door before scampering up the street to the entrance of the bowling alley as fast as his long legs could carry him. And in doing so, he so very nearly bumps into Namjoon, alpha and omega narrowly avoiding smacking their heads together as they walked into the bowling alley.

“C’mere, you!” Namjoon shouts as he comes up behind the omega, bringing his arms around Seokjin’s waist for a hug that makes the omega shriek and giggle with joy.

“No, let me go!” Seokjin laughs but even though he pretends to struggle, he doesn’t really try to run away, more than content with being trapped in Namjoon’s embrace and feeling the alpha’s scent all around him, sweet in a way that it leaves his head spinning long after Namjoon has released him.

“It’s so great to see you, Namjoon,” Seokjin says once he’s free, reaching forward to hug the alpha properly and heart skipping happily when he’s met with no resistance.

Even though he would never tell Yoongi about it, knowing the younger would probably roll his eyes, scoff, and gag (most certainly in that exact order), their hug lasts a little longer than friend hugs normally do and Seokjin cherishes every moment of it as if he’ll never ever get another chance to hug Namjoon.

“I wasn’t sure if we’d see each other in the fall so I wanted to hang out while we have time.”

“Admit it: you missed me.”

“Okay, a little.”

“A little? I’m offended,” Seokjin snorts, playfully pinching Namjoon in the side as punishment before his hands are quickly slapped away and the realization hits him hard.

“Oh, my, gosh, you’re ticklish!”

“You’re gonna use that against me, aren’t you?” Namjoon accuses as they walk into the bowling alley together, all the while giving Seokjin the dirtiest stink eye he could muster because he wasn’t going to believe the omega, no matter what came out of his mouth.

“Hmm, maybe. Can’t promise that I won’t.”

“Ugh, you’re a brat.”

“Hey, I’m older than you by two years so if anything, you’re the brat.”

“Okay, I’m the brat.”

“Yes, you are.”

“Allow me to prove myself by beating you in bowling.”

“Okay, cousin, let’s go bowling.”
“You played *Grand Theft Auto 4*, too?” and Seokjin scoffs as he follows Namjoon to the shoe rental desk so they could grab some bowling shoe.

“What else is an overworked nursing student going to do with all that free time we don’t have when there’s lots of homework to do and not enough time to do it?”

“You pretty much described my spring semester to a T.”

“Ugh, it was brutal. I’m just glad it’s over,” Seokjin agrees, standing up once he’s got his bowling shoes tied and seeing that Namjoon was the same, he goes over to the rack nearest him to pick out a bowling ball, the omega settling for a bright pink one with lots of sparkles that gives him a load of confidence he didn’t possess prior to picking it up.

He was sure that this was the one that would bring him victory in today’s game.

“Nice choice,” Namjoon compliments as he sets his ball down on the seat next to him with a soft *thunk*, the omega of the two grinning proudly like he’d just won first place despite not having even started playing yet.

“Won’t be nice for you once I kick your ass,” Seokjin teases, leaping to his feet so he could log them both into the computer, Namjoon quickly striding over to where the omega sat at the keyboard because he wanted to make sure that the elder didn’t put down some stupid name for him like “dickwad”, which he was sure Seokjin would do just for shits and giggles.

“Prince Peach? Cute,” he hears Namjoon comment, Seokjin feeling his cheeks heating up even though he doesn’t know why he’s feeling so embarrassed all of a sudden. If he had to name a reason, it would be Namjoon’s whole presence that bothered him -- in a good way, of course.

“Princess Peach was too long,” he answers sheepishly, removing his hands from the keyboard and watching as Namjoon pressed down on the little buttons so he could also give himself a layer name before they started.

“Rilakkuma? Cute,” and now it’s Namjoon’s turn to blush, the alpha looking pretty flustered.

“I’m just happy it fit,” Namjoon reveals rather sheepishly. “How awkward would it be if it said ‘Rilakk?’”

“I’m sure that you still would have kept it,” Seokjin muses, chest rumbling with laughter because there’s just something so amusing about this awfully innocent side to Namjoon that had been hidden away by stress caused by university, endless mountains of useless homework, and a little by Yoongi, who Seokjin hoped Namjoon still wasn’t after.

The chances of that were pretty good but said omega currently wasn’t here and he hadn’t been mentioned yet so, if he was lucky, Yoongi would remain a forgotten ghost in their conversations.

“Okay, I’m up,” Seokjin says, excitedly leaping to his feet and trudging up to the foul line with his index and middle fingers and thumb tucked into the ball’s grip holes.

He knew some people used their middle and ring fingers to bowl but there was just something about breaking his rather inflexible fingers that sounded far from ideal -- and he knew that he’d never hear the end of it from Yoongi.

_Namjoon’s clumsy and you’re brittle as fuck_, he could imagine the younger telling him while laughing his ass off so hard that he was probably going to suffocate from lack of oxygen. _No wonder you’re a perfect match for each other._
But the way the ball glides down the middle of the lane, hurtling down towards the pins with grace and speed, sends Seokjin leaping for joy as they’re all knocked down in a single strike and has him marching back to where Namjoon sat with a smug, prideful look on his face.

“Try to beat that, Rilakkuma,” he teases the alpha as he passes by, boldly reaching up to ruffle Namjoon’s hair and getting his hand slapped away, which he doesn’t mind since he figures that messing with the clumsy alpha any longer would probably result in getting a bowling ball dropped on his foot and he wanted to avoid that.

“Watch me, Princey,” but Namjoon proves to be all bark and no bite when his ball rolls right into the channel practically from the moment it rolls out onto the lane, the alpha tossing his head back as he groaned.

“You’ve got one more try, Namjoon!” Seokjin calls to him in hopes of being supportive but the smile the alpha directs at him, despite being all dimply and adorable, looks rather forced as he picks up his ball after the machine spits it back out so he could have another go and he winds up knocking down six of the ten pins.

“Hey, good first try.”

“Thanks, Jinnie.”

“Yeah, no problem, Joonie.”

“Hey, you, stop bowling so good!” the alpha whines after the computer logs in Seokjin’s third strike, setting them far apart on the scoreboard and leaving him pouting as the omega takes a seat across from him.

“Sorry, Rilakkuma. I’m just really good at bowling.”

“Hmph, maybe a little too good. Are you sure you really want to be take care of babies for the rest of your life?”

“Meaning what?” Seokjin asks tersely, all of a sudden on the defensive because it sounded like Namjoon was making fun of his major.

“I mean, maybe you should become a professional bowler instead. You keep hitting strikes and spares! I’m not ashamed to admit that I’m a little jealous.”

I stand corrected, the omega thinks sheepishly, quietly breathing out a sigh of relief that he hadn't exploded on Namjoon for no reason.

“T-Thanks…”

“You’re welcome. Wanna go get something to eat?” and when Seokjin agrees, they change out of their bowling shoes and put their bowling balls back.

“Hey, good game,” Seokjin says once they’ve turned in their bowling shoes, from there heading to the food court to grab something to eat since they didn’t feel like heading home yet even though it was slowly getting late.

“It was really fun. You’re really good at bowling.”

“Yeah, well, I try.”
“Kicked my ass, sheesh. Couldn’t you have been more gentle?”

“Nahhh… you just gotta get better at bowling.”

“I want a rematch. Not today since my hand hurts but soon. I bet I could beat you next time.”

“Yeah, sure you will.”

“Bet on it, Princey.”

“Y’know, I think it would be fun to go out with you again. You’re charming, fun, great at bowling,” Namjoon chuckles once they’re seated by the window, snatching a piece of kimchi floating in the bowl of kimchi-guk sitting between them with his chopsticks, earning a bright smile from the omega seated across from him.

“Why, thank you.”

“I guess I didn’t realize it because I was really busy with school but I just think you’re so cool.”

Holy shit, am I dreaming? Somebody pinch me, Kim Namjoon thinks I’m cool!

“Again, thank you. I think you’re super-sweet–”

“Wow, that’s the nicest thing anybody has ever said to me.”

“I bet people usually tell you that you’re clumsy, huh?”

“Yeah, mostly. Being called sweet is a new one but you don’t hear me complaining.”

“Of course you’re sweet!”

“How do you know?”

“Your very obvious obsession with Rilakkuma gave it away,” Seokjin chuckles, his mirthful laughter causing Namjoon to blush a deep shade of pink. “But don’t worry, it’s so damn cute, just like you.”

“Aww, thanks, Princey.”

“Too bad Rilakkuma does nothing for your bowling average.”

“Yeah, too bad.”

“It’s getting kind of late,” Seokjin points out sometime later, climbing to his feet as he slides out of the booth with Namjoon following suit.

“Want me to take you home?”

“Y-Yeah, sure, if you want.”

“Yeah, I’d love to.”

The urge to take Namjoon’s hand as they cross the street over to the other side feels so overwhelming, Seokjin feeling his fingers twitching whenever their hands accidentally brush against each other as they walk side by side to the bus stop and he wants to take his hand so bad. He’s sure Namjoon wouldn’t mind and even with Yoongi’s voice pounding against his head, spewing common sense such as “just take his hand!” and “take initiative! If you really like him as much as
you say you do, you shouldn’t let him get away!” but the fear of rejection wins out in the end. He dejectedly climbs onto the bus when it arrives a few, short moments later with Namjoon close behind him and after they both pay for their fares, they head towards the back of the bus and come to stand by the back door.

All of the seats were taken, either occupied by two people sitting together or by one person who decided they’d rather occupy the outer seat while leaving the window seat empty but they choose not to argue because they didn’t want either one of them to be left standing while the other one sat. But at the same time, standing by the back door leaves little space between them and thanks to the cold air circulating through the bus, allows Seokjin to breathe in Namjoon’s scent without having to “act cool” as he killed the space between them, pretending to move to stand beside Namjoon so that if the other passengers happened to want to get off the bus, they would have room.

Namjoon doesn’t question him, to Seokjin’s relief, and he tightens his grip on the vertical yellow pole he was holding onto so, should the bus make a sudden stop, he wouldn’t fall flat on his face. That, and if Namjoon tripped or lost his balance, Seokjin hoped to be his saving grace.

Being so close to the alpha allows him to effortlessly breathe him in, Namjoon’s scent practically dancing on his nostrils like two lovers dancing the tango. It’s so sharp compared to the other scents wafting through the air that were both dull and fresh, Namjoon smelling like tart, sour lemons and sweet strawberries covered in sugar, both scents making Seokjin’s mouth water more than he’d ever want to admit.

And if he were so bold, he would have liked to lean in and press kisses to Namjoon’s neck, perhaps even leaving behind a few hickeys so everybody knew the alpha was his.

But he’s not mine, he thinks sadly. Yoongi’s right, I should ask him out but… not today. The timing doesn’t feel right.

He knew Yoongi would have rolled his eyes if he were present but thankfully, the young spitfire he’d befriended was currently at home, waiting for his heat to hit him, and was in no position to be giving him advice.

Soon, I’ll ask him out soon, Seokjin tells himself as he practically leaps off the bus and leads Namjoon up the street to his house and into his yard, not bothering to shut the gate because Namjoon was going to leave anyways.

“I can’t come in?” the alpha pouts when Seokjin stops him with a hand pressed to his chest just before he’s about to suggest that they go inside and the elder shakes his head, though not as regretfully as he might have felt were there not an omega soon-to-be-in-heat holed up in his bedroom upstairs.

“Nope, sorry.”

“But we had fun today, didn’t we?”

“We did,” Seokjin snorts, “but I don’t think Yoongi would take too kindly to your scent. And I think it would be best if we hung out elsewhere.”

“So my house would be okay but yours isn’t?”

“Yeah, pretty much.”

“Man, Yoongi’s such a cockblock,” Namjoon complains and now it’s Seokjin’s turn to roll his eyes even though deep down, Namjoon was sort of correct.
Even though he finds himself agreeing to what Namjoon said, in playfulness, of course, Seokjin still refuses to let Namjoon inside because Yoongi’s safety and peace of mind was more important and no alpha, not even the one he wanted to call his so desperately, was worth ruining friendships for. There was that whole “bros before hoes” thing that seemed to apply pretty well in this situation and Seokjin knew that the last thing he needed was for Yoongi to give him the cold shoulder for the rest of the summer for having brought an unmated alpha into a home where an omega was about to go into heat.

Yoongi had enough to worry about and Seokjin had no plans of bombarding him with extra, unneeded stress, especially if he could do something to help him avoid it. However, he didn’t see in any harm in sitting on the porch and chatting with Namjoon.

“So are you nervous for the fall semester?”

“Ah-ah, no talking about school,” Seokjin scolds playfully. “Finals just ended and I’m not in any mood to think about schoolwork right now.”

“Fair enough. So… how’s life?”

“I’m feeling super relaxed, y’know? Even though it just started, I’ve been enjoying my summer and I went bowling today.”

“Oh, yeah? Did you have fun?”

“Uh-huh, I had lots of fun.”

“Did you go with anybody? I bet they let you win, eh?”

“No way, he didn’t let me win but I sure had lots of fun kicking his ass. He was super cool about it, though, and--”

“Super cool, huh? I’m glad you think so highly of me.” Namjoon chuckles, playfully punching the omega in the side, though nowhere near hard enough to hurt him or even leave behind bruises.

“I do, I really do.”

“I really hope we can go out again. Maybe out to dinner? I know a nice place in Goyang that has really good food.”

“Yeah, that sounds really nice.”

“So we’re going to hang out in Goyang next?”

“If you like?”

“Y-Yeah, that sounds nice. We can talk about it more later.”

“Yeah, sure. I’ll call you tomorrow. And I guess I’ll see you later.” Namjoon says, voice low like he was afraid of shattering the comfortable silence that had fallen over them and Seokjin offers a nod, leaning in to kiss Namjoon’s cheek.

What’s even better is that Namjoon offers him no resistance nor does he try to run away, merely grinning wide enough that he’s showing teeth and that adorable dimple of his is showing, the apples of his cheeks colored an adorable shade of red that made the alpha appear almost boyish.
“Y-Yeah, see you later.”

“Have a good night, Princey,” and with that, they part ways, Namjoon making his way off the property and Seokjin stumbling into the house as calmly as he could but the second the door shuts behind him, he leaps for joy, arms over his head as he punches at the air and whisper-shouts “yes-yes-yes!” in celebration.

“Yoongi, I know you don’t want to hear about it but I think my date went really well!” Seokjin babbles as he dashes into their shared bedroom but he’s interrupted by Yoongi groaning out, “Fuck, you smell awful!” and the elder pales a bit when his nose picks up the thick, heady scent that hung over the room like a bottle of perfume had exploded. He figures Yoongi is almost in heat, which accounts for his scent and agitation, and goes over to the closet so he can change out of the clothes he’d worn to the bowling alley.

“That’s what happens when you hang out with Namjoon,” the elder responds, sounding far too amused for Yoongi’s liking.

“Fuck, please just hurry up and take a shower!”

“Yoongi, what’s wrong? You’re never this--”

“I’m in heat!”

“Oh,” is all Seokjin can say and he kicks himself for not noticing the signs earlier, apologizing to the younger omega as he scrambles out of the room and into the bathroom so he can, at the very least, do Yoongi a favor and get rid of Namjoon’s scent before he burst a blood vessel or something awful like that.

But rather than leap into the shower right away, Seokjin lingers in the bathroom for a few moments, mostly so he could breathe in what remained of Namjoon’s scent on his clothes, mostly just a hint of strawberries and lemon hanging to the fabric but still strong enough that he nearly moans at how good Namjoon smells. He doesn’t know how Yoongi doesn’t see it but at least he didn’t have to consider the younger as competition to gaining Namjoon’s affections.

Yoongi:

[Sent at 6:43 P.M.]

I think my heat has started early…

Whoops, Seokjin thinks sheepishly as he realizes that he hadn’t checked his messages when he probably should have, feeling just a tiny bit guilty that he’d brushed Yoongi off -- without meaning to, of course.

He makes a note to himself -- and in the memo app on his phone -- to go to the store tomorrow and buy Yoongi some snacks and chocolate so he could apologize to the poor omega for having
forgotten about him while also giving him something to ease his suffering. And as the need arose, Seokjin would also go out to refill the younger’s snack pile until his heat was over. Hopefully, Yoongi would find himself an alpha to his liking who could make heats pleasurable rather than something he had to dread. At the very least, coming to associate heats with sex would make it a lot easier on Yoongi but Seokjin also knew Yoongi wouldn’t have an easy time finding an alpha who actually suited him.

But then again, maybe the wait would be worth it? Seokjin sure hoped so.

As for himself, he tugs off his clothes but rather than toss his shirt in the hamper, he decides to hold onto it and hangs it over the towel rack so he didn’t forget about it. He figures it would be a waste to lose Namjoon’s scent come laundry day and not knowing when would be the next time they’d get to hang out, he wanted to hold onto the alpha’s scent as long as he could, although he wouldn’t mind it if there was a perfume or cologne that smelled just like Namjoon.

_Yoongi would surely gag,_ Seokjin thinks, feeling rather amused at the thought of the omega doing everything in his power to get rid of the hypothetical bottle of Namjoon-scented perfume before it made his nose bleed or even worse.

_But I wouldn’t mind… maybe I should see if I can find a lemon and strawberry bath bomb._

He feels awfully grateful for the warmth cascading from the shower head, the water calming his stuttering heart enough that it no longer felt as if it was trying to claw its way out of his chest from excitement. The warmth of the water helps him mellow down a little, enough that he was sure he wouldn’t be restless once he went to bed but he knew for a fact that he wouldn’t be able to fall asleep tonight -- or at least, his dreams would be filled with thoughts of Namjoon.

**Namjoon:**

[Sent at 9:42 P.M.]

I had fun today ( ´ω´ )

**Seokjin:**

[Sent at 9:51 P.M.]

Me too! :)

“So how’d your date go?” Yoongi asks him once he’s stepped back into their bedroom, dressed for bed and hair mostly dry save for a bit of dampness.

“It was great, I had a lot of fun,” Seokjin answers, heart skipping a beat at the word “date” but he knew that Yoongi didn’t really care for the details, as evidenced by the younger’s curt “good” before he falls silent once more, no doubt trying his hardest not to rut against the pillows that Seokjin could clearly see underneath the thin sheet Yoongi had covered himself with.
He had no problems with Yoongi doing whatever he needed to do but once his heat was over, it would be the younger’s responsibility to do damage control in any way he saw fit. If needed, Seokjin would provide the matches and gasoline.

“Good,” he hears the younger grumble as he crawls under the covers, causing Seokjin to look up at Yoongi, who looked far from impressed curled up on the couch while talking about Namjoon of all people.

“I guess you don’t want me to dish on the details, huh?”

“I’m glad your date went well,” Yoongi says with a roll of his eyes. “And good thing, too. I guess Namjoon knew I was serious.”

“What do you mean?”

“Right after you left the house, I sent him a text saying that if he didn’t treat you well, I would kill him.”

“Well, then,” Seokjin mumbles, pursing his lips in thought as he pondered what he ought to say to Yoongi or rather, if he should even say anything at all.

“You’re welcome,” and then their conversation gets cut off when Seokjin’s phone sounds off with another notification, announcing to them both that he had a new text message and after silencing his phone to prevent it from disturbing Yoongi from sleep should Namjoon send him more texts.

**Namjoon:**

[Sent at 10:02 P.M.]

Do you think we could hang out again someday?

**Seokjin:**

[Sent at 10:13 P.M.]

Yeah, that would be really nice~ :)

[Sent at 10:13 P.M.]

Maybe we can hang out in Goyang next time?

**Namjoon:**

[Sent at 10:15 P.M.]

Yeah, definitely! Wanna talk about it tomorrow, maybe?
Seokjin:

[Sent at 10:15 P.M.]

Of course. :)
It’s been a few days but Yoongi is still in heat, something Seokjin could tell just from how red the younger’s cheeks were, appearing as if strawberries or perhaps roses had bloomed beneath his skin, but he looked less irritable than he had been compared to yesterday but until his heat officially ended, Seokjin had no plans of doing anything to piss Yoongi off. He was sure that it would take a lot to irritate the younger, at least when he was involved, but he felt somewhat worried that even bringing Namjoon up would be enough to send him into a raging frenzy.

“Hey, I need to ask you something,” but he decides to go forward anyways since there was also something on his mind that needed addressing.

“Ask away,” Yoongi hums without much protest, indicating to Seokjin that he’s probably nearing the end of his heat and certainly explains why he’d suddenly become mellow in comparison to a couple days ago when just the lingering scent of Namjoon on one of his t-shirts was enough to rile him up into a frenzy.

“Why did you send Namjoon that text? Y’know, the one where you said you’d kill him if he wasn’t nice to me?”

“The reason why isn’t obvious?” Yoongi chuckles low in his throat and although he doesn't know the reason why, Seokjin feels his cheeks burning hot from embarrassment but if the younger notices, he doesn’t give any indication. He shakes his head in response to Yoongi’s question, which he hopes wasn’t rhetorical, and pouts a bit when the younger laughs much louder this time.

“No? Okay, here’s why: I care about you -- in a brotherly sort of way, I guess you could say -- and I wanted to make sure Namjoon didn’t do anything to upset you. I was hoping your date would go well, for your sake. I hate Namjoon with a burning passion but that doesn’t mean I won’t support you if Namjoon’s the one you want.”

“Are you sure you didn’t scare him off with that text?”

“If he got scared off because of that, then he doesn’t deserve to be your alpha. I expect him to be capable of protecting you, as sexist as that is.”

“Why’s that sexist?”

“Omegas are raised to believe that the only way they can be safe from alphas is if they let another alpha protect them and I think that’s pretty sexist.”

“Yeah, I guess you’re sorta right. But y’know, being protected by an alpha is kind of romantic.”

“Sheesh, how many times did you watch The Notebook, anyways?”

“My point is, being protected by an alpha means you’re lucky enough to have somebody who loves you and is willing to get their ass kicked for your sake.”

“That sounds stupid.”

“It’s not stupid!”

“Yes, it is!”
“Okay, explain to me why that’s stupid.”

“You’re telling me that you’d be willing to trust somebody with your life? Like, literally with your life? And you wouldn’t question their ability to protect you or save you from getting hurt?”

“I actually would. Wouldn’t you?”

“How do you know that person will always be there to take care of you? Or assuming that you’re destined to stay together forever with this person who loves you unconditionally, do you always let them take beatings for your sake? That’s also pretty selfish, if you ask me.”

“I guess I see your point…”

“I’d rather not burden anybody like that,” Yoongi admits after a few moments, painstakingly sitting up so he could comfortably look Seokjin in the eye without straining his neck or vision, the elder omega feeling more than grateful for the fact that the younger had boxers on and also had the decency of covering his lap with the nearby blanket.

“What if your future alpha doesn’t consider your problems a burden?”

“Oh, he probably will,” the younger snorts. “Who wants to sleep with an omega who goes through painful heats? I don’t even know if I’d be able to handle an alpha knot if my heats are always going to hurt this much. It just sounds so painful… and I can only imagine how much worse getting knotted would feel with the way I am.”

“There’s somebody out there for you, Yoongi. Somebody who’s sweet and charismatic and will genuinely care about you.”

“I’ll believe that when I see it.”

“And I’m telling you that you’ll find somebody one day who will be exactly to your liking.”

“What, do you have the address to a Build-A-Boyfriend facility because that would be lovely. I’d like to order an alpha who’s a little shorter than me, has lots of money, a big dick, and won’t rape me in my sleep because he’s feeling horny.”

“What about somebody who will take care of you? Kiss you, hold you, tell you that he loves you no matter what?”

“Eh, I think that might be asking too much. I think you’ve got that going for you, though. You got another date with your sugar daddy?”

“He’s not my sugar daddy! That would mean he’d be rich enough to buy me lots of gifts and we’d have lots of sex all the time.”

“Namjoon can’t provide neither of those things, either, I’m guessing? Man, of all the alphas you had to fall in love with, you picked the one guy with an empty wallet and erectile dysfunction.”

“Yoongi, that was really mean!” and the younger flashes him a naughty grin that certainly irks the elder and makes him realize that Yoongi was more than a little bit of a jerk while in heat -- and perhaps even while he wasn’t in heat.

“So are you seeing him again today?” the younger questions, this time out of sincere interest as he gestures to the elder’s getup.
Similar to when he’d gotten all dolled up to go bowling, Seokjin was dressed in a plain black tank top and matching basketball shorts with a white stripe running down the seam. And with no sleeves to hide his arms, Yoongi couldn’t help but not feel jealous at how toned Seokjin was despite the slight chubbiness in his cheeks. His sculpted arms and prominent collarbones reminded Yoongi of bodybuilders -- except Seokjin looked so much better than any testosterone-junkie, protein powder-obsessed weight lifter with too much muscle. The elder possessed features that he was jealous of, body perfectly proportionate even though he ate rich food (that he often cooked himself) that could even put world-class chefs to shame -- and in Yoongi’s case, helped him put on some much-undesired weight.

“Yeah, we’re going to a park and we might get some ice cream.”

“Ooh, fancy.”

“Oh, I can tell that you weren’t even trying not be sarcastic,” Seokjin snorts, Yoongi playfully sticking his tongue out at him in response.

“I hope you have a good time,” Yoongi says and when Seokin gives him a hard look, the elder’s eyes narrowing suspiciously because he couldn’t tell if the younger was being sarcastic. “And I mean that. I really do hope you have a good time.”

“Y’know, sometimes I can’t tell if you’re listening to the devil on your shoulder or the angel. Unless you are a devil.”

“I’ll take that as a compliment, Jinnie.”

“I didn’t intend it as such but okay.”

“Isn’t Namjoon expecting you?”

“Actually, I’m going to Goyang. I’ll be back before dark, I promise.”

“I’m not worried,” Yoongi scoffs. “Namjoon seems remotely reliable. At least I can trust him to be gentlemanly towards you. And who knows? Maybe he’ll even let you sleep over at his place if you lose track of time.”

“Ha ha, very funny,” Seokjin laughs sarcastically. “Okay, I’ll see you later, mini-Satan,”

“Bye, Mom. Make sure you use protection so Daddy doesn’t get you pregnant,” and Seokjin feels so grateful that he hadn’t yet left the room because he was more than sure he would have tripped and tumbled right down the stairs just from hearing Yoongi say what he did.

“My dear child,” he says lowly whilst glaring at the omega sitting on the couch through squinted eyes. “I am going to leave to go on my date now and when I return later tonight, I’m going to beat your ass.”

“You don’t have the balls.”

“Literally speaking, neither do you,” which causes Yoongi to roll his eyes and scoff.

Seokjin almost expects Yoongi to get angry, knowing how sensitive he was about his omega status and certainly disliked the all-too-frequent and incredibly annoying jabs about a lack of equipment that alphas often liked to point out, as if their nature-given, baby-making abilities were a defining feature to be proud of, but the younger cocks his head to the side and with a sunny, gummy grin flashed his way, Yoongi says,
“I’ll show you mine if you show me yours.”

“Okay, now I’m really going. And please, for my family’s sake, keep your clothes on if you decide to leave the room.”

“Too late,” Yoongi snorts. “Clearly, you can see that I’m not wearing anything besides this blanket.”

“Okay, seriously, goodbye, Satan. Goodbye.”

All he hears from Yoongi as he stomps down the stairs is laughter, the younger’s chuckles following after him until he shuts the front door behind him. Even once he gets off at his stop and hurries into the bus station, somehow managing to find an empty seat by an old woman while he waited for the bus going outbound to Goyang to start boarding passengers, he’s sure Yoongi is laughing at him despite them being miles apart. As much as he genuinely loved Yoongi -- platonically, of course -- and sympathized with his plights and even tried to see the reasoning behind his mindset and way of living, there was just something so insufferable about the younger omega that left Seokjin wanting so desperately to slap him every time he made some kind of smart aleck comment despite the fact that he was usually half-right about most things.

It was his complete lack of concern for anybody else's feelings that left Seokjin stunned half the time at how outspoken Yoongi was. He would tone it down at dinner out of respect for his parents and brother but the second they got back upstairs to their shared bedroom, Yoongi’s razor-sharp tongue would start running at a million miles an hour, spitting out all his pent-up rage against the world.

But now, there’s no rage.

The only thing Seokjin feels as he climbs off the bus and heads into the station, heart hammering against his ribcage as he comes to wrap his head around the fact that he had finally arrived in Goyang. And if his memory served him correctly, Namjoon had said he would be waiting for him here.

“Behind you, princey.”

Seokjin whirls around so quickly that Namjoon feels the breath get knocked out of his lungs -- in a good way -- when the omega throws his arms around his shoulders for a hug, lavender and cinnamon flooding his nose and leaving him feeling much too lightheaded for his liking. But at the same time, he didn’t want to let Seokjin go, wanting to keep his arms around the omega forever, all so he could appreciate his scent and feel lavender melding with cinnamon on his nostrils.

“It’s so nice to see you again!”

“So you missed me, too?” Namjoon asks once they’ve let each other go, thick lips stretched back into a devilish grin that showcased that little dimple Seokjin loved more than anything in the world.

“Yeah, I guess I did.”

“You guess?” he teases, earning a playful punch to the shoulder that doesn’t really hurt that much.

“I’m super-glad to see you, brat.”

“That’s better. C’mon, this way,” and grabbing Seokjin’s hand, Namjoon leads the omega out of the bus station and down the street away from all the chaos, comfortable silence falling over them in place of the noisy bus station and its rude, impatient passengers.

“So how’s life been since we last saw each other a week ago, princey?”
“Yoongi’s still in heat and being more of a pain in the ass than usual. I swear, I think he’s becoming the devil or something. And when I told him that, he actually took it as a compliment.”

“Okay, let me get this straight,” Namjoon laughs as he leads Seokjin down the street, alpha and omega passing by countless businesses -- everything from convenience stores, a bar, a barber shop, and even a grocery store with lots of ripe fruit sitting out on the fruit stands -- on their way to the park, “you called Yoongi Satan?”

“Yep, that’s what I did. Wouldn’t you? He’s a real devil sometimes!”

“Who would have thought it took you two whole months to realize that?”

“Hey, that’s mean,” Seokjin pouts, playfully punching Namjoon in the shoulder as punishment for what he said.

“Just saying what I think, princey.”

“So you think I’m slow?”

“No way! I didn’t say that, princey!”

“Hmph, you implied it, you brat.”

“Sorry,” Namjoon apologizes. And then, turning around so he could lock gazes with Seokjin, unwavering as he held eye contact and making the omega’s heart pound with something he couldn’t quite figure out. “Can I make it up to you somehow? Perhaps with… a watermelon?”

At the mention of said fruit, he points to a nearby fruit stand bearing lots of watermelons of varying sizes, colors, and varieties. Among them is a giant watermelon with a green core and Namjoon even pats it, almost as if he was trying to make it look even more appealing than it already was. And the more he stared at it, the more that Seokjin couldn’t ignore the way his mouth watered for the yummy fruit.

“Yeah, sure, why not?”

“Pick your favorite.”

“Can I have this one?” he asks, pointing to a particularly large, dark green watermelon near Namjoon’s hand and the alpha responds with a quick “yeah” before grabbing it and carrying it inside the supermarket to pay for it, quickly returning with the yummy fruit cradled to his chest like he was afraid of dropping it.

And out of concern for the safety of the watermelon, Seokjin takes it from him so that Namjoon didn’t trip and accidentally drop it because the last thing he wanted was to see pink chunks of fruit splattered across the sidewalk like a brain that exploded. Namjoon offers no protests towards him carrying the watermelon and together, they continue down the sidewalk until they come across a park, where they go rather than heading to Namjoon’s house like they’d originally planned -- not that either of them minded.

“C’mon, up here!” Namjoon shouts as he dashes over to the playground, scrambling up the steps until he makes it to the top, taking a seat under the roof that was shaped like a wizard’s tower, Seokjin joining him a few moments later.

“I feel like Rapunzel,” Seokjin chuckles, gesturing up at the pink, plastic roof above their heads, with Namjoon laughing along with him.
“So does that make me Flynn Rider?”

“Technically, your name would be Eugene Fitzherbert,” and this prompts Namjoon to frown, the alpha looking somewhat displeased with the information he'd been given.

“But ‘Flynn Rider’ sounds so much cooler!”

“Well, Eugene got the girl in the end so I'm sure you will, too, Kim Namjoon.”

“You really think so?”

There’s something about Namjoon’s voice when he says that, something between hopefulness and pure shyness, almost like the bold side to him had been stripped away and all that remained of the jokester alpha Seokjin loved so much was a shy boy who looked -- and no doubt felt -- uncertain about the future, especially about what was in store for his love life.

And if he was being truly honest, Seokjin felt the same way.

Only time would tell if they truly were meant to be together or if the stars just weren't going to align in their favor.

In hopes of distracting himself from the nasty thoughts that threatened to drown him in insecurities and leave him struggling to hold back tears, Seokjin shifts to his knees and withdraws the pocketknife from his pocket, Namjoon immediately scrambling backwards in an attempt to put some distance between himself and the (thankfully sheathed) blade in Seokjin's hand.

And it really doesn't take long before said omega takes notice to the terrified look on Namjoon's face, with Seokjin chuckling out,

“Relax, Joonie. I'm not going to hurt you.”

“You just whipped that thing out! I didn't even know you had a knife!”

“Relax, it's just for protection.”

“You sure you know what you're doing?” comes the nervous question and Seokjin flashes Namjoon what he hopes is a reassuring smile to soothe his worries, opening the pocket knife so he could cut the melon.

“Of course I know what I'm doing,” he huffs as he successfully cuts the fruit down the middle, handing one half to Namjoon and placing the other half in his own once he was comfortably settled.

Rather than cut slices for them, a feat he wasn't sure his pocket knife could handle, Seokjin positions the blade downward and cuts around the pink fruit to separate it from the core and then cuts it into smaller cubes for easier eating. It was definitely less work than cutting individual slices-- and the core would serve as a “bowl” for protecting the delectable parts from getting contaminated by the no-doubt dirty and germ-ridden playground -- and once he's done cutting, Seokjin trades watermelon halves with Namjoon and cuts up the fruit for himself, afterwards wiping off the blade on his shorts before pocketing it for safekeeping.

“School’s going to be starting again soon,” Namjoon says in between greedy bites of yummy watermelon and looking absolutely adorable with the way his eyes shimmered, most definitely out of excitement for the future. It was something Seokjin was also excited for, especially if it meant having more opportunities to see Namjoon without having to sit on a bus or pay for somewhat pricey fares that didn't feel so worth it even if it meant seeing his favorite alpha in the whole wide world.
“Are you nervous? Y’know, we're gonna be sophomores and we basically have two years left before we graduate, if you don't count our second year.”

“Not really. I think I'm excited, more than anything,” and Seokjin can't help but smile along with Namjoon as he comes to realize that they had a lot to look forward to.

“It should be an interesting year.” Namjoon hums, sounding rather pleased with the thought of what was to come.

“I can't wait.”
“Moving day is always the worst,” Yoongi mumbles as he and Seokjin head down the hallway to their respective rooms, having requested that they, at the very least, be placed in the same building.

The last thing either of them wanted was to have to run across campus in the early hours of the morning so they could get the other’s attention -- texting wasn’t always foolproof, especially if one of them happened to be so knocked out that not even an earthquake could wake them up -- and risk getting chased by no-good alphas with ill intentions. It was only a miracle that their requests had been taken into consideration and that they’d been placed in the same building but Seokjin figured their rather fortunate stroke of luck had to do with the fact that they requested to live in beta/omega housing and being omegas themselves and because of that, they couldn’t be denied.

Now, if Namjoon put in a request to live in the beta/omega dorm, his application would have been thrown in the trash without so much as a second glance at anything besides his status, which was the only thing the university cared about when sorting people into the beta/omega-only dorm.

“How so?”

“It’s right before all the freshmen come in with their crying mothers and awkward, uncomfortable fathers who just want to go home so they can enjoy the silence now that their little brat is out of the house. I’m glad my parents hated me enough that they didn’t put me through that.”

“I guess you have a point.”

“Out of curiosity, what did your parents do?”

“My brother was the one who helped me move in,” Seokjin answers as he sets down the box he’s carrying to allow himself a few moments’ rest since he’d carried it across campus, up several flights of stairs, and down the hallway, and now his back ached.

“Huh, so it worked out well for you.”

“I guess. Seokjung was pretty chill about it--”

“So he didn’t heckle you or anything? He seems like the type to pull pranks.”

“Yeah, normally, he does,” Seokjin chuckles, “but he knew what it was like to move in as a freshman and have Mom and Dad breathing down his neck so he decided to spare me the agony of going through the same thing.”

“He’s a good brother.”

“Sure, when he’s not being a pain in the ass.”

“Yeah, I get that. My brother’s a big pain in the ass, too.”

“Okay, I think I’m good. Let’s get going before we create a roadblock,” Seokjin says as he stoops down, lifting the box into his arms before carrying it down the hallway to his room with Yoongi close on his heels.

His own arms were laden down by a heavy cardboard box packed with all of his things -- clothes, bedsheets, pillows, a heavy blanket for the colder nights that were soon to come, a desk lamp and a
mini fan, and school supplies — and his backpack hung from his shoulders, packed with heavier
goods such as food that Seokjin’s parents had given him — mostly ramen cups, oatmeal, and other
nonperishable snacks — to fill up the empty cupboards in his dorm room, his laptop and its charger,
and other miscellaneous items.

He didn’t know what his roommate was going to bring, the three text messages Yoongi had sent him
over the summer having gone unanswered, and that alone left him feeling that he was going to be
dealing with a jackass of a roommate, something he certainly wasn’t looking forward to.

“Well, here’s my dorm. I guess I’ll see you later?” Seokjin says to Yoongi, who continues down the
hallway with a soft “yeah”, lugging his things along and eventually disappearing into another room
where the door was slightly ajar.

Try to stay out of trouble, Seokjin mentally tells him and if he’d actually told Yoongi that, he was
sure the younger would have just gone “yeah, yeah, yeah, I know” while completely missing the
point behind why he wished him safety.

Unfortunately, Yoongi just didn’t understand that his concern for his safety had nothing to do with
letting alphas walk all over him but in his mind, Seokjin figured Yoongi saw those two things as
going hand-in-hand and couldn’t be persuaded otherwise.

Seokjin could only hope that there was somebody out there who could change Yoongi’s mind,
preferably a sweet alpha who had no desire to fuck him just for the sake of a good roll in the mud.
He deserved somebody who didn’t view sex as the be-all, end-all to their relationship and
appreciated him for the person he was even if he happened to be stubborn as hell at times and acted
like he didn’t need support or comfort when he actually, really did.

Then again, that’s what everybody wanted.

“Hey, there. My name’s Lee Jaehwan,” Seokjin hears his roommate greet as he stepped into the
dorm room they were going to be sharing for the semester and with a smile, he offers his name to
him in return so they could get to know each other.

“Nice to meet you.”

“So what are you? A beta or an omega?”

“I’m an alpha,” Seokjin answers in an almost-deadpan voice, looking to his roommate a few
moments later to see a frightened, deer-in-the-headlights look in his eyes. And then, swallowing
hard, Seokjin says,

“Oh, god. I just realized what I just said.”

“Please tell me you’re not an alpha.” Jaehwan begs, all the while looking so wary — and perhaps
frightened? — of Seokjin that the omega couldn’t help but feel bad for answering the way he did,
even though he swears it was unintentional.

“Sorry, no, no-no, I’m not! Here’s the thing, I hung out with a certain friend all summer who’s…
well, let’s say he’s really snarky and sarcastic and I guess it rubbed off on me.”

“And does this friend of yours always tell people he’s an alpha?”

“Y-yeah, actually, he does. He’s an omega, though.”

“And what are you?”
“Oh! Oh, sorry, yeah, I’m an omega, too,” Seokjin admits sheepishly and right away, an absolute look of relief washes over his roommate’s face.

“Oh, good…”

“Did you seriously think I was an alpha?” and the only response Jaehwan offers him is a shrug, although he looks less shaken than before.

“I’m a beta so it’s not like it’s not like I’m scared of alphas or anything but I didn’t exactly have a fun time living in the alpha dorm last semester, if you get what I’m saying. They’re all uncontrollable party animals.”

“Yeah, I totally get you but hey, on the bright side, it’ll be nice and quiet here, hopefully.”

“Yeah, I sure hope so, too.”

Unpacking proves to be a rather speedy affair -- if three hours spent tearing into cardboard boxes and arranging everything around the small, cramped dorm so it didn’t have to be moved around later is considered “speedy”, then so be it -- and afterwards, Seokjin decides to go check on Yoongi to see how he was doing. With any luck, he’s had an easy time unpacking and hasn’t murdered his roommate.

And so far, it looks like the person he was rooming with was still alive, Seokjin spotting a male around Yoongi’s size taping down the deep blue wrapping paper to the front of their door.

“Hey, Yoongi,” Seokjin calls as he stepped into the room, said omega looking up from his phone at the calling of his name.

He was sprawled out on his mattress, sheets and pillows already laid out and empty boxes stacked with a bunch of also-empty boxes that Seokjin figured had been Yoongi’s roommate’s. Their laptops had been laid out on the desks belonging to their respective side of the room and Seokjin couldn’t help but feel amused at the sight of all the snacks lining the shelf above Yoongi’s desk or how Mr. Cinnabun was seated at the desk as if he was about to start doing Yoongi’s homework.

“What’s up?”

“Unpacking go well?”

“Yeah. Didn’t take very long.”

“Is your roommate making a Tardis or something?” Seokjin questions, jabbing a thumb in the direction of the boy surrounded by wrapping paper, tape, and construction paper over by the door and Yoongi scoffs out a chuckle.

“Yeah, that’s Jinyoung. We were roommates last semester and asked to share a dorm again this semester.”

“Some things never change huh?”

“Man, they made me tear down my beautiful Tardis! That should be a crime!” Jinyoung wails rather dramatically, earning him a roll of the eyes from Yoongi, who remains ever unimpressed.

“Pipe down. You’re almost done.”

“Man, you don’t understand! That Tardis we had on our door last semester was a work of art, a work
“See, I actually asked for a single dorm but they told me that the RA’s and people with the highest GPAs usually get those first.”

“Maybe you should become an RA. I heard it pays good, y’know? And I think you’d be really good at it,” Seokjin says, to which Yoongi shrugs, ever so indifferent as usual.

“Maybe. I just don’t like the idea of having to wake up at all hours of the night to deal with people’s problems.”

“Hence why you would be so good at it.”

“I like my beauty sleep, thank you. And besides, I don’t think Jinyoung could live without me,” Yoongi jokes, glancing over Seokjin’s shoulder at his roommate, who sticks his tongue out at him before turning back to the masterpiece that was his Tardis.

“Anyways, what’s your roommate like?” and as soon as he’s asked this, Seokjin feels his cheeks burning hot from embarrassment.

“I’ve been hanging out with you way too much.”

“What? What does that have to do with anything?”

“I accidentally told him I was an alpha when he asked about my status,” Seokjin clarifies sheepishly and Yoongi cocks an eyebrow in confusion.

“I don’t see how that’s my fault.”

“All I’m saying is that I’ve been hanging out with you way too much.”

“Hey, you invited me to live with you over the summer,” Yoongi points out matter-of-factly and any argument Seokjin has left deflates, leaving him feeling rather defeated.

“I guess you have a point there.”

“So have you gone to see Namjoon yet?”

“No, not yet. I was going to, though. Do you want to come along?”

“You can’t be serious.”

“What, would you rather just lay on your bed and scroll through Twitter all day?”

“Yeah, I would like that, actually.”

“But don’t you want to go do something fun?”

“Don’t you want to go see your boyfriend?” Yoongi shoots back with a sneer.

“He’s not my boyfriend!” Seokjin protests.

“Well, you should make him your boyfriend. What are you waiting for, for Namjoon to grow the balls and ask you out instead? You’d have better luck getting him pregnant.”

“Alphas can’t get pregnant, Yoongi.”
“But not from lack of trying.”

“That makes no sense.”

“Neither does your attraction to Namjoon but hey, I’m not judging.”

“Quit lying, you literally judge me all the time.”

“That’s not true. I honestly think that you could find somebody who’s way cooler but hey, if you think that clumsy idiot can make you happy, then I support you. Just don’t ask me to ask him out for you.”

“I wasn’t going to!”

“Good, just making sure.”

“I don’t want to sound like a nag or anything but would you like to come along? I promise I’ll buy you lunch and you don’t even have to talk to Namjoon if you don’t want to,” Seokjin warily suggests, all the while worried that he struck a nerve or that Yoongi was going to get mad but it’s like he spoke the magic words the younger wanted to hear because he practically bolts out of the room and Seokjin has to run after him in order to catch up.

“Let me guess, you’re only coming along for lunch?”

“It’s obviously not because I’m excited to see Namjoon again.”

“Food is your true love, Yoongi.”

“Yep, it really is. I’m married to lamb skewers.”

“Sounds like you two have a lovely relationship. I’m jealous,” Seokjin laughs and even Yoongi chuckles a bit.

A quick text sent Namjoon’s way informs them of the dorm he was living in -- it’s the building he lived in last semester, so Seokjin knew exactly where to go -- and the omegas arrive within minutes. Of course, Yoongi declines to actually go inside Namjoon’s dorm, choosing instead to wait for Seokjin outside in the hallway while the omega caught up with the alpha he so greatly desired. He surely wasn’t going to stand in Seokjin’s way of romancing Namjoon -- both literally and figuratively -- but wanted no part to do with it, either.

“You never told me the reason why you wanted to break up!”

“I told you that it’s not working out! Why don’t you get that?” and Yoongi looks up in time to see a male -- no doubt an alpha because of the way he carried himself around like he was some hotshot and exuded pheromones that left an awful stench in the air, Yoongi’s nose twitching something awful in protest -- chase after a female who Yoongi could tell was an omega just because of the way she was so scared to look the alpha in the eye.

“That’s not good enough!”

“We’re not together anymore so get over it!”

“You think you’re so much better than me, don’t you? You think you can find somebody better than me? Well, you’re wrong!”

“I don’t want to talk about this anymore. Just go away!”
“No, we’re not finished! You’ll stand there until I’m done talking!” the alpha shouts and even though he’s seated practically across the room, Yoongi still flinches as if he’d been slapped across the face, eyes narrowing as his father’s voice flooded his ears.

“I’m not done talking, Yoongi! Don’t you fucking leave this room--”

“Hey, leave her the hell alone!” Yoongi seethes as he leapt to his feet so quickly that he nearly gets whiplash, rushing down the hallway and stepping in front of the omega so he was now facing the alpha who was bothering her, showing absolutely no fear as he looked the bastard right in the eye to show him he meant business.

And if he had to, he had no problem with getting physical.

“This is none of your business,” the alpha growls through gritted teeth, “so get out of here before I make you regret it.”

“She told you to leave her alone. Move along, scumbag,” Yoongi barks back but before he could react or move out of the way, the alpha reaches back and smacks him across the face so hard that the stinging sensation in his cheek leaves him dizzy and reeling.

Yoongi gingerly presses a hand to his bruised, aching cheek but the pinpricks that shoot through him at the touch leave him absolutely boiling with anger, rage building up throughout his body like a flickering, blazing wildfire that had no chance of being put out. A slew of curses escape his mouth as he shoved the alpha backwards to put some space between them for a brief moment before scrambling forward with fists flying as he laid down punch upon punch to his face, knocking him down onto his back. And now that he had the advantage, he straddles him and keeps laying down hits even as his knuckles begin to ache and blood splatters everywhere, droplets of red spraying everywhere with each additional punch Yoongi threw.

“Hey, hey, hey, break it up!” somebody shouts over all the commotion and Yoongi feels himself being tugged backwards, practically dragged across the floor so that there was as much space between him and the alpha he’d pummeled as possible.

He sees Namjoon talking to the alpha, every muscle in his body tense as he barked orders at him that Yoongi couldn’t hear over the noise and Seokjin, his grip on his arm being the only thing that’s helping him keep his balance, especially as he struggled to catch his breath, shouts at everybody to clear the hallway and go back to their dorms and by some miracle, his orders are obeyed without him needing to repeat himself even once. The fight was over and there was nothing exciting left to see and it appeared nobody wanted to hang around should a school official come to investigate the commotion.

“This year’s off to a great start,” Yoongi grumbles as Seokjin guides him into Namjoon’s room, the alpha’s stench only masked by the blood crusting his nose and even then, not really.

“I’m so sorry,” the omega he’d defended apologizes, Yoongi finding himself feeling bad for her because of how on-edge she looked, fear clearly apparent in her dark, wide eyes and appearance absolutely bedraggled even though she had had no hand in the scuffle.

“Don’t worry about it. If he bothers you again, just let me know, okay?”

“O-okay… I’ve got to go now. T-thank you for sticking up for me. I really appreciate it.”

“No problem,” and then, as quickly as she popped in, the girl dashes out of the room, barely missing bumping into Namjoon as he entered the room and right away, the room smells ten times worse than
it did before Namjoon had entered and Yoongi groans.

Of course, Namjoon takes his groan as one of pain and so, out of concern, he says,

“Hey, Yoongi, are you okay? Do you need anything? Can I get you somethi--”

“Why don't you just fuck off?” Yoongi spits angrily, spraying blood everywhere as he says this, and Namjoon flinches, taken aback by his harsh words.

“Yoongi, I just--”

“Why don’t you just go suck Seokjin’s dick for a change? Just leave me alone, goddammit!”

The hurt that crosses Namjoon’s features almost makes Yoongi regret yelling at him -- almost -- but the frustration he felt towards the alpha for constantly getting in his way and hovering over him like he was a stupid child that had to be watched wins out a hundredfold, Yoongi only watching silently as Namjoon's eyes glimmered with unshed tears and lower lip quivered uncontrollably. And when he can’t bear it any longer, Namjoon rushes out of the room, bumping into Seokjin as he does and knocking the first aid kit out of his hands, but without even apologizing to the elder omega, he runs off and such a sight earns Yoongi a confused look from Seokjin.

“What’s with him?” but Yoongi all but ignores his question without so much as a glance in his direction.

“Yoongi, what happened?”

“Nothing, okay?” Yoongi shouts defensively. “Nothing!”

“There’s something you’re not telling me,” Seokjin mumbles under his breath as he came to kneel down in front of Yoongi, first aid kit propped open so he had easy access to alcohol wipes and band-aids, and when Yoongi glares bloody murder at him, he quickly adds, “but you don’t have to tell me about it if you don’t want to. But I do want to know one thing.”

“Hmm?”

“What did you do for all this to happen?” Seokjin questions, gesturing to Yoongi’s injuries for extra emphasis.

“Some scumbag alpha was bothering this girl, railing on her even when she told him wanted to be left alone, and I stepped in.”

“Okay, that’s fair, I guess. That girl was lucky you were around.”

“I wasn’t going to let him hurt her.”

“I know you wouldn’t.”

Even though something is left to be desired from Yoongi’s standoffishness, the younger absolutely refusing to look Seokjin in the eye no matter how hard the elder tried to lock gazes with him, he doesn’t voice his confusion over why Namjoon ran out of the room. He treats Yoongi’s wounds in silence, tenderly dabbing over the cuts on Yoongi’s face with the alcohol wipes and apologizing whenever the younger winces, and they file back to their dorms without so much as a word exchanged between them. Even though he wants to know why Namjoon ran out looking ready to cry, Seokjin doesn’t bother asking.
That’s a discussion for another day.
Part 9

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

[Sent at 8:33 A.M.]

Hey, Joonie, do you have a free period in between classes? I’m asking because I was wondering if you’d like to go get some lunch together? :)

That’s the tenth text I’ve sent, Seokjin observes as he stepped out of his and Jaehwan’s dorm, backpack on his shoulders and dressed in comfortable shorts and a t-shirt even though he didn’t have class until ten o’clock. And Namjoon still hasn’t responded. What the hell is going on?

Seokjin could imagine it had something to do with the busy first few weeks they were all having and between readjusting to the starving college student life and getting used to balancing assignments, Namjoon probably just didn’t have any time for anything. But ten texts? Was it actually possible to be so busy that he couldn’t even respond to a text asking him if he had a free period in between classes? Seokjin couldn’t be sure but he definitely doubted it.

For the sake of maintaining his sanity, he doesn’t ask Yoongi for insight into Namjoon’s strange behavior, knowing it would only lead to more snark than he was willing to deal with at this point in the week.

And frankly, at the moment, he wasn’t in any mood to hear Yoongi rave about Namjoon’s lack of ability to get it up in the bedroom. Sometimes, the same old, lame jokes became boring and repetitive and left Seokjin wanting to do more than just roll his eyes at Yoongi.

Sometimes, he even felt like a good slap was in order but even though he adored Namjoon, Seokjin knew he definitely wasn’t worth doing anything brash that could destroy a good friendship. Yoongi would never forgive him, either, and annoying as he could be sometimes with his complete lack of humility, he didn’t deserve to be hurt for that, either.

Not having seen Yoongi in over a week left Seokjin almost with a longing feeling to see the younger omega again, listen to him snark about anything and everything that pissed him off, and even go out to dinner together. But for now, while he was also still struggling to balance his assignments and get everything in on time, he figured checking in with Yoongi would wait a few more days.

Now if only Namjoon would just respond.

But he had no time (and little patience) to wait for the alpha so instead, Seokjin decides to go on with his day and continues on his way so he could get something to eat at the mess hall. Hopefully, he would encounter Namjoon there and maybe they could talk -- or maybe what little patience he had left would dwindle and he’d rail on Namjoon for ignoring him for so long. He sends one more text message -- a long heyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy? -- and then pockets his phone, figuring that time would tell if Namjoon was feeling considerate enough to bother replying.

What an ass, Seokjin can’t help but think as an afterthought, rolling his eyes because deep down, the rational side of him knew that Namjoon would probably just ignore it just like he had with the rest of
his messages.

Namjoon, if this is what you’re really like, then you’ve been nothing but a waste of time.

Time would tell if Namjoon cared enough to reply and with that, Seokjin heads into the cafeteria for some breakfast even though he didn’t have much of an appetite.

Chances were he’d run into Namjoon but he just sets his things down at the first available table he finds and goes to grab a tray even though nothing enticed him -- he figured that had to do with Namjoon blowing him off -- and he grabs himself a small bowl of rice and a bowl of kimchi soup, figuring it would hold him over until his break at one in the afternoon. He didn’t have any homework so Seokjin heads back to his table once he’s also gotten himself some water to drink and takes out his laptop to watch some Netflix to bide the time, figuring he could get in at least one episode of his favorite anime before he had to go to class.

Sadly, he feels much too distracted by the raging storm in his head to even be able to stay focused long enough to see what would happen now that the mana detector Rin was holding was going berserk, the needle on the compass spinning in circles so rapidly that Seokjin was sure it was going to snap off.

But after a few more moments of staring at his reflection in the computer screen, he decides it’s pointless to try to pay attention to the episode when his thoughts were clearly elsewhere. And when he sees a particular someone pass by him, he all but leaps out of his seat and runs after him before he could escape.

“Namjoon!”

“I-I have to go,” the alpha stutters as he attempts to make a break for it, though Seokjin is quicker than he is and grabs his hand, forcing him to stop and turn around so they were facing each other.

“No, Namjoon, we need to talk.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“Well, I do. Why have you been ignoring all of my text messages?”

“I lost my phone.”

“Your phone’s in your hand.”

“This is a new phone.”

“No, it isn’t. The Supreme sticker on the back is faded.”

“Seokjin, I really have to go,” Namjoon nervously mumbles, not even daring to hold eye contact with the elder, who still refuses to let go of his hand and gazes at him with such a blank expression that he feels so incredibly uncomfortable, almost as if he’s been put on display for everybody to gawk at him.

“Are you ashamed of me?”

“What? I never said that!”

“Then why have you been ignoring all of my texts, dammit? Did I say something to make you hate me?”
“N-no… well, you didn’t.”

“What do you mean?” but as quickly as he’d opened himself up, Namjoon curls in on himself, closing himself off as if he was afraid that revealing anything else would get him in big trouble. And because he was so close to getting some answers, Seokjin presses on, refusing to give up until he gets what he was looking for.

“Namjoon, did somebody say something to upset you?”

“Yoongi did.”

“What’d he say?”

“N-nothing…”

“Namjoon,” Seokjin says sternly, cocking his head to the side in frustration. “It obviously wasn’t ‘nothing’ if he said something to you.”

“I don’t want to say anything that might jeopardize your friendship with him.”

“That’s for me to decide, Namjoon. Now spit it out,” and despite Seokjin feeling a little guilty for how harsh he sounds, even to his own ears, he feels awfully pleased when Namjoon asks for them to sit down someplace and he leads them back to his table, the two of them seating themselves across from each other.

“So you really want to know?” Namjoon asks, the alpha mostly hoping that Seokjin would say “no” at the very last minute and spare him the agony of having to tell him what Yoongi had said.

“Yeah, I do.”

“He told me, uh… well, he got mad at me while you were out getting a first aid kit because I asked him if there was anything I could get him.”

“Was this when he got into a fistfight with that alpha?”

“Uh-huh.”

“Okay, go on.”

“A-And he yelled at me.”

“Yeah, you already told me that part. What exactly did he tell you?”

“That… I should, as he put it, ‘fuck off’ and leave him alone. A-and…”

“And?”

“That I should go suck your dick for a change.”

“Definitely sounds like something Yoongi would say,” Seokjin can’t help but chuckle even though Namjoon looks absolutely miserable.

“It’s not funny!” the alpha protests.

“So that’s why you’ve been avoiding me? Because of what Yoongi said?”
“Y-Yeah, but that’s not everything.”

“What do you mean? There’s something else?”

“I mean, when I asked Yoongi if he needed anything, I was hoping… well, I was hoping that he’d give me something to work with so I could…”

“So you could what?” Seokjin questions when Namjoon trails off, pressing forward because he didn’t want Namjoon to to crawl back into his shell just as he’d revealed a very important piece of information to him. There was only one more piece left to the puzzle and Seokjin wanted it -- and hoped to get it by any means necessary.

“So I could… well, help you.”

“Help me with what?”

“I wanted to help you tend to Yoongi, kinda like your assistant but… but cooler, I guess? Like your boyfriend?”

Oh.

The fact that the words “your boyfriend” had even left Namjoon's mouth, something Seokjin had never expected to happen outside of his daydreams, leaves the omega floored. But the snarky side he’d suppressed for the sake of not ruining what he and Namjoon had crawls up to the surface before the mushy side of him can and he says,

“Namjoon, I gotta say: you're really smart but you're also incredibly stupid to try and force Yoongi to be your wingman,” which frustrates Namjoon more than any of his professors ever could and leaves him wondering why he was bothering to talk to Seokjin if he was just going to be made fun of.

“It’s not funny. I was hoping he would help me out.”

“Why didn’t you ask me?”

“Because then it would look like I wanted to get his attention.”

He’s got a point there, Seokjin silently agrees. Maybe he deserves more credit than I'm giving him.

“Wait, Namjoon… so are you saying you want to date me?”

“I want to do more than just date you.”

“Um, what do you mean?”

“You need me to spell it out for you? I want you to be my boyfriend and I really wanted to ask you but I just wasn’t sure how and Yoongi scared me off and I’m really sorry for avoiding you and--”

“Yes.”

“Yes what?”

“Yes, I’ll be your boyfriend!” Seokjin laughs as he circles around the table so he could hug Namjoon, throwing his arms around the alpha’s shoulders and once the younger returns the hug, boldly kissing his cheek even though he felt as if his heart couldn’t possibly beat any faster than it already was.
“H-Hi…”

Were it not for the fact that he still hadn't put on his headphones, Yoongi wouldn't have heard somebody greet him and since the person's voice sounded rather feminine and almost shy, he looks up, gaze immediately softening at the sight of the girl he'd defended from her douchebag ex-boyfriend earlier last week. His injuries from said incident had almost entirely healed over, the least concerning being a few cuts on his face that had already started to scab over and the worst being his bruised knuckles, which were becoming considerably less red with every day that passed, and noticing that the girl looks so much happier than she had been last week prompts him to say,

“Hey. How are you?”

“I-I’m good, thanks. I just… I wanted to give you something to, y’know, say thank you for protecting me against my ex.”

“That’s not necessary,” Yoongi tries to object but the girl ignores him and pushes a small, heart-shaped box of chocolate into his hand, flashing him a shy smile as she said,

“Please take it.”

He supposes it’s because she said ‘please’ rather than forcing him to take it that prompts Yoongi to accept the little box of chocolate without much protest, although her status as an omega probably had something to do with it, too. He didn’t feel annoyed by her pushiness for that reason and because he figured that she wasn’t trying to be pushy about it and so he says,

“I’m Min Yoongi. What’s your name?”

“Son Seungwan. Are you a sophomore?”

“Yeah, I am. Are you?” and she affirms that she is, which pleases Yoongi for no particular reason besides knowing that they were both in the same year and thus, there was a chance they could share some classes. Of course, there was a chance that they had nothing in common regarding their personal interests but he found it rather difficult to make friends at a university of Kyung Hee’s size and figured he could be, at the very least, casual friends with Seungwan.

"Wanna go out for some coffee sometime?” Seungwan asks him and all Yoongi can do is grin.

“Yeah, sure. When are you free?”

Chapter End Notes
p.s. the anime Seokjin was watching was season 2, episode 10 of Fate Zero.
“You do realize that you’ve only been dating him for, like, not even four weeks, right?”

“No shit, Sherlock,” Seokjin says with a roll of his eyes as he stepped over into the next aisle of the department store, leaving Yoongi behind so he could browse through the candies in hopes of finding something suitable to give Namjoon.

With the alpha’s birthday quickly approaching, Seokjin wanted to make sure that he didn’t forget his boyfriend’s important day. After all, the twelfth of September was the day his clumsy, dorky boyfriend had popped into the world kicking and screaming at the top of his lungs. And because Namjoon was known for being a klutz, Yoongi had joked to Seokjin that he should buy him arm braces for his birthday, to which the elder omega rolled his eyes before shutting down that idea completely.

“But it’s his birthday and everybody deserves to have their birthday remembered. And since we don’t really know anybody at university and his birthday is on a school day, I doubt many people will wish him a happy birthday.”

“I don’t see what’s the big fuss about birthdays,” Yoongi mutters as he followed Seokjin into the candy aisle, which earns him a strange look from the older omega.

“What do you mean? Birthdays are great.”

“I never really had any birthdays growing up.”

“What, seriously?”

“I had it for a few years counting but my parents stopped caring about my birthdays after my ninth birthday. They stopped caring about my brother’s birthday, too, so it wasn’t like they did it to me out of spite.”

“That really sucks. I’m sorry, Yoongi.”

“It’s no big deal.”

“So is that why you think it’s weird that I’m trying to do something for Namjoon’s birthday? Because you didn’t celebrate many birthdays growing up?”

“I mean, just from my perspective, it just seems a little excessive, y’know? But then again, I’m not exactly in any position to be talking about birthdays.”

“There’s nothing wrong with saying what you think.”

“Yeah, I know, but still… when it comes to birthdays, I kind of sound like a party pooper. And it’s not your fault or even Namjoon’s fault that I didn’t have many birthdays.”

“So that’s why you were so reluctant to come along?” Seokjin questioned as he looked up from a bag of Pororo-themed milk candy that he puts back on the shelf when he decides he’d rather not give Namjoon something as childish as Pororo candy.

He did wish there was Rilakkuma-themed candy, though.

After a few moments of deliberating between honey crackers and pocky, Seokjin sweeps a couple
boxes of Pepero off the shelves and into his basket, figuring Namjoon would appreciate the sentiment. He had also picked out a cupcake for the alpha -- a chocolate cupcake topped with chocolate frosting and blue sprinkles -- because no birthday would be complete without a cake, cupcake or otherwise. That, combined with the small amount of goodies he'd picked out, would surely make his birthday a good one.

Now all Seokjin needed was to find a suitable birthday present, something that said “I love you and I care about you” and “happy birthday” while still not going overboard in terms of the price, especially since they weren’t at that stage in their relationship where giant purchases were considered a normal part of their shared lives just yet. There would be time for that in the future, Seokjin reasoned.

“No, I just didn’t want to seem like a drag in case you asked me for advice on what to get Namjoon. I don’t have much experience when it comes to buying people gifts,” Yoongi answers after a few moments, voice soft and almost sheepish.

“You just get them things they like or need. Or you can even get them things like candy and chocolate.”

“And things like candy and chocolate would be considered an acceptable birthday gift?”

“Yeah, if that’s what they like.”

“What if you didn’t buy something expensive?”

“The amount of money you spend doesn’t really matter so basically, anything’s acceptable as long as you show that you care about the person. Oh, and make sure you don’t get them something they hate or are allergic to.”

“Since Namjoon's allergic to the world, you should buy him tons of bubble wrap to protect him just in case he trips over his own feet,” Yoongi snickers.

“Ha ha, very funny,” Seokjin mocks.

“I thought it was hilarious.”

“I bet you did, since you’re always making fun of Namjoon.”

“That's because he's so easy to make fun of.”

“Or maybe you’re just really mean,” Seokjin accuses pointedly, to which Yoongi rolls his eyes without even taking offense to what had just been said about him but in truth, that was only because he considered his friendship with Seokjin to be a good one and there was nothing the elder could say that could irk him. Maybe he was a bit biased -- they were both omegas, after all -- and so that’s why he could tolerate most of Seokjin’s jabs but really, he knew Seokjin meant no ill will and he didn’t either, even when he poked fun at Namjoon.

Well, as long as Yoongi didn't say anything too overly cruel, that is.

“At this rate, Namjoon's gonna let himself go real quick -- even quicker if you start cooking him dinner every night.”

“I barely have time to cook for myself,” Seokjin snorts. “What makes you think I'd want to cook for Namjoon?”

“Cook him dinner and he'll give you his cock.”
“Seriously?” Seokjin groans with a roll of his eyes. “Will there ever be anything that comes out of your mouth that isn’t vulgar?”

“Uhhh… nope!”

“Your mouth is more dirty than any alpha cock you’ll put in it.”

“Joke’s on you: I’m never gonna suck an alpha’s cock, not even ironically.”

“What does that even mean?”

“If I ever suck an alpha’s cock, I’ll let you know.”

“If that happens, pigs will most certainly fly.”

“Yeah, yeah, yeah. Do you need to buy anything for Namjoon or are we done here?”

“I still have to get him a gift, Yoongi.”

“So that whole spiel about chocolate being an acceptable gift was nothing more than you talking for the sake of hearing yourself talk?”

“No, it wasn’t,” Seokjin huffs. “Chocolate is an perfectly acceptable gift if you don’t know what else to get but you can obviously go above and beyond.”

“Good thing I’ll never be spending my money on anybody.”

“Don’t say that. There’s an alpha out there who’s waiting to put his arms around you and kiss you until your lungs are burning.”

“That’s so corny, it’s not even funny.”

“I thought it was romantic.”

“Whatever… let’s just go find a gift for Namjoon and get out of here, my feet are starting to hurt,” and Seokjin skips over into the next aisle and the next, browsing through the shelves as he found himself in the toy section.

He doubted Namjoon cared for Barbie dolls or even Hot Wheels cars but just in case the perfect gift happened to be hiding between the boxes, he didn’t want to leave any nook or cranny unturned. Maybe, just maybe, he would come across something that he could give Namjoon for his birthday without seeming too pushy -- Yoongi was right about one thing: they had only been dating for less than a month -- while still showing his love for his alpha. Of course, they weren’t even at the point that Seokjin would be comfortable getting marked by Namjoon and so his gift didn’t really need to be over the top. And as he shuffles into the next aisle, abandoning all of the toys being marketed to boys in hopes of finding something amongst the plushies and more generic toys, he’s all about ready to admit defeat when he spots an adorable brown bear staring right at him from where it was huddled up with the other stuffed animals in the toy bin.

“Oh, my, gosh, this is perfect!” Seokjin gleefully laughs as he dashes over to the fairly large Rilakkuma plushie, reaching it in a few, short strides.

As if he’s afraid that somebody else will come and snatch it, Seokjin grabs the teddy bear, revelling in how soft it was as he snuggled with it, and he hears Yoongi come up behind him, scoffing like he was unimpressed with his childishness. Frankly, Seokjin didn’t care what Yoongi thought, feeling
much too excited that he’d finally found a perfect gift for his boyfriend and just in time for his birthday.

“You’re such a dork,” Yoongi chuckles, to which oh-so-maturely Seokjin sticks his tongue out at him in response.

“Brat.”

“That’s my middle name!”

“C’mon, party pooper, let’s go,” and they head to the front of the store so Seokjin could pay for the plushie, the cupcake, and the candy he’d picked out for his alpha’s birthday.

The goodies don’t cost him much -- the price certainly makes Yoongi grimace in pain like he’d been smacked with a shovel -- and Seokjin hands over the exact change needed to pay for everything, thanking the cashier once he is handed his receipt and with Yoongi holding onto the bag of goodies, they head out of the department store. As they head back to the university, Yoongi hands Seokjin the goods he purchased because he just didn’t want to be responsible for such precious cargo that meant the world to Seokjin -- and hopefully would to Namjoon, too.

I’m never having kids, Yoongi quietly muses. It’s too much responsibility and besides, there’s no alpha out there that’ll be good enough to shove his dick up my ass long enough to get me pregnant. Even if I wanted kids, I wouldn’t want them to have an abusive alpha father.

Was it too much to hope for? Seokjin had Namjoon and even though they weren’t anywhere near the point where they could comfortably have kids without having money troubles, his friend had a good alpha. Of course, Namjoon was good for Seokjin and Yoongi found himself gagging at the mere thought of waking up to the smell of cigarettes or feeling Namjoon’s arms around his waist or shoulders or being lovey-dovey with him.

Just plain ew.

If I find somebody who is sweet and gentle enough to me, if such a thing is possible, then maybe I’ll reconsider...

“Thanks for coming with me,” Seokjin says once they’ve made it back onto campus once more, mere steps away from their dorm. “I don’t think I would’ve finished as quickly as I did if you weren’t helping out.”

“Seriously? All I did was follow you around,” Yoongi laughs. When the elder shoots him a look that screams “just accept the thank you”, he adds, “yeah, no problem. It was fun.”

“So what are you going to--”

“Oh, shit, Namjoon at twelve o’clock” Yoongi hisses, snatching the bag of goods Seokjin had bought and scampering off into the omega/beta dorm with the bag even when Seokjin calls after him, having been completely taken by surprise.

And then, he’s blindsided in a different way when he feels strong, familiar arms wrap around his waist and a sweet kiss pressed to his cheek. The fact that he feels like he’s been wrapped up in a warm, fluffy blanket that smelled mostly of lemons makes him forget about Yoongi for now, all in favor of snuggling with the person hugging him.

“Hey, what’s up, Jinnie?”
“Nothing much,” the omega lies, all of a sudden feeling incredibly grateful that Yoongi had run off with Namjoon's present because the last thing he needed was the surprise getting spoiled. “Just went and did some shopping, is all.”

“Oh, did you buy anything special?” Namjoon inquires, sounding rather intrigued but Seokjin bites his tongue, knowing that, without even meaning to, he'll spill the beans and ruin his alpha’s birthday surprise.

“N-no, not really. Just some groceries and… stuff.”

“I’m guessing it was something special since Yoongi ran off with whatever you bought. Maybe candy?” and Seokjin silently curses his alpha for being so observant but then again, he reasons, Namjoon wouldn’t be as attractive if he were dumb as a board.

“Yoongi’s always stealing my stuff,” Seokjin lies, although he hopes the awful slander that just left his mouth practically on its own accord never makes it to the younger omega’s ears. “Acts like he can walk into my dorm room and take whatever he pleases.”

“Good thing you’ve got a lock on your door.”

“And a roommate who gets really pissy when other people touch his stuff.”

“So a guard dog, basically?” Namjoon jokes and even Seokjin can’t help but laugh at the thought of his mostly-calm roommate barking at passersby like an angry pit bull.

“Yeah, I guess so. Anyways, what’s new with you, Joonie? Did you just get out of class?”

“Well, you’re the best for me,” Seokjin says petulantly.

“Aw, that makes me really happy, princey,” Namjoon laughs. “You’re the best for me, too!”

“I better be.”

“Of course you are,” his alpha coos, playfully thumbing at Seokjin’s pouty lip. “I love you the most, princey.”

“Good!”

“I’ve only got five minutes until my next class so I have to get going! Can’t be late!” and with a kiss to his omega’s cheek, Namjoon scurries off towards the library. Seokjin also heads his own way, shuffling into the beta/omega dorm and up the stairs to Yoongi’s dorm room, where he hoped to find the omega and with him, the goodies for Namjoon’s birthday.

But of course, the door is locked and he decides to head to his own room before somebody suspected him of doing something he wasn’t supposed to, even though he wasn’t trying to do anything illegal like, say, break into Yoongi’s dorm room because he’d stolen Namjoon’s presents. Nope, no breaking in here.

“Hey,” Yoongi says as Seokjin enters his own dorm room, the elder almost leaping out of his skin as
he caught sight of his friend comfortably sprawled out on his bed, placing a hand over his heart in shock.

“Holy-- how did you get in here?”

“Your roommate let me in.”

“Don’t lie, you broke in.”

“I didn’t break in! Ask him yourself.”

“Okay, then. Where’s Jaehwan?”

“Dunno,” Yoongi shrugs. “He said he’d be back, though.”

“Anyways, where’s the stuff?” and Yoongi points to the bag on his desk in response and the elder breathes out a sigh of relief that nothing had happened to the goods or even worse, that Namjoon hadn’t discovered his present before it was time.

“Good luck finding a box big enough to fit that bear,” Yoongi chuckles. “And you’re welcome.”

“For what?”

“For saving your ass so Namjoon’s birthday surprise wasn’t ruined.”

“Oh, right. Thanks.”

“No problem. I already took my payment and let me just say, that cupcake you bought was so good-”

“Yoongi!” Seokjin shouts almost at the top of his lungs, scrambling over to where the bag sat atop his desk before frantically rummaging through it. After a few moments, he lifts out the cupcake, utterly relieved to find it perfectly untouched.

“I was just joking!” the younger laughs, Seokjin huffing out a sigh in hopes of releasing the tension that had made his chest tight with anxiety out into the air.

“Don’t joke about those things! It’s not funny!”

“The look on your face was priceless, though!”

“You’re a real meanie, Yoongi!”

“Hey, it was just a joke. I wouldn’t do something so terrible like eat Namjoon’s birthday cupcake, which I imagine he’ll be eating off you?”

“Yoongi, c’mon, really?” Seokjin groans, though the thought does excite him a little -- not that he’d ever admit it to Yoongi, of course. “Way to give me a heart attack.”

“Don’t worry, you’ve still got another year before you have to worry about heart attacks.”

“Ha ha, very funny. I’m old but I’m still the bestest friend you’ve got at this university.”

“Damn right, you are.”

“Wow, I was expecting resistance,” Seokjin laughs as he looked to Yoongi, whose facial expression
betrayed nothing about what he was thinking.

“Why?”

“Because… well, you're usually opposed to literally everything.”

“Well, what you said is true. You’re one of the only people I can more than just tolerate.”

“Oh, wow. That really means a lot, Yoongi.”

“Yeah, yeah, I’ll see you later.”

“Wait, hold on! How are things going between you and Seungwan?”

“What do you mean? We’re not dating or anything.”

“Oh. I just thought--”

“There’s nothing going on between us,” Yoongi half-laughs, half-scoffs.

“Seriously seriously?”

“Seriously. Anyways, I gotta go. Have fun wrapping Namjoon’s presents.”

Seokjin would be a liar if he said he hadn’t had trouble sleeping, his excitement to give Namjoon his presents being to blame. Even if his alpha got “happy birthday” messages on whatever social media accounts he had, Seokjin wanted to be the first to wish him a happy birthday face-to-face, which probably wouldn’t be that difficult because he knew Namjoon’s schedule and had asked him if they could meet up in front of the beta/omega dorm at ten in the morning. With only a half hour until their agreed meet-up time, Seokjin practically sprang out of bed to get ready, throwing on a navy blue tank top and black gym shorts, figuring that how he looked didn’t matter as much as wishing Namjoon a happy birthday did.

Sure enough, he finds his alpha waiting for him outside the dorm, dressed in a pink-and-white striped shirt that makes him look so good and leaves Seokjin convinced that nobody could rock the color pink as well as his boyfriend could, and blue jean-shorts that just complimented his outfit so well that left Seokjin wanting to take a million photos of him.

Maybe he would.

“Hey, princey. Good morning,” Namjoon greets as Seokjin dashes up to him and hugs him, attention immediately catching on the rather large and shiny blue gift bag in his omega’s hand.

“Happy birthday, Joonie!”

“Aw, thanks so much! You didn't have to get me anything!”

“Yes, I did! You're my boyfriend and I care about you and you deserve to celebrate your birthday!”

“Well, since it’s my birthday, don’t I deserve something special?”
“Oh, like what?”

“A birthday kiss, maybe?”

“One birthday kiss coming right up,” Seokjin whispers as he closes off the space between them, Namjoon’s cheeks cupped in his hands as he captured the alpha’s upper lip between his own.

Unable to resist, Seokjin tangles his fingers in Namjoon’s blonde tresses, running his fingers through them like he couldn’t get enough of feeling soft tendrils of hair tumbling between the spaces of his fingers. All the while, he felt as if he was drowning in his alpha’s scent, the tang of lemons complementing the sweetness of strawberries -- correction: strawberry jam -- and making him feel so lightheaded that the only thing keeping him standing were Namjoon’s arms around his waist. And when he feels much too lightheaded to continue, lungs burning for air, Seokjin regretfully pulls away with a soft smack, chest rising and falling in heavy strides and Namjoon’s being no different.

And then, as if Seokjin’s heart couldn’t beat any faster, Namjoon says,

“Can I get another one?”

“Anything for the birthday boy.”
“You smell so nice, like I’m lying in a field of lavender.”

Namjoon whispers this to him like he was afraid of anybody else hearing what he’d just said, like he wanted to keep his confession between them and something about sharing compliments between themselves makes Seokjin grin from ear to ear. It's not so much the compliment -- okay, maybe he does love Namjoon’s compliments, especially since it was something he’d dreamed of for the longest time -- as much as it is being able to snuggle with his alpha in his tiny twin bed and breathe in his sweet scent like he couldn’t get enough. There was nothing that could compare to Namjoon, to his alpha.

Not even Greek gods could compare to the beauty of this kind, gentle, and sometimes -- okay, more like frequently -- clumsy man who acted as if he didn’t have a status at all, as if he forgot he was an alpha whenever they were together, which was more often with each passing day. It’s almost like they were magnets polarized to stick together, every passing day making it increasingly difficult to be apart when they had to go to class or say goodbye for the night because alphas were not allowed in the dorm building Seokjin resided in.

Those were the rules.

But then again, certain rules were made to be broken.

Even the ones that could potentially get them both expelled from the university if they were caught.

That was the key phrase they were placing their bets on -- if they were caught -- and they were hoping that it would always stay as an if and never shift to a when, because that would mean they were both screwed. Hell, if this was some high school fling, Seokjin knew he probably wouldn’t have cared all that much but since Namjoon was the first alpha he’d ever dated that could make him go absolutely goo-goo, he wasn’t about to let his boyfriend take all the blame.

He’d let Namjoon take most of it and make up the difference by bragging about how sweet his alpha was to whoever wanted to expel them both, imagining himself saying “he couldn’t hurt a fly!” to whatever school official was burdened with disciplining them for their offenses.

“Well, you smell like strawberry cookies and now I’m hungry,” Seokjin hums, lifting Namjoon’s hand up to his face before playfully biting his index finger, though nowhere near hard enough to hurt. Namjoon quietly yelps despite not having bitten hard, causing his omega to burst into giggles and all of a sudden, he forgets why he’d been jumpy in the first place.

“Do you always go biting your boyfriend’s fingers?”

“Nope, just yours.”

“Right, just mine. Lucky me…”

“I’d say you’re pretty lucky,” Seokjin grumbles as he nuzzles his nose with Namjoon’s, earning chuckles from his alpha at this and all of a sudden, he feels lost in his lover’s eyes, almost as if he’s drowning in dark chocolate spiced with lemon juice and millions of pounds of sugar.

“Yeah, I guess I am,” Namjoon sighs, his voice no louder than a whisper and there was something so delicate about the way he says it that Seokjin feels his heart pounding from giddiness.
“After all, I have you.”

“Y-Yeah… and I have you, Namjoon. I’m so happy to have you.”

At this, Seokjin boldly cranes his head up and presses his lips to Namjoon’s, eyes fluttering shut when he felt his alpha kissing him back. Yoongi had teased him for being trapped in what he called “the cupcake phase” but no amount of teasing could ruin the way he felt -- warm like he was swathed in the softest clouds made from the world’s softest cotton -- whenever his alpha had his arms around him or his lips pressed to his head or his mouth to his ear as he whispered sweet things to him.

“I’d say I’m even more lucky,” Namjoon says and Seokjin playfully cocks an eyebrow.

“How so, Joonie?”

“I mean, I get to see you everyday. That’s a treat in it of itself.”

“Really? You mean that?”

“Of course I do, princey,” Namjoon insists adamantly, each and every word causing Seokjin’s heart to kickstart into overdrive, feeling almost as if it was trying to claw its way out of his chest.

“Tell me more.”

“Whenever I come into the dining hall and see you waiting for me at our usual table, I feel like I’m just hanging out with my best friend in the whole wide world and not coming to eat bland-as-fuck food before hurrying to finish homework for my next class.”

“I’m your best friend?”

“Mhm, you’re my bestest friend in the whole wide world. It feels like I can come to you for anything and also be able to flirt with you as much as I want because you’re so cute. And you being my boyfriend makes flirting with you even more fun because I can tell you all the things I love about you and know for sure that you’ll love every single thing I say about you,” Namjoon hums as he leans down to kiss the top of his omega’s head, Seokjin feeling his cheeks absolutely burning up from the truckload of compliments he’d just received in one fell swoop.

“Oh, gosh, Namjoon…”

“Awww… you’re all pink in the face!” and all Seokjin can do is accept the kisses Namjoon peppers to his face, leaving him feeling even more flushed than before.

“Hmph… that’s your fault…”

“You look so cute!”

“If you say so.”

“I know so!”

“You’re the best boyfriend ever,” Seokjin hums as he leans his head against Namjoon’s chest, inhaling his scent of strawberries and lemons without feeling a sliver of shame and his eyelids start to droop as he listens to his alpha’s thundering heartbeat.

But even then, Seokjin knew better than to doze off, however pleasant his lover’s heartbeat might be. In any other situation, like if they were in Namjoon’s dorm instead, where the rules were more
lenient, he would have more than welcomed it but he couldn’t shake the feeling of being on-edge because he’d snuck Namjoon into his dorm by some stroke of luck -- the RAs had a shift change at five P.M. sharp and he’d managed to shove his alpha up the stairs and into his dorm room without Namjoon tripping over his own feet even once -- and he couldn’t help but feel wary that they would get caught (even though the door to his room was shut).

“Don’t you dare fall asleep. Alphas aren’t allowed to be in the building and you’re lucky that I even managed to sneak you in.”

“Don’t worry, some of my good luck will rub off on you and you’ll be able to sneak me back out.”

“Don’t jinx it,” Seokjin hisses, pressing a finger to Namjoon’s lips to shush him but his alpha just laughs like he had said something so funny to him, Seokjin feeling his skin tingling from the vibrations from his chest because his cheek was pressed to his sternum.

“I'm not gonna ji--”

“Shhh…”

“Jinnie, I’m not gonna--”

“Uh-uh, zip it, Namjoon!”

“I’m not gonna jinx it!”

“Now you’ve done it,” Seokjin huffs. “You’ve jinxed us.”

“Did not.”

“When you say things like ‘I’m not gonna jinx us’, you actually achieve the opposite effect, Namjoon! Too late now. I tried to stop you but I’m pretty sure you cursed us.”

“I did not curse us.”

“Uh-huh, you did. Just watch and see.”

“I’ll take that bet.”

“Just you wait…”

“Like I said, I’ll take that bet, princey.”

“I’m gonna hold you to that, Joonie.”

But despite his best efforts, Seokjin still winds up falling asleep a few minutes later, exhaustion as well as the desire to get some shut-eye overtaking him without much resistance to be had. Namjoon finds himself somehow fighting sleep in favor of staring at Seokjin just a little while longer, content with running his fingers through his omega’s fluffy hair and admiring the softness of his skin.

*Man, I’m so lucky to have you,* he thinks as he fondly gazed upon his sleeping omega. *You really are number one for me, princey.*

And that’s how Namjoon falls asleep, arm wrapped comfortably around Seokjin’s waist and nose buried in his fluffy locks, lavender dancing on his nostrils being one of the last things he smells before he tumbles into the dreamland.
“Hey, Joonie,” Seokjin croaks as he comes to sometime later, sleepily smiling up at his alpha as he waited for his blurry vision to clear, feeling rejuvenated and reenergized as a result of his well-needed nap.

“Hey, princey,” Namjoon croaks while rubbing the sleep out of his eyes, also looking well-rested and nowhere near as tired as he’d been an hour ago.

“Had a nice nap?”

“Yeah, it was great because I got to nap next to you.”

“Yeah, ditto,” Seokjin agrees bashfully. “Oh, what time is it?”

“Uh, let’s see,” the alpha mumbled as he looked at his phone and Seokjin almost closes his eyes so he could sleep for a couple more minutes but he sees Namjoon’s eyes go wide with fear, which sends him scrambling to sit up.

“What? What is it?”

“Oh… oh shit.”

“What, Namjoon, what?”

“It’s seven-thirty in the morning.”

“You’re kidding, right?” Seokjin chuckles shakily but Namjoon shakes his head and turns his phone towards him, where the day of the week -- Monday, rather than Sunday like he’d been hoping -- is displayed at the top of the notification tray next to the date.

“Oh, shit… you’re not kidding.”

“It was just supposed to be a nap!”

“Well, it was a very long nap! Oh, god, what are we going to do?” Seokjin groaned as he frantically wracked his brain for some kind of solution that wouldn’t involve them waiting for the residence advisors to change shifts, especially since the RA currently on shift was a hard-ass beta who was practically chomping at the bit to get rule-breakers in trouble.

And today, she would definitely have a heyday with Namjoon and Seokjin. That is, if she caught them and Seokjin would be damned if he didn’t at least try to sneak Namjoon out of the building without getting caught.

“So what are we gonna do?”

“We’re gonna sneak you down the stairs!” Seokjin whisper-shouts as he peered out into the hallway, checking to see if the coast was clear.

“Are you sure that’ll work?”

“Well, you’re not staying in here for the rest of your life!”
“I wouldn’t mind,” Namjoon chuckles and Seokjin looks over his shoulder at him just in time to see his boyfriend wink at him and flash him a dimply smile that makes his heart skip a beat.

“Now’s not the time to be romancing me!”

“I don’t see what’s so bad about that,” and Seokjin feels himself being pulled back into the dorm, the door shutting behind him as Namjoon pulled him for a hug, his soft lips coming to cover his own for a kiss that steals away all of the oxygen from his lungs and for a few moments, he all but forgets why he was in such a rush in the first place.

But then it hits him -- Namjoon wasn’t supposed to be in the building and they had to sneak him out now, before one of the residents caught them or even worse, an RA -- and he’s all but dragging his alpha out into the hallway and down the stairs, eyes trained for anybody, especially residence advisors, who could bust them without so much as blinking an eye.

“Hurry up!” Seokjin hisses. “We can't get caught!”

Seokjin realizes too late that the universe is not on their side today because a sharp “hey, what the hell are you doing here?” pierces the air and freezes both of them right in their tracks.

*Dammit!*

“Um…” Namjoon mumbles as he and Seokjin turn around to face the RA, stomach doing flips as he wracked his brain for a response to save his ass that sadly doesn’t come.

“I asked you a question!” the RA snaps at him, her soulless eyes practically boring holes into his forehead, and Seokjin forces himself to step in before the situation escalated and everybody in the dorms stepped out into the hallway to see what was going on.

“S-sorry, it’s my fault. I asked him to stay over and we lost track of time,” he tried to explain, leaving out all of the dirty details about Namjoon napping in his dorm because Jaehwan had gone to visit his parents over the weekend and his absence had been a perfect opportunity for them to spend some time alone -- now it wasn’t looking like such a great idea, though -- because he knew the RA would probably report them if she knew.

Or even worse: accuse Namjoon of raping him even though Seokjin knew he would *never ever* do something as horrible as that.

“You know the rules: no alphas in the beta/omega dorm!”

“I know, I know, and *I'm sorry,*” Seokjin pleads. “If you wanna be mad at someone, be mad at me, okay? Don’t be mad at my boyfriend.”

As soon as he’s done babbling, all in hopes of saving Namjoon from expulsion, he could see the way the gears were turning in the RA’s head, clearly pondering whether she should believe him or just go right ahead and follow the policies she was supposed to uphold by finding her supervisor or a school official or even a professor to get Namjoon expelled. But then Seokjin notices a shift -- it almost slips past him -- on the RA’s face that tells him she almost sympathizes with him -- almost -- and that she wasn’t going to go report them.

“Don’t try to cover for him.”

“I swear, I’m the one who snuck him in. If somebody has to get in trouble, let it be me. It’s my fault, after all. I swear on my grandmother’s grave that I’m telling the truth!”
And just when he thinks that the RA is going to storm off to find her supervisor, her stone-hard features fade just a little -- just enough that Seokjin feels a faint glimmer of hope sprout in his chest, anxious like a moth fluttering around a burning light bulb -- and she says,

“Okay, you’re both off the hook.”

“What, really? Thank you-thank you-thank you! Thank you so--”

“This time. I’m letting you off with a warning but if I ever see you in this building again, I’m going to report you,” she says to Namjoon, eyes glaring daggers at the meek alpha who was standing next to his omega, their fingers tangled because Seokjin wasn’t leaving him alone for even a second out of fear that, if he did, the RA would drag Namjoon to the nearest administrator who could pull the necessary strings to get him expelled.

“You won’t catch me in here again,” Namjoon promises and sensing an opening, Seokjin drags him off until the fresh morning air greets them and they’re far away from the impact zone that is the beta/omega dorm.

“Oh, my, god, I’m just happy we didn’t get in trouble,” Seokjin shakily breathes. “Well, not that much trouble.”

“Sorry about that, princey. I didn’t mean to fall asleep.”

“It’s okay,” Seokjin soothes as he pecked Namjoon’s lips before leaning his head on his alpha’s shoulder, mostly so he could comfortably breathe in his scent. “But y’know, I’m kinda sad.”

“How come?”

“She was acting as if you were gonna go and rape all of the omegas in the building. I hate that stereotype that a lot of people have towards alphas, especially when people treat you like a rapist even though you’re not.”

“Yeah, it sucks but y’know, it’s their job to be careful. I wouldn’t want some sex-crazed alpha running around in the building while my sweet omega sleeps. I’m just happy that there’s good, hard-working RA’s looking out for you when I’m not around.”

“Hmm… I guess you have a point there.”

“And at least I avoided getting expelled. I’d say that’s an achievement.”

“Just wait until Yoongi hears,” Seokjin chuckles. “He’s never gonna let us live this down.”

“I hope he goes after you first,” Namjoon teases.

“Meanie.”
Seokjin

[Sent at 9:42 A.M.]
I miss you :(

Namjoon

[Sent at 9:43 A.M.]
I miss you, too, princey. :C

Seokjin

[Sent at 9:45 A.M.]
Can I come see you later?

“What are you moping about?”

“What, Nothing,” Namjoon responds, feeling a pang of frustration strike his heart from the fact that Yoongi was trying to distract him right when he was clearly busy. That, and he was bothering him for no good reason either, no doubt just doing it out of boredom instead of focusing on his homework like he was supposed to.

Namjoon

[Sent at 9:46 A.M.]
Sure thing, sweetcheeks. I’d love to see your pretty face later.

He wasn’t really moping, per se, but he also wasn’t completely over the fact that he and Seokjin had nearly gotten themselves into quite a bit of trouble the other day when the RA caught them just as they were leaving. To say they had rotten luck was probably an exaggeration but it wasn’t like they could go back to their old habits, not when the RA that caught them had it out for them if she ever spotted them together in the omega/beta dorm.
I guess that just leaves my dorm, Namjoon thinks as he fumbled with the keys on his phone, completely ignoring what Yoongi tells him in favor of texting back his boyfriend before he got too distracted with Yoongi’s pandering. I don’t think there’s any rules against omegas spending the night in my dorm building… I think.

Seokjin

[Sent at 9:46 A.M.]

( *'ω'* )

Namjoon

[Sent at 9:47 A.M.]

( ■・ω・■ )

Seokjin

[Sent at 9:47 A.M.]

( ■・₃・■ )

Namjoon

[Sent at 9:48 A.M.]

( ◾・|||・ ◾)

“Why are you smiling like an idiot?” Yoongi grumbles from where he sits across from Namjoon, taking a moment to roll his eyes at the alpha before turning his attention back to the music homework laid out in front of him. “Your cheeks are all red.”

“I’m texting Seokjin,” Namjoon responds absentmindedly as he sent out another adorable emoji to his boyfriend, grinning so wide that he could feel the corners of his lips straining, leaving him feeling as if he was going to be left in stitches if his mouth stretched any further.

“So you’re sexting?”

“Texting.”

“Sugarcoat it all you want but I know you’re sexting, Namjoon.”

“Am not.”
“Yeah, whatever. Deny it all you want. Seokjin will tell me about it later if I ask him.”

“No, he won’t,” Namjoon protests with a roll of his eyes.

“Yeah, I’d want to deny sexting you, too. I bet you’re really bad at it,” Yoongi sneers.

“Good thing I’m not sexting you, then. I’d probably go soft in 2 seconds flat.”

He almost expects Yoongi to reach over to punch him because of what he’d said, which was way more malicious than anything he’d ever said to anybody -- he considered himself to be a pretty polite person but Yoongi’s snarkiness often brought out the worst in him -- but then the omega cocks his head to the side and retorts,

“That’s if you can even get hard in the first place.”

At this, Namjoon rolls his eyes and types out another text to Seokjin, figuring that his boyfriend wouldn’t mind the change in topic of conversation since he hadn’t responded for a few minutes now. After all, it wasn’t like sending kawaii emojis back and forth was exactly “enlightening” conversation, no matter how fun it was.

Namjoon

[Sent at 9:51 A.M.]

Yoongi’s being mean to meeeeee

Seokjin

[Sent at 9:55 A.M]

Lol what did he say?

Namjoon

[Sent at 9:56 A.M]

That I can’t get it on.

Seokjin

[Sent at 9:58 A.M.]

Well, can you get it on, Joonie? ;)
Is he flirting with me? Namjoon thinks, feeling heat flooding his cheeks as he reread his boyfriend's text message.

“Why is your face all red? Oh, gosh, you are sexting, aren't you?” Yoongi accuses.

“Apparently we are now,” Namjoon admits sheepishly and Yoongi rolls his eyes, looking so disgusted with what Namjoon had told him that he starts packing up his things, shoving his books and notebooks, pens, and papers into his bag before leaving without so much as a “bye” to Namjoon, not that the alpha really wanted one.

Namjoon

[Sent at 10:02 A.M.]

Well, Yoongi’s gone.

Seokjin

[Sent at 10:03 A.M.]

What happened?

Namjoon

[Sent at 10:03 A.M.]

Apparently our flirting scared him off.

Seokjin replies back with a laughing emoji and then, a few minutes later, Namjoon hears his phone buzzing again, the screen lighting up as he received a new text message from none other than his lovely boyfriend.

Seokjin

[Sent at 10:05 A.M.]

So can I come see you? My class just let out. :)


Sure enough, Seokjin shows up in seemingly no time at all, barely giving Namjoon time to become impatient from waiting -- even though he’s too occupied with his homework to really notice how much time passes -- and surprises him by throwing his arms around his alpha’s shoulders.

“Hey, Joonie! How’s it going?”

“My day got a lot better since you got here, princey,” Namjoon answers as he cranes his neck to the side to get a glimpse of his omega’s face, all the while sporting the wildest grin on his face that had everything to do with his omega’s presence.

“Do you have anymore classes today, Joonie?” Seokjin asks once he’s put his things down, taking a seat in the empty chair beside his alpha and leaning his head on his shoulder as soon as he’s able to, eyes closing in bliss when he smells his boyfriend’s lovely scent of strawberries and lemons, seemingly even more potent than it usually was.

However, he figured that had something to do with the fact that they hadn’t had many opportunities to snuggle lately, courtesy of the hawk-eyed RA in Seokjin’s dorm and all of the homework they were juggling lately. If allowed a few more days, they would fully adjust to the never-ending stream of homework professors threw their way and would be able to make time for themselves without worrying if they would fail an exam or forget to turn in a homework assignment.

“My morning class was canceled but Yoongi and I decided to come here to do a little studying and--”

“And then Yoongi ditched you at some point?”

“He thought we were being too mushy,” Namjoon chuckles and Seokjin laughs along with him, just as amused as he was at the thought of their friend throwing up his guts into the bushes outside the library because he couldn’t stomach them being romantic with each other.

“Hopefully, he’ll get himself a boyfriend sooner or later and won’t be so uptight,” Seokjin says.

“That’s if he hasn’t already scared off all of his potential suitors.”

“Let’s hope there’s at least one good guy left in this world, just for the sake of proving him wrong.”

“Wait, you wouldn’t want that hypothetical magical guy to make him happy?” Namjoon questions, sounding rather bewildered and Seokjin fervently shakes his head when he realizes his alpha took his response the wrong way.

“No, no, I would definitely want him to be happy but I’d want it to be one of those ‘told you so’ situations where Yoongi would also realize that I’d been right all along.”

“Now he just needs some lovely alpha to sweep him off his feet.”

“If he doesn’t get a boyfriend by the end of next year, you and I will have to play matchmaker,
“Okay?”

“I’ll play along only if you promise you’ll protect me from Yoongi if he catches us in the act and decides to beat me up.”

“Don’t worry, I’ll protect you,” Seokjin promises, playfully pecking his alpha on the cheek in hopes of teasing him just a little because he was always so cute when he got flustered or admitted his fear of getting pummeled by Yoongi.

“Okay, good,” Namjoon breathes out in relief.

“You know I’d never let him hurt you, Joonie.”

“I feel a lot better knowing that you’re protecting me, princey.”

“Well, I know that my sweet alpha couldn’t hurt a fly so that’s why I’m here to keep you safe.”

“I’d protect you if I had to, Jinnie. Really, I would,” Namjoon insists and even though he senses that their conversation has taken a serious turn, Seokjin still smiles as if they were just talking about Yoongi amongst themselves, except that his smile looks a little wider than before.

“I’d never let anybody hurt you,” he continues as he stroked his omega’s cheek, smiling to himself at how flustered and red-cheeked his boyfriend becomes as he whispers his promise to him. “I’m your alpha and I’m not trying to impose hierarchical bullshit on you but I just want you to know that you can depend on me if you’re feeling scared or need protection from somebody.”

“Don’t worry, Joonie, I stopped being afraid of the boogeyman underneath my bed years ago,” Seokjin playfully teases and Namjoon groans, looking almost as if he were in pain.

“Way to ruin the moment, Jinnie.”

“It's what I do best, Joonie.”

“Even though you make bad jokes, I still love you.”

“Good.”

“Good?” Namjoon echoes, cocking an eyebrow at his omega in confusion and earning a mischievous grin in return.

“If you love me, that means you also love my bad jokes.”

“No, no, that’s not true,” Namjoon pretends to disagree, just for the sake of messing with his omega, who elbows him in the arm hard enough to leave him rubbing it in pain.

“Wrong answer, Joonie.”

“Aw, do you forgive me, princey?”

“Hmm, I'll think about it,” Seokjin jokes as he leaned his head on Namjoon's shoulder.

“You’ll think about it?”

“Mhm, I’m thinking about right now.”

“Thinking about what?”
“About my lovely boyfriend who smells like strawberry pastries and lemonade. I swear, I just wanna gobble you up everytime I get close enough to scent you,” Seokjin laughs, playfully bumping elbows with his alpha to let him know he was kidding.

“I’m flattered to know that you’d want to eat me, princey.”

“If I had the chance, I definitely would, Joonie.”

“But that’s called cannibalism and cannibalism is frowned upon in most civilized societies.”

“I’m pretty sure they’d make an exception for me,” Seokjin joked in hopes of messing with his alpha and just as he’d hoped, Namjoon makes a face that all but screams “seriously?”.

“But if you eat me, then I won’t be able to cuddle with you or kiss you or hug you!” Namjoon complained, sounding like a petulant child who had their candy taken away.

“Hmm, I guess you’re right,” and just for fun, Seokjin pokes Namjoon’s belly, grinning when he can still see the imprint of his finger dipping into the alpha’s black shirt, finding himself oddly satisfied for some reason he couldn’t quite discern other than that his alpha was looking at him with wide bug-eyes, as if he’d betrayed him by poking him.

“Jinnie, that was mean!”

“Aw, I’m sorry, Joonie…”

“Can I get a kiss before I go to my next class?”

“Of course you can,” and as he cups his alpha’s cheeks, Seokjin realizes that Namjoon had, at most, been expecting a kiss on the cheek but after a few moments of pondering, he decides to give him something a little more and a little better.

He quickly tangles his fingers in Namjoon’s hair, leaning in close until he was breaths apart from Namjoon, noses touching and breaths melding from how close they were in proximity to each other. He can practically taste lemons on his tongue, Seokjin swallowing nervously as he wasn’t used to breathing in his alpha’s scent so close like this -- but it wasn’t like he hated it, either.

Far from it, actually.

Boldly, he leans in, moulding his lips to his alpha’s and grazing his tongue over his bottom lip as he asked for entrance, smiling into the kiss when Namjoon parts his lips without much resistance. Warmth bursts in his chest like an explosion, rushing so heavily and quickly through his limbs that Seokjin is sure he’s on fire, cheeks ablaze with red and heart thudding against his ribcage like it was a ticking time bomb on the verge of exploding. And with every second that ticks by, he feels as if he’s drowning in his alpha’s scent, Seokjin wholly welcoming the thought of suffocating if it meant he’d spend his last moments breathing in lemons.

“Jinnie,” Namjoon gasps as they break part, following the path of his omega’s lips in hopes of getting another kiss and he does, managing to steal a peck despite feeling as if his lungs were on fire.

“That was so nice,” his omega whispers, leaning his forehead against his own and Namjoon bashfully grins.

“It really was, princey. Gosh, I’m gonna be dreaming about that tonight.”

“Me too.”
“Can I get another kiss?” Namjoon whispers and Seokjin whispers back “of course” but just as he
leans in, his phone goes off and he groans, forcing himself to draw away to turn off the alarm that
had just started blaring.
“Namjoon, why do you have an alarm set? Were you afraid you were gonna fall asleep?” Seokjin
playfully teased, for which his alpha bops his nose as a “punishment” of sorts that just earns him a
bewildered look.
“No, actually, I have a bad habit of forgetting that I have a class in the early afternoon and then one
after that. I can remember my third class but for some reason, the second one keeps slipping my
mind.”
“Oh, no! Did you already miss a class?”
“I missed a few,” the alpha admits sheepishly. “To be specific, I’ve missed two so far.”
“And it’s a Monday/Wednesday/Friday course, right? So you’ve only got one absence left.”
“Don’t remind me. I’ve still got a ways to go before winter break.”
“If you’re lucky, your professor won’t be here today,” but his words fall on deaf ears as Namjoon
cups his cheeks and pulls him in for another kiss, capturing his upper lip before drawing away,
grinning like a madman.
I’d say you’re the reason why I can’t breathe right, Namjoon thinks, rather amused with the sight of
his omega so red in the face and from knowing that he was the reason for it.
“I’ll see you later, princey,” he whispers a bit breathlessly as he leaves and Seokjin flashes him a
bright smile in return, watching as his boyfriend packed up his things and left the library without
haste, clearly not wanting to go but is forced to when Seokjin practically ushers him down the stairs.
“Looking forward to it, Joonie.”

♦♦♦

Namjoon
[Sent at 2:31 P.M]
Hey, princey :)

“Is that Namjoon?” Yoongi questions as soon as he hears Seokjin’s phone go off, assuming that it
was the elder’s boyfriend texting him, and receives a quick “yep, it’s him” in response. As soon as he
does, Yoongi tunes out just in case Seokjin wanted to start gushing about his alpha.
And for the record, as happy as he was for Seokjin and pleased that Namjoon was no longer
hounding him for a date, he honestly didn’t care to hear any of the nitty gritty details about their
relationship.


Seokjin

[Sent at 2:33 P.M.]
yes, my love?

Namjoon

[Sent at 2:33 P.M.]
I got you something. :)

Seokjin

[Sent at 2:34 P.M.]
Ooh, really? What is it?

Namjoon

[Sent at 2:35 P.M.]
Meet me outside your dorm building. :'D

“C’mon, Yoongi, let’s go!”

“Go where?” the younger questions in confusion as he watched his friend start speed-walking towards their dorm building, being forced to run after him when Seokjin neither slows down nor gives him any insight as to why he was headed there when they had agreed to go get some ice cream after class.

Compared to Seokjin, who bounded across the sidewalk with a skip to his step like he was bouncing on clouds, Yoongi found himself purposely dragging his feet, wanting to avoid having to stand in the same bubble as Namjoon for as long as he possibly could. Seokjin's boyfriend just wasn't one of his most favorite people in the world and would never come anywhere close to becoming a favorite person of his.

The thought was laughable, especially since Namjoon always seemed a little too desperate -- or maybe it seems that way because I think he’s a giant pain in the ass, Yoongi mused to himself -- and Seokjin was the same way, except Yoongi had no problem hanging out with the elder omega as long as the topic of conversation never became about Namjoon.

“Namjoon!”
And speak of the devil.

“Hey, princey, I’m surprised you got here so quickly,” Namjoon hummed, sounding a little too pleased with himself for Yoongi’s liking but he didn’t dare ruin the moment, knowing he wouldn’t hear the end of it from Seokjin later if he did.

“Well, I heard you had a surprise for me and I couldn’t wait another moment so I came to find you,” Seokjin laughs but then, as he takes in his alpha’s appearance, he notices that he wasn’t wearing his black t-shirt from earlier but rather, now he had on a hoodie that looked all too familiar.

“Oh, wait…”

“What is it, princey?”

“Isn’t this mine?” Seokjin questions as he points to the almost-neon blue hoodie Namjoon was wearing, cocking an eyebrow at his boyfriend.

“Y-yeah, it’s yours.”

“Not that I’m complaining but how’d you get your hands on it?”

“I snuck in.”

“You snuck in… into my dorm?”

“I did,” Namjoon affirms somewhat sheepishly and Seokjin punches him in the shoulder, nowhere hard enough to bruise but just enough that his arm gets jostled from the force, a look that was something between disbelief and disappointed painted on his features.

“I don’t believe you!”

“What? I missed your scent.”

“You did?”


“And you risked expulsion for one of my hoodies? Joonie, I would have given you one of my hoodies if you’d just asked.”

“I couldn’t wait until you were done with class so I snuck past the desk when nobody was there and your roommate let me in.”

“Well, he’s sleeping in the doghouse tonight,” Seokjin jokes and Namjoon cracks a sunny grin in return.

“I’d say he deserves an award for being the most amazing accomplice ever.”

“Don’t I get a reward?” Namjoon playfully teases and Seokjin cocks his head to the side like he doesn’t know what he means, although deep down, he figures there’s only a few things his alpha could want.

“Oh, for what?”

“For being the most amazing boyfriend in the whole world,” and before Seokjin can question him further, Namjoon removes the hand that was behind his back and shows his omega what he had been
holding, his thick lips curving back into a wide grin that stretches from ear to ear when his boyfriend’s face lights up like fireworks.

“Oh, my gosh! Namjoon, you’re so sweet! Thank you, thank you!” Seokjin babbles, gratefully taking the chocolate-frosted, chocolate cupcake that his boyfriend had bought him, gingerly holding it as he admired the generous amount of pink sugar crystals sprinkled over it and then, once he was done looking over the lovely treat in his hands, he wraps an arm around Namjoon for a one-armed hug, careful to not do anything to destroy his cupcake.

“It’s just a cupcake,” Yoongi grumbles.

“It’s a cupcake from my alpha. There’s a difference.” Seokjin emphasizes and the younger omega rolls his eyes.

“Whatever.”

“Thank you so much for thinking about me, Joonie. I really appreciate it,” Seokjin hums, pecking his alpha on the lips and smiling adoringly as his cheeks colored a lovely shade of pink.

“Aw, shucks, princey. You’re so welcome.”

“Ew,” Yoongi gags.

“Shush.”
Yoongi had never considered himself good at social engagements, which was why he avoided birthday parties as much as possible as he was growing up.

Part of the reason was that, since his parents never really celebrated his birthday after he turned six, he felt uncomfortable giving presents and watching his friends unwrap them before thanking him for buying them something that they would probably throw out a few months later. He figured one of the bright sides to never celebrating birthdays was the lack of clutter in his room, which had only started to look lived in once he got his first job at a grocery store back in high school and was making enough money that he could buy himself little snacks, lunch at school, and the occasional toy despite being too old for children’s toys at that point.

And by then, he didn’t care about birthdays that much since he could buy himself anything he wanted whenever he saw something he liked and wanted to have.

Still, birthdays were important to other people and today, according to the calendar on his phone, was Seokjin’s birthday. The plastic bag on his desk was filled with a couple of different kinds of candy, ranging from strawberry-flavored Kit Kats, a bag of fun-sized Hershey’s chocolate bars, a box of Pepero, and even some ramen, even though it wasn’t candy. Seokjin could make 10-cent ramen taste like it had been cooked by famous chefs and Yoongi figured food of any kind was always welcomed.

“I’m off to class, Yoongi,” Jinyoung announces like he does every morning, mostly as a courtesy to remind the omega that he needed to get up in the next ten minutes if he wanted to make it to his first class and Yoongi would have thought nothing of it, were it not for the sudden rustling that fills the air.

He shoots up in bed, eyes locked on his roommate’s hand, where it was buried deep in the plastic bag on his desk and Yoongi leaps out of bed, almost tackling his roommate in an attempt to snatch away the mini Hershey’s bar he’d snatched right before Yoongi jumped him.

“Give me that!” the omega demanded, growling at his roommate when he raised the hand that held the Hershey’s bar up as high as he could to keep it out of his reach. “Don’t make me climb up your back, you giraffe!”

To Yoongi’s dismay, Jinyoung pops the Hershey’s bar -- wrapper and all -- into his mouth and the omega can only stare at his roommate in complete and utter disbelief because of what he’d done. He looks so smug about it, too, like he just won a gold medal or earned a pat on the back for a major accomplishment, and Yoongi has to actively resist the urge to smack him because he was awfully close to giving his roommate a piece of his fist.

“You’re fucking unbelievable!” he huffs.

“Do you still want it back?” Jinyoung teases once he's taken the candy out of his mouth, cheekily grinning at his fuming roommate.

“Fuck no, you sicko.”
“Cool, thanks, Yoongi! You’re the best!”

“Yeah, yeah, just get the fuck out of here before I change my mind and kick your ass.”

“Okay, okay, I’ll be leaving now but I just wanna say that what you said was so not cool!”

“What’d I say?”

“Uh, you forgot that you called me a giraffe? Seriously? I’m offended.”

“You’re offended that I stated a fact?” Yoongi questions, cocking his head to the side and feigning confusion, to which his roommate sticks his tongue out at him.

“Very mature.”

“Thanks for the candy!”

“Yeah, whatever. Wasn’t like I wanted to give you any in the first place, you moocher.”

“And that’s why I helped myself. I’ll see you later,” and before Yoongi retort anything in response, Jinyoung exits the dorm room and leaves his roommate standing in the middle of their shared bedroom, half-stunned and mostly ticked off.

“Asshole,” he mutters, forcing aside his frustration even though part of him would really love to chase after Jinyoung and give him a good kick to the shins for stealing a chocolate bar that was meant for Seokjin, and grabs his phone where it sits on the floor in the corner, charging.

The battery was full and Yoongi unplugs his phone from the wall, taking a moment to toss his charger into his bag before typing out a quick text to Seokjin.

Yoongi

[Sent at 9:54 A.M.]

Hey, hyungie, can we meet up?

Seokjin

[Sent at 9:55 A.M.]

Hyungie?

[Sent at 9:56 A.M.]

Who are you and what have you done to my Yoongi? lmao

Yoongi

[Sent at 9:58 A.M.]
Considering how hectic their lives were becoming with the semester coming to a close, Yoongi couldn’t recall when Seokjin had class and only knew that he had one in the afternoon. As for all the others, he was drawing a blank and knew that, in a situation where his only chance at survival would be to tell his kidnappers what Seokjin’s schedule was, he knew he would be dead before he spoke “I don’t know”.

*Good thing kidnappers only want ransom money and not somebody's class schedule,* Yoongi thought to himself.

He quickly gets dressed, throwing on a white shirt, his favorite pair of worn jeans that were starting to get a little too worn, his winter coat, and remembers to grab his backpack on his way out of his dorm just in case he and Seokjin got too caught up with talking that he had to go to class immediately afterward. He most certainly was not going to run across campus to get his things from his dorm and if he was ever in a situation where he had to run, Yoongi preferred to ditch class instead.

The cold hits him unexpectedly as he ventures out of the dorm, Yoongi feeling an awful shiver rush down his spine because of the chill that leaves his cheeks frozen and practically sends him bolting for the library, preferring to exert extra energy rather than take his sweet time and freeze half to death before he got to the library.

“Hey, Yoongi,” Seokjin says once the younger hobbles over to the computer section, still panting from his dash to the library and he says, “did you run here?”

“Shut up. I don’t run.”

“I don’t blame you. It’s cold out.”

“Thanks for being born in one of the coldest months of the year, asshole.”
“That wasn’t really up to me,” Seokjin chuckles, sounding far too amused for his own good and Yoongi can’t help but also crack a grin, straightening his back once he feels he’s caught his breath. And then, he holds out the bag of candy to Seokjin.

“Happy birthday.”

“What-- Yoongi, seriously? Aw, you shouldn’t have, thank you,” Seokjin babbles as he takes the bag of goodies from the younger’s outstretched hand, grinning wide when he opens the bag and finds a slew of chocolates and even some ramen inside.

“It was no big deal. I just wanted to wish you a happy birthday, is all.”

“So does this mean I can spoil you for your birthday?”

“No. You’re only allowed to tell me ‘happy birthday’ and that’s it.”

“No promises,” Seokjin teases, grinning even wider when Yoongi glowers at him. “You might even get a cute cupcake.”

“No, thank you.”

“Hmph, brat, that’s not for you to decide.”

“Yeah, yeah, yeah. Why are we talking about my birthday when we should be celebrating yours?”

“Touche, touche.”

“Are you going home to celebrate?”

“I’ll be going home this weekend. My parents are gonna be taking me out to dinner and my brother said he bought me something. He didn’t say what, though.”

“That sounds really fun,” Yoongi chuckles. “And I think he got you something nice.”

“You think so?”

“Yeah, he’s a jerk but I don’t think he’d ruin your birthday with a crappy gift.”

“Yeah, I guess you’re right about that. If he did, then I’d have to get back at him.”

“I can get you some ass spray--”

“Ass spray?”

“Yeah, that’s what I said.”

“That was so random!” Seokjin laughs and Yoongi makes a funny face.

“No, it wasn’t! I was gonna say that if he does give you a crappy gift, I can get you some ass spray and you can use it to bomb his room.”

“How do you know about these things?”

“I get bored and surf Amazon for shit I’m never gonna buy.”

“Okay, fair enough. Just don’t buy ass spray, please.”

“Ahhh, good one.”

“So it doesn’t bug you that you have school on your birthday?”

“Not really,” Seokjin shrugs. “You helped make it better, though.”

“Yeah, yeah, yeah, don’t be mushy.”

“I think you initiated the mushiness when you brought me candy.”

“It’s your birthday. You deserve something, hyung.”

“And I appreciate it a lot, especially since I know you don’t have that much money. Thank you, Yoongi. I won’t forget this,” Seokjin says and because he can tell that he’s being sincere, Yoongi accepts his words without much resistance.

“You’re so welcome.”

Sensing their conversation has ended and that Seokjin needed to get back to working on whatever document he had open on the computer, Yoongi says goodbye and heads takes the elevator to the third floor of the library to browse the stacks for books he could potentially use for the essay his sociology professor had said he was going to assign in the next few weeks and he wanted to be just a little ahead of the game. Of course, simply browsing the stacks without knowing his topic wasn’t exactly efficient, further evidenced by the way his eyes glaze over as he takes in all of the titles.

 Fuck it. I’m just wasting my time here. I’ll come back once the professor gives out the assignment.

But just as he heads for the stairs, Yoongi notices somebody familiar sitting at one of the tables -- it’s Namjoon -- and he circles around until he’s standing on the opposite side of the table across from the alpha, whose nose was buried in a textbook -- music, by the looks of it.

“Did you know today’s Seokjin’s birthday?”

“Oh, yeah, yeah, yeah. I’ll wish him a happy birthday once I’m done with this section,” Namjoon says as he flips the page, Yoongi scowling at the way that he’s brushed off, like his words had gone in one ear and flew out the other fast than a rocket.

“You better,” and with that, he heads back down the stairs and leaves the library after saying goodbye to Seokjin and wishing him a happy birthday one last time, figuring it couldn’t hurt, and takes his leave by heading to class.

But throughout the day, in between lectures and breaks, Yoongi couldn't help but wonder if Namjoon had followed through on his promise and so, he texts Seokjin once his final class of the day lets out as a way to discreetly check on Namjoon and whether he followed through on his promise. Judging by the way he'd brushed him off, Yoongi more than knew he hadn't wished Seokjin a happy birthday but wanted to make sure, just in case.

Yoongi

[Sent at 5:22 P.M.]

So has Namjoon wished you a happy birthday yet?
Seokjin

[Sent at 5:25 P.M.]

No, not yet but I’m sure he will! Maybe he planned something for me? :D

Yoongi

[Sent at 5:32 P.M.]

Maybe…

But as much as Seokjin wanted to believe Namjoon had some special surprise in store for him, the sky turns darker with every hour that passes, and he receives no word from Namjoon. And then, Seokjin starts to fear the worst: that Namjoon had actually forgotten his birthday. Even when he shoots his alpha a text that simply reads “hey”, he doesn’t get a reply from him for hours afterward and feels his heart sinking deeper into his belly as a result. He reminds himself that Namjoon was probably coming by to surprise him but the time was nearing nine o’clock in the evening and even when he returns from dinner at the mess hall, there’s still no response from Namjoon.

The next couple of days are the same: complete radio silence on Namjoon's end and Seokjin is even convinced that his alpha fell off the face of the earth.

_There better be a good reason why he's not replying to me. Like, he's off saving the world and he can't get to his phone right now_, Seokjin bitterly thinks as he makes his way to the library so he could print his essay before his morning class began, fuming at the thought of seeing Namjoon's face but he realizes that the universe is completely against him because he runs into the alpha as he exits the library with his printed essay in hand.

“Hey, Jinnie--”

“Oh, so now you want to talk to me?” Seokjin sneers coldly.

“I don’t--”

“Did you know that my birthday was a couple of days ago?”

“W-wait, your birthday passed?” Namjoon nervously asks but Seokjin doesn’t dare look at him, feeling tears pricking at his eyelids as his worst fears were confirmed.

“You mean you forgot?”

His voice is low, bordering on deadly and daring Namjoon to say anything besides “no, I didn’t forget” but the uncomfortable silence hanging over them is louder than any answer the alpha could have given him and in truth, he doesn’t have to speak for Seokjin to know the truth. Without Namjoon having to even say anything, Seokjin had gotten his answer just from the silence he’d endured the whole week.

And rather than wait for Namjoon to explain himself, Seokjin gets up and grabs his things, not even
bothering to put his backpack on his shoulders before storming down the stairs and out of the library with all of his things, Seokjin doesn’t even check behind him to see if Namjoon was following but when somebody grabs his hand, he realizes his alpha had indeed chased after him.

“Jinnie, please wait!”

“Yoongi doesn’t even care about birthdays and he cared enough about me to remember,” Seokjin seethed, whirling around as he pulled his hand away from Namjoon, “so how did it take you a whole week before you realized you forgot my birthday, huh?”

“Jinnie, I didn’t mean to, I swear!”

“Hmph… sure, you didn’t.”

“I didn’t! It just slipped my mind! Princey, why won’t you believe me?”

“Words don’t mean much right now, not when you’re telling me one thing and you’ve done something completely different. You didn’t even realize my birthday passed. And calling me ‘princey’,” Seokjin spits in contempt, “isn’t going to change that.”

“Is it that big of a deal for you?”

“Obviously it is, Namjoon!” Seokjin snaps harshly, voice cracking halfway through his sentence and the alpha flinches. “Shit! Would I even be talking about this with you if it didn't matter?”

“I-I… I guess you wouldn't be…”

“Maybe I should date Yoongi instead since he seems to actually give a damn about me!”

“Oh, come on! That’s so unfair! I do care about you!” Namjoon protests, looking as hurt as Seokjin felt -- almost.

“Maybe you do,” Seokjin sniffled sadly as a few tears spilled down his cheeks, his voice accusing like he didn’t believe anything Namjoon had said. When his alpha tries to brush his tears away, he slaps his hands away and shouts, “but not enough to remember my birthday! But I guess it’s my fault for thinking we were on the same page with things that mattered!”

“You do matter to me, Jinnie! You mean everything to me!”

“Yeah, I would have believed that any other day except today. Now, I’m not so sure. Like, shit, I don’t even know if I can trust you anymore.”

“Jinnie, please don’t say that you’re breaking up with me,” Namjoon begs, sounding so distraught to his ears that Seokjin almost has half a mind to comfort him but he reminds himself that he didn’t deserve it.

How could you hurt me like this? he wanted to shout at him and he does, especially since there weren’t many people present on campus at the moment. That, and at the same time, his feelings were too hurt to truly care if anybody overheard.

He thinks back to the plastic bag filled with all the sweets Yoongi had bought him that was sitting back in his dorm room, the mere thought of it threatening to pull him down into the dirt and leave him trapped there to forever wallow in his sadness. The candies Yoongi had generously scrounged up during a trip to the supermarket could no longer bring him happiness, serving instead as a painful reminder that his best friend had been the only one who actually remembered his birthday and that
Namjoon, his boyfriend, had completely forgotten.

December 4th had been just another day to Namjoon.

It didn't mean anything beyond just being another day of classes and attending lectures and as he came to wrap his head around this realization, Seokjin slowly -- yet painfully -- found himself accepting that his birthday hadn't even crossed Namjoon's mind until he'd pointed it out.

“Please let me make it up to you, Jinnie! I'll do anything!” Namjoon begs but to his dismay, his omega just shakes his head and hastily brushes away his tears, looking so distraught that he wishes he could just hug him and apologize until his voice echoed against the walls of the buildings around them.

“Just get out of here,” his omega snaps, Namjoon feeling his heart sink at Seokjin's cold words and which was far from what he had been expecting.

He'd hoped that Seokjin would have, at the very least, told him he needed some time to think about what he wanted but he hadn't expected his omega to just brush him off and so harshly, too.

“Jinnie--”

“I said, get out of here! I don’t want to see you right now!”

“Jinnie--”

But before he can say another word, the omega storms off in a rage, shoving past him without a care as he rushed off to his dorm, vision blurring with every step he took until he was blindly stumbling into the building and up the stairs until he finally made it up to his room. Even then, he fumbles with the keys, clumsily unlocking the door after a few minutes spent trying to find the right one and once he’s inside, he types out a quick message that he hopes makes sense, unable to bring himself to check if everything was spelled properly.

For all he knew, it was just a giant jumble of letters mashed together and Yoongi would have no idea what he’d sent. Plus, he had no idea if the younger was even awake this early. Knowing Yoongi, it would probably be awhile until he woke up but Seokjin still sends his text in the off-chance that his friend was awake, desperately needing comfort from somebody he trusted.

Seokjin

[Sent at 8:25 A.M.]

Hey… can you come by my dorm if you have time? If it's not too much trouble…?

He hates how pathetic his text looks, his words pleading as if he were asking Yoongi for permission without explicitly doing so, and it frustrates him that he's been reduced to a pathetic, sniveling mess. But it was Namjoon's fault that he was upset in the first place and then his phone goes off but it's not Yoongi like he was expecting.

Namjoon
Princey, I'm so, so, SO sorry! Please let me make it up to you! I'll do anything!

Maybe you should have remembered my birthday, asshole, Seokjin thought with a roll of his eyes as he swiped his thumb across his phone’s screen to get rid of the text sitting in his notification tray, not even wanting to see Namjoon’s name right now.

He even blocks Namjoon's number, reasoning with himself that he would unblock him once he felt better but his sorrows didn't seem to be in any hurry to leave and as such, he wasn't in any hurry to start talking to Namjoon again. When and if he did, he would un-block him.

Yoongi

Sure thing. Be there in a bit.

Seokjin doesn’t know how much time passes before Yoongi finally arrives, not caring to look at his phone once he’s read the younger’s text, and curls up into a ball on his bed as he tried to comfort himself. Even with the heat on, his room feels so cold and he can’t bring himself to stop crying, not even when he realizes that Jaehwan could walk in at any moment. Still, he felt hopeless, unsure of what to think when Namjoon had so callously told him “is it really that important to you?” and he brings his arms down to his sides once more, allowing the tears to flow freely now as he wallowed in self-pity.

“Hey, I got your text. Is everything okay?” Yoongi asked as he stepped into the room but when Seokjin doesn’t look up, sniffling a little too loud to blame it on allergies, he immediately realizes something is wrong.

“So, Seokjin, is everything okay?” he asks again once he’s closer to his friend, now able to clearly hear him hiccupping and sniffling, sounding as if he’d been crying.

His head remains bowed, hair obscuring his face but doesn’t completely hide his tears, which roll down his cheeks before pattering off his chin onto his shirt, leaving behind little, wet stains on the dark fabric and his pillowcase. Seokjin manages to sit up but his head remains bowed, shame filling his chest like an overflowing dam because he was still sobbing like a baby over something that Yoongi would probably think was stupid.

“H-hey, Seokj--”

“Y-Yoongi… h-he forgot… m-my birthday,” the elder suddenly stuttered in between hiccups, choking as he starts sobbing again and Yoongi feels fire burst in his chest, eyebrows furrowing in anger.

“Namjoon forgot your birthday?”

“Y-Yeah…”
“Shit.”

“I’m just… I’m s-so sad…”

“Don’t be sad,” Yoongi mumbles even though he knows nothing he says will make things better, all
the while rubbing the elder’s back in gentle circles in hopes of easing the tension that held him rigid
from grief.

“But he was supposed to care! He’s my boyfriend! How did he forget my birthday!”

“I know, I know… he should have been the first to remember your birthday and it’s so not fair that
he hurt you like this.”

“Then does he even love me?” Seokjin mumbles as he leans his head on Yoongi’s shoulder, still
sniffling and sobbing but no longer caring that his friend could see him at his worst as he wallowed
in misery.

His question hangs heavy over them, waiting to be answered even though Yoongi can only quietly
sit there and comfort his friend. He opens his mouth but stops himself, forcing his mouth closed a
few moments later. He chooses to remain silent rather than to say just anything to answer Seokjin’s
question and can only hug the elder while he sobbed, doing his best to comfort him even though he
could tell that his efforts were useless.

Namjoon, you really fucked up.
Never, in all his years of being alive, would Namjoon have felt so relieved to see Yoongi but today, when he was bordering on desperate after having spent almost a whole week mulling over how to make it up to Seokjin, he needed somebody to talk to. And by somebody, he needed to talk to the one person who spoke to Seokjin more than anybody else on campus even if he risked getting his face clawed off in the process because, frankly, Yoongi wasn’t the nicest person let alone the nicest omega he’s ever met.

“Yoongi! You have to help me out!” Namjoon calls after the omega, dashing towards him as fast as his long, clumsy legs could carry him but to his frustration, the omega just keeps walking like he hadn’t heard him.

In fact, it seemed almost like his pace had become more hurried once Namjoon called his name and in an attempt to get the elder to just stop for one second, he grabs his shoulder and sends Yoongi skidding to a stop so fast that he smacks Namjoon’s hand away without even coming to a complete stop before whirling around to face him, not once losing balance or tripping over his feet.

“Don’t touch me,” Yoongi snapped tersely as he glared daggers that threatened to cut Namjoon down to ribbons.

“Listen, you have to help me fix things with Seokjin!”

“Why should I? It’s your mistake. Fix it yourself.”

“But Seokjin is your best friend—”

“Yeah, he’s my best friend,” Yoongi interrupts, jabbing a finger on Namjoon’s chest hard enough that the alpha winces in pain, “and because he’s my best friend, I wanted to make sure that he felt good on his birthday! And I’m not even his boyfriend!”

“Look, I know I messed up!”

“Yeah, you messed up big time! How could you do that, Namjoon?”

“Accidents happen—”

“And that’s why you don’t deserve him!” Yoongi snaps suddenly, eyes burning with rage as he glared at the alpha, who looked absolutely stunned at what he’d just been told. “Instead of trying to make things up to him, you’re still making excuses! Maybe you don’t even love him!”

“Oh, fuck you!”

“Fuck me?” Yoongi echoes, sounding more angered than hurt. “Is that also what you told Seokjin?”

“No, I didn’t—”

“Go to hell, Namjoon. You don’t deserve Seokjin and if this is what you’re really like, he’ll be better off without you! He deserves somebody who remembers his birthday!”

“Look, I know I messed up but you don’t have to be such a jackass about it!”
“I don’t think you realize how much you screwed up. When your birthday was coming up, I went
with Seokjin to the supermarket and he gave me this whole spiel about gift giving and how he
wanted to go above and beyond just buying you chocolate. He bought you candy, a goddamn
cupcake, and a fucking Rilakkuma plushie and it’s all because he loved you!”

“Look—”

“What, you couldn’t even text him ‘happy birthday’? I know for a fact that what you were doing was
nowhere near as important as you’re acting it was.”

“I know that and you have no idea how much I’m regretting it now!”

“He never said it but deep down, he was hoping that you’d just return the favor with some candy and
a kiss when his birthday came around. Y’know, just something so he felt appreciated in return but
instead, all he got was grief and disappointment.”

“I know…”

“Even simply telling him ‘happy birthday’ would have been more than enough but you couldn’t
even do that without having to be reminded. And no, if you have to be told that it’s somebody’s
birthday, wishing them a happy birthday doesn’t count.”

“Oh, okay, I get it! Just help me fix this, please,” Namjoon begs. “I’ll do anything to make things
right!”

“I don’t know why you’re telling me this. I’m not the one you have to apologize to.”

“I tried that but Seokjin wouldn’t—”

“Then that’s a sign that an apology isn’t gonna cut it like you thought, Namjoon. Seokjin didn’t want
you to take him out to dinner or spend hundreds of dollars on him but since you couldn’t even take a
few moments to text him ‘happy birthday’, I don’t know what you’re gonna do to make things
better.”

“I don’t want to lose him.”

“Should’ve thought of that before you forgot his birthday. Like, c’mon, you’ve been dating for
almost five months now and you can’t tell me what day your boyfriend was born?”

“I knew when his birthday was but I just…”

“You just what?”

“Forget it,” Namjoon scoffs. “It’s not gonna make a difference.”

“Damn right, it won’t,” Yoongi comments, eyes narrowing as he takes in Namjoon from head-to-toe,
which makes the alpha feel like he was cattle on display at an auction. He’s unnerved, to say the
least, and he swallows hard before averting his eyes, unable to hold the omega’s gaze any longer.

“You have to fix this right away or Seokjin will always remember that you forgot his birthday and
that’s gonna permanently destroy your relationship, if it hasn’t already.”

“You would like that, wouldn’t you? You never thought I was good enough for Seokjin and I could
tell you wanted us to break up as soon as possible,” Namjoon sneers.

“You think I’m so selfish that I’d want that to happen? I’ve got nothing to gain from you two
breaking up! And I could see how happy Seokjin was once you two started dating so why the hell would I want you two to break up? I care about Seokjin’s happiness, you moron!” Yoongi snaps, his voice drawn in a sneer that matched the alpha’s.

“I don’t know, you take every chance to show me how much you hate me so yeah, I think I can see why you’d celebrate if Seokjin and I broke up for good!”

“You think I hate you?”

“We’re not exactly best buddies either,” Namjoon snorts matter-of-factly and then, when Yoongi doesn’t retort something back at him, he rudely adds,

“What, cat got your tongue?”

“I’m sorry for being rude to you all the time, okay? I’m just… not good with people, especially with alphas.”

“So you don’t hate me?”

“No,” Yoongi says flatly after it feels like an entire millennium has passed, the word spilling past his chapped lips almost like a sigh. “No, I don’t hate you.”

“You’re such a strange omega,” Namjoon snorts, which earns him a glare from Yoongi that threatens murder before the look in the omega’s eyes suddenly turns a little softer, like he suddenly wasn’t chomping at the bit to kill him for the comment he made.

“So… how is he?”

“Seokjin, you mean?”

“Y-yeah,” Namjoon mumbled dejectedly. “It’s been so long since I saw him. Almost feels like he’s fallen off the face of the earth.”

“He’s doing okay. About as well as you’d expect with what happened.”

“Man, I just wish I hadn’t messed up.”

“You still have time to make things up to him, Namjoon. It won’t completely take away the pain but by making it up to him, you’ll undo a lot of the damage that you caused. And in the long run, I think it’ll make things okay between the two of you again.”

“I sure hope so.”

“What’d you have in mind for fixing things with Seokjin?”

“I dunno, I’ve been considering a few things but I’m not sure if it’s enough.”

“Tell me.”

“I work shifts at the LOTTE Cinema and I was thinking about taking Seokjin there to see a movie.”

“That’s all you got? A movie?”

“No, no. I was going to borrow out a room so we could watch Tangled. It’s Seokjin’s favorite movie.”
“But Tangled hasn’t been in theaters for almost a year now.”

“Sometimes, when a room isn’t being used to show a movie because nobody bought tickets for that showtime, my manager lets me play videogames on the big screen. And so, I was thinking that I could try making it up to him by playing Tangled, just for him,” Namjoon clarified as he felt his cheeks burning up from a mixture of embarrassment and shyness, especially since he hadn’t been expecting Yoongi to want to hear about his plan.

“So it would be a movie for two?”

“Exactly. I just need your help getting Seokjin to come along because there’s no way he’ll want to come along if I ask him. Plus, none of my texts have gone through.”

“Well, that’s not surprising since he blocked your number,” Yoongi snickered and even though he expected as much, having Yoongi confirm what he had thought to be true makes Namjoon’s heart sink a little.

“Oh.”

“But don’t worry,” the omega tried to soothe when he realized how badly Namjoon had been affected from finding out the truth, “he’ll unblock you once he sees the effort you’ve put in to make it up to him.”

“You think so?”

“If he doesn’t, then I’ll smack him for you,” Yoongi jokes and Namjoon manages to crack a grin.

“So when do you plan on surprising Seokjin?”

“Are you available tomorrow?” and after pondering for a few moments, Yoongi nods.

“You’re lucky I only have one class on Thursdays.”

“I was actually planning on bribing you,” Namjoon admits and he can’t deny how smug he feels when Yoongi’s eyes widen in surprise.

“What, seriously?”

“Uh-huh. I was going to offer you 10,800 Won in case you didn’t want to cooperate out of the goodness of your heart but since you are--”

“Give it,” the omega demanded as he held out his hand to Namjoon, who stares at him in disbelief before he realizes that he’s serious and digs into his pocket for his wallet to fish out the promised sum.

“I thought you were going to help me out.”

“I am, I just need a little extra incentive,” Yoongi chuckles as he pocketed the money Namjoon had given him for safekeeping, which would no doubt go to his lunch tomorrow, the alpha of the two figured. “One thing my brother taught me is that you should never do anything for free.”

“Remind me to never ask you for any favors ever again,” Namjoon snorts.

“Noted.”

“Okay, I bribed you so now will you help me?”
“Sure, just name the time and place.”

“Like I said before, LOTTE Cinema. I’m due to take a shift in a couple hours so I’ll let you know exactly what time to bring Seokjin by. Just make sure you tell him that you’re going to see an actual movie that’s being shown at the theater, okay? Say you preordered the tickets online or something.”

“Okay, okay, I can do that. What time do you think you’ll be able to show the movie?”

“Probably around one o’clock. Does that work for you?” Namjoon asks as they made their way to the cafeteria and Yoongi nods without needing time to ponder, which leaves the alpha of the two feeling relieved because the last thing he needed was for Yoongi to say no.

“And you’re sure there will be an empty room?”

“Dude, I’ve worked there since the semester started back in August. Of course I’m sure!”

“Okay,” Yoongi sings.

“Don’t say it like that.”

“Okay,” the omega repeats, although he’s being extra sarcastic and mocking this time, smirking playfully at Namjoon because he knew that the alpha couldn’t do anything to him for teasing him.

“You’re such a pain.”

“That’s my middle name.”

“It suits you.”

“Thanks, asshole. If anything changes, just text me or come by my dorm.”

“Will do.”

And because he wanted to be as authentic as possible, Namjoon prints tickets for Yoongi and Seokjin to ensure that they could get into the theater without running into any problems with his coworkers and also saving the omegas from having to buy tickets for a movie that they weren’t going to see. Hell, Yoongi wasn’t even going to stick around -- he’d said this himself -- and planned on handing the reins over to Namjoon as quickly as possible. Since he didn’t have any classes with the omega this semester, Namjoon forces himself to wake up early the next day and sneaks his way upstairs to the omega’s door, knocking loud enough in hopes of getting Yoongi’s attention even though he was sure the omega was dead asleep right now.

He wasn’t allowed to be in the omega/beta dorm, though, and for that reason, he couldn’t help but knock on Yoongi’s door again after waiting only a few seconds, frantically hoping that the omega was awake now because he definitely didn’t want experience a repeat of what happened when he’d accidentally fallen asleep in Seokjin’s dorm.

If the R.A. that caught him was on duty right now, he knew that she would follow through on her promise and report him. He didn’t need to get written up for breaking the rules or for improper conduct and he reaches up to knock for a third time. However, whoever was on the other side of the door beats him to the chase because he hears the locks clicking and then the door squeaking open.

“What the fuck, Namjoon? It’s eight in the fucking morning,” Yoongi snaps, glaring at the alpha through his one open eye while he tried to rub the sleep out of his other one. “And you’re not even supposed to be in here. The R.A. is gonna murder you if they catch you.”
“That’s why I’m asking you to shut the fuck up and take this,” Namjoon snaps back as he shoved a slim envelope into Yoongi’s hand. “These are the tickets I printed for the movie today.”

“Wow, I wasn’t expecting you to be authentic about it.”

“Yeah, well, I know you’re not going to put in anymore effort than necessary.”

“Last time I checked, Seokjin is not my boyfriend.”

“No shit, Sherlock.”

“So is the showing at one o’clock?”

“Yep, on the dot. Don’t be late, I mean it.”

“What, no previews?” Yoongi scoffs. “What kind of a shit movie theater do you work at?”

“Of course there will be previews,” Namjoon snorts, rolling his eyes at the notion of showing a movie without previews, even if the movie was one that he was showing just for Seokjin.

“Good, I’ve been wanting to watch the Lorax trailer again.”

“Why not go online, then?”

“It’s way more exciting seeing it in a theater, dummy.”

“Right, right. So I can expect you there at one?”

“Yes, yes,” Yoongi sighs, acting as if what Namjoon was asking him to do was out-of-this-world impossible and tiring. “You can count on me.”

“Just show the usher the tickets I gave you and she’ll let you go.”

“You sure?”

“I’ve let my coworkers and manager in on my plan. They’re all on board.”

“Can’t imagine you’d be able to do this without their help.”

“Do you ever stop being snarky?” Namjoon groans, sounding -- and looking -- as if he was in pain. “Geez, it’s like you have something to say for everything.”

“Well, when you wake me up at the buttcrack of dawn--”

“It’s eight in the morning. Some people are actually attending class right now.”

“--then, yeah, I’m gonna have a comment or two to make.”

“Go back to sleep then, Sleeping Beauty.” Namjoon sneered and Yoongi scoffs out a dry laugh, looking genuinely amused for once in all the time the alpha had known him.

“Later, asshole,” Yoongi laughs and then, as quickly as he’d opened it, he shuts the door and Namjoon bolts, wisely choosing not to stick around.

♦♦♦
“Yoongi, it’s a school night. Why are we going to see a movie?”

“Calm your tits,” the younger retorts, earning him a glare from his elder. “It’s an afternoon showing and besides, I know you stay up until two A.M. watching dramas.”

“I do not.”

“Oh, please, with those eye bags of yours, you’re a better contender for king of the raccoons than me,” Yoongi scoffs, “and I’m half-raccoon.”

“Alright, you little rascal, you’re buying snacks when we get to the theater.”

“Okay, Mom.”

“So what movie are we seeing?”

“Mission Impossible: Ghost Protocol.”

“Oh, okay. I’ve heard good things about that film.”

“Me too. Should be interesting,” Yoongi comments as they board the bus, tapping his bus card on the reader before making his way to an empty row located near the back door of the bus, sliding into the seat located by the window and is joined by Seokjin a few moments later.

The bus ride itself is quiet and Seokjin remains so engrossed in whatever he was reading on his phone that Yoongi is able to shoot Namjoon a quick text letting him know they were on their way and would arrive soon without giving away the alpha’s plan to Seokjin, who remained oblivious as ever. That was more than a good thing, though, and Yoongi hoped that Namjoon’s surprise would be a good one that helped him make it up to Seokjin because his best friend deserved to be happy after having wallowed in sadness for the past week -- even though Yoongi had never really celebrated his birthday growing up and didn’t ever expect anybody to celebrate it or wish him a happy birthday, he couldn’t blame Seokjin for being upset -- and he wanted Namjoon to succeed just so this awful fiasco could be put behind them once and for all.

To his relief, there’s minimal traffic on the road and they arrive at their designated stop without much trouble, with plenty of time to spare. And because he promised, Yoongi pays for a large bucket of popcorn and two medium-sized sodas -- he cries internally at the thought of not being able to gorge on the popcorn and suddenly wishes he could stay to watch the movie -- using the money Namjoon gave him plus some of his own to make up the difference.

*Hell, I’ll just go watch the movie Namjoon gave us tickets for. Might as well so I don’t waste the ticket.*

After all, there was nothing wrong with taking advantage of free things and Yoongi never said no to a free, all-expenses paid movie.

“Youngi, I don’t think this is the right room,” Seokjin mumbled as they took their seats but there was no way he could be truly sure since Yoongi had the tickets and the room was pitch-black dark save for the previews showing on the screen.

“Sure, it is. Previews are showing and everything.”

“Just because there’s previews doesn’t mean--”
“Shhh, we’re in a theater, Kim Seokjin! If you wanna talk, go to a cafe,” Yoongi shushed him and the elder rolls his eyes at Yoongi’s rudeness but pipes down anyways because he wasn’t in the mood to argue.

“Brat…”

“I’ll be right back,” Yoongi announces a few minutes later as he stands up, making sure to grab his soda as he does, and Seokjin shoots him a strange look.

“The movie’s about to start! Where are you going?”

“Bathroom.”

“Leave your soda here,” Seokjin calls after him but the younger pays no heed to him and stumbles up the stairs to the door at the back like he hadn’t heard him.

But in actuality, Yoongi wasn’t going to the bathroom and was just making himself scarce just like he and Namjoon had discussed. As he passes by the back room, he gives Namjoon a thumbs up before stepping into the hallway. He daintily sips on his soda as he makes his way back to the concessions stand to buy himself a bucket of popcorn for one and then goes to the room that was showing Mission Impossible, which was where he and Seokjin were actually supposed to go, according to their tickets. Thankfully, everything had gone according to plan and now, it was all up to Namjoon to swoop in and save the day.

Good luck, Namjoon. I mean it.

Said alpha finds himself standing in the back room, fiddling with an empty DVD case while he watched another preview come to an end and realizing that he only had a few moments before Seokjin noticed that he was the only person in the room, he sets the case down and makes his way down the aisle to where his boyfriend sat smack-dab in the middle row, smoothly sliding into the seat next to him just as the next preview -- the Lorax -- started to play.

“What the hell are you doing here? Where’s Yoongi?”

“Um, Yoongi left.”

“What the hell--”

“Look, Jinnie, I have no excuses. I messed up big time,” Namjoon blurs out, taking his omega’s hands and placing them into his lap in hopes that he’d stay long enough to let him say his spiel. He needed to say his piece and he couldn’t do that if Seokjin ran off. “I forgot your birthday and yes, I’m a horrible person for forgetting the birthday of the person who matters the most to me. I’m so sorry and I have no excuses for what I did -- not that you’d want to hear them -- but I’m never going to forget your birthday ever again.”

“How do I know you’re telling the truth?” Seokjin asks, his voice wavering a bit as he tries to glare at Namjoon even though it’s becoming awfully hard with tears brimming at the corners of his eyes.

“I am, princey! Look, I’ve even plugged in your birthday into my calendar and there’s alerts that’ll remind me two weeks ahead of time! Even if I’m busy, I’m not going to forget!”

As an extra measure for convincing Seokjin, Namjoon unlocks his phone and shows his omega his calendar, which had December 4th marked with PRINCE JINNIE’S BDAY in all caps and had all reminders set, which ranged from two weeks prior of his birthday to the day of, all to ensure that he never ever forgot his precious boyfriend’s birthday ever again.
"I’m so stupid for forgetting your birthday, I know. You mean so much to me and I forgot the most important day in history and I’m so sorry for that, Jinnie. I just hope that today can at least start to make up for my mistake."

"Wait, so you did this all for me?"

"I did. I messed up big time, Jinnie, and doing all this was the least I could do to try and make it up to you. I know that this won’t ever truly make up for the fact that I forgot your birthday but--"

"Thank you,” the omega interrupts, head bowing out of shame as his voice cracks, that he was crying and he makes grabby hands for the alpha even though it was dark in the theater and he was sure Namjoon couldn’t see. Still, his boyfriend’s arm winds around his waist once the cup holder between them has been pushed up and he feels a kiss pressed to his head, which calms him down and makes him want to cry even harder all at the same time.

"Shh, don’t cry, Jinnie."

"I’m just… thank you, Joonie. You’ve made me so happy,” he hears Seokjin sniffle, sounding a bit teary. “You’re the best boyfriend ever and I’m sorry for all the horrible things I said to you. It was so uncalled for."

"Maybe I deserved it a little. But honestly, that thing you said about dating Yoongi instead of me was so not cool, princey,” Namjoon said accusingly but when he laughs a few moments later, Seokjin realizes that he wasn’t holding anything against him and he smiles along with his boyfriend.

"I didn’t mean it, Joonie. It was just something I said out of anger, not that it’s justified."

"I forgive you. After all, you’re my one and only and I can’t ever be mad at you."

"Even when I said that thing about Yoongi?"

"Even then. And hell, maybe I deserved it… a little. Yoongi sure thinks I did."

"Yoongi’s mean but his heart’s in the right place… most of the time, anyways."

"He’s not so righteous. I had to bribe him just to get him to help me out."

"Sounds just like Yoongi,” his omega chuckles.

"But I gotta give him some credit for getting you here, though. Without him, this wouldn’t have happened,” Namjoon hummed before pressing a kiss to Seokjin’s cheek and he pulls away just in time to see his omega smile before his head came to rest on his shoulder.

"Remind me to buy him a cookie."

"Okay, I will,” his alpha chuckles and it’s Seokjin’s turn to kiss his cheek, which he does before his head comes to rest on his alpha’s shoulder and he lets himself get immersed in the movie playing on the silver screen.

Then, he catches the famed opening lines to the movie -- “This is the story of how I died. Don’t worry, this is actually a very fun story and the truth is, it isn't even mine. This is the story of a girl named Rapunzel...” -- and allows himself to get comfortable in his seat, flashing Namjoon a grateful smile before he fully gave his attention to the film that was being shown just for him.

Man, I’m the luckiest omega ever…
“Namjoon, I don’t know what to say,” Seokjin says once the lights have turned back on after the credits finished rolling and his alpha flashes him a toothy grin that makes his dimples look all the more prominent.

“Did you enjoy the movie?”

“I did, I enjoyed it so much but gosh, I wasn’t expecting all this…”

“Consider yourself the first person to ever enjoy his favorite movie when it wasn’t playing in theaters in an empty house.”

“How did you even manage to pull this off?” Seokjin shakily laughed as he brought his arms around Namjoon’s shoulders for a hug.

“I work here, princey.”

“Ahhh, I should have known!”

“I also bought you something. You’re the birthday boy, after all,” Namjoon said as he untangled himself from Seokjin, leaning down to pull something out from underneath the seat he had been sitting in and that’s when Seokjin notices the red gift bag that his alpha was holding, which had the words Happy Birthday! printed on the side in gold, sparkly letters and sends his heart kickstarting into overdrive.

“N-Namjoon…”

“Happy birthday, Jinnie. I hope you like it.”

After handing him his present, Namjoon draws his omega in to his chest for a hug, closing off the space that remained by leaning in to kiss his cheek -- it’s all he dares to do right now -- and hands his boyfriend the gift back before pressing a few more kisses to his cheeks and forehead. The bag crinkles as the space between them is destroyed but Seokjin doesn’t seem to care, winding an arm around his waist to hug his alpha in return. Namjoon was aware of the noise outside, countless people no doubt trying to exit the theater now that their movies had finished playing but this room is theirs as long as they remain and Namjoon finds he doesn’t really care about anything except for Seokjin right now, more than content with hugging his omega, breathing in his scent that he’d missed so much, and enjoying the feeling of Seokjin’s arms wrapped around his waist in return, heart fluttering over the fact that his omega had willingly hugged him back as soon as he embraced him.

And then, once they’re apart again, although Namjoon doesn’t easily let go of his omega because he was enjoying their hug a little too much, Seokjin takes a few moments to unwrap his present, unable to wait another second.

“You are the best!” Seokjin laughs as he lifts out the rose-pink Yoshi plushie he’d uncovered, lovingly hugging it to his chest because, after the wonderful day he had, he feels as if he’s floating in the clouds and his birthday present made everything perfect.

“Do you like it?”

“Joonie, you’re the best boyfriend in the whole wide world. This has been the best birthday ever and I’m not even exaggerating.”

“Oh, great, now I can never top this, can I?” Namjoon groans and Seokjin laughs as he kissed his cheek again.
“Yep, you’re doomed. Next year, you better take me to Disneyland.”

“Disneyland is expensive.”

“Well, you better start saving up,” Seokjin teases as he playfully pinched his alpha’s cheek this time, Namjoon pouting in protest because his wallet definitely wasn’t open to the idea of getting blown to smithereens. “I’m just kidding, Joonie. I would be happy just watching a movie and eating take-out.”

“So Netflix and chill?” Namjoon jokes, which earns him an elbow to the ribs followed by a glare from his boyfriend.

“Actual Netflix and chill will be the only thing you ever get.”

“What if we watch all your favorite movies, even the ones that’ll make me groan and roll my eyes the whole time?”

“Hmm… then maybe I’d be up for some Netflix and chill.”

“Even if I don’t ever get it, I hope you had a happy birthday,” Namjoon coos as he cups his omega’s cheeks, kissing him sweet on the lips in hopes of showing him how much he adored him, and he realizes that Seokjin knows that when his lover kisses him back.

“I had such a great birthday, Joonie. I’m never gonna forget this night, thank you.”

“So are we okay now?” Namjoon asked, albeit a bit nervously because he was somewhat afraid that he was pushing too much but when Seokjin flashes him his trademark sunshine smile, eyes alight like sparklers, he realizes that everything is just fine, even better than fine.

“We’re more than okay now, Joonie.”

Chapter End Notes

10,800 Won is approximately 10 USD.
Even with light gold, almost-white blobs of light dancing on the ceiling, filtering into his bedroom through the slits in the blinds covering his bedroom window, Seokjin wasn’t sure what time it was nor did he feel motivated to search for his phone at the moment. He figured it was lost under the blankets somewhere or maybe even charging on the other side of the room but he felt so warm cuddled up under fluffy blankets with his Yoshi plushie that he couldn’t bring himself to crawl out from under the warm cocoon he’d made for himself.

“Aren’t you glad finals are over?”

“I honestly thought I was going to die,” Namjoon chuckled from beside him, his voice light and filled with so much mirth that Seokjin can feel happiness practically spilling out from him at the seams. “Finals were so hard this year.”

And what made things even better was that he was cuddled up in bed with his alpha, sharing warmth with him -- or more like hogging Namjoon’s heat all for himself -- and kissing him whenever he felt like it because there was no rush to go anywhere or anybody telling them how to spend their time.

“Well, I’m happy you’re still here. And I hope your classes next semester are a lot easier.”

“Thanks, Jinnie. I hope yours are, too,” Namjoon purred as he rolled over to face his omega, gently rubbing his thumb over his boyfriend’s soft cheek and he feels even warmer when Seokjin smiles, his adorably pouty lips curving upwards into the prettiest smile he’d ever seen on anybody.

In fact, he was more than willing to bet all the money he currently possessed that his boyfriend was the most beautiful person in the whole world, both inside and out, and that there really wasn’t anybody else who could even hope to come close. His sweet omega had been graced with dark brown hair that reminded Namjoon of milk chocolate, dark eyes that sparkled like the ocean on a sunny day, and the most luscious pink lips he’d ever seen and Namjoon considered himself especially lucky to be the only one who could admire Seokjin and not be considered a complete and total creep.

Thankfully, it seemed that Seokjin more than just liked the attention he was receiving. In fact, he almost reveled in it, judging by the way that the glimmer in his eyes seemed to get brighter and brighter with every passing minute that he spent running his fingers through his omega’s silky hair or caressed his cheeks, and Namjoon certainly wasn’t one to deny his favorite person the affection he craved.

“Do you want to do anything today?” he asked and Seokjin shrugs after pondering his words for a moment, not knowing how else to answer his boyfriend's question.

“Nothing? Well, I was thinking that maybe we could go out to eat,” Namjoon suggested. “If you want.”

“Okay, that sounds good. Where do you want to go?”

“I don't know. It's super cold out.”

“So should we stay inside?”

“Yeah, that'd be nice.”
“But what about food?”

“There’s food in the fridge.”

“Good point. So… what now?”

“Wanna make out?”

“Whoa, hello, Satan. Who are you and what did you do to my innocent Prince Jinnie?”

“Didn’t you ever consider that maybe your Prince Jinnie isn’t so innocent after all?” Seokjin teased, cocking his head to the side. “And did you consider that maybe you’re the reason why your dear prince isn’t as innocent as before?”

“Wait, I corrupted you? Oh, no,” Namjoon groans dramatically, tossing his head back for effect. “I wanted to keep you innocent forever!”

“While I’m dating a hunk like you? That’s practically impossible!”

“So it’s my fault for corrupting you?”

“Yeah, that’s right,” Seokjin playfully taunted. “You better take responsibility, Namjoon.”

“And how should I do that?” Namjoon purred, playfully grabbing his omega’s ass through his jeans.

“Hmm… maybe you should kiss me.”

“Isn’t that counterintuitive, princey?”

“Isn’t you grabbing my ass also counterintuitive, Joonie?”

“Maybe a little…”

“But you don’t care.”

“Nope,” Namjoon says, popping the ‘p’ as he flashed his boyfriend his trademark smile, complete with his lovely dimples.

“Gee, thanks, Satan.”

“Ah, it’s ‘Sa-teen’, actually,” his alpha corrects and Seokjin can’t resist laughing at the reference he made.

“I love that movie!”

“More than me?”

“Of course I don’t love it more than you! Wreck It Ralph is just a movie but you’re my fantastic, amazing boyfriend,” Seokjin whispered in between kisses that he pressed to a different spot on his boyfriend’s face every single time. “And anyways, you make me happy in a way that Wreck It Ralph can’t.”

“Tell me more.”

“Well… I can hug you and kiss you. Unless the characters in that movie suddenly come to life, I don’t think that’s gonna happen.”
“That’s very true. I’m currently your best bet for unlimited hugs and kisses,” Namjoon cheekily pointed out. “Just don’t forget to feed me every now and then and I’ll continue to provide you with my services.”

“And what services might those be, Baymax?”

“You're not going to get me to ruin a good movie, no matter how horny you might be feeling.”

“Aw, are you a fan of Big Hero 6?”

“It’s a good movie so, yeah, after watching it hundreds of times when I was working at the theater, I’m a fan.”

“Well, I just think I found my soulmate,” Seokjin hummed as he leaned in, cupping his alpha’s cheeks before kissing him sweet on the mouth.

“I’m flattered,” Namjoon laughed once they parted, eyes sparkling bright like the ocean on a sunny day, and Seokjin grins.

“I really mean it, Namjoon.”

Instead of responding, his alpha grabs him by the hips and flips them over so he’s on top, arms on either side of his head supporting his weight so he wasn’t completely on top of Seokjin, and then, he leans down, weight coming to rest on his elbows as he closed off the space between them and suddenly, all Seokjin sees are stars. He thinks he hears Namjoon “I feel the same way, princey” but Seokjin finds he’s so far gone that he notices nothing except for his alpha’s soft, plush lips pressed to his own for a kiss that seemed to last forever.

Kissing Namjoon has him feeling like he’s floating on clouds or drowning in lemons or maybe even both, he wasn’t exactly sure.

And when his alpha tries to draw away for breath, Seokjin tangles his fingers in his lover’s silvery hair and pulls him back in for another kiss even though they both could feel their lungs burning in protest.

The temperature in the room suddenly feels sweltering, almost as if they were laying right next to a burning furnace, and when Seokjin tugs on Namjoon’s sweater, his alpha raises his arms and allows him to tug it off. His shirt winds up coming off as well, to Seokjin’s delight, and exposes Namjoon’s torso for his viewing.

“You’re stunning,” he whispered as he cupped his alpha’s cheeks before kissing the tip of his nose this time, making sure to lock eyes with Namjoon as he does because he wanted his boyfriend to know that the reason why he was so impressed with him was not because of his physique at all.

Sure, he was nice to look at and even though this was the first time Seokjin had caught a glimpse of his alpha’s body, he didn’t love him for that and he hoped Namjoon knew that.

“You’re a beautiful person inside and out, Namjoon. You’re a good man and a perfect, wonderful alpha and I consider myself really lucky to have you,” Seokjin continued, gently knocking their foreheads together so they could have a few moments to gather their bearings and catch their breath. “And I know we’ve hit a couple bumps in the road but it wasn’t anything too big and we’re okay as ever.”

“I’m glad you feel that way, Jinnie. And even if I did do something wrong, I’d do my best to fix it.”
“Same here. I’ll do my best to apologize if I ever mess up.”

“Yeah, but you’re perfect so I doubt we’ll ever have any problems,” Namjoon chuckled and even though Seokjin playfully punches his chest with no actual force behind the hit, his alpha still pretends to rub the wounded area like he’d actually been hurt.

“Stop giving me so much credit, dammit.”

“Can’t help it,” Namjoon whispered and then, he tugs Seokjin’s belt out of the loops after a few moments, allowing him to tug his omega’s jeans down his legs before tossing them aside.

Just like the rest of him, his omega’s legs are soft and smooth, completely devoid of hair, and Namjoon finds himself running his hands over them in adoration.

“Must be nice being an omega,” he hummed as he trailed kisses up the length of Seokjin’s leg. “You never have to shave and you always look so perfect and well-kempt. I guess what they say about omegas is true…”

“What, that we’re high maintenance as hell?”

“No, that you really are hairless.”

“I’ll tell you one thing: female omegas definitely enjoy not having to spend money on razors and shaving cream,” Seokjin laughed, “and us males just go along with it.”

“What else can you do?” Namjoon asked as it was now his turn to laugh.

“Not much, really. It's not too bad, though.”

“I agree. Your skin is so smooth, I wouldn't mind if you started wearing shorts all the time.”

“But it's cold right now, Joonie…”

“I meant when it gets warmer, princey.”

“Okay, I see what you mean.”

“And when summer does come around, you should wear some cute short-shorts,” Namjoon commented. “I think you'd look really nice.”

“I bet you're saying that just so you can ogle my ass when the time comes.”

“Who says I don’t do that already?”

“Fair enough.”

“Okay, my turn,” Seokjin chuckles but just as he moves to pull Namjoon’s belt out of the loops of his jeans, he hears a knock on the door and then, Yoongi walks in without waiting for them to welcome him in.

“Hey, Seokjin, there's no more-- oh, god, what the hell are you two doing?”

“What are we doing?” Seokjin teased just for the sake of messing with Yoongi and the younger makes a face, eyebrows furrowing and mouth turning downward into a scowl in a way that he looked as if he was in pain.
“Yeah, what are we doing?” Namjoon asked, also feigning innocence.

“You better not be pregnant,” Yoongi said to Seokjin, his voice threatening even though said omega didn’t feel intimidated in the slightest and because of that, Namjoon didn’t, either. If he wasn’t with his omega, though, his attitude toward Yoongi would have been completely different.

“And if I was?”

“I’ll…”

“You’ll what? Castrate Joonie?”

“Jinnie, what the hell?” Namjoon protests and even though he wasn’t looking at him, Seokjin imagined him attempting to shield his crotch with his hands or maybe the blankets, anything to keep Yoongi from getting his hands on him.

“Too late, Yoongs. I'm already pregnant with your baby brother or sister,” Seokjin joked, feeling awfully smug with himself at the sight of Yoongi standing in the doorway looking absolutely stunned and mouth hanging open in mute shock.

“You two are absolute sickos, you know that?”

“You should have been here when Namjoon was telling me all the ways he was going to fuck me and in which positions. It was really hot, let me just say.”

“Okay, bye,” Yoongi says before storming out of the bedroom without so much as another glance in their direction, the door slamming shut behind him as Seokjin happily finds himself alone with Namjoon once more.

“Well, that was fun,” he giggled.

“Except the part about you suggesting to Yoongi that he should castrate me if I got you pregnant. Don’t give him any ideas,” Namjoon grumbled in between tiny kisses that Seokjin presses to his lips.

“I'll protect you,” Seokjin promised before pulling his alpha in for a real kiss this time, moulding his lips to his lover’s as he gently sucked on his bottom lip, hoping to mark Namjoon up so that everybody would see that his alpha belonged to him.

Yes, he was just a little possessive and Seokjin wasn’t afraid to admit it but Namjoon tasted so sweet on his tongue and his touch felt so nice on his skin that he didn’t want anybody else to know his alpha the way he did. He wanted Namjoon to be his forever, which is something he vocalizes to the alpha when they part, gasping as their chests rose and fell in heavy strides.

“I want you so much, Joon,” Seokjin mumbled. “Make love to me, p-please?”

“Are you sure?” Namjoon whispered back. “I want it but I don’t want you to feel pressured. We can wait, Jinnie.”

“I’m sure. I know I want this.”

“Okay, then… do you have lube?”

“In the drawer,” Seokjin whispered back, maintaining a hushed tone because he didn’t want to destroy the quiet hanging over them. Namjoon rifles through the drawer for a few moments before withdrawing a half-full bottle.
“Somebody got busy,” he chuckles, gesturing to the amount present in the bottle and Seokjin rolls his eyes.

“Don’t act all high and mighty, Casanova.”

“Can’t help it. And you’re not exactly so innocent yourself, princey.”

“Explains the lube, am I right?”

“Yep, exactly. So do you have any other surprises you want to share with me?”

“Maybe if you go lock the door, I can show you,” Seokjin grinned cheekily and without so much as a complaint, Namjoon goes to do exactly that and then crawls back onto the bed, laying down on his side next to Seokjin, who he kisses before whispering,

“Ready to spill some more secrets?”

“Why don’t you spill some secrets of your own, Joonie?” Seokjin playfully taunted. “It can’t be all about me.”

“Fair enough. So if I tell you a secret, will you take your shirt off?” Namjoon cheekily requested and the smile on his face grows even wider when his omega rolls his eyes at him.

“I don’t think it works that way.”

“You can tell me something about you and I’ll take my pants off, how does that sound?”

“Hmm… I need a little extra incentive.”

“What, that isn’t enough? I still have to sweeten the pot?”

“Uh-huh.”

“Okay, how?”

“You tell me.”

“I don’t know, is there something you really want?”

“Yeah,” Seokjin hums. “Show me how good those lips are.”

“Where?” Namjoon whispers, feigning innocence even though he has a sneaking suspicion about what part of his body Seokjin was talking about.

“You know where.”

“Here?”

As he says this, Namjoon kisses the tip of Seokjin’s nose, eliciting a string of giggles from his mate as he peppered his face in kisses before traveling further down to his tummy and Seokjin starts writhing even before he kisses his clothed stomach. He doesn’t dare mess with him too much and he kisses the top of his thigh, whispering “or maybe here?”, only for his omega to whisper “higher” in a breathy voice that sounded like he was focused on keeping his breathing steady even though it was becoming increasingly difficult. He kisses his omega’s belly this time, whispering “or maybe here?” and Seokjin whispers back “no, a little lower”, hips canting when Namjoon playfully tugs on the elastic of his boxers, allowing it to slap his stomach with a soft smack.
“Or maybe here?” Namjoon whispers, softly mouthing over his omega's clothed crotch like he had all the time in the world and grinning when his lover's hips lift off the bed.

“Y-yes!” Seokjin babbles. “O-oh, p-please, Joonie!”

“I still have to ask: are you sure about this?”

Even more, he appreciated Namjoon’s concern and felt relieved that his alpha actually cared about him and wasn’t just in it for his own personal pleasure, even though that was something they both wanted. That, and he was more than sure they could be responsible enough to fool around and have some fun without him getting pregnant. Now, if they got to that point four or so years from now where they were financially stable and still together, that would be a different story. Of course, deep down, Seokjin hoped he and Namjoon would always stay together no matter what and be able to get to the point where they could get married and start a family.

But for now, he was content with the way his life currently was like.

“I am. A-are you?”

“I am. I just wanted to make sure you’re not doing this because you feel forced, if that makes any sense?”

“Aw, Joonie,” Seokjin coos as he cups his alpha’s cheeks, immediately noticing the uncertainty present in his glimmering eyes. “You’re not sure, are you?”

“I feel like we went a little too fast just now,” he admits after a few moments, although it feels like hours have passed by in silence, and Seokjin flashes him a reassuring smile that he hopes will be enough to comfort his alpha and soothe his worries. “I-I mean, it was fun up until this point but now, I don’t really feel so sure.”

“There’s no reason to be ashamed, love. Let’s get dressed and watch a movie, okay? I’ll make us some popcorn.”

“You sure it’s okay?”

“Yes, of course,” Seokjin insists following another kiss to his lips. “Your feelings matter, too, Joonie.”

“You’re the best,” Namjoon hums and Seokjin doesn’t say anything after that but he does take the time to pepper his alpha’s face in kisses in hopes of reassuring him that everything was still okay and that he didn’t feel disappointed that they didn’t have sex.

There would be time for that later, Seokjin thought as he trudged downstairs into the kitchen with the intention of making popcorn, as he’d promised, and there was no rush to have sex, either.

The right time would come and there was nothing wrong with the fact that they stopped, not in Seokjin’s mind. He considered it more important that he’d taken Namjoon’s feelings into account than that they had sex and his alpha’s feelings were ignored. Whatever the reason behind Namjoon’s insecurities, he thought as he tossed a popcorn package into the microwave, it was only important that they had stopped before Namjoon had been pushed out of his comfort zone and no explanation was needed.

“Jinnie, I still feel like I should explain,” Namjoon says once he returned to the room with a giant bowl of popcorn and the omega waves him off, handing him the bowl of popcorn before climbing into bed next to him and grabbing his laptop so they could watch something on Netflix.
“No need,” he reassured him. “Whatever the reason, it’s okay that you felt the way you did.”

“T-thank you, that means a lot, especially coming from you.”

“How come?” Seokjin questioned, looking away from the computer screen so he could lock eyes with Namjoon, spotting some of that same uncertainty clearly painted on his face.

“Because… well, because I’m an alpha and we’re basically expected to want sex all the time and to never turn it down if we have the opportunity to have it. If we do turn it down, then we’re ‘pussies’. That’s one way of putting it, I guess.”

“That’s so stupid. Your feelings matter, Namjoon.”

“Even if I don’t buy into that stereotype?”

“Even then. You’re human, not a sex machine.”

“What about all that sexual conquest bullshit?”

“What sexual conquest bullshit?”

“That alphas should try to score as many omegas as they can, even if they’re already in a relationship with somebody or if the omega said no.”

“You don’t buy into that, though, right?” Seokjin questions and Namjoon shakes his head almost immediately.

“Hell no.”

“Then there you go.”

“I don’t follow.”

“I guess what I’m trying to say is that you shouldn’t let society define you. You should define yourself. You’re a good guy and an even better human being and don’t let some stupid ‘social norms’ change that.”

“Thanks, princey. I feel much better.”

“Of course. I’m always here if you need to talk, Joonie.”

“I’m glad we had this talk,” Namjoon hums a short while later, when they’ve gotten at least fifteen minutes into watching Rango, and Seokjin tangles his fingers with his in response, leaning up to kiss his cheek as he sits up.

“Are you satisfied with your care?” Seokjin whispered and Namjoon smiles bright and wide, enough that his dimples are on display for Seokjin to admire.

“I’m satisfied with my care.”

“I love you, Joon.”

“And I love you, Jinnie.”
It was chilly out, probably the coldest it had been all week, but no amount of frost on the windows or ice on the sidewalks could deter Seokjin from bundling up in warm clothes so he could brave the unforgiving weather to meet up with Namjoon at little coffee shop located only a short bus ride away, which was their agreed meeting spot for today’s date. Problem was, everything had been fine until this morning, when he woke up feeling much too warm and antsy, like he was cursed with an itch he couldn’t scratch. He felt much too uncomfortable even venturing out of his bedroom that he shared with Yoongi and the thought of going outside in his current state made his skin prickle.

His parents were fine with him going out but they had also wanted him to bring Namjoon home so they could meet him, having learned that he was now in a relationship.

Even if he wanted to introduce Namjoon to them, by the way, he didn't, he wouldn't have been able to bring him home unless he wanted to have his alpha uncontrollably humping his thigh in front of his parents. How embarrassing would that be?

Normally, he took suppressants just to make his life easier on him so that heats didn't get in the way of his studies but since he was on break, he didn't see the point. And today of all days, that decision just had to had bite him in the ass.

[Sent at 11:38 A.M.]
Hey, Joonie, I'm so sorry for giving you such short notice but I can't meet up with you for our date today.

Namjoon

[Sent at 11:41 A.M.]
Everything okay, princey?

Seokjin

[Sent at 11:41 A.M.]
I think I'm going into heat.

Namjoon

[Sent at 11:42 A.M.]
Ohhhhhhh
Okay, love, we'll go on a date another time. Just make yourself comfortable and I'll call you in a bit. :)

Seokjin

You're not on the bus yet, are you?

Namjoon

No, I'm not, thankfully. xD

However, I'm gonna make a quick stop at the store and I'll call you as soon as I get home.

Seokjin

I look forward to getting a call from you, my love. ♥

“Didn’t you have a date with Namjoon today?” Yoongi asked as he strode into the room to grab his phone where it sat on his pillow, looking over at Seokjin when the elder omega huffs in frustration.

“Yeah, I did but not anymore.”

“Did Namjoon do something again?”

“No, no, it’s nothing like that. It’s just, I think I’m going into heat.”

“Yeah, I get you. Let me know if you need anything.”

“Thanks, Yoongi. That's nice of you.”

“Yeah, no problem. Also, porn is your best friend,” Yoongi said with a wink before dashing out of the room to avoid getting reprimanded by Seokjin, who can only roll his eyes and groan at how shameless he was when he spoke, almost like he didn't even think before he said something half the time.

“Geez, that kid… only a really special alpha would be able to deal with his dirty mouth.”
Of course, he didn’t think that in a bad way.

Yoongi was a unique omega and didn’t take shit from anybody and Seokjin wouldn’t want Yoongi to change a thing about himself. The thing was, if Yoongi wasn’t fighting, he was running his mouth and sometimes, that could get him trouble even when he didn’t deserve the beatings he got. If he found himself an alpha who loved him and his blunt nature, understood him even with his anxieties often getting the better of him, and appreciated him for who he was, Yoongi would be the happiest omega in the world. He certainly deserved it, too.

Seokjin snaps out of his daze when he feels his phone vibrating again and he picks it up off his lap in time to see a text from Namjoon pop up on the screen, a smile drawing itself on his face at the text his alpha had sent him.

**Namjoon**

[Sent at 12:02 P.M.]

I just have to run some errands but I’ll be home soon and then we can chat for as long as you want~

**Seokjin**

[Sent at 12:03 P.M.]

Take your time, Joonie, I’m not going anywhere. :)

**Namjoon**

[Sent at 12:05 P.M.]

✿◕‿◕✿

While it didn’t solve all of his problems, texting his boyfriend made it a little easier to deal with his heat.

It was nowhere near as satisfying as laying his head on Namjoon’s chest and breathing in his scent while they snuggled but it would have to do for now.

Being in heat also meant that it would be a while before they could spend time without wanting to rip each other’s clothes off, meaning that he would have to get used to phone calls and texts as a way to get by. On the bright side, he didn’t have to think about introducing Namjoon to his parents for a little while longer, which was probably the only positive thing to come out of being forced to stay away from his boyfriend for a whole week.

Of course, Seokjin had said yes to get them off his back but he wasn’t sure about two things: one, if they were at that stage where they could start introducing themselves to each other’s parents and two, if Namjoon would be okay with it. For his boyfriend’s sake, he was going to pretend that he forgot
until they had time to talk about it. And maybe, just maybe, he would be able to hoard Namjoon all to himself just a little longer, for purely selfish reasons. He wanted to hold hands with his boyfriend and kiss him and even snuggle under the covers with him while they watched movies together without having to show him off to his parents like he was a prize puppy at a circus.

He wanted to introduce Namjoon to them when he felt ready, not when his parents thought he was. Either way, that was going to have to wait because he didn't plan on leaving the house for the next week nor did he want to bring home Namjoon while running the risk of him getting too horny to be able to resist him.

At least like this, they were both in control -- as much as possible, anyways -- and in a week, they could pick up where they left off. Now, the only challenge in their way was actually surviving their time apart. Rather than complain about a situation he had no power over, Seokjin turns on the sound on his phone -- loud enough just in case Namjoon texts him at any point but just soft enough that he wouldn’t suffer a heart attack if his notifications went off -- and then covers himself with a sheet so he could nap without overheating.

Sure, he wished he could cuddle with his alpha but the pinpricks of desperation beneath his skin quickly brought him back down to earth as he was reminded that it wouldn’t just be cuddling. Sure, it would start out that way but he was more than sure that their “cuddling” would graduate to a whole new level of intimacy that neither of them -- more Namjoon than himself -- were entirely ready for just yet.

I promised to wait for him, Seokjin reminded himself as he curled up on himself so his legs were pulled up to his chest for warmth even though he didn’t really need, considering that he was in heat and that it from here on out, it was only going to get worse before it got better. I love him and I don’t want him to do anything he’s not comfortable doing until he’s absolutely ready. I think it's only fair…

His heart ached everytime he thought back to a few weeks ago when they’d gotten a little frisky and even though it had been playful fun up to a point, Namjoon had looked so ashamed to admit that he wasn’t ready to take it to the next level. Of course, Seokjin had never told anybody about what had transpired, not even Yoongi, and he respected his alpha’s desires even now when he was in heat. The hour-long bus ride between their houses and his ever-increasing desire to curl up in bed and sleep for a whole week had also helped to put sex on the backburner and unless Namjoon happened to drop by, which was highly unlikely, Seokjin had no chance of jumping him.

Not that he wanted to.

But at the same time, he would be lying if he said he didn’t want to.

This is the one time I wish I was a beta, Seokjin thinks. I could hang out with my alpha all the time and I wouldn’t have to worry about getting pregnant. I mean, birth control isn’t an issue but heats definitely are. And if I was a beta, I could jump Namjoon anytime I wanted.

If he was a beta, he wasn’t sure if Namjoon would have let him jump his bones so easily but he definitely liked the idea of unlimited, boundless sex, too. At the same time, he had no issue with being an omega -- not like Yoongi did, anyways -- and he figured he would learn to welcome heats once sex became a regular part of their lives.

All I want to do now is sleep, Seokjin thinks as his tired eyes close mostly on their own accord and he’s easily swallowed up by welcoming darkness a few moments later.

However, it doesn't feel like very long before he feels somebody threading their fingers through his
hair and kissing him wherever they had access, like they just couldn't decide if they liker kissing his ear or his neck more and figured it would be better to just cover all bases. And tired as he was, Seokjin rolls over and finds himself cuddled up against a body that felt warm, solid, and awfully familiar.

“Wakey, wakey, princey,” he hears somebody who sounds like Namjoon coo as he comes to, eyes fluttering open on their own accord when he feels warm lips against his own and lemons flooding his nostrils like somebody had thrown him into a pool of lemonade.

To his pleasant surprise, he finds his alpha laying in bed beside him, dressed in a white shirt that had been completely unbuttoned to show off his toned chest and turquoise shorts that accentuated his legs rather nicely, almost as if he was meant to wear them. Of course, when Seokjin was done ogling him, he couldn't help but look around the room, confusion striking him almost blind when he notices soft sunlight filtering past the red, silk curtains that gently fluttered against the wind and his own clothes, which consisted of a white shirt adorned with black stripes and a matching black collar and white shorts that went up to mid-thigh, same as Namjoon.

Oh, yeah… it's not freezing cold out, he realizes rather quickly but he wasn't complaining.

After all, sticky, summer warmth and salty sea air beat snowy winter days any day of the week.

“Sleep well, love?”

“Mhm… I'm just happy to be cuddling with you.”

“Wanna do more than that, princey?”

“Hmm, like what?” Seokjin purrs as he climbs into Namjoon's lap, arms finding their way around his shoulders as he stole a kiss. He could feel his alpha’s hands roaming over his body, grabbing his ass and tugging his hair, teeth grazing over his pulse and down to the curve of his neck and shoulder as if he was going to mark him and Seokjin wants him to, only for a gasp to be the only thing that escapes when he tries to speak.

“You’re my omega,” Namjoon growls as he gently nibbles on his lover’s earlobe.

“I’m yours,” Seokjin gasps as he feels one of his alpha’s hands snake down to his thigh, so close to his crotch that he writhes and bucks against his lover’s touch. “Yours, yours, yours…”

“All mine, huh? I like the sound of that.”

“Yours,” Seokjin proclaims as he kisses him on the mouth, Namjoon falling back against the pillows as his omega pushes him down so he could kiss him harder. “Yours, all yours. And you’re all mine…”

“I’ve always been yours, princey,” Namjoon whispers. His sugary words and hands kneading his ass through his shorts makes Seokjin whimper and whine, shocks of pleasure shooting across his spine whenever Namjoon’s hands brush over a sensitive part on his body and leaves him feeling as if he was floating on clouds.

“Mine, mine, mine…”

Even though he wants Namjoon to strip, Seokjin forces himself to sit up and in hopes of teasing his alpha, he unbuttons his own shirt and tosses it to the floor before locking eyes with his alpha again and flashing him a devilish, teasing smile that Namjoon returns as he ran his hands over his body as if he was taking time to remember what he looked like without a shirt on.
“You’re stunning, princey. You look like a prince through and through and I feel so fortunate to be in the presence of royalty like this,” Namjoon compliments as he kissed his omega’s hand, making sure to not break eye contact for even a moment while he spoke so that Seokjin knew he was being genuine. “Getting to be a prince’s alpha is a once-in-a-lifetime thing, don’t you think?”

“Consider yourself one in a million,” Seokjin chuckles, feeling his heart skipping beats when Namjoon flashes him a sparkly smile that accentuates his dimples.

“I feel so honored. Oh, by the way, I think you forgot something,” Namjoon hums, tugging at the waistband of Seokjin’s shorts as if he was trying to make a point.

“Yes, I guess I did,” the omega agrees. “What should we do to fix that?”

“I think I know.”

Without waiting another moment, he frees the button out of its confines followed by Seokjin’s zipper, nudging his omega out of his lap so his weight rested on his knees, allowing him to pull his shorts down his thighs. Seokjin tugs them off the rest of the way and seats himself back in Namjoon’s lap once he’s discarded his shorts and boxers, teasingly grinding against his alpha again now that there weren’t any clothes in the way. Sure, Namjoon was still dressed but Seokjin quickly remedies that as he opens his alpha’s shirt, popping the buttons one by one until his alpha’s chest is exposed. Seokjin leans down, trailing kisses across his alpha’s collarbones and down his chest, finding himself grinning when Namjoon’s belly caves and rises as he breathes.

“Are you excited, Joonie?” he whispers as he shifts even lower until his mouth hovered over his alpha’s clothed crotch, grinning even wider when Namjoon’s breath hitches in his throat.

“Y-yeah…”

“Can I make you feel good?”

“Any ideas, princey?”

“I think I have an idea,” Seokjin whispers as he unzips his alpha’s shorts, cock hitting his stomach with a soft smack as it was released from its confines. “I think you’ll like it a lot.”

“Show me,” Namjoon gasps breathlessly.

Not wasting another moment, Seokjin cues lips and fingers to his alpha’s cock, peppering kisses across his length as he pumped him slow and languid, like he had all the time in the world. Namjoon was just the right amount of long and thick but even then, he was well-endowed for an alpha and even though they were practically the same height, Seokjin still felt a little intimidated but also excited.

“I can’t wait to have you in me,” he whispers as he drags his tongue over his alpha’s length, taking extra care to lap up the beads of deliciously salty precum that dribble down his shaft, not wanting to let anything to go to waste. “Can’t wait to feel your knot stretching me open…”

“Shit, Jinnie,” Namjoon gasps, eyes going wide with surprise when he feels Seokjin's lips close around the head of his cock, providing such wonderful suction that he's unable to hold back a groan.

“Yeah, be loud for me, Joonie. I wanna hear you.”

“Suck me off, princey.”
He purses his lips as he forces as much of Namjoon’s cock down his throat as he can, pumping and stroking whatever he can’t swallow before pulling off with a wet, slick sound. There was also a thin ribbon of saliva stretching across the space between his lips and Namjoon’s cock and he closes off the space again, wrapping his lips around the head and sucking softly.

The way he tastes reminds Seokjin of sea salt caramel and he finds himself pumping his shaft for more, digging his tongue into the slit in hopes of getting as much of his alpha's taste on his tongue as he possibly could and alternating between pumping him and sucking him off.

“That's good, princey,” Namjoon gasps as he pulls his omega forward for a kiss, allowing him to taste himself on his lover's tongue. “That's real good.”

“Want to keep going?”

“Let's do something else.”

“Like what?” Seokjin whispers as he leaned in for another kiss, gasping when he feels Namjoon grinding against his ass like he had all the time in the world. He feels himself getting more and more impatient by the minute, especially when Namjoon teases him with the idea of getting filled up but never quite giving him what he wanted.

“A pretty omega like you looks even prettier when you’re in heat,” he purrs.

“C’mon, Joonie, don’t tease me…”

“I’m just taking time to appreciate you, princey, that’s all.”

“You can appreciate me later,” Seokjin whines as he attempts to grind down against his alpha’s cock, all in hopes that maybe, just maybe, he’d get filled up like he wanted. “C’mon, Joonie, fuck me…”

“There won’t be time for later, not when you’ll be screaming so loud that you’ll wake the neighbors,” Namjoon teases, playfully squeezing one of his omega’s asscheeks in hopes of dragging things out to make Seokjin even more impatient.

“Joonie… p-please…”

“You like it when I tease you?”

“N-no… I want it… p-please, J-Joon…”

“What do you want? Tell me, princey. I’ll give you whatever you ask for.”

“You know what I want.”

“And what’s that?” Namjoon playfully growls. “I'm not a mind reader, princey.”

“Your cock! I want it! P-please!” Seokjin whines.

“Now was that so hard?”

Seokjin opens his mouth to retort something back at his alpha but his mind goes blank when he feels himself being filled up, Namjoon sliding in so easily that he barely has any time to adjust to his size before his alpha starts thrusting, rolling his hips in a way that leaves Seokjin dizzy from euphoria.

“Ride me, cutie,” Namjoon whispers in his ear as he guided his grinds, hands gently but firmly gripping his hips as Seokjin bounced in his lap like they had all the time in the world.
“Feels so good…”

“You’re so tight…”

Seokjin wiggles his hips as he rocks against Namjoon, drooling as he grinds on him slow, wanting to savor the feeling of being filled up so well. It’s like he was made to take Namjoon, the slow, delicious stretch as he carefully lifted himself up until barely the tip was still inside him before dropping himself back down onto Namjoon’s lap, both of them tossing their heads back in pleasure.

“Shit, you feel amazing,” Namjoon gasps into Seokjin's mouth as he steals kiss after kiss until they're both breathless, lungs absolutely burning for air.


To his pleasure, Namjoon moves him out of his lap so he’s laying down on his back and manages to resume his thrusts without pulling out, leaving Seokjin absolutely blissed out as he lays there and allows himself to take everything his alpha was giving him.

Just the feeling of Namjoon sliding along his insides has him whining out his alpha's name as he meets each one of his thrusts.

“You’re so pretty, princey,” Namjoon whispers as he captures his lips again, swallowing all of the omega’s moans and whimpers as his thrusts quicken in pace and his hips stutter, smacking against the backs of his omega’s thighs at an uneven but frantic pace.

He knows he’s found Seokjin’s sweet spot because of the way his omega writhes and arches off the bed every time he slides back in, chasing after pleasure as they both reach their ends with soft, breathy sighs.

“That felt so good,” Seokjin mumbles as Namjoon turns them over, finding himself simply going with the flow because his body was so tired that he could barely move his arms to wrap them around his alpha’s shoulders, which felt like noodles whenever he tried to lift them or adjust himself so he wasn’t sitting in an awkward position, let alone rest his weight on his legs so he wasn’t completely leaning on Namjoon.

He manages to let himself relax when his alpha whispers that it was okay and that he didn’t need to worry about him, Namjoon lovingly pecking his cheek before leaning back so he rested against the pillows. With his knot buried deep in his omega, there was no way they’d be able to move for a while and so, he decides to get comfortable and dote on his lover.

“You’re so pretty,” he whispers as he gently sweeps his messy, sweaty hair away from his sticky forehead, finding himself staring into beautiful pools made of molten copper

“Hmm, you’re handsome,” his omega chuckles, shyly looking away as his cheeks color a pretty pink that makes them burn hot only to feel Namjoon’s finger slip under his chin as he guided his gaze back up once more.

“Nobody can compare to you, princey.”

“Are you sure?”

“I’m one-hundred percent positive.”

“I believe you,” Seokjin yawns, heavy eyelids closing on their own accord and as they do, he leans his head on Namjoon’s shoulder so he could rest for a few minutes.
“Just rest now, princey,” his alpha whispers as he gently rubbed his back, hoping it would help his omega fall asleep a little easier even though, after the fun they just had, Seokjin didn’t really need much help at all.

“Mhm…”

As darkness covers him like a blanket and Namjoon's voice fades away, Seokjin can feel his ears ringing and his sleep suddenly feels disrupted, no longer comfortable. He rolls over onto his side, expecting to find Namjoon laying next to him but the sheets are cold and he reluctantly opens his eyes when he hears his phone go off again.

*This better be important*, Seokjin thinks as he groggily rolls over onto the other side of his bed, the cold sheets feeling like aloe vera against his heated skin, so he could grab his phone off his nightstand and to his pleasant surprise, he finds Namjoon's name sitting in the notification tray and he happily unlocks his phone to read his text.

**Namjoon**

[Sent at 2:05 P.M.]

Hey, can you come outside for a few minutes?

**Seokjin**

[Sent at 2:06 P.M.]

What???

**Namjoon**

[Sent at 2:06 P.M.]

Come outside.

**Seokjin**

[Sent at 2:07 P.M.]

What are you talking about?

**Namjoon**

[Sent at 2:07 P.M.]

Look outside your window.
“He does know I’m in heat, right?” Seokjin grumbles as he lazily rolls over until his feet touch the floor, after which he somehow manages to lift himself off the bed and sluggishly walk over to the window. “I swear, if he’s playing a trick on me--”

But he isn’t, Seokjin realizes a few moments later when he pulls back the curtains covering the windows and peers down into the front yard, where he spots a head of blonde hair that had been gelled back, which could only belong to none other than--

“Namjoon! Oh, my, gosh, it’s Namjoon!”

In his excitement to greet his alpha, Seokjin doesn’t even grab a coat as he dashes out of the room and down the stairs, narrowly avoiding bumping into Yoongi as he does, and hurries out into the yard without even putting on shoes. Of course, he regrets it and feels relief all at the same time when his bare feet make contact with the freezing-cold stone, soothing the fire raging through him enough that he didn’t feel like he was burning up.

And as soon as he was close enough, he leaps into Namjoon’s arms, giggling and laughing as his alpha spun him around a million times until they were both wobbly on their feet, dizzy, and so breathless that their lungs were burning.

“I thought we weren’t going to see each other until the end of the week,” Seokjin laughed against his alpha’s shoulder, still gasping a little.

“I know, I know, but I had to see your face one last time before you disappear into your little hovel.”

“How could you forget?” Seokjin asked, feigning offense even though he was far from it, and Namjoon grins, smiling so wide that his lovely dimples were on display for him to admire.

“My sincerest apologies, your highness,” he joked as he pretended to bow to Seokjin like he was actually a prince. “Please forgive me.”

“You're forgiven,” his omega laughed, prompting Namjoon to look up at him and flash him the sparkliest smile he could muster.

“Thank you, princey. I'll make sure not to disappoint you from now on.”

“Shut up, you dork! You're so silly, it's killing me!”

“'I'm your dork,’” Namjoon corrected, pecking Seokjin on the cheek before pushing a considerably large cardboard box into his omega's arms, and earning him a puzzled look in response.

“By the way, I got this for you.”

“What's in it?”

“Open it when you get back to your room,” Namjoon hummed, his voice sounding awfully seductive even to Seokjin’s ears. He knew his heat was to blame for his desperation -- being in his alpha’s presence and drowning in his scent wasn’t helping matters, either -- but he was also certain
that Namjoon was being affected by his heat symptoms. He could tell, especially with how close they stood and how Namjoon would sneak kisses to his mouth everytime the opportunity presented itself.

Seokjin couldn’t blame him. He was an alpha, after all, and even the sweetest ones like Namjoon, could also get hot and bothered while in the presence of an omega in heat.

*I just hope it’s not a dildo…*

Even if he and Namjoon ever got married, Seokjin didn’t think he would ever be comfortable with Namjoon buying him sex toys and could imagine his alpha blushing like a madman if he ever stepped into a sex shop or if he was shopping online on an adult. The end result would be the same.

*I doubt it’s a dildo,* Seokjin concludes as he shakes the box, finding that he can’t hear anything that could possibly be heavy enough to be a dildo or any other sex toy.

Namjoon probably watched porn, that much Seokjin was willing to accept, but he wasn’t sure how he would have responded if his alpha had bought him a sex toy without consulting him first, especially since they definitely weren’t at that point yet where sex was a regular part of their relationship. Even then, Seokjin wasn’t sure if he would ever bring it up but if Namjoon seemed to be interested, they could talk about ways to spice up their life in the bedroom as long as it was *within reason,* of course.

*First thing’s first, we actually have to have sex before we can think about spicing things up.*

Of course, they had a while to go before they decided to get frisky, which was whenever Namjoon felt ready, and being in heat meant that Seokjin was currently in no rush, either. He also doubted that they would ever need toys, considering how amazing Namjoon was all by himself, which would guarantee that they would never get bored.

When he manages to muster the energy to do so, Seokjin sweeps his pocket knife from where it sat atop his desk and opens it, carefully sliding the blade under the tape in order to open the box, which thankfully hadn't been sealed so tightly that he wouldn't have been able to get it open. After all, since Namjoon had come by to deliver it personally, he only needed to tape the ends to keep the box from popping open during the bus ride to his house.

Inside, he finds three hoodies that all smell like Namjoon -- strawberries and lemonade sweetened with love -- and make his senses sing for joy because it feels like his alpha is present in the room if he closes his eyes and breathes in his scent, a considerably large box of chocolate with a cheeky little note taped to it that reads *I figure you’re going to be craving sugar ;)* in Namjoon’s delicate scrawl, and something round that had been squeezed into another one of Namjoon’s hoodies.

*Four hoodies… he must really love me,* Seokjin thinks as he tugs on the fourth hoodie that was in his hands and strangely rounded, like something had been shoved inside.

When he pulls away the hoodie, he finds himself staring at a fuzzy face, dark, beady eyes, and an adorable, whisker-y grin and had him hugging the plushie the second it was free from the confines of the hoodie it had been wrapped up in.

*It smells like you,* Seokjin thought as he breathed in the scent of strawberries hanging off the stuffed seal, eyes fluttering shut as he imagined Namjoon in place of it. He felt grateful that his alpha had wrapped it up in a few of his sweatshirts to preserve the scent, which prevented it from getting destroyed by the smell of the box it came in, and also gave him something of his alpha’s to wear.
Gosh, you’re so sweet. You’re the best alpha in the world, hands down.

He didn’t think that Namjoon could outdo himself any further but when he looks inside the box, he finds another note sitting at the bottom, which reads:

*I hope this bouncy boi makes your heat easier to deal with. I love you. I’ll see you a few days, my prince.*

~Joon ♥

And when he feels able to stop cuddling with his new plushie for a few moments, that’s exactly what he texts Namjoon.

**Namjoon**

[Sent at 2:42 P.M.]

I’m glad you like your gifts, princey. (づ。◕‿‿◕。)づ

[Sent at 2:43 P.M.]

I hope it’ll be enough until we’re able to be in the same room again. <3

**Seokjin**

[Sent at 2:44 P.M.]

Nothing can ever come close to you, Joonie. It’s going to be a rough week but I think I’ll be okay with my lil walrus to keep me company.

**Namjoon**

[Sent at 2:45 P.M.]

It’s a seal, princey.

**Seokjin**

[Sent at 2:45 P.M.]

It’s a walrus. I said it so it’s a fact now.
Namjoon

[Sent at 2:47 P.M.]

The almighty prince Seokjin proclaimed it and it is so! :)

Seokjin

[Sent at 2:47 P.M.]

Damn right. ♦

Around Wednesday night, Seokjin felt his heat had become unbearable and for the sake of giving him “some privacy” -- Yoongi’s words, not his -- while he suffered through the rest of the week, his fellow omega had elected to sleep downstairs until his heat subsided. He knew what he’d meant by “privacy” and didn’t want to give into that temptation even though he wanted it at the same time. His heat and the discomfort he felt, so wet from the slick spilling down his legs that he’d covered his bed with a rubber sheet before curling up because he didn’t have any energy to stay awake any longer or change the sheets every few hours.

To make things even worse, he craved Namjoon’s scent and presence more than porn and lazy handjobs that were there just to help him bide his time and at this point in the week, his desire for his alpha burning hotter and hotter that he finds he can’t even get to sleep.

*Hopefully he won’t be too mad if I wake him up,* Seokjin thought, huffing in annoyance as he leaned down to grab his phone off the floor, where it was charging, and unplugged it from the socket so he could comfortably use his phone without straining his back. Plus, a 73-percent battery life wasn’t too bad at all.

*I just really need to talk to him…*

“H-hello?” Namjoon croaks when he answers, voice so thick with sleep that Seokjin would have felt bad for waking him up if he weren’t so desperate to hear his voice. He felt nothing but relief to hear his voice, which sounded like chocolate to Seokjin’s ears. “Jinnie, do you need something?”

“H-hey, Joon…”

“What’s up, princey? Do you need something?”

“I really miss you,” Seokjin whimpers. “I hate not being able to hug you and kiss you.”

“Princey, you know we can’t, at least not yet.”

“I-I know but… b-but still! I wish you were here…”

“I know, I know…”
“I don’t know how I’m going to be able to handle being away from you for a week!”

“Well, you got my package, didn’t you?”

“Are you talking about the one in your pants?”

Seokjin thinks he hears Namjoon curse under his breath and despite how desperate he felt for his alpha’s touch, it brings him some joy knowing that he was able to throw Namjoon off his game so easily. He could only imagine what Namjoon was wearing -- considering that he’d woken him up and it was the middle of the night, he was probably in boxers and a shirt, at most -- and he liked his odds of getting his alpha riled up, especially since it was nighttime and everybody was asleep.

As long as they were quiet, he figured they could have some fun.

“Jinnie, it’s really late.”

“So? I’m lonely and I miss you.”

“Shouldn’t you be tired?”

“I am, but I also really, really want you,” Seokjin whines into the phone, rubbing his cheek against his pillow as he imagined Namjoon’s chest in place of it. “I miss you so much. You have no idea what I would give to be able to ride you right now.”

“Geez, Jinnie…”

“I want you so bad, you have no idea.”

“I don’t?”

“Well, if you really, really don’t, then maybe I can show you,” Seokjin purrs into the phone. “Do you want me to ride you, Joonie, or do you want to grab my hips and take control? I’ll make it worth your while either way.”

“Foreplay is important, too, babydoll.”

“Which is why I think it would be so nice if you stretched me. Let me feel your fingers before you shove your big, alpha cock in me. Pin me to the bed and make me scream your name until I’m hoarse and I’m so sore that I can’t move.”

“And when we’re done, I’ll carry you into the bathroom so we can shower together and I’ll kiss you and--”

“We can go another round in the shower. Do you like things slippery-wet, Joonie?”

“I do, especially when it’s your pretty ass in question.”

“Don’t you want to play with me? My ass is yours, Joonie. You just have to come and get it,” Seokjin purrs, feeling his heart excitedly skip a beat in response to the low growl that suddenly floods his ears.

“Don’t tempt me, princey.”

“My ass is all yours, daddy.”

He hears Namjoon whisper “daddy” and something about the way his alpha utters it causes Seokjin
to grin from ear-to-ear, leaving him feeling as if he was going to be in stitches.

“Are you by yourself, dollface?” Namjoon asks a few moments later, voice low and somewhat breathy, almost like he had just run a marathon. He was getting excited, Seokjin could tell, and so was he.

“Y-Yes, daddy.” Seokjin affirms, eyebrows furrowing a bit out of confusion before relaxing when he hears his alpha sigh softly.

“Lock the door just in case, love. We don't want anybody intruding, now, do we?”

Seokjin hastily rolls off the bed to lock the door, finding Namjoon’s reasoning sound enough to leave the comforts of his fluffy mattress and warm blankets just to bar the door so nobody, especially Yoongi, could barge in uninvited. It was obviously important enough to Namjoon and Seokjin was excited to find out what he had planned, heart skipping as he leapt back into bed, pressing his phone to his ear as he excitedly blurted out “the door's closed!” in a breathless voice.

“Good. Are you ready to play?” Namjoon hummed, sounding rather satisfied as well as something that Seokjin couldn’t quite decipher.

Okay… this should be interesting… maybe he has something fun in mind? I wonder if--

“I said, are you ready, princey?” Namjoon’s voice rings out, startling the omega out of his reverie. He can feel his heart going *thud-thud-thud* against his chest and he’s sure Namjoon can hear it, too.

“Y-yes, I'm ready!”

“Are you alone?”

“Mhm. I'm alone.”

“Good. Close your eyes.”

“Why?”

“Just close your eyes.”

Seokjin huffs a sigh and then closes his eyes just like Namjoon asked him to, impatiently waiting for his alpha to speak. He even lets Namjoon know that they’re closed, all in hopes of hurrying things along because he was becoming more and more impatient by the minute. His chest feels tight with impatience and has nothing to do with his heat, that’s for sure. Still, he can feel himself getting slick at the thought of Namjoon crooning in his ear, excitement bubbling in his belly to the point that he finds himself bucking up against his hand, not even realizing he was whimpering until Namjoon points it out.

“Getting excited, princey?” he asks, sounding so amused that Seokjin feels his cheeks flaring hot from embarrassment.

“M-maybe a little…”

“Only a little?”

“More like a lot,” Seokjin corrects sheepishly. “You’re a god in my eyes in more ways than one, *daaaaddy*…”

“Is that so? Well, baby, strip.”
“Huh?”

“Take off your clothes for me, darling. Don’t want them to get dirty, now, do we?”

“N-no, we don’t…”

He puts his phone down on the mattress, turning on the speakerphone so that he wouldn’t miss anything if Namjoon said something while he was undressing but being so excited to talk to his alpha, he hurries to take his clothes off and tosses them to the floor incredibly fast for somebody who was in heat.

“I’m ready,” he gasps into the speakerphone a few moments later. “I’m ready, Joonie.”

“Put me on speakerphone, babe. I want you to enjoy this.”

“You sure?”

“Don’t worry, I’ll try not to be loud. You might be, though,” Namjoon hums nonchalantly, his words setting Seokjin’s cheeks ablaze.

“What are you planning?” he can’t help but ask out of a mixture of curiosity and nervousness, voice quivering with excitement as he lay down against the pillows, completely bare now and feeling some relief from not having to wear undergarments that had felt like they had put his cock in a vice.

The slightly chilly air of his bedroom definitely helped, soothing the fire beneath his skin just enough that he didn’t feel as if he was boiling from the inside but not really soothing him enough that he didn’t feel all sticky whenever he adjusted himself.

“Something that’ll blow your mind, princey.”

“Like what?”

“We’re going to play by my rules and if you obey me, you’ll have fun, too.”

“I’m all yours, daddy,” Seokjin mumbles, closing his eyes in hopes that the experience Namjoon promised him would be even more enjoyable if he pretended his alpha was the one touching him.

“Touch yourself, princey. Start slow for now,” Namjoon purrs in his ear, voice saccharine and dripping like honey. “I want you to enjoy this.”

And just like Namjoon wanted, Seokjin making a careful upstroke as he pumps himself slow, breath hitching in his throat as he smears precum over his length to aid his pumps, feeling heat pooling in his gut just from the wet, slick noises that quickly fill the air.

Even though he just started, Seokjin already feels close and he blames his heat for making him feel so on edge all the time. The dream he had wasn’t helping either, especially since every time he closed his eyes, Seokin could see himself sitting in Namjoon’s lap as he bounced up and down and stole kisses from his alpha even though they were both gasping for oxygen. And Seokjin still was, chest heaving as he struggled to breathe even though Namjoon’s sweet but naughty words combined with his strokes leaves him panting.

“You sound really excited, princey. Enjoying yourself?”

“Y-yes…”

“Good, good. You can go a little faster now. Not too fast, though.”
“Talk dirty to me, daddy;” Seokjin demands as he quickens his pumps, jacking himself off a little faster than before but nowhere near what he wanted, which makes impatience burn hot in his chest like a raging wildfire struggling to keep going even though its sources for fuel were becoming limited.

“You’re real naughty, aren’t you?” Namjoon chuckles, sounding so amused to Seokjin’s ears that he feels his cheeks burning hot.

“That’s because I want you so bad.”

“I want you, too. I wouldn’t be able to keep my hands off you if we were in the same room.”

“Oh, y-yeah? What do you want to do to me?” Seokjin stutters, eyes fluttering closed in pleasure as he digs his thumb into the slit of his cock. The feeling is something out-of-this-world and he can only imagine what it would feel like if Namjoon was the one stroking him.

“I’d suck you off nice and slow, for starters. Get you all riled up to the point that you’d be begging me to let you cum.”

“You’re so mean…”

“Am I? Well, does a mean daddy finger his prince while he’s sucking him off?” Namjoon challenged.

“O-oh, god,” Seokjin gasps.

“Ever had somebody finger your ass, princey? I bet you haven’t ever fingered yourself, either.”

“Won’t you do it for me, daddy? I’ll be a good boy.”

“Yeah… daddy will spread you open real nice and fuck you open until you’re cumming all over yourself. And if you’re an especially good boy, I’ll fuck you with my tongue, too. Doesn’t that sound nice?”

“Y-yes, p-please! P-please, daddy!”

“Have you ever had anybody fuck you like that?”

“N-no… b-but I want it!”

“I bet you do. And I’ll give it to you. I’ll give you everything you want and even more.”

“Please, please, please,” Seokjin gasps. He feels waves of heat washing over him, so heavy and warm as the coil in his belly winds tighter and tighter, so close to snapping that he could feel himself becoming absolutely delirious as he babbled out Namjoon’s name like it was a mantra. “O-oh, I want it all!”

“You’re real close, aren’t you?” Namjoon asks, as if he can sense Seokjin's desperation and his omega attempts to babble something in response, only for it to fade off as a rather loud moan tore itself out of his throat. Grinning, he says,

“It’s okay, princey. Just jack yourself off like you’ve been doing, yeah, yeah, that’s so good.”

“C-can I… c-cum?”

“Of course you can. Let yourself go, it’s okay,” Seokjin hear Namjoon murmur, his voice sounding
so much deeper than usual to his ears and it only motivates him to pump himself even faster as he chased after his orgasm.

“Oh, oh, oh… o-oh,” he whimpers as he feels his orgasm wash over him, chest rising and falling in heavy strides as he gasps for oxygen and even with cum decorating his torso like pearls, he lays there boneless, feeling no urgency to go anywhere. And just as his heavy eyelids closed, Seokjin finally feeling that he could sleep, he hears Namjoon whisper,

“How do you feel, princey?”

“m tired…”

“The good kind of tired, right?”

“Mhm… thank you, Joonie,” Seokjin sleepily mumbles into the receiver, words so slurred together that he still has half-a-brain to wonder if Namjoon can understand him. But then, just as he dozes off, he hears his alpha chuckling as if he’d told him something awfully amusing before he says,

“Sweet dreams, my love.”


“I think my heat is finally over.”

“That explains why Namjoon’s in the house again,” Yoongi grumbles, shooting the alpha a nasty look that he returns with equal fervor but without all of the usual hatred that Yoongi fired his way, mostly because their little rivalry was mostly one-sided and he had nothing against the omega.

“Don’t act like you didn’t miss me,” he teases, mostly for the sake of rubbing Yoongi the wrong way and it works, Namjoon proudly grinning when Yoongi makes a face of disgust.

“Ew, gross. I’m going upstairs.”

“What, you don’t want to hang out with us?” Seokjin calls after him,

“No, I think I’ll pass but speaking of hanging out…”

“Hmm?” Seokjin hums.

“You were… pretty loud a few nights ago. I heard everything from downstairs,” Yoongi says almost sheepishly and it takes Seokjin a moment to realize what he means, Seokjin feeling his cheeks suddenly heat up with embarrassment as the younger omega mouths “daddy” at him.

“I’d tell you two to tone it down but at the same time, I’m actually impressed that Namjoon was able to pleasure you over the phone.”

He looks to Namjoon in a hopeless attempt of getting his boyfriend to side with him but he quickly realizes all hope is lost with the way his alpha’s cheeks color a deep shade of red that he would have considered adorable any other time except for now and his lips curve up into a tight-lipped grin right before he busts out laughing so hard that Seokjin feels his soul leave his body.
Shivering as he was, Seokjin only felt excited butterflies fluttering about in his belly as he stepped off the bus and hurried into the bus station out of a desire for warmth and something much more solid than a poorly-heated bus station with his backpack on his shoulders and phone clutched in his gloved hands. The text Namjoon had sent him a half hour ago -- a simple but adorable “I’m here, princey~:)” -- had left him anxiously bouncing in his seat for the rest of the ride because he’d wanted nothing more than to leap into his alpha’s arms and breathe in lemons and strawberries until he felt sated, even though such a thing was impossible when it came to Namjoon.

And sure enough, it only felt as if it took a few minutes before he reunited with his sweet, blonde-haired alpha in the midst of cold, disgruntled passengers crowded inside the station.

“It feels like it’s been so long,” Seokjin whispered as he hugged him tight, clinging to his alpha more for contact than warmth.

“I mean, you were in heat last week,” Namjoon cheekily pointed out, which earns him a look. “But don’t get me wrong, I missed you, too, princey.”

“You better have, Joonie.”

“Oh, I did, I did. C’mon, let’s head back to my house so I can show you how much I missed you,” he teased.

“Ooh, let’s go!”

To his surprise, Namjoon leads him over to a car parked half a block away from the bus station rather than a cab -- not that he minds -- and, after tossing his backpack into the backseat, climbs into the driver’s seat. Seokjin follows suit on the passenger side and even with the car’s interior just as cold as the temperature outside, he pokes his alpha in the side and says,

“I’m surprised you didn’t lock the keys in the car. Or worse, crash the car.”

“Yeah, yeah, laugh it up, princey. At least you’re not freezing your royal ass out in the cold.”

“Royal ass? You make it seem like I’m spoiled and for the record, I’m not!” Seokjin pouted.

“Spoiled in a good way,” Namjoon cooed as he reached over, lovingly thumbing his prince’s chapped lip, not that it does much to soothe his omega or ease his bratty mood even a little. “And most of it’s my fault, I admit.”

“Yes, it’s all your fault, spoiling me with all of those plushies, chocolates, and hoodies.”

“Would I be a good alpha if I wasn’t?”

“I’m not even going to answer that question since you are an amazing alpha.”

“Alrighty, fair enough.”

“Won’t you take me back to your house now, Joonie?” Seokjin pretends to beg. “Please, please, please?”

“Your wish is my command,” Namjoon hummed as he turned on the ignition and as soon as the car was warm enough, he pulls out of his parking spot and drives off, sending the nervous butterflies in
Seokjin’s belly scuttling about as they passed by countless houses adorned by lights and decorations befitting the Christmas season.

He counts at least five Santa Claus figurines and several adorable snowmen during the drive but after a while, he bores of sightseeing and Seokjin turns his head to Namjoon, easily finding himself much more pleased with his alpha’s beauty than the Christmas decorations that already felt much too repetitious.

Thankfully, there was only one Namjoon in the world and he was absolutely stunning.

“I love you, y’know.”

“I'm so happy to know that. I love you, too.” Namjoon beamed.

“Good.”

“Good?”

“Yeah, it's good that you love me!”

“You're my darling prince,” Namjoon chuckled matter-of-factly as he steered the car down a one-way street where the houses were becoming progressively larger, stacking two and sometimes even three stories high, and even more elaborately decorated than all of the others Seokjin had seen, and he could feel himself becoming more excited by the minute, especially as the car slowed down and Namjoon ended up steering it into an empty driveway that was lined with Christmas-colored garden lamps on either side.

“And you're my king.”

“Well, we're here. Welcome to my castle. And for tonight, yours, as well.”

“We’re home?”

“Home,” Namjoon echoed in confirmation before climbing out of the car, with Seokjin quickly following suit. Despite how icy the driveway was, he still circles around the front of the car to hug Namjoon, craving his alpha’s touch more than his warmth even though, admittedly, he already longed to get out of the cold and into the hopefully-warmer house.

He follows Namjoon across the snow-covered lawn until they’re standing on the front step and even then, he finds himself bouncing in his boots while his alpha fumbled with his keys as he unlocked one lock on the front door followed by the second, which releases the lock keeping the door closed and allows them to step inside and escape the cold.

“Come in, princey. Make yourself comfortable,” Namjoon said as he stepped aside to let Seokjin in, holding the door open for his sweet omega before shutting the door behind them once he was inside in order to keep the warmth from escaping.

After Seokjin kicks off his boots and wet socks, Namjoon helps him take off his coat and hangs it up in the coat closet by the door before slinging Seokjin’s backpack onto his own shoulder and taking his omega by the hand as he led him upstairs to his bedroom so they could settle in. After setting his omega’s bag down near his bed, Namjoon opens up his closet and pulls him over, wrapping an arm around his shoulders as he gestured to his clothes, which mostly consisted of fluffy sweaters and t-shirts, although Seokjin also spotted a few tank tops upon closer inspection.

“Are your clothes wet? You can wear something of mine if you want.”
“Are you trying to get me out of my clothes? Because you don’t need to be sly with me, Joonie,” Seokjin teased, playfully bumping him in the ribs just before he’s swept up into his alpha’s arms and gently laid down onto the bed.

His back touches the cool sheets a moment later but he doesn’t feel cold even when Namjoon slips his hands under the hem of his sweater, pushing it up along with his shirt until his chest is exposed and his clothes are bunched up around his collarbones. He can’t find it in him to be ashamed -- if anything, he’s *excited* -- as he raised his arms to help Namjoon take off his sweater, leaving him only in his favorite white tank top.

Seokjin finds himself staring up at Namjoon, fingers quickly tangling in his hair as his alpha leaned in, pecking his chin before trailing countless wet kisses down to his exposed collarbones, where he latches on, to Seokjin’s pleasure. After a bit, he finds he can’t take it anymore and pulls Namjoon up for another kiss, moaning softly when he feels his alpha boldly trace his tongue over his bottom lip as he asked for more than just innocent kisses, willingly parting his lips to grant his alpha every possible wish he might have. He wasn’t sure how far they would be able to go but he was willing to play along until his alpha said stop -- *if* he said stop.

Best case scenario: they went all the way and spent the entire night making love until they got too tired to keep going.

Worst case scenario: Namjoon put a stop to things if he started feeling uncomfortable and they spent the rest of their time together snuggling and watching movies all night long.

Either way, Seokjin knew he wouldn’t be disappointed, already feeling rather pleased when Namjoon suddenly closes off the space between them and pecks him sweet on the mouth again and again until his head is spinning.

“We’re by ourselves. So… what do you want to do?” Namjoon whispers in between kisses. “We can do whatever you want, princey.”

Rather than respond, Seokjin pulls him forward by the collar of his shirt until their lips touch again, relishing in the warmth and sweetness of his alpha’s mouth that tasted so much like the lemons and strawberries he smelled of. He can feels his heart skipping faster and faster with every additional kiss they share, threading his fingers through his alpha’s bleached strands like he couldn’t get enough of feeling soft tendrils of hair against his skin. And being so close, practically chest to chest with nothing between them, felt as if Namjoon radiated heat like he was a living, breathing flame.

“You’re so warm, Joonie.”

“Are you hungry, princey?”

“Wow, way to kill the mood,” the omega laughed, looking up at his alpha just in time to see the pout on his lips stretch out into a smile that matched his own.

“I’m pretty sure that growling stomachs would also kill the mood, too.”

“Hmm, fair enough. Let’s go, I can cook us something--”

“No, let me.”

“You’re going to cook?” Seokjin asked incredulously, looking so unconvinced that Namjoon might as well have said that he wanted to get pregnant.

“Y-yeah… why, is there something wrong with me cooking?”
“Do you even know how to cook?”

“Do I know how to cook?” Namjoon scoffed. “I can cook!”

“What, ramen? Anybody can cook that, Joonie!”

“Well, you’re not cooking tonight. You’re a guest in my house.”

“Yeah, well, we’re not ordering takeout, either. Wouldn’t want some poor delivery guy to have to drive in this weather.”

“So what are we going to do?”

“Want to cook something together?”

“So I’m cooking for you?” Namjoon guessed, only to receive a playful punch to his shoulder that feels more like a nudge, and he pouts in protest when he spots Seokjin roll his eyes.

“No, I’m cooking for you.”

“Why can’t we cook together?”

“Because you’ll burn the house down,” Seokjin huffed as he pushed himself off the bed and onto his feet, tugging on Namjoon’s hand as he left the room and went down the stairs, only to be stopped at the landing when he felt a tug on his arm.

“I would not burn the house down,” Namjoon whined petulantly, pouting when his omega looked up.

“I’m pretty sure instant ramen is the only reason why you’ve survived this long.”

“But now I have a boyfriend who's a world-class chef,” Namjoon hummed as he pecked his lover sweet on the mouth, “so maybe I won’t die of starvation.”

“I’ll teach you how to cook eventually, just not tonight.”

“You wanna have some fun?”

“What kind of fun?”

“Oh, you know… fun, with me… and you… naked in bed… together. C’mon, let’s skip dinner.”

“You better have a plan for food after we're done here,” Seokjin chuckled in between kisses but without needing much convincing, he allowed his alpha to lead him back into his bedroom and quickly found himself lying underneath him, all of his clothes having joined Namjoon's on the floor not too long after they’d returned to the bedroom.

“I’ll figure something out,” Namjoon chuckled following a kiss to the tip of his nose. “So… what do you want to do first?”

“You.”

“Well, damn.”

“I hope you weren’t expecting me to say something different.”
“N-no, no,” Namjoon chuckled albeit a bit sheepishly, cheeks tinted pink like cotton candy in a way that made him look even more adorable than before. “I just… wasn’t expecting you to be so blunt.”

“I'm short, sweet, and to the point.”

“Sweet? Yes. Short? No.”

“How?”

“You're pretty tall, princey.”

“No shit, Sherlock,” the omega of the two laughed, playfully pushing at his lover’s bare chest.

A moment later, he placed his hand flat over the space where his lover's heart beat, allowing himself a few moments to relish in the quiet that hung over them because he knew that there wouldn't be time for that later. At least, not until after they were too tired to go on but Seokjin still wanted a moment to listen to Namjoon's heartbeat while it was still beating steady. And when he’s had his fill, he drapes his arms around his alpha’s neck and pulls him down for a kiss, only drawing away when their lungs burn for air and they’re gasping hard.

“Are you on birth control?”

“Wha-- why do you want to know?” Seokjin asked, cocking his head to the side out of curiosity, and Namjoon doesn’t dignify his question with a response, choosing instead to lean down and peck him on the lips.

“Why do you think? I mean, we’re not naked just because,” he cheekily pointed out and it takes Seokjin only a few seconds to figure out what he means before he whispers out a knowing “oh…” as he remembered why they were fooling around in the first place.

“Are you sure about this, Joonie?” he asks, just out of courtesy because he knew his alpha had previously been apprehensive about sex, and the smile Namjoon gives him is more than enough reassurance that he was just as sure as he was.

“Yeah, I’m sure. I want this, Jinnie. More importantly, I want you.”

“I want you, too. I love you so much, Joonie.”

“Let’s get you out of these pants, then,” Namjoon whispered as if he was afraid of shattering the quiet that hung over them, shuffling down just enough to have easy access to his omega’s jeans before spreading his lover’s legs and unbuckling his belt.

“Of course,” the omega whispered back, raising his hips enough to help his alpha in taking his jeans off, which were quickly followed by the rest of their clothes until they were both completely naked in front of each other and had nothing left to hide behind.

“Gosh, you’re so pretty,” he barely registers his alpha say, his voice so soft that it sounded like he was whispering but Seokjin quickly finds himself caught up in his ministrations to care much about what he’d said, hips canting off the bed when he feels his alpha's warm breath ghosting over his belly.

“Y-you… you’re so handsome, Joon.”

“Not like you, though.”
He hears his alpha chuckle softly, Seokjin managing to lock eyes with him just in time to see his lover’s eyes crinkle into little slits that accentuated his dimply cheeks and shiny, sparkly teeth and all of a sudden, he feels tongue-tied right when he wishes he could compliment his boyfriend and pulls Namjoon down for another kiss, finding it the only way that he could express his adoration for his alpha right now.

“If you’re going to compliment me, I’m going to compliment you back,” Seokjin playfully teased. “I mean, you’re so handsome that I can’t even begin to describe it, Joonie.”

“I guess that’s fair.”

“Fair? You deserve more than ‘fair.’”

“Oh, yeah? Show me what you mean by that, princey.”

“You wanna know?” Seokjin breathed into his alpha’s mouth, miraculously managing to avoid bumping heads with Namjoon as he shifted so he was now straddling his alpha, teasingly grinding against him like he had all the time in the world.

Of course, he desperately wanted Namjoon to fuck him already but he figured taunting his alpha a little bit would rile him up -- in a good way. He boldly seats himself in his alpha’s lap and leans in just enough to kiss the tip of his nose, smiling to himself when Namjoon sat up in an attempt to kiss him, drawing away just before his alpha could capture his lips. Smirking, he playfully boops Namjoon on the nose even though that seems to add to his disappointment.

“I just want to kiss you and you’re playing games?” Namjoon whined petulantly.

“Just wanted to mess with you a little,” Seokjin admitted followed by a kiss to his lover’s mouth.

“Naughty, naughty boy,” Namjoon growled before flipping them over so Seokjin lay beneath him before capturing his lips once more, grinning against his omega’s mouth when he squeaks out in surprise. “Why are you teasing me?”

“Hmmm… maybe so you’ll fuck me harder?”

“Princey, if you want, I can tie your wrists to the bedposts and fuck you ’til you cry.”

“Won’t you?” Seokjin asked hopefully, to which Namjoon grinned before leaning down to peck him sweet on the lips.

“Maybe another time, okay? I want our first time to be special.”

“You’re so vanilla, it’s adorable,” the omega of the two laughed and because his lover’s laughter was so infectious, Namjoon also found himself grinning ear-to-ear.

“If I’m vanilla, then you’re strawberry.”

“Oh, my, god, you’re so corny.”

“That’s what I’m good at,” Namjoon grinned cheekily.

“I love that about you.”

Save for the blush that crawls onto his cheeks, Namjoon doesn’t respond to Seokjin’s compliment and leans over, grabbing a bottle of lube that had been tucked into the drawer of the table by his bed before closing it to ensure neither of them got hurt if they climbed out of bed at any point. He softly
mutters “don't want to hurt you so…” under his breath as he peeled the protective wrapping and tossed it to the floor before popping the cap with a loud crack that sends an excited jolt shooting across Seokjin’s spine.

“You can stretch me,” Seokjin whispered. “It's okay, I trust you.”

“I don’t want to hurt you, that’s all,” Namjoon admitted albeit a bit sheepishly, to which Seokjin couldn’t help but smile reassuringly up at him before taking to gently stroking his cheek.

“I know you won’t.”

“What if it hurts?”

“Just go slow. I’ll guide you.”

“Alright,” Namjoon whispered, sounding a bit out of breath and nervous but when Seokjin looks up at him, he also appeared a little excited, as evidenced by the adorable Cheshire cat grin on his face.

He can tell Namjoon is a little nervous, movements just a little jerky and unsure, but he makes sure to coax him along. For the most part, it helps him ignore the sting of being breached by Namjoon’s slender fingers until he’s able to pump his fingers with ease. When he finally breaches him, easing in inch by inch, Seokjin finds himself writhing and arching his back as Namjoon sheathed himself in his tight heat, groaning low in his throat when Seokjin clutches around him.

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“C’mon, c’mon… Joonie…”

At his omega's insistence, he starts up his thrusts slow and teasing, pulling out until just the head of his cock was still inside Seokjin before sliding back in so smoothly that he hears his boyfriend gasp out in a mixture of surprise and pleasure.

“O-oh… y-yeah, just like that,” Seokjin gasped against his shoulder, raking his nails over his back when Namjoon fills him up again just right, leaving him feeling so deliciously full.

“You are so beautiful,” Namjoon groans as he sucks particularly hard at his omega’s nipple where a dark bruise is sure to blossom in the morning. He could be proud of that one without worrying about having to hide it, that much Namjoon knew for sure.

Though he so desperately wants to paint his beautiful canvas every way he sees fit, Namjoon makes sure not to bruise the skin anywhere above Seokjin’s neckline, not wanting to raise any suspicions in case his boyfriend forgot to cover up when he got home or just didn’t feel like roasting in a turtleneck for weeks on end until the bruises faded away, and continues to trail kisses across his waist, which is already speckled with dark, abstract floral shapes made by his tongue, teeth, and hands.

“Cheeks burning and tongue-tied, Seokjin can only offer little squeaks and the occasional, whimpery moan, finding himself getting too wound up to respond back to anything his alpha said even though he so badly wanted return the sentiment by telling him everything he loved about him.

Another time, he reasoned with himself, back arching when Namjoon takes to sucking on a nipple, his mouth so warm and wet that Seokjin feels curling heat wash over him. He finds himself chasing after his alpha's touch, wanting more than what Namjoon was giving him, until he finally hears himself babbling and whimpering, cheeks going hot from a mixture of embarrassment and desire.

“I want everything, wanna feel you in me, want you to kiss me… I want it all…”
“Impatient, are we?”

“Hell yeah…”

“Ready?” Namjoon whispers as he positions himself at his lover's entrance and being *this close* to getting what he wants has Seokjin whining, heart thudding hard and fast with excitement.

“Ready,” he whimpers. “I've been ready…”

“How do you want to sit?”

“Just like this,” Seokjin gasped as he wrapped his arms around his alpha’s shoulders and legs around his waist. “Wanna see your face.”

To his surprise, Namjoon scoops him up into his arms before lowering himself so they were chest-to-chest, body all but draped over him like a blanket. And being so close to Namjoon *like this* made Seokjin feel warm all over, softly whining when he feels his alpha's teeth graze over his ear and tugging gently, the sensation alone leaving him tingly all over, even more so when he feels the pain subside save for the occasional ebb that doesn't bother him all that much even when Namjoon shifts inside him every now and then to help him get used to being stretched open.

“Ready?”

“Been ready.”

“I'll make sure you enjoy this,” Namjoon whispers, sneaking a kiss to his omega's cheek before straightening his back so he hovered above his boyfriend, arms on either side of his head.

“I know I will.” Seokjin grinned cheekily, only to be silenced with a kiss as Namjoon began to rock his hips, carefully bucking up into him for starters so he didn't hurt his omega.

It's hard to keep still when he's being held practically in a vice grip, though, Seokjin so warm and tight that he finds himself tightening his hold on his hips but not so much to hurt his omega.

“Tell me when you're ready, princey. Don't want to hurt you.”

“I know,” Seokjin whispered breathily. “I know… almost ready… you can move…”

“You sure?” Namjoon mumbled, feeling like he couldn't breathe or swallow, courtesy of his suddenly-dry mouth. The only response Seokjin gives him is a nod and a roll of his hips before pulling him in for a kiss that leaves him gasping, forcing him to take greedy breaths in between kisses.

“Jinnie, you're so tight… feels amazing.”

Save for a tiny, choked-sounding "move", Seokjin finds himself tongue tied and breathless, stars dancing in his vision and toes curling every time Namjoon slid back in *just right*, pace quickening a few moments later when he starts to become impatient. He can feel his desperation, Namjoon's hands fisting the pillow Seokjin's head lay on, and he can tell that Namjoon was also close or at least, getting there.

“Shit… that's good…”

“You're so, so perfect… so beautiful…”

Even as he finds himself chasing after his orgasm, Seokjin whimpering as Namjoon pushed his legs
back before quickening his thrusts, hitting him just right every time that he saw galaxies explode, muddling up Namjoon's face but also making him look so much more handsome and had Seokjin yearning to see tiny stars and vast nebulas embedded in his alpha’s golden skin and soft, chocolate brown eyes for the rest of time. And even when warmth washes over them both, Namjoon meeting his end almost the same time as Seokjin and spilling into his lover with a groan as his knot locked him in place, he finds himself awfully enamored with the way his omega looks.

There was something so ethereal about the way his lips, pretty and pink as the loveliest roses, hung open as he struggled to catch his breath and he can’t help but reach up to thumb his cheek before rolling them over so they were lying on their sides chest-to-chest.

“You’re so lovely, Jinnie. Did you enjoy yourself?”

He finds himself pressing tiny kisses all over his omega’s adorable face while they both came down from their highs while using it as an opportunity to coddle his lover and shower him with all the affection he deserved and even more. Seokjin was by no means a tiny and fragile omega -- nothing like Yoongi, that’s for sure -- but he still felt awfully overprotective, wanting nothing more than to shield his boyfriend from the world that wasn’t so friendly to omegas.

Seokjin was too beautiful to suffer.

“I did,” his omega hums as he snuggled a little closer so his head was tucked underneath his chin. They didn’t even need a knot to hold them together, Namjoon thought in amusement, but it definitely helped.

“I’m so glad, princey.”

“I’m always going to treasure this. Never gonna forget this.”

“Yeah, me too.”

Sleepy as he was, Namjoon found himself staring at Seokjin’s face, enamored by his feathery eyelashes, perfect, angled eyebrows, and heart-shaped lips that gave him the appearance of a doll, finding admiring his omega much more important than getting some rest. He could tell Seokjin was teetering between sleep and staying awake but seemed further along than he was.

“Ooh…”

“You okay?”

“Y-yeah,” Seokjin hummed as he nuzzled his cheek against Namjoon’s chest. “Just… feeling a little sensitive.”

“Sorry, princey.”

“Don’t be sorry, you brat.”

“Oh, so I’m a brat now?”

“My brat.”

“Hmmm, I guess that’s a little better.”

“Good enough for a kiss?”

“Of course, love,” he whispers before stealing his lips once more just to appease his lover.
To his pleasure, one kiss becomes two and pretty quickly, Namjoon loses track of how many kisses they share, only coming back down to reality when he feels his knot go down and allows him to gently slip out of Seokjin so they weren't tangled up in what had to be a pretty uncomfortable position.

It wasn't the worst but he already found himself pondering what could be a better way to handle being knotted to his omega because lying side-by-side definitely wasn't cutting it.

“Everything okay?” he whispers, sensing Seokjin's discomfort.

“A-ah, yeah… it's just… I'm going to miss that feeling.”

“We can go another round later,” Namjoon chuckled as he pecked his cheek, grinning wide when Seokjin smiles. “You don’t have to miss it for long, love.”

“That sounds really nice but y’know, I’m sensing a ‘but’, Joonie.”

“Ah! That’s because I got you something for Christmas, princey.”

“Aw, Joonie, you didn't have to!”

“What do you mean, I didn’t have to? You’re my mate and I wanted to spoil you.” Namjoon scoffed. “And it's Christmas.”

“You're too sweet,” Seokjin mumbled as he gratefully took the gift bag his alpha held out to him, setting it aside so he could kiss Namjoon in thanks.

“Only for you. Now open your gift.”

“Wait, I have something for you, too!” Seokjin announced, quickly rolling over onto his side to grab something out of his backpack where it sat on the floor by the bed and while Namjoon felt a little cold when his omega drew away, he was also granted a great view of his boyfriend’s ass and he playfully smacks his ass, causing Seokjin to yelp.

“What’d you do that for?” he whined, all the while blushing madly.

“Couldn’t resist,” Namjoon chuckled, grinning unabashedly like he was the smuggest, most shameless bastard alive. He probably was, Seokjin thought, but he found it too endearing to complain.

“I guess I can forgive you this time.”

“You guess?”

“'m just teasing. Love you. I hope you like your present.”

“Aw, I love you, too. What’d you get me?”

“Open it, silly,” Seokjin laughed as he pulled his own present closer but rather than dive in, he watches Namjoon’s face for his reaction, figuring that opening his own present could wait just a little while longer.

It doesn't take Namjoon very long to tear away the pink tissue paper carefully taped around his present and he manages to pull it off without much trouble, revealing a deep blue, almost purplish cover with the Buddha underneath the white, block letters that made up the title and the author’s name — *Siddhartha by Hermann Hesse* — and took up most of the space on the otherwise plain
cover. However, Seokjin's gaze was trained up at his alpha's face rather than the book, mostly because he wanted to see his reaction and he can tell just from the soft but dimply smile on his face that Namjoon appreciated the gift.

“I wasn't sure what to get you so I figured you'd enjoy reading something that's philosophical. Do you like it?” Seokjin hummed.

“I do! You're so thoughtful, princey,” Namjoon whispered as he kissed his omega sweet on the lips to show his gratitude, which leaves him pink-cheeked and grinning like he won the grand prize at a carnival.

“Just don't ask me to read it with you,” Seokjin laughed. “I wouldn't even be able to comprehend it.”

“Don't say that, you're really smart.”

“Not like you, Einstein.”

“I'll take that as a compliment.”

“I meant that as a compliment.”

“Okay, good. Your turn.”

“Huh? Oh!” Seokjin pulls the tissue paper covering his gift and to his surprise, he finds an adorably fuzzy, pink face staring up at him past the hot pink tissue paper. He shoves aside the rest of the tissue paper and lifts up his present for Namjoon to see. “It’s so cute!”

“I’m glad you like it. And I know your collection of plushies is growing--”

“Thanks to you,” his lover interrupted followed by a peck to his mouth, the pink, mini-alpaca becoming squished between them when he tangled his fingers in Seokjin’s sweaty locks and pulled him in for another kiss.

“Merry Christmas, darling.”
“Y’know, I almost wasn’t sure I’d be able to find this place. If you hadn’t been standing on the front porch, I’d probably be eating dinner with strangers.”

“You can land a plane in rainy or snowy weather but you can’t find a house with directions?” Yoongi scoffed, rolling his eyes at his brother as he let him inside and feeling grateful all the while that he had the house to himself for a few hours.

Seokjin’s parents had left to stay with relatives in Seoul while Seokjung was off partying at some fancy club with friends, something that he didn’t do often. Because it was Christmas, though, he’d decided to get out of the house for a few hours but even if he came home at any point -- not likely -- it wouldn’t have been a big deal to Yoongi since Seokjin’s family almost felt like a family away from family.

Like a home away from home but with family. And at this point, Yoongi could only take what life handed to him and hold onto it with greedy hands.

“Give me a break. At least landing a plane is easy,” Yeonwoo huffed as he tossed his jacket at Yoongi’s face, temporarily blinding his younger brother as darkness suddenly fell over him like a blanket only for him to tug it off and toss it right back at his brother.

“Yeah, whatever. Make your ass comfortable.”

“You’re so hospitable.”

“I do my best.”

“This isn’t even close to ‘your best’, you little punk.”

“Ahh, but you still love me!”

“Only because I have to.”

“Raised by wolves, I swear.”

“I’ll take that as a compliment.”

“Oh, yeah, here, Mom told me to give you this.”

Before he can ask what he means, a considerably large, red gift bag finds its way into Yoongi’s grasp and for a few moments, he feels like a deer caught in the headlights, unsure of what to do or how to respond. He sets it down at his feet, deciding it would be best just to ignore it for now and figure out what he wanted to do with it later, and tells Yeonwoo to follow him to the living room.

Thankfully, his brother doesn’t comment on the fact that he completely ignored the present their mom had given him because even Yoongi didn’t know what to say.

“So this is where you’ve been staying between breaks?”

“Mhm, my friend Seokjin lets me crash with him. Dunno why but I’m grateful all the same.”

“Haven’t met him but he seems like a nice person.”
“Yeah, he’s pretty nice. He’s off at his boyfriend’s house getting laid, which is why he’s not here.”

“Is he an alpha?”

“Yeah.”

“He’s not giving you trouble, is he?”

“No, no, Namjoon’s a pretty okay guy. And Seokjin wouldn’t date a scumbag, either.”

“I see. Well, I’m glad you have good people around you.”

“Yeah, me too,” Yoongi hummed. “It’s nice having someplace peaceful to stay in between semesters.”

“Speaking of semesters, how’s school going?” Yeonwoo asked as he followed his brother into the living room, which, to his surprise, had been adorned floor-to-ceiling with Christmas decorations -- everything from shiny gold and silver tinsel, countless white lights draped across the walls, and a fake Christmas tree that glittered like the tinsel lining the floorboards -- and left him convinced that the people Yoongi was staying with were either agents of Santa Claus himself or just enjoyed Christmas a little too much.

“It’s going okay. I declared my major before break started and I’m kind of itching to touch a mixing board again.”

“You’ve been on break for two weeks and you already want to go back to school? Said no college student ever.”

“I guess I’m in a hurry to graduate,” Yoongi shrugged. “It’s gonna take me another two years, though.”

“Right on time, then.”

“And hopefully I’ll be able to get a job with my degree because the last thing I want is to have to move back home. Dad will never let me hear the end of it if I do.”

“Don’t think about Dad. He’s so far up his own ass that he asked me when I planned on having children,” Yeonwoo scoffed, leaning back against the couch before bending his leg over his knee, looking awfully regal despite being dressed in only a hoodie and jeans.

“But you’re sterile. You can’t have children.”

“Yeah, try telling him that. He told me I wasn’t trying hard enough and asked me if I was so cold-hearted that I would be willing to deprive him of grandchildren.”

“Grandchildren? You mean mini versions of you that he can use as his punching bags,” Yoongi snorted. “You’re lucky you can’t have kids. Means you won’t ever have to worry about having an omega.”

“I wouldn’t mind, actually. Having a kid regardless of what status they’re born with would be great at this point.”

“Yeah, I’m never going to have kids.”

“You sure about that?”
“Yeah, more than sure. I’ll maybe have a fur baby or two because at least Dad won’t care to hurt them.”

“You’d be a great dad, just so you know.”

“Yeah, whatever.”

“But you’re still young so there’s no reason to worry about that right now. Just graduate, okay? Everything else will fall into place.”

Yeah, assuming I get lucky enough to meet somebody who won’t treat me like shit just because I’m an omega. Wouldn’t want any kids I have to suffer, either.

But of course, he doesn't tell Yeonwoo this and as he stands up, offers to get him something from the fridge as well and returns a few moments later with two cans of Pepsi, tossing one at his brother.

“Gee, thanks. Now I can’t drink this,” Yeonwoo grumbled sarcastically as he set the can of soda on the coffee table with a purposely loud thunk before crossing his arms over his chest like a petulant, upset child. Yoongi could only grin past his own can of soda until, out of nowhere, Yeonwoo took out an envelope and chucked it at him, nearly causing him to spill soda everywhere when he tried to avoid getting hit even though the envelope merely hits the table with a barely-audible thunk.

“What's this?”

“Your Christmas present,” Yeonwoo answered and because he was acting so nonchalant about it, Yoongi forces himself to investigate as his soda exchanged places in his hand with the envelope.

“Thanks for throwing money at me like I’m a cheap hooker.”

“I hope you don’t expect me to dignify that with a response,” Yeonwoo groaned, looking so done with Yoongi that said omega could only grin.

“No need. Thanks for the cash, though.”

“There’s enough to get you through the next two semesters so you don’t have to worry about starving.”

“T-Thanks…”

“No problem. Gotta take care of my baby bro, y’know?”

“You’re the best big brother ever.”

“I know, I know. Hold your applause.”

“Who said I was going to clap for you?” Yoongi snorted. “You're not a god.”

“Don’t be such a brat,” Yeonwoo growled, shooting Yoongi a dirty look that, in any other situation, probably would have silenced his brother except today, where Yoongi keeps on grinning like the naughty omega he was.

“Can't help it. It's in my nature.”

“Yeah, whatever. How often has ‘your nature’ gotten you in trouble?”

“More times than I can count.”
“Why am I not surprised?”

“Are you really?”

“No, I’m not. And frankly, as long as you’re doing okay, I don’t want to know about all the fights you’ve been getting in.”

“Good thing I’m old enough to take care of myself now,” Yoongi chuckled as he scampered out of the room, with Yeonwoo shouting after him “hey, where are you going?” just as he disappeared up the stairs. A few minutes later, he came back downstairs with the gift he got his brother -- unwrapped because he couldn’t afford wrapping paper and Yeonwoo didn’t care about all of the flourishes that came with gift giving.

“Merry Christmas,” Yoongi said as he handed his brother the bag of Hershey’s Kisses he had kept stashed away in his backpack for at least a week in preparation for their little “Christmas party”.

“Aw, thanks! You’re so thoughtful!”

“And you’re so sarcastic,” Yoongi scoffed, to which Yeonwoo made a face before sticking his tongue out at him.

“Yeah, whatever. I still appreciate the gift, you little punk.”

“It’s all I could afford but I still wanted to get you something--”

“No need to explain yourself. And thanks, Yoongs.”

“You haven’t called me that in years,” the omega chuckled as he returned to his seat on the sofa, earning a smile from Yeonwoo as well when he remembered his own nickname from their childhood.

“And you haven’t called me ‘Woo’. Don’t get me wrong, though, I don’t miss it.”

“Aww, but why not, Woo?” Yoongi teased.

“You’re not eleven anymore. Hell, it was weird even back then.”

“Yeah, yeah… you thought it was cute.”

“I actually didn’t.”

“But you didn’t bother stopping me?”

“Now tell me: is there ever a time when that worked?” Yeonwoo snorted.

“Nope!”

“Well, there you go.”

At Yeonwoo’s insistence, they crowd around Yoongi’s tiny iPhone in order to watch some Netflix -- Bee Movie and Ice Age: The Meltdown, of all things -- until Yeonwoo announces several hours that he couldn't stay any longer and had to go.

Yoongi understood why but it didn't make the ache in his heart any easier to deal with. He didn’t know when would be the next time he saw his brother and even though Seokjin’s parents probably wouldn’t mind if he stayed overnight -- assuming they made it back before morning -- he didn’t want
to overstep any boundaries because, after all, he was merely a guest in their house.

“I’ve got a pretty packed schedule for the next few months and so, I won’t be able to hang out with you,” Yeonwoo remorsefully explained even though he knew just as much as Yoongi did that it wouldn’t do any good.

“It’s okay. I’ll be busy with school anyways.”

“I know, I know. I still wish I could see you more often.”

“Me too. You’re the best big brother in the whole world.”

“Awh, I haven’t left yet and I miss you already, you little brat,” Yeonwoo playfully growled, tightening his arms around Yoongi’s tiny frame as he swayed them side-to-side, which had his brother giggling. “Gosh, I’m gonna miss you.”

“Then maybe you shouldn’t work so much.”

“Yeah, wish I could. Maybe one day I’ll be able to retire young, who knows?”

“Retire young? You’re, like, ninety years old!”

“Excuse me, I’m only five years older than you!” Yeonwoo pointed out, playfully poking Yoongi in the ribs and eliciting a slew of giggles from him.

“Yeah, yeah, whatever.”

“By the way, if you don’t get married before you finish college, you’re welcome to live with me in my apartment. That way, you can save some money.”

“Yeah, I probably won’t get married that early.”

“Just say thank you like a normal person, sheesh!”

“Thanks, I appreciate it. But won’t Hyojung have something to say about me crashing?”

“No, not crashing. You’d be a guest in my house and frankly, I don’t care what she thinks.”

“I’m guessing you guys are going through another rough patch?”

“Yeah, kinda. I’ll spare you the gory details,” Yeonwoo huffed. “But do we have a deal? Will you come live with me after college? I don’t want you going back home to Daegu.”

“Y-yeah, that sounds great.”

“Awesome! And if you want, you can move in with me right now.”

“Nah, I’m fine here.”

“Seriously, though. You could come and go whenever you pleased and you would have a room to yourself. I can give you my key if you change your mind--”

“No, keep your key,” Yoongi insisted as he placed his hand over his brother’s, stopping him short of taking his house keys off the flimsy key ring they hung off. “I’m okay for now. And, y’know, I don’t want to give Seokjin the impression that I’m ungrateful for what he’s done for me.”
“Come live with me over the summer, at least?”

“What if Seokjin doesn’t let me come back with him?”

“Doesn’t matter. You’ll always have a place under my roof, especially if something goes wrong,” Yeonwoo reminded him and Yoongi shrugs, quickly realizing that his brother had a point.

“Yeah, I guess you’re right.”

“So yeah, think about it.”

“I will. See you later, Yeonwoo.”

After his brother hopped into a cab, Yoongi shut the door and hurried back into the living room to escape the chill that had settled in the hallway with his mother’s present in tow, nervousness quickly setting in the longer he stared at the red gift bag sitting on the table in front of him. Its reflectiveness seemed to taunt him, begging him to take out whatever was hidden under a thin sheet of sparkly, white tissue paper to put an end to the suspense that, one way or another, would only serve to make him even more anxious.

*C'mon, Yoongi, it's not a bomb. Just open it!*

Even then, he scurried off into the kitchen to fetch himself another can of soda and the bag of popcorn he purchased at the supermarket the other day before he felt like he had the courage necessary to confront the matter at hand. Once he did, maybe he could hope to move on with his life in spite of having received a present from his mom.

He knew that she had probably nagged Yeonwoo to hell and back because she somehow knew he was coming to see him for Christmas. It was only a miracle that she hadn't decided to tag along -- Yoongi didn't feel ready to sit in the same room as his mother nor look her in the eye and pretend that he'd gone almost two years without any contact -- or even worse, dragging his father along in an attempt to force a premature family reunion.

Because nothing screamed awkward like sitting in the same room as his scumbag father and pretending that they were a normal family that celebrated Christmas the proper way -- Yoongi couldn’t remember the last time a Christmas tree had crossed the threshold into his parents’ apartment or that he’d gotten a present that cost more than 11,000 Won -- when, in actuality, he hadn't even been able to enjoy Christmas because his father always had to permanently ruin the mood one way or another.

“You're already spoiled more than you deserve so why are you asking for more things? So what if it's Christmas?”

“But... I just want a GameBoy Advance! I’ve been wanting one for years and I have really good grades in all of my subjects and--”

“I want a lot of things, too, but Santa isn't going to bring me an alpha son who won't disappoint me just by existing.”

“D-Dad...” Yoongi could feel tears pricking at his eyelids.

“If you were an alpha, I’d give you whatever you wanted but since you’re not--.”

“Hey, Yoongs, can you come here?” Yeonwoo called from another room and without waiting for his father to give him permission to leave, Yoongi scrambles to his brother’s room, where he finds
his brother putting on his winter coat as if he was getting ready to go out.

“Y-yeah, what is it, Woo?”

“Get dressed. We’re going out.”

“Where?”

“It’s a surprise,” Yeonwoo chuckled, which was all Yoongi needed to throw on some clothes and dash out into the hallway, all but leaving his older brother in the dust as he vaguely explained that they were “going out” and he didn’t know when they would be back, although Yoongi figured that was just his way of sticking it to their dad.

“Where are we going?” Yoongi asked again once they had started down the street, holding on tight to Yeonwoo’s hand as they navigated past crowds of shoppers who were doing some last minute shopping before all the stores closed tomorrow for Christmas Day.

He couldn’t care less about all the people nor the cold that had him purposely breathing out through his mouth just so he could pretend to be a dragon blowing out puffs of air.

“Didn’t I tell you it’s a surprise?”

“You did… but I still wanna know!”

“C’mon, this way,” Yeonwoo said, tugging Yoongi across the street until they were headed in the direction of a toy store.

Of course, Yoongi didn’t dare get his hopes up because more than not, he ended up being disappointed and he wanted to avoid that, today of all days. He couldn’t help but feel himself getting excited when Yeonwoo led him inside the store and took him over to the video game section, completely ignoring everything else in favor of guiding him to the store’s selection of games designed for the GameBoy Color Yoongi wanted so badly.

And right at his feet behind the glass, there were countless boxes that contained the console he so desperately wanted to get his hands on but wouldn’t be able to, sadly. But then…

“Is there anything I can help you boys with?”

“Yes, actually. We’re shopping for a GameBoy,” Yeonwoo smoothly replied, his answer sending Yoongi’s heart skyrocketing from excitement.


“Yoongi? What system do you want?”

“The… t-the GameBoy Advance SP,” said boy stuttered shyly. He wasn’t used to speaking for himself but Yeonwoo and the employee were both patient with him even when he tripped over his words or had trouble keeping eye contact.

“You’re in luck! We still have a few left in stock,” the girl chirped.

“Which one do you like?” Yeonwoo prompted as he looked at the selection before them along with Yoongi.

“Can I have the Pikachu one?”
“Of course. Pick a game, too, okay? No point in owning a GameBoy if you can't play anything on it.”

“Can I have Pokemon Ruby?” Yoongi asked after a few moments of deliberation, finding that he couldn’t tear his eyes away from his game of choice that was sitting just behind the glass and the employee goes to unlock the case to grab the game and the last Pikachu Gameboy before asking them to follow her to the cash register so she could ring them up. And before Yoongi knew it, he and Yeonwoo were walking out of the toy store with a plastic bag clutched tight in Yoongi’s grip.

And as soon as the crowds cleared up a little that they didn't have to hold hands just to avoid getting separated, Yoongi all but leapt into Yeonwoo’s arms, almost knocking him off-balance in the process.

“Thanks so much, Woo! Thank you, thank you!” he all but shouted, arms winding tight around his shoulders hopes of giving him the tightest hug he could muster. Hearing Yeonwoo chuckle in that way that only he could -- raspy and low -- made Yoongi's heart warm up with joy.

“Aww, you’re so welcome. Merry Christmas, baby bro.”

“It’s pretty fucked up that Yeonwoo was a better ‘parent’ than my actual dad.”

If anybody said differently, he was prepared to punch them for daring to suggest his father was a good man. Of course, he had to draw the line at his mom -- no matter how angry he was, he would never lay his hands on her -- but he wasn’t so forgiving that he would bite his tongue than remind her of all the ways her husband tormented him. He probably tormented Yeonwoo, too, but his brother had a different personality and seemed able to take somebody’s shit standing up compared to Yoongi, who felt that he was always getting knocked down every time he tried to climb to his feet.

I'm so lucky to have a brother like him, though.

Thanks to Yeonwoo, their father wasn't able to push him around without receiving opposition, which didn't slow him down but it felt nice having somebody stand by him. Their mother was stuck in the middle between them and her husband and while Yoongi never really had the heart to resent her for letting his father do the things he did even though, deep down, he knew that he probably should be even more pissed off at his mother. Then again, the brand new, fluffy, and awfully expensive jacket sitting inside the gift bag and the folded letter sitting atop it was a pretty good sign that she loved him in spite of everything.

I guess I’m just not bitter enough for that even though I should be, he thought, deciding now was the time to read her letter. That, and his eyelids were starting to droop in protest, practically begging him to go to bed. He would, once he read his mom’s letter.

Dear Yoongi,

It’s been almost two years since I last saw you and I miss you so much, darling. I know you're trying to achieve something amazing for yourself but I wish you didn’t feel like you had to run away from home to make that happen. You have a place here with us in Daegu, okay? You’re our son and we both care about you very much.

When you’re ready to come home, I’ll be there to welcome you back.

I love you.
“Wish I could,” Yoongi mumbled, finding himself wishing that Yeonwoo hadn’t left. “But I don’t know if I’m ready yet.”

He knew that calling his mom was the least he could do but he feared that his father would snatch the phone away from her just so he could berate him for being disobedient and daring to venture out into the real world without getting permission beforehand. Yoongi knew that, if he had done that, he would be a commuter student traveling back and forth between that awful apartment in Daegu and whatever university accepted him, studying something he didn’t like and enduring another four years (or more) of absolute hell.

As if the last twenty years weren’t horrible enough.

“And y’know… I didn't know until later that Yeonwoo saved money for months to buy me this and that he didn't have any money left for himself. And even then, Dad had the nerve to call me selfish for being the reason that Yeonwoo spent all of his money when I never asked him to spend a penny. But he did because he loves me.”

Swallowing his pride, Yoongi picked up his phone and opened up the thread of text messages that had been sent back and forth between himself and Yeonwoo, heart squeezing in his chest at the way that mirth and happiness seemed to roll right off the screen like droplets of water. After pondering what to write, he types out a quick message and sends it off, knowing that Yeonwoo would see it sooner or later.

[Sent at 11:47 P.M.]

Thank you for being the best brother in the whole wide world. I appreciate everything you ever did for me.

Yeonwoo

[Sent at 11:52 P.M.]

Aw, Yoongs. No need to thank me.

But deep down, it does little to soothe his heavy heart and in a way, makes Yoongi even feel more lonely than before, especially as he pondered whether to swallow his pride for a second time and call his mom. His thumb hovered over the little phone icon next to her name in his contacts but in the end, he decides it's better to leave some things unsaid and goes upstairs to get ready for bed.

Sorry, mom. Maybe one day I'll be brave enough to talk to you without being afraid of Dad. Hopefully there will be a day when I'm not a coward but that day isn't today.
If he was being truly honest with himself, Seokjin had been dreading the end of winter break nearly a whole week before the holiday was supposed to end and frequently caught himself staring at the calendar hanging in his parents’ kitchen, biting his nails until the skin bled, and sometimes doing both at the same time without really realizing it. It was only when Namjoon took his hands in his own and stole his lips for a kiss time and time again that he was able to momentarily distract himself with something that wasn’t the looming threat of school coming back into session.

But still, several days after his most recent nail-biting escapade, here they were heading to class like they hadn’t been away from Kyung Hee for an entire month.

“First day back. You nervous?” Namjoon asked, snapping him out of his thoughts faster than somebody dumping ice-cold water on him.

“Maybe a little.”

“Aw, how come, Jinnie?”

When Seokjin looked at him, he noticed the way he’d cocked his head to the side and his eyebrows had twisted themselves upward in concern for him. And while he couldn’t blame him, Seokjin still wished he wasn’t worrying about him, especially regarding something so insignificant like experiencing holiday blues now that school was in session again.

“I do miss all that free time we had over break but the end was inevitable.”

“Aww, when you say it like that, you make it seem like the apocalypse is looming,” Namjoon laughed as he scooped his omega up into a bone-crushing hug -- for the record, it wasn’t actually bone-crushing because he didn’t want to hurt his boyfriend -- and Seokjin could only cling to him, mostly out of fear that Namjoon would trip and send them both tumbling to the ground.

Even then, it wouldn’t be the worst thing in the world.

*I’ll take a clumsy alpha with a heart of gold who gives me tight hugs over a scumbag who’s steady on his feet any day and never pays attention to me.*

“I didn’t mean it *like that*,” Seokjin grumbled into Namjoon’s shoulder.

“I know, I know… I was just kidding.”

“Yeah, whatever…”

“I mean it!”

“Hmph, yeah, whatever. Let’s just talk about something else.”
“Okay, uh… where's Yoongi? I mean, it's not like I miss listening to him threaten me all day long but as strange as it sounds, it just feels a little too quiet without him, y'know?”

“Better get used to the quiet because he looked kind of down in the dumps when I dropped by his dorm yesterday.” Seokjin shrugged.

“Is he okay?”

“Beats me. I went to see him when he wouldn't answer any of my texts but he just gave me the cold shoulder for the most part. I don't know what's with him.”

“Maybe he finally snapped and murdered somebody and he was trying to hide the fact that he was hiding the body in his pockets,” Namjoon joked, although Seokjin couldn’t really see the humor despite how appropriate the joke was in regards to Yoongi's personality and everything he stood for.

“Hopefully not,” Seokjin chuckled dryly. “But whatever it is, hopefully he'll get over it sooner or later.”

“Yeah, hopefully. I guess we'll see in a few days, right?”

“Don't be so hopeful. It'll probably be a few weeks, knowing Yoongi.”

“Well, a few weeks then. He'll come around.”

“Yeah, probably. And I have to go to class.”

“What, already?” Namjoon asked, sounding awfully surprised.

“Yep, already. Today's my first lab of the semester and then… I’ve only got a million more to do before summer break,” Seokjin huffed.

“You'll do great on all of them, I know it.”

“Thanks for believing in me.”

“You're my omega and I love you,” Namjoon cooed as he snuck a kiss to his cheek that set his lover's skin ablaze with warmth and made him look as red as a strawberry, a sight that was worth taking hundreds of pictures of.

“I love you, too. You're the best alpha in the whole world and I honestly feel like I'm the luckiest omega in the whole world to have such a sweet and gentle giant like you.”

“You know, I really like that.”

“What?”

“The gentle giant thing.”

“Oh. Yeah. It suits you.”

“Why, thank you.”

“Would you mind if I called you my gentle giant from now on?” Seokjin Innocently inquired even though, whether or not he got his approval, he was going to call Namjoon his gentle giant.

It suited him well, kind of like a fancy suit that had been tailored to conform to his body’s bumps and
curves and couldn't quite fit anybody else, which was exactly how Seokjin liked it.

“Yeah, sure, you can call me that!” Namjoon chuckled, grinning so wide that his dimples were perfectly visible and he couldn't resist pinching them.

“You're my adorable gentle giant, Joonie,” he cooed.

"And you're my dashing prince. I consider myself so lucky to have you."

"Hmm, are you lucky or am I lucky?"

"Maybe we're both lucky," Namjoon chuckled as he cupped Seokjin's chin and pulled him in for a kiss that prompted the omega to wrap his arms around his shoulders and pull him closer before allowing himself to drift away to the feeling of Namjoon's lips on his own.

It felt like he was being kissed by a soft, fluffy cloud that tasted like strawberries and tangy lemons and smelled like it, too.

But in the midst of his hazy pleasure, he realized that he had to make it to class, which he knew was due to start in a few minutes and even if the classroom wasn't open yet, he still wanted to be there on time and reluctantly, he attempts to push Namjoon away as gently as he can without hurting his feelings or making him think that his affection suddenly wasn't wanted.

It was absolutely, one-hundred-percent wanted but he had to go.

"Namjoon," Seokjin gasped between kisses, "I really--" *Kiss. "have to go--"* *Kiss. "to class!"

"Alright, alright... I don't want you to be late on your first day."

"I'm a little nervous," Seokjin admitted. "I mean... it's not a difficult class but--"

"What class is it?"

"Organic chemistry, I think. I'm kinda worried because I heard that professor teaches a really difficult class and--"

"Shhh, don't stress out, okay?" Namjoon interrupted.

He took Seokjin's hands in his own, tangling their fingers together in hopes that it would be a comfort to his omega because the last thing he wanted was for his boyfriend to go off to his first class feeling worried.

"I know you'll make a good impression. You always do."

"Thanks for always believing in me, Joonie," Seokjin bashfully giggled, looking so adorable with his red cheeks that the alpha couldn't resist leaning in and pecking them in adoration.

“I love you,” his alpha said matter-of-factly and it was enough for Seokjin to kiss him one last time -- or maybe even two times -- before finally forcing himself to part ways with his alpha. On the bright side, though, he felt awfully light and giddy as he rushed to class with a skip to his step and he knew it had everything to do with the fact that he was already looking forward to cuddling with Namjoon and kissing him until they were too breathless to continue.
Yeah, today's going to be a good day, Seokjin confidently thought, feeling as if nothing could get in his way as he strode into his classroom and took a seat at the first table he spotted that had an empty stool. That, and he had a friend at the table, which gave him all the more reason to sit there.

“Ahyoung, how was your summer?” he asked after he’d put his backpack inside one of the empty cubbies located against the wall by the door, seating himself down next to her and right away, her demeanor changed from bored to excited as she looked up from her phone and saw it was him.

“Oh, wow, Seokjin! I didn’t know we had the same class!”

“Yeah, I didn’t either!”

“I’m happy that there’s somebody I know since this is the one class I know I’m going to suck at,” Ahyoung laughed, looking as confident as ever.

“And yet you always end up getting the best grades in the class,” Seokjin pointed out, to which she could only poke her tongue out at him.

And then, right on schedule, class began and they were forced to pipe down to ensure they didn’t incur the wrath of their new professor, who was a short but awfully stern-looking alpha female whose weathered features only made her look even more menacing than she already was. Perhaps she wasn’t as scary as she looked but then Seokjin recalled all of the reviews he’d read about her online, where former students had described her as brutal and Satan if he was an organic chemistry teacher, and forced himself to pay attention to the lecture she was giving about lab safety and the experiment they were doing today.

“Wanna be partners?” Ahyoung quietly asked him while the professor was passing out papers, to which he immediately agreed.

When it came time to start the experiment, Ahyoung went off to grab goggles and gloves for them while Seokjin busied himself with reading over the worksheet they’d been given so that they could dive right in, seeing as they only had an hour and a half to finish the lab and neither of them wanted to stay behind any longer than needed. After all, he wanted to get back to snogging Namjoon and he was sure that Ahyoung also had plans that didn’t involve burning the midnight oil to finish their first lab of the semester.

“Be a good little omega and go get me some rubber gloves and goggles.”

Upon hearing the person next to him speak up, Seokjin warily glanced up at him, uttering “excuse me?” as he wasn’t sure that he’d heard him correctly and the glare he receives leaves him feeling frozen to the bone. He could tell right off the bat that he was facing an alpha and that, whether he accepted it or not, he was absolutely screwed.

The look of absolute murder in the alpha's eyes only added insult to injury and made Seokjin regret even looking in his direction even more. By acknowledging him, he’d basically given the alpha an invitation to pester him as he saw fit.

“You heard me.”

“Get them yourself. I'm not your slave,” Seokjin growled.

In any other situation, he would have been afraid to talk back to an alpha but being in a room with twenty other people and the professor offered him more courage than usual to speak out against scumbag alphas who thought they could push him around without experiencing repercussions. Of course, he wasn’t about to get into a fistfight but with enough people around, he figured he was safe
until he could wrap his head around what was happening and figure out a way to fight back.

*I’m not as ballsy as Yoongi but I’m not going to let anybody push me around, either.*

“*You better do as I say or I’ll make your life hell.*”

“*Really, what are you going to do?*” Seokjin challenged even though, deep down, he was terrified of the consequences and knew that no amount of bravado would be enough to keep him from getting verbally assaulted or worse.

Seokjin had heard about alphas getting rough when they didn’t get their way even in classrooms but not laboratories.

Surely, his classmate couldn’t be that stupid, he thought, but the longer he found himself being stared down, the quicker he began to realize that he’d attracted major trouble and on his first day back, no less. He didn’t receive an answer -- only the dirtiest death-glare that could even compete with the harsh looks Yoongi dished out on an almost-regular basis -- but the tension hanging over them for the rest of class left him feeling so incredibly worried that he couldn’t focus on the lab they were doing and found himself mostly just going along with whatever his partner said or did.

And it seemed that everything was going to be okay despite how rattled he felt but he quickly -- maybe not quickly enough -- realized he had been given false hopes because as soon as class was over, his classmate grabbed him by the wrist before he could walk over to the cubbies and get his backpack, stopping him right in his tracks.

“*Hey, let go!*”

“I don’t know who you think you are but where I come from, omegas do *exactly as they’re told* the first time around *without* talking back.”

“*Let go of me,*” Seokjin demanded, cursing his meek voice as he struggled to free his wrist but his classmate held on so hard that he feared his arm was going to break.

“*Who taught you to defy alphas, huh? You think you’re better than me, is that it?*”

“*What are you talking about?*”

“*Answer me!*”

“*Let go!*”

“*You better watch yourself,*” his classmate snapped, shoving him away so hard that he stumbled back into another table and sent it sliding across the floor with a screech that grated on the omega’s ears. “*I’ll make your life a living hell if you don’t obey me, you hear me?*”

“I don’t even know you,” Seokjin somehow managed to whisper out. “*What’s your problem?*”

He hated how unsteady his voice sounded, teetering between distraught and desperate to please, all in hopes that he would be left alone. It was all he wanted, even more than reuniting with Namjoon but he feared his luck had run out. And for a moment, he was sure that his classmate was going to lash out against him, absolute murder burning in his eyes as he stared him down with more contempt than he’d ever seen from anybody, only to say,

“*On Wednesday, I expect you to be on your best behavior.*”
“Y-yeah… s-sure, whatever you say,” Seokjin was able to choke out and to his relief, his classmate -
god, he didn’t even know his name -- didn’t say anything else as he went over to the cubbies,
grabbed his backpack and left the laboratory, leaving Seokjin standing all by himself in the center of
the room feeling absolutely dumbstruck.

What the hell just happened?

Of course, he had no hopes of finding the answer to that question and knew that his classmate --
attacker, his mind corrected for him -- wasn’t ever going to explain himself, either. Worst of all,
Seokjin knew that his behavior would only become more erratic and demanding from here on out
and he had absolutely no idea as to how he was going to get him off his back.

I guess I’ll sleep it off and think of something tomorrow, he told himself as he shuffled out of the
laboratory without any sense of urgency.

He felt utterly shell-shocked, absolutely upset with himself that he’d let some stranger push him
around on his first day back without even being able to resist. Instead, he’d allowed himself to get
cornered into saying “yes” to every one of his whims just to save his own skin -- but it didn’t feel that
way at all.

It felt like he’d unwillingly given up a vital part of himself to a stranger who had promptly stomped
all over him before leaving him to pick up the pieces. And right now, he was truly convinced that the
world had turned against him permanently.

“Hey, Seokjin, wait up!”

Oh, no, the omega could only think as he heard that familiar voice, heart clenching from fear as he
struggled to wipe away his tears as quickly as possible despite knowing that he looked absolutely
horrible. However, Yoongi was too fast for him and quickly caught up in no time flat, looking sleepy
but content, to the elder’s envy.

“What are you doing here?”

“My class just let out, figured we could walk back to the dorm together,” Yoongi answered without
so much as a muscle twitching in his face, which only helped to paint him as the indifferent omega
he probably wanted everybody to see him as. “Is everything okay? You look kind of--”

“Everything’s fine.”

“You’re lying,” Yoongi accused, sounding almost like a parent who knew that their child was trying
to trick them and just wanted them to get it over with and confess so that they didn’t have to keep up
the charade.

To make matters worse, he had decided to stare him down like they were in an arena and about to
fight a battle to the death where only one of them was likely to come out alive. If he was being
realistic, the Victor would definitely be Yoongi because he had lots of experience fighting tooth and
nail for himself and didn’t cower behind a protector of any kind.

I have an alpha and I'm scared to talk to him. How messed up is that? Seokjin thought grimly.

“If I told you everything is fine, then it's fine!”

“You basically just admitted that something's wrong.”

“Fuck you, Yoongi! Maybe it's easy for you to raise your fists every time somebody so much as
looks at you the wrong way but I can't! I'm not strong enough to fight for myself!” Seokjin snapped and without waiting to see the look on his face -- he was no doubt pissed off and Seokjin couldn't blame him -- or giving him time to spit back a retort of his own, Seokjin spun around on his heel and stormed off.

To his frustration, he noticed Yoongi following after him -- spending several months under the same roof had helped him quickly become familiar to the sound of the younger's footsteps -- but he was too preoccupied with trying to keep his tears at bay to be able to turn around and tell Yoongi to leave him alone.

“You have to tell Namjoon what's been happening,” Yoongi insisted as he followed Seokjin up the stairs once they’d made it into their dorm building, somehow managing to slip into his room before the door shut behind him like the slick little weasel he was.

“No, I don't!”

“Listen, it's gonna look bad if Namjoon sees you with that guy! I know that you're not hooking up with him but Namjoon might not see it that way!”

“I know, but what makes you think Namjoon is even capable of fighting somebody?”

“What's the fucking point of having an alpha if he can't be there to protect you?”

“Weren't you the one who said you wouldn't want that?”

“But we're not talking about me, we're talking about you!”

“But you said--”

“Listen, if I ever get an alpha, we can talk all day long about the shit I said when I was single but for right now, I'm worried about you and you should be, too!”

“And what, do you think it's going to make a difference if I tell him?”

“He's your alpha and it's his duty to protect you! You have to tell him so that he can give that scumbag a piece of his fist!”

“Are you and I talking about the same person? Because if I recall correctly, Namjoon is sweet and clumsy and… I don't know if he can even hold his ground…”

“If he's your alpha--”

“He is!”

“Then he should be willing to get back up a million times even if he gets knocked down!”

“It's not that simple!”

“Listen to me,” Yoongi said as he grabbed Seokjin by the shoulders and forced him to lock eyes with him, his own honey pools flickering with a level of rage and determination that he hadn't seen before. “This classmate of yours has no respect for your boundaries or that you have an alpha and the second he gets a quiet moment with you, you are screwed.”

“I'm already screwed,” Seokjin scoffed cynically. “I don’t even know his name but all I know is that he’s going to make my life a living hell for this entire semester or maybe even longer, depending on how dedicated he is.”
“If you’re not going to tell Namjoon, then I’m--”

“You’re not going to tell him anything!”

“No, I meant to say that I was going to find that guy and kick his ass. Now, we can do this the easy way or the hard way,” Yoongi said. “I recommend you do this the easy way.”

“What is the easy way?” Seokjin snapped but to his surprise, Yoongi didn’t even flinch in response to his tone. “The way I see it, there is no easy way, Yoongi!”

“Yes, there is. It’s going to Namjoon and telling him that you’re in trouble and need some help! He won’t judge you!”

“But what if he does?”

“Don’t be ridiculous! He loves you and he wouldn’t ever hurt you by going so far as to victim blame. If he does, though, let me know so I can give him a piece of my fist.”

“Don’t sound so enthusiastic.”

“What do you mean?”

“I know you’re just itching to get into a fight, even if it’s with Namjoon,” Seokjin sneered.

“What, you think I hate him that much that I want to hurt him? That’s so far from the truth.”

“You don’t act like you like him.”

“Maybe not but I’ll tell you this: he’s a good guy and he makes you happy and that’s all that really matters to me.”

“Is he good enough to want to protect me?”

“I think so. No, wait, scratch that-- I know so.”

“Huh, what’s with the sudden change in attitude?”

“Believe me, it wasn’t that sudden but… Namjoon seems like one of the few good alphas and you’re lucky enough to call him yours.”

“So you think he's going to believe me?” Seokjin sniffled miserably.

“He will, I know it.”

Despite Yoongi’s confident response, Seokjin still felt something -- some awful force with sharp talons and bloody claws that hungered to keep him in its grasp -- holding him back like he’d been chained up to a wall and had his tongue sliced out of his mouth to keep him from speaking out against his oppressor. His fear of repercussions was nothing compared to his fear of Namjoon reacting negatively to what had happened to him today.

“I think you should eat something and then get some sleep,” Yoongi suggested. “And tell Namjoon what happened tomorrow.”

“Yoongi, if I do that, he’s going to think that I didn’t think that it was urgent enough to let him know right away that something was wrong.”
“But you don’t like telling him now, either.”

“No, I’m scared! I would tell him if I was brave enough but I’m not!”

“I know, I know, but… you have to be brave,” Yoongi soothed. “At least, you have to try.”

“You really think Namjoon will understand?”

“Of course he will. We both know that he's a good guy and that he'd never turn on you.”

“I dunno… we've never faced something like this. Hell, we've never even talked about this sort of thing,” Seokjin dejectedly mumbled.

“I don't really think there's ever a good time to talk about it but I guess life sometimes makes that decision for us,” Yoongi tried to reason.

Still, it felt like a major cop-out and he was sure that Seokjin didn't take any comfort from what he'd said. And if he was being honest with himself, Yoongi knew that he'd basically told Seokjin the equivalent of “suck it up” or even worse, “shit happens”.

I'm so sorry that jerk bothered you. I'd be more than willing to to kick his ass for you but I know you won't let me for that very reason. But maybe Namjoon can.

That is, if he didn't fall over while trying to bullshit his way into posing as a macho alpha who shouldn't be messed with. If that happened, they were both screwed and his classmate would be the cause behind twice the misery that they would feel for the next few days or maybe even weeks. There was no way of telling but Seokjin could only hope that the outcome, regardless of how horrible it really ended up being, didn't affect them in the long run.

That is, if Namjoon decides that he still wants to be with me.

Seokjin

[Sent at 6:03 P.M.]

Hey… I'm feeling scared and I need to talk to you…

“Do you think that's good?” he asked Yoongi as he held out his phone so he could see the text he'd sent and when he nods, he feels a little bit more at ease.

“Yeah, it's good.”

“I hope he doesn't get too freaked out.”

“It's nothing compared to what he'd be thinking if you simply wrote ‘we need to talk’. Now that's the kind of thing that'll even make a serial killer shit his pants.”

“So you think I made the right decision?”

“Even though he’s probably feeling worried, you told him that you need his help and he’ll be more
likely to be on your side right from the start instead of feeling suspicious or thinking the worst because he suspected you of doing something wrong *even though* I know you didn’t do anything wrong.”

---

**Namjoon**

[Sent at 6:06 P.M.]

What is it, love?

---

**Seokjin**

[Sent at 6:09 P.M.]

Will you please just come by my dorm? I need to talk to you in person.

---

**Namjoon**

[Sent at 6:09 P.M.]

Of course. Is the RA not on duty?

---

**Seokjin**

[Sent at 6:09 P.M.]

Dunno. Please just get here as soon as you can… I really need you…

---

**Namjoon**

[Sent at 6:10 P.M.]

Okay, on my way. Be up there as soon as I can~

---

“What did he mean by the ‘is the RA not on duty?’” Yoongi questioned suspiciously.

“What Long story,” Seokjin mumbled, currently possessing no energy to explain himself and to his relief, Yoongi doesn't nag him any further.

“Do you want me to stay with you until Namjoon shows up?”

He could only whisper out a “yes, please” before falling silent once more as he attempted to occupy
himself by toying with his phone. However, it only added to his misery as the screen suddenly lit up with two new emails that pertained to new assignments being posted online for his organic chemistry class and not even receiving a text from Namjoon that said “almost there” could make him feel any less frustrated. Yoongi deserved credit for being the most patient friend in the whole wide world, though, seeing as he probably had other plans and still decided to sit by him while they waited for Namjoon to show up and when -- if -- he felt better, Seokjin promised to find a way to thank him somehow.

“Hey, sorry that it took me so long to get here,” Namjoon apologized as he slipped into the room while sheepishly trying to explain himself the best he could. “I just didn’t want the RA to catch me, that’s all.”

“It’s okay,” Seokjin softly mumbled in response, not even bothering to look up and without having to ask, Namjoon knew something was wrong.

“I’ll come by to check on you tomorrow, okay? Take care of yourself,” Yoongi whispered before slipping out into the hallway without so much as a word to Namjoon.

“Wanna tell me what’s going on?” Namjoon asked once they were alone, cursing himself for his accusatory tone even though he didn’t mean it that way at all. Upon spotting tears spill down his omega’s cheeks, he realizes that he’d really fucked up.

“Hey, hey, hey… what’s wrong, love?” he asked as he hurried over to him as quickly as he could without startling him, crouching down in front of him and placing his hands on his knees in hopes that it would be enough to ground him until he calmed down.

“I need to talk to you b-but… oh, god… I’m so scared…” Seokjin choked out after what felt like years had passed.

“Tell me what's wrong,” he begged, which left Seokjin feeling both taken aback and more than just pleasantly surprised by his reaction because prior to his alpha saying anything, he had feared the worst.

*Here goes nothing… one way or another, I've got to tell him, even if he ends up breaking up with me…*

“I don’t even know if you can protect me.”

“Is somebody bothering you? Do you need me to--”

“That’s just it, Namjoon!” Seokjin huffed, tossing his head back in frustration despite the tears that threatened to spill down his cheeks.

No matter which way he tried to twist it, there was no way he would be able to return to class in a few days unless he told Namjoon who was bothering him and spilled all of the details necessary to get his alpha on his side. But if Yoongi was right, it wouldn’t take much to convince Namjoon he was in grave danger.

“What are you talking about, princey?”

“I’m scared that you’ll be hurt! That… you’ll just trip over yourself and that he’ll walk all over you!”

“That’s a risk I’m willing to take,” Namjoon chuckled even though there was absolutely no reason to be laughing in a situation as dire as the one they were in. He pecked his omega’s cheek and then, as he smoothed away his lover’s messy hair from his forehead so it wasn’t hanging in his eyes. 
“B-but... why?” Seokjin couldn't help but ask, eyebrows furrowing on his forehead as he tried his best to wrap his head around Namjoon's reasoning for keeping him safe at the expense of himself, only to feel his mind go absolutely blank when Namjoon leaned forward and pecked him softly on the lips before leaning up just a little to kiss the tip of his nose and wipe away the tears that lingered on his cheeks.

And all the while, he smiled broadly like he could see something in him that Seokjin didn't, said omega feeling bile rising up in his throat as another wave of tears spilled down his cheeks and destroyed the progress Namjoon made in making him feel better. It didn't seem to faze him one bit, though, Seokjin noticed when he felt brave enough to look into Namjoon's eyes, which sparkled with understanding and so much adoration that he was sure he was going to choke on his own spit.

“I love you, princey. You're my omega and I'll do anything to protect you.”

“This isn't the time to act like a hero, Namjoon!”

“Yeah, I know but I'm still want to try. What kind of alpha am I if I don't try to stand up to others for you? I'd be sending the message that I don't care what anybody says or does to you and that's not true. I do care and I'm not going to back down without a fight.”

“Oh, god... you'd be my alpha! And you wouldn't be hurt! I just don't want you to spend weeks--”

“Shhh, shhh... I'll be fine.”

“Namjoon!” Seokjin whimpered. “Please don't do anything stupid!”

“Don't worry, I'm bringing backup, princey.”

Still, despite his reassurances, Seokjin still didn't look convinced in the slightest and Namjoon found himself stroking his lover's hand and peppering his face in kisses, all in an attempt to soothe him like nothing was more important than making sure he felt secure and confident about himself.

In Namjoon's eyes, seeing his omega trying his hardest not to cry only made him wish that he would let himself cry openly without feeling ashamed or feeling the need to bite on his lip in an attempt to try and save face. After all, they were alone in his dorm room and he was more than willing to be his omega's shoulder to cry on for as long as he needed.

“Backup? What do you mean?”

“I was thinking of asking Yoongi to come along. He’s pretty bloodthirsty but I think he'll be useful today.”

“Oh, Namjoon...” Seokjin couldn't help but groan, somehow managing to chuckle a bit despite his rage, fear, and frustration towards the situation at hand and all of a sudden, he felt so much calmer than before.

He couldn't help but credit the mental image of Yoongi for that. Even though he was much too tiny and frail to even hope to win a fight, he still got back up after he fell every time while still being able to manhandle the rest of the world with both hands as punishment for even daring to cross him the wrong way. And because of that, Yoongi's attitude felt refreshing for once.

I wish I could have fought back like you would have... but I was too scared.

“It'll be fine and when I get back, we're going to get some ice cream, okay? I'll buy you all your favorite flavors and we can pig out and maybe even skip class tomorrow to cuddle,” Namjoon
However, it was the dimply, golden smile on his face that made Seokjin’s heart expand until he could feel it pressing against his ribcage until he was sure it would shatter his bones in an attempt to break free and crawl into Namjoon’s chest for safekeeping. Right about now, he couldn’t think of a better place to store his heart and there was honestly nobody he trusted more than his sweet alpha.

“You really are my gentle giant.”

“I love you a lot and I care about you and and because of that, I think you deserve to be treated like the prince you are. And so… will you tell me what happened?”

Promise you won't get mad?”

“Wouldn't dream of it, my love!”

“Well, I-I’ll try,” Seokjin sniffled, tightening his hold around Namjoon’s shoulders like he was afraid -- and he was -- that his alpha would shove him away and leave him to fend for himself.

“Okay, I’m all ears, love. Take your time and tell me everything, no matter how long it takes.”

Gosh... you're so kind and good to me. How did I get so lucky? How... how, how, how? Oh, I don’t even care, I’m just so happy to have you.

“Hey, Jinnie, is everything okay?”

“Do you still want to be with me?” Seokjin managed to whimper, chest wracking with sobs while he clung to his alpha with everything he had, almost like he was afraid that he would get pushed away any moment now. Then again, he wouldn’t be able to blame Namjoon if that’s what he wanted to do.

“What, are you kidding? Of course I still want to be with you, princey,” Namjoon cooed as he cupped his cheeks, forcing his gaze up from his shoulder and even though that only makes him sob harder, he doesn’t try to hide from Namjoon.

Something about the way his alpha smiled at him, so endearing and warm like he’d just given him a rare dragon's egg made of gold, only made him cry harder while he clung to Namjoon like he was afraid he’d disappear or even worse, shove him away and tell him that he didn't care about him anymore because he was an inconvenience to him.

Seokjin knew deep down that getting rejected like that would most definitely destroy him from the inside.

“Why do you think I don't want to be with you anymore?” he heard Namjoon ask, effectively snapping him out of his thoughts so quickly that he nearly gets whiplash. “Jinnie, I love you so much that I want to be with you forever!”

“Y-you do?”

“I did say forever, didn’t I? Maybe I didn't get around to marking you yet but… that doesn't mean you're not my mate and that you don't deserve to be loved and cared for and proposed to and adored for the rest of your life…”

*Did he just say what I think he said? Did he say he wants to propose to me?* Seokjin asked himself, although he still felt much too upset and ashamed of his tears to look up at his alpha, choosing
instead to keep his face hidden while he quietly cried in hopes of letting go of all his sorrows so he wasn't left teetering on a fragile thread for the rest of the week.

“I love you, okay? Everything’s just fine now, love,” Namjoon chuckled and despite how upset he felt, knowing he still had at least one more cry left in him, Seokjin found he could believe him.

“Love you, too.”

“And we're going for ice cream tomorrow, okay? Does that sound good?”

“It does.”

“So you see? I love you and I’m never going to leave you, okay?” Namjoon cooed as he gently wiped away the tears that lingered on his omega’s cheeks as well as those that spilled on their own accord.

“Never ever?” Seokjin sniffled.

“Never.”

“I guess… that’s what I needed to hear.”

“Whenver you need reassurance, I’ll always be here to give it to you, okay? And I love you so much, princey,” Namjoon insisted.

“S-so…”

“So… what?”

“Are we still okay?”

“Aww, Jinnie, of course we are!” Namjoon insisted, cupping his omega's cheeks so his attention was on him as he gently wiped away the tears that spilled down his cheeks.

“R-really?” Seokjin sobbed. “O-oh… that's the best… the best thing I've heard… all day!”

“You know, breaking up was the last thing on my mind when you told me that somebody bothered you today.”

“R-really?” Seokjin whispered, heart skipping beats as he sat up just enough to be able to lock eyes with his alpha, whose dark pools held nothing but love, understanding, and adoration for him, more than he felt he deserved at the moment but clung to with greedy hands all the same because he had no intention of letting his alpha leave now that he was here.

“Yes, really. If anything, I was worried that something really bad had happened.”

“What, you mean like… between us?” Seokjin questioned, to which Namjoon nodded.

“Yeah, pretty much.”

“No way… I just… I really needed you here with me, that's all.”

“Well, I'll stay with you all night if you want, princey.”

“I'd like that.”
“Now, if you don't mind me asking, when's your next lab?”

“Um… it's next week but… I have class every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday and I'm really scared of seeing him again…” Seokjin nervously admitted, feeling rather ashamed of the fact even though he knew deep down that he had no reason to be.

“Well, tomorrow is Tuesday and we've got a whole day to figure out what we're going to do.”

“What are you going to do, Joon?”

“If I can be honest with you, I don't know yet,” the alpha admitted despite wishing he had something better to say than admitting his uncertainty to his frightened omega. It probably warranted a heart-to-heart with Yoongi and the sooner, the better so that he could give Seokjin the peace of mind he deserved.

“O-oh…”

“But I promise I’ll figure something out, though.”

“Can we snuggle now?”

“Of course, my love. We can do whatever you want.”

To his joy, Seokjin found himself snuggled up underneath the covers with his head on Namjoon's chest and their bodies resting comfortably side by side like his cramped narrow bed hadn't forced them to curl up in a position where one person -- him -- was lying on top of the other -- Namjoon -- but it more than suited him at the moment. With Tangled playing on Namjoon's phone and them sharing a pair of earbuds, he couldn't even hope to complain, especially since everything had finally calmed down after what had been an awful and one of the most stressful days he had yet.

And the best part of all? Namjoon was still by his side.
Even though he knew he was playing with fire every time he snuck into the omega dorm, Namjoon felt a certain level of assurance as he strode in and saw nobody was at the front desk, sending out a silent “thank you” to whoever had invented shift changes because it was the one thing he could depend on when he wanted to drop by Seokjin's dorm room unexpectedly. The second thing he could truly depend on were lazy RAs who took their sweet time relieving their coworkers, giving him ample time to scramble upstairs to Seokjin's dorm room without breaking a sweat.

He rapped his knuckles against the door, taking care to be as quiet as possible to keep from exposing himself but making sure it was still loud enough for Seokjin to hear even if he was asleep or drifting in and out of consciousness. It took a few tries but he finally heard movement on the other side of the door, heart soaring with relief when his omega appeared on the other side of the door, looking sleepy and graced with the cutest bed head Namjoon had ever seen.

“Ready to go?” he asked when his omega opened the door a few moments later, to his immense relief.

It was apparent that Seokjin had just woken up, his bed head giving it all away, but Namjoon couldn’t resist smiling despite the dirty, puzzled look he received.

“Where?” Seokjin questioned, although he couldn’t help but think what the fuck is he smiling about?

“Ice cream,” Namjoon said, his voice bearing such an obvious “duh” that he might as well have rolled his eyes at him as well and right now, when Seokjin was half asleep and desperate to return to bed, it felt like a slap to the face. “Remember? I promised to take you out for ice cream.”

“I remember but it's so early, Joonie. It's like… hell o'clock in the morning,” Seokjin complained, only to get cut off mid-sentence by a loud yawn that made Namjoon go “awww…”, much to the elder’s annoyance.

“I know, but I wanted to make sure you didn't go off to class just in case you forgot.”

“Well, consider me reminded. Now, if you don't mind, I need a little time to wake up.”

“Do you mind if I come inside?”

“Yeah, sure, come on in. Wouldn't want you to get in trouble,” Seokjin said, stepping aside to allow Namjoon to come in before closing the door behind him.

“And it’s not that I’m complaining but why'd you have to wake me up this early, huh? You have my schedule—”

“No, actually, I don't,” Namjoon corrected, stopping Seokjin right in his tracks. In his sleepy haze, he couldn’t bring himself to argue with his alpha, feeling too down in the dumps to destroy that awfully chipper smile he wore like nothing was wrong even though he himself felt like dirt.

“Really? I thought I gave it to you.”

“Yeah, I think I asked you for it but we never got around to it. I think we got a little distracted if you know what I mean.” Namjoon winked but Seokjin still didn’t feel impressed.

“That explains it.”
“Is everything okay? You seem a little…”

“*Bitchy*?”

“No, actually, I was going to say cranky.”

“Same thing, isn’t it?” Seokjin snapped.

“I don’t want to get into this right now but I do want to talk to you about something. It’s nothing serious but… I just wanted to run something by you.”

“What is it?”

“I was wondering if…”

“If what?”

“If you’d want to go out for ice cream and maybe make a day of it?”

“Why the secrecy? I already said yes,” Seokjin snorted.

“I dunno… I guess I wanted to make sure that you were really on board.”

“Ice cream sounds really nice. I’ll get ready and we can leave in a bit.”

“Okie dokie. Take your time, babe.”

Without another word, Seokjin trudged off to the bathroom to wash up while Namjoon took the liberty of sitting himself down on his omega’s bed and fiddling with a game on his phone until he saw somebody emerge from the bathroom, looking up from Plague Inc. in time to find Seokjin dressed in black jeans, a pink t-shirt, and his winter coat and standing before him with a somewhat sullen look on his face.

“Ready to go?” Namjoon asked as he rose to his feet, draping his arm over his omega’s broad shoulders so they could walk out together.

“Mhm…”

And so they did.

On their way across campus, Namjoon couldn’t help but notice how *frail* and *scared* Seokjin was despite how hard he was trying to hide it and it wasn’t until they arrived at the ice cream shop and sat down across from each other in a booth that Namjoon truly realized how *frightened* his omega really was. Without asking, he slid out of his booth and walked around the table so he could sit next to his omega, draping an arm over his shoulders for closeness, after getting his permission, of course.

“Everything okay? You look worried.”

“Joonie, can I ask you something?”

“Yeah, of course. You look worried.”

“I’m not worried about having ditched class for ice cream, if that’s what you’re asking,” Seokin shyly said as he trailed off. However, he forced himself to look up and his alpha’s gaze even though he felt like he was going to melt from shame right on the spot just like the strawberry ice cream in his cup.
“Sure, ask away.”

“I don’t want to seem like I’m pressuring you into anything but… would you be willing to mark me?”

“Jinnie…” Namjoon started only to clamp up because he truly had no words for what his omega had said.

He wasn’t sure to be flattered that his dear mate wanted to be marked by him or concerned, knowing that he definitely wasn’t in the best state of mind at the moment and was probably worried sick about what his oppressor would do to him next. On one hand, it was the greatest compliment in the world but on the other hand, Seokjin couldn’t possibly be thinking straight.

*I would be so honored to mark you but… I dunno, it’s a really big step forward. Like, it’s that in-between in the relationship where you’re out of the honeymoon stage of your relationship but you’re also not quite ready to get married yet.*

It wasn’t like he was worried that they would break up one day or that they would regret getting to a point in their relationship where they were mates but didn’t feel the passion for each other. And yes, they had taken a break when he’d upset Seokjin for having forgotten his birthday but that was a different can of worms they’d long since forgotten about since everything had been smoothed over but it wasn’t the same thing as what they were dealing with right now and Namjoon couldn’t help but lock eyes with his omega and ask,

“It’s not that I’m opposed to it but… are you sure? It’s a big deal and I don’t want you to feel pressured -- are you feeling pressured?”

“No, I’m not… I just… I feel upset that I got attacked on my first day back and that… even though I’m yours, it doesn’t feel that way,” Seokjin mumbled dejectedly.

“Jinnie… you are mine,” Namjoon insisted as he pulled him closer until they were pressed up against each other with no room left between them.

“But not like that,” the omega sighed.

“So… you think that if you were marked, nobody would bother you?”

“Not as much… I mean, I’m not saying everything would be perfect but I really don’t feel safe right now. In fact…”

“What?”

“I wish I was strong like Yoongi. Then maybe… maybe I wouldn’t have to be afraid right now.”

“You won’t have to face your fears alone, my love.”

“Well, considering that I’m an omega and you’re the clumsiest alpha ever--”

“Oh,” Namjoon hissed, putting his hand over his heart as he feigned hurt. “I like to think I’m not the clumsiest alpha in the world.”

“Still clumsy,” Seokjin scoffed, his voice completely devoid of mirth. In any other situation, he wouldn’t have had any qualms about teasing his alpha for his clumsiness but right now, he felt like he couldn’t sink any lower than he was already.

“And as long as I’m unmarked, nobody’s gonna respect me.”
I respect you and so does Yoongi and so many other people, Namjoon wanted to protest in hopes of convincing his omega that he was wrong but then he realized that it wouldn't do anything to make that awful alpha who attacked him go away.

And so, he clamped up like a little clam nailing its doors shut to prevent any intruders from breaking in until Seokjin decided he wanted to return to his dorm room. Namjoon saw him off with lots of kisses and a bear hug so he didn't think that he was unloved and was forced to part ways with him because he could see that nasty RA sitting at the front desk just waiting for him to step across the threshold into the building so she could follow through on that promise she'd made to absolutely ruin his life if he didn't follow the rules.

“What are you doing here?” he heard somebody call just as he'd turned around.

He half-expected it to be the RA who had it out for him and he whirled around, ready to argue, only to find Yoongi standing before him with an ever-smug look on his face.

“I was just leaving.”

“Everything okay?”

“No really.”

“So you still haven’t dealt with that jerk?”

“No, not yet. Seokjin is feeling pretty rattled and I still haven’t figured out what to do to make him feel safe yet.”

“Teach that scumbag a lesson he'll never forget.”

“Riiight, because everybody is as violent as you are.”

“Not violent, just straightforward.”

“Hmph, whatever you say,” Namjoon snorted, rolling his eyes at the absurdity to Yoongi's logic because he knew -- they both knew -- it was going to get him in way more trouble than the idiot who started the altercation was worth.

“Well, if you can’t think of anything, I’m always willing to help,” Yoongi offered, to which Namjoon scoffed a “thanks” that sounded more sarcastic and rude rather than genuine. And perhaps that was the truth.

“See you around, Namjoon.”

“Yeah, see ya.”

As much as he appreciated Yoongi’s offer, Namjoon found himself trapped in a daydream for the rest of the day as he pondered how he could possibly make Seokjin feel better that didn’t involve getting into a fistfight with his oppressor just yet. The bastard definitely had it coming to him but Namjoon had a pretty good feeling that Seokjin was worried about what would happen to him in the long run and he realized that his worried weren’t just with his awful classmate.

The bastard had set something off in Seokjin that convinced him the whole world was out to get him and that nothing, not even snuggles and reassurances from his loving alpha nor Yoongi’s sassy, take-no-shit attitude, could convince him that he still had protectors he could fall back on without having to worry if somebody would catch him. As clumsy as he was, Namjoon would catch him a million
times even if he ended up breaking every bone in his body.

*I’d do it for you,* he though as he took out his phone. *I’d do anything for you.*

Namjoon

[Sent at 2:05 P.M.]

Hey, are you busy or do you have class tonight?

Seokjin

[Sent at 2:07 P.M.]

No.

Namjoon

[Sent at 2:08 P.M.]

Alrighty :)

Just be ready to go at six, okay?

Seokjin

[Sent at 2:10 P.M.]

Where are we going?

Namjoon

[Sent at 2:12 P.M.]

It’s a surprise. Just be ready! (◕‿-) 

Seokjin

[Sent at 2:13 P.M.]

...for what? What are you planning?
Sorry, princey. Gonna have to leave you hanging this time, Namjoon thought as he pocketed his phone on his way into the convenience store.

He felt his phone vibrate several times but didn’t bother taking it out because he knew it would distract him from his mission and it was the last thing he needed right now, regardless of how frantic Seokjin had suddenly become. But once he was done shopping and left the convenience store, he checked his phone and couldn’t resist grinning despite the seriousness of the situation.

Seokjin

[Sent at 2:19 P.M.]
If you don’t tell me what you’re doing right now, we’re gonna have a problem, Joon!

Oops…

Namjoon

[Sent at 3:41 P.M.]
Like I said, just be ready to go by six, okay? Pack some clothes because we’re staying the night.

Seokjin

[Sent at 3:45 P.M.]
Staying the night where?!

Namjoon

[Sent at 3:46 P.M.]
Narnia

Seokjin

[Sent at 3:46 P.M.]
Smartass…
When he returned to campus, he found Seokjin waiting for him just inside the lobby of his dorm with a bag slung over one shoulder and an unimpressed look on his face that demanded answers but rather than say anything to destroy the delicate but tender silence that hung over them, Namjoon waved him to come outside -- again, he didn’t want to get in trouble for “breaking into” the beta/omega dorm even if it was just to collect his omega so they could get going -- and hug him, capturing his lips for a kiss once Seokjin is close enough for him to scoop up into a giant bear hug that lets them share scents and warmth.

“Ready to go, my love?”

“Where are we going?”

“To a sleepover for a party of two,” Namjoon answered, to which Seokjin scowled because that didn’t give him insight into what was happening anymore than his other responses from earlier today.

“For real?”

“Yeah, for real. I hope you packed everything you needed because we’re not coming back to campus until tomorrow morning.”

“Um… y-yeah, yeah, I did.”

“Good. Now, let’s get going.”

Even though he felt curiosity biting at him, Seokjin didn’t ask Namjoon where they were going and avoided the issue entirely. He knew he could trust his alpha and figured that “sleepover” wasn’t a euphemism for something bad or worrisome, even as he boarded a somewhat-crowded bus and clung to his alpha for so long that he was sure he’d get pushed away for being so suffocating.

If anything, Namjoon pulled him closer and snuck kisses to his temple and cheek until their stop finally came up, which was when they hopped off and continued up the street to a well-lit driveway and through revolving doors into a gilded lobby to the front desk. He didn’t say anything while his alpha checked in, giving the desk clerk his name, credit card, and license before getting them back along with a hotel keycard once the hotel clerk checked to see that he was in the system.

“Namjoon, wanna tell me why we’re here?” Seokjin asked when they made it up to their room.

He felt self-conscious standing in the middle of their hotel room, unsure of why he was here in the first place and even though they were here legally, he still felt like an intruder. The king size bed looked so inviting and Namjoon’s gaze was even more so, especially when he pulled a plain white plastic bag out of his backpack, dropped it onto the bed, and waved him over.

“We’re having a sleepover, princey.”

“What does this… sleepover entail?”

“Whatever you want, my love,” Namjoon purred as he helped take his backpack off his shoulders and set it down on the floor by the bed before pecking him sweet on the lips. Seokjin couldn’t tear his gaze away from the plastic bag on the bed.

“What’s in the bag?”
“I bought bandages and gauze because I know you'll need it once… I mark you. I think there's some pain killers in there, too.”

“Aww, you're so sweet. Thank you, Joonie.”

“You're so welcome. After all, I'm pretty sure marking isn't the most enjoyable experience in the world.”

“It won't make it onto my top ten list of experiences but it's going to be so worth it once it’s done.”

“I wish there was another way to do this.”

“To be honest, I wish there was, too. I mean, having your alpha bite your neck hard enough to break skin isn't exactly pleasurable.”

“But isn't it pleasurable for some omegas?”

“That's bullshit and they're all liars.”

“Then why would you even do something like this?” Namjoon asked, sounding -- and looking -- like he was the one in incredible pain.

“Because I want to feel connected to you and the one thing I’ve wanted since we got together is to be mated to you. I want to be your omega and I want everybody to know it.”

“I guess that’s more than fair,” Namjoon hummed as he scooped Seokjin up in his arms so they were chest-to-chest, lovingly kissing the tip of his nose before he managed to guide them towards the king size bed, gently dropping his omega down onto the mattress.

“I just wish I didn’t have to hurt you to do it.”

“Yeah, that’s true but I also know that you’d never hurt me on purpose,” Seokjin reminded him. “You’re an amazing person and because of that, I’d be so honored to officially be your mate. And there’s nobody I want as my alpha more than you.”

“I feel the same way. I want you to be my omega and only my omega. And I’d be so proud to be your alpha. In fact…”

“Hm?”

“I already considered myself your alpha from the moment we got together, babe,” Namjoon lovingly purred but despite the honeyed tone to his words, Seokjin still hadn’t been expecting him to say something so touching.

“So let me guess… you're one of those alphas who thinks a ring is more important than an alpha mark?”

“Not really. Before any of that, I think having a good, stable relationship with the person I love is important.”

“Hmmm… good point. A-and thanks for booking this hotel room for us,” Seokjin whispered a few minutes later when he felt like breaking the comfortable but heavy silence that hung over them and he doesn’t regret it either because Namjoon kisses his cheek and flashes him such a warm smile that makes his heart swell.

“Anything for my prince.”
“It feels so nice when he calls me that. I’ll never get sick of it.

“Thank you,” he mumbled as he allowed Namjoon to lead him over to the king size bed that already looked so perfect and inviting, untouched up until their bodies became situated against the cool sheets and heads supported by the fluffy pillows.

Before they laid down, they took turns helping each other out of their clothes until everything had found its way onto the floor, sweaters melding with shirts and the almost-matching -- or perhaps perfectly matching -- blue jeans they somehow ended up wearing like they shared the same mind. It was a lovely little coincidence that helped to brighten his mood and left him feeling awfully optimistic despite not being able to put his finger on what exactly had brightened his mood.

Whatever it was, he was more than grateful for the positive buff that had found its way to him and he selfishly clung to it with both hands as Namjoon came to hover over him, hands on either side of his head being the only thing holding his weight up.

“Hi, worldwide handsome,” Namjoon whispered as he leaned down and pecked his omega on the cheek, feeling heat blossoming against his mouth as Seokjin’s cheeks turned impossibly red.

“H-hi…”

“Are you feeling okay?”

Just keep checking in with him, Namjoon. Make sure he’s not feeling uncomfortable at any point, he reminded himself. He needs it…

“Mhm…”

“Can you give me something a little more than that, princey? So that I really know you’re feeling okay?” Namjoon asked gently.

“I’m fine, Joonie. Are you going to mark me at some point?”

“W-well, before I mark you, I had an idea for a game we could play. Do you want to--”

“Ooh, I love games! What will we be playing?” Seokjin asked excitedly.

“I want to mark you in a different way from actually marking you, if you catch my drift, buuuut I think it’ll be just as nice.”

“What do you have in mind?” Seokjin asked and in response, Namjoon sets the plastic bag he’d brought with him in his lap and sits back, allowing the omega to rifle through its contents.

Inside, he found the goods Namjoon promised him -- painkillers, bandages, gauze, and medical tape -- as well as a few extra surprises, such as a few sticks of lipstick that still had the clearance sticker on them, a new bottle of strawberry-flavored lube, a 12-pack of washable markers, and a 4-pack of pastel sharpies in the colors pink, sky blue, lavender, and midnight blue. And right away, he knew exactly what Namjoon meant by this alternate form of “marking”.

“You’re not going to write anything… obscene, are you?”

“Don’t worry, I would never,” Namjoon reassured him, which immediately eased the panic coursing through Seokjin because his one and only fear had been laid to rest. “And it’ll wash off when you shower so you won’t have to worry about anybody accidentally seeing anything you don’t want them to see.”
“Ahh, I see… so why did you buy sharpies?” Seokjin questioned as he sifted through the contents of the plastic bag before holding up the pack of colorful sharpies for Namjoon to see, only for his alpha to become even more flustered than before.

“I, um… wasn’t sure… didn’t know if you might want to use sharpies. I-it’s okay if you don’t want to—hey, wait, what are you doing?”

“Getting ready to play, daddy,” the omega answered as he tore open the packaging just enough to be able to withdraw the pink sharpie without the plastic scratching his skin before handing it off to Namjoon without breaking eye contact for even a moment, pride swelling in his chest alongside mild apprehension at how confident his omega appeared.

“You do know what you said, right?”

“Of course, daddy. D-do you like it? Are you… okay with it?”

“Yeah, of course I am,” Namjoon reassured him with a kiss to his cheek. “Call me daddy whenever you want, princey.”

“Well, daddy…”

“Yes, my prince?”

“I want you to draw all over me, okay?”

“Is that so?” Namjoon couldn’t help but be intrigued. It was probably a good sign that Seokjin had taken to his idea so easily once he’d reassured him that he wasn’t going to write anything dirty or degrading.

“I want everything you write to stay on my body as long as possible,” Seokjin whispered into his mouth before happily capturing his lips. “My only condition is that you write stuff only in places I can see.”

“Your wish is my command.”

Even as Namjoon bent his leg back, the other draped over his shoulder, he felt a rush of excitement as he watched him scribble gorgeous on his inner thigh with such love and care that it ends up looking pretty legible, to Seokjin’s joy.

It would certainly be a treat to look at later but for now, he couldn’t help but relish in his alpha’s gaze, feeling like a rose pearl basking under warm sunlight in a sunken treasure chest filled with gold coins that had been discovered by beautiful mermaids after spending centuries alone and abandoned.

And when Namjoon finishes up what he's writing and tosses the sharpie aside, Seokjin doesn't expect him to loop his arms around his thighs and tug him closer nor to lean down as he kissed the base of his cock, which took him no time at all to become achingly hard.

“O-oh…”

“Tonight is all about you,” Namjoon reminded him before engulfing his cock in one breath.

Seokjin arches his back, whimpering and moaning because he hadn't expected Namjoon's lips around his cock to feel nearly as good as they did. There wasn't much he could do from his end, not when Namjoon had him pinned to the bed with his strong hands and sucked him off so well that he felt himself turning to mush.
Shit… I’m not gonna last long if he keeps going…

Amidst his pleasure, Seokjin quickly realizes that Namjoon had figured out how close he actually was because he begins to bob his head faster and faster, occasionally pulling up for air and pumping him while he tried to catch his breath.

As much as he enjoyed servicing his omega and mind-blowing sex, Namjoon wanted to live by the dick, not die by it.

Sensing his omega was close, he brings his lips around the head of Seokjin’s cock and alternates between purposely wet sucks and teasing, feathery strokes in hopes of sending him over the edge and into mind blowing bliss because all that really mattered right now was making his omega feel good. Cum splatters across Seokjin’s belly a few moments later and Namjoon, careful to not rub away the messages he’d written on his omega’s skin, presses a kiss to his omega’s skin just under his sternum and then pecks his panting omega’s lips.

“Feeling good?” he whispers as he trails kisses across Seokjin’s tummy, leading up to his pounding heart where it thrummed like a ticking metronome gone haywire.

“Mhm… c-can we…”

“Yes?”

“Can we make love?” Seokjin asked shyly, feeling his cheeks burning up at the request he’d just made.

He felt so unbelievably bold asking even though he couldn’t figure out why but in the coming moments, it didn’t seem to matter at all because Namjoon scoops him up into his arms and rolls over, flipping their positions so that Seokjin was now comfortably straddling his lap with his knees pressed to his hips. Like this, he was able to cup his omega’s cheeks before stealing his lips for a kiss that makes their lungs burn and leaves him with a whimpering mess of an omega in his lap.

“Hey, princey, are you feeling okay? Do you want me to prep you?” he whispered against his mouth, only to receive a soft, whimpery “yes” in response that his ears nearly don’t catch.

“You’re not crying, are you?”

“I’m just… oh, Namjoon, thank you for being so nice to me and loving me like I deserve it,” Seokjin sniffled, wiping away tears just as they spilled down his cheeks because he immediately felt comforted by Namjoon, who kissed away the few tears he missed and rubbed soothing circles across his lower back.

“You do deserve it, my love. Why do you think you don’t?”

“B-because… it’s hard being an alpha to an omega when it’s pretty likely your omega is going to get attacked just for existing.”

“I’m not saying it’s okay but that just means that I’m always going to be here for you, princey. I’m never going away.”

*That means a lot, especially since you haven’t even marked me yet. Thank you for being such a good person, Namjoon. Really, thank you.*

“Thank you… that makes me feel so much better.”
“That's my job,” Namjoon chuckled. “I haven't marked you but that doesn't mean I'm giving up on you when the going gets tough but don't think about that right now. Just think about how much fun we've been having.”

“Will you make love to me later?”

“Of course. We've got all night to do whatever you want.”

“That sounds great.”

At this, he cranes his neck to kiss his omega’s sweaty forehead and then carefully covers them with a blanket so that they weren't separated at any point before lying down so that they were resting side by side, Seokjin’s leg comfortably draped over his hip and his other sandwiched between his with the rest of their limbs tangled together like winding vines and leaving them feeling so content that they welcomed the thought of falling asleep next to each other without having to worry about tomorrow.

“Are you feeling at least a little better, princey?”

“Mhm…”

“Good! You look awfully happy.”

“I am,” Seokjin hummed as he nuzzled his nose against Namjoon's. “I still got marked but… I agree with you when you said that maybe this isn't the best time to get marked like that.”

“There's plenty of time for that later and it's not that I don't want it. It's just… I'd rather you weren't in pain for a few days and that you wanted it because you wanted it, not because you were scared.”

“Yeah… me too.”

“So do you feel any better, princey?”

“Never better,” his omega happily chirped, “and it's all thanks to you.”

“I'm so glad to hear that.”

“And at least…”

“At least what?”

“At least I get to remember what's now the best day ever for me every time I take my clothes off,” Seokjin hummed. “My favorite one is the one on my tummy.”

As he said this, Seokjin pointed to the writing on his stomach, where the words Daddy's little prince written in Namjoon's neat scrawl in pink sharpie sat like a badge of honor -- it was to Seokjin -- that he was so fortunate to have on his body. Of course, it meant he had to be careful but he figured it would fade away soon enough and planned to be careful so it didn't rub off but not so careful, either. Thanks to Namjoon, he wasn’t feeling as on edge as before.

“You look gorgeous.”

“Thank you for making me feel loved,” Seokjin mumbled bashfully, hiding his face in the nearby pillow even though it took Namjoon no time at all to cup his cheeks and tilt his head up so they could lock eyes.
“It's because I love you.”

“Aww, Joonie…”

But there were others that he cherished just as much, like the hearts Namjoon carefully draws to frame his nipples, the word beautiful finding its way over his actual heart that pounded dangerously fast in his chest, and don’t worry about a thing, my love in the crease formed between his thigh and hips, which was secretly Seokjin’s favorite.

It spelled out all of Namjoon’s promises to him, spoken and unspoken, and reassured him that his alpha was here to stay through thick and thin.
The following morning, Seokjin and Namjoon returned to campus for another day of classes and after escorting his boyfriend back to his dorm, he continued on his way to the library, where Yoongi had said he'd be waiting for him. Namjoon was so sure the world had flipped upside down and that somebody had replaced Yoongi with a clone because there was no way that the blonde-haired omega standing calmly before him with his hands in his pockets and his gaze steady on him was the Min Yoongi he knew and not-so-secretly feared.

He’d never admit it aloud to anybody -- not to Seokjin and certainly never to Yoongi, lest it inflate his already alpha-sized ego -- despite how obvious it was to everybody, himself included, and he hoped that perhaps one day, he and Yoongi would be on better terms and not at each other’s throats or rather, Yoongi at his throat.

“Wasn’t expecting you to be here.”

“I heard some ass kicking is in order and decided to come.”

“Of course you did,” Namjoon huffed, not bothering to hide his exasperation.

“So he told you about that scumbag who’s been bothering him?”

“Told me everything.”

“Good.”

“By the way, I wanted to ask you something.”

“What is it?”

“Wanna join me in kicking some alpha ass?”

“Thought you’d never ask,” Yoongi chuckled as he leapt to his feet, quickly pocketing his phone as he followed Namjoon out of his dorm into the hallway and down the stairs until they’d exited the building and were on their way across campus to the alpha dorm.

“You remember what he looks like?” Namjoon asked Yoongi, who opened his mouth as he started to reassure him, only to stop mid-sentence when his attention shifted to somebody ahead of him.

“That's him.”

“Shit, really?”

“The one with the green backpack,” Yoongi clarified, for which Namjoon felt grateful because there were at least five alphas in the group and all of a sudden, he felt incredibly nervous.

“What's wrong?” Yoongi asked.

“There's... way more people than I was expecting.”

“What, those tools who are hanging out with him? No problem.”
“No, no, big problem! It's a major problem! I was only expecting one person to be there, not--”

“So I'm guessing this is your first fight?”

Namjoon could only nod, feeling ashamed as he did even though he knew there was no reason to be embarrassed and that most people -- meaning anybody who wasn't Yoongi -- didn't get into fist fights with anybody who so much as looked at them the wrong way. Yoongi, however, was awfully special in that regard, and Namjoon wasn't sure if his experience in street fighting could be considered an asset or a hindrance.

“Good thing I'm here, then.” Yoongi smirked.

“Listen, I know you play a lot of video games and you think that you're Ezio Auditore or some shit like that but--”

“I've also won my fair share of fights against alphas. Just follow my lead and after today, you'll have earned your stripes, boyo.”

_I'm scared shitless but I also feel extremely honored having you on my side. Thank you for helping me protect Seokjin, _Namjoon thought, sending Yoongi a grateful smile that he unfortunately didn't take notice to since his attention was focused up ahead at their target.

_If we’re being realistic, you’re probably going to have to pick up the slack and pummel him for me because I might not even get a hit in. But hey, whatever it takes to set that scumbag straight, right?_

“So how are we going to do this?”

“It looks like he's leaving,” Yoongi pointed out, Namjoon sighing out in relief when he looked up and saw his target say goodbye to his friends before heading towards the library all on his lonesome, which boded well since the last thing they needed was to find themselves fighting five to two with no way out except to flee and hope that their opponents weren’t fast runners.

“Any last-minute advice?”

“Yeah, make sure to keep your arms up so you can shield that pretty face of yours and try not to get hit,” Yoongi scoffed before running ahead.

“Try not to get hit’,” Namjoon muttered under his breath as he followed Yoongi, who was at least fifteen steps in front of him. “No shit, Sherlock.”

To his surprise, he suddenly spotted Yoongi run ahead towards Seokjin's oppressor and before he could so much as call after his friend, Yoongi suddenly lunged forward and swung, decking him so hard that he stumbled back and nearly fell right on his head. Of course, Yoongi was there to break his fall by grabbing the front of his shirt before suddenly tossing him forward, which sent him flying face-first into the bench.

“Ow! What the fuck is wrong with you?”

Yoongi shoved him back onto the bench just as he stood up and the image of his disgusting, bruised, bloody visage brought Namjoon extreme satisfaction even though he was doing little more than spectating. Then again, Yoongi looked like he was handling himself pretty well and--

“Listen here, you piece of shit, if I so much as hear a rumor that you're bothering Seokjin, I'll hang you by your balls from the tallest flagpole I can find, got it?” Yoongi growled.
From where he stood, Namjoon had a very limited view of Seokjin's oppressor's face but watching Yoongi manhandle him like he wasn't a good fifty pounds lighter was something he knew he would always cherish but he quickly snapped out of his trance when the alpha suddenly shoved Yoongi back, freeing himself from the omega's grasp and sending him tumbling to the concrete with a loud, sickening *thump*.

Before Yoongi could scuttle away, their opponent came after him and kicked him in the ribs and Namjoon saw *red*.

He saw Seokjin in Yoongi’s place, curled up against him with tears brimming in his fearful eyes and spilling down his already-wet, salty cheeks and snapped out of his trance a moment later, rushing over to Yoongi and shoved that scumbag alpha with all the force he could muster until he had him pinned against the concrete with one hand gripping his neck and his other arm raised high above his head, ready to rain down punch after punch.

Then, Namjoon caught himself faltering and the scumbag beneath him cocked a mocking smile that sent his stomach twisting in disgust.

“You gonna hit me, bitch?”

*Bitch.*

*Bitch.*

*Bitch.*

“Nah, you’re not worth it. But if you ever put your hands on Seokjin again, I’m coming after you. Don’t make me regret my decision.”

He pushed at the alpha’s shoulders just as he tried to get up, slamming him into the concrete before hopping off him to collect Yoongi while they still had time to run, knowing that they only had mere moments before a figure of authority -- a professor, the dean of the school, hell, maybe even the police -- came to see what all the ruckus was about. The last thing he wanted was for them to get arrested even if they weren’t exactly in the wrong but he wasn’t sure if belligerent police officers would listen to reason.

Getting wound up because of some dumbass who couldn’t keep his hands to himself and resorted to mundane, immature insults like *bitch* to insult his opponents whenever he got cornered wasn’t worth it.

He’d gotten what was coming to him and from Namjoon’s perspective, the matter was resolved.

“Yoongi, are you okay?” he asked as he crouched down beside the omega, carefully helping him up so he was no longer sprawled out in a heap on the cold concrete.

“Arm hurts…” Yoongi barely managed to utter. He tried to rotate his wrist and softly grunted, eyebrows furrowing into a knot on his forehead.

“Try not to move it too much. Do you think you need to go to the hospital?”

“I’ll take myself,” the omega growled as he grabbed his backpack off the ground and slung it over his shoulder as he stormed off with his wounded arm pressed to his body to keep it from moving, leaving Namjoon feeling equally dumbfounded and tongue-tied.

“B-Bastard… this isn’t over!”
His head snapped in the direction of Seokjin’s attacker’s voice and in any other situation, he would have simply stayed silent and gone on with his day without giving idiot alphas even a sliver of the poisonous attention that they craved -- it was obvious to himself and the entire world that he wasn’t the confrontational type -- but after the bloodbath he’d just witnessed (and indirectly participated in), he couldn’t resist rolling his eyes at the scumbag at his feet. He looked pitiful with blood rolling down his face from his nose and staining his rather nice-looking white sweater and for some reason, Namjoon couldn’t help but pity him.

“Just keep your hands off Seokjin and we won’t have any problems, buddy,” he scoffed without sparing him so much another glance.

He half-expected to get jumped as he made his way across campus but the only people he encountered were a few friends from his classes and a professor who taught a class he didn’t have to attend until tomorrow night. Hell, there was a chance he wasn’t going to attend if that alpha didn’t get the hint to leave Seokjin alone but time would only tell.

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**Namjoon**

[Sent at 2:27 P.M.]

Hey, princey, I’m gonna sneak upstairs. Be ready to let me in?

---

**Seokjin**

[Sent at 2:28 P.M.]

Ready! :)

---

*What a relief*, Namjoon thought.

He all but ran for the stairs upon checking to see that the coast was clear and hell, if he fell flat on his face along the way, he would have something to show for. Instead, Yoongi had shoved him aside and stole the glory but all in all, it had mostly gone well. At least, Namjoon thought so but then again, he wasn’t the one with a wounded arm.

He could only hope that it wasn’t broken because, if it was, he would only end up feeling more guilty.

But then, as he stepped into Seokjin’s dorm room, the door cracked open just the tiniest bit to allow a thin sliver of light to escape into the hallway, his eyes immediately landed on his omega where he was sprawled out on his bed with his phone in hand and all of his worries about Yoongi dissipated and were replaced by

as fate would have it, his lover looked up, eyes lighting up like galaxies when he saw it was him and leapt to his feet to greet him with a warm hug that left Namjoon feeling fuzzy all over.

“Joonie!”
“Hi, princey. How are you doing? Was class okay? Did everything go well today?” he purred, questions firing off from his mouth like bullets from a machine gun while giving his omega little time to respond, not that it really mattered. He didn’t seem irritated or forlorn in the slightest and it almost felt like he was asking him about how his classes went as if it was any other day.

“It was a good class,” Seokjin hummed. “Kinda boring but that’s college sometimes, right?”

“You don’t have to worry about that scumbag bothering you anymore, either.”

“Really? He’s… been taken care of?”

“You can go to your lab tomorrow and not have to worry about him, I promise you,” Namjoon purred in his ear, his voice filled with so much seductiveness that even he didn’t know why his voice sounded like that.

“So who fought him?”

“Uh, why do you ask?”

“Because you don’t have a scratch on you,” Seokjin pointed out.

“Damn, got me.”

“Yoongi fought him, didn’t he?”

“Would you believe me if I said that he was way too enthusiastic to kick that guy’s ass?”

“Knowing Yoongi, yes, I believe you.”

“I would have fought him for you—”

“I know, I know,” Seokjin grinned, pecking him on the lips. “Yoongi’s just so bloodthirsty but don’t worry, it doesn’t take away from the fact that you were thinking about me. That’s what matters, Joonie.”

“You really think so?”

“Yeah, I do. And I won’t lie: I’m so happy that you got out of this unscathed.”

“Well, I guess that’s good for me. Yoongi… wasn’t so lucky,” Namjoon sheepishly admitted, feeling his gut twisting itself into a knot when he saw fear flash across Seokjin’s face.

“What happened?”

“He fell -- well, no, that’s not true. That scumbag pushed him and he hit the ground hard. I think he might have sprained his arm or worse.”

“Hmmm… we should buy him something,” Seokjin concluded, cheeks becoming puffed up in thought as he pondered to himself. Namjoon felt too drained to comment and quietly leaned his head on his omega’s shoulder so he could rest his eyes for a few moments and bask in his scent, which was so comforting that he just nodded along to whatever his lover said.

“Will you accompany me to the supermarket?”

“Sure, of course.”
“Okay, let's go.”

With nighttime quickly approaching, the temperature had dropped and the cold air nipped mercilessly at their noses and cheeks but it didn’t deter Seokjin, who walked with purpose like a man on a mission, which he was. But despite the cold, Namjoon couldn’t turn tail and run, horrified at the thought of leaving his omega to fend for himself in the cold all by himself even though they were simply trying to get to the supermarket without turning into popsicles. To remedy the situation, he grabbed Seokjin’s hand and tugged on it before he broke off into a run, forcing his omega to keep pace with him but once they made it into the supermarket, warm air coming to welcome them as they hurried in, he looked over and saw him sporting the sunniest grin he’d seen as of late and realized that he hadn’t minded the sudden sprint.

“That was unexpected but kinda fun,” he chuckled, to which all Namjoon could do was grin in return.

“It was cold,” he admitted sheepishly.

“I know. Now c’mon, let’s go Yoongi some snacks.”

“Lead the way.”

It wasn’t clear to Namjoon if chocolates served as some secret language that only omegas seemed to understand but he didn’t comment even when Seokjin pulled three large milk chocolate bars -- one that was 100% milk chocolate, another that was Oreo-flavored, and a third that had wafers as a crunchy middle layer -- off the shelf followed by a bag of octopus-flavored tako chips, two bags of shrimp chips, and a small box of strawberry-flavored pocky before deeming that it was enough. Curiosity gnawed at him and he wanted to ask Seokjin if there was some secret “chocolate love language” that omegas understood and, if there was, for him to explain everything there was to it so he could also become a master.

After all, if omegas loved chocolate, who was he to not try everything in his power to be the one alpha in the whole who indulged his omega with his favorite sweets for the sake of making him smile or brightening his day.

“Are we heading back now?” Namjoon asked once they had paid for the goodies and left the register.

“We’re going to see Yoongi,” Seokjin replied. “I asked him to let me know when he was back from the hospital and he just texted me.”

Oh.

“O-okay, let’s go,” Namjoon said, obediently following after his omega as they made their way back to campus and snuck back into the omega dorm to go see Yoongi. He hadn’t been expecting Yoongi to return so soon but then again, he reasoned with himself, it was probably a good sign if his trip to the hospital had been over and done with within a couple of hours.

But because he still felt a little guilty for being the indirect cause to the omega’s injuries, Namjoon kept silent when Seokjin stepped into Yoongi’s dorm room, the wide open door allowing them to stride in without needing to knock, and happily said “hey, Yoongi! How are you doing?” to him like they were catching up and trying to make up for lost time.

“Oh, hey. I’m doing fine, thanks for asking,” said omega mumbled nonchalantly,

“ Heard about your arm.”
“Yeah, don’t worry, it’s not that bad. Doctors say that I should be good as new in a few weeks.”

“That’s good to hear. Oh, and I got you this. Consider it a… token of my appreciation for everything that you’ve done,” Seokjin said as he handed him the grocery bag filled with all of his favorite goodies. From where he stood, Namjoon could only watch in quiet awe as Yoongi took the bag without so much as a sliver of protest and even smiled -- genuinely smiled -- in gratitude.

“Thanks for this. I appreciate it.” Yoongi uttered before turning his attention to Namjoon, where a switch in him flipped so fast that said alpha nearly got whiplash seeing him shift from soft and grateful to irritated and itching to give him a piece of his fist.

“Oh, and Namjoon?”

“Yeah?”

“Fight your own battles next time.”

“Funny that you mention that when, if I recall correctly, you literally leapt at the chance to punch that guy right in the face so… yeah, you’re right. I should be fighting my own battles and I would if you promise not to steal the spotlight in the future.”

“Fucker…”

“Yoongi, enough,” Seokjin scolded. “I appreciate what you did for me but stop beating down on Namjoon all the time, okay?”

Yoongi didn’t even so much as roll his eyes or curse in retaliation before he quietly uttered “okay, hyung”, stunning Namjoon into silence and ultimately left him wondering if the omega talking to his dear Seokjin was some imposter who spoke in soft tones and carefully chose his words before opening his mouth. That had to be the only explanation, he thought. Nothing else could possibly explain why Yoongi hadn’t just ripped Seokjin's head off and played basketball with it before slam dunking it right into a trash can once he was done playing with his carcass.

So there is somebody in the world who can hold Yoongi back, he thought incredulously.

“I really appreciate what you both did for me,” Seokjin added, his voice much softer now than before with gratitude spilling from his mouth like water from a broken dam. “Really, you have no idea. And I’m really sorry you got hurt, Yoongi.”

“Just a sprain,” the younger muttered, absentmindedly running the fingers of his good hand over the velcro cast on his wrist. “Doctors said I should be fine in a few weeks.”

“Good, that’s good.”

“So I guess I’ll see you tomorrow?”

“Yeah, see you tomorrow,” Seokjin agreed, sensing that he and Namjoon had overstayed their welcome in Yoongi’s dorm and after saying goodbye, they took their leave and hurried back to his dorm as quickly and quietly as they could in hopes of avoiding that one residence advisor.

“So what now?” Namjoon couldn’t help but ask, unable to hold back such a biting question even though they weren’t back in his omega’s room yet, and Seokjin shrugged.

“I dunno. Look forward to whatever the future holds and hope for the best?”
“Sounds good to me.”

Chapter End Notes

I hope you all enjoyed this chapter. Sorry that it took so long but university murdered me. T3T

I wish you all a Happy New Year and a fantastic 2019. :)}
“You know what tomorrow is, don’t you?”

“Hmm?” Seokjin asked as he looked up from his homework at Namjoon, who looked expectant as if he wanted a certain answer from him.

“Say again?”

“Do you know what tomorrow is?”

“Uhhh, Thursday?” Seokjin answered following a quick glance at his phone as he checked the date just so he didn’t embarrass himself.

“You're correct but more importantly, it's Valentine's Day,” Namjoon reminded him and all of a sudden, his questions made a whole lot more sense than before because now Seokjin knew why he had posed such a mundane question.

“Oh, right!”

“Do you want to do anything?”

“I dunno… I do want to buy a lot of strawberries since they're on sale at the supermarket right now.”

“Okay, strawberries, it is. Wanna go to a movie afterward?”

“Can we bring a movie from home?”

“I'll have to check and see if any rooms are free tomorrow.”

“Fair enough. If there aren't any, let's order in food and watch Netflix,” Seokjin offered as a compromise, which he knew was likely going to be their plan of action come Thursday aka Valentine's Day aka date night for them. Unfortunately, it was also a day of absolute misery for Yoongi.

And speaking of Yoongi, said omega remained completely unbothered by their discussion, courtesy of his obnoxiously large headphones blasting music in his ears to the point that his friends were absolutely convinced he would go deaf any day now. They didn't know what was so intriguing about the assignment Yoongi was working on -- Squirrel Feeding Lab was printed across the top in big, bold letters -- but he frequently switched between looking at the worksheet in front of him and typing on his laptop, sometimes making corrections on the worksheet and other times, just lazily scrolling through whatever distraction currently had his interest in that moment -- but if he'd heard anything they said, he gave no indication.

I hope you're not feeling disheartened because you don't have anybody yet. There is somebody in this world who will be everything you ever need and want and I promise you'll meet him sooner or later, Seokjin wanted to tell his fellow omega but didn't, knowing he would become upset if he brought up such a sensitive topic in front of Namjoon.

He remembered Yoongi mention a few times that he preferred male alphas over females -- he didn't give a specific reason why and Seokjin never bothered asking -- and if that's what he wanted, Seokjin could only hope that his wishes would come true because he really wanted the best for Yoongi.
C'mon, Yoongi's alpha! I know you're out there somewhere! Come and sweep this adorable omega off his feet and prove him wrong so I can finally tell him “I told you so!” Seokjin silently called out to all the alphas in the world in hopes that Yoongi's soulmate was among them and that he heard his pleas.

Unfortunately, there was no answer, neither from the universe nor from the alpha of Yoongi's dreams, which was disappointing but not unusual. And Seokjin also knew that if a random alpha just came out of nowhere and swept Yoongi off his feet, he would most likely have dropped gotten dropped by the omega faster than he could scream his mother's name before being left in the dust as Yoongi walked off without breaking a sweat.

*Your future alpha is gonna be one crazy son of a bitch, let me tell you, but I wouldn't expect anything less, *Seokjin thought, smiling fondly at Yoongi who remained ever-oblivious to either of them.

He deserved somebody who wouldn't be afraid or even worse, critical of an omega who hid behind harsh words and barbed threats because if he didn't protect himself, who would? Seokjin knew where he was coming from when it came to his attitudes about run-of-the-mill alphas and understood that Yoongi didn't want to settle for the first alpha who gave him a sliver of attention because that was sure to backfire right in his face.

On the other hand, Yoongi could also learn to soften up a little and not be so moody all the time. It could definitely help his chances but the omega was as stubborn as a mule and Seokjin knew there was absolutely no convincing him otherwise.

“Heading out?” he asked the younger as he packed up his things but since he still had his headphones on, Yoongi obviously didn’t hear him, prompting Seokjin to grab his wrist and gently tug on it to catch his attention.

“Hmm?” Yoongi hummed as he pushed his headphones off his ears with his free hand so they sat around his shoulders, looking at Seokjin expectantly.

“Are you heading out?” the elder repeated.

“Yeah. I’m off to class. Don’t get pregnant tomorrow, okay?”

“I-- Yoongi!”

“See you later,” he hummed, putting his headphones back on as he walked off, leaving Seokjin feeling absolutely dumbfounded.

“Wow…”

“Wow what?” Seokjin scowled at Namjoon.

“I’m surprised he didn’t kill you.”

“Why would he?” the omega snorted as he fished out his water from his backpack and took a sip, not oblivious to the look of complete awe on his alpha’s face.

“Because he’s a psychopath” Namjoon stated matter-of-factly. “And he just let you grab his wrist like it was no big deal?”

“Yoongi’s not as bad as you think, Joonie.”

“Says the omega.”
“What’s that supposed to mean?”

“Think about it: you’re an omega and Yoongi is an omega. Meanwhile, I’m an alpha and he’s had it out for me since we met.”

“Because you thought that a couple of corny pick-up lines would woo him into warming your bed,” Seokjin teased, grinning even wider when his alpha’s cheeks turned red from embarrassment.

“You’re so mean.”

“I’m just teasing, Joonie.”

“I’m not bitter about you teasing me, don’t worry. Buut you think about it, you fell for me corny pick-up lines.”

“That is very true,” Seokjin chuckled. “Seemed like you were just my type.”

“You know, I think that’s something you and I can agree on.”

♦♦♦

As much as it bothered him seeing Namjoon and Seokjin curbing the true extent of their desire for each other around him, especially since he never asked them to spare him the gory details of their relationship despite being more single than a broken Pringle at the bottom of a can of chips, Yoongi was sure that Valentine’s Day looming upon the world was the real reason why he felt more bitter than usual. He would never admit it aloud -- hell, his mood worsened just from admitting it to himself -- but Valentine’s Day reminded him of everything he didn’t have, with memories of his troubled, loveless childhood only adding insult to injury.

Never knew why my parents got together, he thought. Or why my mom didn’t realize she married an abusive son of a bitch before she had kids with him. Don’t know what she saw in him...

Valentine’s Day was a sore topic because of his parents, who he blamed for destroying his optimism towards fostering a healthy, romantic relationship with somebody who would truly value him for who he was rather than simply wanting him for a good roll in the sack.

They lived happy lives as alphas who sat on golden thrones at the top of the societal food chain and single-handedly destroyed his belief that something as pure as unadulterated, unconditional love could exist when all he’d seen and experienced growing up was arguing, yelling, and emotional abuse.

Fuck, it makes me sad just thinking about it, he thought, forcing himself to shake such awful thoughts as he set his things down on an empty carrel, books on the tabletop, backpack on the floor and leaning against one of the legs of the desk, and fluffy winter coat -- the one his mom gave him -- draped over the back of the chair.

But I’m got an essay to write now. If there’s time later, I’ll cry.

Yoongi grabbed his phone from the pocket of his coat before disappearing between the stacks with newfound motivation to at least get started on his essay so that he had more than just his name, the bullshit title of his essay, and the date typed into his document.
“Hey, Yoongi, what’s up?”

“Oh, hey. Nothing much. I’m just working on a paper that’s due tomorrow,” he mumbled, figuring it wouldn’t hurt to not give Seungwan much attention if she was simply here to make small talk. At least, that’s what it sounded like to him just from judging the way she’d nonchalantly come up to him and asked “what’s up?” like it wasn’t obvious that he was a man on a mission.

His gut was telling him that she was here specifically for him but Yoongi ignored the feeling, refusing to allow anything to inflate his ego or distract him from his homework.

“Not doing anything for Valentine’s Day tomorrow?”

“Don’t have any reason to celebrate.”

That much was true, at least.

Instead of going out, Yoongi planned on staying in with a 12-pack of soda, snacks, and the essay he’d put aside until he could no longer procrastinate on it. Compared to the rest of his classmates, he considered himself to be the most fortunate since he didn’t have a mate to sexually satisfy nor waste his time with things like icky romance movies and… kissing when he would much rather work on an essay and go to bed after midnight. Perhaps Mr. Cinnabun would forgive him for staying up so late all the time but unless his bunny planned on springing to life and helping with his course load, Yoongi knew that the amount of time available in his day to snuggle with his favorite stuffed animal would remain limited.

“Ah, I see. So… can I ask you something?” Seungwan said as she circled around the bookshelf so she was standing in front of him rather than having a heavy piece of steel between them and Yoongi hummed softly in affirmation as he was still mostly distracted with scanning the spines of the books in hopes of finding some that would help him support his thesis and potentially getting a decent grade on his paper.

Well, as decent as I can get seeing as I haven’t even started yet and it’s due tomorrow night at 11:59. But hey, it’s an essay about the influences of technology on music. How hard can it really be?

His phone weighed heavy in the kangaroo pocket of his hoodie, serving as a reminder that it was there in case he needed to look up new search terms for books that could help him prove his case. Granted, he would have resorted to only using scholarly articles but his professor insisted that everybody use at least two books in the library or risk losing major points off their essays if they didn’t and since essay writing wasn’t one of his strong suits, Yoongi knew he didn’t need to give his professors any more reasons to give him less-than-satisfactory grades.

Imagine if I had an alpha, he mused to himself as he ran the pads of his fingers over the spines of the books on the shelf directly in front of his face. Would I be here in the library, hustling to finish this stupid paper for a measly C or would my legs be high up in the air? Who knows? It’s not like he’s here to drag me away to his bed and fuck my brains out until I’m too sore to move.

His phone suddenly went off with a ping -- loud enough for him to hear but soft enough to not disturb other students who might be studying or working on projects nearby -- and snapped him out of his thoughts. A quick glance showed that it was an email from the professor who had assigned everybody the lovely Valentine’s Day essay Yoongi was wrestling with at this very moment but it didn’t warrant much attention once he’d read through it, realizing it was nothing more than a recap of the assignment they’d gone over in class a few days ago.

Perhaps it would benefit the horny idiots in the class who had no doubt tuned him out in favor of
fantasizing about Valentine’s Day but Yoongi also appreciated it since he’d lost the sheet he took notes on and didn’t have the energy (nor the time) to go looking for it.

Alpha or no alpha, this essay isn’t going to get itself done.

“Y-Yoongi, will you look at me for a second?”

“Yeah, what is--” Yoongi started to turn his head but before he could finish his question, he felt dainty, warm hands cup his cheeks and a warm mouth cover his own, capturing his upper lip for a kiss that lingers just a little too long for his comfort and immediately causes warning sirens to go off in his head.

Oh, my, god… this isn’t happening.

Yoongi felt his body turn to lead despite the kiss being nothing more than innocent peck on the mouth but it was much more than he’d been expecting from Seungwan and he found himself frozen in place, arms hanging useless at his sides even though there was a voice in his head that sounded much like his inner thoughts screaming at him to push her away, to pull himself away from her, to do anything! other than just stand there like a dumb statue and let her basically have her way. An eternity seemed to pass, during which Yoongi saw his life and even the face of his future alpha to-be flash before his eyes, before Seungwan broke the kiss and by the time she did, only a few seconds having passed, Yoongi felt positive that his brain had completely turned to mush.

The taste of her lip gloss -- cherry-flavored -- lingered on his lips long after she’d pulled away and it tasted like poison to him, bitter in his mouth and serving as a disgusting reminder of the evil act that had been performed on him just now.

“Why did you kiss me?”

He wasn’t sure if he was irritated or angry or both but as his mind struggled to process what had just happened, he felt spiking, uncomfortable heat washing over him with every second that ticked by until he was sure he was going to combust. And Seungwan just looked bashful but unashamed of what she’d just done, the complete opposite of Yoongi.

“I-I… Yoongi, I really like you.”

Damn… that’s what I was afraid of.

“We’re both omegas, you know that, right?” he asked her cautiously, careful to word his sentence in a way that wouldn’t come off as overly offensive while still driving the point home that he was not exactly okay with the situation he’d inadvertently found himself in.

“Yeah, so?” she scoffed, cocking her head to the side in curiosity, clearly oblivious to the hidden meaning behind Yoongi’s words.

“What if you wanted kids one day? You know that I couldn’t give you that.”

“Does that really matter right now? I just… I like you, Yoongi. Wouldn’t it be nice to be a couple?”

She probably just wants a fling for Valentine’s Day, Yoongi quickly realized. He resisted the urge to scowl but there wasn’t much he could do to hide it, not when Seungwan seemed more than convinced that he returned her feelings and that there was no way, in her mind, he didn’t like her back.

And since the holiday of love was quickly approaching, ready to be celebrated all over the world by
lucky, lovey-dovey couples, she no doubt desired to have somebody to celebrate it with. Why it had to be him, he didn't know.

She must be high as fuck. That had to be the only plausible explanation for her behavior but it didn’t help to soften the blow that came from being kissed without his consent.

Since she wasn’t an alpha, he didn’t have enough ammunition to go off on her -- being in the library had nothing to do with his patience -- but at the same time, he couldn’t shake the fact that she had essentially forced herself onto him without asking if he wanted to be kissed. And for the record, no, he didn’t.

“I’m sorry but I don’t like you back,” he said perhaps too firmly, almost as if he was enunciating his words to ensure he got his point across, and didn’t miss the look of hurt that flashed across Seungwan’s features as she came to process what he told her.

Since you decided it was okay to fucking kiss me without my permission, I really don’t care how upset you are. Thanks for making me feel violated, Yoongi wanted to add but he feared that he would get too wound up and he certainly didn’t want to attract attention to himself or even worse, come off as overly emotional.

It was normal, expected even, for omegas to cry or lose their composure but Yoongi didn’t want to come off as such, especially in front of Seungwan, who, up until this point, had been somebody he’d trusted. Now, she might as well be an alpha with an agenda.


“No, I don’t. Don’t know why you kissed me, either, but I didn’t like it nor did I appreciate it.”

“I thought--”

“Save it,” Yoongi snapped. “I’ve got an essay to write so if you’re done violating my personal space, I’d like to work on it in peace.”

With this, Yoongi stormed off without waiting for Seungwan to reply, trudging to the end of the stacks and into the next room, where he turned around the corner and hurried to the end of the row as fast as he could without running before slipping in between the bookshelves at the end of the lineup. There, he slid to his knees and leaned his back against the bookshelf behind him for support, finding himself unable to keep his back straight by himself. It almost hurt to sit up and while he wanted nothing more than to lay down on the floor and expire, his plans were interrupted by his phone going off again but instead of being another annoying email from his professors, it was a text from his friend Kihyun and Yoongi immediately felt his mood brighten a little.

Kihyun

[Sent at 4:08 P.M.]

Hey, you doing anything tomorrow?

Yoongi

[Sent at 4:11 P.M.]
Besides hustling to finish the essay I procrastinated on? Nothing really.

**Kihyun**

[Sent at 4:16 P.M.]

Weeeeeeell… if you’re not doing anything tomorrow, wanna go bowling? We can be single and mingle.

**Yoongi**

[Sent at 4:18 P.M.]

As long as you’re not going to kiss me without my permission, sure, I’m down for bowling.

**Kihyun**

[Sent at 4:21 P.M.]

Wait, somebody kissed you?

**Yoongi**

[Sent at 4:22 P.M.]

WITHOUT. MY. PERMISSION.

**Kihyun**

[Sent at 4:24 P.M.]

O K A Y ! ! !

**Yoongi**

[Sent at 4:26 P.M.]

NO KISSIES!
Kihyun

[Sent at 4:27 P.M.]
AND WHY ARE YOU TYPING LIKE THAT ???

Yoongi

[Sent at 4:27 P.M.]
I DON'T KNOWWW

Kihyun

[Sent at 4:28 P.M.]
WHY ARE YOU ???

Yoongi

[Sent at 4:28 P.M.]
I DK

Kihyun

[Sent at 4:31 P.M.]
OKAY THEN!

[Sent at 4:32 P.M.]
Meet me at the Media Center tomorrow around 5? We can catch a bus to the bowling alley together and then maybe grab some dinner afterwards?

Yoongi

[Sent at 4:35 P.M.]
That sounds good. :)

And now you gave me a solid reason to finish my essay.

Kihyun

[Sent at 4:37 P.M.]
Lol good! Get that essay done so we can have fun tomorrow!

Yoongi

[Sent at 4:38 P.M.]

Will do.

Nothing wrong with hanging out with a friend, right? It wouldn’t beat waking up to find my mate waiting for me outside of my dorm with a bouquet of roses but I’ll take what I can get. At least Kihyun respects me.

Heart still racing, Yoongi shifted so his legs were folded pretzel-style rather than folded under him and put his face in his hands as he focused on his breathing, carefully pacing the intake and release of every breath while he counted down from ten, letting out a breath every time he did. Once he felt steady enough on his feet and no longer as rattled as before, he carefully climbed to his feet and took his time making his way back to the carrel where he left his things lest Seungwan was still there.

To his pleasure, she was gone and all of a sudden, all his worries seemed miniscule.

Alright, time to make this essay my bitch.
part 20

“Wow…”

His paper was done.

It was almost unbelievable, even to Yoongi, that he’d cranked out ten whole pages but the confirmation message was staring him right into his bleary, tired eyes and his sacrifices, which included sitting hunched over in a carrel for well over nine hours, bruising his butt to a numb pulp, and silently cursing his professor to the high heavens while simultaneously typing his essay and catching up on Dragon Ball Z.

Even better, he didn’t feel nervous even though his professor had insisted that every single student in the class submit their paper through a plagiarism checker just in case some desperate chum tried to finish their homework with a little bit -- or maybe a lot -- of outside help to ensure they met the deadline. Yoongi, however, didn’t believe in any form of plagiarism, seeing as he prided himself in creating original music for all of his music production courses and wouldn’t stoop so low to steal somebody else’s ideas without giving credit.

Besides, his writing style was “distinct”, meaning that he could turn in a paper and his professors would be able to pinpoint all of the grammatical errors, basic sentences, and lack of organization as belonging to him even if his name wasn’t written and there was no way, by extension, that he would be able to get away with plagiarism, especially if the sources he stole from were way more academic and proper compared to anything he could put together in a day.

Fortunately, there was nobody around to ask him if knowing how to write lyrics transferred over to essay writing because, if anybody dared, he would have had no qualms about dropping them on their ass.

I'm just happy to be done!

He wanted to sing to the high heavens but it was so early and he felt like the living dead, body sore all over and desperate for a shower, a banquet of food, a massage from a skilled masseuse with soft, delicate hands, and sleep, in that exact order. He packed up his things and made the sluggish walk from the library back to his dorm room, where his poor sap of a roommate was fast asleep, clearly unburdened by any essays his professors might have imposed on him last-minute.

I guess not everybody can be so lucky, Yoongi thought, referring to himself as the thought came to mind. Good thing I don't have class tomorrow-- er, today. Means I can catch up on sleep and be well-rested by five o’clock. Goodnight, Jinyoung.

★★★

“You know, I think this is much nicer than hanging out at the movies,” Namjoon heard Seokjin comment as he strode into the room, finding his omega sprawled out on the mattress inside their pillowfort, which looked damn good for something they pulled together in twenty minutes despite only having a couple bedsheets, one thick quilt, and four pillows to work with. The “roof” of their
adorable little pillow fort had been draped over the fronts of the two desk chairs that belonged to Seokjin and his roommate, respectively, and securely tied down at the armrests until it hung above their heads like a canopy.

“Are you being sarcastic?” Seokjin pretended to accuse as he snatched the large bowl of popcorn from his alpha’s hands before scuttling back into his pillow fort.

“Nooo, I’m not! You know how busy it is at the movie theater today?”

“Hmm, okay. I guess you have a point there.”

“I could tell you at least ten different horror stories about Valentine’s Day connected to the movie theater where I work and I’ve only been on shift once.”

“Oh, really? Like what’s the worst of the worst?”

“I’d say… cleaning up the theater after Fifty Shades Of Grey was shown and finding cucumbers in the aisles. That’s all I’m gonna say about the matter.”

“Ewww!”

“You’re saying ‘ewww!’ but how do you think I felt?”

“That’s so gross, it should be considered a war crime! I feel sorry for you!”

“Thank you!”

“In honor of your sacrifice to movie theaters around the world, I would like to give you your Valentine’s Day present before we start watching the movie,” Seokjin chirped, setting aside the bowl of popcorn before scooting out of the comfort of their pillow fort and back into the uncharted depths that was his bedroom.

“Aw, Jinnie, you shouldn’t have!” Namjoon called after him but it was no use. To be fair, he was grateful that his boyfriend had brought up the topic of presents because it meant he had an excuse to go grab his present as well and as he shuffled out of their fortress to rummage through his backpack, quickly rejoining his mate after he'd retrieved his present from his backpack.

“Oh, yeah? Then what have you got to say for yourself, you hypocrite?” Seokjin teased as he pointed to the package sitting in his lap, and he laughed heartily.

“I would like to plead the fifth on that and give you this gift as a bribe!”

“Hmm… normally, I’m not such a sucker for bribes but your offer is just too tempting! And here’s a bribe from me, too!”

“So… this is Bribentine’s Day?”

“Bribentine’s Day? What are you on, Namjoon?”

“Just open your present!” the alpha scoffed, lightly smacking his shoulder with his present, which bent flimsily as he all but gave up in defeat.

“Oh, fine, Mister Bribentine! Have it your way!” Seokjin huffed, pretending that what Namjoon was asking of him required too much energy as he snatched his present out of his alpha’s hands and replaced it with a small box wrapped in pink, polka-dotted wrapping paper that weighed heavy in his palm and while it left him wondering what was, Namjoon forced himself to hold off so that he didn’t
miss his reaction when he tore into the wrapping paper to reveal his gift.

“Oh, my, gosh! Oh, my, gosh! Namjoon! You-- I-- oh, my, gosh!”

“Did Seokjin-dot-exe stop working just now? Need some tech support?” Namjoon teased, playfully tapping his lover’s temple in an attempt to bring his attention back on him and Seokjin excitedly shouted to the high heavens,

“I’m in alpaca heaven!”

The shirt Namjoon had given him, a plain crew neck t-shirt, was adorned with kawaii pastel blue, pink, and brown alpacas layered on top of each other like little soldiers marching down a field in tightly-packed rows and it was the sunny smiles on their starry-eyed faces that truly sold it for him. He wasted no time putting it on, taking off the tank top he wore right where he sat rather than bothering with crawling out of their pillow fort, putting on his new shirt, and then crawling back inside, which he deemed would take too long.

“Looks like it fits perfectly,’” Namjoon hummed against Seokjin’s lips as he accepted a kiss from him that left his lips tingling.

“I love it, Namjoonie. Thank you, thank you, thank you!”

“Aw, you’re so welcome, princey. I’m super-glad you like it!”

“You can bet your ass that I’m wearing this every single day forever and ever,” Seokjin proudly proclaimed, his words bringing warmth to Namjoon’s heart that he knew wasn’t caused by the cramped quarters of their pillow fort nor their shared body heat.

“C’mon, open your present!”

“Oh, I hope it’s a puppy!” Namjoon pretended to gasp as he tore away the scrap of wrapping paper with little difficulty and lifted the lid off the box, revealing a bracelet sitting on white, glittery tissue paper.

The bracelet was simple in design, consisting of three loops of brown, braided cord with the middle strand looped through the holes in the infinity pendant and secured in place with just a dab of glue that probably wouldn’t give out even in an earthquake. It was such a simple gift, such a small but caring gesture, and yet, he could imagine it easily fitting with all of his clothes even when he happened to be dressed, as Yoongi seemed to enjoy putting it, like a “fashion terrorist” and he had Seokjin to thank for that.

_Funny how we know each other better than we know ourselves_, he thought as he watched his omega secure the clasp on his bracelet, which sat comfortably snug around his wrist with just enough space that blood flow wasn't cut off from that part of his body.

“Well?”

“Well, what?” Namjoon asked, only to lock eyes with his starry-eyed omega who grinned as if he had been given the key to Seoul or even better, the key and land title to a giant-ass alpaca farm.

“Movie?”

“Yeah, movie.”
“Ready to bowl?”

“Ready as I'll ever be,” Yoongi said, pretending to sigh heavily as he pretended that Kihyun’s offer to hang out on Valentine’s Day, which was unofficially dubbed Single Pringles Day by yours truly, was physically weighing down on his soul even though he had no qualms about their outing nor any excuses to fall back on.

His sprained arm had mostly recovered and while lugging around anything heavy still wasn’t a good idea, he didn’t need his healing, non-dominant hand in order to toss a ball down the lane and get a strike at best or a spare at worst. He wasn't sure how good Kihyun was at bowling but hoped that he would at least pose a challenge so he wasn't stuck sweeping the floor with him.

“It’s funny how you always act so pitiful but--”

“Hey, that’s mean!” Yoongi pouted. “Am I really that pitiful?”

“Just on Valentine’s Day. Otherwise, you’re Min Take-No-Shit Yoongi.”

“Then maybe you should destroy Valentine’s Day, show me that you really love me,” Yoongi teased as he picked up a medium-sized, turquoise-blue ball that resembled the planet Neptune or maybe even a giant gumball.

For some odd reason, he felt tempted to chew on it just to see if it tasted as good as it looked but knew that it wouldn’t end well, with him either breaking his teeth or getting sick from the disgusting collection of germs that no doubt lived on the surface of the ball. That, and he didn't want Kihyun thinking he'd gone crazy or gave him any reason to believe that Valentine's Day had all but destroyed any common sense he had left in him and picked up the ball from the rack without making a big fuss or even worse, sucking on it.

“But if I destroyed Valentine’s Day, then we wouldn’t be here, now, would we?” Kihyun chuckled as he made his way over to where Yoongi sat in front of the keyboard, setting his ball down on the chair belonging to the row of seats parallel to their lane before sliding into the empty seat next to his friend.

“No, I guess we wouldn’t be,” Yoongi scoffed just as he finished typing in his name into the computer.

“Damn right, we wouldn't be.”

“Y’know, maybe Hollywood should make a movie about a Valentine's Day Grinch. I'd watch the shit out of that.”

“Hmm… ‘the Grinch who stole Valentine's Day’... I get where you're coming from but it doesn't have the same ring to it. Just my opinion.”

“I can tell you where you can shove that opinion,” Yoongi sneered while Kihyun was typing in his name into the roster.

“Geez, touchy…”

“Hmph…”
“Good thing you’re up first. How about taking out your anger on those pins?” Kihyun suggested. “Blow off some steam, maybe?”

“Hmph, fine, but I won’t pretend to have a good time.”

“Just imagine Cupid’s head in place of the pins and you’ll have a great time!” Yoongi heard Kihyun joke and could only roll his eyes as he picked up his ball and strode over to the lane until he stood about a foot away from the foul line.

Down the lane, he could see the pins neatly lined up and ready for a beating but Yoongi took a moment to compose himself and steady his breathing before he stepped towards the foul line and sent his ball hurtling down the lane at the pins, knocking down all but three, which wobbled for a moment before one of them fell over, leaving two pins. He went back to grab his ball from the dispenser and quickly came to realize that his odds at getting a spare were pretty low, seeing as the pins were positioned on opposite sides of the lane and the chance of hitting both of them if either of them was highly unlikely but in the spirit of competition, Yoongi rolled his ball down the lane and watched as it rolled right past both of the pins without so much as leaning towards either of them.

_Better than a gutterball, right?_ he asked himself as he took Kihyun’s seat and watched him have a go at the pins, earning a strike without breaking a sweat.

“How about them apples?” Kihyun playfully taunted.

“Whatever,” Yoongi muttered under his breath.

They bowled two whole sets before Kihyun announced that it was time to go because he had class in the morning but Yoongi offered little protest to his request to leave, as his wrist was aching and he was grateful for the opportunity to go back to his dorm and tuck in early.

“You know, I think this was the best Valentine’s Day I’ve celebrated yet!”

“Did anybody ever tell you that you seem way too happy being single?” Yoongi asked Kihyun, who guffawed even though he couldn’t see what was so funny about what he’d said.

“Would you believe me if I said you’re the first person to point that out to me?”

“Yeah, I would. It seems likely that nobody else called you out on it.”

“Why would anybody feel the need to call me out on something like being happy?”

“There’s a difference between being happy and being happy that you’re single,” Yoongi pointed out while making no secret as he rolled his eyes at Kihyun, whose smile never faltered. “I don’t believe anybody can be content with being single forever.”

“Oh, c’mon, you seriously don’t feel that way?”

“I do,” Yoongi mumbled dejectedly. “Days like today make the loneliness so much more apparent even though Valentine's Day is literally about companies selling as much candy, chocolate, and roses as they possibly can.”

“Don't let one stupid commercial holiday throw you off. I mean, you and that girl who kissed you would have broken up a week after Valentine’s Day.”

“Doesn’t mean I wanted her to kiss me.”
“Don’t get me wrong, though. I never said what she did was okay and well, you’d think that other omegas might have a little bit of human decency left for their fellow brethren.”

“Thank you.”

“And you know, you shouldn’t feel pressured to go out with the first alpha you meet.”

“Since you seem to be much more enlightened than me, what do you suggest I do?”

“I’m pretty sure that essay you wrote fried your brain and that’s why you’re not thinking straight,” Kihyun teased, playfully nudging him with his elbow. In response, Yoongi lightly shoved at his chest in a weak attempt to put some distance between them but this only motivated his fellow omega to cling to him even harder in an attempt to completely violate his personal space.

“Yah, stop teasing me and just say what you were gonna say!”

“Aww, you’re always so cute when you get grumpy!”

“I’m grumpy because you’re messing with me and I don’t like it! Weren’t you supposed to be all-seeing, all knowing?” Yoongi grumbled in defeat, crossing his arms over his chest with a huff.

“Ahh, Yoongi, you need to learn to lighten up!”

“I would if you’d fucking give me some advice!”

“Okay, okay! When I said you shouldn’t just go out with the first alpha you meet, I said that because the first guy you meet is most likely not going to be the man of your dreams. If you’re so lucky to have that happen to you, then more power to you but don’t feel like you gotta put out for anybody if they don’t seem worth it.”

“And how would I do that?”

“Give your friendship with Prince Charming a little time to stew so you can see if he's a psycho. Don't worry, the crazy will come out if it's in there and then you'll have saved yourself a lot of time by not dating a psycho.”

“Hmph, that's some sound advice. Except…”

“Hmm?”

“What if he's really good at hiding his crazy side?”

“Other people will tell you,” Kihyun chuckled, sounding far too amused for Yoongi's liking.

“Really?”

“Mhm, if somebody’s a dick, there’s no reason why people wouldn’t tell you what they disliked about them. It’s in our nature to trash-talk about other people, even if it’s tiny, miniscule things that piss us off.”

“Sounds like you’re just as bitter as me, Kihyun.”

“I sound bitter to you?”

“Mhm…”
“Well, I’m not. I’m just being real.”

“Ah, so we’re two kinds of people? You’re the optimist and I’m the pessimist?”

“I guess?”

“Sounds like you’re having a difficult time agreeing with me.”

“I just… I don’t think you’re that much of a pessimist. I get why you feel the way you do, though, but maybe things will start looking up for you sooner or later.”

“Hook me up with somebody and maybe they will.”

“I’ll leave that to you.”

“Ah, so you’re leaving me to fly Han Solo?”

“First rule of single Pringle-ism: you should never play matchmaker for anybody, not even yourself.”

“What? Then if you won’t do it for yourself, who’s gonna do it for you?”

“Cupid,” Kihyun bluntly replied, while Yoongi couldn’t resist the urge to scoff and roll his eyes.

“You’re an idiot.”

“Hmph, that’s rude!”

“It’s sorta-kind true.”

“Well, you’re sorta-kind wrong.”

“I’m sorta-kind never wrong,” Yoongi boasted, to which Kihyun rolled his eyes.

“Well, that sorta-kind sounds like bullshit.”

“I sorta-kind don’t know how to come back from that.”

“I guess you sorta-kind played yourself.”

“I sorta-kind have to agree with you.”

“Well, regardless, I sorta-kind-really enjoyed your company tonight,” Kihyun chuckled, snapping Yoongi out of his thoughts as he looked up, realizing that they had made it back to campus and were currently standing in front of the beta/omega dorm and he could feel his heart sinking.

*Wasn’t expecting the day to be over soon and… I wasn’t expecting to be sad about it, either,* Yoongi thought, though he forced himself to put on a brave face in front of Kihyun rather than give off the impression that he was even mildly upset.

“Take care of yourself, you single Pringle.”

“Y-yeah, you too!” Yoongi couldn’t help but laugh, though he caught himself clinging to Kihyun as he was pulled into a hug. Was it for warmth and perhaps for comfort, he didn’t know. Still, he found his friend’s embrace too welcoming to let go even when he was more than sure that their hug had lasted far too long to be comfortable or even of an acceptable duration of time even between friends.

*Can’t remember the last time somebody hugged me like this,* he thought, feeling tears stinging his
eyelids. *Makes me wish I had somebody to hold me tight and kiss me and make me feel like I’m not alone in this world.*

“Thanks for tonight, Kihyun,” Yoongi mumbled gratefully, forcing himself to smile even though he felt like curling up into a ball and crying until his lungs burned for air.

He couldn't do it here in front of Kihyun, not when he felt like he'd already more than overburdened his fellow “single Pringle” with his neediness and desperation for comfort that he just wasn't equipped to give him.

“Sure, anytime. Try and get some sleep tonight, okay?”

“Y-yeah, okay. See you later,” Yoongi said, flashing his friend one last smile before he shut the door and went over to his bed, where Mr. Cinnabun was sitting propped up against his lumpy pillow, bed unmade.

*Hey, Mr. Cinnabun, did you miss me?* he silently asked his bunny as he crawled into bed with him, clutching him to his chest like he was afraid somebody would take him away. If anybody ever did, he’d fight tooth and nail for his favorite plushie, which served as an active reminder to him of his and Seokjin’s friendship, which was surprisingly going strong despite the elder's relationship with Namjoon.

To his credit, Seokjin never let that get in the way of their friendship and didn't bore him with the details, which Yoongi considered a major plus since anybody else would have talked his ear off about their mate, who couldn't possibly be less interesting than a pet rock.

*I hope you had a good Valentine's Day, Seokjin. You deserved it.*

He knew the elder would never hear him until he actually spoke his mind -- not that he had any intention of doing so -- but the sentiment was there and that’s all that mattered, right? He had nothing against Seokjin’s relationship or even anything against Namjoon -- wait, actually, that wasn’t one-hundred-percent true; he *still* didn’t like Namjoon’s guts -- but he liked seeing his friend happy. If anybody deserved happiness, it was Seokjin and even though he wasn't as lucky with love, he couldn't not be happy for his best friend.

And to Yoongi, that was more than enough.
Seokjin had gained an appreciation for how hotel rooms had become a cozy, welcome, and blissfully shameless part of their relationship, sparing them the agony and embarrassment of intruders walking in on them or having to limit their sexual escapades to bathrooms and dark closets. As he stepped out of the bathroom and walked back over to the bed where Namjoon was sprawled out, completely unabashed in his nakedness, which was exactly the kind of comfort their temporary homes-away-from-home afforded them.

“You remind me of the ocean.”

“That came out of nowhere but tell me more,” Namjoon chuckled. As he sat up, wearing such a proud, adorable smirk Seokjin had ever seen on him and feeling pride from knowing that he was the reason for the grin on his alpha’s face, he kissed the corner of his mouth and Seokjin could only push indulge him further.

“I can only think of you when I see azure-colored water that’s clear as crystal and it makes me so happy that it’s almost summertime because, as soon as we catch up on sleep, I want to go to the beach as often as possible.”

“I think we can work something out with our job schedules.”

“Good thing we’re not scheduled to work every single day,” Seokjin laughed, mostly out of relief. “I mean, don’t get me wrong, money is nice but relaxing on the beach with my alpha tops that a hundred times over.”

“I have to admit, I’m feeling pretty torn between work and you as well,” Namjoon couldn’t help but laugh along with him. “I’m not looking forward to going to work four days a week but on the bright side, I’ll have money to pay off my loans and to spoil you with.”

“Pay off your loans first, Joonie. Gifts can wait.”

“Don’t be silly, I’m still gonna buy you stuff every now and then.”

“That’s really sweet of you, Joonie, but please make becoming debt free your first priority and gift-giving your second. There will be time for presents later.”

“Okay… I guess I’ll have to get creative with my gifts,” Namjoon huffed while pretending to pout. He then rolled over onto his belly and sat up, weight resting on his knees and hands on the pillow, framing the sides of his lover’s head before he leaned down and kissed him sweet on the lips, allowing Seokjin to taste something that reminded him of strawberries and the alpha himself.

“Endorphins help ease pain, you know,” Namjoon playfully growled in his ear, lightly scraping his teeth over the shell of his omega’s ear.

“Mm, give me a little more time, horndog. I’m still feeling a little sore,” Seokjin pretended to grumble, though there was some truth to his words.

Namjoon had done a number on him and while he didn’t mind the finger-shaped bruises decorating his hips and hickeys speckling his collarbones and neck, his hips felt sore and painkillers sounded
pretty good right about now but he couldn’t be bothered to reach for the bottle sitting on the dresser next to the bed at the moment. He heard him scoff out a laugh and looked over at Namjoon in time to see his lips curve back into a lovely smile that showed off his sparkly, perfect, white teeth and accentuated the lovely apples of his cheeks.

“How cute? I’m flattered.”

“As you should be. Your hips are so good…”

“Well, you know what they say about hips…”

“No, what do they say?”

“They don’t lie.”

“Yours most certainly don’t,” Seokjin laughed.

“That’s only because you know all my secrets,” Namjoon joked.

“You think so? Well, tell me something you’ve never mentioned.”

“Well, one thing I’ve never mentioned is… I’m an atheist,” Namjoon answered after spending a few moments pondering.

“Really? You’ve never told me that.”

“Well, this is the first time we’ve had pillow talk,” Seokjin heard him comment, though he quickly became distracted by a sudden, quiet buzzing coming from behind him.

“You forgot to put your phone on silent,” Namjoon pointed out. Seokjin uttered out a bashful apology and swiped it off the dresser, taking a moment to stuff it into his backpack where it sat on the other side of the room, knowing for a fact that even if it started buzzing like the world was ending, they wouldn’t be able to hear it nor would it disturb them.

“Now, where were we?”

“Dishing secrets like two teenage girls at a sleepover.”

“Ah, right… so when did you become an atheist? And if you know the answer, why?”

“I’d say the earliest I can remember not believing in that stuff is when I was in high school and I think the reason why I strayed away from religion altogether is because…” Namjoon paused for a moment to catch his breath and reorganize his thoughts and Seokjin waited patiently. “I don’t see the value in believing that your destiny is something that’s been predetermined by some higher being when, in reality, the only thing that’s responsible for determining your fate is yourself and your own actions.”

“Huh… that makes a lot of sense.”

“You’re okay with me being an atheist?”

“Joonie, I could care less about religion,” Seokjin laughed. “I mean, I’m just non-religious but I can understand and respect your beliefs.”

“So you’d be okay with raising our kids without any kind of religion?”
“Yeah, I’d be perfectly fine with it!” Seokjin agreed enthusiastically. He leaned in, sneaking a kiss to the corner of Namjoon’s mouth, near his lovely dimple and once he’d processed his alpha’s words, he said, “You want kids?”

“Maybe one,” Namjoon shrugged.

“Just one?”

“Yeah, I think I’d want have one little cutie to spoil rotten.”

“Aww, that would be cute. Would you be okay with two, maybe?”

“Do you want two kids?”

“Yeah, I kind of do…”

“I think I’d make an exception for you,” Namjoon cooed as he leaned in close, nuzzling his nose with his omega’s. “I mean, two mini-Jinnies are better than one, right?”

“Wow, that’s a sick rhyme.”

“I can’t tell if you’re roasting me or being genuine.”

“Does it really matter? You’re super cute,” Seokjin teased as he leaned in, kissing the tip of his nose and watching in adoration as Namjoon’s lips curled back into a smirk.

“I guess I am. You’re pretty cute, too.”

“Why thank you. And wouldn’t you say we’re the cutest power couple ever?”

“Compared to… who?”

“Kanye and Kim,” Seokjin blurted out without thinking. He didn’t care for them but they were the first couple to come to mind and he wasted no time in mentioning them rather than leaving Namjoon waiting a million years for a reply that might not have come otherwise.

His alpha looked equally impressed and almost flattered by his response and Seokjin couldn’t help but feel pleased for being the reason that Namjoon suddenly had stars in his eyes and an unbreakable grin on his lovely lips.

“Huh, I like that comparison a lot.”

“I’m way hotter than Kim, though,” he proudly proclaimed, puffing his chest out to make himself appear much bolder than his sleepiness currently allowed him to be. He wasn’t sure if he looked ridiculous or like he was trying too hard but any and all doubts faded away as he heard Namjoon laugh.

“A million times hotter,” Namjoon chuckled in agreement as he leaned in to kiss the tip of his nose, setting his cheeks ablaze with warmth.

“So… would you want to get married?”

“Whoa… you wanna get married?”

“I love you a lot,” Seokjin admitted, “and I feel like we have something so good that I’d never want to lose. I’d want to get married as soon as possible.”
He sat up and shuffled closer until he was sitting in his alpha’s lap, relishing in the feeling of skin on skin, so sticky and warm and yet, he wanted more and more of it. Their bodies were still somewhat sticky because they couldn't be bothered to take the time to shower just yet but since they weren’t in a rush to go anywhere, it could wait.

“Let’s get married,” Seokjin whispered as he cupped Namjoon’s cheeks and pulled him in for a kiss.

“When?” Namjoon purred.

“As soon as possible.”

“Gotta get engaged first, Jinnie.”

“Well, then, let’s get engaged!”

“When should we get engaged?”

“I don’t think we don’t have to rush but I definitely want to get engaged to you, preferably by next summer.”

“Next summer? What about this summer?” Namjoon cooed as he pecked him on the nose, grinning wide.

“This summer sounds nice,” Seokjin hummed, finding himself more than welcome to the idea of Namjoon getting down on one knee and giving him a shiny ring. And he planned on doing the same in return but in a more extravagant manner involving fireworks, shiny balloons, and an elaborate candlelight dinner in the gazebo in his parents’ backyard.

“This summer, it is.”

“I’ll be looking forward to it, Joonie.”

“What about our wedding?”

“Nah, I just want a courthouse wedding.”

“Seriously? My lovely, extra-as-fuck omega doesn’t at least want a small wedding in your parents’ fancy backyard? I mean, let’s be real, your mom’s rose bushes would be a perfect backdrop for a summer wedding, wouldn’t you say?”

“Yeah, I guess you’re right about that,” Seokjin chuckled in agreement. He ran his hands over Namjoon’s broad, smooth chest and down his arms until he was able to tangle their fingers together, relishing in the feeling of his alpha’s long, warm fingers waffled with his own.

He liked the thought of him and Namjoon dressing up in matching dress shirts and slacks, with his alpha wearing overall straps just because of how good he would look, and sharing kisses in the rose garden before having their wedding ceremony.

“We could hire a photographer and be super hands-on with our wedding, y’know? We can cook everything and invite only our closest friends and family members for a nice dinner and a short ceremony.”

“Can we have pancakes with nutella as one of the dishes?”

“Baby, we can have every kind of pancakes you want: American, crepes, hotteok, jeon, poffertjes, you name it!”
“Let’s have a pancake wedding! And I want my wedding ring to be a pancake!”

“A diamond pancake?”

“Ohh… that would be amazing!” Seokjin sang, throwing his head back and throwing his arms high above his head in celebration. He then lunged forward, throwing his arms around Namjoon’s shoulders and sending them both tumbling into the sheets.

“I’ll find you the prettiest diamond-studded pancake ring in the whole world, just for you because I love you so much,” Namjoon purred as he leaned in, lovingly pecking the corner of his mouth, his voice so soft like honey that Seokjin was sure he could just fall asleep in his arms right then and there.

He would have felt perfectly content with doing exactly that but he wanted Namjoon's input about his ring, seeing as they were still on the topic of rings and of course, pancakes.

“What about you? What kind of ring do you want?”

“Hmmm… something pretty but simple.”

“Ahh, simple rings for a simple man with a simple plan.”

“Sick rhyme,” Namjoon complimented with a laugh and even though he could tell he was teasing, Seokjin could only grin proudly before nuzzling noses with his alpha, already feeling so warm from that alone that he didn't need the blankets at all. Then again, who needed blankets to keep warm when he preferred his alpha's lithe body and the heat it provided a million times over.

*I feel so safe and cherished in your arms,* Seokjin thought, tucking his head under Namjoon's chin as he closed his eyes so he could rest them for a little while. *Thank you for being the best mate, the best boyfriend, and the best alpha ever.*

“You ever thought about becoming a rapper?”

“Nah, that’s your job,” Seokjin chuckled.

“I just dabble.”

“Aw, you’re so modest! You’re so good, you have no idea!”

“You’re always so nice to me.”

“I’m just being honest, Joonie. You’re seriously the best producer ever.”

“Maybe not the best,” the alpha chuckled, “but if you say so…”

“I know so, Joonie. Whether you get into producing or business once you graduate, I’ll be proud of you and support you no matter what.”

“I’m not sure what I’m gonna do yet after I graduate but knowing that you support me so much makes my life so much easier. Not every alpha is that lucky.”

“I think the fact that we’ll have a lovely house to move into after graduation is going to make things so much better.”

“Speaking of which, why are your parents giving you a house?”
“It’s just something my parents were saving up for so that I could have someplace to live after college.”

“How could they afford that?”

“My parents have some money and they’re renting out the house to some tenants. There’s money to be made and my parents didn’t see the point in letting the place rot.”

“And why did your brother say no to the house?”

“He didn’t. And well, there’s two units in the house so it’s more like they’re apartments. They both have two floors and three rooms each -- plenty of room, if you ask me -- and we already settled on the units.”

“Your parents are really cool.”

“Yeah, they are. I guess they thought omegas would have a harder time finding a good place to live without getting taken advantage of by crummy landlords. It’s a little sexist but… hey, I got a nice place to live out of it.”

“Man, I wish I had your parents,” Namjoon chuckled. “Mine paid for one year of college, scholarships paid for another, and I’m stuck paying for the last two years by myself. And I have to find my own place to live once I save up enough money to move out.”

“Well, you can’t have my parents. That would make us siblings and frankly, I like fucking you way too much to ever consider you my brother.”

“I’m not sure if I should be creeped out or flattered.”

“Just show your gratitude by not overthinking it too much.”

“Okay, okay, I’m not gonna overthink it.”

“And you can move in with me,” Seokjin giggled excitedly. His eyes glittered like stars and even though he felt like he was going to go blind, Namjoon continued to gaze into his pretty, brown pools until he felt himself going cross-eyed.

“I like the sound of that.”

“You’re really okay with that?”

“I don’t really buy into the bullshit ‘omega moves in with the alpha who owns the house after they get married’ trope,” Namjoon scoffed. “If you have a nice place where we can live together and potentially-hopefully raise our children, then I’m all for it.”

“I’m so glad you’re not a stereotypical alpha. Really, I’m so glad.”

“And with us for parents, our kids are going to be the happiest in the whole world, wouldn’t you say?”

“Oh, yes, they will,” Seokjin agreed wholeheartedly.

“What name would you want to give our soon-to-be-real babies?”

“Soon-to-be-real? Are you planning to knock me up?”
“Not until after we graduate,” Namjoon reassured him, “but c’mon, let’s bounce off ideas for baby names.”

“Well… what about Kyungjoon?”

“Hmm, that’s interesting. And what about… Hanseok?”

“Aw, that’s a cute name. Let’s go with both of those and… and let’s have three babies! Two boys and a girl!”

“In that order?”

“Doesn’t have to be in that order as long as we get two handsome boys and a cute little girl,” Seokjin shrugged. “You’d be such a great dad, you know that?”

“You think our kids would like me?”

“Hell yeah, they would. They would love having such an organized, gentle giant for a father that they can always come to for anything and everything. Gosh, you’d be the best at giving advice to our babies and steering them down the right path and just being a good, solid rock for them to lean on.”

“Is that what I am? A rock?”

“Yeah, a giant, sturdy rock carved from pearly, black marble into an Adonis. My Adonis.”

“If I’m Adonis, then you’re Aphrodite by extension.”

“That’s the real power couple, wouldn’t you say?”

“500 B.C. kids remember,” Namjoon joked, throwing his head back in laughter.

“Ahhh, you’re such a dork!” Seokjin teased, pinching his cheeks.

“And your dad jokes aren’t dorky?”

“I’ll have you know that I won awards for having the best dad jokes and you’d best be jealous!”

“I’m so jealous I’ve turned into jello.”

“If this is what sex does to you, then I want to sleep with you forever.”


He grabbed his omega by the hips and rolled them over so he was straddling him and Seokjin was lying under him, hair billowing onto the pillows like a pastel pink halo that seemed to glitter with flecks of gold, courtesy of the sunlight filtering in from the open window, and he was suddenly convinced that his lover was an angel incarnate. After all, who else had an infectious smile so bright that he would have been more than happy going blind? The answer was easy: nobody besides Seokjin.

*Hell, I don’t believe in gods, angels, or any of that crap but you’d be the only person who could change my mind and I’d be okay with that.*

“I love you, Jinnie.”

“I love you, too, Joonie.”
Chapter End Notes

Don't forget to leave comments :)
Yoongi felt dazed as he came to, head pounding.

It felt like somebody was hammering a nail into his skull in hopes of splitting it open and he was sure his head was going to explode. Darkness fringed his vision and he could hear alarms echoing in the distance combined with shouting and screams that caused his head to pound with an awful headache. He squinted as he tried to open his eyes, which was difficult because they felt so heavy and his body ached all over, preventing him from moving even an inch despite how desperate he was to roll over and get off the concrete, which felt freezing against his back.

_Gonna get sick…_

He couldn’t get himself to move even though he desperately wanted to get himself off the ground so he could limp back into bed and sleep until his head and body no longer ached.

Pain killers were definitely in order. Now, if only he could get up…

When he finally opened his eyes, a tire tread was the last thing he saw before darkness fell over him and the world fell silent.

Yoongi didn’t know how much time passed before he awoke again, this time finding himself in a too-bright room that felt almost freezing even though a fairly heavy blanket had been draped over him. It smelled of nothing and vaguely reminded him of hospitals, disinfectants, and sickness and the presence of the woman standing by his bed and dressed in a crisp, white lab coat did little to comfort him. If anything, it had set off alarm bells in his head and his heart was _thump-thumping_ in his chest as he struggled to wrap his head around what had landed him in the hospital and so, he croaks out,

“What happened?”

“You were brought here after you passed out.”

“How’d I pass out?”

“You got run over in a hit-and-run. And frankly, I’m relieved your concussion isn’t worse.”

“Should I be worried?” Yoongi mumbled groggily.

Between the pain meds and his wounded shoulder, he could barely think straight and it felt like the doctor was talking to him through a tank filled with water, making it difficult for Yoongi to comprehend much other than he’d been run over in a hit-and-run and the scumbag who’d done it was already long gone.

“For now, no. You should recover just fine but we’ll continue to monitor you throughout the week,” the doctor informed him, though her words provided little reassurance to him.

_Just my luck, right?_

He felt deflated and wound up all at the same time, too strung out to know what to do next. A million thoughts were coursing through his mind, all of them revolving around the accident, the accident, the accident—the accident—the accident… and only when he heard his phone buzzing nearby did his tumultuous thoughts slow. Yoongi could feel his muscles screaming at him to stop struggling to grab his phone when it was obvious that he wouldn’t reach it in time to answer the call from--
“Hey, Auntie…”

“Yoongi! You’re alive!”

“I got into an accident…”

“I know,” she said and for a moment, Yoongi was left stuck pondering how she could have known before he’d even told her. And then, he remembered that he’d listed her as his emergency contact since, unlike Yeonwoo, who was always busy working overseas, she was actually readily available.

I’m really sorry that you’re hurt and I’ve let your parents know what’s happened.”

“What’d they say?”

“To feel better soon.”

“Yeah, thanks,” Yoongi mumbled before hanging up without saying goodbye to his aunt, forcefully tapping on the red end call button far too more times than necessary before he allowed his good arm, which held his phone, to fall limp on the mattress.

He wanted to throw it across the room but he was in too much pain even with morphine pumping through his bloodstream to do such a stupid thing that would also be so therapeutic, especially as he imagined his phone as a placeholder for the faces of his parents and maybe even that bastard who ran him over.

‘Feel better soon?’ That’s all they’ve got to say to me? Yoongi wanted to shout.

I wonder what would happen if I just threw myself away? Would anybody notice if I was gone? I mean, I’m not doing anything remarkable by attending classes at that expensive-ass university and nobody really loves me so what’s left for me? I mean, my own parents know I’m lying in pieces at the hospital and they don’t care…

Two soft pings pulled him out of his thoughts, momentarily distracting him from his destructive tirade and it took him a few moments to muster the energy and motivation to lift his phone up, mostly because he wasn’t in the mood to subject himself to another round of disappointment so soon after the shock that was finding out his parents were well-aware that he’d gotten into an accident and the one time he was more than willing to set aside grudges and differences in hopes of getting some kind of comfort and perhaps closure, it just blew right up in his face.

Why do I even bother trying anymore?

He could barely see the notification on his otherwise horribly-cracked phone screen but staring at it for a few moments helped him decipher what his phone was trying -- keyword: trying -- to tell him, eventually coming to the conclusion that he’d received two texts from somebody. Who, he wasn’t sure he wanted to find out.

Part of him didn’t want to read the texts he’d received lest he experience more disappointment but he figured he couldn’t be any more disappointed than he already was and decided to bite the bullet. To his joy and relief, one text was from Seokjin…

Seokjin
[Sent at 7:10 P.M.]
Oh, no! I’ll be there soon!

...and the other, to his immense surprise, was from his brother.

**Yeonwoo**

[Sent at 7:16 P.M.]
Hey, I just got off the plane and heard what happened to you. I’ll be at the hospital ASAP!!! Just hang in there, Yoongs!

*At least Yeonwoo loves me. And Seokjin, too…* Yoongi thought, snapping out of his thoughts as he felt his phone vibrating in his hand.

(Incoming call from Eomma)

He considered just letting it go to voicemail but his optimistic side, which dared to use what few *good* childhood experiences he had as a reason to cling to hope that his mother loved him and was on her way this very minute, and prompted him to slide his thumb over the screen and answer the call.

“Hello?”

“Yoongi, I want to talk.”

But it took no less than three seconds before Yoongi’s optimistic side was taken over by the angry, vengeful, and cynical side he could relate to and more often than not sided with because it was easier blowing up on people who repeatedly hurt him and never learned to consider his feelings.

“Talk? You wanna fucking talk after you refused to come see me in the hospital?”

“I wanted to!”

“Yeah, right. You don’t care about me.”

“No, *I do* care about you, which is why I wanted to ask: how are you doing, sweetie?”

“I’m angry and hurting all over and--”

“Everything’s going to be okay--”
“And any other woman would have rushed to the hospital to see with her own eyes that her child was alright but the fact that you had to relay a message through Auntie Hayoon made me realize how little you actually care about me!”

“Stop putting words in my mouth! I never said I didn't love you!”

“Actions speak louder than words! Where have you been for the past two years of my life? Oh, that’s right, at home in Daegu twiddling your thumbs and waiting for me to come home like I'm a stupid runaway!”

“Speaking of which, when are you coming home?”

“If you tell me that you divorced Dad, I’ll be home in a heartbeat.”

“Yoongi, you’re asking me to choose between you and your father. Do you realize how unfair that is to me?”

“Yeah, you can’t get another husband but you can always make another kid, right?” Yoongi scoffed, rolling his eyes. “I can't believe you’re making me decide between my own happiness and returning to that hellhole!”

“Yoongi, can’t we talk about this like a family?”

“You don’t love me, do you?”

“That’s not true! Yoongi, you really think that?”

“You let him abuse me for years.”

“How did he abuse you?”

“What, you don’t know? He forced me to take suppressants--”

“That was for your safety!”

“Oh, yeah, practically shoving pills down my throat was all for my 'safety’ and had nothing to do with his desire to control me and punish me for being born an omega.”

“Nobody is upset at you for being an omega. What, you think we cared about that?”

“You weren’t there when he said that he was disappointed I showed as an omega and called me useless. Is that something a loving father says?”

“Yoongi--”

“You know what? Forget it. I can see you’re on his side but just know that if I end up being unable to have children, it’ll all be yours and Dad’s fault.”

And then, he hung up, pressing the red End Call button with way more force than he needed just to set a point even though there was nobody to bear the brunt of his anger.

That, and Seokjin and Yeonwoo arrived seemingly within minutes of each other, Seokjin rushing into the room first with Namjoon stumbling after him like a little puppy and Yeonwoo following suit not long after, still dressed in his pilot’s uniform and looking like he’d seen a ghost, which was completely uncharacteristic even for a man as calm as him but even he had his moments of immense stress and panic, Yoongi realized. After all, Yeonwoo was so pale that he looked like he’d seen a
ghost and Seokjin and Namjoon weren’t too far behind when it came to their skin bearing a ghostly pallor, either.

“Are you okay, Yoongi?”

“Yeah, perfectly fine except for my fucked-up shoulder,” said omega joked, though his attempt at making a joke didn’t impress anyone.

“Jesus Christ, you nearly gave me a heart attack!”

“That’s a really bad sign since you’re a pilot. Aren’t you supposed to have a rock-solid, clean bill of health?” Yoongi taunted, earning some serious stink-eye from Yeonwoo, who did not look pleased with his joke.

“You keep it up and I’ll be in the grave by tomorrow.”

“Don’t worry, I’m grounded ‘til Friday. Supposedly.”

“That’s when you're getting discharged?”

“Yeah, the doctors said they want to observe me for a few days before they release me.”

“Well, that'll give me just enough time to prep my apartment.”

“Wait, what are you talking about?”

“You're moving in with me, no ands, ifs, or buts.”

“I have to agree with your brother,” Seokjin said, speaking up for the first time in several minutes and nearly causing Yoongi’s skeleton to leap out of his skin from a mixture of shock and whiplash.

“You need a lot of time and care to recover properly.”

“B-but what about you?”

“You can come hang out with me at my house as soon as your shoulder heals.”

“Are you Seokjin?” Yeonwoo asked the young man sitting by Yoongi's bedside, disrupting their conversation when he sensed an opening to butt in, seeing as Yoongi was currently wrestling with a half-hearted protest that had gotten stuck in his throat in hopes that maybe, just maybe, he’d be allowed to sleep over with him like he’d been doing for the past winter and summer break.

“The one and only. Nice to meet you finally,” said omega affirmed.

“Yeah, likewise.”

“Hello, gentlemen, I’m Doctor Hwang,” a woman, perhaps in her late thirties or early forties, announced as she strode into the room, prompting Yoongi’s visitors to stand up and bow to her in greeting. “You’re more than welcome to stay with Yoongi as long as you don’t make too much noise and I’d like to remind you of our visiting hours, which require you to leave by eight. Now, Yoongi, are you feeling?”

“Can I talk to you outside for a second?” Seokjin asked Yeonwoo, tapping his shoulder to get his attention before they both got up and excused themselves from the room.

Seokjin led Yeonwoo over to the elevators, deeming it a good location to have their conversation because he didn’t want Yoongi, Namjoon, or the attending doctor to overhear. Yeonwoo looked
tired and impatient, clearly wishing he was back in the room with his brother and Seokjin didn’t blame him but there was also a nagging question that he desperately needed answering.

“Where are his parents, if you don’t mind me asking?”

“At home in Daegu,” Yeonwoo replied a little too calmly. It almost sounded mechanical, practiced and robotic, but Seokjin figured that it was just a practiced response the Min brothers used to avoid going off about their parents to somebody who might not be sympathetic to their pain. He could see the facade Yeonwoo so skillfully put up in an attempt -- a rather good one, at that -- to make everything look less concerning than they actually were.

Is it really that bad between Yoongi and his parents that they won't even come see him in the hospital when he's injured? Do they really expect him to come home and apologize to them before they're willing to be civil again?

He only hoped Yeonwoo wasn't going to force Yoongi into seeing their parents and apologizing for something that didn't warrant it but it didn’t seem very likely that he was going to force Yoongi into anything that didn’t revolve around a speedy recovery. After all, healing was the top priority right now and considering how Yoongi’s body had taken quite a beating in the past year, rest and relaxation was the only thing he should be doing but Yeonwoo seemed to have taken that to heart.

“Once he's discharged, I'm gonna take him back to my apartment in Incheon and hopefully he'll heal just fine.”

“He's so lucky to have you for a brother.”

“You think so? I could have done more for him, I think.”

“You’ve done a lot for him,” Seokjin praised. “And Yoongi really appreciates it even if he hasn’t said it out loud.”

“I’m really glad to know that. Our parents have basically abandoned him and… to be honest, I’m just glad he didn’t think I gave up on him, too.”

“He told me that he appreciated you protecting him when he was younger and… his dad was forcing him to abuse suppressants.”

“Yeah, well, I don’t think I did enough but… I guess it's better than nothing. Better than our mom, that's for sure.”

“Damn… it's not really any of my business or my place to say but… did they abandon him before he even ran away?”

“Yeah, pretty much. They just saw him as an extra source of income and expected him to take care of them but… they should have taken care of him. He was their kid, too, after all.”

“Can’t say that I blame Yoongi for feeling the way he did,” Seokjin mumbled, turning his head away from Yeonwoo when he felt tears brimming at the corners of his eyes.

Just the thought of Yoongi being emotionally beaten down by his parents, having measly paychecks ripped right from his hands, and not receiving the love he deserved from the two people who were supposed to raise him up, not beat him down, made him want to cry. He couldn’t even begin to imagine himself in Yoongi’s place but his eyes had turned watery and refused to cooperate with him even as he willed them to stop, leaving him teetering on the verge of bursting into tears even though it was the last thing he wanted.
Did they have him just so they could have an extra source of income? Not because they loved him or wanted a second baby? I can’t even begin to imagine how lonely he must have felt even with Yeonwoo at his side…

The thought of Yoongi growing up in a cold, mostly loveless world that didn’t care for him except when he could offer something in return made Seokjin’s heart ache and he wanted nothing more than to scoop that little boy up into his arms and shield him from everything that was wrong in his life so that, at the very least, he knew that there were people who weren’t his parents but adored him nonetheless. Unfortunately, there was nothing he could do to make up for all the things that went wrong in Yoongi’s past but looking forward, he knew the younger was going to need help and companionship while his shoulder healed.

“Yeah, well, there’s nothing I can do now except be there for him the best I can. C’mon, we should head back.”

“Y-yeah…” Seokjin mumbled, wiping away his tears as soon as Yeonwoo had turned around, not wanting to come off as emotional in front of this stranger that he barely knew.

_I just want to cuddle up in Namjoon’s arms and cry…_ he thought, though it would have to wait until they got back to campus. Unfortunately, the hotel was out of the question since they had already checked out hours ago but now, Seokjin found himself wishing that he could be back with Namjoon in that lovely, quiet, strawberry-scented room, where the world didn’t exist nor did any of their problems and the only people who mattered were each other.

“Hey, we’re back,” Yeonwoo announced as they stepped back into the hospital room. “Hello, Doctor.”

“Ah, I’m glad you’re back because I think it’s important that you hear this,” s Yoongi, you sustained a pretty nasty concussion but your general motor function is good and your pupillary light reflex is satisfactory. We’ll continue monitoring you for the next few days and hopefully, we’ll see more improvement.”

“So I’m not getting out on Friday?”

“I can’t guarantee anything right now but I’ll keep you updated. Just take it easy for the next few days, okay?”

“Okay,” Yoongi grumbled, though he didn’t look awfully pleased with the news.

There was nothing he could do, though, and while the doctor appeared sympathetic to his suffering from a medical practitioner's perspective, she clearly had no plans on releasing him before she deemed him ready. On the bright side, it gave Yeonwoo more than a few days to figure out how to rearrange his apartment to accommodate him to ensure he healed just fine and gave Yoongi a few days off before he had to venture back to school to finish up the last of his assignments and pass whatever finals he was scheduled to take.

Sensing that the Min brothers craved some time alone, Seokjin tapped Namjoon’s shoulder to get his attention and motioned for him to get up, the two of them making sure to say goodbye to Yoongi and his brother, and left the room.

“So how did this happen?” Yeonwoo asked as he sat himself down in the chair by his brother’s bed, resting his chin on his closed fist as he stared at his little brother’s face, as if searching his features for any signs that could tell him who had put his brother in the hospital and more importantly, why.
"Please tell me you didn’t go too far and pick a fight with the wrong person," Yeonwoo silently begged.

"Got run over, I guess."

"You mean you don’t know?"

"I passed out. Woke up here."

"Damn, so it’s worse than I thought."

"I’m fine!" Yoongi insisted.

"You hit your head on the concrete! You’re not fine!"

"Keep your voices down," a nurse snapped at them as she poked her head into the room, leaving just as quickly as she’d appeared.

"Look, I’m sorry," Yeonwoo stuttered, taking to nervously running his fingers through his disheveled, greasy locks as he struggled to calm himself down. "I was just worried you were extremely hurt… or worse, dead!"

"Gotta try harder than that to get rid of me," Yoongi teased.

"That’s not funny."

"Geez, I was just kidding."

♦♦♦

"You look upset."

Seokjin offered him a slight shrug as he tried to blink away his tears and even though they were already back at campus, safe and sound in Namjoon’s dorm room and snuggled up together under the sheets. It took him a few moments to gather his thoughts and decide what he was going to say first because everything he’d learned from Yeonwoo today had left him feeling bitter and even more resentful of Yoongi’s parents than usual. He hadn’t realized until now just how bad Yoongi had had it growing up and it made him sick to his stomach.

"Yoongi’s brother told me about their parents," he mumbled. "And…"

"And?"

"And he’s… Namjoon, he’s been abused pretty much all his life… a-and what’s gonna happen when he graduates? Is he going to go back home to his parents, where they’ll probably tell him that he wasted four years of his life and they’ll keep him hostage for his paycheck and--"

"Jinnie, nothing’s gonna happen to Yoongi, okay? We’ll take him in and he can live with us,“ Namjoon reassured him in that soft, gentle voice of his that reminded him of honey.
“Well, that’s true…” Seokjin sniffled. “We can… we can be roommates.”

“See? There’s always a solution.”

“Now the question is: will Yoongi say yes?”

“You know he will. He wouldn’t go back to them if it’s that bad. That, or he’ll live with his brother but either way, he’ll have someplace to live while he saves up to pay off his loans and with the house paid off, we can split the bills pretty easily.”

“That’s true. As long as he’s got his own room, he won’t really care about living under the same roof as you.”

“Wow, are you roasting me again?” Namjoon pouted. “This is the second… yeah, second time today. Damn, you’re on a roll.”

“Namjoon, now’s not the time to make jokes,” Seokjin sighed dejectedly.

“I know, I know… You’re upset, but I just wanted to make you smile. Guess it didn’t work out as well as I’d hoped.”

“Thanks for trying, though.”

“Yeah, of course. Anything for you, princey.”

“And well… I guess… I guess I realized that he’s the second child and I’m the second child and I can’t imagine my parents hurting me or my brother like that.”

“Your parents and his parents are different people. The lack of money made his parents lose their minds and maybe they started off with their hearts in the right place but they eventually came to resent him since he was just an extra mouth to feed so… they forced that extra mouth to start making money and didn’t like it when he ran off.”

“It’s still so sad, though…”

“Yeah, it is…”

“Makes me wish I could have protected him. Or that somebody else was there to keep him safe.”

“Yeonwoo was there,” Namjoon reminded him and even though he knew he was right, his words had little weight as he came to realize all the reasons why the beta’s presence around Yoongi simply couldn’t be enough.

“Didn’t stop them from shoving pills down his throat and destroying his body. I mean, what if Yoongi never has kids because of the way his parents treated him?”

“I don’t think that’ll happen.”

“You sound too sure of yourself. Do you have an extra boyfriend in your pocket or something?”

“No, I don’t,” Namjoon laughed heartily, perhaps a little too much given the seriousness of the situation they were discussing, “but we’ll help him find the alpha or beta of his dreams if he doesn’t find one by himself by next summer. Remember when we agreed to that?”

“Y–yeah, I remember. He’s gonna kick our asses for trying to hook him up, though.”
“I’ll just hide behind you while you take the punches.”

“Ahh, nice, sic Yoongi on me. That’s fine, that’s fine.”

“I knew you’d understand.”

“Yeah, whatever. I love you but you’re a terrible person.”

“He’s evil to me but he tolerates you. That’s why you’re better matched to take him on.”

“Ahh, yes… an omega versus… a much tinier omega who is fueled by his hatred for the universe and could probably snap me in half with a flick of his finger. That sounds like a pretty even match-up,” Seokjin scoffed sarcastically, playfully rolling his eyes at Namjoon.

“To be fair, you could probably sling Yoongi over your shoulder like a sack of potatoes, if you really wanted.”

“Hmph, I’m flattered you think so highly of me.”

“You know I always do, princey.”
“Watch your shoulder.”

“I know, I know…”

“So are you sure you’re going to be okay?”

“Yes, I’ll be fine,” Yoongi insisted, single-handedly brushing off every single one of Seokjin’s concerned prods like he wasn’t fluttering about him like a concerned mother wanting to prevent her baby omega from getting hurt again.

Seokjin still couldn’t help but nervously eye Yoongi’s backpack, which hung precariously off his good shoulder and looked like it was on the verge of slipping off and falling to the ground. Surely it was causing pain in his spine but Seokjin couldn't bring himself to coddle Yoongi even further. At least, not without incurring his wrath.

“If you need anything, don’t hesitate to call me.”

“Thanks, I appreciate it. I think I’ll be fine, though.”

“If your brother doesn’t take good care of you--”

“Don’t worry, he will! He’s the only person in my family who still actually cares about me so it’s not like he’s going to toss me out or anything like that.”

The way Yoongi had so nonchalantly said “he’s the only person in my family who still actually cares about me” shocked Seokjin into silence and there was little he could do besides force a grin and pretend that he didn't know just how bad Yoongi had it. He'd run away from home to pursue a degree and subsequently left his parents behind in Daegu because they would only continue to hinder him if he'd stayed, the same parents who couldn't be bothered to see him in the hospital, and was stuck with a wounded shoulder that would bother him for the next several weeks until it healed. And even then, there was no guarantee that it wouldn’t continue to bother him for years to come.

“Yeonwoo will never stop caring about you,” Seokjin insisted, though he felt instantly deflated when Yoongi shrugged. Or rather, half-shrugged.

“I guess you’re right about that,” he mumbled, though Seokjin couldn’t help but notice how mechanical his words sounded. They sounded almost rehearsed, like Yoongi had repeated them over and over to himself in the mirror until he believed them.

“And Namjoon and I care about you, too, okay? We’re more than your friends, we’re family.”

“That means a lot. Thank you.”

“Yeah, of course. Take care of yourself now.”

“Will do,” Yoongi mumbled.

Then, he took his leave and stumbled off to the waiting taxi, carelessly tossing his backpack into the trunk before slipping into the back, where he somehow managed to buckle himself in even with his ruined shoulder allowing him very little range of movement. He prided himself in being able to accomplish such a feat without Yeonwoo’s help and leaned back in his seat as the taxi driver drove
off towards the airport, making sure to keep his gaze forward rather than look back at Seokjin.

He knew that, if he did, he’d end up crying and it took all of his willpower to keep the tears at bay.

_I’m so sorry, Seokjin. I wish I could have gone to Anyang with you. I’m really going to miss you and I hope we’ll remain friends when we come back from summer break._

He hated admitting it to himself but he knew his heart would shatter if Seokjin forgot about him. Or worse, if he decided their friendship wasn’t worth keeping now that the amount of contact they were going to have was going to be limited to texting unless, by some miracle, Seokjin decided he was worth the time and effort to visit in Daegu. But considering how Namjoon lived in Seoul, a mere hour away from Anyang compared to his two hours _by plane_, Yoongi doubted they would see each other at all until school started up.

_Might as well just resign myself to the fact that I’m just going to come back to school in the fall as a friendless, unlikeable piece of shit. And honestly, I wouldn’t be surprised if Seokjin just forgot about me._

After all, he had Namjoon to keep him company and no use for him, especially since he was injured and living on the other end of the country.

_Have a good summer, Seokjin._

♦♦♦

“Hey, Yoongi, do you mind going downstairs to check if there’s any mail?” Yeonwoo called from the kitchen.

Even though he was tempted to tell him no, Yoongi begrudgingly dragged himself out of the apartment, grabbing his brother’s keys on his way out, and shuffled down the stairs to the mailroom. His shoulder ached something awful and he was sure the painkillers he’d taken earlier this morning had apparently decided not to kick in on purpose, just for the sake of making him even more miserable than he already was.

_I’m sick as a dog and Yeonwoo thought it was a good idea to make me do chores?_ Yoongi grumpily thought as he stomped downstairs and all but flung the door to his brother’s mailbox open once he’d unlocked it like he was trying to protest. _I know it’s just simple shit like getting the mail but goddamn, it’s not like the mail’s going anywhere._

On the upside, it certainly beat taking exams and writing papers, all of which he’d finished a few days ago right in the nick of time to tie up the semester. He’d sloppily finished up the last of his assignments for his classes and while he received some sympathy from the professors in his major, he was sure that they weren’t going to pass him with flying colors, either. Then again, all he needed were passing scores, even if they were barely scraping past what the university considered “passing”.

But you know what? I’ll try to do better next semester, Yoongi told himself as he attempted to shift his mood, already feeling the ebbs of triumph tickling his ribs. I’ll accomplish everything I want to do, find myself an amazing boyfriend, and get a job at a recording studio while I’m still enrolled as a student!

After all, he reasoned, what was the point of wallowing in self pity? It wasn’t getting him anywhere
and his shoulder would heal with time. Fortunately for him, time was one resource he had plenty of, courtesy of being on summer break and all he had to do was learn to be patient until his cast finally came off before he could go running around with his friends once more. That is, if he still had friends six weeks down the road.

“I haven’t seen you around here before. Did you just move here?”

He was startled out of his thoughts by the sound of an unfamiliar voice and slowly, almost cautiously, Yoongi grabbed his brother’s mail and locked the mailbox before turning so he could face the person who had somehow avoided catching his attention in the tiny mail room located at the bottom of the stairs by the entrance into the building.

“Um, no. I’m just living with my brother for the summer. I was living in Seoul but I was born here,” Yoongi said as he boldly locked eyes with the alpha standing across the lobby from him and, having already retrieved his own mail, he’d clearly decided he couldn’t just go on his merry way without trying to get his attention and occupy his time interrogating him, it seemed.

“Seoul? What were you doing there?”

“I’m attending uni there,” Yoongi replied through gritted teeth, finding himself becoming quickly irritated with the unexpected onslaught of questions being thrown his way.

“Wow… so how old are you?”

“Twenty-one,” Yoongi said pointedly. *What was this guy’s deal?*

“Huh, cool. We’re the same age. My name’s Lee Jungsil.”

“Yoongi.”

“Just… Yoongi?”

“Min Yoongi.”

He was sure he was tasting poison, such awful bitterness flooding into his mouth at the mention of his surname and it took all of his willpower to swallow down the bile that was rising up his throat and maintain steady eye contact with Jungsil, wanting to avoid giving him any ideas that he might be the typical, submissive omega who cowered in fear of unfamiliar alphas and let just about anybody walk all over him. That, and Jungsil didn’t exactly come off as friendly.

His dark eyes glimmered with confidence that could just as easily pass for cockiness and he had an aura around him that warned Yoongi to be careful, lest he reach out too far and wind up getting bitten by this strange, unfamiliar alpha who came off as friendly but most certainly carried around sinister motives that he tried his best to hide until he was in a position to allow them to come to light. Deep down, Yoongi hoped he would never get himself into a situation where Jungsil’s true personality could rear its ugly head.

“Nice to meet you, Yoongi. How’d you fuck up your shoulder?”

“Got run over in a hit-and-run,” Yoongi replied nonchalantly, carefully rolling his good shoulder as he offered a whole-hearted half-shrug in hopes that he didn’t come off as too casual nor too dramatic, either. Nobody liked an overdramatic, crybaby omega, anyways.

“Huh.”
That’s all you’ve got to say? You’re a dick, Yoongi wanted to snap at him but he held his tongue in hopes that this alpha, who was about as charismatic as dirt and nowhere near as charming as he probably thought himself to be, would leave him alone and let him get back to wallowing in self-pity.

“Yeah, well… see you ‘round,” he said and hurried back upstairs to his brother’s apartment without waiting for a response from Jungsil, deciding that plopping down on the couch and watching tv was a better use of his time than entertaining some stupid alpha who probably had an omega girlfriend as well as an omega boyfriend on the side just because he thought he was such hot shit that he could afford to have a side piece and still not be held accountable for his own actions.

He just strikes me as the kind of asshole who likes to sleep around and thinks that everybody else wants to sleep with him. I’m so tired of that shit even though the last time I was in a relationship, I was barely old enough to be able to say the word and know what it really meant. Still… I wish it wasn’t so difficult being lonely, Yoongi tried to reason with himself as he flipped through the channels in search of something to watch even though it was past noon and a Saturday, meaning that any cartoons that might have been playing earlier in the day had now ended.

That, and Yeonwoo saw no reason in paying for cable, internet, and Netflix but Yoongi had no reason to complain.

Even with everything that’s happened, I’m pretty lucky to be living here, he told himself.

Sure, Yeonwoo’s apartment was incredibly cramped in certain aspects -- his bathroom was half the size of the bathroom in the dorms and could barely fit one person, a sink and toilet, and laundry basket while the smaller bedroom could barely fit the twin-sized bed that was in there and had little room for anything else except for the dresser on which Yeonwoo had set his alarm clock and the tiny closet that was built into the wall -- but made up for it in other places. The second bedroom -- his bedroom -- was decent-sized and easily fit the full-sized bed that was now his as well as all of the things he’d brought back with him from college and had enough room that he didn’t need to climb over the mountain of things belonging to him just to lay down on his bed and rest his shoulder whenever it started bothering him.

And his kitchen was narrow but long and provided more than enough room for both of them to stand side-by-side. If he needed to reach or grab something located on the other side of the kitchen, he could always step out of the kitchen and into the living room, and circle around to the other side. It was annoying at times but it certainly beat trying to squeeze past Yeonwoo with his busted shoulder and hoping that they wouldn’t collide in the tiny space they had to work with.

“So… any mail?”

“Just bills and shit,” Yoongi scoffed without looking up from his phone.

Seokjin had sent him two messages earlier this morning while he was still asleep and even though hours had passed, Yoongi still felt too tired -- and aggravated -- for reasons he couldn’t decipher at the moment. Perhaps it was Yeonwoo’s fault, perhaps it had everything to do with his ruined shoulder, and maybe, just maybe, he longed to be at Seokjin’s house instead of living with his brother in his cramped apartment.

He hated admitting it to himself but he felt robbed.

After all, he’d gained a strange sort of fondness for traveling with Seokjin to his hometown and sleeping on the couch in his bedroom for the entirety of break and to have that ripped away from him felt aggravating and upsetting, especially when all he had to show for everything was just a broken shoulder that ached consistently throughout the day and, if he hadn’t gone to the hospital to get it
fixed, would have convinced Yoongi that it had *shattered* into tiny little pieces inside his body and that there was nothing that could be done to fix him.

*If I hadn’t gotten hit, I would be in Anyang right now, I know it,* he thought bitterly. Unfortunately, life had different plans in store for him and his interests and desires had not been taken into consideration whatsoever.

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**Seokjin**

[Sent at 12:02 P.M.]

Hey, Yoongi! I just wanted to tell you that I miss you and I wish you were here, sleeping on my couch! It’s lonely without you but I hope you’re doing okay and that your shoulder is healing properly! Text me back whenever you can and maybe, when you’re feeling better, we can catch a movie? :)

*It’s too bad Daegu is a million miles away from Anyang. Otherwise, I would have gone with Seokjin-hyung to see a movie today.*

What unnerved him even more than being too far away to be able to meet up with Seokjin face-to-face was the phrasing to his text message, which felt much too cheery and over-the-top compared to the elder’s normally short, sweet, and to-the-point messages riddled with kawaii emojis that made up ninety-five percent of his texts. It felt like he was walking on eggshells around him and it bothered him, leaving him with a twist in his gut that refused to leave him alone because of how strange everybody was behaving around him.

*Break your shoulder and all of a sudden, everybody forgets how to act around you. What even…*

---

**Yoongi**

[Sent at 12:23 P.M.]

Tbh I wish I was in Anyang with you right now. :/
Seokjin

[Sent at 12:32 P.M.]

Yes, of course!

_I doubt we will, though._
“How’s it going?”

“Same old.”

“Yeah, looks like it. Does your brother always send you down to pick up the mail or is that just a hobby of yours?”

“Don’t worry, I’ve got plenty of hobbies,” Yoongi sneered, quickly emptying Yeonwoo’s mailbox before tucking the envelopes under his armpit and then using his good hand to lock it, twisting the key in the rusty lock until the door was securely shut.

“Wanna become my hobby?”

“Are you… hitting on me?” Yoongi warily questioned.

This was most certainly an alpha’s idea of being romantic and chivalrous, both things that made Yoongi want to gag and vomit but even more so when he turned around and saw his neighbor standing proudly, shoulders squared and lips curved upward into the smuggest smirk Yoongi had seen in a long time.

“Maybe. You interested in having a good time?”

“If it doesn’t involve video games and popcorn, I’m not interested.”

“It can involve whatever you want.”

Yeah, and you look like you could literally smother me to death if you hugged me, Yoongi silently commented as he observed just how tall this alpha was, never having noticed the height difference between them.

He didn’t like admitting it to himself but he felt quite intimidated, even more so since he only had one good arm to work with and his other was still healing but part of him, the daring, bold, and unfortunately desperate side of him sought some kind of companionship, even if it was from his intimidating neighbor. Then again, there was a chance that everything would work out in his favor and so, Yoongi flashed him a smile before he said,

“How about video games for starters?”

“Sure,” his neighbor said.

“What’s your name again, by the way?”

“Didn’t I tell you already? I’m Lee Jungsil.”

“Ah, right, right, right… Jungsil.” Silently, Yoongi added, Yeah, I hadn’t been planning on chatting you up so I didn’t bother learning your name.

“I know your name.”

“You want a medal, Jungsil?” Yoongi playfully mocked, forcing a grin as he smiled at his new “friend” in an attempt to convince him that he was just joking even though, deep down, he was trying to gauge just how easily Jungsil got mad.
“Yeah, gimme two medals and a trophy.”

“Sheh, lemme just hop onto Amazon and buy ‘em for you.”

“I hope you have Amazon Prime because I want that shit by nine p.m. tomorrow.”

“Nah, you’re getting them next week because the best shipping is free shipping,” Yoongi retorted without missing a beat, to which Jungsil grinned despite it looking somewhat forced.

Then again, as long as he didn’t punch him out right here and now, he figured he could learn to tolerate Jungsil, at least long enough for them to become acquainted with each other. As it currently stood, he was lonely, stuck in a stuffy apartment, and cursed with a broken shoulder that persistently bothered him even when he was sure he’d doped himself up on painkillers to the point of overdosing. Therefore, making a “friend”, no matter how shady and scummy he appeared, was better than being alone, especially since he needed more people than just Yeonwoo to talk to.

That, and texting Seokjin didn’t count as “talking”, at least, not in his book. Rather, it left him feeling empty and longing for something that he didn’t know he was missing but that he couldn’t exactly name, either.

_I just hope this decision isn’t a bad one_, Yoongi thought as he led Jungsil upstairs to his apartment, enticed by the promise of watching Netflix and getting to know his new “friend”.

However, he wasn’t so stupid to put himself in a situation where Jungsil could jump him, something that was incredibly likely if they went back to his apartment but with the door cracked open and Yeonwoo sitting in the living room, Yoongi felt much more secure. That, and getting to choose the anime they were watching -- _Naruto_, his current obsession -- helped him feel comfortable enough that he wasn’t wracking his brain for how many exits he had to his advantage.

“So you mentioned that you go to uni, right?” Jungsil asked just as the theme song finished playing.

“Yeah, in Seoul,” Yoongi replied absentmindedly, finding himself too enamored with watching the episode to really be able to give more than short, sweet, and to-the-point responses to his neighbor, who already sounded bored to death even though he'd just turned on his laptop five minutes ago.

“What school?”

“Kyung Hee.”

“Huh. Whatcha studying?”

“Music production.”

“Huh, that’s interesting.”

In his head, Yoongi could hear Kihyun's voice scolding him with a snarky-sounding “you shouldn’t feel pressured to go out with the first alpha you meet” that irritated him even though his dear friend was home with his family and had no clue that he was trying to watch anime even while Jungsil stank up the place with his stench.

It wasn't that bad, granted, but Yoongi wasn’t exactly in the mood to crawl into Jungsil's lap and beg him to kiss him until his lungs burneded, either. They were just getting to know each other, after all, and it wasn’t like he planned on asking the alpha to fuck him tomorrow, either -- not only because it would be impractical because of his busted shoulder but also because he had no desire to get pregnant or sleep around.
If I had an alpha, maybe I’d think differently-- no, no-no-no, no, don’t be stupid. You shouldn’t sleep with anybody until you get a ring. And maybe not then since there’s a chance nobody will want to propose to you.

“Well, I’ve gotta go.”

“The episode just started,” Yoongi protested, pausing the video just in time that he was able to glance at the time stamp -- 8:22 -- located at the bottom of the video player.

“Yeah, but I’m going out with friends tonight so I’ve gotta head home. Come by when you wanna hang out for real,” Jungsil announced unceremoniously, climbing out of his seat and trudging out of the room so fast that Yoongi had no time to respond.

Instead, he heard his name being called but not by Jungsil.

“Hey, Yoongs?”

“Yeah, what is it?”

“Just be careful when you’re hanging out with Jungsil, okay? He’s not exactly the best company to keep,” Yeonwoo commented, looking away from his laptop so he could lock eyes with him and something about the grim look on his face left Yoongi feeling unnerved.

“What’s… dangerous about him?”

“He’s not necessarily dangerous but he does have a temper and he’s not exactly the most polite person you’ll ever meet.”

“He does… seem a little pushy,” Yoongi warily admitted. “But then again, that’s every alpha.”

“Besides the point, just be careful, okay? And maybe don’t hang out with him if I’m not around?”

“Yeonwoo, I’m not five!” Yoongi protested.

“Yeah, but you are my baby brother and you are healing from a broken shoulder so so I would rather have to babysit you than find out he--”

“Okay, okay, I get it! The baby omega can’t do anything without talking to his big beta brother first! Got it!”

“The ‘baby omega’ comment you just made is so cute because it’s true.”

“Yah, you’re not that much older than me!”

“Yes, but I’m still older and I think I know a little something about wanting to keep my baby brother safe.”

“I’m twenty-one years old, Yeonwoo. That doesn’t exactly make me a baby.”

“I’ll give you that but since you’re living under my roof, the one rule I’m going to impose on you is that you don’t invite Jungsil over unless I’m in the house, okay?”

“Look--”

“Yoongi, don’t make a big deal about this, okay? I’m just looking out for you so he doesn’t hurt you.”
“I can protect myself--”

“Yoongi, drop it. I don't wanna have a discussion about this anymore.”

“Well, fuck you too.”

_Treating me like a goddamn child. Nice, real nice_, Yoongi thought resentfully as he stormed back to his bedroom, where he found Netflix had timed out and rather than restart it, Yoongi closed out of the browser and shut down his laptop before lying down on his bed, dejectedly staring up at the spots of sunlight dancing on the ceiling.

_And Jungsil… can't say I was expecting him to scoop me up into his arms and snuggle me but… damn, he's kind of a dick. And clearly a party animal. Obviously partying is what he meant by “hang out for real”._

[Sent at 11:37 A.M.]

Hey, can we hang out one of these days? Like, here at my house?

_Worth a shot, right? Yoongi thought hopefully._

If Jungsil thought he was lame for wanting to watch Naruto, as it was one of the only activities he was allowed and able to do, then so be it. Still, it stung being brushed off _in record time_ and nobody, not even his own parents, had dropped him that quickly even though he was sure that they had felt sorely tempted once he showed as an omega.

_Dad definitely wanted to drop me. He made no secret of it, either._

He felt his stomach twisting itself into knots at the thought of his parents, who, save for a letter and a winter coat his mom had sent him for Christmas by way of Yeonwoo, hadn’t bothered to contact him even though the third year of silence was rapidly creeping up on them, serving as a cruel reminder of the fallout his family had experienced that fateful day three years ago when he announced he was off to college.

“What do you mean you’re moving to Seoul? Yoongi, you didn’t mention anything about that--”

“That’s because I never planned on telling you,” he’d snarkily replied, interrupting his mother mid-sentence because at the time, he’d felt so defensive that he didn’t have it in him to be gentle, not even to his mother.

“You think you’re going to get anywhere speaking to your mother like that?” his father snapped from his usual spot at the kitchen table.

“Sure, I’m the dumbass but at least I don’t wanna be stuck with a high school education, working a shitty job, and living with my parents my whole life.”

“Oh, okay… if you’re so smart, what are you going to study, hmm?”
“Music,” he scoffed.

In his attempt to appear bold, however, he’d inadvertently opened himself up to criticism and he could feel cold, icy fingers dragging themselves down his spine in spite of the fact that he wasn’t looking directly at his father. Still, he could sense the disapproving look on his face that had become etched in his features as a result of spending years watching him fall and never doing anything to help him back onto his feet. And as soon as his father opened his mouth, it merely hanging open without any sounds having escaped it yet, Yoongi already felt his heart sinking.

“A music degree will get you nowhere."

"Would things have turned out different if I had just sat down and talked to them about my ambitions like a normal person with normal parents?"

Don’t be stupid. Dad would have ripped up your passport if he had enough prior notice, the nasty voice in his head scoffed. You did what you had to in order to make it out of there in one piece.

Yeah, but… because of that, I don’t have a family anymore, if it could even be called that, he pointed out to himself.

Granted, his mom and dad didn’t deserve the Parent Of The Year award, not by a long shot, but they had to have cared about him. After all, how else would he have survived this long?

Don’t be stupid, the nasty voice in his head scolded. They only took care of you because they were expecting you to take care of them when they got old. That, and they knew that letting you starve would have landed them in jail for murder.

Would it have really gotten that bad? And would his mother have let his father do as he wished with him, even more than he already had by forcing him to abuse suppressants against his will?

He didn’t want to think about it.

To his relief, he was distracted from his destructive thoughts by the sound of his phone going off and he felt his heart soaring with excitement when he read his best friend’s text message, which spoke of promises and was everything he’d wanted to see and more.

Seokjin

[Sent at 12:04 P.M.]

Heck yeah, we can! I’m working this whole week but I’ll take a day off next Friday so we can hang out.

Yoongi

[Sent at 12:15 P.M.]

Can’t wait.
Thank you for being my friend, Seokjin.
It hurts.

He wasn’t sure how long he’d been awake but Yoongi was sure it had to have been a few hours and that he’d promptly been woken up before seven, seeing as sunlight had barely started to peek into his bedroom at the time, but he couldn’t go back to sleep even when he tried, courtesy of his aching shoulder. It felt as if somebody, some cruel person who had chosen him of all people for their next victim, had pressed their knee down onto his shoulder and placed all their weight there for the sake of watching him whimper and writhe. He felt tears ebbing at the corners of his eyes a few times and even though he successfully blinked them away every time, he still felt like sobbing out in agony.

Damn that stupid driver. Damn him, damn him… And… Yeonwoo, please… I need help. C’mon, bro, he thought, silently channeling all of his energy to his brother in hopes that somehow, telepathically, he would hear his silent cries for help.

Several hours later, he finally heard activity outside of his bedroom door and Yoongi couldn’t hold it in any longer and he shouted,

“Yeonwoo!”

“Yoongi? You feeling okay, buddy?”

He always knocked and while Yoongi appreciated it on days that were less painful than today, he found he couldn’t even look up and felt more than grateful that his brother had essentially barged into his room in order to check on him when he’d called for him. For once, he could forgive him, especially because he was in so much agony that just the thought of having to get himself up on his own terrified him and left him feeling resigned to a life of being bedridden.

At least, until his cast finally came off.

“My shoulder hurts real freaking bad and I don’t know why,” Yoongi gritted. He didn't miss the look of sympathy that flashed across Yeonwoo's face but it did little to comfort him right when he could feel his shoulder painfully pulsing and thrumming, almost as if somebody had decided to repeatedly bash it with a hammer.

“Alright, let’s get you up,” Yeonwoo said, carefully placing one hand at the small of his back and grabbing Yoongi’s good hand with his other as he hoisted him into a seated position as quickly but as gently as he could without jostling his wounded shoulder.

Yoongi felt his shoulder shifting in its brace and winced on two separate occasions in the short, five seconds it took for Yeonwoo to help him up and he breathed a sigh of relief once he was seated and the pulsing, which felt like it had lessened a bit now that he was no longer laying on his back and putting pressure on his body.

“So what can I get you? Pain meds? Breakf--”

“Pain meds,” Yoongi gasped.

He was sure he must have looked -- and sounded -- delirious because terror crossed his brother’s face
as he blurted out what he wanted, sending Yeonwoo bolting out of the bedroom, hurried footsteps rushing into the kitchen before he heard the kitchen cabinets opening and closing followed by the fridge opening and closing.

Yeonwoo returned with the bottle of pain killers Yoongi remembered being prescribed right before being discharged from the hospital and a chilled bottle of water that had clearly been sitting in the back of the fridge for days. He gratefully took the pills once his brother shook them out and waited until he’d opened the bottle of water before popping them into his mouth and downing them with water.

“Okay, what’s the plan for today?” Yeonwoo asked once he’d finished his water and tossed the empty bottle onto the rickety nightstand next to his bed. The pain killers hadn’t kicked in yet but Yoongi already felt a little better now that he was sitting up and no longer felt like a stubborn elephant had seated itself on his shoulder.

“I wanna go buy some snacks.”

“Need money?”

“Yeah, if you’re offering it.”

“How much do you need?”

“Eh, twenty-four thousand Won should be good enough,” Yoongi answered, holding out his hand in anticipation while he waited for his brother to go fish out his wallet from whatever pilot’s jacket it was hidden in -- from what he knew, Yeonwoo owned at least three, fancy pilot coats that were adorned with countless pins and looked more regal than all of the things Yoongi owned combined -- and grabbed the money once it was offered to him before Yeonwoo could change his mind and take it back.

“Cool.”

“You’re welcome!” Yeonwoo scoffed but Yoongi paid him no mind as he went over to his closet, pulling on the first pair of jeans he was able to fish out and didn’t bother changing out of the t-shirt he’d slept in even though he could tell that it was in desperate need of a wash.

Fortunately, there were three washers and dryers downstairs in the basement and as long as he kept his loads light, he could hope to get some laundry done without needing Yeonwoo’s help dragging the basket up and down the stairs. He couldn't hope to get much done while his shoulder was still healing but Yoongi figured that he was deserving of a little leeway while he was still injured. At the same time, he had no intention of letting anybody, not even his brother, help him with chores or laundry, which he wanted to do by himself even if it meant suffering a bit or needing to modify how he did his chores in order to remain independent.

It’s just a couple more weeks and then you’ll be back to using both arms again, he reminded himself.

Still, he couldn’t wait for the day that he had to go to the doctor’s office for a checkup. If he was lucky, Yeonwoo had already scheduled it and was simply waiting for the doctor’s office to call him back with a reminder that he had to come in so he could get back to using both arms instead of feeling like he’d been permanently crippled by the accident.

Would I be here if I hadn’t been run over? he asked himself as he stomped down the stairs and out the door, headed towards the supermarket that was located a few blocks away just down the street. Or would I be at Seokjin’s-- or maybe Seokjin is happy that I’m not sleeping over. That would
certainly be the case if he wanted to invite Namjoon over.

Yeonwoo had done him a brotherly solid by taking him in so he didn’t have to suffer by himself in stuffy student housing over the summer but at the same time, Yoongi knew that Yeonwoo probably wouldn’t extend the invitation for him to come back next summer or even over Christmas break, though he knew it wasn’t out of malice. Because of how often he was away, Hyojung was more often than not house-sitting while Yeonwoo went off to Seoul or Thailnad or Mexico or whatever country he was slated to fly to at any given point in time and Yoongi didn’t enjoy being in the company of a woman he barely knew and tolerated even less.

He was roused from his thoughts when the sliding doors moved to let him into the supermarket and Yoongi was met with a gust of cold air that hit his face before enveloping him like a jacket cursed with too many holes that it could only hope to keep him warm. What was worse was that there were refrigerators near the entrance showcasing cheeses and dried meats and sausage that looked incredibly enticing but were too expensive for the measly budget Yeonwoo had given him.

There’s food at home anyways, Yoongi reminded himself and set about on his mission to find the snack aisle in this unfamiliar supermarket so he could get his chips and head home to gorge on them in the stifling quiet of his bedroom all on his lonesome.

After a few minutes of exploring, he discovered the snack aisle at the other end of the store, where chips lined the right side of the wall and faced a wall decorated with delicate candies, expensive chocolate boxes, and various flavors of pocky and sweetened crackers, which were the only items within his budget.

Maybe I should have asked for a little more money, he thought as he enviously gazed at the box of chocolate wrapped in the plastic, protective packaging that had an orange 35,000 ₩ haphazardly slapped onto it in the corner, ever a mocking reminder of what he couldn’t have just because he was a little short on cash.

“Hey, can we get this?”

Yoongi looked up from the chocolate box he had been staring at for the past five minutes and over at the person who just spoke, immediately realizing the black-haired young man was an omega just like him. His mate, clearly an alpha just from the way he towered over the omega and how chiseled and broad-chested he was compared to his sticks-for-legs mate, flashed him an adoring smile as he held up a bag of chips that crinkled as he held it up for him to see. His eyes sparkled like fireworks had been set off in them and it was all because of the tiny omega showing off the bag of chips he’d picked out.

Were it anybody else, say, a regular alpha who could care less about his omega’s emotions and only saw him as an easy excuse for sex, he wouldn’t have even acknowledged him but it was blatantly obvious to Yoongi and no doubt to everybody else in the store that this alpha and omega were clearly in love and would continue to be until they both passed from the world.

What I wouldn’t give to have somebody look at me like that.

“Darling, you can get the whole shelf if you want,” he crooned lovingly, giving his lover a kiss that made Yoongi’s cheeks burn hot with embarrassment as he watched the exchange happen between them. He forced himself to look away, not wanting to draw attention to himself or look creepy for eavesdropping on two strangers who had simply come to the supermarket to spend some time together and get some shopping done.

“Aw, you’re always so corny!” the omega giggles, sounding positively flustered. His alpha simply
smiled at the compliment, looking bashful as if his omega had just made his dreams come true just from that tiny bit of praise that also sounded a bit like teasing.

“Only for you, my sweet hubby.”

*Hubby, huh? You really are lucky.*

“I’m only buying this bag, though.”

“Hey, grab more than one if you want. I’m paying today, after all.”

“I guess that makes me the luckiest omega alive, especially since I have an amazing alpha like you, Junnie!”

*He must treat you like a prince, Yoongi thought enviously. Seems like he gives you whatever you want just so he can see you happy. Makes me wish I had the same thing but… the only unmated alpha I know just wants to sleep with me so he can cross me off his list of conquests.*

“C’mon, darling, let’s go pay if we’re done shopping.”

“Okay, let’s go!”

*Take care*, Yoongi thought and after giving himself a few minutes so that he didn’t run into them, he made his way to one of the check-out lanes as well so he could pay for his snacks and leave, feeling so incredibly bitter all of a sudden that not even the two cans of banana-flavored Milkis, strawberry mochi ice cream, or all the shrimp- and tako-flavored chips he’d purchased could possibly soothe the heartache he felt as he walked home by himself, absolutely dreading the thought of going back to the stuffy bedroom he called home in Yeonwoo’s too-small apartment but there was nothing he could do about it.

*You’ve got a few more months until school starts. Might as well catch up on your rest, he told himself.*

*Or if you’re sick of sleeping, pull an all-nighter. Then you’ll love sleep again in no time, the nasty voice in his head teased.*

*Hmm, not a bad idea…* Yoongi decided after a moment of consideration. *And next summer, I’ll take some summer classes so I don’t have to live with Yeonwoo or move in with Seokjin again.*

He dreaded the thought of going to school *over the summer* while his friends were off for the summer and working to save money for next semester or to pay off part of their loans but at the same time, the debt he would accumulate from taking on a couple of extra credits over the summer didn’t matter that much in the grand scheme of things, especially if it kept him away from his parents’ apartment here in Daegu. Simply living in Yeonwoo’s flat, mere miles away from the place where he and his brother grew up, sent chills down his spine whenever he considered the *likelihood* of his parents coming over to see him or worse, scold him for having run away to the other end of the country without asking if he could and for having decided to dorm rather than commute to and from university and the awful apartment Yoongi swore to never return to.

*I’ve got time to decide,* he reasoned with himself. *But on the bright side, I’ve got another option in case becoming an RA doesn’t work out or I don’t feel like living with Seokjin, though let’s be honest, I probably will go live with Seokjin.*

Anything beat living at home with Yeonwoo in his cramped apartment, he thought, looking up just in time to see the building where his brother lived come into view.
As he stepped inside and closed the door behind him to keep anybody without a key from getting into the building, he heard somebody say, “Haven’t seen you in a while” and immediately knew it was Jungsil just from the sound of his voice, and while he was tempted to ignore him, Yoongi locked eyes with him and snapped out a biting retort that, unfortunately, did little to actually unnerve Jungsil and mostly just amused him.

“Didn’t think you cared about keeping in touch.”

“Aw, don’t be like that! You’re so overdramatic!”

_This fucker seriously doesn’t understand how much pain I’m in, does he?_ Yoongi thought as he glared at Jungsil in hopes it would be enough to get him to back off. _Sure, I’m the overdramatic one! _He doesn't care about you and you know it, the nasty voice in his head warned, though it really sounded like it was sneering at him. _If given the chance, all he is going to do is fuck you and dump you._

“Damn, you smell better than usual. Why don’t you take your shirt off so we can have some fun?”

“No interested.”

“Wasn’t asking you. We’re gonna go upstairs to my apartment, where you’re gonna strip or I’ll do it for you--”

“Listen here, asshole, I might have one good arm but I’m not afraid to kick your ass.”

“No need to get all wound up. Sheesh, you omegas get mad so easily.”

“Yoongi, is everything okay?” Yeonwoo called from behind him but he didn’t dare turn to look at his brother, knowing that Jungsil would use his inattention as an opportunity to catch him off-guard and either slam him against the wall in retaliation for his insolence or violate him before Yeonwoo could step in.

He hoped Jungsil hadn’t intimidated Yeonwoo into a corner because right now, when he was stuck at the base of the stairs with his back pressed to the railing, feeling as if he and his brother were miles apart despite being within arm’s reach of each other, the last thing he needed was for his brother to freeze up instead of leaping headfirst to save him from this cruel alpha who didn’t have any concept of boundaries or respect for others.

“Hey, why don’t you butt out? This is between him and me.”

“He’s bothering me, Yeonwoo,” Yoongi blurted out even though he felt so embarrassed admitting to his beta brother that an alpha was bothering him and, were it not for his stupid arm, he would have already thrown down enough punches to knock Jungsil into next week.

And Yeonwoo wouldn’t have had to come to his rescue in the first place.

“No, I’m not! I just wanna talk but you’re acting like a total bitch! What, you think you’re too good for me?”

“I just want to be left alone.”

“Take a hint, dumbass. He doesn’t want anything to do with you,” Yeonwoo sneered as he hurried Yoongi along a little too roughly for the omega’s liking but there was nothing he could do about it, not when it felt like his brother had transformed into an angry parent shoving him along like he was a
naughty child about to get the worst beating of his life.

Were he as naive and foolish as he had been a few days ago, Yoongi would have silently protested that and insisted that Jungsil was just more outgoing compared to him but now, he could see what Yeonwoo had seen all along: that he was just a predator looking for a quick fuck anywhere he could find it and he cursed himself for believing that Jungsil could even remotely be anything like the alpha he had observed in the supermarket today.

Apparently, good alphas weren’t a dime a dozen, something he was quickly starting to realize. The reality hurt his ego more than his daydreams ever could but now it felt like they had been crushed and the world was mocking him for it.

“Jesus Christ, Yoongi--”

“Stop. I don’t wanna talk about it.”

“I heard shouting. Was that you, Yeonwoo?”

Yoongi’s head snapped up at the sound of a rather feminine voice and he saw his brother’s girlfriend, Hyojung, sitting on the couch with such a blank look on her face that the lack of concern in her voice only added insult to injury since the disdain he felt for Hyojung was equally mutual. She didn’t hide her dislike for him and Yoongi made sure to remind her that he shared the same sentiments she did whenever possible.

“Don’t worry about it,” he said brusquely.

Hyojung didn’t press him for more details or if she had, Yoongi had already tuned her out. It was preferable over listening to her voice, which reminded him too much of nails scratching on a chalkboard to be even remotely tolerable and often made him want to scream at her to shut up so they could all have some peace and quiet.

*Oh, so I need to leave my door open if I have company over but you decided it’s okay to fuck your girlfriend while I’m living under your roof. Nice,* Yoongi thought, resisting the urge to roll his eyes at his brother and Hyojung, who were far too engaged in eyefucking each other to notice his discomfort and rather than wait around any longer, he grabbed his snacks from his brother and took his leave to his bedroom, shutting the door before plopping down on his bed.

*Wonder if I should throw ice water on them while they’re fucking.*

He quickly dismissed the idea, knowing that Yeonwoo wouldn’t have been above strangling him for doing something so horrible and picked up his phone, settling instead for a safer but just-as-petty form of spite against his brother.

**Yoongi**

[Sent at 2:05 P.M.]

Hey, feel free to bring Namjoon along this Saturday.

**Seokjin**
You sure?

**Yoongi**

[Sent at 2:13 P.M.]

Yeah. I want to stick it to my brother.

**Seokjin**

[Sent at 2:13 P.M.]

Any particular reason?

**Yoongi**

[Sent at 2:15 P.M.]

Long story short, he thinks all alphas who hang out with me are gonna rape me and I wanna prove him wrong.

**Seokjin**

[Sent at 2:15 P.M.]

Who are you and what have you done with my alpha-hating Yoongi?

**Yoongi**

[Sent at 2:15 P.M.]

Your alpha-hating Yoongi is still here.

**Seokjin**

[Sent at 2:16 P.M.]

★~(◠ω◕✿)

*Hey, alpha, if you’re out there, will you hurry up and come into my life already? Yoongi thought,*
silently praying that his mate, wherever he was, was out there and that he could hear him. *I feel so lonely and kind of unloved, actually. Hey, are you listening?*

Part of him wanted to yell out in frustration at how *unfair* the world was for giving his brother a girlfriend but not doing the same for him.

He wasn’t asking for much, just for his soulmate and the love of his life to make himself known to him so he could throw his arms around his alpha’s shoulders and hold on tight, never to let go.

Why was Seokjin so lucky? And why didn’t he seize the opportunity when it had presented itself to take Namjoon up for a date?

*Don’t be stupid! Seokjin would have resented you to hell and back if you hooked up with Namjoon while knowing that he wanted to hook up, Yoongi scolded himself. And you don’t even like Namjoon so it would have just been a waste of both your time and his!*

He *was* lonely but he too realized that dating Namjoon just for the sake of dating somebody wouldn’t have panned out like he hoped and while he couldn’t even hope to keep track of all of his flaws on ten fingers, Yoongi knew the one thing he wasn’t was a bitch omega who played games and shattered hearts left and right. That, and nothing good would have come out of him getting together with Namjoon.

They certainly wouldn’t have lasted longer than a few weeks, at best.

*Wherever you are, alpha… just please hurry up and come find me so we can start building a life together… just like that couple I saw today.*

Chapter End Notes

- 24,000 KRW = approx. 20 USD
- 35,000 KRW = approx $30 USD
“Yoongi wants us to come over this weekend.”

“Aren’t you going to his house anyways?”

“Yeah, I am but he said he wants you to come, too.”

“Pics or it didn’t happen!” Namjoon spluttered.

“Look!” Seokjin insisted, shoving his phone into his alpha’s hands so he could view the proof for himself and he watched as Namjoon’s jaw dropped right to the floor and his eyes went so wide that they looked ready to pop out of their sockets.

“I think Yoongi’s off his meds or something if he decided inviting me over to his house was a good idea,” Namjoon scoffed as he handed back his phone.

“You think you’ll go?”

“Nah, I think I’ll call in to work.”

“That’s probably for the best,” Seokjin agreed. “Yoongi’s gonna change his mind about wanting you to come over by Friday if not sooner.”

“Yeah, I don’t doubt it but still, I hope you and Yoongi have fun,” Namjoon commented, sneaking a loving kiss to his omega’s cheek that made him giggle.

“We will.”

“I know you will. Just do it without me.”

“Yeah, I think something happened and that’s why he’s feeling down in the dumps--”

“And making bad decisions,” Namjoon scoffed with a roll of his eyes.

“Any activity with you is never a bad decision,” Seokjin praised.

"I can think of one particular omega who would disagree with you."

“He doesn’t really count,” Seokjin insisted rather pointedly, knowing exactly who Namjoon was referring to.

“C’mon, let’s get in the water. I’m boiling in my skin,” Namjoon complained as he pushed himself to his feet and hurried towards the water as fast as his long legs could carry him.

In a few short strides, Seokjin had caught up and rushed past him with seemingly no trouble at all, jumping into the shallow with a *splash* and sending water droplets flying everywhere. Namjoon breathed out in relief that he hadn’t gotten soaked beyond his ankles, which was where the water had reached up to because, as sweltering hot in his own skin he was, he still wanted to get used to the water at his own pace. Meanwhile, Seokjin had much more luck at adapting to the water’s temperature and Namjoon couldn’t help but feel awe as well as a bit of jealousy that his lover could
just take a deep breath before diving into the water headfirst and emerge as a soaked, giggling mess.

“It’s so nice and sunny today,” Seokjin giggled as he waded about before finally sinking down into the water so he was submerged up to his shoulders, happily paddling around Namjoon, who was only in the water up to his waist.

“How’s the water?”

“It’s really warm. You should dive in!”

He didn’t wait for Namjoon to actually consider his proposition and grabbed his alpha by the wrists, taking advantage of his clumsiness as he tugged him forward as hard as he could, sending him tumbling into the water with a loud splash as they both inadvertently dove below the surface, sending saltwater flooding up their noses and into their mouths. When they surfaced, they both found themselves coughing and struggling to clear their blocked nostrils, which had become stuffed up with water and suddenly, Seokjin regretted having tried to get Namjoon accustomed to the water.

Should’ve let him get used to the water at his own pace, he thought.

“Geez, I didn’t ask for that!” Namjoon complained between coughs.

"S-sorry! It seemed like a good idea at the time, though!” Seokjin coughed between laughs and as displeased as he was with having water go up his nose and into his mouth and ears, Namjoon couldn't bring himself to be angry at his omega, especially over something so innocent like his attempt at warming him up to the water without giving him fair warning about what he was going to do.

Rather than respond, Namjoon cupped Seokjin’s wet cheeks and leaned in for a kiss, tasting salt water as well as something sweet that he knew could only be his lover. Or maybe even the sugar cookies Seokjin had admitted to having for breakfast prior to them leaving for the beach.

“We need to hook him up with somebody soon,” Seokjin muttered when they parted for air, both of them gasping as if they’d run a marathon.

“I agree,” Namjoon snickered in agreement. “Maybe he’ll finally mellow out once that special somebody starts showering him with love and affection.”

“Mmm, I sure hope so. He needs somebody in his life who’s as good as you.”

“It’s harding finding good alphas, though. Most of them just want one night stands.”

“Yeah, that’s true, but if we’re careful, Yoongi won’t get mad and he’ll actually thank us.”

“That would be a miracle.”

"What, you think he'll be mad even if we match him with the love of his life?"

"Depends," Seokjin chuckled.

“On… what?”

"Whether we fail to find him the right person or whether they end up staying together."

"Once we hook them up, it's out of our hands."

"Hmmm… fair enough. I think we just need to make sure we don’t end up hooking him up with
somebody who turns out to be a psychopath.”

“True, true… he’d probably resent us for not making sure we knew who he was getting involved with beforehand.”

“When I get home, I’ll write up an entire list of questions to help us background check all of his suitors before we introduce them to him,” Seokjin joked, to which Namjoon guffawed a laugh.

“That sounds like a plan.”

For Yoongi, though, Saturday couldn’t come soon enough and when it finally did, he woke up feeling more anxious than relieved, especially since it had been a while since he last saw Seokjin face-to-face and the last time he had, it was because Seokjin had decided to see him off before Yeonwoo whisked him away to Daegu, never to be seen again. Or at least, not until the fall semester started and he would finally be allowed to head back to Seoul long-term, since he needed to be present in his classes in order to continue being considered a student at Kyung Hee.

The first day back was still a long ways away but he couldn’t wait to plug his new schedule into his phone, buy or rent all of his books for the fall semester, and unpack his things in his new dorm room.

*Now I know why I hate Daegu so much: it feels like a motherfucking prison,* was the first thing Yoongi thought as he blinked away sleep, finding himself staring up at the ceiling through bleary eyes that desperately burned for rest, though he knew there wasn’t any time for that today, not when Seokjin was no doubt on his way and he needed to shower, not wanting to drive off his friend by his stink.

With his ruined shoulder, everything took more time than it really needed to but there was nothing he could do except roll with the punches until it was finally time for his appointment at the doctor’s office, a day that could not come soon enough. The only day he couldn’t wait for even more was the first day back to school.

Yes, university wasn’t entirely pleasant but he preferred it over having to wallow in mind-numbing boredom in his brother’s stuffy Daegu apartment.

He then heard his phone go off, announcing that he’d received a text message and he made a note to step out of the shower in the next few minutes, figuring it was probably Seokjin.

**Seokjin**

[Sent at 11:23 A.M.]

Heyyyyy~ I’m here! (´°ω°`) •﹏•)φ

**Yoongi**

[Sent 11:29 A.M.]

Shit, sorry! I was showering but I’ll be down in a few minutes!
Seokjin

[Sent 11:29 A.M.]

No worries ^_^

He climbed out once he had managed to finish showering, having been somewhat hindered by his shoulder, which, despite having taken off the cast while he was in the shower to keep it from getting wet, still felt incredibly stiff and ached even when he tried to gently roll his shoulder back, immediately forcing himself to stop when pain shot through his shoulder as he rolled it back just a tiny bit. The pain wasn’t nearly as bad as it had been back when he first woke up in the hospital, half-doped up on pain killers but still mostly there and mostly aware of just how bad he had it even before the doctor confirmed his suspicions, but he still had days when he couldn’t get out of bed without Yeonwoo’s help -- thankfully, today hadn’t been one of those days -- and he'd had enough of living like a cripple being forced to walk on eggshells around his own body.

This stupid shoulder is gonna hurt like a fucking bitch even after the doctors clear me...

But there was nothing he could do for himself other than slip the cast back on, which was designed to brace his shoulder while it healed but could be removed as needed, after he’d pulled on the white sweater he’d picked out, somehow managing to pull his bad arm through the sleeve without jostling his hurt shoulder too much. and went for leggings and basketball shorts because he couldn’t be bothered to fuss with a zipper and even worse, buttons on his jeans. Ever since the accident had rendered his shoulder essentially immobile, he’d adapted to life by wearing sweats, running pants, basketball shorts, and leggings because trying to button up jeans with one good hand took too long and had left him feeling frustrated even when he was successful.

And when he was done getting dressed, he grabbed his phone and shot off a text on his way out of the bathroom.

Yoongi

[Sent at 11:54 A.M.]

Omw

“Where are you going?”

“Out,” Yoongi answered as he strode past his brother and over to the door, where he slipped on his sandals and made sure he’d packed his wallet, phone, and keys one last time, deeming himself ready for a day out on the town with Seokjin.

“Yoongi, no, I won’t accept that for an answer. Tell me where you’re going,” Yeonwoo repeated sternly.

“I’m going to the fucking movies with my friend Seokjin!” the younger barked angrily, glaring
daggers at Yeonwoo all the while. “I hope that’s okay, unless I’m not allowed to socialize?”

“I wanna talk to him first.”

“He’s an omega and you’ve met him alre--”

“I still wanna talk to him to make sure he’s not gonna do anything to hurt you--”

“Oh, fuck you,” Yoongi snapped as he barged out of the apartment, slamming the door behind him as he rushed down three flights of stairs as fast as his legs could carry him and out the door, where he found Seokjin waiting out front, clad in fancy-looking cargo shorts that accentuated his thighs and a crewneck sweater patterned with pastel blue, pink, and brown kawaii alpacas that looked like they hadn’t been shaved for their fur in months and had stars for eyes.

Granted, it had been pretty cold for the past three weeks, the temperature barely breaking past sixty degrees, but Seokjin still looked really ridiculous. Not that Yoongi would ever tell him.

“Did Namjoon buy that for you?”

“Yeah, he did. I also have a matching t-shirt,” Seokjin proudly affirmed.

“Cool,” Yoongi mumbled. To himself, he couldn’t help but think, You’re the first friendly face I’ve seen in weeks...

His brother didn’t count just because Yoongi had come to perceive him as his jailer and not his sibling and he liked Hyojung less and less with every day even though she had started dropping by less frequently, which he knew was because of him. Whatever her endgame was, Yoongi knew she had set her sights on a wedding because it was all she talked about whenever she came over, which has left Yoongi convinced that the silver spoon in her mouth had blinded her from realizing that marriage was more than just about the so-called "best day of anyone's life" that didn't really mean anything other than that it gave all their guests an opportunity to gawk at and gossip about them, especially if they were still young.

“Wanna get going? The movie’s not starting ‘til two but I don’t see any harm in getting there ahead of schedule.”

“Y-yeah, sure… let’s go.”

Since he was much more familiar with Daegu than Seokjin was, Yoongi took it upon himself to guide his friend down the street to the bus stop that he knew would take him directly to the movie theater without requiring any transfers. It was their great fortune that the bus arrived a few minutes later and it wasn’t that crowded, which allowed Yoongi to steal a seat on the empty, three-seat bench located by the back door while Seokjin paid for both of their fares. He draped his leg over the other two seats as a way to “save” a seat for Seokjin but when the elder finally came by, Yoongi didn’t budge.

“Excuse me, Mister, I don’t remember paying three fares.”

“No idea what you’re talking about,” Yoongi said, feigning innocence until Seokjin pinched his leg rather hard and forced him to move it so he could sit.

"I see you're just as bratty as ever," Seokjin commented.

"Being away from you has had that effect on me," Yoongi shot back without missing a beat.
“No, I don’t think that’s true at all. You’re bratty no matter what time of day it is.”

“Yeah, but without you, I’m even more bratty than usual.”

“Oh, how romantic,” Seokjin drawled sarcastically.

“I know, right? I’ve got alphas and omegas lining up around the block to hook up with me,” Yoongi scoffed, though Seokjin could tell he was being wholly sarcastic.

*Don’t worry, Yoongi, your time for romance will come and you’re gonna forget ever being miserable in the first place, Seokjin thought. If Namjoon and I have our way, you’ll be happily taken by next summer and the rest will be history.*

“Oh, this is our stop!” Yoongi announced sometime later, which prompted Seokjin to request a stop so Yoongi didn’t have to fuss with the cord that hung above their heads, especially since he’d already climbed to his feet and only had one good hand to hold onto the grab bar. Within moments, they had hopped off the bus and found themselves inside the chilly movie theater, for which Seokjin found himself feeling grateful that he had put on a crewneck sweater.

Yoongi also looked warm enough with the white sweater he’d donned, his shoulder brace sitting atop it like a warning beacon to anybody and everybody not to jostle him or even dare rough-house with him, two things that Seokjin knew would be enough to set back his recovery several more weeks if the damage was bad enough. It would also set him back mentally and emotionally, he thought, and he could already sense that Yoongi was struggling to keep it together and not show any weakness but perhaps, as a fellow omega and more importantly, his best friend, he wasn’t doing as good of a job of hiding his sorrows as he thought.

Or maybe Yoongi had always been more transparent than either of them realized.

“Let’s watch Gamsijadeul. It looks cool,” Yoongi commented and Seokjin, not one to say no when there seemed to be nothing else worth watching, agreed without hesitating.

After paying for their tickets and making it past the ticket person, they went over to the snack counter to get themselves a drink and popcorn to share so they only spent half of what they normally would. If it were anybody else, Yoongi would have willingly taken the hit to his wallet but he enjoyed sharing things with Seokjin, who was the only person he had no qualms about “indirectly kissing” if and when they ended up losing track of whose straw was whose.

“I’ll pay for the drink,” Yoongi offered since Seokjin had been nice enough to pay his bus fare and asked for the biggest size drink that was available and for Coca-Cola, leaving the popcorn to Seokjin.

They trudged into the appropriate viewing room once they had gotten their snacks and fortunately for them, only previews for new films as well as advertisements for various products, mainly phones and other tech, were playing. Then again, Yoongi thought as he glanced at his phone after having set the cumbersome cup filled with Coca-Cola in the cup holder, they still had eight minutes until the movie actually started and figured they might as well enjoy the previews to whatever new movies were coming out in the upcoming months.

“If we have time, let’s sneak into another movie later,” Seokjin whispered before taking a sip of soda.

“Ooh, you’re so naughty!” Yoongi teased. “Didn’t know you had it in you!”

“Let’s just say a certain somebody has made me more rebellious.”
“Namjoon? Nah, he doesn’t have the balls—”

“No, I meant you.”

“Oh. I—I’m flattered…”

“I knew you would be,” Seokjin snickered. “You’re such a daredevil but I love you for it.”

“Y-yeah…” Yoongi muttered, turning his head away as he felt his cheeks burning hot with embarrassment even though, in the darkness of the viewing room, there was no way Seokjin could have seen his red cheeks.

In true daredevil fashion, they snuck into two more viewing rooms to see two more movies -- Mr. Go and We Were There: Part 1 -- and after the credits rolled for their third movie, Yoongi begrudgingly agreed it was time to go home and followed Seokjin out of the movie theater to the bus stop so they could wait for the bus to show up and take them back to Yoongi’s brother’s apartment.

“I had fun today. How about you?” Seokjin asked as he plopped himself down on the bench while they waited for their bus, which unfortunately wasn’t due for another twenty minutes.

“Y-yeah… i-it… it’s been nice,” Yoongi rasped, his voice so croaky and ragged like he was the thirstiest man on the face of the planet and he could feel his resolve crumbling by the second.

He pressed his fist to his mouth just as tears welled up in his eyes but it did little to stop the waterworks as he felt tears spill down his cheeks and he turned away from Seokjin to hide his tears, shame and sorrow filling his chest.

How pathetic am I?

“Yoongi--”

“N-no… g-go away…”

“Shh, shh, shh… it’s okay, Yoongi, shhh… don’t cry,” he tried to soothe, gently running his fingers through his best friend’s hair in an attempt to comfort him, though he wasn’t sure if his attempts were working.

If anything, it seemed like Yoongi was being negatively affected by the comfort and physical affection because whenever he brushed away his tears or smoothed away his bangs so they didn’t hang in his eyes, his chest wracked with sobs and his whole body seemed to tremble and shake like he was facing against an earthquake all by himself with nothing to hold him down and nobody to comfort him. Not even gently holding Yoongi in his embrace, arms gingerly wrapped around his waist -- not his shoulders, not when he was still healing and Seokjin didn’t want to set him back on his recovery by even a day -- while he let him cry, figuring it would do him good to let it all out, seemed to be helping as much as he’d hoped.

“I’m so lonely, Seokjin… nobody wants to talk to me and my brother won’t let me go anywhere because of my stupid shoulder!”

“Do you wanna have a week-long sleepover once your cast comes off?” Seokjin blurted out suddenly and for a moment, Yoongi’s tears seemed to have stopped along with his sobs, having become fixated on the suggestion that had just left his mouth and he almost looked as if he’d been caught like a deer stuck in the headlights. Finally, he looked up, locking eyes with him as he searched for any signs that could help him confirm that Seokjin was being genuine and truly wanted him to come over.
“Y-You mean it?”

“Darling, of course I mean it,” he cooed as he gently thumbed away the tears still clinging to Yoongi’s soft cheeks in hopes that he would calm down and stop crying but his words only fueled the fire that were Yoongi's out-of-control emotions and only made him sob even harder.

“You’re my best friend and… I’m sad that I haven’t been able to see you as often as I would have liked this summer,” Yoongi pitifully sniffled into his shoulder. “I just have to look at the same four, white walls in my brother’s house because there’s nothing to do there.”

“I know, I know… it must suck so much to be alone in Daegu with nobody to talk to. I know that can be really hard.”

“Y-yeah, and this… this is the first time we’ve hung out since school let out a-and… the time passed too quickly.”

“Well, just look forward to our sleepover, okay? The second your cast comes off, text me so I can run to the store and buy snacks. We’re gonna watch all our favorite Disney movies and you don’t have to head home until you really want to.”

“A-and I can sleep on your couch?”

“Yes, of course!”

“For as long as I want?”

“For as long as you want,” Seokjin affirmed.

“What about Namjoon?”

“We’re gonna have so much fun, you’ll be happy to get a few hours of peace while I go hang out with him once or twice during the week.”

Yoongi couldn’t help but grin at the thought of curling up on the couch in Seokjin’s room and sleeping on it overnight for as many nights as he wanted. It would almost be as if he'd come to stay over with him for the summer, even if it was just for a week… or two. And then, perhaps, the loneliness wouldn’t make his heart ache as much when it was time for him to go back home to Yeonwoo’s crummy apartment. Unfortunately, there were still another two months left of summer break, which was way too much time to spend away from what Yoongi was forced to consider “home” for the time being.

He even preferred the stuffy dorms that lacked working air conditioning and were too hot in the fall, spring, and summer and were just plain freezing in the winter over his brother’s apartment, which felt like a prison he lived in since he didn’t have anything to do, he’d burned any bridges with any friends he’d made in high school when they all ended up going to different universities, and he didn’t dare visit any of his childhood haunts out of fear that he’d run into his parents.

At least whenever he was in Seoul, one-hundred and forty-eight miles away from his birthplace and current residence, he could afford to breathe easy and not have to worry about looking over his shoulder every other minute like he was being followed.

“So how long do you have until your cast comes off?”

“Um… maybe two weeks? It still hurts like hell so I don’t know if I’m healed yet.”
“Well, whether it’s two weeks or two months--”

“Don’t say that,” Yoongi begged. “I’ll fucking lose it if I have to wear this stupid thing for two more months.”

“Just remember that it’s there to help your shoulder heal--”

“Don’t fucking start with the medical mumbo-jumbo. It isn’t going to help me and I don’t wanna hear that positivity bullshit.”

“O-okay, sorry… oh, by the way, I’d let you come over right now if you wanted,” Seokjin said, quickly diverting the topic to something more pleasant, mostly for Yoongi’s sake.

“Hmm, that sounds nice but all my shit is at my brother’s house. And my doctor’s here in the city.”

“Ah, well, I can see how that’s a problem.”

“Still, I appreciate it. You’re legit one of the most genuine and amazing people I’ve had the pleasure of befriending--”

“Aw, Yoongi, that’s so sweet--”

“--even though you literally put in the effort to get to know me just because you thought I was gonna steal Namjoon from you.”

“Wow,” Seokjin scoffed out a laugh. "You're never gonna let that go, are you?"

"Hey, I'm not holding it against you. I'm just stating a fact."

“Fine. Fine, fine, fine, state a fact. It won’t change the fact that you’re still adorable and that Namjoon and I both care about you, even if you don’t really like him.”

“Namjoon caring about me: now that’s a funny joke,” Yoongi chuckled lightly and as frustrated as Seokjin felt with knowing that there was no way his best friend and his alpha would ever truly get along because of deep-seated differences, he felt pleased to see Yoongi looking genuinely happy for once.

“It makes me happy to see you laugh.”

“You’re so embarrassing…”

Yoongi covered his face with his good hand but his long fingers only helped to obscure half of his face since his other arm was splinted in the cast he hated so much in order to help his shoulder heal properly and it allowed Seokjin to glimpse that adorable, crooked half-smile that looked natural rather than forced, which was how all of Yoongi’s smiles had looked the entire time they had been together. He couldn’t blame him, though, especially when he had probably been dreading the end of their playdate the entire time.

“Yeah, I guess I am but that’s why you love me, right?”

“Mhm…”

“I knew it!” Seokjin sang triumphantly, jumping up and down with happiness and Yoongi could only smile as they decided to head over to the bus stop across the street that would take them back to his brother’s apartment.
I’m okay, I’m okay, he repeated to himself over and over again like a mantra, all in hopes of keeping himself from bursting out sobbing in public for the second time in the past few minutes. I’m okay, I’m okay… Yoongi, you’re okay.

But when they made it back to Yeonwoo’s apartment, having stopped short of entering the building because he didn’t have time to go inside and Yoongi didn’t feel like heading upstairs just yet, knowing there was a fifty/fifty chance of Yeonwoo waiting to chew him out the second he set foot inside the apartment, all Yoongi could mutter was,

“T-thanks for today.”

“Of course. And Yoongi?”

“Y-yeah?”

Said omega turned around to look at Seokjin just in case he wanted to say something important and he felt his heart squeeze in his chest at the sight of his best friend standing there, moments away from hurrying to the train station so he could head back home to Seoul -- and into Namjoon’s arms once more. Yoongi couldn’t hope to be so lucky.

“Just remember: two weeks. Okay?” Seokjin said and Yoongi nodded once he finally processed the meaning behind his words, forcing a smile even though he felt like sobbing his eyes out again, already feeling tears pricking at his eyelids whenever he blinked.

“O-okay.”

“Take care of yourself, alright?”

“Y-yeah, y-you, too. G-get… get home safe.”

“I will, thanks. See ya, Yoongi.”

“B-bye…” the younger mumbled as he unlocked the door and hurried into the apartment, scurrying up the stairs and past Yeonwoo as fast as he could, shutting and locking the door to his bedroom just as tears spilled down his cheeks and sobs shook his body.

His heart ached at the sight of Mr. Cinnabun sitting propped up against his pillows, which only made him cry harder when he remembered that Seokjin had given him the stuffed bunny he loved more than anything in the world, and made him long for his best friend even though he’d just said goodbye a few minutes ago.

“Cinnabunny, please don’t ever leave me,” Yoongi whimpered as he clutched the bunny to his chest with his good arm, holding onto his stuffed animal as tight as he could as if he was afraid that somebody would come and attempt to take his beloved stuffed animal away. “Don’t ever leave me…”

If his bunny could speak, he wondered what he would have said. Would he have offered words of comfort and tried to assure him that everything would be okay or would he call him stupid for crying over his only friend like he was a lonely little baby who needed companionship to feel wanted, loved, and worthy of being treated with respect that he craved but had a hard time actually getting. Mr. Cinnabun didn’t give him any insight for solving his problems and even though he heard Yeonwoo knock on his door, calling out, “hey, Yoongi, let’s talk”, Yoongi ignored him and stumbled into bed, pulling the covers over his body and snuggling up with his bunny as he curled up for a nap in hopes that he could sleep off his sorrows until tomorrow morning.
He could only hope his bunny loved him back, especially because if he didn't, then he knew he was truly alone in the world and suddenly, he was grateful that Mr. Cinnabun couldn't talk because his bunny admitting he hated him with a burning passion would truly be the straw that broke the camel's back.

*I love you, Cinnabunny. I hope you’ll stay with me forever. If you love me, please just grant me that one wish, okay?*

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Chapter End Notes

Gamsijadeul: literally translates to “Stakeout” or “Surveillance”, is written as 고매한 눈, and is called “Cold Eyes” in English. It’s an action crime film that was released in the summer of 2013 and features Sol Kyung-gu, Jung Woo-sung, Han Hyo-joo, Jin Kyung and Lee Junho as members of the cast.

Mr. Go: a sports-comedy based on the 1984 comic The 7th Team and is about a gorilla who becomes a baseball superstar.

We Were There: Part 1: is written as 僕等がいた 前篇 in Japanese. It’s a movie based on the manga of the same name (Bokura ga Ita), where the character Nanami Takahashi falls in love with Motoharu Yano and has to deal with his inability to let go of the past.
So how did it go?

"Could have gone better but also could have been way worse. If I said Yoongi was in a good place, I’d be lying," Seokjin sighed as he flopped onto Namjoon’s bed belly-first next to his alpha in defeat, face pressed to the mattress until he felt he couldn’t breathe and was forced to roll over onto his side so he could enjoy the sweet taste of oxygen once more. He found himself pressed up against Namjoon’s side, nose close enough to his shirt that he was able to breathe in his alpha’s scent and were the topic of their discussion not so serious, he would have allowed himself to get lost among strawberry fields and lemonade waterfalls.

"That bad, huh?"

"Namjoon, he’s so lonely and it’s painfully obvious. I mean, he even cried while we were waiting at the bus stop."

"He cried?" Namjoon echoed incredulously. He couldn't believe that Yoongi, somebody he perceived as an emotionless hardass, had broken down sobbing in public of all places. He hadn’t been sure if he even had the ability to cry and second of all, the thought of Yoongi sobbing on a bus bench left Namjoon feeling uneasy for reasons he couldn’t accurately fathom but despite their tepid animosity towards each other, he couldn’t help but feel bad for Yoongi.

Regardless of the fact that they had gotten off to a bad start and still seemed to be dancing around each other on a broken seesaw while they tried to figure out where they stood, Namjoon wasn’t so cruel that he thought Yoongi crying was funny. It was almost sad, really, considering how headstrong Yoongi always presented himself in front of him.

He now knew that was a facade.

“I don’t blame him,” Seokjin sighed as he rolled over onto his back, finding himself pressed up against his alpha’s side because unlike him, Namjoon had laid down on his back like a normal human being.

“He’s all alone in Daegu and I’m pretty sure part of his anxiety stems from knowing that he could run into his parents at any given moment, which is something I know he doesn’t want.”

“Can’t blame him. His parents are real pieces of shit.”

“I can’t imagine my parents being against me going to college,” Seokjin muttered. “Like… imagine having to work a dead-end, minimum-wage job your whole life and living with your parents because rent is too expensive for you to afford…”

“I’d rather work a dead-end job and live with six roommates than with my parents for the rest of my life,” Namjoon scoffed. “I mean, I love my parents but I think they would get sick of seeing my face at some point.”

“Hmm, true, but you also have a better mindset than Yoongi. He seems to be in fight-or-flight mode all the time and doesn’t have enough foresight to think further than a couple days ahead of time.”

“Nah, he’s got more like a fight-or-flight mindset.”

“That, too. And well, I don’t blame him for being the way he is. He’s trying his best to keep it
together and I don’t think he hates you but rather, he just enjoys having somebody to mess around with who won’t automatically want to slap him around and teach him a lesson. He’s just… a little too harsh about it sometimes, that’s all,” Seokjin mumbled.

"I get that he's had a rough life up until he got to go to college but that's also not an excuse for him to be such a dick, either,” Namjoon complained and even though Seokjin wanted to defend him, he knew his alpha was right.

Yoongi did take things too far sometimes and while Seokjin could understand playful heckling, he realized that the playful banter had gone above and beyond that and could no longer be considered as endearing as it might have been for starters. And given their history, Yoongi was never going to change his tune unless he seriously mellowed out, something even Seokjin didn't believe was possible and he considered himself an optimist.

"Yeah, I see your point."

“Think you could talk to him? Maybe knock some sense into him?”

“Mmm, I’ll do my best,” Seokjin mumbled.

“Please?”

“For you, Joonie, I’ll walk to the ends of the earth.”

“Aww, thank you, Jinnie,” Namjoon gushed. “That’s so sweet of you.”

“I know, right? You’d best be careful or I’ll give you diabetes.”

"I'll take my chances."

“Speaking of diabetes, are we gonna go get donuts later?”

“Uh, yeah!” Seokjin agreed enthusiastically. “I’ve been thinking about them all day!”

"Did it slip out while you and Yoongi were out wreaking havoc?"

"Almost," Seokjin replied for the sake of humoring his alpha, who let out a hearty laugh. “But I held back. Didn’t wanna make Yoongi jealous.”

“Yeah, I can definitely see how that would have been a problem.”

“Honestly, I think he’ll be okay once his cast comes off.”

“So that’s what’s bothering him?”

“It’s a big deal for him.”

“How come?”

“His arm makes him feels imprisoned and because of it, his brother is treating him like a child and won’t let him go anywhere.”

“Damn, that’s rough. I’d hate it if somebody did that to me.”

“I’m glad you see how ridiculous it is, too,” Seokjin scoffed. “I’d punch out anybody if they tried that with me.”
“Wow, and I thought Yoongi was aggressive.”

“Nah, he still holds the crown for world’s most violent omega. Hey, do you think donuts would mellow him out?”

“Mmm, maybe? I dunno, is food the way to an omega’s heart?”

“It pretty much is,” Seokjin confirmed with a chuckle.

“And speaking of donuts, we should at least try and nap,” Namjoon suggested pointedly. “That is, if we’re gonna get up early to get donuts.”

“Not just any donuts. Gourmet donuts.”

“True, true.”

Seokjin tried sleeping, he really did, but having that nagging reminder in the back of his mind that they had to get up in a few hours prevented him from really getting comfortable enough to relax and sleep. And even though he was curled up with Namjoon, spooning his alpha and happily breathing in his scent while they both dozed, he felt Namjoon gently shaking him awake in no time at all and he realized there was no more time for him to rest any longer. Despite feeling groggy and tired, Seokjin managed to convince himself to sit up, finding the motivation to do so once his alpha was no longer lying down next to him. It seemed that Namjoon had cracked the code to motivating him to get out of bed and part of him didn’t like it but he reminded himself to be grateful, especially when he reminded himself of the reason why they were getting up so early.

“C’mon, doll, let’s wash up and get going,” Namjoon whispered as he guided him to the bathroom and after brushing their teeth and changing out of their pajamas, the pair trudged downstairs, where they found Seokjin’s brother sprawled out on the couch with dark bags under his eyes and laptop haphazardly hanging off his lap like it was about to fall to the floor.

“You guys heading out?” he asked groggily.

“Yep!”

“Don’t forget to buy me donuts!”

“Yeah, yeah, I know. It’s either we bring you donuts or face certain death, right?” Seokjin chuckled.

“That’s exactly right. Now, I’m going to bed. Wake me up when you come back with donuts.” Seokjung scoffed, unceremoniously climbing to his feet before trudging upstairs.

“If I knew somebody was coming back with donuts, I would be okay with being woken up, too,” Namjoon laughed as they stepped out.

“Yeah, me too!” Seokjin giggled along with him.

“Our sleep schedules are so out of whack, I’m surprised we’re even able to get up in the morning and go to work,” Namjoon whispered even though he felt just as giggly and euphoric as his omega, who laughed along with him like they had sucked on helium and for no apparent reason, everything had suddenly become hilarious to giggle at as they felt themselves becoming lightheaded.

He was sure Seokjin’s parents would rip him a new one if they found out he’d coerced -- actually, he convinced Seokjin to come along but when it came to their son, coercion was the key word in their eyes -- his boyfriend into leaving the house at five in the morning but they were both out of town at
the moment and Seokjung had promised not to rat them out so long as they brought him some donuts. He’d even given them money for his treats and not ones to deny him when he had so willingly volunteered to turn a blind eye to their shenanigans and gave them cash to lighten the burden on their wallets, Namjoon and Seokjin agreed to bring something good back for him.

And their parents would never know.

“I wish Yoongi could have come with us. I know you and him aren’t exactly on the best terms but I think he would have enjoyed sneaking out for donuts.”

“We can do this again when he comes to your house for a sleepover.”

“Y’know, I think he’d enjoy that a lot.”

“Mhm, especially if we bribed him with free donuts.”

“True, true.”

Seokjin followed Namjoon to the train station and while he noticed a couple of shady characters lurking about, in the station and on the platform but he made sure to cling to Namjoon while they waited for their train, which, according to the timetable, was due to arrive in the next five minutes or so. He distracted himself with thoughts of the treats they were going to bring home and the store, which he knew opened in two hours but probably already had a line of people stretching around the block who wanted gourmet donuts just as much as they did, until the train finally rolled into the station and they were able to hop on, which finally eased the anxiety gnawing at his belly.

“So what are you thinking about getting?”

“Mmm… it depends on what they have,” Seokjin answered, shrugging as he did.

“Baby, they have everything you can imagine.”

And Namjoon wasn’t lying, for when they stepped into the donut shop that had been set up in what had once been a bank vault, complete with intricate, heavy double doors made from metal decorated with fleurs de lis, he felt like he had set foot inside a building that was heavily guarded because it stored valuable goods in its walls. The only valuables in the building were donuts, of course, but Seokjin wouldn’t have been surprised if they had kept with the whole bank vault theme and actually hired a security guard or two to roam the tiny shop like they were keeping money safe.

“So what are you thinking about getting?” Namjoon asked, snapping him out of his thoughts as he felt his eyes start to glaze over at the large selection of treats sitting on the racks lined with pink parchment paper.

“I dunno,” Seokjin admitted with a laugh. “There’s so many to choose from.”

“Yeah, I definitely know the feeling.”

But by the time it was their turn to order, Seokjin knew exactly what he wanted to buy and so did Namjoon. The alpha let Seokjin order first since he knew he had more donuts to order -- for himself and his brother -- and happily stood by while he listened to his omega list off all the donuts he wanted to buy for himself and for Seokjung.

It was especially important that they brought back treats for Seokjung, who had sworn on his life to tell his parents all about their little escapade if they didn’t.
“Let me get… two vanilla kitty donuts, a galaxy donut, and a bacon-and-maple syrup waffle donut in one bag and two chocolate truffle donuts and a reverse Boston Creme donut in another.”

“Will that be all?” the young man at the register asked him once he’d bagged the donuts as requested, and once Seokjin confirmed that was indeed all he wanted, Namjoon took his turn and they paid together.

“So what’d you get?”

“I got a chocolate kitty donut, a sugar donut filled with raspberry jelly, and a bunch of chocolate donut holes.”

“I see you’re a man of culture as well,” Seokjin playfully teased.

Once they had stepped out of the store, they sat down at one of the empty patio tables set out in front of the shop, deciding they didn’t want to go home right away, and Seokjin asked Namjoon to take out one of his chocolate kitty donuts and took a photo of them holding their donuts side-by-side, as if they were kissing, and posted it to Instagram with the caption *We are the purrfect pair (●ω●)*. He turned off his data immediately afterwards and knew he wouldn’t get any notifications until he got home but he didn’t care, preferring his alpha’s company over that of his phone.

“Think your brother’s awake?”

“Nah, he just went to sleep, remember?” Seokjin spoke around his kitty donut, which tasted of delicate vanilla and had him yearning for more sugar. “Pretty sure he won’t wake up until three p.m. *if we’re lucky.*”

“You’re probably right.”

The shop had just opened a half hour ago, Seokjin observed following a quick glance at his phone, but the street they were on was, save for the other patrons in the line for treat that was going out the door, mostly deserted. It was too early for them to be awake, either, but Seokjin knew their little escapade would make for a great story later and maybe, just maybe, Yoongi would be willing to join them for another, early-morning donut escapade when he came by for their sleepover.

**Yoongi**

[Sent at 8:28 A.M.]

Hey, I can’t sleep… are you up?

And speak of the devil.

**Seokjin**

[Sent at 8:29 A.M.]
Yep, I'm up.

Yoongi

[Sent at 8:30 A.M.]
I think my cast is coming off this upcoming Friday.

Seokjin

[Sent at 8:30 A.M.]
Really? Omg that’s great! (／.currentThread ／ UITableViewFooterView)ﾉ*• ◯

Yoongi

[Sent at 8:32 A.M.]
So… are we still having that sleepover?

Seokjin could sense his hesitation, like he wasn’t sure if they were still on for their sleepover or perhaps, he was wondering if maybe the sleepover had been canceled without his knowledge but just didn’t want to be so up front about it in case it was true. Or maybe, he felt so down in the dumbs that he didn’t think anybody loved him anymore.

Seokjin

[Sent at 8:34 A.M.]
Of course! I’ll buy snacks on Friday and you can come by on Friday or Saturday.
Whatever you prefer \(^ω^\) /

Yoongi

[Sent at 8:35 A.M.]
Saturday sounds great.

Everything’s starting to look up, huh, Yoongi? he silently asked his fellow omega. Even though there
was no way he would get a response, he was sure Yoongi felt the same way.

**Seokjin**

[Sent at 8:37 A.M.]

Can’t wait to see you this weekend. (රacency)

**Yoongi**

[Sent at 8:38 A.M.]

Yeah, me too :)
With his bag packed with enough essentials to last him a week away from home, his cast having been tossed out with last night’s trash so he never had to look at it again, and bank card in his wallet so that he could eat to his heart’s content during the course of the week if he so chose, Yoongi had found himself waiting the way to Seoul as soon as he woke up on Saturday morning. Or rather, just in time to catch his 6 P.M. flight because he could not be bothered to wake up earlier than eleven a.m., almost twelve p.m.

That, and wouldn’t showing up early defeat the purpose of a sleepover? At least, it did in his mind.

After two hours in the air, he finally landed in Seoul and he hopped into the first available cab, informing the driver of Seokjin’s address before finally allowing himself to relax, having realized that he’d been much too wound up so tight while in Daegu because of his parents.

It just dawned on him that he had nothing to fear while in this cab, especially since the driver was clearly a beta, and that there was no way his parents even had an inkling of knowledge about his whereabouts.

Plus, Seokjin had told him that if he needed help paying the taxi fare, he could let him know and he’d come out with the necessary cash to pay the driver but when he rolled up in front of the elder’s house, Yoongi didn’t bother fishing out his phone and simply paid the fare before climbing out of the cab with his backpack in tow.

*I’m set to start working a job once school starts so money’s not gonna be that big of an issue anymore.*

It was a burden off his shoulders even though he had to head back to Seoul a week earlier than everyone else for residence advisor orientation and to help out with any last minute things that needed to be fixed around the dorms in order to ensure they were liveable.

He wasn’t exactly excited to play handyman but one particularly threatening line in an email he’d received -- “Any residence advisor set to start work for the 2014-2015 school year who does not report to their assigned dormitory (Sehwawon, Woojungwon, Second Dormitory, or I-HOUSE) and fulfill their necessary duties prior to move-in day will be immediately terminated.” -- had convinced him that he needed to go because he didn’t want to lose out on free housing and get financially set back by millions of won that he didn’t have and couldn’t afford adding the cost of room and board to his already-cumbersome loans for this semester.

It also meant he wouldn’t have to see Yeonwoo’s ugly face over the summer, since he planned to keep his job throughout the summer semester even at the cost of not being able to spend his summer doing what he wanted and prolonging his job through senior year if it turned out to be something he was willing to continue pursuing.

Then again, money was money and Yoongi wasn’t one to say no, especially when he could earn a pretty penny while being able to pay off a good chunk of his loans before he even graduated and not having to worry about being unemployed over the summer. That alone was worth the hassle of having to report to a higher-up every day.

He snapped out of his thoughts just as he found himself at the front door of Seokjin’s house, where he rang the doorbell and hoped he wouldn’t have to wait long to be let inside because it was rather dark out and he felt a little apprehensive standing outside even though he knew Seokjin lived in a
good neighborhood. Then again, he figured his agitation stemmed from looking over his shoulder when he was in Daegu, either because of Jungsil or his parents, who he thankfully hadn’t run into yet but was sure that it would happen one of these days.

And when it did, he had no idea what he would do.

*I hope I don’t run into them because that means I have to be civil with them and I don’t think I could resist punching Dad in the face after everything he’s done to me.*

His heart ached at the thought of not being able to get pregnant one day, should he want to, and it was all because one day, almost out of the blue, he started exhibiting heat symptoms like a fever and he smelled like *strawberries*, which had gone unnoticed until his father pointed it out and made him feel guilty about something he didn’t even know he was supposed to be ashamed about.

And the suppressants, oh, the suppressants…

He was sure he hated the sight of those little pills more than he hated the memory of his father sitting at the kitchen table with the bottle in front of him, which had become a setpiece in place of a pretty vase filled with flowers or even a salt and pepper shaker set. He hated coming down for meals, always finding a pill sitting on his plate, and being told “you’re not going to eat until you take your medicine”, feeling his blood boiling at the memory of his father sitting in his usual seat next to the window with such a smug look on his face, betraying just how powerful he felt holding his food hostage until and unless he gave into his demands.

And the whole time, his mom never said anything, setting the table as if her husband and son were enjoying a lighthearted conversation about how school was going or a topic Yoongi was interested in rather than being engaged in a tug-of-war where Yoongi felt he had always turned out as the loser.

*I hope you enjoyed the control you had over me while it lasted, you bastard. You’re never, ever gonna be in that position ever again.*

“Yoongi, are you gonna stand out there all day or are you gonna come inside?”

“H-huh? Oh, shit, sorry,” he apologized as he snapped out of his thoughts and saw Seokjin standing there, eyebrow arched high on his forehead and a mixture of expectation and mild impatience written on his elegant features.

“No worries,” the elder chuckled as he stepped aside to let him inside and all of a sudden, Yoongi felt a wave of emotion wash over him as the smell of Seokjin’s house -- pure cinnamon and chamomile -- hit him dead-on, nearly knocking him off his feet.

*I didn’t realize how much I missed this,* Yoongi thought as he followed Seokjin up the stairs to his bedroom and found himself taking in everything as if he’d come home after a long trip. *Is it normal to feel nostalgic over a house that just belongs to my friend's parents?*

Quickly, Yoongi came to notice just how far apart he and Seokjin stood when it came to their socioeconomic statuses in life, which hit him like a ton of bricks as he came to begrudgingly accept that his best friend was *wealthy* in the truest definition of the word. Meanwhile, he had grown up so poor that he couldn't even afford to say the word and a tiny part of him resented Seokjin for the stable life he would have killed for. But then he reminded himself that Seokjin hadn’t asked to be born into a rich family the same way he hadn’t asked to be born to abusers.

*If my parents had had more money, would they have seen me as a burden or would my status have been something to celebrate?*
He was sure that, when Seokjin was born, his parents also knew that he was an omega by way of parental intuition and when he showed as an omega, it had just been any other day in the Kim household.

"Make yourself at home," Seokjin said, snapping him out of his thoughts.

"It feels so great being back here again," Yoongi admitted, though he felt ashamed of having even let himself feel jealous towards Seokjin, especially when he knew that he had had no control over being raised in a privileged household. Unfortunately, Yoongi also felt like he had no control over his future, hence his bitterness.

"I'm happy you're here. My room felt way too empty without you."

"What are you gonna do without me after we graduate?" Yoongi couldn't help but tease. "You gonna adopt me?"

"I just might," Seokjin pretended to sniff snootily. "If it means keeping you out of trouble."

"Maybe I do need somebody looking after me."

"Ah, if you admitted it, then it’s true!"

"Hmph, whatever."

"So what do you wanna do first?"

"Movie!" Yoongi shouted excitedly, cutting him off halfway once he knew what was being asked of him and Seokjin couldn’t resist grinning at his cuteness as he skipped over to his bed, opened his laptop up to Netflix, and pulled up all of the Disney movies that were currently available so Yoongi could pick out the first film they were going to watch and then they curled up on Seokjin’s bed with a giant bowl of cheesy popcorn between themselves while they watched *Lilo & Stitch*.

After it ended, their bowl of popcorn halfway eaten and several empty cans of soda strewn all over the small table Seokjin kept in his room for moments like these when he liked to eat upstairs in his room, when his family wasn’t home for them to have a family meal, or whenever he watched movies with Namjoon or Yoongi and they needed a surface to put all their snacks on. And as caffeinated as they were, Seokjin still felt like going to sleep would be the best course of action at this point.

"Honestly, I feel like my life has taken a turn for the better now that I’m here."

"I’m really glad to hear that," Seokjin gushed. "And hey, you can stay here as long as you want."

"I have no plans on leaving anytime soon," Yoongi giggled. "Hell, I’ll stay even if this place is on fire."

"You love my house more than I do."

"I love your house. I would die for your house."


Yoongi could only laugh as he leapt to his feet, grabbing some of the essentials he’d packed -- mainly his toothbrush, toothpaste, and a change of clothes -- and trudged into the bathroom to wash up. He felt so grimey after his flight that he knew there was no way he could bear sleeping through the night and bathing in the morning. He could already see himself feeling uncomfortable from how
much worse of a state he was going to be in if he didn’t freshen up right now.

Fortunately, a five-minute shower did wonders and after he stepped over the tub a little while later completely dripping wet, Yoongi quickly dried off and stumbled back to Seokjin’s room once he was dressed because he figured it was probably way past their bedtimes.

Quite frankly, he was **exhausted** and giddily welcomed the thought of sleeping on the couch that may as well be his permanent bed at this point.

While he didn’t fight his exhaustion, Yoongi forced himself to grab Mr. Cinnabun out of his backpack before flopping down onto the couch, where sleep washed over him in a matter of minutes. He felt himself **floating**, as if he’d found himself resting on the softest cloud in the whole wide world and slept throughout the night without waking up in a cold sweat even once, something that happened way too often at Yeonwoo’s place, or feeling too paranoid to really relax.

Then again, Seokjin's house was everything Yeonwoo's apartment was not.

*I've never slept this good at Yeonwoo's place.*

When he awoke the next morning, Yoongi felt his heart swell as he came to realize that his surroundings were that of Seokjin’s room and that, at some point, the elder had covered him with a bedsheets even though there was no way he would be cold, not when he was miles away from Daegu and snuggled up on a comfy couch that beat out the bed Yeonwoo had set out for him a million times over.

It was then that he realized: there was something special about Seokjin’s house, about his family and the loving but more importantly, **stable** dynamic they had, and about the elder himself that he knew he wouldn’t be able to find anywhere else in the world even he spent the rest of his life searching. Seokjin’s charm and kindness was **irreplaceable** and the reason why they had become friends -- because Seokjin thought he was going to steal Namjoon away from him -- caused him to snicker quietly to himself because that little bit of jealousy had brought them more joy than they could have ever imagined.

*I'm so lucky,* he thought as he buried his face in Mr. Cinnabun’s tummy in order to muffle his giggles so he didn’t wake his friend, heart swelling all the while. *Thank you for everything, Seokjin…*

And when it came time to get up for breakfast, Yoongi excitedly followed Seokjin down into the kitchen after having been promised unlimited waffles and cinnamon rolls, two things that he couldn’t live without.

“So how’s your shoulder?”

“Doing fine. It still hurts sometimes but I’m just happy that I got to toss that stupid brace last night.”

“You threw it away?”

“Well, I sure wasn’t going to keep it as a memento,” Yoongi scoffed.

“Yeah, I get that,” Seokjin chuckled, only to see Yoongi get distracted when his phone suddenly sounded off with a loud ping that prompted him to look at it and immediately, the happy smile on his face dissipated in exchange for a nasty scowl that made Yoongi look ten years older and so unfriendly that Seokjin would have been afraid of him if they were just two strangers walking by each other on the street.
“Oh, fuck you,” Yoongi muttered under his breath.

“Who’s that?”

“My second father,” Yoongi scoffed with a roll of his eyes, showing his screen to Seokjin. The elder rolled his eyes as well, giving Yoongi the satisfaction he’d been craving.

“Your brother needs to chill the fuck out.”

“He still treats me like I’m twelve.”

“I would never treat you like you’re twelve,” Seokjin insisted adamantly.

“Thank you. I’m glad you fucking get it.”

“Hey, if you survived your freshman year of college all by yourself, then he needs to understand that you don’t need him hovering over you like you’re a little baby.”

“I’d like to be somebody’s baby but not in the way that I am to Yeonwoo.”

“Ohhh!” Seokjin squealed even as Yoongi slapped his hands over his mouth, eyes going wide with surprise as his cheeks turned red as if he’d eaten the world’s spiciest ghost pepper.

“Yoongi, that’s so cute!”

“Shut up!”

“Aw, c’mon, don’t be embarrassed!”

“Yah, I said shut up!” the younger shouted as he hurriedly buried his face in his hands out of embarrassment. “I didn’t say anything!”

“No, you did say something! You said probably the cutest thing that’s ever left your mouth so far in the time that I’ve known you!”

“No, no-no-no, no, it’s not!”

“No, it’s a good thing!”

“What’s with all the yelling? Don’t you two realize that other people live in this house, too?”

“Currently, I just have to deal with your annoying ass since Mom and Dad are still overseas,” Seokjin snapped at his brother, glaring at him from over Yoongi’s shoulder. Meanwhile, the younger didn’t turn to look at Seokjung, fearing further questioning if he happened to notice his burning hot cheeks. “Begone, Felicia. Go back from whence you came.”
“From whence I… you know what, forget it. I’m gonna try and go back to sleep.”

“You do that!” Seokjin called after his brother and then, in the same breath, he turned back to Yoongi and said, “there’s nothing to be ashamed of, okay?”

“Hey, I don’t even have an alpha so I shouldn’t be dreaming about any of that lovey dovey stuff because I could end up super disappointed.”

“Or, y’know, you could learn to communicate so you can tell your alpha all the things you want from him. If he loves you, he’ll try to deliver if it’s within reason.”

“I’d feel bad.”

“You’d feel bad for demanding to be treated with love?” Seokjin echoed pensively.

“Well, it’s hard when… what if I find somebody who’s just like my dad?”

“No, don’t go there. I mean, think about it: you’ve told me about Jungsil and he’s a real dick, right? Do I see you sitting in his lap or kissing him?”

“I thought about dating him, though.”

“We all think about dating lots of people until they show us their true colors. Jungsil showed his pretty quick, right?”

“Y-yeah, he did but… I still can’t help but think… no, nevermind.”

“Yoongi, no, tell me what’s on your mind,” Seokjin told him sternly.

“Chances are, I’m gonna get desperate and get together with the first guy who treats me with an inkling of respect,” Yoongi blurted out in frustration. “And what if he turns out to be the worst fucking asshole in the entire world? What do I do then?”

“Hey, you can always dump him. You are not obligated to stay with anybody who does not treat you well.”

“And well…”

“What is it?”

“I’m scared that I’m gonna find somebody who’s gonna continue the same cycle I endured as a kid with any children we end up having.”

“You mean… the suppressants?” Seokjin asked cautiously and Yoongi nodded.

“And I sure as hell don’t want to become my mom,” Yoongi chuckled, though there was no mirth in his laughter and it slightly grated on Seokjin’s nerves. “I know I’m a lot of bad things but the one thing I never wanna turn into is that bitch. She might as well be worse than my dad because she enabled all of his bullshit and let him destroy my body.”

“I’m guessing all of this is pent-up anger is coming from when you were living in Daegu, huh?”

“Y-yeah… it was maddening living in the same city as my parents because…”

“You never knew if and when you’d run into them,” Seokjin finished for him and Yoongi nodded ever so slightly in affirmation.
“At least when I’m here, I don’t have to be scared because the odds of them traveling to Seoul are super low.”

“You don’t think they want to see you?”

“Nah, they didn’t come to see me when I broke my shoulder so it’s not like they’d do it for a social call. Plus, my dad told me not to come back until I changed my major but I’m not switching music for anything.

“Oh, my, gosh, that’s awful…”

“I guess I’m that much of a disappointment to him that he’d rather I be miserable for my whole life than work a job I love. I mean, there’s things I hate about producing but that’s life, right?”

“And next thing you know, your dad would start bitching endlessly about how useless a liberal arts degree is,” Seokjin scoffed, only to feel embarrassment flaring up in his body and his cheeks turning hot when he realized what he’d said. “Sorry, I didn’t mean to overstep.”

“Nah, you’re one-hundred-percent right about that. That sounds like something he would say.”

“Hey…”

“Hmm?”

“Everything is going to be okay, okay? You are going to meet the love of your life one day real soon,” Seokjin cooed, flashing Yoongi what he hoped was a reassuring smile. His fellow omega shrugged a bit but didn’t look nearly as convinced as Seokjin would have liked but that was par for the course with Yoongi.

The alpha of his dreams could be standing right in front of him, lovingly doting on him and making all his dreams come true, and Yoongi would still be too dense to notice it or worse, he would dismiss the alpha’s advances as sex-seeking behavior. If that happened, Seokjin hoped he was around so he could smack some sense into Yoongi before he ended up letting something so good and beautiful slip away.

“I keep telling myself that but I haven’t seen any lovely alphas appear from around the corner with the intention of romancing me.”

“You’re not gonna find him on the streets.”

“I’m not gonna find him at Kyung Hee, either.”

“You still have two more years. Yoongi, that’s four semesters during which anything can happen, okay?” Seokjin cooed, opening his arms for a hug as he said this. “You’re gonna find your soulmate, don’t you worry.”

His embrace looked so inviting and warm that Yoongi could only climb out of his seat and come to stand in between the elder’s legs, arms wrapped around his waist while Seokjin hugged his shoulders and ran his fingers through his hair, an action that felt way more comforting than Yoongi, stoic as he had become over the years, was willing to admit. And even though he knew that he needed to get used to the brutally painful reality of being single sooner rather than later, Yoongi still clung to Seokjin and tried to convince himself that what the elder was trying to tell him would happen even though, deep down, he didn’t really have any faith left for love.

_I sure hope you’re right, Seokjin._
If Jimin was being brutally honest with himself, no amount of skimming over various dorm packing lists online could have prepared him for moving out of his parents’ house and lugging all of his stuff across the country in less than a month’s time because there was always a chance that he would end up forgetting something essential and be forced to spend money in order to have it when he was in Seoul. He didn’t even know who his roommate was and so, to be safe, Jimin had decided to pack whatever he thought he needed rather than rely on somebody else and made sure to refer back to those pesky packing lists that were actually quite helpful now.

It was all going well until his phone went off, blasting G-Dragon’s *COUP D’ETAT* and for reasons he couldn’t deduce, Jimin felt like tossing it out the window. And when he checked the caller ID, he knew exactly why he felt so anxious all of a sudden.

“Who’s that?”

“My friend, Jeongguk,” Jimin replied with a heavy, exasperated sigh as he debated whether to pick up the phone or let him go to voicemail. He quickly decided with the latter but just as he was about to pocket his phone and continue helping Taehyung pack, he felt it buzzing in his hand again and he groaned as he forced himself to answer the call.

“What do you want?”

“Hey, come and bail me out.”

“What?”

“I said what I said. *Come and bail me out.*”

“Like hell I will.”

“C’mooon, please? I promise I’m not in trouble but I need somebody to come down here and pretend to be my older brother.”

“Why don’t you call your older brother and have him help you out?”

“He’ll tell on me! C’mon, please! I really need your help!” Jeongguk begged, sounding more and more desperate by the minute and Jimin, unable to say no to the young alpha he saw as an annoying little brother who just so happened to be around the same age as Jiwoon and definitely acted just like him, minus the insane obsession he had with collecting Transformers figurines.

“Fine, I’ll be there soon, you little shit,” Jimin grumbled whilst ignoring all of the meaningful looks Taehyung shot his way. When he hung up, he told the beta “I’ll be back soon” and hurried off, knowing that the sooner he bailed Jeongguk out, the sooner he could come back and resume hanging out with Taehyung.

It didn’t take long to make it to the address Jeongguk had sent him but the police station was still so foreboding that he quickly dealt with the police officers who had picked up -- not arrested, but *picked up* -- Jeongguk on grounds that he was acting suspiciously. Beyond that, Jimin had no idea what he had done to deserve getting picked up and he didn’t want to know.

Perhaps not inquiring made him look suspicious but he didn’t want to have any knowledge of Jeongguk’s activities, fearing that it would somehow make him an accomplice in all of the obviously
illegal shit the younger alpha was getting himself into. But once they were outside of the police station and far out of earshot of any cops that could be listening, Jimin let him have it.

“What did you do this time?”

“I didn’t do anything,” Jeongguk insisted, though Jimin didn’t believe him in the slightest and didn’t even try to resist the urge to roll his eyes, especially since he’d specifically been called to the police station to help talk down the cops who had arrested him.

“Right, and my great-grandmother is the Queen of England.”

“Hey, I’m trying to save money for college, dammit! I’m starting at Kyung Hee next year, remember?”

“There’s better ways to make money than… than whatever you’re doing!”

“This pays better!”

“I swear to god, if you’re selling drugs—”

“No!” Jeongguk scoffed, sounding offended as if Jimin had just insulted his mother.

“I don’t believe you.”

“Okay, you wanna know what I’m doing?”

“I probably won’t believe you even if you’re telling the truth but—”

“I’m working as a private investigator.”

“Private investigator, my ass! You don’t have a license!”

“Yeah, yeah, those are just pesky little details—”

“Jeongguk, you could get in serious trouble,” Jimin warned, though he could tell from the second he’d opened his mouth that his young friend had already stopped paying attention to what he was saying, clearly occupied with texting some unfortunate soul who had been labeled as “Yugy-butt” in his address book.

“Hasn’t happened to me yet.”

“But it could! C’mon, you’re not even done with high school—”

“Um, excuse me, I’m graduating next year!” he corrected rather snobbishly. “And unlike you, I’m not taking a gap year.”

“Kid, why would it matter to you if I took a gap life? It has nothing to do with what we’re talking about!”

“Just saying.”

“My point is: if you keep doing this, you’re eventually going to cross the wrong person or make a wrong move that could end up destroying your life! Do you want that?”

“Why do you care? I mean, all that matters is that they even don’t have probable cause,” Jeongguk scoffed, rolling his eyes. “And no evidence, either.”
“I can’t wait for the day that your parents find out what you’re up to and whup your ass so hard that you see Jesus.”

“That’s never gonna happen!”

“Don’t sound so confident. People have gone to jail for less.”

“You sound like my dad!”

“So you’ve heard this spiel before?” Jimin shouted back at him.

“Quit yelling at me! I’m an adult, Jimin! Treat me like one!”

“If you’re such a grown-up, then act like it and stop trespassing—”

“Hey, if you ever need my services, you’ll thank me—”

“Ha, that’s funny! I’m never going to need your ‘services’,” Jimin mocked, to which Jeongguk shrugged as if he was brushing him off.

“Okay, if you say so. Just know that your ‘holier than thou’ attitude won’t get you far.”

“Yeah, whatever.”

“But hey, thanks for bailing me out. My mom would have killed me if she found out I got picked up by the cops,” Jeongguk chuckled sheepishly and Jimin could only glare at him.

“For your sake, I hope she never finds out.”

“Yeah, same,” Jeongguk laughed like Jimin had just told him a funny joke and then, after patting his shoulder in gratitude, the younger boy dashed across the street until he disappeared out of sight, leaving Jimin feeling exasperated that he’d had to endure his presence but grateful that everything had gone fine.

At least, as fine as possible, seeing as he had been forced to talk down some bloodthirsty cops in order to help Jeongguk get off scot-free for doing who knew what. And the less he knew, the better.

“What was that about?” Taehyung asked the moment he stepped in through the door, startling Jimin out of his thoughts so fast that he nearly gets whiplash.

“Oh, it was nothing,” Jimin brusquely reassured him, not wanting to get into the nitty gritty because the last thing he wanted was to waste his time talking about Jeongguk and his crazy, borderline-illegal antics.

That, and he didn’t want Taehyung to commiserate with criminals, which he wasn’t, but then again, that’s how it could come off as if he explained exactly what Jeongguk had done and what he had to do in order to get him out of the police precinct so that the young alpha’s parents didn’t find out what shenanigans he was up to. It wasn’t worth wasting his breath over and if Jeongguk ended up in jail in the next six months, Jimin wanted no part of it and hoped that Jeongguk wouldn’t call him from the jailhouse with requests to bail him out or to bring him items he couldn’t access from inside prison.

If anything of the sort happened, he could at least take comfort in the fact that he would be in Seoul, too far away to reach let alone go visit Jeongguk in prison.

*That kid will either straighten himself out before he reaches the point of no return or he’s gonna go*
to jail. There is no in between.

“No, really, what was that about?”

“It’s just Jeongguk being a dumbass like usual.”

"Didn't know dumbassery was an activity."

"Nah, he's turned that shit into an Olympic sport."

“So what are you most looking forward to at college?” Taehyung asked sometime later, snapping Jimin out of his thoughts just as he felt them start to tangle and become twisted, courtesy of Jeongguk’s irresponsible behavior that would surely land him in hot water in the very-near future.

“Besides being away from home for the first time? Meeting my soulmate and marrying him as soon as I can!”

“You really think he’s at Kyung Hee?”

“I’ve got a good feeling about it!” Taehyung proclaimed, grinning from ear to ear. “I mean, it’s a big school so the chance of me meeting the person I’m meant to be with is pretty high! Oh, and you, too!”

“T-thanks… I really wanna get married one day.”

“Knowing you, it’ll be as soon as you get out of college if not sooner.”

“No, I’m not saying that you’re desperate to get married as soon as possible but rather, once you meet your soulmate, you seem like the type who wouldn’t let him get away,” Taehyung clarified.

“I guess that makes more sense,” Jimin said, breathing out a sigh of relief. The last thing he wanted was to come off as an alpha desperate for a quick fuck when what he really wanted was to find his soulmate and, once he did, never let him go if he could help it.

To omegas, though, there wasn’t much of an obvious difference unless and until they understood his motives but he wasn’t about to go from omega to omega until he felt a spark, either. That, to him, also screamed desperation and only guaranteed broken hearts for himself and the omega in question. Deep down, though, he couldn’t deny he was terrified of going to college and potentially running the risk of not finding his mate or worse, missing him by a bout of inclement weather and losing his last chance at scooping that beautiful omega into his arms and kissing him senseless.

Just the thought made Jimin’s heart hurt.

Hey, soulmate, if you’re out there, just know that I can’t wait to meet you. When we finally meet, our lives are gonna be absolutely perfect and we’ll always be happy. I know I will be once I find you.

“And hey, don’t worry.”

“Hmm?”

“Omegas are going to be lining up for a chance to date you.”
“That’s a nice sentiment but I like the idea of serial monogamy a lot more than being everyone’s object of desire,” Jimin admitted bashfully, lips curling upward at the thought of finding the one for him without having to slog through lots of people who didn’t inspire passion in him or turned out just to be a waste of time, especially if all they were looking for was sex.

He wasn’t opposed to the idea and certainly wasn’t a prude but he wanted sex to be an act reserved for himself and his darling mate, the only person who truly deserved it, and nobody else. And even though he knew his mate would probably never believe him, he wanted his mate to be his first and if he was lucky, that the opposite ended up being true as well. Even if his mate had had other partners, it wouldn’t affect how much he loved him or how often they had sex, either.

“Serial monogamy, huh? Explains a lot about you,” Taehyung commented, voice having fallen into a soft coo that sounded rather adoring rather than critical, and Jimin felt his cheeks burning hot again.

“Yah, stop it…”

“Stop what?”

“Stop analyzing me, geez… it’s creepy.”

“Oh, it’s creepy when I do it but you think you’re all-knowing with the relationship advice you give!” Taehyung playfully accused.

“Single people give out the best advice, didn’t you know?”

“Riiight… that’s why you’re still single.”

“Hey, I’d rather be single than in a loveless relationship,” Jimin scoffed as he rolled his eyes.

“Fair enough,” Taehyung scoffed. “At least your chances of getting herpes is super low.”

“I’m saving myself so you have more fish in the pool to choose from.”

“Oh, ha ha, right, because I’m the slut.”

“Your words, not mine,” Jimin half-laughed, half-scoffed.

"Rude-ass punk."

"Hey, I'm older than you so you better treat me with respect!"

"You're, like, barely three whole months older than me!" Taehyung scoffed.

"And your point?"

“My point is that the age difference between us is negligible at best!”

“I hope my kids end up being older than yours.”

“They won’t be much older than mine.”

“I hope they’re at least a year older.”

“Eh, it’s just a year,” Taehyung shrugged. “Doesn’t mean much.”

“It would be enough for your kids to have to call my kids ‘hyung’ and ‘unnie’.”"
“See, I always thought that was kind of stupid. Like, hypothetically, somebody’s a year older than me and I have to call them ‘hyung’ just because of that? It’s not like they have twenty years of experience and tons of wisdom to impart on me and even then, some adults are dumber than rocks.”

“That’s an insult to rocks,” Jimin joked.

“Mmm, true,” Taehyung laughed along with him a few moments later.

“By the way, how’s packing going for you?”

“I’m almost done,” Taehyung answered, beaming proudly. “I have two giant boxes of stuff that I’m bringing with me but I think I’m good to go.”

“Hey, that’s pretty good.”

“Yeah, I’m just glad to be moving out.”

“Ah, right, and instead of eating your mom’s cooking, you’re gonna be surviving on ten-cent ramen.”

“Just for the first year,” Taehyung huffed, pursing his lips in a way that made him look like a petulant child protesting against their parent. “And then I’m probably gonna become an RA for the benefits.”

“Oh, really? What kind of benefits are we talking?”

“You should consider becoming one, too! You’d be perfect for the job and I heard it pays well and you get free room and board, too!”

“That sounds… pretty awesome!”

“Let’s pinkie-promise to become RAs together,” Taehyung suggested, sticking out his pinky finger for Jimin to take and Jimin did, despite the incredibly obvious size difference of their pinkies. Fortunately, Taehyung didn’t tease him and they formed a loop with their one obnoxiously long and one pathetically short pinky.

“In a year from now, we’ll be RAs.”

“That sounds like a plan, TaeTae.”
In exchange for dealing with residents in the dorm, Yoongi had discovered the trade-off to becoming an RA was that he’d saved a good chunk of money on housing this semester and he couldn’t wait for student services to email him, letting him know that his return was ready to be picked up. He was expected to resolve disputes and keep the peace at the cost of not paying for a dorm room. However, he couldn’t complain about having free housing and a decent paycheck, which were definitely perks of the job, and he enjoyed the authority he had as an RA because he was able to remind Namjoon that he was perfectly capable of writing him up if he did anything to irk him.

At the moment, he found himself at the front desk, where he had been sitting for so long that his butt had turned numb and even when he fired off another text message in the group chat he hadn’t even wanted to be a part of, more biting than the last because he’d completely lost his patience, everybody simply left him on Read within moments after he’d sent it.

In retaliation, he fired off one more text that dripped with murderous vigor and promised certain bodily harm if they didn’t heed his warnings.

[Sent at 9:05 P.M.]
If somebody doesn’t come and take over for me at the front desk, I will make sure none of you wake up tomorrow morning or so help me.

What’s the worst that could happen if I leave the desk? Yoongi pondered while he debated with himself, weighing the pros and cons of running off to the bathroom and leaving the desk unattended for, at most, a minute.

Of course, that was one minute during which anything could happen, such as drunk alphas storming into a building they had no business being in and wreaking havoc all over and worst of all, he could lose his job, his free room, and end up struggling to scrape together a living for the rest of the school year. The last thing he wanted was to have to live off ramen while searching frantically for a new job that wouldn’t provide him with nowhere near as many benefits as this job did and until he graduated and got a job in his field, he needed some way to scrape together a decent living and he had no plans to get fired two weeks into the fall semester.

“Hey, sorry, I’m here--”

“ Took you long enough,” Yoongi gruffly grumbled as he pushed past Hwansoo and hurried off to the restroom to relieve himself before his bladder burst. And because he didn’t trust his coworker, he didn’t take longer than absolutely necessary before scrambling back to the desk, just in case Hwansoo had decided to ditch him.

Surprisingly, he was still standing in front of the desk like a lost little freshman but had the smuggest grin on his face that was too much for Yoongi to handle without him wanting to roll his eyes at the alpha he was forced to tolerate.

"First time being an RA, Yoongi?"
"Yeah, it is. By the way, is this your first time being held accountable for shit because you're really bad at your job?" Yoongi scoffed.

"Oh, please, you're so overdramatic."

"It's not fucking funny. I could have gotten an infection."

"Just leave the desk."

“You know I fucking can’t. None of us can leave the desk unattended,” he seethed through gritted teeth. Had he been the only one to actually pay attention to the residence directors when they were going over the rules and regulations during the seminar?

“Okay, okay, fine… but you know, you should relax a little.”

“*You* can relax, I’m not going to lose my job because of your stupid ass.”

“I guess you really need this job, huh?” Hwansoo asked, though it sounded like he was taunting him. Yoongi, however, ignored him and took back his seat behind the desk.

The last thing he wanted was to give him the knowledge that yes, his job was important to him, and ammunition he needed to do everything in his power to get him fired.

"Hey, how’s it going?" Seokjin greeted as he approached the desk with a white box clutched in his hands and Yoongi let out a sigh of relief at the sight of a friendly face unexpectedly walking in.

"What are you doing here?"

"I came to see Namjoon and I brought donuts. You want one?"

"Yeah!" Yoongi eagerly answered, all but leaping to his feet before circling around the desk so he could have first pick of the donuts Seokjin bought.

“Eighteen donuts? Geez, I’m not judging but that’s a lot, even for you and Namjoon,” Yoongi commented as he scanned over the different treats as he tried to figure out which one he liked the best. They certainly didn't look as appealing as the donuts from that gourmet donut place Seokjin had taken him to back when they had their sleepover but donuts were donuts and Yoongi never said no to a free treat.

“I bought six for you. Take your pick," Seokjin insisted, to which Yoongi’s jaw dropped in response.

“*Hyuuuuuuang*… you’re too kind!” Yoongi whined and Seokjin couldn’t help but laugh.

“It’s funny how you only call me ‘hyung’ when you're grateful or when I feed you.”

“Ooh, donuts—”

“Back off. They’re not for you,” Seokjin snapped at Hwansoo, who flinched in surprise. Yoongi also felt shocked at the sudden flip in Seokjin’s demeanor but he felt himself deriving pleasure from seeing shock written on Hwansoo’s face from having gotten told off by *an omega* and more importantly, by Seokjin.

Moments like these reminded Yoongi that revenge was sweet -- *literally* -- and karma was steadfast in dishing out punishment to those who were most deserving.
“Damn, harsh!”

“Guess what, sweetie? I don’t give a damn,” Seokjin snapped and from where he stood next to his best friend, Yoongi could only smile at Hwansoo before happily biting into his double-chocolate donut, which tasted even better after being sprinkled with tidbits of Seokjin’s sassiness.

“Best be on your way,” Yoongi cackled, feeling pride swelling in his chest when Hwansoo trudged off to continue his rounds with his tail between his legs.

“Shitty coworker?” Seokjin guessed once Hwansoo was out of earshot.

“You could say that.”

“Sorry you have to deal with him.”

“Nah, it’s alright. I mean, it sucks but I’m getting paid and that’s all that really matters.”

“And it’s preparing you for the real world.”

“Hmm, true… we won’t always be working with pleasant people in our careers.”

“At least we’ll have good people around us.”

“You’ve got Namjoon so you’re definitely a winner.”

“Hey, I’ve got you, too.”

“I can’t give you anything.”

“Hey, our friendship is more than enough. And once you find yourself that alpha, we’re gonna be one crazy, happy family and our cute kids are gonna grow up together.”

“I hope your kids don’t end up being scared of dogs,” Yoongi joked before taking another bite of his donut.

“Ha ha, right, because fur babies. Fu-uh-unny,” Seokjin pretended to laugh.

“Don’t make fun of my babies. They’re sensitive.”

“Well, tell them I’m sorry.”

“You sound so insincere, you know that?” Yoongi couldn’t help but tease, whilst Seokjin snobbishly pretended to blow on his fingernails and wipe them on his shirt.

“Thank you, thank you very much,” he bragged, to which Yoongi humphed in response.

“You are so stuck-up.”

“Why, thank you! That’s the nicest thing you’ve ever said to me,” Seokjin joked, though the younger omega could only roll his eyes. “You’re so sweet, Yoongi!”

“Yeah, yeah, whatever…”

“I’ll let you get back to work but I’ll see you tomorrow, okay? Take care of yourself,” Seokjin said as he packed up the box of donuts and went on his merry way up the stairs, no doubt to share the rest of the goodies he’d bought with his boyfriend.
And maybe to share his goodies as an extra treat but that was none of Yoongi’s business.

When he made it upstairs to Namjoon’s room, Seokjin was let in after mere moments, it seemed like, and with his hands full with the box of donuts he was holding, he couldn’t get his alpha’s attention any other way than kicking the door. Fortunately, Namjoon had known he was coming and wasted no time letting him inside before he ended up getting tackled by a predator who only subsisted off donuts.

Once they were settled on the floor of Namjoon’s dorm room, his roommate nowhere to be seen, they popped open the box and indulged. And even if Namjoon’s roommate did come back, there were more than enough donuts to share because there was no way they were going to eat a dozen donuts and live to tell the tale.

“Yoongi’s actually a pretty good RA.”

“He’s an RA?”

“Yes?” Seokjin answered after a moment of hesitation, unsure if Namjoon had been asking a question or just echoing what he’d said.

“Ugh, just what I needed.”

“What do you have against him being an RA?” Seokjin couldn’t help but scoff out a laugh, only for Namjoon to glower at him and the look he gave him told him everything he needed to know, which led him to playfully accuse his alpha by saying, "You just don't like that he's a figure of authority now!"

"It's a big problem," Namjoon seethed. "He's gonna have it out for me now!"

"He already does!"

"Even more than before!"

“Relax, he could care less if you streaked across campus while screaming the national anthem at the top of your lungs.”

“I would never do that,” Namjoon protested, looking absolutely horrified by the thought of getting chased down by security for indecent exposure and disturbing the peace.

“I was only kidding, Joonie,” Seokjin tried to soothe, only for his boyfriend to huff loudly and stuff his face with another donut as his way of protesting.

“You know he would just film me and send it to everybody he knows.”

“Yoongi’s a hermit. He barely knows anybody.”

“Well, I wouldn’t want his two-point-five friends to have my naked ass on their phones, either.”

“I thought that statistic only applied to children?”

“It applies to friends, too.”

“Huh… didn’t know that.”

“Now you know,” Namjoon chuckled, leaning in to steal his lips for a kiss and everything else didn’t matter anymore.
“Hey, listen, I realized I was a real dick to you the other day,” Hwansoo said when he approached the front desk in order to relieve him of his post and suddenly, Yoongi found himself not dreading to see him anymore. He felt shell-shocked more than anything because was this alpha really apologizing to him, an omega?

“Oh, so you realized,” Yoongi commented without giving away what he was feeling, though he couldn’t help but ponder the possibility of pigs flying once he stepped outside for a bit of fresh air.

"Yeah, I did but you seem kinda chill."

"I try to be."

“And I figured you deserved an apology since you don’t seem to be a stuck-up bitch like the other omega RAs.”

“Not sure if I’m supposed to take that as a compliment…”

“So you wanna go out for boba shakes sometime? I hear that restaurant on the corner makes ‘em really good. You know the place?” Hwansoo asked, completely ignoring his own quip in favor of changing the topic and Yoongi didn’t know what to think.

“Yeah, I’ve been there before.”

“When are you done for the day?”

“I have class from two to four and then I’m off the rest of the day.”

“Great, it’s a date then. Meet me here as soon as your class ends, okay?”

“Yeah, sure,” Yoongi couldn’t help but half-laugh, half-scoff as he grabbed his things and trudged off to class, feeling a bit elated for reasons he couldn’t deduce.

And when he was released from Music Theory III at four p.m., Yoongi packed up his things and took his time heading down to the main floor of the building he was in and out the door to the dorm building where he had agreed to meet up with Hwansoo. Sure enough, he found him standing by the desk, occupied with scrolling through something on his phone, and he didn’t have to say anything as he suddenly looked up and flashed him a toothy smile.

“Hey. I almost thought you weren’t going to show.”

“I thought about it,” Yoongi teased.

To his surprise, Hwansoo smiled wider and offered to get going, to which Yoongi agreed as they made their way across campus to the restaurant most Kyung Hee students seemed to enjoy frequenting and ordered themselves boba shakes.

Well, Yoongi did.

Hwansoo ordered a milk tea with tapioca pearls and the omega couldn’t help but feel somewhat disgusted by his choice. Perhaps it was because tapioca pearls tasted like peeled grapes with the
ability to withstand being crushed by a hammer or because they were too chewy or maybe even something different entirely.

All Yoongi knew is that he didn’t like tapioca. And he didn’t like that Hwansoo adored them, which completely killed any hopes he had of maybe sharing a drink with him in the future.

“So did you become an RA for the free room and board, too?”

“I sure as hell didn’t do it for the work experience,” Yoongi scoffed before taking a sip of his boba shake, quietly relishing in the yummy taste of strawberry boba and freshly-blended pineapples and mangos.

“I’m willing to bet most of our coworkers did that.”

“I’m sure they have their reasons, whatever they are,” Yoongi muttered and took another sip of his shake as an excuse to not talk any further. This, of course, cued Hwansoo into chattering about himself and Yoongi could only sit there quietly, swirling his boba straw around in his shake, which was starting to look somewhat watery, until he tired of listening to his coworker and downed the rest of his shake in a couple of large gulps, giving him reason enough to leave the restaurant and head back to his dorm.

Unfortunately, nothing was stopping Hwansoo from following after him, his half-finished milk tea still in hand, and pestering him as Yoongi was starting to feel feel like he didn’t want to socialize anymore.

“Wanna go out again sometime?”

“Sure,” Yoongi agreed after a moment of deliberation, flashing Hwansoo a smile that the alpha returned easily. In that moment, Yoongi couldn’t help but notice just how charming Hwansoo looked physically, his round face and somewhat wavy, black hair hanging haphazardly against his forehead complimenting him nicely.

Just a few days ago, he wouldn’t have even bothered looking at his face because of how irritated he felt towards him but he was humble and willingly apologized after having done him dirty, for which he definitely deserved a couple of brownie points for not being like all the rest.

“Hey, Yoongi?”

“Hmm?”

“Can I kiss you?”

He allowed Hwansoo to lean in as he said this, offering little resistance, and raised his arms as if he was going to drape them around Hwansoo’s shoulders, only to bop his nose and scamper away from the disappointed alpha with a giggle.

You think you’re gonna be my first kiss? Fat chance, buddy.

Even though he liked Hwansoo, the privilege was reserved for his future mate, not some run-of-the-mill alpha. As for their relationship, Yoongi considered them acquaintances at most and found himself impatiently waiting for his soulmate.
Music appreciation tended to be one of those classes that truly left Taehyung pondering the purpose of it on almost a philosophical level, especially since the quizzes focused entirely on the textbook’s contents and the discussions that took place in class were so dry that Taehyung knew Gordon Ramsay would have been the first to point it out, screaming and red-faced as he tended to become when he wasn't happy with a particular dish, before throwing the entire class’ structure back in the professor’s face.

And the only reason why Taehyung hadn't dropped out of the course was because of a particular classmate named Jung Hoseok, whose chocolate-brown hair and sharp, angular features stuck out, even more so when he looked like a cherub who had descended straight from heaven.

Why are you so lovely? he wanted to ask Hoseok.

He wasn't sure what kind of answer he'd get for posing such a question that, admittedly, was rather loaded and could very easily be taken the wrong way if Hoseok happened to be in a bad mood or just wasn't the type to understand blatant flirting even if it smacked him in the face.

He didn't seem to be the latter but Taehyung knew there was no way of telling until he actually tried to get to know the beta. Fortunately, being in the same class eliminated the threat of him being perceived as a threat or a creeper, two things Taehyung never ever wanted to become.

He wanted nothing more than to hold his fellow beta’s hand and shower him with compliments all day long just to see him smile in that way he did that made him look like he embodied the sun itself.

For that reason, Taehyung would happily go blind if it meant being able to admire Hoseok all day long.

Unfortunately, he wasn’t able to gather up the guts to talk to the sun himself before he trudged out after class was over and Taehyung filed out a moment after Hoseok did, softly grinning to himself as they both boarded the same elevator and watched the doors roll closed without anybody else managing to hop on.

I really like you… I can’t even begin to describe how much.

“That class drags so much,” Hoseok complained, his velvety voice shattering the comfortable silence that had hung over them in the elevator cabin.

“I know, right?” Taehyung laughed.

“Let’s hope we can survive the next sixteen weeks.”

“Yeah, let’s hope.”

“I’m gonna go to the library and start looking for books for that stupid paper we have to write. How about you?”

“I’m gonna procrastinate,” Taehyung joked, and Hoseok grinned.
“Your funeral.”

“You’re invited.”

“No, thanks, I’ve got my own essay to write,” Hoseok chuckled. As the elevator doors rolled open with a ding, Hoseok wished him a good day and Taehyung barely managed to utter “bye” as they stepped out of the elevator and went their separate ways.

But it had been a good day, Taehyung reminded himself, heart soaring at the thought of getting to see his fellow beta in class on Wednesday and then again on Friday. The three-day-a-week class schedule they were all forced to endure had a couple of benefits, like allowing Taehyung to admire and get close to the world’s prettiest beta. Hell, he was so pretty, Taehyung would have been convinced that he was an omega.

Beta or omega, all he knew was that he wanted to know Hoseok on a deep and personal level, wanted to be the only one who could hold his hand and kiss him, regardless of whether he was feeling happy or lonely or sad or something in between all that, and wanted to be the last person he saw when he went to bed and the first when they woke up in the morning.

But when he saw Jimin up ahead, picking him out in the crowd of people that had just cleared out of a classroom by the green Mario mushroom hanging off his backpack, he couldn’t help but dash after him while calling out,

“Jimin! Oh, my gosh, Jimin, oh, my, gosh! I have something to tell you!”

“What’s got you in a twist? Did you have too much soda?” Jimin laughed as he set Taehyung down on his feet, though it didn’t stop the beta from bouncing around like a bunny hyped up on sugar and consequently, earning himself dozens of weird looks from the other freshmen who were trying to get into or leave their dorms and were having more than enough trouble doing so even without a hyper beta bouncing off the walls and consequently getting in their way.

"There's this super cute guy in my class! Oh, my, gosh…”

“Oh, really? What’s his name? What’s he look like?”

“His name is Jung Hoseok and I think he’s a beta like me and he’s got the prettiest smile that makes the apples of his cheeks so pronounced and… and…”

“Breathe,” Jimin laughed, though he couldn’t say he wasn’t amused and didn’t adore his excited antics. “You gotta breathe, TaeTae.”

“Hey, when you meet a cute omega, I’m not gonna stop you when you decide to talk my ear off.”

“Ahhh, fair enough.”

“Speaking of which, when are you going to find yourself a cute omega? You like omegas, right?”

“I’m not looking for anybody right now,” Jimin admitted, shrugging sheepishly. “I’m just hoping to finish up freshman year and then, maybe once I’ve got my shit together, I’ll start looking for a boyfriend. But until then, let me hear more about you: are you going to ask Hoseok out?”

“I… I don’t know,” Taehyung admitted, looking a bit sheepish as he did. “I’m worried that I’ll scare him off and… what if he’s straight? Or he’s not into other betas?”

“Won’t know ‘til you find out, I guess.”
“Man, I need to think about this. It’s not exactly a risk I’m willing to take without truly knowing the person I’m trying to get with.”

“Well, there you go. That’s your first step: to get to know him. And please don’t spook him.”

“Don’t worry,” Taehyung chuckled. “Making people uncomfortable is your job!”

“Ahh, right, because I’m an alpha,” Jimin laughed mockingly. “Luckily for all the omegas out in the world, that’s not really my style.”

“You’re one of the few good ones, Jimin, you really are.”

“I’m flattered that you think that.”

“And whoever is lucky enough to become your omega is going to be the envy of the entire university.”

“Nah, you’re giving me too much credit. Hoseok, on the other hand, is going to realize just how lucky of a guy he is when he gets together with you.”

“I do love that you said *when* he gets together with me and not *if*. I appreciate that.”

“You two would look really good together.”

“Yeah, we would, wouldn’t we?” Taehyung hummed wistfully. “I think I’m gonna ask him out on a date!”

“You go, tiger,” Jimin playfully encouraged, watching as Taehyung skipped off to the library with a pep to his step and he hoped that everything would work out for him. He wasn't so lucky himself but he wasn't in any hurry to get into a relationship, especially when nobody had caught his eye yet.

This meant that he simply had to be happy for Taehyung for now. That, and be as patient as possible while he continued searching for his mate and by some luck, they would meet sooner rather than later.

As for Taehyung, he found himself trudging into the library mere moments after Hoseok but he took his time in order to not come off as creepy, knowing that desperation was probably dripping off him like sweat, and he could only hope that Hoseok didn’t already have a mate because his heart was not prepared to deal with that kind of pain.

*If he doesn’t like you, you’re just gonna have to suck it up and move on to somebody else.*

But when he spotted his fellow beta between the stacks, a single finger dancing across the spines while he scanned their titles, he felt his heart lodge itself in his throat and all of a sudden, he had no idea what to say.

What could he say to get *and keep* this lovely beta’s attention while not letting anybody else get in his way? That was really the only factor he couldn’t guarantee.

And if he’d taken notice to Hoseok, others had to have noticed him as well.

*Hey, all that matters is convincing him you’re not a creep and that you’re the best choice he’s got,* Taehyung told himself as he swallowed his pride and walked up to his fellow beta.

“Hey, Hoseok. What’s up?”
“Just looking for books and I’m not really enjoying it buuut I’m so glad you’re here.”

“R-really?”

“Yeah,” the elder hummed as he turned to face him, lips curved up into a shy little smile that made him look so pure and innocent, so worth protecting. “It’s always nice seeing a friendly face… even though we literally just saw each other a couple minutes ago.”

“I’m flattered…”

“So are you doing anything later?”

“Not really. You up for doing something fun?”

“How about we go out for dinner?”

“That sounds great!” Taehyung gushed, carefully timing his response so he didn’t come off as too eager but also not completely disinterested. He didn’t want to chase Hoseok off by sounding way too desperate but… he also didn’t want to chase Hoseok off by coming off as so uninterested that he was sending the message that he wasn’t worth his time.

He was quite interested, actually.

“I still need to do some digging but gimme, say, half an hour and then we can go, okay?”

“Of course,” Taehyung agreed and trudged over to the carrel where Hoseok had set down his things, pulling up a chair in the carrel opposite of his so that he wasn’t cramming himself next to the beta’s things.

He wished the carrels were a little bigger, though. That way, he would have an excuse to pull in a chair next to Hoseok’s and maybe, just maybe, take advantage of the closeness. Instead, he was forced to resist indulging in claustrophobia, which would only make Hoseok uncomfortable and make him think twice of trying to woo him, in the event that his attempt just made him look like a fool. He already felt like a fool as he considered the prospects of Hoseok being interested in him and no, him being friendly and unopposed to conversing with him was not equal to wanting to become romantically involved.

*How much are you willing to risk to ask him out? Think about it: you’re both betas in a world that encourages you to find an omega or alpha -- somebody belonging to a status different than your own -- with whom you can procreate and chances are, Hoseok is straight as a ruler.*

*Are we talking about those bendy rulers? Because that means my odds are pretty good,* Taehyung fired back at the nasty voice in his head. *I mean, as long as he feels even a shred of attraction towards me, that is…*

“I’m ready to go,” Hoseok announced sometime later, slamming down a stack of books that wobbled precariously and looked ready to topple over if he so much as breathed in its general direction. In the course of a half hour, he had succeeded in creating the Leaning Tower of Textbooks and Taehyung felt so bad for him.

"I just gotta put these on hold. Can't carry them all back to my dorm by myself."

"Would you like some help?" Taehyung offered.

"U-um… s-sure, if you want."
"I want," Taehyung echoed and grabbed half of the stack -- okay, maybe a little more than half -- and carried it downstairs to the front desk so Hoseok could check them out, earning them both an amused look from the desk attendant, who hadn’t been expecting them to come downstairs with so many books but had no problem with checking them out for Hoseok, which, to her credit, she did so graciously and bid them a good day when they picked up the books and trudged out of the library.

After dropping Hoseok’s books off in his dorm room, the pair headed back out to get shakes and Taehyung couldn’t help but feel absolutely over the moon.

*I must have done something right in order for this to have happened,* Taehyung giddily thought as he held the door open for Hoseok and followed him into the restaurant, breathing out a sigh of relief that there wasn’t that long of a line, which mostly consisted of students waiting for their turn to order up.

But at the same time, the longer the line, the longer he would get to hang out with Hoseok.

*Why do you make my heart pound like crazy? I think signing up for music appreciation was the best decision I made this semester,* Taehyung gushed as he glanced over at Hoseok, who was preoccupied with scanning all of the different options offered for fruit shakes on the menu behind the counter.

And it was then that he noticed how Hoseok was built, all muscle and curvy in all the places that made sense and yet, he was still so skinny that Taehyung wanted nothing more than to be able to protect him, take care of him, make sure he always smiled and never had to deal with any concerns by himself, worship his body and make him cum over and over--

Getting a little lusty, are we? Taehyung asked himself, snapping himself out of his thoughts before they got too wild for him to handle.

Still, he couldn’t deny just how much he wanted Hoseok, to be able to hold Hoseok in his arms and kiss him and found himself gravitating closer to his fellow beta as the line started to move, shuffling a little closer when he noticed a couple of alphas ogling Hoseok like he was a piece of meat, clearly wanting him for less pure reasons than he did.

“I think I know what I want,” Hoseok gleefully announced and as he still felt apprehensive, Taehyung circled around the beta so he was standing in front of him and made sure to turn his back to the alphas who had been ogling him in order to block their view, all while hoping Hoseok hadn’t noticed that anything was amiss.

“Which one?”

“The pineapple-mango one!”

“Oooh, that sounds yummy. You gonna get some popping bobas with it?”

“I might. Think they got mango popping bobas?”

“I’m pretty sure they do,” Taehyung said as they stepped up to the counter to order, feeling grateful that his genetics had made him much taller and broad-shouldered than Hoseok because he wanted nothing more than to protect his fellow beta from everybody who wanted to hurt him.

“That’ll be 12,000 Won,” the cashier announced once she had rung them up and both betas reached for their wallets, Taehyung easily withdrawing his from the front pocket of his jeans and the necessary money to pay for his half of the bill.
“Shit, I forgot my wallet back at my dorm!” Hoseok cursed sheepishly but before he could apologize, Taehyung stepped forward and handed the cashier enough money to pay for both of their drinks and happily took the receipt from the girl, who looked relieved that she didn’t have to go through the trouble of canceling half of their order.

Taehyung also felt relieved. And ecstatic. And maybe just a little guilty for feeling so happy because of Hoseok’s embarrassment, even though he had legitimate reasons for it.

“Tae, how much do I owe you?” Hoseok asked once they had exited the restaurant with their shakes -- a pineapple & mango shake with mango popping bobas for Hoseok and a passionfruit freeze with strawberry popping bobas for Taehyung -- in hand.

“You don’t owe me anything, okay?”

“What? Are you high?”

High on the crush I’ve got on you, probably, Taehyung answered silently. To Hoseok, though, he said, “no, I’m sober. I promise.”

“Most people I know expect you to pay them back.”

“I’m not most people,” the younger chuckled.

“Well… thank you for treating me, then,” Hoseok bashfully mumbled.

“You’re so welcome…”

Taehyung caught himself just short of calling Hoseok “honey”, for which he felt heat creeping up in his cheeks at the thought of embarrassing himself in front of this lovely beta who, for the moment, only liked him platonically. If it had slipped out, he feared their friendship -- and any chances of a relationship blossoming -- would be over before it even started.

“So why’d you decide to take music appreciation?” he asked lamely, all in an attempt to distract himself from his own thoughts of wanting to have Hoseok under him while he kissed him senseless.

“Just like everybody else: to get that credit out of the way,” Hoseok half-laughed, half-scoffed. “It’s not really my thing but unfortunately, dance appreciation isn’t currently being offered.”

“You like dance?”

“I love it! I’m even on the dance squad called NEURON!” he giggled excitedly.

“I’m not really into the dance scene and haven’t heard of NEURON but that’s really cool. I bet you’re a really good dancer, huh?”

“I think I am,” Hoseok mumbled as he suddenly turned sheepish. “It’s the one thing in my life that I’m really good at and passionate about.”

“I’d love to see you dance one day, if that’s possible?”

“Yeah, I think that can be arranged. And hey, thanks for buying me a shake. I owe you.”

“You don’t owe me,” Taehyung insisted, keeping his voice firm but light in hopes that Hoseok wouldn’t get wound up over a shake that had cost him less than 6,000 Won. To him, that money was petty cash at best and he wouldn’t miss it one bit because, in exchange, the universe had given him the greatest gift of all: being able to treat Hoseok. And he hoped that he could do it again real soon.
“You’re a broke college student.”

“Excuse me, I have exactly 17,660.25 Won in my bank account! I’m not broke!”


“Hey, I do have a meal plan.”

“That’s funny, considering that the cafeteria food is gross. Don’t pretend like it isn’t.”

“I know it is but food is food, y’know? And since they forced us all to get a meal plan, might as well try to take advantage of it.”

“I’d rather starve,” Hoseok scoffed.

“You won’t be saying that when you’re actually hungry,” Taehyung playfully teased.

"I've got more than enough ramen to keep me going."

"I hope it's fancy ramen because anything else will destroy your body."

“It’s cheap ramen, unfortunately, but thank you for your concern,” Hoseok said out of sincerity.

“And y’know, when we’re both wealthy and successful in our careers, let’s go out to a nice, fancy dinner, okay? Hell, if I make more money than you, I’ll treat you.”

“That’s pretty ambitious of you. You’re on,” Taehyung chuckled, which earned him a playful punch to the shoulder. A few moments later, he couldn’t help but notice how there was a little bit of disappointment on his face and could only hope he wasn’t the cause.

“You okay?”

“I’m just a little bummed that the focus of this class is all on classical music. I really wanted to write an essay about A$AP Rocky,” Hoseok huffed.

“You still should!”

“Yeah, right. The professor would give me a zero as soon as she saw A$AP Rocky’s name in my paper.”

“Maybe you can tie it to classical music somehow?”

“I don’t have the energy to do that level of mental gymnastics,” Hoseok chuckled, “but thanks for being on my side.”

“Of course.”

“And thank you for tonight. You’re the sweetest person I’ve ever met,” Hoseok whispered as he leaned into him without any prior warning, surprising Taehyung in the best way possible when he laid his head down on his shoulder, setting his lungs on fire due to their closeness.

The younger responded by bringing his arm around Hoseok's waist, allowing them to walk hip-to-hip and share body warmth even though it was almost September and still fairly warm out even though night had fallen, and felt his heart soaring from being so physically close to Hoseok and from the words that had left his mouth.

“You’re welcome, Seokkie.”
Chapter End Notes

-- 17,660.25 Won is equal to 15 USD.
-- 12,000 Won is approx. 10 USD
-- 6,000 Won is approx. 5 USD
With how starved for attention he had been and with Hwansoo being the first alpha to actually try to court him rather than immediately attempt to shove a hand down his pants, Yoongi couldn’t resist reaching out to grab this beautiful little gift life had given him and clutch it to his chest with both hands, never to let it go.

And while their relationship was nothing special, Yoongi occasionally agreed to little lunch dates where they shared a bowl of instant ramen that was pretty much tasteless for the both of them and enjoyed poking Hwansoo in the ribs while doing their rounds if they both happened to be on the same shift.

With Hwansoo, he felt butterflies flitting about in his belly like never before and while he wasn’t sure if they had sprouted out of love or nervousness, he didn’t really care. All he cared about was enjoying them as long as he possibly could while ignoring the fact that they always seemed a little more nervous whenever Hwansoo happened to be around and… not exactly in a good way.

Maybe he’s not the one, either, Yoongi couldn’t help but think to himself a few days after he and Hwansoo had started hanging out more frequently. He feels way too possessive, like he sees me as a toy for him to greedily keep to himself rather than letting me explore the world and grow as a person.

He spotted Seokjin pass by just as he stepped into the Media Center and he hurried in order to catch up to him, greeting his friend with a hello that died off halfway when he noticed Hwansoo walking towards them. The alpha greeted him with a wide smile that didn’t really reach his eyes and Yoongi backed away when he tried to lean in closer, clearly wanting a kiss, and stopped short when he realized Yoongi had turned his head away, stalking off without saying a word to the omega’s relief.

“He’s kinda cute,” Seokjin complimented once Hwansoo was out of earshot. “You dating?”

“We’re just hanging out, that’s all,” Yoongi shrugged. If it can even be called that…

“He seems to think it’s more than that.”

“It’s not. Now stop asking me all these questions.”

“Okay, okay… I was just trying to say that you should be careful so you don’t get your feelings hurt—”

“It’s not even a fling,” Yoongi stressed through gritted teeth. “The whole point is for us to entertain each other for a little while and then go our separate ways when we get sick of each other.”

“Wouldn’t you say that’s a little, I don’t know, cruel to you both? Especially to you?”

“Yeah, well, he’s using me, too,” Yoongi grumbled in an attempt to justify his relationship to Seokjin, though he still didn’t look convinced. If anything, he looked worried.

“Using you? What do you mean by that?”

“We’re not doing anything sexual, if that’s what you’re wondering. We’re just… together for a little bit of pleasure.”

“Just be careful, okay? I don’t want him to hurt you if he gets mad.”
“He won’t. I can handle myself,” Yoongi promised, though Seokjin couldn’t help but feel wary.

There was little else he could do, though, especially when Yoongi was an adult in control of his own life and dated whoever he pleased. Still, Seokjin couldn’t help but worry for his safety, especially since they both seemed to have two different ideas of what their relationship was, with Hwansoo clearly thinking it was more than just a fling. And so, Seokjin could only hope that Hwansoo wouldn’t lose his shit when Yoongi inevitably brought him back down to earth.

“You sure?”

“Mhm,” Yoongi mumbled and promptly excused himself under the guise that he needed to study for an upcoming test, even though he mostly just wanted to get Seokjin off his back.

He did have homework, though, and he decided he might as well get started on it once he found a quiet place to sit on the second floor of the Media Center, sitting himself down on a couch and unpacking all of his books as well as his laptop and charger onto the low coffee table in front of him and set to work on notating his music homework that was due for music theory on Friday.

He knew Namjoon was also taking the same music theory course as him -- in a different time slot, though; Yoongi made sure of it -- and he wanted to get ahead of the alpha. Hell, maybe he would get a better grade than Namjoon and be able to rub it into his face after the grades were put in.

To his horror, he looked up and spotted Hwansoo, heart sinking as the alpha noticed him as he walked by and strode over to where he sat like he owned the place, clearly intent on cornering him. And since all of his stuff was scattered all over the table he was studying at, Yoongi had no chance of grabbing his things and running away unless he wanted to abandon his possessions to save himself and that didn’t sound like a good idea, either.

“Hey, gimme a kiss.”

“No,” Yoongi scoffed.

“Why not?”

“I said no.”

“So? That’s not an answer,” Hwansoo whined and Yoongi looked up from his laptop in order to glare daggers at him, not at all amused with the cheeky, desperate grin on his face that he suddenly wished he could just punch off.

“It is an answer. I said no and that’s final.”

“Don’t be a cocktease.”

“How the fuck am I a cocktease?”

“You hit my nose the other day! You embarrassed me!”

“Sorry, but that’s not my problem.”

“You could at least suck me off if you’re gonna be such a bitch.”

“I’d rather cut your dick off. Just give me the chance,” Yoongi threatened.

“If you didn’t lead me on like that--”
“Lead you on? How in the fuck did I lead you on?”

“You gave me mixed signals!”

“I have no idea what the fuck you’re talking about!”

“You do know,” Hwansoo scoffed, looking like the epitome of hatred with the way he leered at him, as if Yoongi was just a piece of meat to him and nothing more. “Hmph, if I knew you were gonna be this much trouble, I should have just kissed you whether you wanted to kiss me back or not.”

“Oh, so after you kissed me, what were you gonna do? Rape me, maybe? What makes you think anything would have stopped me from punching you into a coma?”

“You’re so overdramatic! I just wanted a kiss but you’re too selfish to even give me that!”

“And I don’t want to kiss you so how about you get that through your thick skull!”

“Fine. I always knew you were a stupid bitch, anyways,” Hwansoo scoffed before he spun around on his heel and stalked off, leaving Yoongi sitting there absolutely stunned.

The silence felt so stifling that he could barely breathe all of a sudden and he couldn’t help but notice how he stumbled as he climbed to his feet, balling back onto his chair before he was able to steady himself enough to stand. Even then, packing up his books and supplies took much longer than he had expected, which became noticeable to Yoongi when his laptop slipped out of his sweaty hands and fell back onto the coffee table with an uncomfortably loud clatter.

"Breathe, breathe…” Yoongi shakily muttered to himself. "You gotta breathe…”

He’s not gonna hurt you, okay? He’s gone, he’s gone… the gentle voice in his head reminded him over and over again but Yoongi still hurried out of the Media Center and back to his dorm as fast as his legs could carry him, all while hoping that Hwansoo wouldn’t jump him at any point in time because it was the last thing he needed.

It still wasn’t enough to convince Yoongi to slow down and only motivated the spooked omega to hurry until he made it safe and sound into his dorm building. Despite living in a co-ed building with betas and a couple of alphas, it was a comfort because all the alphas were on a separate floor, far away from the omegas who could go into heat at any time, and weren’t allowed to be on the omegas’ floor after nine p.m.  

Almost there, almost there...

When he made it upstairs to his floor, he found himself counting the doors on the left side in hopes that his -- room 220 -- would come up sooner rather than later.

As he turned around the corner, pocketing his phone after having checked Taehyung’s text one more time to make sure he knew which dorm room to knock on, Jimin stopped dead in his tracks as a slim, young man with silky, blonde hair stormed past him and into dorm room 220 and he immediately felt worried. However, he reminded himself, it wasn't really his concern, either.

After all, that stranger probably didn't want him getting involved in his business and he continued on his way, though with a slightly heavier heart for reasons he couldn’t discern.

Once the door closed behind him, Yoongi threw his backpack down on the floor and leapt into bed, grateful for the single-bed dorm he’d received in return for working as an RA and while it was small, certainly smaller than a two-bed dorm, it felt cozy and welcoming, especially now when he felt
shaken and confused. It was the one place, next to the couch in Seokjin’s bedroom, of course, where he felt like he belonged without having to worry if he was just a little out of place. In most places around campus, that’s how he felt -- like an odd duck waddling around with a third foot growing out of its head -- and he wasn’t sure if he would ever really fit in or if he was destined to always feel like he was hidden in plain sight despite knowing a few people he could call his friends and know they wouldn’t stab him in the back when he turned around.

And then there was Hwansoo, who had completely thrown him off-kilter.

*I feel so stupid thinking that he liked me. I guess it’s gonna take more than… than flirting with some horny asshole to find my mate. Or maybe my standards are too high and Hwansoo is the best I can do for myself.*

He knew Seokjin would have probably smacked him for daring to believe such a thing but he didn’t know what else to think.

*Not everyone can be with an alpha as good as Namjoon,* Yoongi thought jealously.

And not every alpha in the world was like Namjoon. He was one of the good few who knew how to love, protect, and respect his omega while also giving him the necessary space to flourish into his own person rather than just expecting him to be a beautiful piece of meat hanging off his arm.

*That’s what Hwansoo would have wanted from me,* Yoongi thought miserably.

The realization gave him enough motivation to grab his phone and text the manager, a woman who was seven years his senior, managed all of the residence advisors’ schedules, and was thankfully an omega like him, which practically guaranteed she would be on his side.

[Sent at 4:25 P.M.]

Hey, I don't feel safe around Hwansoo. Would it be possible to schedule us on different shifts?

**Suran**

[Sent at 4:32 P.M.]

I'll see what I can do.

Yoongi typed back a quick “thanks” and set his phone aside on the floor, as he didn’t even have a nightstand, before flopping down face-first onto his bed, succumbing to sleep with little resistance.

When he woke up hours hours later, having no concept of time except for the fact that it was dark out, Yoongi rolled out of bed and, after quickly relieving himself in the bathroom and washing his face with cold water to help soothe his anxiety, popped a bowl of instant macaroni & cheese into the microwave. In the meantime, he tried to steady his breathing but it was much more difficult than he’d anticipated, especially since his mind was running at a million miles an hour and he felt so *dizzy.*
He tried to reorient himself by taking stock of what food he had left in his stash but the basket where he kept ramen noodles and instant macaroni & cheese was empty.

Unfortunately, the macaroni & cheese in the microwave was the last one of the pack he'd bought and there wasn’t anything left to eat, not even ramen, but he didn't feel at all worried for some reason.

Perhaps it was the gentle hum of the microwave as his dinner spun around on the rotating plate that was helping him stay calm even though he could feel panic rising at the thought of having to go to work or show up for class.

And h wasn't sure why Hwansoo had thrown him off so easily but in the back of his mind, he couldn't help but wonder if he'd unintentionally led Hwansoo on to the point where he'd basically been asking for it. Seokjin obviously would have disagreed and would have vehemently insisted that alphas were just as responsible for their actions as everybody else, and that no amount of “leading on” warranted sexual harassment or, even worse, rape. And while he was confident that he could easily hold his own, the one thing Yoongi feared were alpha pheromones, which were the one thing guaranteed to literally stop him in his tracks.

Can you even imagine Hwansoo protecting you from somebody? the nasty voice in his head taunted, startling Yoongi out of his thoughts like he'd been slapped in the face as hard as possible. almost to the point that he was sure his neck was going to snap.

He’d probably just sit back and watch you get raped and then blame you for letting it happen.

He seemed just the type to do that, too, Yoongi grimly realized, feeling his heart squeezing painfully in his chest like he'd been stabbed.

He felt dizzy just at the thought of being in a relationship with anybody who would just sit by and not even care if some evil person decided to hurt him in one of the worst ways possible or worse, look at him like he was disgusting for having something like that happen to him despite being completely out of his control. He was horrified just thinking about it and wasn’t sure if his terror stemmed more from the near-constant threat of getting raped or of Hwansoo being the type to just toss him aside if he ever became “damaged goods”.

To be fair, I’m already damaged since I can’t seem to go through a heat without crying in pain. I don’t think any alpha wants to fuck an omega like me.

Perhaps it was for the best, Yoongi thought. After all, Hwansoo was just a conquerer in search of vulnerable people to destroy for his own pleasure, not a good alpha like Namjoon.

Realizing this, Yoongi felt so ashamed of having even entertained the thought of Hwansoo becoming his boyfriend or even worse, his mate. It was exactly what he’d been afraid of -- finding a mate who would continue the cycle he’d endured as a child -- and he had been so close to screwing himself over without even realizing it.

I’m so stupid…

The beep of the timer on the microwave snapped him out of his thoughts, announcing to him that his macaroni & cheese was done heating up, but all Yoongi could do was pull his knees up to his chest and cry.
Yoongi awoke feeling too wound up for his liking, bladder uncomfortably full and lower back tense, like he’d been trapped in that position all night, and body all sticky and warm. He could feel something wet around his thighs and warmth pulsed through him when he tried to get up, only for his arms to give out under his weight almost immediately.

Then he noticed the smell of his room, like he’d been cooking strawberry jam all night long and accidentally threw in just a little too much vanilla, and the realization that he was in heat hit him like a slap in the face.

He stripped out of his clothes, peeling off his shorts and boxers in one swift movement followed by his shirt and then lay back down on his lumpy mattress.

He appreciated having a dorm to himself because it allowed him to freely walk around without having to worry about making a pesky roommate uncomfortable with his nakedness or his insatiable lust for sex.

Having a mate would be much easier because he could still walk around naked, give his lover a show, and most importantly, get fucked six ways to Sunday because he knew that even alphas with the most solid resolve -- the idea was laughable, Yoongi thought, because there was no way any alpha could be respectful and loving when his mate went into heat -- couldn’t resist an omega ripe for breeding.

Most alphas seemed to think being in a relationship meant that rape didn’t exist and that they could fuck their omegas whenever they wanted, even if they happened to be sleeping. It was something Yoongi feared since it was still rape but he felt the trauma would be much worse simply if he woke up to his alpha being in the middle of fucking him and not knowing what was going on.

Getting sexually assaulted on top of being forcefully placed in such a vulnerable position without his consent was too much for him to handle and it made him wonder:

Did alphas even possess enough restraint to be able to sleep next to their partners without raping them? Or was sex the only thing on their minds?

That certainly explained why he heard about some omegas preferring to put their health in jeopardy by overdosing on suppressants and posing as betas rather than run the risk of getting raped and impregnated by some scumbag alpha who could care less about their well-being. The scumbags of the world seemed to be a dime a dozen, unfortunately, and Kyung Hee was no exception, practically teeming with them to the point that Yoongi was surprised there was any space left for him and all the other omegas enrolled.

And since the university didn’t report on its sexual assault statistics, there was no knowing just how many people had been hurt because careless, horny alphas.

_Sometimes I wish I could go somewhere and customize an alpha who would be perfect for me, Yoongi thought wistfully, since I’m so unlucky with love…_

If technology was so advanced that omegas could completely halt their heats, then test-tube alphas needed to become a thing, too.

But for now, porn would have to do.
Wasting no time, Yoongi pulled up his favorite porn site and switched over to the M/M section of the site before scrolling through the videos that had popped up on the featured page in hopes of finding inspiration for what he wanted to watch. The titles of the videos didn’t particularly interest him, all of them being something along the lines of omega slut takes all 11 inches or barely legal omega caught masturbating gets fucked by a big alpha cock, but that didn’t surprise him since they were all professional-grade videos.

By professional-grade, that meant the same, oversaturated bullshit designed just to get alphas off and leave omegas feeling perpetually unsatisfied.

While scrolling, he spotted one particular video titled helping my pretty boy through his heat ♥ and the little preview he got from brushing his finger over the thumbnail allowed him to glimpse a jeweled butt plug, a tiny, pale omega getting fucked so hard that the bed he was laying on shook with every thrust, and a cumshot and seeing that it was nearly ten minutes long was all the convincing Yoongi needed to plug in his headphones and make himself comfortable.

Rather, as comfortable as he could be, seeing as he felt like he was on fire and was in so much pain, he wanted to cry.

“My pretty boy’s in heat, huh? Look at you, all wet and needy,” the alpha in the video cooed, his voice silky like chocolate and gentle as he ran his hands over his omega’s soft ascheeks, carefully avoiding the pink, jeweled butt plug nestled in his hole, which did little to impede the slick running down his shaky, pencil-thin thighs.

“D-daddy…” the omega drawled needily, sounding so desperate that Yoongi already found himself writhing against the sheets and desperately bucking up into his fist even though it couldn’t possibly satisfy his lust.

Yoongi watched, mouth agape, as the alpha grabbed hold of the plug and gently tugged on it, eliciting more whimpers from his omega as he teased him with the stretch without pulling the plug out.

*I want somebody to do that to me!*

However, he imagined his toy to be much longer and wider, capable of stretching him open and ribbed in a way that he would feel each bump dragging along inside him even once the dildo was replaced with his alpha’s cock.

He’d never been fucked before and was unfamiliar with toys and cock beyond what he’d seen in porn but he wanted somebody to pin him to the bed just like the alpha in the video had done to his omega, using his weight to hold his lover’s body down while he fucked into him, snapping his hips harder and harder just to hear his lover cry out in bliss. The omega’s moans sounded so lovely, tiny and high-pitched, which prompted Yoongi to close his eyes and tried to imagine himself in place of the omega, desperately stroking himself and pinching his nipples as he pretended the alpha was the one teasing him, plucking at all of his sensitivities because he knew him better than he did.

At least, that was what Yoongi wanted in a mate.

After seeing Seokjin with Namjoon, he wanted to believe it wasn’t impossible to find somebody who could take care of him like that and still have enough confidence to give him freedom to do as he pleased and trust that he didn’t need to be watched like a hawk. He wanted somebody who would let him sit in his lap and kiss him silly and still have enough confidence to see him like a person with interests independent of their relationship.
He just wanted to be treated like a human being, not a piece of meat.

He wanted somebody to treat him the same way the omega in the video was being treated: with undying passion and love but also with the gentleness that omegas craved more than they could ever want sex during a heat.

His eyes shot open when the omega suddenly let out a sob and he watched in awe as thick ropes of cum splattered all over his torso and he could see how, despite his features being obscured by an elaborate theater mask, he was just drowning in pleasure. His chest heaved as his alpha thrust up into him one last time before his hips stilled as he emptied himself into his omega. The fixed camera angle prevented Yoongi from seeing if any cum had leaked out of the omega’s ass but his curiosity was shattered when the alpha leaned down and kissed his omega sweet on the mouth, grinning so wide that it was as if sunlight had flooded the otherwise dim room.

“Awww, my baby boy came all over himself. You’re so cute,” the alpha in the video cooed as he gently turned them over so his omega was laying atop his chest and even though the top halves of their faces were obscured by masks to hide their identities, Yoongi could see just how satisfied they both were.

And he felt a spike of jealousy shoot through him.

Tears sprung to his eyes as he stared enviously at the way the alpha ran his hands over his omega’s quivering body and whispering soft reassurances that the camera just barely managed to pick up, like “baby, I love you” and “you did so good for me” and “I am so, so proud to be your alpha, baby”, the last one sending tears spilling down his cheeks faster than Yoongi could move to brush them away but at that point, he thought, it didn’t matter.

He would never have what this omega did.

Nobody was ever going to hold him to their body so lovingly after sex like this alpha did, so easily ignoring the cum and sweat on their bodies in favor of snuggling with his other half.

Whatever alpha he ended up with would probably take advantage of his vulnerabilities and mock his body for being so sweaty and disgusting after a round of sex, heat sex or otherwise, even though they would both be equally gross after getting too frisky.

But it would be easier for an alpha to insult the omega he’d just fucked, to slutshame them for committing any number of deeds that were only slutty if the omega was the one engaging in them, never vice versa.

“Thank you for taking care of me, daddy,” the omega mumbled and then, the video ended.

All I want in this world is for somebody to love me unconditionally, Yoongi thought as his body wracked with sobs. Somebody who will look at me every day and think I’m beautiful and not... not this ugly shell of an omega who can’t even go through a heat without being in pain...

Was it too much to ask for? he wondered.

Or what if all the good ones had been taken already?

It was an irrational thought, especially when there were seven billion people in the world who had no idea who he was and while there was a chance that every single one of them could very well be what he was looking for, he didn’t want to wade through such a large, dangerous pool of sharks just to find his rainbow fish.
He wanted to catch his rainbow fish before he missed his chance and somebody else plucked him out of the ocean. There had to be another fisherman out there who was also looking to catch him, too, right?

_How is it that my parents got together despite being so fucked up but I can’t find anybody better than alphas like Hwansoo or Jungsil? Or am I just so desperate to put myself back in an abusive situation that I’m gravitating towards these kinds of men?_

That wasn’t the heat talking, Yoongi realized as he hiccupped in between whimpers and sobs.

That was the actual truth: he was running after abusers who started off nice before their personalities flipped like a switch out of the blue. And usually, the reason was because something he’d done -- or didn’t do -- had irritated them to the point that they had classified him as a bitch omega in their minds before letting him know exactly how little they thought of him.

_Oh… I’m so stupid…_

Had all of the good alphas been massacred in some awful, tragic event that he had no knowledge of? Or was Namjoon the only good alpha left in the world?

Even though he knew it was so stupid of him to even dare let his mind wander so much, a tiny part of Yoongi found himself longing for Namjoon. Despite how terrible he smelled, he really seemed genuinely good. For what other reason would Seokjin have stayed with him if he was a terrible person and an even worse alpha?

_I shouldn’t have pushed him away when he showed interest in me…_

_And what then?_ the nasty voice in his head snapped, causing Yoongi to flinch like he’d been slapped. _You think Seokjin would have forgiven you for dating the man he was interested in, all because you’re lonely and craving some alpha dick?_

_He showed interest in me--_

_Doesn’t matter! They’re made for each other and there was never any room for you to get in between them to get a taste of Namjoon!_

“O-oh… y-yeah…”

Yoongi buried his face in his pillow, feeling so embarrassed by his thoughts that he just wanted to shrivel up and die. His heat was partially to blame for his feelings but he also hated that he’d even dared entertain the thought of third-wheeling Namjoon and Seokjin just because he was feeling desperate for affection.

_You’d have better luck hiring a prostitute to fuck you through your heat_, the voice in his head mocked, causing tears to spring to his eyes.

The thought of engaging in such emotionless, animalistic sex with a stranger sickened him.

Sleeping with an alpha prostitute -- if they even existed, that is -- frightened him because even though he was sure he could get him to do whatever he wanted for the right price, the attachment issues that would follow would destroy him. Plus, he didn't have nearly enough money to even pay for a blowjob let alone an hour in bed with a sexy alpha willing to service him.

Part of him wished he did, just so he didn't have to spend his heat in solitude.
This is my body telling me that I can get pregnant right now if I wanted to, Yoongi thought as he tried to reorient himself and forget all about hiring a prostitute, since that was easily one of the worst ideas he'd even considered, and carefully sat up before trudging out of his bedroom and into the bathroom. But that's a really bad idea...

And there he was, standing before the bathroom mirror with slick spilling from his hole and trickling down his thighs unimpeded while he pondered whether he ought to find somebody to help him through his heat or just suffer through it alone like he always did. Since nobody trustworthy came to mind, he resolved to wallow in pain by himself and hoped that his heat would end sooner rather than later and would allow him to return to his normal schedule.

He wasn't even sure why Hwansoo, of all people, had thrown him off-course so badly but he just couldn't accept that he wasn't interested in getting into a deeper relationship with him until he knew him better but realizing that he was the source of his fears only made him feel even worse.

He thought you were playing hard-to-get until he realized that you're holding out. For who are you holding out, Yoongi?

"Somebody special," he mumbled softly, so soft that he was barely able to hear himself. "Somebody who will love me and won't ever be disgusted with me."

After all, what good was knowing he was fertile if he didn't have somebody special to be intimate with? He hoped to be able to share his heats with an alpha who loved and appreciated him and deserved to touch him because Yoongi wanted to be touched by him.

He wanted somebody who would respect him and in return, Yoongi knew he would almost never ever have a problem with being touched, kissed, and caressed by his darling mate.

Yeah, good luck with that. You'll be better off fucking yourself... that is, if you can even get your tiny dick to even reach your asshole.

Yoongi shuddered at the mental image that suddenly popped into his brain, embarrassment flooding through his body like a rush of poison burning through his veins and leaving him feeling like he'd just made a fool of himself in front of a giant crowd of people who had captured everything on video with the intent of distributing it so the rest of the world could gawk at him, too.

It wasn't even possible, given his size, and it also made him feel more lonely knowing that he didn't have anything to fill himself up with.

Maybe I should buy a toy, he mused, attempting to focus on that while ignoring the nasty thoughts pounding against his head that mocked him for not being sexy or attractive enough to entice an alpha with the promise of heat sex.

Toys were safer, he argued with the nasty voice in his head. There was no risk of pregnancy and as long as he took the time to carefully stretch himself before he tried playing with any of them so that he didn’t hurt himself.

And so, feeling much too lazy to draw a bath for himself while in heat, Yoongi wallowed under the cold spray of the shower and somehow managed to endure the pins and needles on his skin as cold water pelted him and his body responded by seemingly raising his internal temperature even higher until he was sure he was going to combust. He found an adult toys website with a selection he liked and picked out the exact same butt plug the omega in the video had used, having decided he had no shame left and wanted to, at the very least, experience part of the pleasure the omega in the video had enjoyed.
When it arrived a few days later, he was still suffering through his heat, pins and needles pricking his skin when he so much as rolled over onto his back or side in an attempt to keep himself comfortable by not lying in one position for too long. To his frustration, it was initially difficult unpacking the box even using scissors just because he was so weak and his muscles felt like they had turned to jello.

On the plus side, his toy had come in discreet packaging -- as promised by the website -- and the student charged with delivering mail that day hadn’t even batted an eye, figuring that he had probably just ordered a book or something else that was school-related, not a sex toy.

When he opened the black box that held his toy, Yoongi couldn’t help but gasp out in surprise at just how *beautiful* it looked sitting on a velvety black pillow.

The plug was silver, fit easily in the palm of his hand, and had a pink jewel at the base that was heart-shaped. It possessed a narrow point but flared out towards the middle and Yoongi felt excitement thrumming through him at the thought of finally getting something inside him. Just the thought had more slick than usual spilling from his hole and if he weren’t so turned on, he might have felt just a little embarrassed for being so eager.

As a free gift, he’d also received a pink, almost translucent dildo that was just under six inches in length and was rather soft, rubbery, and looked inviting with how it shone softly against the light, clearly a beginner’s toy, and a small bottle of flavorless lube that had been included as part of the website’s welcome package for first-time customers.

However, he didn’t think he needed it with how slick was spilling out of him, especially as he felt himself becoming more turned on with every passing second.

He scooped up as much slick as he could and made sure to cover his fingers with it before gently easing in the tip of his index finger to warm himself up to the feeling before pushing in a little deeper bit by bit until he was knuckles-deep.

The intrusion felt *weird*, Yoongi’s eyebrows furrowing as he gently twisted his finger and tried to get himself used to the feeling of having something inside him, not having realized beforehand that he’d feel resistance while trying to stretch himself.

Two fingers proved to be worse and Yoongi forced himself to slow down, gently pulling his fingers out before grabbing the lube and hastily cracking it open, pouring some on his fingers and waiting a few moments for it to warm up before he brought them back to his hole and gently worked them into him, finding the slide a little easier now that he’d lubed himself up as well as well as his slick to help him, feeling more than grateful for the little gift he’d received with his order.

He made sure to cover it with a liberal amount of lube before guiding it to his hole, gently circling it around his rim before he gently pushed in, whimpering when he felt the toy, which was still somewhat cold, breach him, stretching him farther than his two fingers could have ever hoped to do until it was nestled in him.

He could feel his muscles clenching around it, squeezing so tight that every nerve in his body felt like it was on fire and he went so far as to tap on the base experimentally, unable to hold back the whimper that ripped out of his throat as pleasure shot through him, the sensation being unexpectedly more delicious than he’d ever anticipated.

*Why didn’t I buy a toy ages ago? This feels amazing!* he thought, heart soaring in his chest as he played with the plug by gently tugging on it just like the alpha in that video had done for his omega.

And just out of curiosity, he gently pulled the butt plug out, groaning at how empty he felt and how
his ass seemed to involuntarily squeeze, desperately wanting to be filled up again, and brought it up to his mouth to taste. He could taste himself but the bitter lube mostly overpowered everything else and he was left feeling a little disappointed. And even a little grossed out with himself.

He eased the plug back into his hole, which accepted the toy with less resistance than before but Yoongi still felt rather _empty_ despite the fullness provided by his new toy.

Yoongi quickly realized that toys could not possibly hope to replace the intimacy he could feel if he had a mate but he had to be happy with what he had, he reminded himself.

Perhaps the butt plug had been a bad idea, he thought. It was too late, though, and like usual, he was forced to live with his decisions and cope with the feeling of being the only rainbow fish in a sea of sharks.

He hated admitting it but he truly felt defeated.
“Hey, have you heard from Yoongi lately?”

“No. Why do you ask?”

“I just thought you two might share a class together or something,” Seokjin explained, though, with every passing moment, he felt more and more concerned for the younger’s well-being because Namjoon seemed so nonchalant and unworried.

Perhaps it was because he and Yoongi weren’t exactly on the best of terms even now, hence why Namjoon didn’t seem to be as worried as he was. He couldn’t blame his alpha for his indifference but he also couldn’t stand by and twiddle his thumbs until and if Yoongi showed up again. It was almost like he’d fallen off the face of the Earth and for somebody who lived and breathed music and never once complained about or skipped any of his classes, not seeing his fellow omega felt… off.

“Not this semester. Yoongi made sure of it.”

“O-oh, umm… it’s just, I haven’t heard from him for a few weeks now. I hope everything’s okay.”

“He’s fine. Probably just swamped with homework and his RA duties.”

“Y-yeah, you’re probably right!” he chuckled nervously, though he couldn’t quite shake the feeling that something was terribly wrong.

To make matters worse, there was that little voice in his head nagging him on as he went on with his day, causing worry to make itself home in his chest and belly before spreading to the rest of his body like a wildfire undeterred by anything standing in its way when he realized that he hadn’t run into Yoongi at all in the past two weeks, which was odd, considering they often passed by each other on their way to class on Wednesday and Thursdays and almost always managed to catch up on Fridays when they both headed back to their dorms to relax after a long week.

Is he sick?

It was the only plausible reason he could come up with and after class, he resolved to go see Yoongi in order to check with his own eyes that everything was okay. He wouldn’t believe what anybody else said because he was so worried that he almost couldn’t help but think the worst. And when he showed up at the younger’s dorm room and knocked on the door, he could feel the knot of dread in his stomach twisting itself tighter and tighter.

“Hey, Yoongi, it’s me,” he called as he knocked on the door a second time. “You in there?”

He reached up to knock on the door for a third time but the door opened before he could, standing slightly ajar with Yoongi shyly peeking out from behind it like he was afraid of showing himself.

“H-hey…”

“Hey, I haven’t seen you in forever! C-can… can I come in?”

“Sure,” Yoongi mumbled after a few moments of deliberation, stepping aside in order to let Seokjin into his room and then shut the door behind him.

“I’m really sorry about the smell.”
“That’s okay. Let’s open the window so we can air this place out,” Seokjin suggested, to which the younger agreed without protest and allowed the elder to open the window to let some fresh air in, of which Yoongi hadn’t had any since he holed himself up in his room two weeks ago.

“So, um, you here to hang out or something?” Yoongi mumbled as he strode over to his bed and plopped down on the mattress, grabbing Mr. Cinnabun because he was suddenly feeling incredibly vulnerable due to Seokjin’s presence.

He wasn’t sure if he was suddenly feeling self-conscious about his appearance and the state of his bedroom or if he regretted having let Seokjin into his room. There was no turning back now, though, especially because Seokjin was not leaving now that he was in his room.

“No, I came here to check on you.”

“Why?”

“It’s been two weeks since I saw you but I can tell that you’re going through something so… I just came to tell you that I’m here for you if you want to talk,” Seokjin whispered, making sure to keep his voice low as to not startle Yoongi, who shyly looked up at him past his stuffed bunny like he was using it as a crutch or maybe even a shield. “But no pressure, okay?”

He hated just how *grimey* Yoongi looked, eyes sunken in with dark bags that made him look like a raccoon hopped up on meth and sleep deprivation. His hair was so greasy that it no longer looked shiny or fluffy and was just a matted, blonde mess sticking to his scalp. He didn’t look like he’d eaten in days, his cheeks looking rather *thin* with how his cheekbones seemed more prominent than Seokjin remembered them being, and he couldn’t help but fear the worst.

“Are you hungry?”

“Not really.”

“When’s the last time you ate?”

To his disappointment, Yoongi didn’t respond right away, directing his attention to his bloody fingernails, which he continued to pick at even though they had been chewed and bitten almost beyond repair, until he finally opened his mouth years later.

“Last Monday. I ate my last bowl of macaroni and cheese and then… I ran out.”

“Y-Yoongi, you could have gone to buy more. Or you could have called me to bring you something,” Seokjin sighed, feeling his heart sinking deeper when Yoongi barely managed to half-shrug in response.

“I went into heat and I couldn’t—”

“You could have called me!”

“I… I didn’t want to be a burden…”

“Yoongi, you’re never a burden to me!” Seokjin complained, feeling so hurt by the younger’s responses that part of him just wanted to grab his shoulders and shake him until he came to his senses.

“I felt isolated and I guess… I guess I was just trying to avoid Hwansoo, too.”
“Did he say something to you?” Seokjin asked, sensing the younger’s apprehension.

“He called me a bitch for leading him on,” Yoongi mumbled, "even though I didn't. Or at least, I don't think I did. I hope I didn’t…”

The last part of his response -- “I hope I didn’t…” -- came out so timid-sounding that Seokjin wanted nothing more than to pull Yoongi into his arms and snuggle him until he felt more confident about himself because it was so unfair that he was suffering with insecurities threatening to ravage his psyche like nasty monsters tearing away at his flesh and sparing nothing.

“You didn’t, sweetie,” Seokjin said with a tone of finality, voice much gentler than before.

"Easy for you to say."

"He's so wrong, Yoongi. You're not any of those awful things and you don't owe anybody anything, okay? Somebody who truly wants you won't call you a bitch or accuse you of leading them on."

“I’ll believe it when I see it. By the way…”

“Yeah?”

“It’s late. Aren’t you going to go back to your dorm?”

“I’m staying here tonight. Is that okay?” Seokjin asked, even though he wasn't really looking for permission. It was more of a courtesy to let Yoongi know he wasn't going to let him wallow in his own self-pity anymore.

“Y-yeah, it's fine…”

Without consulting Yoongi, Seokjin elected to order dinner from their favorite restaurant so that Yoongi could eat well for once, cringing at the thought of feeding his clearly-hungry friend with disgusting ten-cent ramen and shrimp chips that couldn’t even hope to satisfy a little bird. And then, while they waited, he figured Yoongi could clean up.

“C’mon, you seriously need to shower,” Seokjin commented as he tugged Yoongi up. Or rather, attempted to. It took a few more tugs before the younger relented and allowed himself to be pulled to his feet and dragged off to the bathroom so he could clean up.

Even though Seokjin didn’t want to admit it aloud, Yoongi reeked, like he’d been in heat all week and then spent the following week just wallowing around in a mixture of sadness and bodily fluids.

While he couldn’t blame him for struggling, he felt sad knowing that Yoongi hadn’t felt comfortable enough to call him and, at the very least, ask him to bring over some food because he’d run out of things to eat. The fact that he’d run out of food over a week ago and hadn’t bothered to eat since then had left him feeling shaken to the core and worried for Yoongi’s well-being because other factors could be negatively affecting him, too.

The food couldn’t arrive soon enough and when it was delivered, Seokjin couldn’t help but breathe out a huge sigh of relief that Yoongi was finally going to eat good, wholesome food. He made sure to lay everything out on the floor so that Yoongi would get to catch a glimpse of everything after he’d finished showering and then sat himself down with his own dinner, which consisted of crab soup and a strawberry freeze shake.

He had ordered enough food to easily last Yoongi a few days and while his wallet had cried just a little, Seokjin felt that it was worth it. It would certainly tide Yoongi over until he dragged him to the
supermarket this weekend to help him purchase enough food that could keep him well-fed for two weeks but would also be easy to make in the microwave, especially if Yoongi wasn’t feeling up for cooking in the communal kitchen down the hall.

Or perhaps, maybe he needed somebody checking in on him and taking the time to make him meals until he caught up on his homework and got back onto his feet, which was something Seokjin was more than prepared to do if it meant keeping Yoongi from dropping out of college or worse, completely losing it.

_Time to get out_, Yoongi told himself before shutting off the water, deeming himself clean after he’d washed shampoo out of his hair for the third time and scrubbed his body with his vanilla-scented body wash until his skin was pink from being nearly rubbed raw with his pink shower pouf. He quickly dressed into the clean clothes he had managed to dig out and made his way into his bedroom, enticed by the _delicious_ smells of savory food wafting in the air.

There, on the floor in front of Seokjin, he found numerous bowls and cups of varying sizes waiting to be opened while the elder chowed on noodles, seemingly oblivious to the rest of the food in front of him.

“Holy shit, what is all this?”

“I wasn’t sure what to buy so I got you a little of everything.”

“You call _this_ a little of everything?” Yoongi echoed. “I’m scared to find out what your definition of excessive is.”

He counted seven containers -- three of which held tofu, chicken noodle, and beef soup, respectively --- while the other four contained various meats -- teriyaki chicken bits, roasted beef, chicken and shrimp and beef mixed with fried wild rice and vegetables, and _lamb skewers_ -- and _a banana shake._

Because his hair was still dripping wet, Yoongi sat as far away from the open window as possible to keep him from getting an ear infection and once he was settled on the floor, Seokjin encouraged Yoongi to dig in since the food was mostly for him, after all. And there was way too much for one omega to eat but he had bought more to ensure Yoongi didn’t go hungry, especially when he knew that he was, indeed, _starving._

Seokjin could only hope that Yoongi’s two-week fast hadn’t manifested into an eating disorder but he kept quiet and let him eat rather than pester him with incessant questions.

“Mr. Cinnabun stinks pretty bad, too,” Yoongi mumbled between bites of food, during which he grabbed bites of everything Seokjin had bought him while mostly focusing on the five, delicious lamb skewers.

“After we eat, wanna go downstairs and pop him in a washing machine?”

“Might as well do some laundry, too,” Yoongi mumbled mostly to himself. “I’m running out of clothes to wear…”

_Okay, this is good, this is good… just gotta keep him active, Seokjin told himself. As long as he’s receptive, everything’s gonna be fine._

“That sounds like a great idea.”

After he was done eating and whatever he hadn’t finished had been set aside in his mini-fridge for another day, Yoongi started scooping up the clothes that lay all over the floor, tossing them all into a
pile next to Yoongi’s stuffed bunny, who had been abandoned next to the clothes while his owner trudged around the room and swept up any clothes he deemed worthy of a stint with the washing machine. There wasn’t much, since he’d continuously worn the same t-shirt and shorts for the past week after his heat ended but that certainly hadn’t been the best decision he’d ever made, Yoongi realized grimly.

He only hoped Seokjin didn’t think he was a disgusting slob, even though the state of his bedroom clearly reflected that. The elder’s face revealed nothing of his thoughts about the situation but it didn’t stop Yoongi from feeling ashamed for having let things get so bad.

The elder had opened the window in his room to help air it out and once they’d tossed all of his dirty clothes and Mr. Cinnabun into his laundry basket, they went downstairs into the basement of the building to toss his clothes in the washing machine so that he had plenty of clean options to choose from when he returned to class tomorrow.

Fortunately, the laundromat downstairs was empty and all of the machines were available, to which Yoongi breathed out a quiet sigh of relief because he currently couldn’t stand the thought of being in the presence of other people. That, and the elephant in the room needed to be addressed now.

“S-Seokjin, I’m really scared that I messed up bad,” Yoongi whispered shakily while he watched Mr. Cinnabun get tossed around inside the washing machine, voice so soft and broken that the elder almost didn’t catch the end of his sentence. Still, he tried his best to comfort him by gently running his hand up and down Yoongi’s back even though he wasn’t sure if it was doing any good.

“We all make mistakes, Yoongi. That’s what makes us human."

“No, you didn’t—”

“Saying that doesn’t automatically change the fact that I have so many regrets, Seokjin,” Yoongi sobbed. “I’ve got so much mounting debt that I probably won’t ever be able to pay back and this stupid RA job sucks so much and I hate people and I hate myself…”

“How long have you felt like this?”

“Too long,” Yoongi managed to utter. “I-I… sometimes, I feel like I can’t take it anymore but I’m too scared to drop out and go home…”

“Your home is here, with me,” Seokjin insisted, taking both of Yoongi’s hands in his own and gently brushing the pads of his thumbs over his knuckles. He tried to lock eyes with Yoongi but the younger just wasn’t having it and he realized that perhaps it was best to just let the younger cry until he could cry no more rather than try to calm him down, which he feared Yoongi would interpret as him trying to silence his pain.

“That’s very sweet and corny of you to say but… you can’t always waste your time looking out for me.”

“Honey, I never considered you a waste of time.”

“I feel like one sometimes…”

“Why?” Seokjin asked, his voice laced with so much pain and anguish that Yoongi couldn’t help but feel sad. Plus, it made the younger realize just how far apart he and Seokjin were academically and emotionally.
“I’m just so tired of everything…”

“You must have felt overwhelmed, huh?”

“The past two weeks have been god-awful…”

“Yeah, I bet they have…”

“Seokjin, I think I need help… like, real bad…”

“We can get you some help. How about we go to student health services tomorrow after our classes end and see if you can’t talk to somebody?”

“Like a therapist?”

“Yeah, I think it could benefit you, honey.”

"O-okay," Yoongi mumbled, even though he sounded really unsure.

He couldn't help but feel apprehensive at Seokjin's suggestion because, in his mind, therapy sounded like a punishment used to hurt somebody by blowing their problems out of proportion and making them believe that they were going crazy even though they weren’t. Yoongi knew he wasn’t and he hated being treated like something was wrong with him, like he wasn’t as good as everybody else because he sometimes mentally tripped up or that he was considered to be a failure because he hadn’t gone into the sciences like all the capable students, like Seokjin, did.

And Seokjin…

He could have easily studied theater like any typical rich kid and graduate four years later with his future still secure. As for himself, Yoongi couldn’t help but regret all of his decisions up to this point, which haunted him like a poltergeist who wore the face of his father on its skin and chanted “a music career will get you nowhere” over and over again until Yoongi had been left wondering if that phrase had been ingrained in his psyche or if he was really just going insane.

“We pursue different things for different reasons and there’s nothing to be ashamed of if you pursued a more creative track than other people.”

“Yeah, it’s all fun and games until I can’t get a job.”

“You will get a job, honey. Employers want college-educated employees and you’re definitely college-educated.”

“I don’t have a degree.”

“Hey, you’re working towards it. We both are.”

“I still have three whole semesters to endure before the university gives me that stupid piece of paper. Four, if you count the semester we’re in.”

“Shhh… don’t look at it so broadly. Just take it one day at a time and pretty soon, it’ll be time for Chuseok.”

“I’m not excited for that. Not like I have any family to celebrate it with.”

“Do you want to come home with me for the break?”
“N-no… I need to stay here and catch up on all the work I missed. That is, if it’s not too late to save my grades.”

“Okay, I understand.”

“I just hope… that I can catch up.”

“Don’t worry, you will,” Seokjin assured him. “Did you tell your professors that you were sick?”

“Mhm… just in case.”

“Okay, good. That means your grades won’t suffer too much, I think.”

“Let’s hope my two-week absence didn’t turn some of my professors into the devil,” Yoongi mumbled in response, the omega grimly pondering the possibility of graduating a semester late if he had to retake any classes and could only hope he would be allowed to pass with an average score of a C.

“I think they’ll be understanding as long as you come back ready to make up whatever you can. And I know you can, honey.”

“Thanks for believing in me, Seokjin.”

“Of course, sweetie. And you know…”

“Hmm?”

“I really think you should go to student health services, okay?”

“I will, I will…”

“I’m really scared to go to class but… if I miss anymore days, I think I’m gonna get dropped,” Yoongi admitted the following morning. He looked crestfallen and worried, two things Seokjin didn’t want him to be even though there was nothing he could do to help him feel better.

“Just take it easy today, okay? It’s your first day back.”

He could only hope that a change of scenery and some forced social interaction would help Yoongi kick whatever awful thoughts had been keeping him down for the past few weeks and find the resilience to keep pursuing his degree. Not counting next semester, they both only had one year left, he thought.

“I’ll try.”

“Just take it one moment at a time, alright? And don’t forget to breathe deep.”

“H-hey, um…”

“Yes, honey?”

“Can we hold hands?”

Seokjin held his hand out to him without hesitation and smile invitingly at the younger omega when he did indeed grab his hand, squeezing just a little tight for comfort that he appeared to be craving. It pained him to see Yoongi looking so sensitive and breakable, like he could just shatter if somebody gently bumped past him in the hallway.
“It’s going to be fine, just fine,” Seokjin tried to reassure him as they stepped out of his dorm room, making sure to gently squeeze the younger’s hand in order to reinforce that what he was telling him was true. “And I think your classmates will be happy to see you again. I’m sure they missed you.”

“Y-yeah…”

He clung to Seokjin as they left the dorm and went to the cafeteria building, where they were both due to attend their first class but since they had some time left, Yoongi followed Seokjin up to the cafeteria and they sat down at Namjoon’s table, where the alpha was absorbed in his notes. Or at least, he had been prior to their arrival.

All Yoongi cared about was that the cafeteria was basically empty save for the employee who checked their IDs on their way in and allowed himself to breathe out in relief. The place would soon be chaotic once class let up but by then, Yoongi was going to be in class and he could care less at that point.

“Hey, you two.”

“Hey, Joonie,” Seokjin greeted. Yoongi didn’t say anything but neither Namjoon nor Seokjin pressured him into opening his mouth if he didn’t want to.

“Did you have a fun sleepover?

Is that what you told him? That we had a sleepover? Yoongi thought, though he couldn’t help but feel amused over Seokjin’s innocent way of looking at things. It made his heart feel a little lighter in his chest and he even managed to muster up a half-hearted smile. That’s super cute…

But his mirth was quickly destroyed when he heard Hwansoo’s voice shatter the otherwise-still air and Yoongi felt his heart sink back into his stomach, heavy as a rock once more.

“I don’t personally know you two but let me tell you that you’re just wasting your time with that bitch--”

Yoongi flinched when he suddenly heard an audibly loud crack! of skin on skin and looked up just in time to see Hwansoo stumble backwards, tenderly holding his cheek while he struggled to process what had just happened. Yoongi was in the same boat, though he was quickly piecing together what had just happened based off the shocked expression on Namjoon’s face and Seokjin’s assertive, forward-facing stance and his free hand still high above his head, ready to hit Hwansoo again at a moment’s notice.

“Say that again?” Seokjin growled menacingly.

“What the fuck?” Hwansoo squeaked. Not so menacing anymore, Yoongi couldn’t help but think as he relished in the little bit of satisfaction he got from seeing Hwansoo looking like a kicked puppy after Seokjin had hit him.

“If you say anything about Yoongi ever again, you won’t be so lucky next time. Mark my words, fucker.”

“Why you--”

“Alright, alright, how about you take a walk?” Namjoon suggested as he threw himself in front of Seokjin and Yoongi, even though it was obvious to the omegas that he was not giving Hwansoo a choice in the matter.
“Fuck you--”

“I said, take a fucking walk. If I have to say it again, my omega here has no problems with punching your lights out. Trust me, I’m giving you the better option here, buddy,” Namjoon spat as he shoved Hwansoo along to motivate him to leave.

“Yoongi, honey, are you okay?” Seokjin asked as he crouched down in front of his fellow omega, who looked pale as a ghost and was seated in the booth by the time he’d looked over in his direction. And that was saying something since Yoongi was already light-skinned enough as it was. All he uttered in response was a tiny “mhm, I’m okay” before he straightened his back so he wasn’t curled in on himself.

“I’m okay,” he repeated. “Don’t worry about me, I’m fine. Thanks for… sticking up for me.”

“Of course.” Yoongi looked up in time to see Seokjin’s lips curl back into a sunny smile and he already felt much better than before.

“We’ve got your back,” Namjoon added reassuringly, and all Yoongi could mutter was a soft “thank you...” before burying his face in his hands.

Thank you both for looking out for me.
There were days when Namjoon hated being a business and music double-major, especially since they literally had nothing to do with each other and it felt like he was constantly in a state of juggling apples and oranges while the room he was standing in was on fire.

Today was one of those days.

He didn't want to do any work even though a considerable chunk of his homework was due tomorrow for multiple classes and, he reminded himself like he was scolding a small child, he couldn't afford to let his grades drop because he was feeling a little lazy. However, it was still awfully tempting to lie down in a corner and sleep like the dead.

*I guess I'll have to wait until I'm actually dead in order to get a good night's sleep...*

But on the flip side, Yoongi looked even more frustrated than he felt and while Namjoon never took pleasure in other people's suffering, he felt relieved that he wasn't the only one in the library feeling like a chicken that lost its head.

The poor omega looked absolutely *miserable*, eyebrows furrowed into a knot on his forehead while his blonde hair was sticking up in all directions due to stress, practically defying gravity. He also looked much smaller than Namjoon remembered, practically swallowed up in the shapeless, grey hoodie he wore that was two sizes too big and definitely looked like he was ready to scream in frustration. And he was sure his perception of Yoongi's size wasn't just because he hadn't seen the omega for two weeks.

“You okay?”

“Go away…”

"I'll take that as a no."

"What do you want, Namjoon?" Yoongi huffed. "You here to pick on me or something?"

"I thought that was your job?" Namjoon scoffed jokingly, only to feel all mirth fade away when Yoongi looked up at him with pleading, desperate eyes.

“Don’t fucking do this to me right now."

“S-sorry… um… do you need help?”

“I didn’t ask you for help, did I?” Yoongi snapped, only for his voice to crack as tears spilled down his cheeks before he could stop them.

Out of embarrassment, he buried his face in his arms and for a few moments, Namjoon didn’t know what to do. He felt more taken aback seeing him crying rather than because of his outburst because he had always seen Yoongi as a very *composed* omega who never broke down crying even when it felt like the whole world had turned against him. And yet, here he was, sobbing his eyes out in front of him, which was something that Namjoon would have never expected.

Sure, Yoongi probably cried in front of Seokjin plenty of times but he would have never imagined him breaking down in front of him.
“H-hey… Yoongi, if I said something to upset you, I’m really sorry…”

“It’s… it’s not your fault…”

“Will you, um… wanna tell me what’s bothering you?”

Yoongi didn’t respond and while Namjoon was afraid of being too pushy if he prodded the omega too much, he asked again and this time, the elder turned his laptop towards him, allowing him to read the assignment displayed on the screen.

*Compose a piece of music using Bass Clef.*

The piece must be notated in 4/4 time and be at least three pages in length.

You will be graded based on creativity and the complexity of your piece as well as proper notation.

Your notation should have evidence of Major and Minor intervals.

“Hey, hey, it’s not that hard, I promise,”

“E-easy for you to say,” Yoongi whimpered as he sat up, hastily wiping away his tears like he was ashamed of crying and wanted to hide the evidence. “I missed two weeks of class and I feel so stupid…”

“You’re not stupid. And bass clef looks hard at first but once you get the basics down, it’s not that difficult to comprehend.”

“I hate being forced to play bass clef. It’s so… so unnecessarily complicated and why do I have to learn a clef I’ll never use or play?”

“Hey, I totally get where you’re coming from. You play piano, right?”

“Yeah…”

“That’s pretty awesome. I bet you’re good, huh?”

“I try,” Yoongi mumbled sheepishly.

He wasn’t even sure why he was ashamed, especially since he knew that Namjoon wasn’t flirting with him, but he knew it had something to do with how belligerent he’d behaved towards the alpha the whole time they’d known each other. And like they’d been best friends their whole lives, Namjoon extended a helping hand to him rather than just stand there and watch him suffer, even at the risk of getting snapped at. It made Yoongi realize just how wrong he’d been about Namjoon, especially since his interest in him had probably just been a puppy crush that faded and was forgotten once he fell for Seokjin.

“So um… what the hell is Major 2nd?”

“Here, take a look at my notes,” Namjoon offered as he cracked open his notebook and pointed to the bars that had been meticulously drawn out in black ink on the otherwise unlined page and were
littered with pairs of whole notes that looked like one was sitting on top of another. Each “pair” was a slightly higher octave than the last and marked off with different labels that helped make things a little clearer and among them was Major 2nd, two notes paired together at the low D and E positions on the scale.

“Oh, so that’s what it is.”

“See, you knew it! You just didn’t know what it was called,” Namjoon praised and even though he was still annoyed, Yoongi felt a little better now.

“Did I… miss anything else?”

“We reviewed all the majors and minors—”

“Oh, I know those.”

“—bass clef, obviously—”

“Got it.”

“—and how to use Noteflight.”

“I’ve been using Noteflight since middle school,” Yoongi scoffed, and Namjoon could only smile.

“Then you’re all set!”

Figuring Yoongi needed some peace and quiet to work on his homework now that he was on the right track, Namjoon went back to browsing the stacks so he could find books to use as sources for his essay, knowing that his music professor would kill him if he didn’t fulfill all of the requirements that had been outlined in the email.

And even though he was considering not doing the essay at all, weighing the pros and cons against his current grade in the class, he realized it was better to half-ass the essay than take a zero. He trudged back to the table where Yoongi was studying so he could dig his phone out of his backpack to reread the email his professor had sent and check on the omega in one fell swoop and was relieved to see Yoongi looking a little more composed than before.

Sure, his cheeks and nose were still red from crying but he wasn’t sobbing anymore, which Namjoon took as a good sign.

“Hey, Namjoon?”

“Yes?” the alpha in question asked as he looked up from his phone as a way of letting Yoongi know that he had his full attention.

“Thank you for helping me. You saved my ass,” Yoongi mumbled bashfully, cheeks so red with embarrassment that Namjoon wished he could take a photo so he could always have a physical reminder of the time that Min Yoongi had actually expressed an emotion towards him that wasn’t anger or irritation. Instead, he decided to be gracious and told the omega, “you’re welcome” before offering to walk back with him to Seokjin’s dorm so they could meet up with him to go out for dinner.

And to his pleasant surprise, Yoongi happily agreed.
Taehyung

[Sent at 8:03 A.M.]
Hey, honey! Are you staying here or are you heading home for Chuseok?

[Sent at 8:05 A.M.]
Jimin went home for the holiday and I’m too swamped with this stupid essay to go anywhere. what are you up to? ;w;

What’s gotten into you? You’ve never called me ‘honey’ before, Hoseok thought, though he wasn’t complaining since seeing such a sweet compliment from somebody who wasn’t trying to get into his pants was actually quite a nice way to wake up, despite being sick as he was. Then again, that much was expected from betas: that they weren’t horny, rapey sons of bitches like alphas.

He appreciated the sentiment but he also couldn’t help but worry that Taehyung would see him differently if he knew about his true status. Or worse, show his true colors by completely changing his tune and bringing all of his alpha friends over to violate him.

I still don’t know if I can trust you not to hurt me. I like you a lot but… I need some more time to get to know you a little better.

And even though his omega instincts were telling him to not give Taehyung any reason to invite himself over, he still responded to the beta’s text and let him know exactly why he wasn’t home like most if not all of the other students on campus. He wished he could be in Gwangju for Chuseok but infecting the rest of his family was not on his to-do list, either.

Hoseok

[Sent at 11:59 A.M.]
I have a cold so I’m stuck here… :( 

Taehyung

[Sent at 12:04 A.M.]
Oh, no! Stay right where you are, I’ll be over in a little bit! :C
“Wasn’t going to go anywhere,” Hoseok scoffed, though he couldn’t resist grinning at the loving text the beta had sent him.

That wasn’t the kind of text message sent by somebody looking for a quick one-night stand or a fling; this was somebody who appeared to want to be with him even though he still thought he was a beta and was none the wiser to his true status. Granted, Hoseok hadn’t revealed it to him yet out of fear that their friendship might collapse and because he didn’t know if Taehyung was the vindictive type who would go around revealing whatever secrets he’d told him in confidence.

Until he knew for sure, some things were simply better left unsaid.

As for Taehyung, however, he’d leapt at the chance to go see Hoseok in his dorm because the progress on his essay had stagnated after page two and he had four more to go before he could say he was finished. He quickly packed up his things, resolving to finish his essay later when he felt more motivated to do so, and hurried out of the library and back to his dorm so he could retrieve some things before making his way to Hoseok's dorm.

And because this was one of those situations that required him to tread lightly, lest he come off as too desperate, he decided to text Jimin for advice.

After all, single people gave the best advice.

Taehyung

[Sent at 12:08 P.M.]

Hey, Hoseok is sick. Do you think he’d like it if I brought him some soup and snacks?

Jimin

[Sent at 12:09 P.M.]

I think that would be just fine. He’ll definitely appreciate being cared for by somebody as sweet as you.

Taehyung

[Sent at 12:09 P.M.]

Okay, good. Is there anything else I could do?

Jimin

[Sent at 12:10 P.M.]
Make him some tea. He’ll remember that you took good care of him.

**Taehyung**

[Sent at 12:11 P.M.]

Okay, noted! And how do you have so many tricks up your sleeve, huh?

**Jimin**

[Sent at 12:12 P.M.]

My uncle

**Taehyung**

[Sent at 12:12 P.M.]

Your uncle?

**Jimin**

[Sent at 12:14 P.M.]

Yeah, back when I showed as an alpha, my parents sent me away to live with him for a while because they didn’t want me to turn into a rapist. If it wasn’t for him, I probably would have turned out to be just like every other piece of shit alpha on campus.

**Taehyung**

[Sent at 12:15 P.M.]

But they sent you away? Seems… harsh.

**Jimin**

[Sent at 12:16 P.M.]

It’s not a big deal.

**Taehyung**

[Sent at 12:17 P.M.]
Okay… thanks for the help btw.

Jimin

[Sent at 12:17 P.M.]

anytime

After making a quick stop at the restaurant located just across the street from campus and the convenience store for a large bowl of soup and snacks, respectively, Taehyung made his way to Hoseok's dorm with a skip to his step. However, he wasn’t expecting to see the object of his desires looking so sleepy and weak, almost like being ill had taken everything out of him and he wanted nothing more than to cuddle him until he felt better.

“Wasn’t expecting you to actually show up,” Hoseok teased.

“I always keep my promises,” Taehyung playfully fired back.

“Aren’t you worried that I’ll get you sick?”

“I already did my time so don’t worry about me,” Taehyung joked and sick as he was, Hoseok couldn’t resist grinning.

"O-okay… then, um…"

“Hey, whatever you need, honey, I’m here for you.”

“You sure? I don’t want to burden you if you’re busy. I mean, how’s your essay going?”

“I need some time away from my essay and it needs some time away from me," Taehyung joked, though it was clear he was quite serious at the same time.

"Fair enough…"

"If you need anything, just let me know."

“Well, then, um… can we snuggle? I’m feeling a little cold,” Hoseok asked, lying just a tiny bit in hopes that he could entice Taehyung to warm his cramped twin bed and to his immense relief, the beta flashed him an excited smile before he strode over, pulled the covers up, and then crawled in next to him.

“If I get you sick again, I’m really sorry.”

“You can always return the favor and coddle me," Taehyung teased and Hoseok could only smile.

“I think that’s a pretty reasonable demand,” the elder chuckled.

“So… what’s your essay about?”

“Oh, of all the things we could talk about, we are so not talking about that!”
“Then what do you want to talk about?”

“Um… let’s play twenty questions!”

“Seriously?”

“Yeah! How else are we going to get to know each other better?”

“Fair enough. Should I go first or do you want to go first?”

“I’ll go,” Taehyung volunteered.

“What would you like to know about me?”

“Let’s start with an easy one: when is your birthday?”

“I was born on February 18, 1994.”

“Hey, cool! Our birthdays aren’t that far apart from each other!”

“So when were you born?”

“December 30, 1995.”

“Yeah, you’re kinda right, actually. Our birthdays aren’t that far apart after all. Like, we can celebrate yours at the end of the year and spend mine during the second month of the year. It’s kind of poetic, actually,” Hoseok mused, though he couldn’t exactly deduce why it was poetic, just that it was.

“True, very true.”

“So how many siblings do you have?” Hoseok asked. He realized how lame the question was but he was too feverish to really care at this point.

“I have two,” Taehyung beamed proudly. “They’re both younger than me but I still love them. My sister’s name is Eonjin and my brother’s name is Jeonggyu.”

“That’s pretty cool. I also have two siblings but unlike you, I’m actually the middle child and I’ve got a brother and a sister, too.”

“Who’s older and who’s younger?”

“My sister, Dawon, is older than me and my brother -- err, my half-brother -- is younger than me. His name is Jihyeon.”

“That’s pretty cool. Must be nice being the middle child.”

“Why do you think that?”

“I dunno. Just… I feel like that’s better than being the eldest -- excuse me, the guinea pig.”

“The guinea pig?”

“Oh, didn’t you know? The oldest child is always the guinea pig for new parents,” Taehyung clarified. “They’re the strictest with them and then all of the kids that follow get off the hook for all kinds of shit that the first-born would literally get slaughtered for.”

“Okay, I consider myself lucky to be the middle sibling,” Hoseok laughed. “We just get ignored and
the little one gets pampered and spoiled.”

“Ugh, how lucky…”

“Okay, I think it’s your turn to ask a question now.”

"Okay, so, picture this scenario: products are being recalled by the government and will never be in production again. What is the one product you would stock up on before it goes out of production?"

"To a point of excessiveness?"

"Sure, if you want to look at it that way,’ Taehyung conceded.

"Um… geez, that’s a tough one."

"It doesn't have to be a product. It can be any food or a drink--"

"I think I'd be willing to cut a bitch for a stockpile of Sprite," Hoseok chuckled after a few moments of consideration. Taehyung laughed along with him and praised him for being honest as he took out his phone.

Upon closer inspection, Hoseok noticed him fussing around with a contact in his phone -- his contact, more specifically -- and his eyes went wide when his first name was deleted and replaced with--

"You did not seriously just change my name in your address book to 'Jung Sprite Boi,'” Hoseok accused and it was the smile on Taehyung’s adorable face that answered his question without the beta needing to say anything at all.

"You did…"

"So I did. It’s cute.”

“Am I always going to be known as Sprite Boi to you?”

“For now,” Taehyung conceded. “Maybe I’ll change it in the future when we get to know each other a little better. But later, when you’re feeling better.”

“You’re such a flirt,” Hoseok giggled, though he couldn’t deny how much he loved the attention from this clearly-gentle, caring beta who he now knew would never ever violate him, much less harm him. “Kim Flirt.”

“You should change my name in your address book to that.”

“When I’m better.”

“I’ll hold you to it.”
“Weather’s getting colder.”

“Good thing you’re here to keep me warm.”

“Happy to be of service,” Namjoon laughed as he playfully jostled him, though Seokjin knew he meant every word.

*I hope Yoongi’s doing okay.*

He couldn’t even begin to count how many times he’d told the younger “Take care of yourself. And don’t be afraid to call me if you need anything” and how many times he’d heard him utter a nonchalant-sounding “I know, I know” in response, which was Yoongi’s way of saying “please don’t waste your time worrying about me.”

He seemed distant, even more so than usual, and while Seokjin couldn’t help but worry about him, especially since he didn’t seem to be back on his feet quite yet, he knew he had to give him some space to figure himself out. And hopefully, he wasn’t considering dropping out.

“You look like you’re lost. What’s on your mind?” Namjoon whispered, snapping Seokjin out of his thoughts so fast that he almost gets whiplash.

“I’m just a little worried about Yoongi, that’s all.”

“Because he said he might drop out?”

“Yeah, that’s mostly what’s got me worried.”

“He seemed to be doing fine when we saw him the other day,” Namjoon pointed out.

He was right, Seokjin acknowledged after taking a moment to recall the days after they’d returned from their Chuseok break, where he had spotted Yoongi at least five times over the course of several days. Yoongi was going to class and while the state of his grades was uncertain unless and until Seokjin asked, at least he hadn’t holed himself up during the break.

“Yes, that’s true. I hope he passes his classes.”

“He’s still got some time before finals.”

“Sure, like, a few weeks.”

“And pretty soon, we’ll be on break again. Do you think Yoongi’s coming with you?” Namjoon asked.

“I dunno,” Seokjin sighed, leaning his head on his alpha’s shoulder and closing his eyes for a few moments so he could gather his thoughts without his senses overloading. After having spent all day studying, he was sure he was going to snap and breathing in Namjoon’s scent felt like the only way he would get a few moments to relax.

That, and worrying about Yoongi had left him feeling *drained.*

“Can we book a hotel again soon?” Seokjin pleaded.
“Got that itch again, huh, princey?”

“Mhm… it’s been too long.”

“As soon as we both have a good chunk of free time at our disposal, we can go let off some steam, okay?”

“I just hope that happens sooner rather than later,” Seokjin groaned. “Or I swear, I’m going to explode.”

“I’ll try to stop you before that happens.”

“Be careful that you don’t get caught in the crossfire.”

“I’ll do my best. Now, how about we go check on Yoongi and then we can go to dinner?”

“That sounds good,” Seokjin hummed.

He’d been meaning to go see Yoongi but three exams had taken up all his time -- nursing was no joke when he needed to pass all of his classes with the bare minimum of a C to pass, even though higher grades of A’s and B’s were obviously recommended -- and he was sure the younger was just as if not more busy, given how a lot of his schoolwork had consisted of catching up on all the assignments he missed. Then again, better late than never, he thought but when Yoongi didn’t answer them even after they knocked on his door three times, Seokjin resolved to text him to check in, which was what he probably should have done in the first place. He quickly got a text back, which simply read:

busy studying. can’t hang out.

“Might as well leave him be.”

“Yeah,” Seokjin agreed as they made their way back out of the building, intent on having some dinner together before they had to go their separate ways since they both had class again tomorrow morning. “Still, I’m glad he’s studying. Means his mental state is okay as far as I can tell.”

“Yeah, good point.”

And sure enough, Yoongi reappeared a few weeks later with a rather tired but triumphant look plastered on his face. He came over to their usual table in the cafeteria and after greeting both him and Namjoon, Yoongi plopped down in the seat across from them and let out a satisfied sigh.

“So how’d you do?”

“I passed,” Yoongi beamed. “Got three B’s and two A’s.”

He was not at all prepared for the rush of excitement he felt as Seokjin and Namjoon congratulated him, with the elder omega going so far as to go around the table and give him a hug. He never received such affection from him before and he wasn’t even sure why Seokjin had hugged him in the first place, only that he was clearly happy for some reason and the thought that somebody who
wasn’t his family by any means was celebrating his good grades made his heart sink, which was something the elder immediately picked up on when he released him from his embrace.

“You look kind of down.”

“Sometimes I wish I had family to celebrate my achievements with,” Yoongi muttered. “My brother is really busy and I don’t think I’ll ever be able to reconcile with my parents.”

“That bad, huh?” Namjoon mumbled dejectedly.

“You’re our family,” Seokjin insisted as he reached over and took Yoongi’s hand, something that the younger miraculously allowed.

From Namjoon’s perspective, he was relieved to see this rather volatile omega -- he was volatile in Namjoon’s eyes, anyways -- looking so calm and almost delicate as he held onto Seokjin’s hand maybe a little tighter than his boyfriend was comfortable with. Seokjin didn’t give any indication that he was uncomfortable and Namjoon prided him for being so caring when Yoongi clearly needed it.

He wasn’t sure if he had the emotional capacity to be as caring as Seokjin but then again, he was an alpha and the only person he could really be affectionate to who wasn’t his family was his mate. Anybody else would think that he was a predator trying to get some and it was the last thing he wanted, even if he wasn’t looking to get anything out of being affectionate to somebody else.

Then again, it wasn’t up to him to decide how others felt. That was something he’d learned real fast in regards to Yoongi.

“T-thanks…”

“I care about you, Yoongi. We both do.”

“So, um… are you okay with me coming home with you for winter break?” Yoongi asked, sounding unusually nervous. Namjoon couldn’t help but wonder if this was what he was really like -- skittish, maybe a little shy, and incredibly humble -- because this omega was acting nothing like the boorish, headstrong Yoongi that he knew.

“Of course I’m okay with that,” Seokjin assured him. “My home is your home, sweetie.”

“I appreciate it,” Yoongi said gratefully and then, following a half-hearted-sounding goodbye, he took his leave from the table and left the cafeteria.

“I’m just glad that he seems to be doing okay,” Seokjin commented once Yoongi was gone, far enough out of earshot that there was no way he could have heard what he just said.

“You think he’s doing better?”

“Looks like. This semester has been rough for him. It’s been rough for all of us, to be honest,” Seokjin commented, cringing as he looked back at all the lab reports he’d been forced to write for the various science courses and all the all-nighters he pulled for said reports over the past eight weeks.

“Yeah, very true.”

The next morning, however, when Seokjin woke up, Yoongi informed him via text message that he was actually going to live with his brother over the break and disappointed as he was, there was nothing the elder could do besides text back and wish him a happy Christmas. And then, he grabbed his things and texted Namjoon, letting him know about what had happened.
Namjoon Fitzherbert

[Sent at 9:03 A.M.]

So he’s not coming home with you, baby?

Seokjin

[Sent at 9:05 A.M.]

Guess not. Would you mind coming over when you can?

Namjoon Fitzherbert

[Sent at 9:06 A.M.]

Sure, I’ll come by your house later today. (∪ ◯ ∪)

Seokjin

[Sent at 9:06 A.M.]

Thank you. ♥

[Sent at 9:06 A.M.]

I can’t wait to see you.

Namjoon Fitzherbert

[Sent at 9:06 A.M.]

Likewise, my love. (✪ ❤‿❤)

As for Yoongi, he found himself somewhat regretting his decision to go home with Yeonwoo the closer and closer they got to his apartment. His desire to hang out with his brother was quickly diminished when he realized Hyojung had come over, something that neither of them had been prepared for, by the looks of it.

Still, Yoongi played it cool because at best, Hyojung would just ignore him and he could look
forward to unpacking in a few hours because he truly wanted to feel like he was at home rather than a drifter waiting for his next eviction notice.

“Why’s he here?” he heard her blurt out, clearly making no secret of curbing her volume because she clearly wanted him to know he wasn’t welcome.

“C’mon, Hyojung, don’t be like that. He’s my brother.”

“Why couldn’t he go live with your parents, huh?”

“I have as much of a right to be here as you,” Yoongi barked at her, already having had enough. Her mentioning his parents had been enough to motivate him to speak up for himself; otherwise, he would have held his tongue and tried his best to ignore the bullshit spilling out of Hyojung’s mouth.

But she had ignited a fire in him because, as much as he hated having come back to Daegu for winter break, how dare she make him feel unwelcome when Yeonwoo had so graciously invited him to stay over? Granted, Yoongi didn’t see much grace in his brother’s gesture anymore, not when Hyojung had ruined the sentiment, and wished he was in Seoul with Seokjin right now.

When he thought about it, he was more okay with third-wheeling Namjoon and Seokjin than bickering with Hyojung.

“Yeonwoo only invited you because he pities you,” she mocked.

"He's only dating you because he pities your bitchass," Yoongi snarked back without missing a beat.

"Yoongi!" Yeonwoo scolded, though no amount of disappointment on his brother's part could take away from the satisfaction he felt from seeing Hyojung falter as she struggled -- and failed -- to formulate a response.

But the damage was done, Yoongi grimly realized as he felt what little joy from having told off Hyojung slip away when he realized that he wasn't in the mood to fight -- with words or fists -- to justify being allowed to live in Yeonwoo's apartment. It should have been a given but Hyojung clearly had a vendetta against him and seeing her glaring at him with those dark, soulless eyes of hers made his blood boil.

"Fuck this, I'm leaving," he announced before spinning on his heel and storming off to his bedroom to get dressed and grab his suitcase, which he hadn't even unpacked yet. Looking at it now, it had been a good move on his part because he didn't think that spending a good hour packing his things would have the same effect on the message he was trying to send: that he wasn't going to let Hyojung walk all over him and that, ultimately, Yeonwoo needed to pick a side because of the way his girlfriend was behaving.

If he was lucky, his brother would side with him but he had a sneaking suspicion that, just like their mother choosing their father, Yeonwoo was going to side with Hyojung. While Yoongi couldn't blame him for sticking with the person he saw more often, he still wished Yeonwoo would gather some courage and stand up to his bitch of a girlfriend because this was one of the times that she'd gone too far.

“Yoongi, you know what she said isn’t true!”

“Still, I’m not in the mood to stay here if she’s gonna be a grade-A bitch to me,” Yoongi scoffed as he glared daggers at Yeonwoo, who looked upset beyond belief. Then again, so was Yoongi.

“C’mon, please don’t leave…”
“I’m going to Seokjin’s house. At least he makes me feel welcome.”

“You are welcome here--”

“Cut the crap! I don’t want to stay in a place where I’m treated like shit just for existing!”

“C’mon, Yoongs--”

“No, I’m not going to listen to anything you have to say!”

"I'll talk to her--"

"No, you won't! You don't have the balls to stand up to her!" Yoongi barked.

He watched Yeonwoo struggle to form a response and realized that he had nothing to say. And once he was dressed, he grabbed his suitcase and stormed out of the apartment into the cold, which greeted him like the Grim Reaper pulling him into its dead arms for a hug before pushing him away and sending him stumbling towards the KTX station, which proved to be a welcome but equally bitter sight. He remembered when he’d stormed out of the house with the last of his essentials right before his freshman year started.

Seems like train and bus stations are a home away from home for me. Shit, that makes me sound homeless, Yoongi grimly thought.

It wasn’t far from the truth, especially when he considered the fact that he hadn’t had a permanent place to call home since he’d left his parents’ house. On a related note, everyone was forced to move out of their dorms after every semester and for two, four-month segments of the year, he had a somewhat secure dwelling but was forced to give it up whenever a major break, such as winter or summer vacation, rolled around. That meant he could never be comfortable for long but he felt eternally grateful to Seokjin for having been gracious enough to invite him to stay over whenever he needed a warm bed and a roof.

At least that helped make up for the months when he ended up getting displaced.

“Lucky for you, we’ve got a few remaining seats left for this particular trip to Seoul,” the girl behind the glass at the teller desk chirped excitedly. “I’m glad it’ll allow you to get going to your destination sooner rather than later.”

“Y-Yeah, me too…” Yoongi muttered, thanking the girl as he pocketed his ticket and then dragged his suitcase to the appropriate platform so that he could board the train. Or, at least, he thought as he saw it wasn’t boarding yet, be one of the first to get on.

Once he was allowed to board, though, ten whole minutes later during which he was sure his whole body, especially the more exposed parts such as his jeans-clad legs and his sneakered feet, Yoongi instantly felt more relieved. He didn’t even mind that he had to sit next to a complete and total stranger -- fortunately, she was too preoccupied with texting somebody for the entire length of the trip -- because he found himself in Anyang quicker than he’d anticipated.

From that point, Seokjin's house was a quick taxi ride away but the second he’d stepped into his best friend’s hometown, he could tell that the air already smelled different; it was more welcoming and he certainly didn't have to worry about running into his parents, which was always a risk whenever he went back to Daegu.

And even though his last stint had been over the summer, back when he broke his shoulder, Yoongi still felt relieved every time he ran away from the correctional facility that was his hometown.
I'd kill to live anywhere that's not Daegu. If I ever get a husband and he wants to go live in Gwangju or Incheon or Jeju Island, I'm willing to go.

Hell, he was even willing to live in Busan despite it being only an hour away from Daegu. Then again, Busan was pretty big and he doubted his parents could find him as long as he never disclosed his location.

"Hey, your stop is coming up," the cab driver called to him from the front seat, snapping him out of his thoughts. "Lemme know where you want me to drop you off."

"Right here is fine," Yoongi said once the cab had made it halfway down the street so that it was parked in front of Seokjin's house. From here, the pathway up to his friend's house was just a few feet away and after paying and tipping the driver, Yoongi crawled out of the backseat and took his suitcase with him.

Already feels like home, he thought giddily as he hurried up the stone path to the front porch, where he rang the doorbell several times to announce his presence and then waited.

He didn't have to wait very long, because moments later, Seokjin opened the door and flashed him such a sunny smile that Yoongi was afraid of looking at the snow on the lawn for fear that the elder's shiny teeth would reflect off the frost and blind him.

"Hey, come on in," Seokjin sang, stepping aside to let his friend into the house from the cold and offered him a cup of hot chocolate once Yoongi had stripped himself of his outerwear for his comfy hoodie underneath.

"I'm glad you're here, Yoongi," he said when they were both comfortably situated in the living room.

"Thanks for having me," the younger scoffed before taking a sip of his hot chocolate.

"Of course, sweetie. You're welcome to stay as long as you want."

"Honestly, I don't plan on going back until my brother apologizes."

When Namjoon returned from the bathroom a few minutes later, he and Yoongi greeted each other with tepid-sounding hellos that sounded somewhat forced, given how they were still trying to figure out just how friendly they were willing to be towards each other. It was still an improvement from the blatant hostility they'd -- and by they, that was mostly referring to Yoongi -- displayed towards each other for the majority of the time that they'd known each other. Seokjin could only hope their friendship, if it could even be called that, would improve after Yoongi got over the fact that Namjoon had flirted with him once upon a time but was clearly no longer interested.

"I couldn't help but overhear: what did your brother do, if you don't mind my asking?" Namjoon asked and Seokjin was sure he was going to die from embarrassment because he hadn't expected his alpha to ask such an invasive question when he was certainly not in any position to do so.

"Jesus, Namjoon--"

"His bitch of a girlfriend made it clear that she didn't want me in the apartment. So I left," Yoongi answered rather nonchalantly.

"Damn, that sucks. I'm sorry she treated you that way."

"It won't change anything but thanks."
That… went surprisingly well, Seokjin thought in awe. Their exchange had been polite and respectful and none of the malice Yoongi felt for his brother and his girlfriend had been directed towards Namjoon just because he happened to be present.

*You're definitely maturing, Yoongi. I'm really proud of you.*

He wasn't even sure why or when their relationship had changed to something less volatile, just that Yoongi had mellowed out a little and was no longer trying to claw Namjoon's eyes out. Granted, they weren't best friends, either, but it was still an improvement and Seokjin felt relieved knowing that he would no longer have to referee the two as much.

“So whatcha taking next semester?”

“I signed up for a full course load but the only class I can recall signing up for is Music Theory IV and that’s only because they said we have to take it at least twice.”

“Ah, so you’re getting it out of the way now?”

“Basically,” Yoongi huffed. “If it’s as hard as they say it is, I want to have enough time to retake it.”

“Sounds like a good move,” Namjoon complimented.

“You’ll do fine,” Seokjin assured him.

“Thanks for the vote of confidence,” Yoongi hummed, though Seokjin couldn’t help but feel that Yoongi wasn't being completely genuine in his response.

That was his problem: that he was so talented but blind to it most of the time, either because he just wasn’t confident in himself or he was too humble to even dare brag about himself a little. It could benefit him but Yoongi just didn't seem like the type to concern himself with flattery and tidbits of fame despite deserving all of the admiration the world could offer.

"Namjoon, if you don't sign up for music theory IV soon, you'll be in trouble," Yoongi said, taking one last sip of his hot chocolate before setting his now-empty mug down on the coffee table.

"I've got a whole year," Namjoon scoffed. "That's more than enough time to get the credits I need."

"Why do you need to take the class twice? Is there any difference when you take it the second time around?" Seokjin asked, genuinely curious.

"As far as I know, there's no difference," Namjoon shrugged.

"I heard it's because everyone gets no higher than a C the first time taking it. Some people even fail the first time around," Yoongi commented. "Then, when we retake it the second time, that's when our chances of getting a B or an A go up."

"So is it taught by a hard professor or is the class difficult or…"

"Probably both," Namjoon mused. "We’re lucky to have a lot of good professors in the music department—"

"I heard the education department has some of the worst," Yoongi scoffed, “but then again, what else can you expect from people who willingly trained to become glorified babysitters?”

“Hey, education isn’t a bad thing—“
“But our country’s education system sucks, wouldn’t you say?”

“Okay, sure, but it’s also not the worst system in the world. At least we can still go to school. Some countries don’t allow omegas to leave the house by themselves let alone go to school.”

“Yeah, that’s what I kept telling myself when I was studying for college entrance exams. Still feel like it wasn’t worth it,” Yoongi scoffed as he rolled his eyes, to which Seokjin raised his hand in agreement since he clearly sympathized with him.

"At least we get to graduate next year. Feels so far away still but we'll be walking across the stage in no time."

"I can't wait to leave. School is so annoying."

"Hey, once you get that diploma, you might even miss some aspects of university," Seokjin chided playfully.

"Like what?" Yoongi snorted, unconvinced.

"Like, getting to sleep in until noon and not having to worry about monthly bills."

"Okay, fair enough. Sleep is something I'm definitely gonna miss once I graduate."

"Same," Namjoon yawned. "Adulting is ridiculously hard sometimes and we're not even hardcore adulting yet."

"And then we’ll have to go to grad school. I know I have to," Seokjin grumbled.

"Sucks to be you," Yoongi half-laughed, half-scoffed.

"You're not going?"

"Probably not. I just want to become a producer and I don't think getting a Master's will really help me there."

"I think somebody just doesn't want to spend two to three more years in school," Namjoon teased. To Seokjin's immense relief, Yoongi didn't punch his lights out right then and there for joking around with him.

"The second after I walk the stage, I'm starting a bonfire and burning all of my homework and assignments."

"The second after?"

"You know what I mean, Namjoon," Yoongi huffed. "You always take things so literally."

"What can I say? I'm an analytical guy," said alpha shrugged without missing a beat. He didn't even seem remotely bothered by half of the things Yoongi said, which were blatant attempts on his part to rile him up, and took everything in stride.

It was definitely an improvement and Seokjin realized he'd much rather see them playfully bickering with each other than at each other’s throats.

*I'm so proud of you two,* he thought fondly, leaning his head on Namjoon's shoulder while gazing lovingly at Yoongi, who was currently preoccupied with something on his phone. *You've grown so much.*
He could only hope Namjoon and Yoongi continued to work towards fostering a friendship but given the evidence in front of him, Seokjin felt confident that they'd make it to that point one day real soon.
The downy sheets felt soft like clouds under his back, cushioning his body while Namjoon worked, carefully looping slips of velvet around his wrists and tying them snugly to the bedposts so that they didn’t loosen or unwind during their playtime while still allowing him enough range of movement to move his arms so they weren’t stuck in one position too long. The velvet ribbons were also long enough that Seokjin could easily wrap his arms around his shoulders or run his fingers through Namjoon’s hair when they were in kissing distance of each other and he appreciated the range of motion he did have because anything shorter would have sent him into a panic.

Fortunately, Namjoon understood this and chose to work with him rather than making a fuss about his wishes -- not that he ever would -- which was exactly how a good dom acted. And in return, Seokjin behaved himself like a good sub because he knew pleasure would quickly follow as a reward.

They were both still terribly inexperienced but their excitement to play was not soured by nervousness by any means because they had traded skittishness for patience and slow, calculated movements. Thus, there was no way they could make mistakes or get hurt, two things they both wanted to avoid because it would ruin the fun and probably scare them off from ever wanting to engage in scenes ever again.

“Do you know what shibari is?” Namjoon whispered, gently snapping Seokjin out of his thoughts and bringing him back to the real world, to the cinnamon-scented hotel room they shared.

“Are you asking me or was that rhetorical?” Seokjin giggled, for which he received a playful bite to his thigh. Namjoon’s eyes glittered with something ferocious and Seokjin felt himself getting turned on more and more with every passing second that he spent under his alpha’s fiery gaze.

“Have you heard of it, is what I’m asking.”

“I’m… vaguely familiar with it.”

“Well… I was thinking about just how sexy you’d look all tied up,” Namjoon chuckled before gently nibbling on his omega’s leg again, much more gently this time. “I’m thinking… pink ribbons. How’s that sound?”

“My favorite color,” Seokjin giggled.

“Yeah, your favorite color. I can already see it: pink ribbons looped around every one of your beautiful curves and tied in multiple knots in the back. Doesn't that sound sexy?"

"It really does, daddy," Seokjin agreed excitedly.

"There's also something called a suspension ring."

"Ooh, what's that?"

"It allows a dom to tie up their sub and then put them on display. It has a performance aspect to it,” Namjoon purred seductively.

“That sounds fun…”

"Yeah? Would you wanna try it one day?"
"As long as the ribbons are pink," Seokjin giggled and Namjoon couldn't help but grin broadly.

"If my prince wants pink, he'll get pink."

“You’re the best, daddy.”

“So is there anything you wanna try today?” Namjoon questioned once he sensed he had ample room to change the topic to the activities they were going to engage in today. It wasn’t that he wasn’t in the mood to chat but he felt that longer conversations could wait until he and Seokjin had tired themselves out and only had enough energy to snuggle and maybe engage in some small talk if they felt up for it.

“Can you choke me, daddy?” Seokjin gasped, already breathless like Namjoon had already wrapped his hand around his throat. He felt his heart skip a beat when he locked eyes with Namjoon and saw his lips quirk up into a bright, blinding smile that showed off his lovely dimples.

"Of course. But first, what do you say if you feel a little uncomfortable?" he questioned, staring down at him with those dark, sensual eyes of his that promised to take Seokjin to cloud nine and leave him riding that high for weeks.

"Yellow."

"And if you want to stop?"

"Red, daddy. I say red."

"Good boy. And what do you do if you feel uncomfortable but you're having trouble being verbal?"

"I pinch your arm," Seokjin answered without missing a beat and Namjoon smiled proudly, grinning so wide that his lovely dimple was on display for him to admire. *Or whatever I can reach."

"That's right, baby. Now, are you ready?"

"Yes," Seokjin answered confidently.

His eyes fluttered closed as he felt Namjoon's hand glide up his body, brushing over his stomach and chest before finding its way up to the base of his neck.

His fingers left a scorching-hot trail in their wake and he wasn't able to hold back a gasp when he felt Namjoon's fingers gently pressing against the skin just under his jaw and gasped when he felt his air flow become slightly cut off. He could still breathe but it was a little more difficult than usual and felt a rush to his head when Namjoon let go a few moments later, gasping as pleasure washed over him in waves and oxygen flooded back into his lungs.

"How’d that feel?"

"I liked it," Seokjin whispered breathlessly. “Can I have more?”

“One more round?”

“Y-yes…”

“Okay, one more,” Namjoon conceded as he gently pressed his thumb down in the same spot as before and held it for two counts before releasing.

Seokjin let out a breathy giggle as he felt Namjoon's hand disappear from around his neck and be
replaced with a heady high that felt stronger than the first rush he'd experienced.

"Felt good?" Namjoon asked in between soft, delicate kisses, making sure each one that he pressed to his omega's skin was purposeful and grounded him.

"Mhm... good," Seokjin echoed, sounding as if he was bordering on sleepiness. "But..."

"Tell me what you need, darling."

"Will you untie me now?"

"Are your arms hurting?"

"Yeah, they're turning a little numb," Seokjin admitted, cheeks burning when he heard Namjoon chuckle softly to himself as he untied the ribbons from the bedposts and then freed his wrists, kissing at his soft skin even though the ribbons hadn't left behind any welts or marks.

Still, he wanted his omega to know he cared about him and wouldn't leave him out to dry, especially in situations like the one they were in, where trust and comfort were at the top of the priority list.

"Better?"

"Much better, daddy." Namjoon couldn't resist the urge to chuckle, heart swelling at the sweet way that Seokjin babbled out "daddy" again and again, so full of adoration that he knew he wouldn't mind being called that title even in their daily lives if Seokjin so chose.

However, it did also have certain charms being used solely during the throes of passion.

"Can you tie me up, daddy?" Seokjin asked as he held his hands in front of him, fingers clasped together while still leaving enough room between his wrists for Namjoon to maneuver the ribbons as he tied him up. Of course, Namjoon happily obliged and then kissed his sweet omega on the lips when he was finished.

"You look so pretty," he complimented. "You should always wear pink, baby."

"Mmm... dress me up in pink..."

"I will..."

Seokjin then shifted so he was in a seated position with his legs tucked under him, leaning forward as he brought his lips around the head of Namjoon's cock.

His shaft was heavy in his hand and he tasted wonderful, somewhat musky but clean and out of appreciation for him, Seokjin dragged his tongue over the large, protruding vein on his alpha’s cock and pressed a kiss to his navel, lifting his gaze up so he could lock eyes with Namjoon.

His alpha’s gaze was dark and swimmy, glazed over with lust and something much more feral that he wasn’t used to seeing but that he welcomed all the same, especially when he tangled his hand in his hair and started to rock his hips, his dick sliding deeper into his throat with every thrust.

Globs of spit dripped from Seokjin's lips onto Namjoon's cock, aiding the omega as he got him off solely with his mouth as his hands were tied in front of him. The restriction did little to impede him and only spurred Seokjin on as he relaxed his jaw and allowed Namjoon to take full control and fuck his mouth, cock sliding between his lips with slick, wet little noises that made his achingly hard cock throb with excitement against his thigh.
"I could just cum over that pretty face."

Seokjin pulled away and released his alpha’s cock with a *pop*! so he could playfully taunt, "why don't you, daddy?"

"*Because* I want to breed that pretty ass of yours," Namjoon growled, his voice deep and ferocious-sounding in a way that left Seokjin feeling tingly with excitement.

He yelped out in surprise when Namjoon stooped down and lifted him up before tossing him onto the bed and easing a lubed-up finger into his hole, twisting it around inside his omega’s velvety walls before adding another and scissoring his omega open until his hole had relaxed and he could easily take three fingers without any pain.

“Breed me, daddy,” Seokjin echoed. “Wanna have your babies…”

“Tempting. I might take you up on that offer,” he whispered as he guided his omega to straddle him and positioned him so he was facing him. “Might just breed you ‘til you’re pregnant.”

“Mmm, yes…” Seokjin whispered, letting out pleased little gasps as he sank down on his alpha’s cock inch by inch until he was seated in his lap and felt *so full* that the pleasure alone of being stretched so wide had him whimpering. “Wanna be pregnant with your babies…”

“I’m gonna pump you so full of cum, you’ll be pregnant tomorrow.”

At Seokjin’s insistence, he brought his hand up to his throat once more and despite not pressing down, his fingers around the base of his neck had Seokjin floating as he rocked against Namjoon’s cock, rotating his hips in circles as he chased after his orgasm.

“Daddy, you’re so big,” Seokjin gasped as he pulled Namjoon in for a kiss, finding himself running his fingers over his alpha’s chest out of appreciation for his sculpted figure.

Physically, Namjoon was much more muscular than him and his arms looked like they could crush him if he wanted -- part of Seokjin wanted him to hold him in a tight embrace to show off his muscular prowess or crush him with his body while he fucked him as hard as he could -- and whimpered out "choke me".

A happy little sigh spilled into the air when Namjoon obliged and his hips involuntarily canted up because he wanted to hear more of those sweet noises.

“You’re so pretty. So lovely, so tight, so… *oh shit,*” Namjoon groaned, tossing his head back when he felt his omega’s walls squeezing him.

The pressure was absolutely *delicious,* even more so because his omega had him in a vice grip and the look of pure bliss on his face was enough to cause heat to roll in his belly. It prompted him to flip them over, Seokjin gasping out in a mixture of surprise at the sudden shift, and moaned in pleasure when he felt his alpha start up his thrusts, hips smacking against the backs of his thighs as he chased after his orgasm.

He could tell that Namjoon was close, hips stuttering as he thrusted up into him with a franticness that matched his own desperation to cum and Seokjin leaned forward so his hands were on his alpha’s chest and angled his hips so he met every one of Namjoon’s thrusts when he sank down in his lap. The new angle made sparks shoot across his spine every time Namjoon rocked into him, head tossed back in pleasure every time his alpha skillfully hit his prostate. That, combined with Namjoon’s fingers running over his body and occasionally tweaking a nipple, Seokjin felt like he was *soaring.*
Nobody made him feel cherished the way Namjoon did and Seokjin found himself bouncing in his alpha’s lap as he tried to drive him deeper with each thrust and it wasn’t long before he finally came over their stomachs and slumped over, finally exhausted. A few moments later, Namjoon’s hips stilled inside him when his knot had become too swollen and prevented him from moving another inch but he couldn’t complain, not when everything he ever needed was laying on his chest.

Similarly, Seokjin could feel Namjoon’s chest rising and falling with every breath he took in an attempt to fill his starved lungs with oxygen and he smelled positively decadent, like they had been transported to a bakery that had just set out tray after tray of delicious, freshly-baked strawberry muffins, and closed his eyes so he could relish just how potent his alpha’s scent really was.

And he wasn’t ashamed to admit that he would never ever get sick of it.

“You smell so nice,” Namjoon whispered into his hair, inhaling deep. "I absolutely love the way you smell."

"Me too.” To himself, Seokjin thought, I guess that confirms that we’re soulsmates and couldn’t deny how giddy he felt because of the realization he just had.

And perhaps liking each other’s scents wasn’t exactly the most foolproof way of knowing if they were going to last forever but it was good enough for Seokjin because everything else in their lives -- the stability, the constant snuggling and late-night discussions about everything from the stars to why hermit crabs were considered “hermits” -- supported the fact that they were almost one-hundred-percent compatible.

When they regained feeling in their legs and gathered up enough energy to be able to sit without slumping over, they had ordered in a large cheese pizza with a cheese-stuffed crust, a one-liter of soda to share, and two boxes of lava cakes bearing two cakes each and despite it being the same meal they ate over and over again, it was too special for them to want to change and Seokjin was positive he'd never get sick of it.

In the event that they ever did, they would have to find something as yummy as if not more delicious than pizza and lava cakes but he doubted that was possible.

"You know, I always like this part a lot," Namjoon spoke through a mouthful of food.

And, of course, their post-sex meals were another item to add to the long list of things that were going right in their relationship.

"Yeah, me too!"

"Next time, let's get pineapples and jalapenos on our pizza."

"Only if we can buy extra soda," Seokjin chuckled.

“Of course, darling,” Namjoon agreed with a smile.

“Oh, by the way, I just bought this!” Seokjin gleefully announced as he turned his phone towards Namjoon so he could show him his purchase and the alpha nearly choked at the sight of what was being displayed on the screen.

He’d bought three items: a beginner’s set of anal beads, a vibrating bullet, and a vibrator, all which were varying shades of pink.

“Kinky…” was all he could mutter.
“I can’t wait for you to use them on me,” Seokjin beamed. He watched as Namjoon carefully swallowed his food and then flashed him one of those beautiful, dimply grins he adored so much, heart soaring when he said, “I’m already looking forward to it” before reaching for another slice of pizza.

“You’re the best alpha in the whole wide world!”

“Ah, I try,” Namjoon mumbled sheepishly.

Seokjin was not oblivious to how his cheeks colored a pretty pink and if they weren’t eating at the moment, he would have leaped across the space that separated them on the bed and hugged his alpha as tight as he possibly could but he could already foresee how badly things would have ended if he tried.

“No way! You really are the best!”

Namjoon cupped his chin and pulled him in for a kiss that lasted only for a moment, it seemed, feeling like a peck more than anything, but that filled their hearts with warmth and left them feeling more content than sex ever really could.

"Are you feeling alright?" Namjoon whispered when they'd snuggled up under the blankets again and their heads rested on fluffy pillows. His warm hands cupped his cheeks and even though he wasn't experiencing subdrop, Seokjin felt comforted by his alpha's presence.

"I'm okay."

"Let me know if you need more sugar or snuggles or anything else. You name it, princey."

“I'll let you know, daddy. And how about you? Are you feeling okay?”

“I’m good,” Namjoon assured him.

Checking in on each other’s mental states was something they did everytime they were done fucking for the day and was even more important when they delved into more intense play like they had today. And even though trying out new things like choking and calling Namjoon “daddy” in the throes of passion made sex exciting, a sudden drop in endorphins was something they’d both experienced and hated so much despite it being unavoidable sometimes.

In the event that they did crash, which was bound to happen when Seokjin sank too deep into subspace or Namjoon discovered he’d pushed beyond his limits, they wanted to make sure they were both feeling okay and had agreed to take care of each other when they needed it.

“Okay, good. I think we still have some soda left over if you’re feeling a little blue.”

“Ah, caffeine: the solution to all of life’s problems.”

“Don’t forget: it’s also the life-blood of college students everywhere,” Seokjin giggled into Namjoon’s warm chest, feeling his cheeks heating up with pleasant warmth when he heard his alpha laugh in amusement.

“True that, Jinnie. True that.”
The new semester was starting up in less than a week and Jimin felt his anxiety threatening to blow through the roof. All he knew for sure was that it had nothing to do with moving back into the dorms and adjusting to a new set of classes with new professors and new classmates.

Making a good first impression was somewhat anxiety-inducing.

But if he was being honest with himself, he was more anxious about not having found a mate yet and in the darkness of his cold bedroom, his thoughts quickly took a turn for the worst when he realized there were indeed people in the world -- not the majority, of course -- who didn't have just one mate but sometimes two or even more and for some reason, his heart ached worse than before.

Why can't those people just be happy with one mate? I mean, what if the reason why I haven't met my mate yet is because some greedy bastard out there decided he wanted a third or even fourth omega to warm his bed and convinced that omega that they won't be wanted by anybody else?

"Calm down," he told himself before taking care in a few deep breaths to steady himself.

It was wrong of him to think that way and he knew it, especially since the number of mates somebody else had was none of his business so long as everybody involved was happy and consensually part of the relationship.

Plus, there were still seven billion people in the world who he could seek out, meaning that there were plenty of fish in the sea, but knowing that Taehyung was pursuing a beta named Hoseok, who was actually being quite receptive to his advances, and some of his childhood friends were already engaged or in long-term, steady relationships made Jimin boil with envy.

I mean, I know I'm nothing special and I didn’t save a country in my last life but what did I do to deserve being all alone?

It wasn't about having a pretty thing sitting in his lap while he rode him to climax or a warm, willing mouth to fuck when he wasn’t in the mood for sex; he wanted somebody to cherish and to share his life with, much like how his parents were able to do with each other.

He saw how stars glittered in their eyes whenever they looked each other's way and how they were both clearly in love even after all these years of being married, and he wished to find that certain somebody who would look at him like that, like he was one of the best things to ever happen to them. He didn’t have to be the absolute best but he wanted to be pretty close to the top on the list of things that his mate loved most, so long as he could kiss him every morning and receive affection in return.

Even though he was due to meet up with Taehyung and that beta, Hoseok, he was in no hurry to fall asleep even if it ensured him not waking up a crabby mess in seven or so hours. Part of him even wanted to text Taehyung and let him know he wasn’t coming but he didn’t want to be that guy who bailed out on social plans at the last moment.

Maybe if he was mated, he wouldn’t feel so wound up right now.

Hey, soulmate… if you’re out there, please, won’t you wait for me? he pleaded in hopes that his mate, wherever he happened to be, was also out there searching for a sign.

He wasn’t sure what that sign was and he doubted his future mate would know what it was even if it
smacked him in the face. The same could be said for him, too.

There was even a chance that they’d walked right past each other without even realizing it and his heart hurt at the thought.

*What if I already saw him and just didn't realize it? What if he dropped out or worse, graduated?*

Next to dying alone, the prospect of having missed running into his soulmate due to a bout of inclement weather terrified him and he was sure his heart was going to stop if he entertained the idea any longer.

His heart ached for meaningful companionship, though, and it warmed when his thoughts turned towards the idea of holding hands with his special someone and feeling their fingers waffled together with his own when they walked to dinner or back to their apartment after classes, if he happened to be so lucky to meet his mate while still enrolled at Kyung Hee, and eventually getting to a point where he could put a pretty ring on his mate's finger to seal the deal.

If his soulmate knocked on his door right now, he knew he would probably get down on one knee and propose without giving it a second thought.

*I've been waiting all my life to meet my soulmate and I don’t think I'll ever let him go once we meet.*

He hoped his soulmate, wherever he was, felt the same way.

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As for Hoseok, he awoke the next morning feeling somewhat uneasy when he remembered that he was due to meet up with Taehyung and Jimin, one of his friends and a fellow Kyung Hee student, in a few hours. Mostly, he was just unnerved by the fact that he didn’t know Jimin’s status and reminded himself to ask Taehyung about it when he came over and felt antsy for the rest of the morning until said beta finally came over at 11:30, right on schedule.

“Hey, Seokkie, ready to go?” he asked once he was in Hoseok’s room, away from the prying ears and eyes of the beta’s parents and siblings.

It was also his first time in the beta’s room and he took a moment to admire how **clean** his bedroom was, with the floor devoid of any clothes and his bed neatly made up. It was also graced with pale green walls and large windows big enough for them both to crawl through if they decided to sneak out in the middle of the night or even better, stargaze on the roof.

That is, if Hoseok was even allowed to have people sleep over.

But as nice as Hoseok’s room was, the beta standing in the middle of the room was easily the prettiest thing to look at and Taehyung couldn’t help but admire his lovely features -- his delicate smile, the apples of his cheeks, his soft hair, his lovely nose -- and wished he could admire him all day long. Unfortunately, they couldn’t keep Jimin waiting much longer or he was going to think they’d ditched him.

When Taehyung pressed him for a response after not receiving an answer the first time around, he uttered a soft “um, almost” that the younger almost didn’t catch. It sounded so sullen that he was almost convinced his ears were deceiving him and it concerned him enough that he dared ask:
“Is everything okay?” He couldn’t help but cock his head to the side in mild confusion. Hoseok didn’t immediately respond, looking a little concerned, though, about what, he didn’t know.

“Hey, if something’s bothering you, you can tell me.”

“What’s Jimin’s status?” Hoseok all but blurted out, gaze shooting up so he could lock eyes with Taehyung, who looked like a deer caught in the headlights with how confused he was.

“He’s… an alpha.”

“H-He’s an alpha?”

“Yeah. Is that… a problem?”

“They just… they scare me, that’s all. They’re always so loud, pushy, and obnoxious…” Hoseok could only hope Taehyung wouldn’t make the leap that he was an omega even though he was pretty much guaranteed to with the information he’d just given him.

“I know how annoying they can be for us betas but Jimin’s different. He’s sweet and gentle. He won’t give you a hard time,” Taehyung assured him.

For good measure, he brought his arms around the elder’s shoulders and pulled him in for a hug in hopes that it would comfort him. He couldn’t help but notice how small and frail Hoseok was despite them both being the same height and how apprehensive he appeared after having learned about Jimin’s status, reminding Taehyung of all the omegas he’d met who became scared stiff whenever they encountered belligerent, demanding alphas who yelled at them or threatened them with sexual assault.

_Did something happen to you, Hoseok? Did somebody hurt you?_ he wondered but he didn’t voice his thoughts aloud, not wanting to come off as too overbearing or worse, put Hoseok in an uncomfortable situation where things would quickly get awkward as he tried to fib his way out of giving him a legitimate explanation.

Because Hoseok was the first person he’d truly loved in a long, long time and didn’t just see as an innocent crush anymore, making things awkward by imposing so rudely would make things take a turn for the worst just as Hoseok was starting to open up to him.

Now, if Hoseok opened up to him of his own accord, then Taehyung was more than prepared to listen to his problems and offer some advice if the situation called for it but for right now, he could only push away any assumptions he had about him and wait until they got to a point where they knew each other more intimately.

“But… your friend, he’s not mated?”

“No, not yet. He said he’s still searching for a mate.”

_So… there’s a chance he’d try and get with me if he knew?_ Hoseok mused to himself. The thought alone had turned his palms clammy and made breathing very difficult all of a sudden, as if he’d slipped into tunnel vision.

“I hate unmated alphas.”

“Hey, honey, he won’t be a bother, I promise,” Taehyung cooed before pressing a kiss to the elder’s forehead that stunned them both.
He withdrew from Hoseok like he’d been burned, putting just enough distance between them to let the elder know that he was so sorry about having invaded his space and that he regretted it with every fiber of his being, especially in the very likely event that Hoseok was livid. Taehyung could already feel an apology forming on his tongue but then the elder smiled shyly and he felt confused on top of being terrified that he’d made Hoseok feel violated.

“C-can I have another kiss?”

Hoseok pointed to his lips and whispered “h-here”, completely throwing Taehyung off guard because he hadn’t been expecting to hear that, of all things. He’d been half-expecting Hoseok to smack him in retaliation for violating his space and for being just as bad as an alpha with no regard for boundaries.

"A-are you sure?"

"Damn sure."

Hoseok gasped softly when Taehyung leaned in and captured his upper lip between his own, the warmth of his soft lips ebbing onto him like a gentle flame as it flickered and grew hotter and hotter until he felt like he had been wrapped up in a warm blanket that smelled of freshly brewed coffee and possessed warm hands that held him close like he mattered most to him.

He was sure that he did, just from the way that he kissed him like he had all the time in the world and passion reserved only for him.

Hoseok savored the warmth of his mouth as they kissed and kissed, relishing in how sweet Taehyung tasted. He was reminded of peaches and even though he could feel his senses overloading, he decided that by Taehyung’s side was where he wanted to be.

“We have to be going soon,” Taehyung gasped when he pulled away for air, locking eyes with Hoseok only to notice how glazed over the elder’s eyes looked and how bruised his pretty, pink lips had become.

Instead of responding to him right away, Hoseok grabbed his hand and pulled him over to his bed, where he pushed him down before crawling into his lap and kissing him again.

“A couple more minutes…”

Once, over texts, Taehyung had told him you better not get eyes for Hoseok or I’ll bite your face off and since then, Jimin had backed off from advancing onto Hoseok even though today was when they would meet for the first time. Fortunately for Taehyung and Hoseok, he wasn’t interested in betas but it wasn’t like he was having much luck searching among the omegas of the world, either.

If I’d found my mate already, how far along would we be in our relationship?

He doubted they would have gotten married, seeing as he was still rather young and his mate -- future mate, that is -- would be young as well, no doubt but he was sure they would at least act married despite not having wedding rings or the paperwork to prove it. Then again, a marriage contract would be just a very tiny part of their relationship and it wasn’t even what was on Jimin’s
mind all that much.

What was on his mind was finding his mate and being able to take his face between his hands and kiss him -- with his mate's permission, of course -- until they were both breathless.

However, Hoseok wasn’t the one and he knew this for two reasons: one, he wasn’t attracted to him, being a beta and all, and two, he knew Taehyung was interested in him and he didn’t want to be perceived as a homewrecker even though Taehyung and Hoseok weren’t together.

Seeing Taehyung being so affectionate with Hoseok warmed his heart, though, and told him that even if they weren’t officially together-together, they were together.

You two look good together, he thought as he looked to Taehyung and then over at Hoseok, whose back was turned to them while he balanced on one foot, as if he didn’t want his weight to affect how the ball rolled down the alley, and only set it down when his ball knocked down all the pins in one fell swoop.

"Good job, Seokkie!" Taehyung praised excitedly, clapping for the elder as he triumphantly walked back to where they were seated. He looked like he was in his own world where the only thing that really mattered to him was Hoseok and Jimin couldn’t help but imagine the two of them adopting kids one day and building a whole new life together with their babies.

I want that, too, he thought as he stood up, grabbed his bowling ball, and carried it over until he was standing just behind the foul line. Down the lane, a fresh set of pins were waiting to be knocked down.

Maybe one day, I’ll have that.
“I could get used to seeing your handsome face every morning.”

“We could make that official,” Namjoon chuckled next to him, voice groggy from sleep but filled with light-hearted amusement that made Seokjin’s heart flutter.

“Oh, really? How?”

“If you marry me.”

“Gimme a ring, then,” Seokjin giggled into his bare shoulder.

“One ring, coming right up,” Namjoon chuckled.

Seokjin wasn’t expecting him to roll over and kiss him but he welcomed it, finding himself leaning in so he could kiss Namjoon back with more enthusiasm. He always enjoyed kissing his alpha whenever the opportunity presented itself and only drew away when their lungs burned in desperation for oxygen. Even then, sometimes he preferred the feeling of getting lightheaded while kissing Namjoon more than being able to breathe.

And since they had his bedroom all to themselves, he felt no rush to kiss Namjoon and happily waited until they’d both caught their breath before pecking him on the mouth once more.

The couch across the room was empty, pillows and blanket having been tucked away in Seokjin’s closet, and had been that way for a few days now. Yoongi had been called back to campus to help prepare the dorms to ensure they were ready for students to move into and as much as he hated his job, Yoongi admitted that he needed the money and begrudgingly went back to help out with preparations even though he didn’t want to leave.

Namjoon and Seokjin both hoped that jerk Hwansoo wouldn’t give him any trouble but if he did, Seokjin was more than willing to give him another taste of his fist. He was feeling especially bloodthirsty and even wanted to walk up to him and say, “just give me a reason, bitch” before smacking him for good measure.

And before he left, they told Yoongi exactly that: “if he gives you any trouble, let us know” and the omega had only uttered a soft “thanks” before grabbing his things and trudging out into the cold so he could catch his bus to Seoul.

Under any other circumstances, Yoongi probably would have been the one to say that to them but the protective walls he’d built around himself were crumbling and underneath, his true self was slowly revealing itself. At least, it was for Namjoon.

He was sure that Seokjin was incredibly familiar with the real Yoongi, the one who didn’t give off a cold, stoic vibe and cried, screamed, and actually showed emotion when he was upset and laughed until his cheeks were red when he was amused and happy. The Yoongi that presented himself to the world was a caricature of a composed human being, serving as a mask to fool anybody who might want to take advantage of him or hurt him.

Even though it was something Yoongi definitely wanted to forget, the memory of him bursting out
sobbing out of frustration when he’d returned to classes was burned into Namjoon’s brain and it was a reminder that Yoongi wasn’t quite as put together as he made himself out to be and that he craved comfort and affection but just didn’t have access to it.

He wasn’t sure just how deep the pain was and how desperate Yoongi was for a mate but Namjoon was pretty certain that Yoongi was lonely and hungry for human touch and affection and wanted a mate after four years of pining hadn’t turned up any rewards. However, this was something he would ask Seokjin to confirm later.

Right now, however, he was more concerned with maintaining the romantic mood hanging over them than pondering about Yoongi and shifted a bit so he could peck his omega’s lips again before laying his head down on his pillow.

"If we had a baby, what would you want to name it?"

“Seojoon, if it’s a boy,” Seokjin giggled. “And maybe if it’s a girl, too.”

“Did you blend our names together for that one?” Namjoon couldn’t help but laugh.

“Maybe I did…”

“I really like it.”

“Really? Seojoon, it is, then,” Seokjin laughed.

Granted, they weren’t ready to have kids yet and even though he was welcome to the idea, Seokjin first wanted to, at the very least, see an engagement ring before he got off birth control and let Namjoon knock him up. Oh, and he wanted to have moved into the house his parents had promised him but that required him to be a Kyung Hee graduate.

Ah, that’s not too far off. We’ll be having a wedding before we know it, he reasoned with himself before allowing himself to close his eyes in hopes of dozing for a few more minutes, only for his eyes to shoot open when his phone went off with an obnoxiously-loud ping! that kick-started his heart into a panic.

“Should I get that?” he sighed.

“Up to you, princey.”

He really wanted to go back to bed but he also had a nagging feeling in his gut that was telling him that it was better to see who wanted his attention and was pleasantly surprised.

“Oh, it’s Yoongi.”

Yoongi

[Sent at 11:03 A.M.]

I should be done with work around 1-ish

[Sent at 11:05 A.M.]
Do you want to hang out?

“Okay, we’ve got just enough time to get there without rushing,” Namjoon concluded from where he had read the text over Seokjin’s shoulder.

He, like Seokjin, could sense the unease in Yoongi’s second text, which appeared to have been sent almost as an afterthought or to remedy the unintentionally awkward situation he’d created by simply letting them know when he was getting off work without any context.

“Wanna skip breakfast and just go out for lunch with Yoongi?”

“Yeah, that sounds good.”

Seokjin

[Sent at 11:07 A.M.]

Yessss! See you at 1-ish! ≥○≤

With both in agreement, Namjoon and Seokjin scrambled out of bed and donned some clean, warm clothes suitable for the cold before trudging out of the omega’s room with their phones and wallets in hand. As usual, they were home alone because Seokjin’s parents were at work as was his brother, which made it easier for them to come and go between the rooms in the house, though, at this point, Namjoon was sure his omega’s parents wouldn’t bat an eyelid if he came downstairs for breakfast one morning.

Seokjin’s parents liked him, which was a serious plus in his book and helped him realize early on that he was welcome in their household and that they had no issues with him dating Seokjin. Other alphas weren’t nearly as lucky.

“Ready to go?” he asked once Seokjin had finished putting on his hat and gloves. In response, his omega pecked him on the lips and smiled.

“I’ll take that as a yes. Let’s go, princey,” Namjoon laughed and off they went towards the train station so they could get to Seoul as soon as possible without needing to rush or keep Yoongi waiting if he happened to get off from work sooner than anticipated.

Sure enough, when they touched down in Seoul, Seokjin received a text message from Yoongi that simply read done for the day and as they walked, he replied back with a quick almost there! (●´ω´●) that made Namjoon smile so wide he was sure he was going to end up in stitches.

“I’ve taught you well,” he complimented in response to the emoji Seokjin had slipped into his text.

“That you did! And, well, the emoji keyboard helps, too.”

“Hey, that’s the whole point of having it.”
“We gotta stay classy, y’know?

“By ‘stay classy’, you mean irritate the hell out of Yoongi with our emoji keyboards?”

“Yes, exactly,” Namjoon laughed.

“Once he realizes that we both have kawaii emoji keyboards, he’s probably going to kick our asses.”

“Correction: he’s going to kick my ass. You’re off the hook just for being you.”

“For being me?” Seokjin laughed.

“Yeah, because Yoongi loves you!”

“Well, he doesn’t hate you, Joonie, I promise you.”

“He still seems pretty indifferent. It’s better than before but still…” Namjoon huffed, puffing his cheeks out. As they found themselves getting nearer to campus, Seokjin noticed how he’d suddenly become more reserved and he tangled their fingers together before squeezing tight, hoping that his alpha took some comfort in his touch.

“Baby steps, okay? Yoongi’s just… I’m not trying to justify his behavior but he’s just defensive and kind of closed himself off to the world.”

“So can I start calling him ‘turtle’?”

"T-turtle?"

"Yeah, because he has a shell."

“Well, I guess you can but it might be the last thing you ever do,” Seokjin giggled, finding himself grinning from ear-to-ear at the thought of Yoongi’s head exploding from being called “turtle” and by Namjoon, no less.

“So should I try it now?” Namjoon asked once they could see Yoongi in the distance, bundled up in a fluffy winter coat and standing stiff as a board with his hands shoved into his pockets in hopes that doing so would keep him warm, which earns himself a light slap to the shoulder.

“Namjoon! He’ll kill you!”

“I’m kidding, I’m kidding…”

“Hey, how’s it going?” Yoongi coolly greeted them once they were within earshot and it quickly became obvious to the couple that he was shivering, leaving them wondering just how long he’d been standing out in the cold.

“I’m hungry,” Seokjin pouted.

“Me too.”

“Let’s go eat, then!”

They elected to visit their usual haunt located within walking distance of the university and were relieved to see that it wasn’t completely empty but not occupied to the point that they had no hopes of waiting for a table to become available. They were seated almost as soon as they walked in through the door and received menus so that they could look through them and figure out what they
wanted to eat.

“So how are you feeling about being an R.A. again?” Seokjin asked after he had decided what he wanted to eat. He’d been dreaming of having crab soup again ever since he and Yoongi had an impromptu sleepover.

“I’m not sure if I’m going to go back in the fall,” Yoongi shrugged. He continued to flip through the menu, clearly still undecided. “I’m probably just gonna stick it out and then find a different job.”

“Whatever floats your boat,” Namjoon commented.

“My boat is currently sinking, thanks.”

“It’s good to enjoy a change of scenery. You’ll be fine if you change your job,” Seokjin said in an attempt to soothe the younger omega.

“Thanks for the vote of confidence.”

“I just realized: we’re going to be seniors in the fall!” Namjoon balked.

“What was your first clue?” Yoongi laughed.

“Are you the only one who’s excited to graduate?” Seokjin playfully accused.

“No, I’m not that excited! I just… damn, I just realized how fast time flew. Feels like we were freshmen yesterday…” Yoongi huffed.

“That’s true! It really does feel like we were freshmen just yesterday!”

“I’m happy where we're at right now. We’re much smarter than we were when we first showed up at Kyung Hee.”

“And better looking,” Namjoon added.

“And happier,” Seokjin sang. Though it was the one thing Yoongi couldn’t agree with, he knew that was how his best friend felt ever since he’d gotten together with Namjoon.

As for himself, he would be happy when he found some stability in his life, which he hoped he would discover once he sought employment from music studios and companies and hopefully got employed by one of them. Small or big, he didn’t care as long as his career revolved around music production.

*Maybe money will make me happy,* he thought wistfully. *Maybe money and work will fill up the hole in my chest enough that I'll be too busy to notice how lonely I am...*

By running away from home and leaving behind his parents, who he hadn’t spoken to except for that one time that his mom called him when he was in the hospital with a broken shoulder, he’d burrowed himself into an even deeper hole he didn’t think he could have possibly dug and only managed to keep his head above water because he was able to enjoy Seokjin’s constant, loving presence and now, Namjoon’s, too.

They weren’t best friends, not by a long shot, but Yoongi liked him enough simply because he was a good alpha, he treated Seokjin well, and most importantly, he was in control of himself and had the right attitude about the general omega population. And maybe one day, he would come to consider Namjoon a friend.
I think the day that happens, pigs are gonna fly and I'll be engaged to the world’s nicest alpha. That’ll be the day.

Speaking of engagement, Seokjin would most definitely get engaged before him.

It was something Yoongi was willing to bet money on because, well, for one thing, his friend had one thing he didn’t: a mate who loved him to death and shared his vision about building a family together once they graduated from university and got all their ducks in a row. If they wanted to, they could get started right now but he doubted Seokjin wanted kids just yet; however, if Namjoon proposed, he didn’t doubt for even a second that Seokjin would say anything other than an excited yes! in response to whatever crazy proposal Namjoon would eventually cook up.

“We’re doing a new promotion since it’s the holidays,” their waitress chirped as she returned and set down three tiny packages down in front of them, which they quickly realized were fortune cookies. Once she had taken note of their orders, she smiled and said, “Enjoy your cookies. I’ll bring your food over as soon as it’s ready.”

“Hey, let’s open our fortune cookies while we wait for our food!” Seokjin suggested when the waitress had left and quickly tore into the clear, plastic packaging bearing his cookie. Yoongi and Namjoon followed suit but the younger omega felt his spirits sink when he cracked open his cookie and read the fortune, which wasn’t exactly what he’d been expecting to get.

*The fortune you seek is in another cookie.*

*Lucky Numbers: 11, 4,19, 95, 10, 13*

“Oh…”

“What does yours say?” Seokjin asked, grinning wide when Yoongi begrudgingly read his fortune aloud.

“Hey, that’s pretty good! And what about yours, Joonie?”

“Mine’s super enlightening,” Namjoon bragged. “‘You will be hungry again in one hour.’”

“Oh, that one’s pretty good, too! Mine is, ‘Don’t let statistics do a number on you’.”

“That fortune sounds like it was made for you,” Yoongi couldn’t help but pout. “I’m actually super jealous that you both got better fortunes than me.”

“You should go buy some cookies when we leave. Maybe you’ll find the answer to the universe there,” Seokjin suggested with a laugh and bitter as he was, Yoongi couldn’t help but smile.

“Hmm… maybe I will.”

Chapter End Notes
there’s something special about the lucky numbers on yoongi’s fortune. can you guess what it is? :)
Yoongi’s stomach hurt.

On his way to the library, he’d stopped by the restaurant he and Seokjin frequented and requested two large styrofoam cups of soda -- one filled with Coca-Cola and the other with Pepsi -- because drinking water hadn’t done the trick and he was too afraid to touch pain killers, fearing that any sort of medication would only make his nauseousness even worse. Unfortunately, not even caffeine, which he had been sure was going to at least soothe the stabbing pangs in his gut, did anything to help.

That pretty much completely ruled out stomachaches, which left Yoongi convinced this was indeed the worst pre-heat he’d ever experienced, complete with a whole new symptom: stomachaches.

And as much as he wanted to snuggle up with Mr. Cinnabun and sleep until the pain subsided, he had an essay to complete and no amount of pre-heat symptoms, no matter how painful they were, were going to get in the way of him finishing off the semester the way he wanted to: by making it his bitch and coming out on top with A’s.

It was his goal to get better grades than Namjoon. Whether he would be successful depended on just how uncooperative his stomach was going to be today.

*C’mon, I really don’t need this today, he thought in annoyance. Just let me study in peace, tummy, please? I’m not asking for a lot here...*

Unfortunately, he was forced to take a breather not even a half hour into his research but since he couldn’t sit due to his aching stomach, Yoongi was forced to lean his weight on a table and try his best to breathe through the pain. Then again, he couldn’t really breathe, so there was that, too.

“You look like shit.”

“Thank you for noticing, Namjoon. I feel like shit,” Yoongi sighed heavily, head hanging low as he pressed his hands down flat against the tabletop and leaned his weight on it while he struggled to breathe through the pain that seemed to have worsened now that he was standing still.

Being in motion or standing perfectly still both seemed to make his stomach hurt and frustrated him
because how was he going to get anything done in time to wrap up junior year with a pretty bow and ace his finals?

*Maybe I'll just lie down right here and wait to die,* Yoongi thought pitifully.

“You sick or something?”

“Don’t say that. I have another week to get through until the semester ends and *I do not* need you jinxing me,” Yoongi hissed as he felt another pang in his stomach, forcing him to put pressure on his abdomen in hopes that it would hurt less.

“Sorry,” Namjoon apologized, his voice quickly losing that playfully teasing edge it had held just a few moments prior. “It’s just… you look like you’re in pain.”

“Must be my body telling me that I’m about to have a heat. This amount of pain isn’t normal for me but it is what it is.”

“Your heats hurt?”

“That’s none of your business, Namjoon…”

“S-sorry… um, do you want some pain killers?”

"N-no…"

"Okay, your call. Let me know if you change your mind, though."

“I don’t need pain killers, I need good grades,” Yoongi muttered as he hobbled off to go browse the stacks again and Namjoon could only scoff out a laugh.

*At least he’s pumped,* he thought. *I’d be worried for him if he was feeling depressed or stressed.*
“Still, if you need them, I’m gonna leave them here,” Namjoon called to him as he dug into the side pocket of his backpack and set out a tiny bottle of pain pills by Yoongi’s laptop where he could easily get to them.

Namjoon started for the shelves, hoping to find enough sources for his essay but before he even passed the first set of stacks, he heard a loud, metallic-sounding thump! and felt his heart sink because it sounded it was right where Yoongi was and as he dashed over, to his horror, his worst fears had come true: Yoongi was sprawled out on the floor, half-lying down and half-sitting up, and was surrounded by books from the shelves.

“Holy shit, are you okay?”

“D-dunno,” Yoongi whimpered. He had one hand pressed to his forehead and the other to the right side of his lower abdomen, eyebrows furrowed in pain as he struggled to steady his frantic breathing, and Namjoon felt himself start to panic because he’d never seen Yoongi look so weak, frail, and in pain.

“Move your hand,” he whispered as he gently pulled Yoongi’s hand away, only to gasp in surprise when he noticed the giant gash on his forehead where the skin had split.

“C-call an ambulance,” Yoongi gasped. “Something’s wrong…”

“Where does it hurt?”

“Call an ambulance, godammit!”

“Okay, okay!”

But even when he dialed for emergency services, it felt like a whole year had gone by before an operator picked up his call despite only a few seconds having passed and Namjoon found himself silently pleading for the dispatcher to hurry up and send some paramedics over. He didn’t want Yoongi to die here, not when he hadn’t found his mate yet or graduated from college or fulfilled his dreams of being a world-renowned music producer.

Whatever was wrong with him had to be fixable, right?
“Yeah, we’re in the Central Library, second floor,” he uttered as he gave the operator directions to their location. His voice was shaky and so were his hands and Namjoon felt like his whole body had turned ice cold.

Even worse, Yoongi’s breathing was shallow and ragged and Namjoon found himself holding his own breath out of fear and anticipation that the paramedics would arrive soon. As far as he could tell, there was nothing externally wrong with Yoongi -- minus the gash on his forehead, that is -- but something bad had to have happened inside his body for him to have collapsed. And he had no medical experience so there was no way of knowing if something inside the omega’s body had taken a wrong turn.

"Just keep breathing, Yoongi," he reminded him over and over again. "Don't pass out on me, okay?"

“Trying…” Yoongi uttered through gritted teeth.

He felt like he couldn’t breathe and whatever was going on inside his body clearly didn’t appreciate that he was trying to keep himself from passing out because everytime he breathed in, he felt a jab in his lower abdomen, almost like somebody was stabbing him over and over again just to see him squirm.

The paramedics couldn’t come soon enough and even though it hadn’t been very long according to Namjoon, ten minutes had still felt too long and he could barely keep his eyes open at that point. The only thought swirling about in his mind at that point was an unspoken plea to get him to the hospital if he passed out but he wasn’t sure if Namjoon had heard him. Once his eyes had closed, he couldn’t get them open again because of how heavy his eyelids felt, but he was still conscious.

Yoongi felt himself dozing off even though the bumps the ambulance hit on the route to the hospital weren’t pleasant at all and made him snap back into wakefulness but did nothing to get his eyes to open. If he was alive in a few days from now, this definitely wasn’t going to make it onto his top ten list of experiences anytime soon.

However, his eyes shot open when his whole body suddenly jolted and he saw a blurry team of doctors and nurses standing over him, already dressed in white scrubs and clearly wheeling him somewhere. Where, he had no idea but he didn’t have the vocal capacity to ask.

“Everything is going to be fine. Just take deep breaths,” the surgeon said to him, her voice sounding so far off and echo-y to Yoongi, who felt himself dozing off as his limbs turned to lead and his head
suddenly felt like it weighed a million pounds, that he felt like he was listening to her speak through a tank filled with water.

“We'll wake you up as soon as the operation is finished. Close your eyes and relax,” was the last thing he heard as darkness washed over him and the world fell quiet. Of course, it wasn’t long before he felt somebody gently shaking him awake and a soft voice calling out,

“Hey, darling, it’s time to get up.”

“Oh, but it’s so early,” Yoongi whined as he turned away from the person who was shaking him -- was it Seokjin? Probably was, he figured -- and tried to bury himself under the covers so he could sleep for a few more minutes without being disturbed.

“My baby boy must be feeling sore, huh?”

“Mmm, when you fuck me that good, I can’t complain.”

“Aish, you have such a potty-mouth but I still love you.” At this, Yoongi couldn’t help but grin into his pillow and he gasped out in surprise when he felt a hand lightly smack down against his ass, which excited him far more than he would ever admit to anybody.

Anybody besides his alpha, that is.

“Daddy, you’re so kinky!”

“Trying to get me riled up by calling me ‘Daddy’, huh? You always know how to push my buttons, baby boy.”

“Won’t you fuck me, Daddy?”

“We have to go to work soon but tonight, when we get home,” his alpha whispered hotly in his ear, “Daddy’s gonna cuff you to the bedposts and fuck you until you cum untouched. Doesn’t that sound nice, baby?”
“Y-yes!” Yoongi gasped. “Oh, I can’t wait!”

“Look forward to that, baby, because tonight, when you get home from work, you’re gonna get the fucking of a lifetime. You won’t be able to walk for days when I’m done with you.”

“I can’t wait, I can’t wait, I can’t wait!”

“I love how excited you get!” his alpha complimented him as he pulled him to his feet and guided him into a pair of black jeans and a loose-fitting, button-up black shirt. “It makes me even more excited!”

But when Yoongi found himself at the door a few minutes later, the playful mood had turned rather solemn and he couldn’t help but chew on his lip in an attempt to ground himself despite fearing that he would draw blood. He had to go to work now and part of him didn’t want to. Part of him -- actually, all of him -- wanted to call in sick and stay home with his darling alpha because he feared that something would go awry once he stepped out.

“Take care of yourself, okay?”

“I always do,” Yoongi promised the alpha, who still sadly remained nameless even though it felt as if years had passed since they met even though it had to have been mere seconds, and he earns a smile that more than just makes his heart ache like somebody was squeezing it hard enough to cut off all blood flow.

“After all, who else will?”

“Yoongi, are you alright?”

“No,” the omega blurts out, “no, I'm not. I thought I was but I’m starting to realize that I’m not!”

“Will you tell me what’s bothering you?”

“This is just my subconscious messing with me, right? You don't actually exist and I'm just setting
myself up for heartbreak like an idiot. I know that when I wake up, you're not gonna be there even though part of me wants that so bad.”

“I can exist if you want me to,” the alpha responds cryptically, to which Yoongi rolls his eyes.

“I can't wait for somebody who's just a figment of my imagination! I want so many things -- to fall in love with somebody who will only want me, to get married, to experience happiness for once in my miserable life! -- and you can't give me those things because you're not real!”

“But if I was? What if I could make all your dreams come true?”

“I can't keep clinging to hopeless dreams, not if it’s all gonna be just a giant waste of time. I want the real thing. I want what Seokjin and Namjoon have. I want somebody to let me sit in their lap the way Seokjin always does with Namjoon and to be able to hold hands with that person and to just have somebody who will look at me like I’m the best thing that ever happened to them!”

“There's somebody out there who's gonna lose their mind when they meet you.”

“But I don't want just anybody!” Yoongi protested as tears spilled from his eyes, finding himself clinging to the alpha like he was afraid he'd disappear without a trace, which he feared would happen any moment now, especially now when he was spilling his heart without holding anything back. “I want you!”

“Yoongi, please don’t cry.”

“Y-you… I love how sweet your voice sounds when you say my name,” the omega whimpered. “And it’s so unfair that I don’t even know yours!”

He didn’t want to go to work anymore, not when he was afraid that he would come home in the evening and find the house empty with his alpha nowhere in sight.

The thought terrified him. It scared him more than anything else in the world, kind of like he was a little child afraid of the dark, who was only able to find solace with his favorite stuffed bunny under his bed covers, and it prompted him to cling to his lover’s hand with both of his own as hard as he possibly could.
If he let him go so he could make it to work on time, Yoongi knew he would never see him again.

“Baby, you’re still crying?”

“I… I guess I am,” Yoongi whimpered as he wiped his tears away with his free hand, though it did little to stop the flow that had started and suddenly, he felt like the most pathetic person on the planet.

“Tell me why,” his alpha begged as he cupped his cheek with the hand that wasn’t trapped in Yoongi’s hold, dark eyes glittering with love and understanding.

“W-well… I feel so selfish for saying this but sometimes I wonder how my life would be different if I had accepted Namjoon’s advances instead of rejecting him, even though I never liked him like that in the slightest. Well, for one thing, I’m pretty sure Seokjin would hate me and I don’t think I could live with myself if I’d gotten on his bad side.”

“You spared them both a lot of heartbreak by not getting together with him. You did the right thing, really, you did. And besides, it’s better to be lonely than stuck in a loveless relationship.”

“Anyways, it’s too late now since Namjoon’s found himself a good omega, a better omega than I could have ever been, and I wouldn’t want to destroy their relationship anyways, no matter how desperate I might feel. They’re meant to be and I’m happy for them but… well, I just want the same thing, too.”

“Just not from Namjoon.” Yoongi nods, breathing out a sigh of relief as the pressure in his chest lightens a bit because this strange, nameless alpha could practically read his mind. And right now, he didn’t think that was much of a bad thing, really.

In fact, that was more or less what he was seeking: somebody who understood him on a deep emotional level and could even handle his emotional bullshit and constant crying over every little thing, with his overly-sensitive nature being to blame for that one. And even more, he hoped to find somebody who would support him whenever he had a bad day or needed support when an awful memory from his childhood came back to haunt him. He craved the companionship of somebody who could understand him when he had bad days but also understood that he wouldn’t always be down in the dumps, either.

He knew how it felt to be happy, too, and he was sure that if this beautiful alpha stayed with him
forever, he was sure that his depressive moments would be few and far between.

Would it be too much to ask him to stay or to become his alpha? Or was that not befitting of somebody of his lowly social status?

“It’s just… I know I’m running out of time. I’m graduating next spring and if I don’t find somebody by then, I’m probably going to be lonely for the rest of my life.”

“Yoongi, don’t just settle for any person. Find somebody who makes you giddy with excitement and takes care of you and makes you feel good when you’re with that person. And don’t restrict yourself to alphas, either.”

“What if I’m crazy enough to want an alpha, huh?”

“Then find yourself a good alpha.”

“As much as I want to believe it’s possible, there's no such thing,” Yoongi snorted contemptuously with a roll of his eyes. “Every alpha I've met so far has just wanted to get into my pants. Hell… even Namjoon did once upon a time.”

“Well… then maybe you need to look a little harder to find one of those good alphas. They’re not exactly a dime a dozen, you know?”

“I know…” Yoongi couldn’t help but mumble back, feeling heat rushing to his face because he suddenly remembered all the times he told himself the same thing and had discussions with his fellow omega friends about how hard it was finding a good mate who wouldn’t objectify or use him solely for sex.

He’d used those exact words -- good alphas weren’t a dime a dozen -- several times over the course of the past few years and his heart hurt for reasons he couldn’t fathom.

“I-I know b-but… but some days I feel like I’m better off dead,” Yoongi manages in between whimpers and sobs and the alpha closes off the space between them so he can wipe his tears away and provide him comfort, which Yoongi welcomes without protest.
“Keep living, Min Yoongi. The world is better off having you in it,” the alpha purrs as he leans in, pressing a kiss to his lips that sets the omega’s lungs on fire.

“D-do you really think so?”

“You’re going to create such an impact in this world and you don’t even know it yet.”

“But… but how can I do that when I feel so unloved in this world?” Yoongi whimpered. “I-I mean… my own parents haven’t talked to me in four years and… all they did was abuse me because I was born an omega!”

“I love you, okay? You have me and you have friends who adore you and anybody who doesn’t love you is somebody you don’t need to waste your time on, okay, baby? It doesn’t matter if they’re your parents; they have to love you unconditionally and if they don’t, then don’t feel bad that they’re not in your life. Just focus on the people who want to be in your life and want to see you happy.”

“Okay,” Yoongi barely managed to hiccup. “I-I guess… I guess I see your point.”

“Best get to work now,” his alpha whispered.

All Yoongi could do was nod, cupping his alpha’s cheeks as he kissed him one last time, crushing his lips against this beautiful man’s mouth, and somehow managed to tear himself away so he could go to work. As he stepped through the door, he was engulfed in blinding light and Yoongi found himself in a freezing cold hospital room, covered with a thin blanket and shivering just a tiny bit while various machines surrounding him beeped softly. He couldn’t sense his alpha’s presence even though he desperately craved his warm touch right now, feeling he needed it to gain some grounding, and he uttered,

“Where is he?”

“Where’s… who?”

“That alpha…” Yoongi drawled, though he felt as if he was talking to Seokjin while submerged in a tank of water. “He had… brown hair like honey and… such a pretty face and his voice… oh… his voice was so sweet…”
“Nobody was here, Yoongi. Certainly not any alphas,” Seokjin told him, sounding like he was treading gently as to not hurt his feelings and Yoongi couldn’t begin to fathom why he had said that.

“B-but… but I woke up and he was there and he kissed me good morning and told me that he loved me!” he rambled, as if doing so would convince his best friend that the alpha he’d hung out with did indeed exist. “He kissed me, Seokjin! He kissed me and made me feel loved and snuggled with me! He made me feel so loved, you have no idea!”

He has to exist, he has to! Yoongi wanted to shout to anybody who would listen. He was so good to me and I already love him so much! Where is he? Tell me where he is so I can show you just how good he is to me!

“Maybe you hit your head harder than I thought,” he heard Seokjin mutter mostly to himself but in the stifling quiet of his hospital room, with the only sounds being the steadily beeping machines working to make sure he was still alive, Yoongi still heard him and his mind immediately began to consider other, more likely avenues to explain why he’d met that alpha who had been so loving towards him.

So… that was all just a fever dream?

“Why am I here?” he croaked out, bowing his head and keeping it low so he could hide the tears stinging his eyes. He didn’t want to hear the reason why he wasn’t in the library, the last place he remembered being, or why his abdomen ached so much.

“Your appendix burst a few days ago while you were in the library. You also smacked your head pretty hard against one of the shelves when you fell and you passed out pretty soon after that. Doctors had to give you stitches because you sliced your forehead open pretty bad.”

At the mention of stitches, Yoongi felt his hand crawl up his face of its own accord until it reached his forehead and just like Seokjin had said, he felt rough thread there that had crusted over and stretched from his temple and across his forehead, where it stopped almost at the middle. Even though he didn’t have a mirror, Yoongi was sure he looked ghastly but that wasn’t what concerned him at all.

He found himself thinking about his alpha, gaze focused on the blank, white sheet covering his legs as he tried to project his smiling face there to give himself a little comfort right when he felt like screaming out in agony but all it did was make the heartache worse.
For once in my miserable life, it felt like somebody truly loved me and it all turned out to be a stupid dream in the end? Am I really so unlucky that the best I can get out of an alpha is one I fucking dreamed up?

“Yoongi, you’re shaking…”

“So what if I am?” he managed to shudder out before wrapping his arms around himself to keep warm even though he couldn’t possibly hope for it when his room had suddenly turned freezing and it had nothing to do with the thermostat potentially malfunctioning.

“Do you need me to find a doctor?” Seokjin asked out of concern, though the only response he got from Yoongi was a curse that sounded a lot like “fuck” and he didn’t waste another moment before bolting out of the room to find somebody who could evaluate Yoongi.

“How are you feeling?” he heard somebody -- a male doctor, judging by the low tenor of his voice -- ask a few minutes later.

"It hurts," Yoongi whispered softly.

“That’s par for the course with an open appendectomy but I assure you that you’ll feel fine in a few days once the soreness and swelling goes down.”

“Just give me more pain meds so I can sleep in peace,” Yoongi snapped. *Give me enough to let me forget the hurt…*

He closed his eyes, feeling the pain wash away as morphine flooded into his veins and when he opened them again, he found himself lying in a king size bed adorned with velvet black pillows, matching bed covers, and a thick, blue-and-white striped blanket made from fleece that had been pushed off to the side. His vision was blurry but he felt at peace and blissed out, especially with how silky-smooth the bedcovers felt against his skin.

"Hi, baby…"

"I missed you," Yoongi blurted out once he saw *his alpha* was laying in bed next to him, his hair
now black and he wore a white tank top that clung to his lithe, toned frame, and he couldn’t resist
crawling into his lap and throwing his arms around his neck, clinging to him while he struggled to
breathe him in.

He couldn’t quite put his finger on his scent, which reminded him of something remotely floral or
perhaps fruity, but it didn’t matter because he found himself struggling to burn it into his brain. He
was with the love of his life once more and he didn’t want to leave his embrace for any reason
whatsoever. Even if there was a fire threatening to raze their home to the ground, he knew he’d
rather burn alive than leave his alpha’s embrace.

“Missed you, too, baby.”

“How was work today?”

“It was fine, just like any other day, but I’m happy to be home with you again.”

“Hmm, me too. Spending time with you is my favorite part of the day.”

“I always look forward to snuggling with you.”

Unexpectedly, his alpha suddenly looped his arms around his thighs and tugged him forward until he
lay in the middle of the bed, slipping a pillow under his head so he didn’t strain his neck and then
shuffled down until he was able to pull down the fabric of Yoongi’s shorts just enough to press a kiss
to the omega’s hip.

“Mmh, been thinking about this all day,” his alpha whispered against his thigh, hot breath dancing
over his bare skin as he guided his leg into a bent position and pushed the fabric down so his thigh
was exposed, nibbling the sensitive skin there. “Been thinking about you, baby.”

“M-me too,” Yoongi gasped. “Missed feeling you…”

“We both work way too much.”

His alpha’s tone was lighthearted and Yoongi felt his heart skip a beat when he heard him whisper
“let’s make love” but even if he hadn’t suggested it and simply tugged off his clothes without asking, Yoongi would have been more than okay with it.

He felt his clothes being pulled off his body by frantic yet gentle hands, his alpha not tearing or damaging anything he was wearing as he removed an article of clothing off his body and tossed it to the floor, and when they were both naked, his body felt so warm atop his that he was sure his alpha had set him ablaze and if he had, Yoongi didn’t have it in him to complain. He’d never felt this warm even when he snuggled with Mr. Cinnabun under fleecy blankets and being fucked so well by his gorgeous alpha as filled up so nicely made his eyes roll back. The wonderful stretch his cock had on his hole as he fucked him open and the warm, pulsing sensations of pleasure that washed over him every time he hit his prostate until he finally couldn’t move from how swollen his knot had become had left him feeling euphoric.

“Love you, Yoonie,” his alpha whispered in his ear before pressing a kiss to his earlobe and the omega could only smile as sleep and warmth from his orgasm washed over him.

“Hey… you were talking in your sleep,” he heard somebody whisper as he came to, eyes fluttering open when he eventually recognized the voice as belonging to his brother.

It took a few minutes for Yoongi’s vision to clear before he was able to look at Yeonwoo and even then, the corners of his vision were hazy and his eyes stung from how dry they felt, thanks to the air being recycled through the room, before he half-realized he was back in his hospital room once more. The other half of his brain was focused on burning his alpha’s touch into his memory and relishing in the feeling of his fingers dancing over his body with such love and care that Yoongi wanted to sob in victory of how fortunate he was for finally having found himself a mate.

“O-oh…”

“You weren’t making much sense, though.”

_That’s probably a good thing_, Yoongi thought. He didn’t want anybody, much less his brother, to know about his alpha, at least not yet. He wanted to keep his identity a secret for now because it simply felt right.

“What’s doing here?” he croaked softly, wincing at how dry and scratchy his throat felt and all of a sudden, he realized how _thirsty_ he was, feeling like he hadn’t had a drink of water in months.
“Came to see you,” Yeonwoo answered.

“Mmm, you did.”

“Also, I talked to the doctors and they said you’ll be off your feet for a while until you recover.”


“You got your appendix removed. I’m not trying to scare you but it was infected and you could have died.”

“It just… it felt like an upcoming heat so I didn’t really think anything of it,” he babbled, though the look of deep concern written on his brother’s face told him that what he was saying had done little to convince him that his situation hadn’t been life-threatening, especially after having had to be rushed to the hospital.

“And how’d you end up getting stitches?”

“A bookshelf kissed my face when I fell. Or so Seokjin tells me.”

“Even putting it that way, it’s still pretty gruesome. I’m glad you’re okay, though.”

“Yeah, me too. Still gotta finish my finals.”

“Don’t worry about finals right now, okay? You’re gonna be stuck here for a few days until you heal.”

“Hey, you don’t hear me complaining.”

“Yeah, I know. Alright, I’m gonna go talk to the doctors but you can go back to sleep if you want,” Yeonwoo said as he stood up and Yoongi, not one to ever say no to getting more rest, closed his eyes and allowed himself to relax once more as sleep quickly washed over him.
When he opened his eyes, he found himself standing in the middle of their shared bedroom with his arms already wrapped around his alpha’s shoulders and their gazes locked. There was something odd about the look in the alpha’s eyes that made Yoongi’s stomach churn as it twisted itself into knots and before he could open his mouth to ask, his alpha kissed him and whispered,

“This might be the last time you see me, baby.”


“I feel like I’m fading away.”

“N-no… no, you’re not!”

“Shh, it’s okay, don’t be upset,” his alpha whispered. “These things happen all the time.”

What do you mean? Yoongi wanted to scream but at the worst possible time, his tongue refused to cooperate with him and he was forced to cling to his alpha while he struggled to gather his bearings and breathe in his scent as much as possible so he never forgot what his mate smelled like.

To his horror, he smelled like… mothballs and nothing else.

“P-please make love to me one last time,” he begged, voice barely above a shaky whisper as he held onto his shirt in hopes that his alpha callously wouldn’t push him away right when he needed his touch more than anything in the world. “B-because i-if you really have to go, then just l-let me feel what it’s like to be loved…”

“I love you, Yoongi…”

Even though this is our last time together, I’ll always cherish it, Yoongi tearfully thought as he felt his alpha scoop him up and carry him over to the bed they shared for one last tryst before he knew he would have to say goodbye. And when that happened, he hoped and prayed that his heart wouldn’t shatter as he watched his loving alpha fade into the sunlight.
But when his back pressed down into the mattress, Yoongi found he couldn’t loosen up enough to allow his alpha to strip him of his clothes and he burst out sobbing, pitifully curling up into fetal position in an attempt to make himself appear as small as possible because right now, he couldn’t allow himself to be openly vulnerable. It was an old, pointless habit, yes, but this was yet another moment where he just wanted to be left alone so he could wallow in his own self-pity without feeling like he was doing something wrong by not allowing himself to open up.

At least I have myself...

“Hey… hey, don’t cry, baby boy.”

“I won’t forget you,” Yoongi sobbed. “I won’t, I won’t…”

“Yoongi, you’re going to find the alpha you’ve always wanted and he is going to take such good care of you that your head’s gonna spin.”

“How many times do I have to tell you that I don’t want anybody else but you?” Yoongi whined, catching himself grinding his teeth out of frustration. “How many times do I have to say that for you to get it?”

“I hope I’ve made you feel loved in the time that we’ve known each other and that being with me has given you the strength to go out into the world and trust that you’ll find who it is you’re looking for,” his alpha said while completely ignoring his begging words as if he hadn’t even said anything in the first place.

“You just don’t get it,” Yoongi huffed in frustration but his alpha didn’t dignify his admittedly callous words with a response.

“You now know exactly what you want from somebody and my advice to you is to seek out that person. They exist but you just need to keep your heart open and remain optimistic,” the alpha said against Yoongi’s lips.

“N-no… no-no-no… don’t leave me. Please don’t leave me, n-no… no, don’t do this to me!”

“It’s time for me to go.”
I-I... I’m sorry for what I said,” Yoongi hiccuped as he frantically stroked his alpha’s face, running his fingers over his lover’s cheeks in hopes that it would help him stay in a material form but instead, it seemed like him touching his alpha was helping him dematerialize even faster, causing glittery flakes to peel off his face like bits of shredded paper. “Y-you’ve been so good to me and you’re just trying your best a-and...”

“I know you didn’t mean it, darling,” his alpha soothed, sounding so far away that Yoongi couldn’t keep from crying out in anguish when the last of him faded away into the sunlight, leaving him sitting on the bed alone and feeling so, so cold that he was sure his blood had frozen over and that his heart was going to explode from grief.

Goodbye, my love, Yoongi thought as he felt light engulf him as well. Goodbye, goodbye, goodbye...

When he awoke, Yoongi found himself wishing he could bury himself under the thin sheet covering him and never come out. His head was spinning and his heart hurt, twice as much as before when he realized that his darling alpha, whose name he didn’t even know, was gone.

“I’m gonna miss you...”

“Who are you talking to?”

“Nevermind,” Yoongi mumbled into his pillow, eyelids fluttering closed as he felt tears welling up again in hopes of hiding his sadness from whoever, be it Yeonwoo or Seokjin, was in the room. It was probably Yeonwoo and he didn’t want to have to explain himself to him right now or ever.

Goodbye, my sweet alpha. I’m going to miss you so much.

“Okay... well, it’s almost time to go.”

“Go where?” Yoongi asked. His heart skipped a beat as he thought back to his alpha and he couldn’t help but wonder if that’s what Yeonwoo meant by “time to go”. Were they going to go see him?

“Back to my place. You’re getting discharged in a few hours.”
“I’m not going home with Seokjin?”

“You just had surgery to remove your appendix, Yoongi,” Yeonwoo said a little too sternly for the omega’s liking. “You need time to recover before you can go running around the city with your friends.”

“That’s not what I meant--”

“I know what you meant but that’s not gonna happen.”

“Why are you being so mean to me?” Yoongi demanded.

“I’m not--”

“E-every summer, there’s always some bullshit that prevents me from hanging out with my friends and you don’t even care about my feelings! Don’t you understand how lonely and suffocated I feel?”

“Yoongi, I get where you’re coming from--”

“No, you just don’t get it. I’m so tired of you treating me like I’m a burden.”

“You think I would have even bothered taking several days off if I didn’t care about you?”

“What, you want me to pay you back for lost wages? Is that it? Or am I just supposed to feel grateful that only one member of my family still wants to talk to me even though my only crime is wanting to go to college on my terms? Jesus Christ, you really do want me to kiss your ass, don’t you?” Yoongi snapped, all the while trying to ignore the hard look his brother shot his way because it made his heart hurt and made him want to cry.

“No, Yoongi, stop it. That’s not true.”
“I hate that you’re always treating me like a little baby…”

“You’re definitely acting like a baby right now.”

“Oh, fuck you,” Yoongi cursed, though his voice cracked halfway though his sentence and left him feeling so pathetic that all he could do was bow his head and try his best to not agitate the stitches in his abdomen.

“Be mad at me all you want,” Yeonwoo scoffed. “You’ll thank me later.”

“Gee, you sound so much like Dad.”

“If that was supposed to be an insult, just know that I’m not offended.”

“Good for you.”

He quietly dressed himself when he was able to muster the energy to crawl out from under the blankets without agitating his stitches, of course, but it felt like torture. If he closed his eyes, Yoongi could still feel his alpha’s hands on his body, gently guiding him out of his clothes before fucking him into the mattress so good that he’d become blinded by stars dancing in his vision. And afterwards, they'd cuddled as if they had nowhere better to be than in each others' arms.

But in reality, he couldn't hope to be so lucky.
Yoongi’s head felt so heavy that he was sure his neck would snap if he turned his head to the side and somehow, though it took every ounce of strength he had, he managed to turn over onto his unwounded side without agitating his stitches too much. Once he was comfortable, he grabbed his phone off his nightstand but quickly squeezed his eyes shut because he hadn’t expected the light from his phone to burn his eyeballs. It was then that he realized he was burning up with a fever.

After installing a night filter app to help lower the brightness of his screen, Yoongi consulted the one person who he knew would understand his predicament without criticizing him for being unwell or seeing him as a burden because he had the **audacity** to get sick.

---

**Yoongi**

[Sent at 12:35 P.M.]

Do you know any remedies for a fever?

**Seokjin**

[Sent at 12:38 P.M.]

Is everything okay?

**Yoongi**

[Sent at 12:40 P.M.]

I'm as sick as a dog right now T_T. I'm hot and cold all at the same time and my body hurts...

**Seokjin**

[Sent at 12:40 P.M.]

Why don’t you go to the hospital?

**Yoongi**

[Sent at 12:41 P.M.]

My brother isn’t going to be home for a few more days and I can't drive myself.
Seokjin

[Sent at 12:41 P.M.]
Yoongi, if you’re sick, please go. Call a cab.

Yoongi

[Sent at 12:41 P.M.]
And risk getting raped if I get into a taxi with an alpha driver? Hell. No.

Seokjin

[Sent at 12:43 P.M.]
Okay, um… then take some OTC painkillers for your fever and make some tea. And are you allowed to bathe for long periods of time?

Yoongi

[Sent at 12:43 P.M.]
No, not until my stitches come out.

Seokjin

[Sent at 12:45 P.M.]
Okay, then a hot shower is definitely out of the question. I suggest wrapping yourself up in blankets and drinking lots of fluids. And make yourself some ramen or chicken soup.

Yoongi

[Sent at 12:46 P.M.]
Thanks for your help. imma go die now

Seokjin

[Sent at 12:46 P.M.]
That's not funny. ■■■
BTW do you need me to come over and take care of you?

Yoongi

No, it's okay. I appreciate it but I'm fine.

Seokjin

You're my bby, Yoongi. If you need help, just tell me.

Yoongi

I just wanna sleep t.t but my fever won't let me

Seokjin

Okay, well, try to rest your eyes, at least. And let Mama Hen know if you need anything. I will literally yeet myself to Daegu in order to bring you food and whatever else you might need. ★~(◐‿◑)

Yoongi

Okay, I will. Now go lay some eggs, Mama Hen. I'm hungry.

Seokjin

Bitch, how dare. ■~■
He wasn't sure if it was the emoji or Seokjin's overall reaction to his text but Yoongi suddenly burst into laughter, only to force himself to stop when he felt his stitches straining against his skin.

"Ow, ow…" he gasped, tenderly pressing his palm to the bandage in hopes that the stitches underneath wouldn't come undone.

_Dammit, Seokjin..._

Yoongi

[Sent at 12:53 P.M.]

You just made me laugh. How dare you. My stitches could have come undone.

Seokjin

[Sent at 12:54 P.M.]

I guess karma is a bietch

Yoongi

[Sent at 12:54 P.M.]

:'(

Seokjin

[Sent at 12:55 P.M.]

Just go sleep. ➔_◄ and in the meantime, I'm gonna lay enough eggs that you'll experience the first ever egg-mageddon.

Yoongi

[Sent at 12:55 P.M.]

I can't wait to enjoy a 100-egg omelette.

Seokjin
I'm not in the mood to eat but orange soda sounds good right about now, Yoongi mused to himself.

Now if only he was feeling well-enough to be able to haul his butt to the store and back without passing out.

Just the thought had Yoongi cringing when he realized he would probably topple down the stairs and break his neck if he so much as attempted to leave the apartment, let alone go to the store and he decided it was probably best to just wallow in pain even though he was positive that orange soda would help soothe him.

Or maybe he was just trying to find ways to justify getting a soda. Whatever it was, he was sick and wanted to down some yummy, carbonated goodness until he felt fuzzy and warm and resolved to rummage through the fridge to see what he could possibly come up with.

It took him a few minutes to roll off his mattress and hobble into the kitchen but when he did, he dove in like a ravenous little raccoon looking for a fix.

“What are you doing?”

“Looking for something to drink,” Yoongi scoffed, rolling his eyes before continuing to rummage through the fridge for anything sweet that he could down. He doubted Yeonwoo had any orange soda, seeing as he wasn’t exactly into sugar as much as Yoongi was, but anything would suffice right now.

“You didn’t pay for any of that!” Hyojung complained from behind him, so close that it felt like she was breathing down his neck.

“Could you not be a bitch for one fucking minute? I’m dying of a fucking fever!”

"That's not my problem!" Hyojung scoffed. "I'm not your mother!"

“I hope you never have kids!” Yoongi snapped.

“Didn’t you break your shoulder last summer?” Hyojung asked him and Yoongi felt taken aback by her straightforwardness, which was clearly not coming from a place of concern or friendliness. When he didn't respond, she chuckled -- it could hardly be called that and reminded Yoongi of nails scraping against a chalkboard -- and added,

“I bet your parents wish you died under that car--”

“What the fuck is wrong with you?” Yoongi snapped, though the bite of his words was negated when his voice cracked suddenly and made him sound like he was on the verge of tears. He was, though he would have never admitted that to himself or Hyojung, and his heart ached like he’d been stabbed and the knife had been twisted in his chest. “How could you say such a thing?”

“Every summer,” she seethed, “you come back here and you take up so much space and you eat everything in the fridge. You’re a fucking leech.”
"What are you talking about?" Yoongi seethed, feeling himself becoming angrier and angrier by the minute as he realized that Hyojung had it out for him and that nobody had told her to tone it down.

Yeonwoo seemed to think that doing the bare minimum -- providing a roof over his head and food to eat -- was enough that he didn’t have to put in extra effort to defend him from Hyojung and hadn’t even bothered to tell her to, at the very least, ignore him. Yoongi was sure he would have felt much happier were the case but even then, he didn’t know if Yeonwoo had any control in their relationship at all.

"We wanted to turn that room into the baby's room but Yeonwoo doesn't want to because you’re always around!"

"You mean you want a baby room," Yoongi corrected, though that alone felt like it required too much energy and made him want to crawl back into bed and sleep until his head didn’t feel like it was going to explode.

"Yeonwoo wants a kid, too!"

"That kid is going to be so fucked if it has you as a mother."

"At least I have opportunities to get pregnant."

"Got me there. Doesn't mean anybody loves you, though."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"It means what I said," Yoongi gritted.

He ignored Hyojung as he shut the fridge and hobbled back to his room, which was when the impact from his exchange with his brother’s girlfriend finally hit him and a few tears slipped down his cheeks. Yoongi had no idea why he was getting so emotional over a bottle of soda -- at least, that’s why he thought he was upset -- and reached for his phone so he could type out another text and write his emotions down in one fell swoop.

Yoongi

[Sent at 1:32 P.M.]

I hate my brother’s girlfriend so much. She was giving me such a hard time just because I was looking through the fridge. And she told me something awful.

Seokjin

[Sent at 1:32 P.M.]

What did she say? :( 

Yoongi
She told me “I bet your parents wish you died under that car”. Y’know, the car that ran me over last summer? And she made a big deal about the fact that Yeonwoo took me in while I recover.

I’m not even allowed to exist, according to her.

Seokjin

Okay, that’s it. I’m coming over. Tell your Mama Hen what you need and/or want so I can bring it over.

Yoongi

You don’t have to...

Seokjin

Don't fight me on this, Yoongi.

Yoongi

Okay, okay! :(

Um, I'm craving orange soda and I could use some snacks and maybe some soup. Ramen is fine.

Seokjin

Consider it done. I'm omw.

[Sent at 1:35 P.M.]

BTW Joonie wants to come, too.

Normally, Yoongi would have immediately declined but then he remembered that Namjoon had been there for him a few weeks back when his appendix had burst. He’d called an ambulance, stayed with him until the paramedics arrived, and, after he came back to school to finish up finals despite feeling too weak to function, he and Seokjin had been kind enough to check on him in between finals and make sure he safely made it back to his dorm each day. Hell, they even dropped in every morning that he had an exam to make sure he was up and had some breakfast even though he didn’t need that much coddling.

Still, it had been nice. And he owed Namjoon a sincere, face-to-face “thank you” for having pretty much saved his life.

Yoongi

[Sent at 1:35 P.M.]

he can come over.

Seokjin

[Sent at 1:36 P.M.]

Perfect! We’re on our way! >‿‿◕

And now I just have to wait, Yoongi thought. It would take Seokjin at least two hours just to get to Daegu, not to mention the half hour he would need to buy the items he’d requested and then haul ass to his house.

He hoped he wouldn’t take forever but it would easily be three hours before Seokjin and Namjoon showed up, which meant he was stuck keeping himself entertained for the next three hours. That is, if he even managed to survive that long.

With graduation less than a year away, he couldn’t help but realize something crucial: he had no future outside of Seoul simply because his friends and the only home he’d ever known was located in the capital city.

I don’t ever want to move away from Seoul. I don’t want to live so far away from Seokjin and
Namjoon that I never get to see them, not even if my alpha’s family is so good and lives in a different city. I want to live in Seoul forever and ever!

Then again, his chances of getting an alpha were extremely slim so there was no way his plans of staying in Seoul would be disrupted. If his family was anything to go by, then his hypothetical alpha’s family would be just as bad and they definitely wouldn’t like him for being too chubby and not pretty enough for an omega nor as *subservient and docile* like he was supposed to be.

*Maybe I’d have a boyfriend by now if I wasn’t so outspoken...*

Seokjin probably would have smacked him if he heard him say that aloud but given how *tired* he was of being single and having to constantly defend himself from alphas who wanted to physically abuse him or rope him into a sexual relationship that he wasn’t interested in having if certain strings, like affection, aftercare, and an actual relationship, weren’t attached. And he didn’t just want sex; he could live without it as long as his alpha was somebody who wanted him for reasons other than using his body to get off without taking the time to check and see if he had enjoyed himself or if he needed him to go a little slower until his body got used to the stretch and the pace.

*Seokjin*

[Sent at 4:43 P.M.]

Bawk bawk

[Sent at 4:43 P.M.]

Why did the chicken cross the road?

*Yoongi*

[Sent at 4:44 P.M.]

Why?

*Seokjin*

[Sent at 4:44 P.M.]

Because it was so egg-cited to see Yoongi again! ’D

*Yoongi*

[Sent at 4:45 P.M.]

( -﹏-)
Seokjin

[Sent at 4:45 P.M.]
We here, my bby chicky. Can you let us into your chicken coop?

Yoongi

[Sent at 4:45 P.M.]
Gimme a minute, mama. I can’t get up that fast.

Seokjin

[Sent at 4:45 P.M.]
Take your time, bby

Yoongi

[Sent at 4:46 P.M.]
You know what... I have a better idea...

Seokjin

[Sent at 4:46 P.M.]
What? (⊙︿⊙✿)

Yoongi

[Sent at 4:47 P.M.]
You’re outside, right?

Seokjin

[Sent at 4:47 P.M.]
Yeppp. We can’t get in without a key, though. (●´ω`●)
Yoongi

[Sent at 4:47 P.M.]

There’s a key lockbox hanging from one of the bars of the left railing and the combination is 5-4-9-8. The gold key will open the door to the building and the bigger silver key will open the bottom lock to the apartment. Head up the stairs to the top floor and use the keys on apartment #401. The door’s unlocked so you just need to turn the key in the bottom lock.

Seokjin

[Sent at 4:48 P.M.]

Are you sure? Is this okay?

Yoongi

[Sent at 4:48 P.M.]

Yes, it’s okay! I’d let you in myself but the buzzer system isn’t working and I’m in a lot of pain so I can’t get up and go downstairs to let you in myself. You have my permission to use the keys to get in, it’s okay.

Yoongi hoped that would be enough to convince Seokjin and Namjoon to let themselves in, especially since he really wasn’t in any condition to do it himself. Not unless they wanted to carry his broken body back up the stairs when he inevitably broke every bone.

Seokjin

[Sent at 4:48 P.M.]

Alrighty.

Phew.

Yoongi set his phone aside and carefully pushed himself into a seated position, making sure not to agitate his stitches because the last thing he needed right now was to pull a stitch and need to be rushed to the hospital. He’d avoided the hospital this far and didn’t want to wind up in the emergency room right when his friends had come over to keep him company.

“Who the fuck are you?” he heard Hyojung shriek from the living room just as he managed to climb
to his feet and Yoongi hurriedly hobbled out into the living room as fast as he could, where he saw Namjoon and Seokjin frozen by the door and looking like deer caught in the headlights, ready to bolt any second, and Hyojung seconds away from grabbing her phone and calling the police.

“Hyojung, they’re my friends.”

“You’re not allowed to have people over!”

“Says you,” Yoongi scoffed. “Guys, come on in.”

“You’re such a little shit!”

"Just go away" was all Yoongi could muster and even with Namjoon and Seokjin by his side, he feared that Hyojung would start screaming at him even worse than she already was.

He couldn’t take much more, not when his head pounded horribly and he felt like he was on fire and not in the reassuring omega-going-through-a-heat kind of way, either. He was damn miserable and the presence of his friends did little to soothe his pain or ease his fever but at least he was comforted by their faces and the knowledge that they would keep him company for at least the next two hours, until they had to go home before it got too dark.

By then, though, he was sure that he would be settled in bed and ready to sleep after getting some soup into his belly.

“Your brother is going to hear about this when he gets back!”

“Good!” Seokjin retorted as she stormed into the kitchen, making no effort to hide how angry she was as she shoved chairs, grabbed things, and knocked other items down. It sounded as if the kitchen had turned into a war zone. “Don’t forget to tell him that you gave Yoongi a hard time and that we had to come over to take care of him!”

“Hey, we wanted to come over,” Namjoon clarified to Yoongi just to ensure that he didn’t take Seokjin’s words the wrong way.

“I know…” Yoongi appreciated that Seokjin had the guts to put Hyojung in her place, something that he couldn’t hope to accomplish himself since doing so only caused the situation to escalate because she refused to let him have the last word. “I appreciate it.”

Hyojung rushed past them with a huff with her purse and phone in hand, slamming the door on her way out and effectively left them alone. For the first time all day, Yoongi felt his headache start to subside. He quickly apologized to his friends for having not warned them about his brother’s psycho girlfriend but perhaps they wouldn’t have let themselves into the apartment if he had and that would have left them all at a loss.

Yoongi hobbled over to the couch and happily plopped down with a sigh, feeling his heart warming at the sight of his friends occupying space in the apartment that no longer felt like a prison anymore now that it was just the three of them.

“Are you hungry? Lemme go cook some soup for you,” Seokjin offered as he rummaged through the bags until he’d found the ingredients he needed.

Rather than take them all out of the bags, he simply removed the 6-pack of orange soda Yoongi had requested as well as some chocolate he’d bought to sate his sweet tooth and handed it to the omega before grabbing everything else and skipping into the kitchen so he could get cooking. Meanwhile, Namjoon decided he might as well make himself comfortable and sat down nearest Yoongi on the
other couch.

“So, uh, how are you feeling?”

“I feel like shit, thanks for asking,” Yoongi chuckled dryly. “But much better compared to a few weeks ago.”

“Y-yeah, that’s good. I’m just glad you’re okay,” Namjoon admitted. "What happened a few weeks ago was… scary."

"It was but I’m okay, thanks to you. Without you, I probably would have died."

"Hey, anytime you need help, let me know."

"Can you open one of these for me?” Yoongi asked as he handed Namjoon the 6-pack of soda and even though it took him a few minutes, during which the omega felt more pain from watching Namjoon struggle with pulling a bottle from the plastic rings holding the pack together than from his headache.

But when the opened bottle found its way into his hands, he greedily drank it down like a thirsty man drinking water in a desert and only pulled the bottle away from his lips after swallowing the last drop.

“You know, I’d chant ‘chug, chug, chug’ but I think you’ve pretty much got the chugging part down,” Namjoon laughed.

“You’re just jealous,” Yoongi teased, though he was a little bit breathless.

“Maybe a little.”

“Here, honey, eat this. You’ll feel much better!” Seokjin sang as he strode over sometime later with a tray laden with a bowl of soup that clearly had taken him a good amount of time to put together. Yoongi only realized just how much love had gone into his soup when he saw the bowl, which was filled with udon noodles, bits of chopped carrots and celery, and even had a sliced, boiled egg sitting on top.

"Holy shit, are you Gordon Ramsay?"

“Yes, I am!” the elder replied proudly, to which Yoongi and Namjoon both couldn’t help but laugh. The younger omega felt emotion wash over him as he realized just how much love Seokjin had put into making this for him and felt ready to cry when Seokjin momentarily disappeared into the kitchen and returned with a mug filled steaming hot green tea, which was also for him.

*Oh, my, gosh… I’m so lucky…* Yoongi thought as he struggled to blink away tears.

“H-hey, Seokjin…”

“Yeah?”

“Thank you.”
“So Hyojung tells me that your friends let themselves into the apartment a week ago. Is that true?”

Yoongi looked up from his notebook and saw Yeonwoo leaning against the doorway, arms crossed his chest and eyes glittering with impatience as he awaited a certain response from him. In that moment, he felt like a child who had been caught red-handed and was now being interrogated by his knowing parent who wanted to see him squirm. Fortunately, betas weren't intimidating in the slightest and Yeonwoo was even less so, though Yoongi wasn't sure if that was because betas weren't the boogeymen omegas grew up to fear and hate or if his brother just didn't fit the profile for an individual who was capable of becoming angry.

The smooth pilot voice he had only helped to further hide out any rough edges he might have.

“I felt sick and Seokjin and Namjoon offered to check up on me.”

“So he speaks.”

“Oh, fuck you! You have no idea how badly she treats me!” Yoongi cursed, glaring daggers at his brother.

"And you have no idea how dangerous it was for you to have given them the combination to my lockbox! I had to change the combination so that nobody could open it and let themselves into the building!” Yeonwoo bellowed. “What if somebody got ahold of my keys and decided to break into the apartment?”

"So you had to change the combination, so what?"

"That's there if you forget your keys, not to give to anybody who comes over!"

"So I let my friends in, so what? Or am I not allowed to see people anymore?"

"You invited an alpha over--"

"Namjoon is Seokjin's boyfriend," Yoongi snapped. "And for your information, he's the reason why I didn't die in the library when my appendix burst!"

“I don’t care!”

“Well, then, I don’t want to hear what you have to say, either.”

Screw Yeonwoo. If he didn’t understand that Namjoon was a genuinely good guy who cared about Seokjin, his omega and the love of his life, and was actually a good friend, then Yoongi wasn’t going to waste his breath because he knew that it would be a waste trying to convince his brother that not every alpha was evil.

“No, we’re not finished here.”

“Don’t you ever tell me what to do,” Yoongi seethed. “You don’t have the right to make me feel inferior or force me to bow down to Hyojung just because she’s your girlfriend!”
“You have to respect her—”

“No, I don’t! Not when she treats me like garbage!”

“Didn’t you tell her that she would be a bad mother?”

“So? She would be!”

“Yoongi, you can’t just say whatever is on your mind.”

“Yeah, well, Hyojung shouldn’t, either! Do you have any idea what she said to me?”

“What, what did she say?” Yeonwoo challenged. He was clearly not on his side, Yoongi realized grimly, but for that reason, he decided he wasn’t going to spare his brother any details, regardless of whether he believed him or not.

Clearly, he already had come to his own conclusions and sided with his girlfriend.

“She asked me about my shoulder and then said that mom and dad probably wished I’d died under that car!”

“No, she didn’t.”

“Well, then, I’m moving out,” Yoongi huffed with a tone of finality.

“No, you’re not going anywhere until we’re done talking,” Yeonwoo protested, though he didn’t sound nearly as intimidating as before, clearly having been taken by surprise when Yoongi had told him what Hyojung had said. Even then, the omega was sure he was going to defend her to the death on the sole basis that she was his girlfriend, gave him enough pussy to keep him happy and thus, could do no wrong.

“You know what? When you realize that your girlfriend is the biggest snake on the planet, then you can come talk to me but not a second before! I don’t know why you like her so much when she treats me like shit! A-and… and if I had a mate, he would never be as rude to you as she is to me!”

“Well, if you get a mate, then we can talk.”

“Fuck you, asshole…” He hated that he’d lost his cool so quickly but his heart ached terribly because Yeonwoo had put it in his head that it was possible he’d never ever find a mate.

“I’m sure your mate,” Yeonwoo sneered, “will love that dirty mouth and that disrespectful attitude.”

“You know what, get out! Get the fuck out!”

“Fine, so long as you get out of the apartment. If you’re going to behave like this, then you’re not welcome here anymore.”

“I never was,” Yoongi snapped tearfully. His voice broke at the end of his sentence and all he heard from Yeonwoo was “find someplace else to stay because you’re not staying here if you’re gonna act like that” before he broke down, tears spilling down his cheeks unimpeded as sobs tore out of his throat.

If, by “taking care of him,” he had envisioned keeping him prisoner in his apartment until his body was done recuperating from the trauma of being cut open and having an organ removed, Yoongi would have preferred having spent the summer wallowing in pain on Seokjin’s couch instead. Anything was better than having had to watch Hyojung flash Yeonwoo smiles that were less
genuine than her surgically-altered face and pretend that he wasn’t there, even when the three of them were seated at the table for dinner.

He remembered the time he’d expressed that he wanted to eat in his room but Yeonwoo refused to allow that, insisting that he eat at the dinner table or don’t eat at all.

It was a stark contrast to Seokjin’s parents, who never batted an eyelid when he grabbed a snack from the pantry before scampering back upstairs to their son’s room.

Then again, they were much more lenient about a plethora of things that would have probably made Yeonwoo’s head explode, like that one time when he had an anxiety attack and ended up eating dinner in Seokjin’s bedroom or all the times that Seokjin’s mom brought dinner upstairs for them so that they could enjoy their dinner in a casual setting without feeling awkward or having to hold their tongues until after they finished dinner and went back upstairs to chat.

Yeonwoo probably would have forced him to eat at the table even if his anxiety had already blown through the stratosphere and all he wanted to do was curl up into a ball and cry his heart out.

And for all these reasons, Yoongi pushed aside the heartbreak from having been told that he was getting kicked out and grabbed his phone so he could text Seokjin, hoping and praying that his best friend would do him yet another favor and take him in for the remainder of summer break.

Yoongi

[Sent at 1:04 P.M.]

Hey, I’m coming over. Is it okay if I stay at your place until school starts?

Seokjin

[Sent at 1:10 P.M.]

Ofc it is, bby. I’ll have something ready for you to eat by the time you show up. ♥

Yoongi

[Sent at 1:11 P.M.]

Thank you. You’re the best T_T

Seokjin

[Sent at 1:11 P.M.]

Is everything okay, bby?
Yoongi

[Sent at 1:12 P.M.]

No, but I don’t want to talk about it over texts. I gotta hurry, pack my stuff up and leave.

Seokjin

[Sent at 1:12 P.M.]

Okay...

There was no time to explain, not when he knew that every second counted and that he needed to get out as quickly as possible, lest Yeonwoo get impatient and throw him out without letting him gather all his things. Then again, it wasn’t like he wanted to stay in this hell Yeonwoo had created for him and, to a certain extent, considered it a blessing.

However, the only thing that really kept him going nowadays was the memory of that beautiful alpha he’d dreamed up but lately, it was less of a comfort and more of a reminder of all the things he didn’t have.

The worst days were when he woke up in a cold sweat but could still feel those fingers leaving burning trails in their wake, nails raking down his back until they reached his ass, where his alpha's hands took hold like he was accustomed to worshipping his ass whenever he got the chance. He would have never thought that his ass was considered desirable but the alpha in his dream seemed to like it enough that he almost always focused on that.

And when he wasn’t, then he was constantly kissing him, stealing away every last bit of oxygen that remained until Yoongi was gasping, leaving him feeling like the most adored omega in the whole world.

In reality, he didn’t mean the world to anyone and he doubted he ever would.

♦♦♦

“Make yourself at home,” Seokjin told him when he made it upstairs to the bedroom they were to share once more, his voice warm and his movements careful like he was trying not to startle Yoongi. It was almost like he’d figured out what had transpired between him and his brother and was trying his hardest not to pry even though Yoongi wanted nothing more than to snuggle with him and cry into his chest until he was feeling better.

That is, assuming he would ever feel better after getting one of the worst shocks of his life and suffering one of the worst betrayals from his brother, who he thought would never ever turn on him.

I guess I was wrong about that, he thought sadly, and he couldn’t help but wonder if his younger self would ever believe him if he told him that Yeonwoo would choose somebody else over him.
“If you’re hungry, I made you some bulgogi.”

“Thanks…” Yoongi was barely able to mutter.

His head was filled with so much turmoil from everything that had transpired over the past few hours and his heart ached horribly because he still hadn’t managed to process being told to leave and to, Yeonwoo put it, “find someplace else to stay” on a whim. Granted, he’d announced that he was leaving a few seconds before that but Yeonwoo drove the last nail into the coffin by retaliating and letting him know that he wasn’t welcome anymore.

Fortunately, he could always depend on Seokjin to take him in, no questions asked.

“Sweetie, is everything okay?”

“I’m… I’m a little shaken up but I think I’ll be okay,” Yoongi sniffled. “Hopefully…”

“Wanna talk about it?”

“N-no, I just wanna put this behind me and go eat.”

“Alright, let’s go.”

Yoongi took Seokjin’s hand when it was offered to him and tried to ground himself, pushing away all the bad memories of living with Hyojung and his brother in hopes that he could move on and enjoy the last stretch of his summer break before the start of the semester took it away once more.

He was looking forward to school starting, though. With a fresh course load filled with classes he’d been wanting to take since he was a freshman and most of them, save for Calculus in the spring, being courses he was interested in, his final academic year was actually going to be decent. As for his social life, well… he didn’t really have one and didn’t have any concrete plans on changing things up so much that it would affect his grades.

*Maybe I’ll go to one or two parties,* he told himself. *Just so I can get to know a few people during homecoming week and let loose.*

He couldn’t possibly care less about attending any parties during homecoming week but for once, he just wanted to dance with strangers and get blind drunk. And maybe, he could even bring Namjoon and Seokjin along and the three of them could get wasted together.

“Oh, Yoongi! It’s good to see you again!” Seokjin’s mother chirped when she caught sight of him seated at the kitchen table munching on the food her son had made for him. He quickly swallowed his food and politely greeted her because he didn’t want her to think he was a rude, tactless animal who didn’t even know how to be polite to someone in their own home.

“Mom, do we have time to go to the phone store today? I seriously think my phone’s got one foot in the grave,” Seokjin complained from where he sat next to Yoongi, holding up his cracked iPhone 5 as evidence.

“Of course, honey, we can go today. By the way, Yoongi, is there anything you need for school?”

“Um…”

“Seokjin needs a new phone. How about you?”

The way she’d posed the question to him was so casual and nonchalant that it sounded like she had
asked him if he liked cereal. For the record, he thought cereal was okay when he needed to eat something in a pinch but he hated that buying a new cell phone was indeed the equivalent of purchasing cereal to Seokjin’s mother.

“Um… no, it’s fine, I don’t need a new phone,” Yoongi mumbled, shifting a bit uncomfortably in his seat as he tried (and failed) to make himself look inconspicuous but that was impossible when there was nobody else in the kitchen with him.

His phone suddenly felt like it weighed a million pounds where it sat in the pocket of his sweatpants, threatening to weigh him down and send him hurtling to the center of the earth, where he hoped he would explode like a firecracker before he felt any pain from the heat of the earth’s core. Unfortunately, he realized, his phone was suffering from age and the screen was so cracked that there were times when he could barely read what was being displayed but he couldn’t possibly admit to his best friend’s mom that he needed a new cell phone.

Hell, his own mother would have never had the money to be able to so nonchalantly extend the same gesture to Seokjin if their positions were flipped. She didn’t even have the money to buy him a new phone and it had taken him months to save up enough to buy his crappy iPhone 4 with his own money.

*How are you going to survive this year with that shitty iPhone 4 you've had since your senior year of high school?* he couldn’t help but ask himself. *That thing’s ready to die on you.*

“The iPhone 6S just came out,” Seokjin chirped.

*So what?* Yoongi wanted to snap at him, though he somehow managed to hold his tongue because the last thing he wanted was to anger his best friend after he’d been so kind to let him stay over at such short notice.

If Seokjin threw him out, he had nowhere else to go and he couldn’t afford to stay at a motel or head back to campus just yet, since he wasn’t supposed to report for pre-semester R.A. duty for two more weeks. He couldn’t go to his parents’ house, either, and he had no other friends with whom he would be comfortable enough to stay with.

Staying over at Namjoon’s house was also out of the question because, if he did anger Seokjin to the point that he ended up getting kicked to the curb, there was no way he could crash at Namjoon’s place and expect everything to be fine. Shit would hit the fan if Seokjin found out -- and he would -- and Yoongi had no interest in making things even worse or even letting it get so far that his best friend would choose to throw him out.

“Come on, boys, let’s go shopping!” Seokjin’s mom chirped just as Yoongi finished up the last of his food and said omega couldn’t help but swallow hard out of nervousness.

Even though Yoongi didn’t want to go, Seokjin’s mother insisted he come along and he begrudgingly did, figuring some fresh air and time spent with his best friend and his mom would do him some good and help soothe his otherwise-frayed nerves.

After all, getting kicked out of Yeonwoo’s apartment had left him feeling hurt and he wasn’t at the point where he was going to burst into tears yet but he could tell the waterworks were coming. He just hoped he didn’t start crying at the phone store because he knew he would probably die on the spot from embarrassment.

*Maybe they’ll have a cheap flip phone I can buy with my own money. I mean, it’s not like I need a smartphone to look up stuff or check on assignments or anything important like that,* Yoongi tried to
reason with himself as he felt tears pricking at his eyelids at the realization that he was so broke, he wasn’t even allowed to utter the word.

Whatever phone he did end up purchasing was going to put his bank account in the negatives, that was for sure.

“Put your wallet away,” Seokjin’s mother ordered when they stepped inside the store, stopping him before he could count out how much money he had on hand. “I’m buying you a phone.”

“No, please—”

“I insist. Get yourself the best phone on display if you want.”

Despite her encouragement, Yoongi found himself gravitating towards the iPhone 4 out on display. It was the exact model like the broken piece of crap Yoongi was contending with right now but it was brand new and as long as he didn’t get any flourishes with it -- no phone case or earbuds, for example -- it wouldn’t cost Seokjin’s mother nearly as much as the newer models.

“See a phone you like, sweetie?”

“Um, yeah…”

“Uh-uh, that’s the last decade’s model,” Seokjin’s mother scoffed when he pointed to the iPhone 4. It was considerably cheaper than the iPhone 6 and even more so than the iPhone 6S, which was the sole reason why he’d suggested that one, but his best friend’s mother seemed to have a completely different idea in mind.

She didn’t even consult him or suggest a different phone before approaching a store employee and asking her for two iPhone 6S’s, which immediately made Yoongi’s blood run hot with shame because he didn’t want this woman to spend all of her hard-earned money on him, especially when he had no hope of repaying her.

“Go pick out a case, too,” Seokjin’s mother insisted with a sweet, loving smile that made Yoongi’s stomach churn, feeling like he was going to throw up. “Don’t want you to drop and break your phone.”

Geez, this woman is going to be the death of me, Yoongi thought as he trudged over to the display on the wall, where Seokjin was already sifting through seemingly countless cases that hung from display hooks. How can she be so casual about spending so much money on some deadbeat kid from Daegu?

“I really appreciate what your mom is doing for me but I feel so uncomfortable at the same time,” Yoongi muttered to Seokjin.

“Aw, don’t be.”

“It’s a lot of money. The iPhone 6S isn’t cheap.”

“My mom doesn’t mind, Yoongi. She wants to help you out because she knows that you’re struggling financially and that your parents aren’t in the picture.”

“You told her?”

“She’s my mom,” Seokjin hissed. “What was I supposed to do, lie to her about why you slept over every summer?”
“Maybe you should have lied to her a little bit, or at least, you could have stopped her from buying me the most expensive phone on the market right now.”

“She’s more stubborn than a mule. I can’t hope to convince her to change her mind once she becomes dead-set on something.”

“Great…” Yoongi huffed. The one thing he hated more than people being charitable towards him was being pitied, which took the cake as the worst thing that could ever happen to him. That is, next to being told he wasn’t welcome in his brother’s apartment anymore.

However, there was nothing he could do or say to convince Seokjin’s mother to, at the very least, get him the original phone he said he wanted and Yoongi found himself in possession of a sparkling, brand new, iPhone 6S that no doubt cost his weight in food. Save for the difference in color he and Seokjin had matching phones but he had gotten one in space grey while Seokjin had insisted on a pink phone.

And when they got home, all he could do was be gracious and thank Seokjin’s mother over and over again until she hugged him tight and told him to “go have fun with your new phone, sweetie!” as if she was his own mother just doing him a favor because she loved him and wanted him to have the best she could possibly afford to give him.

It was then he realized that he hadn’t spoken to his mother in over a year and it had only been for a brief moment because he’d felt so angry that she hadn’t wanted to come see him in person and make sure he was okay. He hadn’t been the most pleasant person at the time but then again, who would be after getting run over, suffering a concussion, and breaking their shoulder in one fell swoop?

Sometimes you just gotta suck it up, right? Gotta put some things in the past, he mused as he typed in his mom’s number into the address book of his new phone and then sent her a text message in hopes that she would respond sooner rather than later. Hell, he didn’t care how much time it took as long as she didn’t flat-out ignore him.

Yoonji

[Sent at 5:43 P.M.]

Mom, is it okay if we talk? I really miss you...

Eomma

[Sent at 5:52 P.M.]

I really miss you, too, Yoongi.

[Sent at 5:53 P.M.]

What’s it like living with Yeonwoo?
Yoongi

[Sent at 5:54 P.M.]

It sucked. Hyojung said the worst things to me and Yeonwoo took her side so… I left.

Eomma

[Sent at 5:56 P.M.]

Yoongi, what did you do?

Yoongi dejectedly dimmed the screen on his phone and set it down on his chest without bothering to respond to his mother, finding himself staring at the flecks of light on the ceiling as he pondered why he was so unfortunate for his mother to automatically assume he’d done something wrong to warrant leaving Yeonwoo’s apartment. Hell, Hyojung had pretty much been encouraging him to commit suicide and he hated that everybody in his family favored his brother, who was ever the golden child, and his snake of a girlfriend over him.

*I just hope my future mate is compassionate enough to understand that my entire family is insane and that I’m nothing like them. And I hope he has a more empathetic family than I do.*

He could only hope.

Chapter End Notes

*school is starting in the next chapter so you know what that means, right? (´wat´) (^▽^) (♣‿♣)
Another new day, another day at the library.

He wasn’t sure why his Jazz/Pop Theory professor had even assigned an essay in the first week of class but Yoongi quickly realized that this was what his life was going to consist of for the next sixteen weeks: writing bullshit essays for a bullshit class being taught by an adjunct professor who spewed nothing but bullshit for two-and-a-half hours and had no fucks to give. However, he couldn’t afford to let his grades sink before he even had a shot to get a decent score, especially in courses that he excelled in.

Calculus was a different story and he regretted not having taken it over the summer but unfortunately, his body -- and organs -- had different plans and he was stuck taking that next semester. It probably wasn’t the smartest choice he’d ever made, not when he was graduating this May, but he hoped to pass with a C-minus and put Calculus behind him once and for all by walking across the stage and saying sayonara to university once and for all.

As for midterms, he was going to with average scores if he was fortunate and if he was unlucky, he’d barely scrape by enough for it to be considered “passing”.

If he was really, really unlucky and his grades didn’t balance out in his favor, he was going to have to sign up for the course again and retake it for the last eight weeks of the semester and hopefully pass it then but he really didn’t like the idea because it meant he was going to be overloaded with a lot more work than he wanted to deal with.

Unfortunately, he couldn't waste any more time pondering about his hypothetical grades or what the last semester of his college career would be like when his professor was expecting a completed essay in a few days and he hadn't even found enough sources to get started. Plus, there was a chance that not every book would be helpful, which meant he would need to hunt for more books just to increase his odds of having enough academic sources to back up what were going to be some of the worst claims he'd ever written in the past four years.

I guess senioritis has already struck. Oh, well, he shrugged as he got up and strode over to the other end of the library in hopes of starting his search there. When he made it to the second row, he realized where he was standing.

It's a little eerie being in this corner of the library, Yoongi admitted to himself as he sucked in a deep breath and walked past the spot where he'd lain several months ago as a result of a burst appendix, trying his best to drive out the memories that came flooding back.

It still felt like yesterday when he'd collapsed and Namjoon had called for an ambulance to wheel him off to the hospital; at the time, they had both been scared to death that something was wrong with Yoongi and being back in the same space several months later felt creepy for reasons he couldn't deduce. Part of him couldn't help but wonder if Namjoon had thwarted his destiny and whether he was actually supposed to perish between these two bookshelves on the second floor of the library.

Thank you, Namjoon, for not letting me die.

At the memory of Namjoon crouching beside him while his body turned on itself, Yoongi suddenly felt much more motivated to get his essay done the sooner, the better. Thus, he began to stack books that even appeared to be remotely related to Jazz/Pop theory in hopes that at least a few of them had
enough information to help him string together a decent essay -- this was certainly much better than letting Namjoon’s act of kindness be in vain -- and eventually found himself with a considerable amount of books to lug back to his table.

_Maybe I bit off more than I could chew_, he pondered as he somehow managed to lift the stack of books, which threatened to topple over as it precariously leaned away from him whenever he took another step forward.

And sure enough, he ran into somebody.

“Oh--”

Yoongi bit back a curse as he watched several books tumble to the floor with a loud _clatter_ and realized that he would most definitely need to find someplace to set his other books down before grabbing the ones that had fallen. That is, unless the person he’d just bumped into was willing to help him out.

He looked up so he could see the face of the person who had knocked his books down and if he was being honest, Yoongi didn’t know what to focus on.

The way the young man’s fluffy, chocolate-colored hair flopped in his eyes and how his lips had curled back into a pretty smile made his heart pound even more than the sight of his clothes being unable to completely hide the beauty of his chiseled body, which was an equally welcome sight to gaze upon.

“I’m so sorry…” Jimin apologized, immediately stooping down to pick up the books he’d accidentally knocked out of his fellow peer’s hands and only when he straightened his back did he realize just how many he was carrying.

There had to be at least fifteen textbooks of various sizes weighing him down and he was barely holding onto the giant stack, which looked like it was all going to slip out of his grasp and tumble to the floor like bricks breaking off from an aging tower.

“Oh, wow, that’s a lot of books.”

“Y-yeah…”

“I didn’t mean to run into you,” Jimin said, apologizing profusely as he put the books on top of the omega’s already towering pile, all the while silently praying that the rest wouldn’t follow suit and topple to the floor.

“’s fine.”

“Need some help carrying those?”

"Ummm… s-sure…”

And that was how Jimin found himself attempting to lift half of the stack out of the omega’s arms without coming off as super-imposing, frightening, or invasive, all the while hoping that the omega understood that all he wanted was to help him carry his stuff over to wherever he was studying and nothing else. He was adorable, Jimin had to give him that, and his iconic pink hair had caught his attention from the moment he saw him that he’d inadvertently ended up bumping into him.

_Maybe we can be friends_, Jimin thought wistfully.
“Thank you,” Yoongi sighed when they had made it over to the table where he was working, having set down all fifteen books without any hitches thanks to the help provided by this gentlemanly alpha. Two stacks of books sat next to his laptop and a large bottle of water that was just a little over half-full and it was then that he realized that he was feeling peckish and would need to buy dinner soon.

“You’re very welcome. By the way, what are you working on?”

“Got an essay to rush through” was all Yoongi could mumble, feeling sheepish and bashful for reasons he couldn’t comprehend at the moment, though he was sure they all had to do with him being in the presence of this strange alpha who didn’t exude machoness like he ate it for breakfast and smoked it on lunch breaks.

“What class?”

“Um… it’s for Jazz/Pop Theory. Due on Monday.”

“Is it a last minute essay?”

“You could say that. I have to write a ten-page essay and produce a five-song mixtape and the class literally just started.”

“Oh, wow… well, I guess I won’t waste any more of your time. Have a good day.”

“T-thanks. You too.”

Jimin bade him a polite farewell and then made his way back across the library to the table he was sharing with Taehyung and try as he might, he couldn’t put his finger on it but something about that pretty omega had sent his heart pounding into overdrive and he closed his eyes as he tried to burn his features into his brain so he never forgot them. Chances were, this would be the only time they would run into each other unless they both happened to have business in the same wing of the library later on in the semester.

What I wouldn’t give to be able to get to know you, Jimin thought wistfully. I guess I’m not the only one, though. And hey, let’s be honest: you probably have an alpha already. Somebody as pretty as you always does…

He hated that he felt so disappointed over this stranger’s love life, this beautiful stranger that he’d had the pleasure of knowing for a brief moment but wished he knew on a much deeper level than he’d probably ever be allowed. After all, the odds of them winding up in the same classes was unlikely, especially once he considered the magnitude of the student population and how many majors were offered.

I wonder… is he good to you? Does he treat you with the respect and love you deserve? Does he bring you your favorite chocolates when you’re feeling sad and walk with you to and from your classes? Does he make all your dreams come true?

He imagined the pink-haired omega -- he was going to call him Strawberry unless and until he learned his name -- had somebody who was looking out for him every step of the way, making sure that no unmated alphas bothered him and that he was always content, in life in general and in their relationship. He didn’t even know him but he knew that he certainly deserved to be loved and kissed all the time and taken care of whenever he went into heat.

I wonder… does he take good care of you? Is he a sweet alpha that makes you feel like you’re worth a million bucks? Does he understand that maybe life hasn’t always been the nicest to you and that he is willing to work with you to help you figure out those feelings of sadness when they come up,
Perhaps with snuggles and chocolate? Does he make you feel like all your dreams have come true?

These were all questions that Jimin wanted to ask but that he didn’t dare pose to Strawberry, knowing for a fact that it would get him in a lot of trouble for being flat-out creepy and would permanently destroy any chances he had of getting on the omega’s good side. That is, assuming he didn’t already have an alpha who had caught his eye.

If he did have an alpha, then Jimin knew he would have to accept that fact and move on despite already feeling himself falling in love with that beautiful, pink-haired omega after having only interacted with him for a few moments.

Unbeknownst to Jimin, Yoongi had also found himself in the midst of a similar crisis.

Who is he? I mean… he didn’t ask me for anything in return for helping me carry my books over here and he isn’t bothering me. Can alphas really be that nice? And damn… he’s cute. Oh, what I wouldn’t give to be your omega, Yoongi thought wistfully.

Let’s be real, though: you’re probably taken already. The good ones always are.

He scolded himself for feeling so jealous about the personal life of a stranger he’d met for a mere five seconds, it had seemed like, but he couldn’t help it, either. After all, he wasn’t an ordinary stranger, not when he seemed to be just what he had been looking for, both appearance- and personality-wise. But at the same time, he was so unattainable because the likelihood of him being single and interested in him were nearly impossible and the thought made his heart hurt.

“Yoongi, are you okay?”

“O-oh, my god…”

“What’s wrong? Is everything okay? You were staring off into space,” Seokjin rambled, which caused the younger’s cheeks to burn up in embarrassment.

“I just met the cutest alpha ever,” Yoongi whispered, almost like he wanted to keep what he’d just experienced a secret between himself and Seokjin. Part of him did, especially if the alpha in question was somehow listening in on their conversation. “Oh, my god, Seokjin…”

“Ooh, when’s the wedding?”

“Shut the fuck up, stupid.”

“Wow, rude!”

“Who’s rude?” Namjoon questioned as he approached their table with his own stack of books, though his was half the size of Yoongi’s and didn’t tower over him the way it did for the omega.

“Seokjin is rude!” Yoongi whined, pouting like a petulant child.

“Do I wanna know?”

“Yoongi’s in love,” Seokjin sang, leaning back in his seat just as Yoongi lunged across the table in an attempt to claw his eyes out, almost like he’d sensed what he was going to do before he did it.

“Am not!”

“Don’t deny it!”

“I don’t even know him!”
“Well, what's he look like?”

“He… he's wearing a white shirt and he has beautiful, tan skin and brown hair and… and he's around my height but I think maybe I'm just a little taller than him by, like, an inch and his voice is such a beautiful tenor that it sounds like bells or birds chirping and--”

“Geez, you got all that just from interacting with a stranger for five seconds?”

“He’s a beautiful stranger!” Yoongi scoffed at Seokjin, who flashed him a bemused smile before turning back to his homework.

Yeah, a beautiful stranger who’s probably already taken, the nasty voice in his head leered at him, clearly taunting.

O-oh… yeah, you’re probably right, Yoongi thought dejectedly.

Don’t be stupid. Well, more than you already are, anyways. He will never want you.

He hated that he felt so disappointed over this stranger’s love life, this beautiful alpha that he’d had the pleasure of knowing for a brief moment but wished he knew on a much deeper level than he’d probably ever be allowed. After all, the odds of them winding up in the same classes was unlikely, especially once he considered the magnitude of the student population and just how many majors were offered. Hell, even if he was attending a small university, he doubted he would have had any classes with that sweet alpha he’d encountered.

The only difference is that his odds would have been lessened by the smaller class sizes and lack of interest in music studies among the general student body, no doubt. From what he’d heard, smaller universities tended to host students who preferred the sciences and other liberal arts majors while barely ever having more than fifteen or so students in the music program at a given time.

Yoongi wanted to believe it was an exaggeration but then again, there was always some truth based in these tall tales people had spun and he felt glad that he’d picked one of the bigger schools that he’d been accepted to.

I’m glad I chose Kyung Hee. I wouldn’t have met Seokjin if I didn’t, Yoongi thought fondly. However, the only person who was currently present at the table he and his fellow omega had snagged was Namjoon, seeing as Seokjin had disappeared to Narnia, it seemed, and Yoongi couldn’t resist the urge to tease him, since he just so happened to be available.

“Hey, chainsmoker, why are you here?”

“I have to write a paper for Music Theory IV.”

“Oh, I already took that last semester with Professor Hong,” Yoongi boasted.

“I’m taking it with Professor Shin.”

“And I got an A!”

“You want a medal?” Namjoon sneered, rolling his eyes.

“Sure, gimme a million!”

“Mm, sad to say that I’m fresh out. By the way, why are you here?”

“I have to write a stupid paper for Jazz/Pop Theory.”
“How many times are you gonna take that class?” Namjoon couldn’t help but scoff out a laugh.

“Hey, this is only my second time taking it!” Yoongi protested petulantly.

“Why’d you fail it the first time?”

“I didn’t fail! I just felt like I needed a better grade and retook it!”

“Getting a D isn’t exactly a passing grade, either.”

“Yeah, well, nobody asked you for your opinion, Namjoon.”

“Hey, you talked to me first.”

“Only cuz I wanna bully you.”

“Yoongi, don’t be a bully,” Seokjin lightly snapped at him as he popped out from behind one of the shelves, reappearing as if out of thin air. There was hardly any malice in his voice, though; rather, he just sounded exasperated over the fact that Yoongi and Namjoon were still picking on each other even after all this time.

Actually, he was more annoyed with having heard Yoongi admit right in front of him that he wanted to bully Namjoon than having to be the referee but they seemed to be on friendly terms and were clearly joking around, he reminded himself.

"Meet me at the bike racks after school," Namjoon joked.

"You're on," Yoongi giggled.

“Maybe once I finish my homework. Then you can kick my ass as much as you want.”

_Oh, right… I need to finish this essay. Hell, I need to get started first._

“Maybe later,” Yoongi muttered.

He’d become distracted by the number of books on the table and suddenly felt worried that he didn’t have enough sources, which was why he got up and went to see if there were any more books he could snag.

His desire to search for more books had nothing to do with him wanting to run into that charming alpha again.

To his joy, his ears noticed that tell-tale jingle that belonged to none other than the alpha of his dreams and Yoongi immediately trained his ears on the sound of his voice from where it was across the room, managing to catch him fondly say “how’s the essay going, Taehyungie?”

Taehyung, the male in question, replied with an equally-fond and cheerful “it’s going great!” and Yoongi felt his heart sink when he realized what was going on. It was too good to be true.

_I’m not surprised that he has a mate already. Taehyung is a lucky omega._

Rather than linger, he dragged himself back to his table and plopped himself down in his chair, put on his noise-canceling headphones, and played the first playlist he came across in hopes that it would be enough to distract him from his destructive thoughts while he wasted time on the internet doing anything but research for his essay.
As for Jimin, he hadn't been expecting Taehyung to perk up suddenly and ask him a rather unexpected question.

"Hey, Jimin, do you want a fortune cookie? I accidentally bought a bag and I don't know what to do with them."

Taehyung took a moment to pause from writing his essay and reached into his backpack, withdrawing a crinkly bag filled with fortune cookies that had been cooked to a lovely, golden-brown consistency and looked so enticing because each of them certainly had something insightful to say.

"How do you accidentally buy a bag of fortune cookies?" Jimin chortled.

"I dunno, maybe one of the cookies has the answer," Taehyung snarked. "Now, do you want one or not? Hoseokkie and I can’t eat all these so I’m trying to share them with as many people as possible."

"Yeah, yeah, sure, gimme one."

He reached into the bag and grabbed the first one his fingers brushed over, freed the cookie from its packaging and broke in half, lips quirking up into a Cheshire cat grin when he read his fortune.

*If you eat something and nobody sees you eat it, it has no calories.*

*Lucky numbers: 19, 93, 11, 9, 3, 4*

"I like this a lot! I'm gonna keep it!" Jimin giggled.

"What’s it say?" Taehyung asked, and he also burst out laughing when he saw what was printed on the tiny slip of paper.

"Oh, that’s a good one!"

"It honestly made my day! I think I’m gonna take this as a good sign that I’m going to do great on my history quiz today!"

"I know you will, Jimin!"

"Speaking of which, I really have to go. Don’t wanna be late."

"Break a leg!" Taehyung called after him as he packed up his things and scurried off.

"Thank you!"

*Oh, shit, he’s coming this way, Yoongi realized.*

He struggled to wrack his brain for ideas as he tried to find someplace to hide even though there wasn’t anywhere for him to go and given how quiet the library was, he couldn’t hope to run in the opposite direction and hide in the hallway between the stacks, not unless he wanted to draw more
attention to himself. And so, he sucked in a deep breath and pretended to appear busy as he scanned the titles on the spines of the books in front of him without really making an effort to read them.

Yoongi tried his hardest not to flinch, though he was pretty sure he’d failed miserably, when he heard the alpha’s footsteps come to a sudden stop and felt eyes on him. He’d been hoping that the alpha wouldn’t have noticed him or that he would have just continued on his way even if he had seen him standing there but Yoongi couldn’t hope to be so lucky.

“Oh, hey, how’s your essay going? Or did you not start yet?”

“Isn’t your omega waiting for you? I don’t think he’ll be happy to see you talking to me.”

“Who? Taehyung?”

“Mhm.” Yoongi mumbled, though he forced himself to hold back his envy despite feeling it bubbling in his chest and threatening to explode. He didn’t want to go off, especially since he didn’t want to make a bad first impression in front of this beautiful alpha or come off as a jealous bitch of an omega with no control over his emotions.

“Oh, he’s not even an omega!”

“He’s not?” Yoongi echoed, perhaps a little too excitedly.

“Nope, he’s a beta! And he’s interested in somebody else!”

What about you? There’s no way somebody as handsome as yourself is single. I wouldn’t be surprised if you told me you were already married.

He didn’t see a ring on his finger, though, and he doubted somebody like this alpha – was he an alpha? He seemed far too kind and not nearly pushy enough to be one – was single unless he had just broken up with somebody or was single on purpose or was single for the sake of having as many one-night-stands as his dick would allow before it fell off. And if he was married, there was no way he wouldn’t wear a ring.

Somebody like him would want to flaunt his relationship for the whole world to see.

“That’s nice, I guess. His mate must be really happy.”

Now if only my soulmate would come and scoop me up off my feet, he thought bitterly. If I don’t find him soon, I’m seriously screwed.

“Between you and me, I don’t really know if they’re together yet. I think they’re taking it slow,” the alpha informed him like he was dishing a secret that nobody, not even Yoongi, was supposed to know. Then again, the alpha’s secret was safe with him because Yoongi didn’t know Taehyung and had no idea who he was trying to court.

"I-I see…"

“But I can respect that.”

“Really?” Yoongi asked, cocking his head to the side.

“Yeah! I think too many people rush into relationships without getting to know the person they’re into. Like, it doesn’t have to be a whole year but taking a little time to learn about the other person benefits both parties in the long run.”
"G-good point…"

"Well, I'd love to stay and chat but I've got to make it to my next class," the alpha told him before he trudged past him and down the stairs, leaving Yoongi standing between the stacks all on his lonesome with a pounding heart and a giddiness fluttering in his chest that hadn't been there before.

*I hope I can see you again soon.*
“Oh, no…”

“Oh, no what?”

He had maybe an hour before he had to go attend his statistics class and Jimin just realized that he had forgotten to do his homework. All fifteen problems on the worksheet hadn’t even been touched and there was no way that he would get them all done in time and get them done right. Taehyung was looking at him expectantly, clearly waiting to hear a response and he quickly explained the situation to him.

“That sucks,” the beta commented sympathetically. “Why don’t you copy it from someone, just for today?”

“Are you insane?” Jimin hissed, looking at Taehyung like he had lost his mind.

“It doesn’t have to be an everyday thing but c’mon, Jimin, think about it: your grade in the class is going to sink like the Titanic if you don’t turn in that worksheet.”

“I’ll make it up--”

“No, you won’t. We’re in college, remember?”

“Okay, and your point?”

“My point is that there’s no extra credit and Hong’s grading scale is merciless on anybody who doesn’t turn in all the assignments on time. Believe me, I took his class last semester and I suffered just because I forgot to turn in one worksheet.”

“Well, fuck. What do you suggest I do?”

“Find somebody to copy the homework from. Somebody smart,” Taehyung commented, placing extra emphasis on “smart”.

Somebody smart... Jimin pondered. Well, that pretty much eliminated most of his classmates right off the bat. All of them except for...

“I think I see Namjoon,” Jimin said as he squinted in an attempt to double-check that it was indeed Namjoon sitting at that table. Once he’d confirmed that it was him, he started to pack up his things only for his head to suddenly snap in his direction again when he realized there was somebody rather familiar sitting at the table with him.

“Is Namjoon smart?” Taehyung asked, though his question ended up going unanswered because Jimin wasn’t even paying attention to him at this point.

Oh, shit... it's Strawberry!

Namjoon was sitting across the table from Strawberry and there was somebody sitting directly across from Namjoon and next to Strawberry, animatedly chatting up a storm with the alpha Jimin sat next to in statistics. He was probably his mate, judging by the way they held hands atop the table and smiled at each other with such adoration that it looked like Strawberry was about to throw up at the sight of them.
Jimin felt like he was going to throw up, too, although for a completely different reason.

Was he really so lucky that Strawberry, Kyung Hee’s prettiest omega and the object of his desires, was friends with Namjoon? Was such a coincidence really possible?

Could Strawberry really be so close and yet, so far out of reach?

_The world must be laughing at me_, he thought grimly as he grabbed his things and trudged over to Namjoon’s table, though he realized he was dragging his feet for reasons he couldn’t deduce. Unfortunately, he made it over to Namjoon’s table too quickly for his liking but by then, he was unable to run away; that, and he was sure Taehyung wouldn’t have allowed him to sit back down until his worksheet was done.

“H-hey, Namjoon. Do you mind if I copy the stats homework real quick? The Z-tests, t-tests, and Chi-tests are giving me a headache and Hong is gonna kill me if I don’t turn in my homework completed.”

“Here, feel free,” the alpha said without missing a beat, maintaining a relaxed smile all the while.

“Oh, you’re a lifesaver!”

Yoongi could only watch as Namjoon withdrew his homework from the back of his hardcover stats textbook and handed it over to the young, bronze-skinned alpha, who grinned bashfully as he flipped through the packet and copied down the answers on his set of questions. He remembered seeing him in the library a few days ago when they had bumped into each other and while his presence excited him, he still couldn’t help but feel apprehensive because what if he was just as bad as everyone else?

He and Namjoon seemed to be quite chummy with each other but they were alphas and that was what set him apart from them.

Jimin, on the other hand, found himself barely breathing as he scribbled down Namjoon’s answers for all the questions he needed, which, admittedly, were the last thing on his mind right now. He was relieved that he was safe from getting a bad score on his homework but he also wasn’t worried about that right now, not when he was sitting across the table from Strawberry and practically breathing in the same air as him.

He was so pretty, he thought, but didn’t dare look up so they could lock eyes.

And that was when he found himself wondering something about Strawberry: was he Namjoon’s omega, too?

It was rare but he’d heard of polyamorous relationships being successful even when it involved two omegas and one alpha. The omegas had each other for comfort about issues that were specific to them, such as complaining about heats and being each other’s snuggle buddy, and their alpha was there for everything else as their loving protector and the one who happily fucked them when they went into heat.

However, that scenario didn't appear to be the case with Namjoon, his omega, and Strawberry but then again, Jimin thought to himself as he finished scribbling down the last problem he needed, things were not always as they seemed.

Maybe Strawberry just had a grumpy personality but was super satisfied with whatever Namjoon was doing to him in the bedroom.

Despite feeling relief that he’d finished copying Namjoon’s homework with thirty whole minutes to
spare, he couldn’t help but feel a little disappointed that his time at the table -- and his time spent breathing in the same air as Strawberry -- had come to an end but there was nothing he could do besides hand back his homework, flash Namjoon a grateful smile and thank him for doing him such a wonderful favor, and pack up his things.

“Thanks again, Namjoon! You are a lifesaver!”

“Yeah, come by anytime, Jimin.”

*So your name is Jimin?* Yoongi thought as he turned his attention back to his homework once more, having been momentarily distracted while he’d eavesdropped on their conversation in hopes of catching a juicy little tidbit of gossip and found himself left with something even better as he felt his heart expand three sizes.

*The name fits you really well. I like it a lot.*

As for Jimin, he found himself smiling so wide that he was sure he looked like the Cheshire cat, and he struggled to resist the urge not to jump up and down and scream for joy.

“How did it go? Are you safe from certain death?”

“Taehyung, I saw that cute omega,” Jimin blurted out, completely ignoring his question in favor of telling his best friend about who he had just seen and surprise drew itself across Taehyung’s face, mouth hanging slightly agape and eyes wide.

“What, really? Did you talk to him?”

“N-No, I froze up! I didn't know what to say and… and what could I possibly say when Namjoon and his mate were there?”

“I guess I see your point. Do you at least know his name?”

“I don’t know. I just call him Strawberry… to myself, that is. I-it's because of his pink hair.”

"That's really cute," Taehyung chuckled. "Let's hope you won't have to call him that forever."

“Y-yeah…”

“How much do you like him?”

“Taehyung, he makes my heart feel like it’s on fire…” Jimin admitted bashfully. “I-I… I think I like him a lot…”

“You should totally try and talk to him next time!”

“Yah, I have no reason to go over there unless I’m copying Namjoon’s homework and I’m not gonna do that for every single class!” Jimin grumbled. “Y’know, because of the honor code and all that shit.”

“What if you faked it?”

“Faked… what?”

“Faked copying his homework so you can get close to the omega you like. It’s worth a shot,” Taehyung shrugged as he took a sip of his milkshake, lips pursing around his green straw. “I mean, I don’t see any other way that an omega would naturally warm up to you.”
“I guess you’re right. If I just approached him out of the blue, he’d see me as a threat,” Jimin sighed dejectedly, head hanging low.

Why did our world have to be so fucked up that omegas are almost always scared of getting hurt? Why can’t alphas just step off a little and let omegas breathe?

If it was so easy to woo him, he wouldn’t even be single right now, the voice in his head corrected and as much as his heart ached, Jimin knew there was a lot of truth in that statement.

Yeah, that’s true, too.

"But what if…"

"What if… what??"

"What if Strawberry is Namjoon's mate?"

"Not in a million years!" Taehyung scoffed. "His mate is my cousin, Seokjin! He's sitting with them right now!"

"Uh, how close we talking? Are you two first cousins or did the family tree split somewhere down the line during a thunderstorm several generations ago and turn you two into distant cousins who might as well not even be cousins?"

"My answer for you is yes," Taehyung scoffed, which only left Jimin feeling even more confused than before.

"Yes to what?"

"Simply yes!"

"Ugh, you're no help!"

"For the love of all that is holy, just go ask him if he's single!"

"Oh, yeah, because that'll work really well! I'm not gonna come off as the creepy alpha--"

"I wasn't talking about Strawberry; I was referring to Namjoon."

"Like he'd tell me," Jimin scoffed with a roll of his eyes.

"I dunno, Strawberry looks pretty miserable with Namjoon if you ask me," Taehyung sang rather tauntingly and Jimin could only roll his eyes for a second time. "If they're fucking, he's clearly doing a bad job."

"C'mon, that's an image I didn't want to have in my head."

"You're welcome," Taehyung cackled.

The fact that he looked far too proud of having upset Jimin with such a disgusting mental image only added insult to injury but he quickly realized that there was truth to Taehyung's words. There was no point in wasting time or hoping that Namjoon would somehow be able to read his mind; he would have to ask the alpha and get the info he needed straight from the horse's mouth.

I just hope Strawberry is single.
“Hey, Seokjin, who’s that Jimin guy?”

“I think he’s one of Namjoon’s classmates. Why do you ask?”

“He’s the guy I saw in the library a week ago,” Yoongi admitted, sheepishly brushing his thumb over his nose as he wiped away some nonexistent, feathery thing that happened to be lingering right under his nostrils and was threatening to make him sneeze. He didn’t miss the look of excitement that crossed Seokjin’s features and he barely managed to resist rolling his eyes at him.

“Oh, my gosh… why didn’t you say so?”

“I didn’t know that was his name!”

“Youngi, do you like Jimin?”

“I don’t even know him.”

“Namjoon could hook you up with him—”

“No, no, don’t even start,” Yoongi snapped, not at all oblivious to the glittering stars that had sprouted in Seokjin’s dark eyes. “I don’t want anybody setting me up on a date!”

"Not even with somebody as cute as Jimin? What if he's the guy you've been looking for all this time?"

"I barely know him," Yoongi grumbled through gritted teeth. "What if he's awful?"

"He seems sweet to me."

"Yeah, to you."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"Obviously, he seems nice to you because you won't be the one dealing with him if he turns out to be a maniac."

"Hey, if I was willing to bitch-slap Hwansoo on a whim, I'm more than willing to do the same to Jimin if the situation calls for it."

"That's very comforting and all but I really don't have the strength to get hurt anymore. I want to be mated but I don't want my heart to get broken in the process."

"Youngi, I think you should at least give him a chance and go on a date with him."

"I barely know him, though."

"Well, maybe you should talk to him the next time he comes over to our table."

Easier said than done, Yoongi wanted to say but he held his tongue. It just wasn’t worth risking his heart for that beautiful man, even if he was everything he ever wanted.
As for Jimin, he realized that it was better to just bite the bullet and ask Namjoon about Strawberry and the sooner, the better. If he waited any longer, he was sure somebody was going to scoop Strawberry up and take him away before he was able to formally introduce himself and he was not going to let anyone get in the way. He saw an opening when Professor Hong gave them a short break and followed Namjoon out into the hallway so he could ask him all about Strawberry.

“Hey, what’s the name of that guy with the pink hair who’s always hanging out with you?” Jimin blurts out and the way Namjoon’s eyes widen with surprise make him feel a lot more nervous than he should.

“Um… why do you want to know?”

“Isn’t it obvious?”

“Jimin, are you asking what I think you’re asking?”

“What? No!” Jimin whisper-shouted, mortified that Namjoon would even suggest such a thing.

“For a second, I thought you were--”

“I don’t wanna fuck him and dump him. What kind of an alpha do you think I am?”

“An alpha,” Namjoon said rather pointedly, like he was trying to accuse Jimin of being guilty of some crime he didn’t even commit. Or maybe he was trying to blame him for the crimes that all alphas had committed by way of collective guilt.

It was a little ironic, considering that Namjoon was an alpha, too.

“You’re an alpha, too.”

“I have a mate, though. It’s totally different.”

“Is it now?” Jimin challenges, eyes narrowing and Namjoon nods.

“I mean, not to discredit your abilities at wooing somebody into your bed or anything but Yoongi doesn’t really want an alpha if all you’re gonna do is waste his time and then drop him if he doesn’t open his legs the second you ask.”

“Yoongi,” Jimin breathes out. He can hear the omega’s name echoing in his head like a broken record but he’s so blissed out right now, so wired on excitement, that all of his irritation fades in favor of visualizing Yoongi’s face.

The name fit the face so nicely, like he was named by angels who knew exactly what they were doing when it came to determining that boy’s destiny. The pink-haired omega with curved, almond eyes was so much more beautiful now because Jimin finally knew his name and it felt like such a huge step forward that he couldn’t help but look to Namjoon again and ask,

“What’s his family name?”

“Min,” Namjoon answers nonchalantly as he scrolled through Twitter on his phone, obviously having no qualms about telling the younger alpha what he wanted to know now that he had already rocked the boat, and Jimin’s excited heart skips another five beats at least at this new information.

“Min Yoongi,” he whispered to himself. “That’s a beautiful name.”

“You’re really whipped, aren’t you?” Namjoon snorted accusingly, which earned him a glare from
the younger alpha.

“Shut up. It’s not my fault Yoongi’s really attractive.”

“Look, there’s no way you’re gonna win his heart if you just want him for his looks.”

“Isn’t that how people fall in love? At least at the start?”

“You don’t even know his personality is like.”

“Then why don’t you introduce me?” Jimin challenges.

“I don’t think he’d appreciate me trying to hook you guys up.”

“I’ll take that chance.”

“Really? Gimme a good reason why *I should* stick my neck out for you.”

“I already ran into him in the library a few days ago,” Jimin scoffed without missing a beat. “I just forgot to ask him his name, that’s all.”

“Okay, fair enough.”

“What, that’s it?” Jimin balked.

“Um, yeah…”

“But what if Yoongi sees right through our scheme? What then?”

“Hmm, you’re right about that. Got any ideas?”

“Um, what if I came by to help you with your homework?”

“I don’t really think that’ll work, either.”

“And why not?”

“That’s time I’d like to spend with my boyfriend, *not* doing stats homework--”

“You wouldn’t even have to actually do it. You could just pretend to let me copy your homework,” Jimin blurted out in defense of his plan. It was the best thing he had to work with and he would be damned if Namjoon, or anybody, for that matter, poked holes into it.

The look on Namjoon’s face once he’s done babbling makes him look as if he’s in shock, like somebody slapped him across the face as hard as they could and now he's too stunned to react. Just to make sure he's not dead, Jimin waves his hand in front of Namjoon's face and gets his hand slapped away a few moments later.

“Okay, elaborate.”

“On what?”

“What would this ‘homework copying’ entail exactly? How would it work?”

“Well,” Jimin mused, tapping his chin in thought, “what if I finished my homework and then we switched so you pass mine off as yours.”
“Okay, I think I like where this is going… but go on.”

“And then we could meet up in the cafeteria during our free period and I could come by and pretend
to copy your homework which is really my homework and get to see Yoongi all in one fell swoop.”

“I get my homework done without lifting a finger and you get to see Yoongi. Hmm, I like this a lot.”

“You know, if this is going to work, you can't tell Yoongi the plan.”

“I wasn’t going to.”

“Just don’t do anything to make Yoongi suspicious, okay?”

“What if he figures it out by himself?”

“Hopefully he won’t.”

“He’s not called Genius Min Yoongi for nothing.”

“Who calls him that?”

“Um… just trust me on this.”

“Oh, joy…”

Preferring not to waste a single moment, Namjoon and Jimin agreed to execute their plan the
following day because, after all, there really was no time like the present. That, and the material they
were studying in stats was still easy enough that Namjoon didn’t even need to do his homework in
order to keep up.

Plus, Jimin knew that he needed to start working towards getting to know Yoongi immediately if he
wanted to have any chance of finding himself in a position where he could begin courting him. Plus,
the chance of them seeing each other during the spring semester was slim to none and the mere
thought made Jimin’s heart stutter with anxiety, which further reinforced why it was important for
him to not dally and to get on Yoongi’s good side as soon as possible.

It felt like he was diving into a pit filled with venomous snakes or vicious, hungry crocodiles that
hadn’t been fed in weeks but the next day, when he slid into the booth and sat himself next to
Namjoon, Jimin realized that their plan was probably going to work just fine.

And so, Jimin continued to come by day after day to copy the elder alpha’s homework, making a
stop at their table three times a week to get the answers to all the questions he didn’t understand or
just didn’t feel like answering and Yoongi couldn’t help but wonder if this strange alpha was lazy or
too stupid to comprehend problems that could be answered simply by plugging the correct function
into the calculator.

This kid is going to get expelled if the wrong person overhears that he's copying Namjoon's
homework every day. Namjoon's also going to get expelled for letting him copy his homework, he
thought, resisting the urge to shake his head when he heard the alpha thank Namjoon before
scampering off like he did every other day.

Fortunately for them both, no administrators ever approached their table to accuse them of what was
clearly blatant plagiarism on Jimin and Namjoon's part, and the young alpha continued to come by to
copy Namjoon's homework like he was reporting to work for a shift. He also hardly paid Yoongi
any mind besides offering him a soft, polite “hello” and the omega wasn't sure if he was supposed to
feel relieved or wounded that it seemed that Jimin didn’t even know he was there.

Was he just a fixture on the wall for this dashing, gorgeous alpha with a voice like honey and looks that would make professional models jealous? It hurt a little, especially since Jimin seemed like one of the genuinely good ones that Yoongi had been searching for but it would make sense that he didn't care about him if he wasn't his type or he already had somebody in his life.

_C'mon, you don't even know him. Why do you care who he’s fucking?_ he scolded himself. He quickly responded back to himself with, _I think he’s really cute, though, and I want to try getting lucky._

What he hadn't been expecting was for Namjoon and Seokjin to announce they had to leave early one day and abandoned them so quickly that Yoongi nearly got whiplash from realizing that he was alone at the table with this strange alpha and that there was nothing to distract the alpha from him besides the homework he needed to copy, which sat forgotten on the table now that he had found something else to occupy his attention in the form of Yoongi.

He didn’t like the mysterious look in his glittery eyes and he immediately feared the worst.

“I don’t want to sound like a bitch but… can you control yourself with me here or do you need me to leave?” Yoongi asked him, cutting him off before he was even able to greet him.

He didn’t know what to say, having been taken aback by the omega’s blunt, forward tone, and to his dismay, Yoongi seemed to take his silence as a response because he scoffed quietly and started packing up his things.

_No, no, no, this wasn’t supposed to happen!_ the voice in Jimin’s head screamed in protest.

_Jimin, do something! Don’t let him get away!_

“Please stay,” Jimin begged softly, grabbing Yoongi’s wrist without thinking. It was the first thing that had come to mind and he would deal with the repercussions later. For now, he was just happy that the omega had stopped from putting his chemistry book into his backpack and he looked confused, which was a relief because Jimin had been expecting him to retaliate with physical violence.

“Don’t leave. I’m perfectly okay with you here.”

“You’re not feeling hormonal?” Yoongi hated how obvious the surprise in his voice was.

“You smell nice but don’t worry, I’m not desperate to fuck you. You don’t have to be scared. I promise I won’t do anything you don’t want.”

“T-thank you…”

“I remember you from the library,” Jimin muttered softly after a few minutes had passed and they had made themselves comfortable with their homework once more, when he sensed that it was okay to spark some light conversation in hopes that Yoongi would be willing to chat. “We bumped into each other.”

“Y-yeah, I remember.”

“And I realized I never introduced myself. My name is Park Jimin.”

“Honestly, now that I’m hearing it, it makes sense that you’d be named Jimin,” Yoongi complimented. His heart soared just from being able to tell this alpha what he thought about his
lovely name. Hopefully, he would appreciate the compliment and say something nice back to him.

“So now you know my name but I never got your name.” He wanted Yoongi to introduce himself even though he already knew his name from Namjoon because asking him for his name was certainly easier than sheepishly explaining why he knew his name beforehand.

“My name’s Yoongi, Min Yoongi.”

“Yoongi, huh? That’s a really pretty name. It really suits you,” Jimin complimented, flashing Yoongi a bright smile that made the omega’s heart pound for reasons he couldn’t quite deduce.

Yoongi felt a blush crawl across his cheeks and he was sure his face was redder than his pink hair; he could only hope that Jimin wouldn’t point it out because he knew he would probably die on the spot from embarrassment.

“T-thanks…”

“You’re welcome. So, uh…”

“Y-yeah?”

“I think you’re pretty cool and I’d like to get to know you a little better. Would you, um, like to go out for coffee or dinner sometime?” Jimin propositioned nervously, silently hoping and praying that he wasn’t about to destroy all of his chances at befriending the world’s prettiest omega.

“Y-yeah, definitely! I’d love to go out to dinner with you,” Yoongi agreed excitedly without missing a beat.

“C-can I get your number?”

He wanted to scream with joy to the high heavens when Yoongi handed him his phone and took his, both of them adding their numbers in each others’ address books. After he got his phone back, Jimin found a text message in his notification tray from Yoongi, confirming that the omega hadn’t ghosted him with a fake phone number because that would have been so heartbreaking.

Yoongi

[Sent at 11:03 A.M.]

Hi :)

Jimin

[Sent at 11:03 A.M.]

Hello ♥

In that moment, they both felt like they had won the lottery.
It was almost two a.m. and Yoongi was wide awake.

Perhaps he wasn’t helping his case by being on his phone but after hours of restless tossing and turning, he couldn’t stand the thought of staring up at the blank ceiling until his eyes glazed over any longer.

Counting sheep was out of the question, too.

His Google search results also yielded little to no help, with most of the results that popped up being connected to insomnia or frightening sleep disorders, which Yoongi knew wasn’t the case with him. He just couldn’t sleep, all because his mind swirling with thoughts like a hurricane about everything from his next mixtape for Jazz/Pop Theory to what he was going to eat for breakfast and especially what Jimin was up to at this hour.

_I hope he’s sleeping well_, he thought wistfully. He couldn’t say the same for himself and after spending a few more minutes tossing and turning, Yoongi gave up and decided he was just torturing himself by lying in bed.

Normally, he had no issues with falling asleep and considered himself Korea’s Self-Proclaimed Sleeping Champion but insomnia had defeated him this time.

_Screw it. I'm going to the library._

Maybe the smell of old books and the quiet atmosphere would lull him right to sleep. Well, Yoongi could only hope.

Unfortunately, he discovered that breathing in the cool air on his way to the library had snapped him into wakefulness but had done little to affect just how tired he was and as he shuffled into the building, he found himself wishing he could be back in bed despite knowing that his mattress didn’t want to see him right now and quite frankly, he didn’t, either. Maybe what he really needed to fall asleep was to pretend that he was researching a topic for one of his classes and so, Yoongi sat himself down at the first carrel he came across and slumped over, immediately burying his head in his arms.

_Maybe I can just move into the library and sleep at one of these carrels for the rest of my life..._

“Hey, you okay?”

The omega looked up, recognizing that familiar voice, and saw Jimin standing a few feet away from him. He looked sleepy, like he was just about ready to go back to his dorm and pass out but for whatever reason, he had decided to check on him first. Of all the people who could have approached him, Jimin was the one person who Yoongi was happy to see right now.

"O-oh, h-hi!" Yoongi stuttered.

"Hi," Jimin chuckled.

"I didn't see you there!"

"Sorry if I snuck up on you."
"Don't worry, you didn't," Yoongi assured him.

"So whatcha doing here at the hour? Can't sleep?"

"Yeah, it's just one of those nights…"

"Do you, um… want some company? That is, if you’re not busy?"

“No, I’m not busy,” he insisted, which was all Jimin needed to pull up a chair from another carrel and sit down next to the omega he already adored even though they were just getting to know each other. Sure, they had agreed to go on a platonic, casual dinner date this weekend but there was still so much he wanted to know about the omega, like what his interests were and what he liked to do in his free time when he wasn’t cursing his professors.

“So… what’s the fabulous Min Yoongi doing up at this hour?”

“I literally can’t sleep,” said omega laughed bashfully.

“Yeah, same. I decided to try working on my essay but I didn’t get very far. I guess I’m too tired for that right now.”

“Honestly, what is it with professors and essays? It’s not like we’re going to write essays when we graduate!”

“Well, we will be writing reports when we find work after graduation.”

“Not me,” Yoongi scoffed. “There’s no report writing in music production!”

“Lucky you,” Jimin laughed.

“Now if only I could get my degree.”

“Why do you say that?”

“Well, I’m suffering from insomnia and clearly, you are, too,” Yoongi half-laughed, half-scoffed. “If I die of sleep deprivation, there won’t be a Min Yoongi to walk across the stage in May.”

“You know, they say if you can’t sleep, it’s probably because somebody’s thinking about you.”

“W-who says that?”

“People,” Jimin shrugged nonchalantly, appearing oblivious to Yoongi’s nervousness.

Yoongi knew why he was nervous, for the first person who came to mind when Jimin mentioned that old wives’ tale was the alpha himself. His heart pounded at the thought of this alpha daydreaming about him whenever he had a spare moment and he immediately banished the thought because he knew there was nothing more dangerous than entertaining such ideas when he had no proof that Jimin liked him like that.

“People, huh?”

“Yeah, people… somewhere out there in the world,” Jimin chuckled lightly.

As tired as he was, Jimin found himself gazing upon Yoongi’s face and wishing he could lean in and kiss him. He wanted to press his lips to his forehead, to his cheeks, to his temple, to his nose, and most importantly, to his lips. He wondered what Yoongi tasted like -- would he taste like
strawberries and vanilla despite his scent being rather muted, clearly a result of Namjoon’s scent cloaking him? -- and wondered if there might ever come a day when this lovely omega would willingly sit in his lap and cuddle with him for as long as they both wanted.

“Fair enough.”

“So, um… can I get to know you a little better?”

“What did you have in mind?” Yoongi questioned.

“Do you want to play 20 Questions? Or rather, we can ask each other a few questions and then go to bed since it’s rather late.”

Yoongi nervously agreed, though he couldn’t help but notice that he was feeling somewhat wary of what kind of questions Jimin might spring on him. He hoped they wouldn’t get overly personal, at least, not until they’d had a little more time to get to know each other and hoped that their questions would lean towards small talk more than anything. Fortunately, Jimin let him go first and he blurted out the first question that came to mind.

“What's your favorite chocolate?”

"Hershey's is pretty good," Jimin shrugged. “I'm not big on chocolate but I like the cookies & cream flavor the best.”

“Yeah, that one’s pretty good.”

“You like that flavor, too?”

“I mean, yeah, but it’s not my favorite chocolate.”

“What would that be?”

“I really like Milka chocolate. I've only tried it a few times -- okay, not even, more like twice -- when my brother would bring it back from whatever European country he's been to but it's so good…”

“Does your brother travel a lot?”

“He’s a pilot,” Yoongi clarified. "So yeah, he kind of is a traveler. A very well-paid traveler who gets to sit in the cockpit of the plane."

"That sounds like a dream."

"It does," Yoongi chuckled, "but I don't think I could have made it as a pilot. I'm scared of heights enough as it is and I think I can do more good with my feet on the ground."

"I totally get where you're coming from."

“Don’t get me wrong, I still want to travel one day. I just don’t want to have any responsibility regarding manning a gazillion-pound death machine.”

“Yeah, same,” Jimin agreed, though he was cut off by a yawn despite having said very little. Yoongi also yawned loudly and it was then that they both realized they were quite exhausted, especially since the time was nearing four in the morning.

“C’mon, I think we should both hit the sack.”
Despite his exhaustion, though, Jimin dragged himself across campus as he accompanied Yoongi back to his dorm, wanting to ensure that he saw Kyung Hee’s resident strawberry-haired omega get back to his room safe and sound with his own eyes.

By simply believing that Yoongi would be fine, he ran the risk of allowing something bad to happen to him and Jimin refused to enable any evil alphas by being naive and lazy.

Was he being too overprotective over somebody who probably would never want to date him? Probably.

Did it affect how much he cared for Yoongi? Not one bit.

“Hey, thanks for walking me back to my dorm. I really appreciate it.”

“Anytime, Yoongi.”

“See you… in a few hours,” the omega giggles. He locked eyes with Jimin in time to see him smile bashfully, cheeks coloring a pretty shade of pink that made him want to cup his face and kiss him senseless and felt his own cheeks burning up. “That is, if I can even fall asleep.”

“I hope you have some sweet dreams.”

“T-thanks. Bye…”

Four hours later, Yoongi awoke to his roommate’s alarm clock and cursed as he realized that he needed to get going, too. He appreciated rooming with Jinyoung again because the silence in a single-bed dorm was deafening to the point of insanity and he hadn’t been able to even stand the thought of spending another semester alone. Jinyoung felt the same way, though his reasons for rooming up with him had everything to do with the miserable experience he’d had last semester, where the person he was rooming with insisted on partying every single night until finally dropping out a few weeks before the semester ended.

Clearly, they had both suffered being away from each other and were better off together than apart.

A headache pounded against his skull and he felt even more desperate desire to sleep in but he couldn’t, not when he had classes to go to. And so, Yoongi dragged himself into the bathroom even though he could feel every muscle in his body screaming at him to return to bed and sleep until he was well-rested. By some miracle, he found himself in the cafeteria fifteen or so minutes later, wishing he could just peacefully pass away so he could sleep as long as he wanted.

“Good morning, Yoongi,” Jimin chirped as he approached him where he sat, his eyes glittering with life and looking so vibrant that the omega felt jealous over the fact that he looked better than he felt.

“It’s not a good morning, Jimin.”

“Are you okay?” Concern immediately found itself on the alpha’s face, eyebrows furrowing and mouth turning downward in worry.

“I think I’m going to die,” Yoongi groaned sleepily. “I didn’t get any sleep…”

“Awh, I’m so sorry to hear that. Can I get you anything?”

“Can I have some Coke, please?”

“Sure thing. Wait here,” Jimin said and returned after what had only felt like a few moments with the
bottle of soda the omega had requested along with a straw that matched Yoongi’s hair.

He thanked Jimin as he twisted the cap open with a loud crack and stuck his pink straw in his drink before taking a sip, grateful for the protective seal present on every bottle because it assured him that he wasn’t about to get roofied. It wasn’t that he didn’t trust Jimin but he didn’t know him that well, either, hence why he wanted to be on the safe side until he knew that he could put his life in Jimin’s hands.

That’s never gonna happen, though, Yoongi thought, resisting the urge to scoff at how ridiculous he was being. Jimin’s nice but... I don’t think he would ever stick his neck out for me, even if he became my alpha. Hell, there’s no way that’s going to happen, either.

Now, it wasn’t that he would want Jimin to put himself at risk for him, either. Yoongi was more than capable of defending himself when the situation called for it.

He was awfully sweet and whatever omega ended up making him happy, happy enough for him to want to get down on one knee and spend the rest of his life being in a devoted relationship to one person, would definitely wake up happy every single day. As for himself, he would just have to learn to be content with the fact that he wasn’t the person who would make Jimin happy, that’s all.

It hurt, especially since he liked him a lot but it was true.

He couldn’t possibly hope to make Jimin happy, not with his family background and traumatic childhood. Jimin deserved an omega who had grown up loved and spoiled; that way, any children they had would grow up happy and wouldn’t be cursed with a parent who was irreversibly fucked up in the head the way Yoongi knew he would be.

After all, if his parents hadn’t been able to love him, how could he possibly give love and affection to Jimin or to any children he brought into the world when he didn’t even know what that kind of love was like?

And if Jimin ever admitted that he liked him back, he would probably turn him away and tell him to find somebody more worthy of his love and time. That way, this beautiful alpha would never get burdened with him or any children he ended up giving him.

“So, what’s on your mind?” Jimin asked, as if he could sense that Yoongi had become lost in thought, snapping the omega out of his daze so fast that he nearly got whiplash.

“O-oh, um... I’m just dozing off, that’s all.”

“Maybe I should have bought you tea instead.” Jimin sounded far too amused for his own good but Yoongi was also far too tired to argue with him.

Instead, he boldly slid out of his booth and squeezed himself in next to Jimin, laid his head down on the alpha’s shoulder, and tried his hardest to continue breathing normally even though Jimin’s scent - - he smelled like applesauce as well as a bit of melon, which lingered near his lips like he had just eaten some melon-flavored candy -- made him want to swarm the alpha, perhaps even sit in his lap, press kisses to his collarbones, and maybe sneakily suck bruises into his skin to let others know he wanted him and that they should all back off because he wanted him the most.

But he doesn’t, because that would make him just as bad as the alphas who got all up in an omega’s space and pushed boundaries until they managed to cross them before diving into sexual assault. Alphas -- the good ones, anyways -- deserved just as much respect as anybody else.

“Maybe you should have...”
“I’ll do that next time.”

_I wouldn’t mind smelling like you_, Yoongi thought wistfully. It would certainly be infinitely better than smelling like Namjoon, who scented him every morning after Seokjin had suggested it as a way to protect him from Hwansoo and anybody else who might think that he was “asking for it” just because he wasn’t taking suppressants.

He’d told Seokjin that he was taking them but he was sure that his best friend had seen right through his lie the second it had passed his lips. Fortunately, senior year had turned Seokjin into the busiest bee Yoongi had ever known as he scrambled between classes and clinicals and thus, hardly had any time to keep an eye on Yoongi except for when he was on campus and not at the hospital. And even then, he spent little time hovering over him like a concerned parent and used every second of free time to snog with Namjoon.

It was gross to Yoongi but it was also their life and their relationship and he wanted his friends to be happy, even if he didn’t like witnessing PDA every time he met up with them.

“So how much do I owe you for the soda, Jimin?”

“You don’t owe me anything.”

“C’mon, don’t joke around.”

“I’m not joking. I really don’t mind.”

“Mmm, then thank you,” Yoongi mumbled, much too sleepy to argue about paying him back for the soda any further. “You’re very sweet…”

_He thinks I’m sweet_, Jimin thought, feeling his heart soaring at the compliment that he could happily die right now. The only thing that could possibly make him happier was if Yoongi sat up and kissed him right now.

There was no chance of that happening, though, not when Yoongi appeared to be fast asleep on his shoulder and Jimin figured he might as well take what he could get from this gorgeous, strawberry-haired omega in the meantime. He hoped that his shoulder would become a comfortable resting place for Yoongi and that he would come to trust him more and more because he wanted to be able to hold his hand, hug him tightly, and most importantly, be able to kiss him until they were both gasping for air; this beautiful human being dozing on his shoulder had captured his heart and probably didn’t even realize it.

_I would give you everything if I could become your alpha. And I hope that, maybe one day, we’ll get to that point._

He could only hope.
Jimin

[Sent at 1:25 P.M.]

Hey, are we still on for our dinner date later today?

Oh, shit, that’s today...

He felt bad realizing that, had Jimin not texted him, he would have completely forgotten about their dinner date but Yoongi was at a serious impasse when it came to Jimin.

He was incredibly sweet, which was a little too much of a good thing even though it was everything Yoongi could have ever asked of him. Hell, he didn’t even need their relationship to go to the next level because he was happy just being friends with Jimin.

But he also wanted more.

If he was being honest, so far… yes, Jimin exhibited a lot of traits Yoongi had been searching for in a mate, some of the most important of those being his sweet scent and his casual, pleasant demeanor. Their similarly in heights was also something Yoongi liked because, despite Jimin clearly possessing more muscle and weighing at least a good twenty pounds more than him as a result of his love for the gym, he wasn’t so big that Yoongi felt intimidated by his size or worried that Jimin would crush him if they ever ended up getting it on in bed.

He looked like a protector, like somebody who was equipped to take on the world and protect his mate and had a positive attitude to go with it.

What are you doing to my heart? Yoongi wanted to type back, not at all oblivious to the way his heart had started pounding in his chest after he’d seen the alpha’s name attached to the text he’d received.

Giving his number to Jimin had been one of the best decisions he’d ever made, especially since the alpha was always kind enough to actually respond to any texts he sent rather than leave him on Read or worse, give him one-word answers that would have wounded him simply because Yoongi always interpreted those responses as being mean, sarcastic, or bored and as a result, hated being brushed off. He also had to give him props for not being annoying because any other alpha -- Jungsil and Hwansoo frequently came to mind -- probably would have constantly harassed him if he’d given them his number; he understood that he wanted to get to know him and wanted to be friends for now and was not open to booty calls just because his number was plugged into his phone.

Jimin, I don’t think you realize what you’re doing to me.

More than once over the past few days, Yoongi had noticed himself daydreaming even in classes he actually enjoyed and it was then that he realized his infatuation with Jimin was serious. Perhaps he could call it love if he just gave it a little more time, which he knew he had since Jimin appeared a little apprehensive and didn’t want to take a step forward and push their relationship to the next level despite both of them clearly wanting it.
He wanted Jimin to ask him out -- or even turn the tables and be the one to ask out the alpha of his dreams -- and yet, at the same time, it was the one thing that terrified Yoongi more than anything else in the world.

“Hey, what are you doing here?”

“Just trying to sort out my thoughts,” Yoongi responded coolly. He hadn’t been expecting Seokjin to sneak up on him but he prided himself on having managed to keep his composure. “The library’s nice and quiet so I’ve got that going for me.”

“You sound like Namjoon,” Seokjin chuckled, though this earned him a dirty look from the younger, who did not seem all that amused with being compared to his boyfriend. “Anyways, what are you thinking about?”

“Ah, well… it’s a little embarrassing…”

“Lemme guess: you’re thinking about Jimin.”

“H-how’d you know?” Yoongi stuttered.

“The look on your face pretty much says it all,” Seokjin pointed out with a shrug. “You’re blushing, too.”

“A-am not!”

“You’re literally as pink as your hair.”

“Am not!”

Okay, okay, you’re not. But do tell me what’s on your mind.”

He pulled up a chair so he could sit next to him and Yoongi realized that Seokjin was clearly in no hurry to go anywhere, much more interested in hearing everything he had to say about Jimin. And since Seokjin was his best friend, an honorable title Yoongi didn’t easily give just to anyone, he figured he could trust him not to spill the beans in front of Jimin and, if needed, to Namjoon. He especially hoped that neither of them ended up giving Jimin any impressions, vague or specific, that informed the alpha of his feelings for him because he wanted to be the one in control of the speed at which their friendship was developing, not get swept up in a whirlwind of emotions and chaos that would leave him wounded and confused.

He had found something so good and precious in Jimin, something that wasn’t easily found in alphas and thus, was so much more valuable because it was so rare and he didn’t want to lose it. He wanted to take things at his own pace and really get to know this alpha before he went any further.

But to give Jimin some credit, Yoongi had gotten further with him in their friendship than he had with any other alpha. So there was that.

“Everything about him is so… intense,” Yoongi blurted out. “My heart goes crazy when he’s around and I don’t know why."

“You’re in love,” Seokjin chuckles, earning him a dirty look from the younger omega that quickly fades off into something softer when he realizes that there was no point in denying it.

“Y-yeah, you’re right.”
“How’s it feel?”

“It feels… I don’t even know. I guess it feels like I’m on top of the world. It’s just… um…”

“What’s on your mind?”

“D-do you think he likes me back?”

“I’ve seen the way he looks at you,” Seokjin answered without missing a beat, grinning broadly when he saw Yoongi's cheeks color a pretty pink that almost matched his hair. "He's got stars in his eyes and I don't have a doubt in my mind that you're the only one he's got eyes for. From my perspective, Yoongi, he looks at you like you’re his whole world--"

“That’s so corny!” the younger half-laughed, half-scoffed.

“It’s true!”

"Hmph… if you say so.”

“I know so.”

“Hey, all I’m saying is that you don’t see that kind of love and adoration every day, especially not from an alpha.”

“You’re reading too much into it.”

“Am not!” Seokjin protested vehemently. “Look, Yoongi, when somebody is responding so well to everything you do and even just to who you are as a person, I think that’s a good sign that they’re interested in you. I mean, Jimin is literally wearing his heart on his sleeve for you so how don’t you see it?”

“Maybe because I need glasses,” the younger mocked.

“Nah, you don't need glasses because you’re blind.”

“Wow, rude!”

“Just speaking the truth.”

“I can tell you where you can shove that truth,” Yoongi scoffed and Seokjin immediately slapped a hand over his chest right where his heart beat, feigning hurt. It took him a few moments to process what Seokjin had told him and he couldn’t help but notice how his voice had suddenly turned shy as he asked,

“So, um, do you really think he likes me back?”

“Well, he’s most certainly not coming over to our table every day for Namjoon’s homework, that’s for sure.”

“What do you mean by that?”

“He’s coming over to see you!” A duh! was clearly present in Seokjin’s voice but Yoongi still couldn’t help roll his eyes.

“Yeah, right.”
“Trust me, he cares more about getting to see your gorgeous face every day than passing that stupid stats class he and Namjoon are always complaining about.”

“Yeah, well… I’m not pretty,” was the only thing Yoongi said in response to what he’d just been told, cheeks burning at the prospect that Jimin thought he was pretty.

“I didn’t say you were pretty, I said that you were gorgeous, which you are.”

“No, I’m not.”

“Yes, you are. Even I was jealous when I first met you.”

"You were?” Yoongi laughed nervously. He wasn’t quite sure what to make of Seokjin’s confession, only that he felt nervous and didn’t know what to do with this newfound information.

“Hell yeah, I was,” Seokjin admitted like it was something to brag about. “Mother Nature took its sweet time with you, probably because she knew that you had to be pretty enough to ensure Jimin would notice you.”

“Right, because me and Jimin are soulmates destined to get married, have loads of cute babies that will look a little bit like the both of us, and share our lives together.”

“I’m sensing the sarcasm.”

“I’m not being sarcastic, just honest.”

“Yeah, well, I’m telling you that you’re wrong. Jimin would probably marry you tomorrow if he knew you’d say yes.”

Would he, really? Yoongi could feel his heart soaring at the thought of that gorgeous, bronze-skinned alpha getting down on one knee and opening a ring box bearing an engagement ring more beautiful than anything beyond his wildest dreams.

“I’m not kidding. He really would.”

“Did he tell you that?”

“No, but it’s so obvious that it’s pretty much written across his forehead.”

“Shut up…”

“No, it’s true!”

“Well, you definitely convinced me that he likes me,” Yoongi said, quickly typing back a response to Jimin because he didn’t see the point in waiting any longer, not when his mind was made up.

**Yoongi**

[Sent at 1:43 P.M.]

Yes, we are!
Jimin

[Sent at 1:45 P.M.]

Perfect! I’ll see you at five!

"What's with that pretty smile, huh? Did Jimin send you something?"

"S-shut up…" Yoongi mumbled.

“He did, didn’t he?”

“He, um… he asked me if we’re still on for dinner today.”

“Dinner? Oh, my gosh, congratulations, Yoongi!”

“Congrats for what?” the younger grumbled. “It’s just dinner.”

“Just dinner’,” Seokjin scoffed. “You two are pretty much an item now.”

“Nah, not really.”

“Yeah, uh-huh, you are.”

Yoongi felt a little dizzy upon realizing that Seokjin was right and sucked in a deep breath in an attempt to steady himself because Jimin made him feel excited and clear-headed at the same time, like he was the one person who had all the answers to life’s mysteries in the palm of his hands and was willing to share them with him so he could also enlighten himself but also had some strange effect on him that had him convinced he was in love.

I think I like Jimin a lot… and I think Seokjin’s right. He likes me, too, but I just need to be careful a little while longer, until I’m one-hundred-and-ten percent sure that he’ll return my feelings.

Jimin was so sweet and perfect but Yoongi didn’t want to risk destroying the relationship they did have by attempting to take things a step further before it was appropriate.

Or maybe we’re rushing a little too fast, he thought grimly. It was almost October and while he was enjoying the benefits of their friendship, he was worried that the looming threat of midterms and their constant dancing around each other was going to ruin everything. But at the same time, I just wanna grab him by the shirt and kiss him senseless and ask him to warm my bed forever and ever. And I want to tell him that I like him.

Unfortunately, it just wasn’t a risk he was willing to take until he was absolutely sure Jimin liked him.

Plus, he wasn’t sure if Jimin had his eyes on some other omega who was much prettier than he was and didn’t have a multitude of issues -- everything from painful heats to depression -- following them everywhere they went. As much as his heart hurt at the thought, Yoongi could only imagine Jimin running for the hills upon realizing that he was just a broken omega living in a body that was filled with black holes caused by years of emotional abuse from his parents, who didn’t know how to show him that they loved him despite claiming that they did.
Jimin, you deserve an omega who will make you happy. I don’t think there’s anything about me that will convince your parents I’m the one for you. At least, not long-term.

But at the same time, Yoongi was just too selfish to stay in his league. He wanted Jimin, who, despite being absolutely unattainable, was everything he’d ever dreamed of having.

Hell, even the alpha in his dream couldn’t hold a candle to the dashing young man named Park Jimin.

“So when are you going out to dinner?”

“He said at five.”

“Wow. Punctual.”

“I don’t even know what I’m going to wear,” Yoongi sighed heavily.

“I think you should go back to your dorm and shower.”

“What, I smell that bad?”

“No, you smell fine but I think you should freshen up for Jimin.”

“We’re just going out to dinner, you dumb-dumb.”

“Is that code for something else?”

“Shut up, it’s not…”

“Then go get ready. Make yourself pretty for Jimin.”

“Make myself pretty for Jimin,” Yoongi scoffed mockingly.

“Just dress nice is all I’m saying!”

“Well, then I’d better go take a look at my closet because I’ve been wearing the same shirt under this hoodie for the past week.”

“How sexy,” Seokjin drawled sarcastically.

“See you later.”

Upon grabbing his things, Yoongi took his leave and scrambled back to his dorm so he could take a shower and still have enough time to doll himself up in hopes that his looks would be enough to convince Jimin that no other omega on campus was prettier than him even if that wasn’t the case.

Seokjin could easily hold a candle to him but Yoongi didn’t really consider him a serious contender for Jimin’s affection because he had Namjoon. Still, Yoongi would have most definitely clawed out the elder’s eyes if he even gave the slightest indication that he wanted Jimin despite his mated status because he’d done him a solid by rejecting all of Namjoon’s advances so that he could have a shot at him.

Fortunately, Jimin was too skinny for Seokjin.

_Is he too skinny for me, too?_ Yoongi couldn’t help but ask himself.

Even though he hadn’t pulled off his t-shirt yet, he couldn’t help but notice the slight curve to his...
tummy and immediately sucked it in, relief flooding through him when his shirt came to hang loosely. As long as he held in his stomach and maybe toned down on how much ramen he consumed, Jimin might come to like his body.

Still, I better wear something that hides my stomach in case I end up eating a lot. I don’t want him to think I’m a little bird that subsists off breadcrumbs.

As scared as he was of the possibility that Jimin would take one look at him and label him as a “fatass” in his mind, Yoongi wanted to indulge in good food since he’d put off buying food so he could enjoy a fine meal tonight. If he was going to be broke until his next paycheck, he wanted to make sure he emptied his wallet on good food, at least.

And as long as Jimin kept his comments to himself, he figured it didn’t really matter how the alpha perceived him or his eating habits.

If he likes me, then he likes me. If he doesn’t, then… it is what it is...

Ignoring his reflection in the mirror, Yoongi tugged off his shirt and boxers and hopped in the shower, cleaned up, and hopped back out when his fingertips started getting pruney. He decided that wearing something casually semi-formal was probably a good move if he wanted to make a good impression on Jimin and convince him that he was deserving of a second date.

And sure, the omega was often the one offering a second date but that was an old wives' tale Yoongi didn't place any stock in because he had to make a good impression, too, in the likely event that Jimin completely lost interest in him if tonight didn't go as well as they hoped.

Am I stupid for hoping that he likes me? Yoongi asked himself as he carefully buttoned up his shirt, making sure not to miss a single button because he wanted to appear presentable and like he’d taken more than five minutes to get ready.

He hoped the universe would give him some brownie points for taking several hours to prepare himself but he knew that it wouldn’t count for very much in the end besides having done himself a favor to ensure he wasn’t frazzled and stressed as he stepped out to meet up with the object of his desires.

He’s so sweet and loving and genuine and… I’ve never met anybody like him before. I’d kill to be his omega.

So why don’t you ask him? a voice in his head asked, startling him because it was so gentle and soft, so unlike the mean, cruel, deprecating voice that normally emerged from the shadows to taunt him. Be the bold, brave omega you’ve been all these years and ask the man of your dreams to be your alpha. What have you got to lose?

I could lose him, Yoongi thought grimly. That’s not a chance I’m willing to take.

But what if it ends up being the best decision you ever made?

Again, it’s not a chance I’m willing to take.

Yoongi resisted the urge to huff in frustration and spared a glance at his phone so he could check the time and saw he had just enough time to leave his dorm and meet up with Jimin, who told him that he was on his way to their agreed meeting spot. By the time he arrived, the omega already found Jimin waiting patiently for him with his hands buried in his pockets and a pleasant smile blessing his angelic features.
“Hey, Jimin.”

"Hi, Yoongi. You look nice," Jimin complimented as he quickly glanced over his outfit without lingering on one part of his body for too long, not wanting to come off as creepy or lusty. It was refreshing and helped Yoongi feel like he wasn’t a piece of meat Jimin wanted to sink his teeth into.

Now, in all fairness, Jimin was probably the one alpha Yoongi would willingly give himself to but he didn't want to, especially if giving his body to this lovely alpha was what ended up causing a 180-degree shift in personality. He at least wanted to know the young man standing before him wouldn't throw him out with the morning garbage before he made such a life-changing decision such as opening his legs for him.

"T-thanks… so do you," Yoongi uttered sheepishly. To say that Jimin looked stunning in a white t-shirt, leather jacket, and dark ripped jeans would be the understatement of the century.

"Thanks. Wanna get going?"

Yoongi happily agreed and followed Jimin to the restaurant across the street from campus that he’d frequented plenty of times with Seokjin and Namjoon, pleased to find that they were eating somewhere with a familiar menu. Today of all days, he didn’t want to be distracted with a foreign menu when all he really wanted to do was spend time with Jimin rather than worry about whether his food was going to suck.

“How are your classes going?"

“Pretty okay,” Jimin said once they were seated. They engaged in small talk while they scanned their menus for ideas on what to eat and he was content with chatting up this pretty omega. If given the chance, Jimin would happily scoop Yoongi up and carry him away so they could spend their lives together.

“I think they’re easier this semester compared to last year, probably because I’m taking classes I actually like.”

“Yeah, that definitely helps,” Yoongi acknowledged. “I felt the same way. Sometimes I still do.”

“Glad I’m not the only one.”

Their conversation died down when their waiter came over to take their orders but even when they sat in silence, browsing their phones to pass the time until their food showed up, it didn’t feel awkward or strained like they’d expected. If anything, the silence was soothing and not at all awkward, perhaps because being in each other’s company felt comforting even when they didn’t know what to talk about but Jimin preferred this over engaging in forced conversation.

*I wish I could hold your hand, Yoongi. I would give you everything I possibly could, just if I knew you liked me back, Jimin thought bashfully. I’d make all your dreams come true, pretty boy.*

When their meals showed up, they felt the discomfort, which had been ebbing against the otherwise cozy silence, dissipate and breathing immediately became easier.

“So, uh… what’s your favorite food?” Jimin asked as he scooped up some soup with his spoon and sipped it, relishing in the taste of kimchi and all the seasoning that had been lovingly poured into his bowl.

“You’re looking at it,” Yoongi said, gesturing to his plate.
“Lamb skewers?”

“Yep! I love lamb skewers! I could eat it all the time and I would, if I had the money.”

“Yeah, I know how that feels. I’d eat meat all the time if I could but ramen is cheaper.”

“I wish meat was cheaper than ramen. I honestly wouldn’t mind paying dirt-cheap prices for all the meat I could ever want.”

“We should go out for barbeque one day,” Jimin boldly suggested, though he partly wanted to kick himself for getting ahead of himself when he and Yoongi were just on a friendly dinner date that probably couldn’t even be considered a date-date.

“I’d like that,” Yoongi beamed, and Jimin felt relief wash over him. “Wanna celebrate after midterms are over?”

“Y-yes, that sounds great, actually!”

“Let’s do great on our midterms, then!”

“For you, I’ll get A-plus-pluses in all my subjects,” Jimin giggled and all Yoongi could do was bow his head to hide his burning-hot cheeks and indulge in his dinner, feeling like he was on top of the world with the compliment he’d been given. Whether Jimin had realized he’d complimented him or not didn’t matter; he felt so blessed and nobody could take away this moment of happiness that he would treasure forever and ever.

"I'm gonna remind myself of this meal whenever I get hungry," Yoongi laughed as he set down the last metal skewer down on his plate after having picked it clean of any remaining lamb. Though they had shared a nice dinner, Jimin was perplexed by what Yoongi had said.

"Why do you say that?"

"I don't have any money and this upcoming paycheck isn't going to be that great so… I'm going to be stuck living on oxygen and water until Friday."

“What about the cafeteria?”

“I ate there once and got so sick that I was throwing up for three days straight. Never again.”

"But you don't have food back at your dorm?" Jimin gasped, horrified by the thought.

"It's not that big of a deal--"

"Yoongi, don’t say it like that. It's a big deal. You need to eat."

“It’s fine. I just ate.”

“Unfortunately, eating isn’t a one-time thing.”

“Imagine how much money we’d have if we didn’t have to buy food,” Yoongi chuckled softly.

“There would be something else that would be taking our money, though,” Jimin pointed out, though he also saw a little of the humor about the topic they were discussing.

“Hmm… maybe.”
"So, um… can I buy you some food to bring back to your dorm?" Jimin proposed after a few moments spent deliberating whether he should even bother asking Yoongi. He ended up deciding that he should ask after realizing that the worst thing Yoongi could say to him was “no”, after which he planned on leaving it alone and not pressing the omega on the issue.

He wasn’t sure why his heart hurt, though; on one hand, seeing surprise cross Yoongi’s face definitely made his heart ache because some part of him had realized right then and there that the lovely, strawberry-haired omega seated in the booth across from him definitely wasn’t used to generosity, even less so than an average person. Or maybe hearing Yoongi so nonchalantly mention that he was going to go hungry for a while was something he realized he couldn’t stand for without at least making sure Yoongi would be okay.

"You’re… you’re kidding, right?"

"Not at all. I just… I’d feel bad not doing anything to help you when you're gonna go hungry for the next four days."

At least he asked before ordering takeout, Yoongi thought. Maybe chivalry isn't dead after all.

"So will you let me buy you something?" Jimin asked, almost pleading.

"Okay, but… don't spend too much."

"Can I get an order of beef strips and an extra large bowl of rice to go?" Jimin asked the server when he came by to collect their dishes and give them their cheque, receiving a cheery-sounding “of course!”. 

Be still, please, Yoongi silently begged his heart whilst hoping that it wouldn’t pop in his chest, though he was sure it was going to stop listening to him and do exactly that. Despite his anxiety, he managed to swallow his fears and blurt out something that he hoped would truly flatter Jimin and not leave him feeling like a fool for having dared to take things a step further.

“Jimin, has anybody told you that you’re one of the good ones?”

“Y-you’re the first, actually!” the alpha stuttered, having been taken completely by surprise by Yoongi’s compliment.

No way… Yoongi was in disbelief. Part of him really wanted to accuse Jimin of lying because it was impossible that somebody as sweet as him was unappreciated and that was exactly what he did, though he did his best to be gentle and come off as playful.

“C’mon, don’t lie. There’s omegas lining up around the block to date you.”

“Believe me when I say that they’re not,” Jimin half-laughed, half-scoffed.

“They’re all stupid, then.”

“Here is your order, sir. You two have a good night,” the server said, plopping down the bag bearing Yoongi’s food on the table before continuing on with his duties.

Jimin gestured to it and only then did Yoongi grab the bag before following the alpha out into the street, welcoming the cool breeze because it helped to lower his internal body temperature just when he thought he was going to combust. He walked alongside the alpha, wishing he could take his hand or perhaps lean into his body so they could cuddle while they walked, but resisted the urge to even ask for fear that he would ruin everything.
He’d already gotten more than he could have ever hoped for with the takeout he was carrying back to his dorm and Yoongi didn’t want to be greedy, lest the universe rip everything away as punishment.

“I had a lot of fun hanging out with you. And thank you for the food. You’re such a sweetheart,” Yoongi praised when they got back to campus.

"Ah, it was nothing," the alpha chuckled bashfully. "I was just trying to help you out, that's all."

"Well, you really did. I'll be thinking about you when I eat some of this food tomorrow morning."

“I-I… I hope it tastes good…”

“Thanks for tonight, Jimin,” Yoongi flashed him a bright smile that showed off his pretty gums and boldly wrapped his arms around the alpha’s waist and leaned in, cheek resting against his shoulder.

Oh, my, god, is this really happening?

As much as he wanted to scream, he refused to ruin the moment and gingerly brought his arms around Yoongi’s waist, allowing himself to relish in Yoongi’s warmth and the comfortable silence as they shared an embrace that he would treasure forever. Yoongi felt so soft in his arms and his body fit so perfectly against him, like they were two puzzle pieces destined to always stay like this. If he could, Jimin would never let Yoongi go.

“Hey, Jimin… I’d love to go on another date with you again sometime.”

“Y-yeah, me too, Yoongi, me too…”
Seeing as he’d spent the last three years of his college career diligently studying without going to a party even once, Yoongi felt incredibly excited, almost as if he was about to attend the biggest event of his life. Thing was, it was nothing more than a measly dorm party but Yoongi figured that he could allow himself to indulge and have a little fun even though he’d never partied as hard as he planned on partying tonight.

*I might as well let myself live a little before I get absolutely swamped with homework. I can already sense a disturbance in the force and I know my professors are gonna try and destroy me.*

After all, it wouldn’t be the first time they’d tried burying him in assignments and his suffering had nothing to do with his lack of drive and tendency to procrastinate until the very last minute.

Nope, the blame totally fell onto the shoulders of his professors.

*I look pretty decent for once,* he thought, taking a moment to admire his appearance and finding himself fixating on how pretty his locks looked, every tendril of hair sitting perfectly on his head without giving him trouble like it did some days, and he felt satisfied with himself for once despite wearing a white t-shirt and ripped jeans.

*Time to go.*

Off he went to join the rest of his fellow partygoers.

And sure enough, it didn’t take long before he dove into the liquor and found himself squished in between a mass of sweaty, grinding bodies, drinking the night away and dancing with anybody who gave him attention. He quickly realized he had caught the interest of one particular stranger, who boldly cupped his chin and tilted his head upward so he could see his face but that didn’t do anything for the omega in return, not when the combination of flashing lights and liquor had blurred his vision and he couldn’t really see who was holding his chin; all he could see was a fuzzy silhouette of a person and not much else.

“You’re a real pretty thing.”

“T-thanks…”

"Did you come out to party?"

"Yeah, of course…” Yoongi slurred nonchalantly. Why else would he have left the comforts of his dorm to come here?

"You smell really nice. Is that cologne?"

“S-sure…” It was definitely his natural scent making itself known and Yoongi couldn’t help but worry that his body was giving off signs that he was about to go into heat, perhaps earlier than he’d anticipated.

Granted, he couldn’t exactly keep track of his heats nor could he say with confidence when his next heat would happen, especially not after years of hardcore suppressant abuse forced upon him by his father, but he knew that this person, *this alpha*, could smell it on him. That was one of the real dangers of being an omega with a fucked up cycle: not knowing for sure when his next heat would occur, which meant he was constantly playing a game with his own safety.
This alpha seemed nice enough, Yoongi thought in his drunken state of mind.

“You know what, I think you’re cute. Lemme get you a drink. Wait here,” the alpha ordered before disappearing into the crowd.

Despite knowing he was coming back, Yoongi decided to follow his new friend but somehow wound up losing track of him and found himself standing out in the hallway of all places. The party had spilled out into the dorm room next door and there were a few couples kissing in quiet corners they had made for themselves but Yoongi appreciated it because it allowed him a few moments to try and cool himself down even though his skin felt like it was on fire.

“Youngi, what are you doing here?”

“Hi, Minnie!” the omega giggled as he threw his arms around Jimin as soon as he realized it was him, nearly toppling them both over.

Minnie?

“Are you drunk?”

“Just a little--” **hic!** “--tipsy!”

“You’re clearly more than a little tipsy,” Jimin commented as he looked Yoongi over, immediately taking notice to his glassy eyes, red-as-tomatoes cheeks, and the dried vomit on his clothes. Clearly, he was nearing towards black-out drunk and it was a miracle that he hadn’t passed out yet.

“I’ve been having so much fun, Minnie! There’s so much to drink and so many pretty colors and the music… the music is nice…” Yoongi slurred. Jimin realized that the omega was clearly so far gone that consent wasn't even in his vocabulary and held his hand out for Yoongi to take, which he did without protest.

“T-that’s… good?” It wasn’t good but Jimin couldn’t afford to scold Yoongi, not when doing so could scare the omega off and send him running into the arms of a predator.

“I made a new friend and he said he’s gonna bring me a drink!”

Oh, no...

Part of Jimin really wanted to wait with Yoongi until his “new friend” came back with the drink and force him to down it all in one gulp to prove that he hadn’t put anything in it that could harm the omega he loved more than anybody else in this world. Then again, he knew just from the way Yoongi was behaving, clearly much too drunk to even stand steady on his own, that he’d become an easy target for some scumbag who thought he’d get to have his way with him and figured it was best to take Yoongi away. And so, he said,

“C’mon, let me get you home before somebody roofies you--”

“Hey, there you are!”

Before Yoongi could say “thank you”, Jimin stepped in front of him, tucking the omega behind him so he could stand before the alpha who was holding a red solo cup filled to the brim with amber-colored liquid, and boldly locked eyes with him.

“Can I help you?” Charisma and smugness dripped from the alpha’s lips and he smiled easily, clearly emboldened with liquid confidence that had convinced him his plan was absolutely foolproof. He
hadn’t taken into account that maybe Yoongi had people on his side who were willing to fight to ensure his safety.

Hell, Jimin wasn’t even his alpha and he was willing to give his life for Yoongi.

“Yeah, do me a favor and drink that.”

“W-what?”

“You heard what I said,” Jimin growled. He pointed to the red solo cup the alpha was holding and repeated himself. “Drink that.”

“I-it’s for him,” the alpha stuttered, clearly referring to Yoongi. “I-I’m good…”

“Why are you so nervous, huh? Is it because you put something in that?”

“N-no, it’s just because that omega is really pretty.”

“He has a name, and he’s way outta your league, dumbass. Now drink that.”

“Man, you’re crazy—”

“If you don’t drink that right now,” Jimin hissed through gritted teeth, “I’m gonna pin you down and force it down your throat. And then I’m gonna beat the shit out of you until you bleed.”

“Okay, okay!” The alpha tilted the cup towards his lips, albeit begrudgingly, and did so with a grimace, confirming Jimin’s suspicions that he had put something in the drink. His blood boiled at the thought that it was intended for Yoongi.

“Minnie, I’m thirsty. I want something to drink!” Yoongi complained, tugging on his sleeve to get his attention because he didn’t like how the alpha of his dreams was no longer looking at him.

“All right, okay, I got it.”

“Okay, sure thing. I have plenty of drinks back at my apartment—”

“No, thirsty now!”

You’re so cute... Jimin couldn’t resist the urge to thumb at the omega’s lower lip, which was such a pretty shade of pink despite being cracked and dry and he wanted nothing more than to kiss them. As much as he wanted to kiss him, he forced himself to maintain control over his desires and go fulfill the omega’s wishes rather than his own.

Fortunately, there was a small table lined with drinks just inside the dorm room where the party was happening and Jimin grabbed the closest can he could reach -- it was a Cherry Coke -- and deemed it good enough to sate the omega’s thirst until he could get Yoongi to safety.

“Here, love.” He cracked the can open right in front of the omega and placed it in his hands, watching as Yoongi sipped greedily. He was quite clumsy, thin trails of soda dribbling down his chin and onto his ruined shirt but Jimin didn’t have the heart to scold him, not when Yoongi was too drunk that it wouldn’t change anything.

All he really needed right now was to get enough sleep and have a delicious breakfast in the morning.

“Come on, let me get you home,” Jimin offered to Yoongi once he had finished his soda, shooting the omega’s would-be rapist a smug smile. He was clearly sweating bullets and already suffering the effects of whatever he’d slipped into Yoongi’s drink and Jimin would be lying if he said that he
wasn’t pleased to see how quickly the tables had turned.

Fortunately, Yoongi happily went along with him, tangling their fingers together as they walked out of the building and into the cool night air but that was the full extent of the omega’s cooperation because he clearly thought Jimin was taking him home for a romp. He wasn’t; if anything, he wanted to take Yoongi back to his dorm so he could safely sleep off his hangover without some scumbag alpha violating him just because he was an easy, vulnerable target.

He deserved to be taken care of when he was like this, not have his pants pulled down by some cruel stranger who would see him as a toy to use for his satisfaction and not a human being with feelings, dreams, and passions.

If they lived in a perfect world, Yoongi would already be his and he would be able to curl up in bed with this gorgeous omega rather than wish he could.

All he could do now was get Yoongi to bed and hope he slept off his hangover without any hitches.

But he couldn’t hope to be so lucky, Jimin thought grimly, because as soon as he stepped into his apartment and sat Yoongi down on his bed so he could find him some clean clothes to wear, he realized Yoongi had a completely different idea in mind.

“Kiss me,” the omega gasped as Jimin stripped him of his dirty shirt, hands greedily tugging at the alpha’s clothes as he struggled to pull him in, only to experience resistance when the alpha curled his fingers around his wrists and pulled his hands away so they were no longer pulling at his sweater.

“No, Yoongi.”

“But…”

“It’s not that I don’t like you because, the thing is, I like you a lot,” Jimin confessed, unable to stop himself before the words came spilling out of his mouth. He couldn’t help but notice how teary the omega looked, his glossy eyes glittering with unshed tears that were threatening to spill. He looked so disappointed but Jimin refused to give in to his wishes, lest they both regret it when Yoongi sobered up in the morning. “But I don’t want to kiss you when you’re drunk.”

“Is it because my breath stinks like booze?” the omega whimpered. A few tears slipped down his cheeks and Jimin felt his heart squeeze in his chest at the sad sight before him.

“No! No, no, no, baby—” Jimin flinched at the nickname that came spilling out but it was too late; he couldn’t stop himself. “No, it’s not because of that. I just want you to remember what it feels like to be kissed, you know? I want you to enjoy it.”

Chances were, it was just the alcohol talking and Yoongi wasn’t actually interested in him all that much. Jimin figured it was more likely that he was just throwing himself at him because alcohol was making him horny and desperate. As much as Jimin liked him, he refused to betray this beautiful omega’s trust by destroying his life, especially since he knew Yoongi would not be happy to find out he’d even gone so far as to kiss him while he was drunk.

And if he kissed him, things could quickly get out of hand.

“If you still want me to kiss you in the morning, you tell me, okay? And we’ll kiss as long as you want,” he whispered, though he knew that Yoongi would do no such thing nor would he remember ever asking to be kissed in the first place.

“P-promise?”
“Yes, I promise. I would love to kiss you, y’know? Don’t think that I don’t want to because I really, really do.”

*How much of what I’m saying is he really going to remember?* Jimin wanted to scoff. *Probably none of it.*

“I think about it all the time.” He realized he was rambling but he couldn’t bring himself to stop, especially when he knew Yoongi’s mind would be a blank slate come morning. "I can't help but stare at your pretty lips and wonder how soft they’d feel if I cupped your pretty cheeks in my hands and pulled you in for a kiss. And I wish I could run my fingers through your pretty hair--”

“Y-you like my hair?”

“Yeah, you’ve got such pretty hair, Strawberry.”

“You’re so silly, Minnie!” Yoongi giggled softly, clearly amused by the nickname.

“Yeah, that’s me. Silly M-Minnie…”

“I love you so much, Minnie!”

“Love you, too,” Jimin mumbled. He realized he was staring at Yoongi’s bare chest and averted his eyes, not that it did anything to ease how *hot* his cheeks were burning.

The image of the omega’s exposed torso was burned into his brain and he realized there was no point in trying to be humble and modest, not when Yoongi was exposed in front of him and he still needed to look his way in order to dress him in some clean clothes. With how drunk Yoongi was, he doubted the omega could tell the difference between his toes and his arms and knew he needed all the help he could get at the moment and it was all the convincing Jimin needed to look back to Yoongi -- and his stunningly smooth, pale, gorgeous chest -- and helped him into a sweater he’d picked out a few moments ago. He then went to dig through his closet for some sweats or shorts, hoping to find some comfy bottoms for Yoongi to wear so that he could tuck him into bed.

“I’m keeping this.”

Jimin looked over his shoulder and saw him appreciatively running his hands over the sleeves of the fleecy white sweater he’d put on him and couldn’t help but smile at the adorable sight before him. How could a drunk omega be *this cute* when all he was doing was being dorky and possessive over his sweater?

“Go ahead,” he cooed, sneaking a kiss to Yoongi’s forehead that made the omega whine.

“You’re mean!” Yoongi accused. “Why won’t you give me real kisssies?”

“You’ll thank me in the morning.”

“You don’t make sense, Minnie!”

“I guess I don’t,” Jimin softly chuckled to himself.

“Won’t you be my alpha, Minnie?”

Oh, *shit…*

“I’d love it if you were my alpha!” Yoongi rambled. “You’re so cute and you’re the sweetest alpha I’ve ever met and I want you to be my alpha! I like you so much, Minnie!”
Oh, be still, my heart...

“I like you, too,” Jimin mumbled. “I like you so much... but it’s late. You can tell me more in the morning, after you’ve gotten some rest, okay?”

Jimin smoothed away Yoongi’s sweaty locks away from his forehead and then coaxed him under the covers, making sure the pillows under his head were fluffed up and comfortable for him even if he wasn’t used to soft, downy pillows. He couldn’t help but wonder what kind of pillows Yoongi liked -- did he prefer soft pillows, firm ones, or a mix of the two? -- but knew he probably didn’t have that many options because he was dorming and didn’t have much space for multiple pillows on his twin-sized bed.

The beauty of renting an apartment was Jimin was able to furnish it to his liking and didn’t have to endure cramped beds; instead, he had been able to afford bringing in a full-sized bed for increased comfort.

And if he and Yoongi got together, then maybe his bed would come to welcome one more person.

Just as he was about to step out of the bedroom to give Yoongi some peace and quiet, he noticed Yoongi’s dirty clothes strewn all over the floor and figured that he could get some laundry done while Yoongi was asleep and carried his dirty clothes into his bathroom so he could scrub out the stains in the tub. Though he hadn’t needed to use the brush his mother had insisted he bring with him before this point in time, the bristles helped to loosen the vomit clinging to the fibers without ruining Yoongi’s clothes and then he took them downstairs so they could go through a wash cycle.

Just to be on the safe side, Jimin elected to wash Yoongi’s clothes with cold water and went back upstairs to his dorm since it would be a good almost-forty five minutes before he had to come back down. There was no point in wasting time in the basement when he could curl up on his couch and lounge about in comfort in between cycles.

Fortunately, when he checked up on Yoongi, the omega was still fast asleep and he figured he’d sleep through the night like a baby. After grabbing an extra pillow and blanket from his closet, Jimin went back into the living room and set up a makeshift bed on the couch before plopping down and pulling out his phone.

[Sent at 6:47 P.M.]

Hey, Yoongi’s sleeping over at my apartment. He got really drunk and I brought him back here so he could sleep it off.

Namjoon

[Sent at 6:51 P.M.]

Cool, thanks for letting me know. I’ll make sure to let Seokjin know, too.

("]“`)
Seokjin and Yoongi seem to be really close, Jimin thought. He couldn’t help but ponder how long they’d been friends -- perhaps they were even best friends, seeing as they clearly had a tight knit hyung-dongsaeng relationship -- but he was glad that Yoongi had good people in his life who were looking out for him.

Now if only he could join that tight-knit circle…

Maybe there’s no space for me… maybe I’m too big to fit in Yoongi’s arms.

And no, he wasn’t referring to his physical size. They were pretty much the same height, which was one of the many things about Yoongi that appealed to him.

Yoongi was his height but so skinny that he could help but notice how he looked tiny standing next to him, especially with his bony arms and skinny legs. He would be a liar if he said he’d never daydreamed about having those pretty legs wrapped around his waist while fucking into him but it was just a daydream, after all. And if he was lucky enough to have caught Yoongi’s attention, sex wasn’t going to be the only thing on his mind if they got together.

He wanted to hold Yoongi’s hand and feel how nice it would be to tangle their fingers together. He wanted to kiss that pretty omega senseless and make him feel loved. He wanted Yoongi to feel like he was on cloud nine with him.

Jimin knew he would be on cloud nine if Min Yoongi told him he liked him -- while sober, that is.

That being said, he wasn’t sure if there was any room for him in the dynamic that Yoongi had created with Namjoon and Seokjin, which seemed to have taken years in order to become as stable as it was. They had their inside jokes, their understandings of each other’s likes and dislikes, and shared a platonic love between themselves that Jimin didn’t have with Taehyung despite having known him since they had both started high school.

Maybe Taehyung and I are just different from Yoongi and Seokjin and Namjoon. I mean, it’s not like he’ll ever drop me even if something better comes along but he definitely loves being with Hoseok more than me -- not that I blame him. Yoongi would be my top priority if we ever got together...

Unfortunately, nothing the omega had said to him could be considered “evidence” of his attraction for him, not when alcohol could do strange things to people’s personalities and behaviors and make them say things they didn’t mean. Granted, Yoongi was far from the worst drunks who screamed and bellowed at everyone in their immediate vicinity but he’d also said a lot of things he wouldn’t remember in the morning.

And even though all of his words had been sweet and endearing, they cut at Jimin’s heart because there was no way they could possibly be genuine, was there?

Better go check on the laundry, Jimin decided, forcing himself to his feet even though he wanted nothing more than to lay on the couch and daydream about the omega sleeping in his bed until he fell asleep of his own accord. He knew he couldn’t leave a job half-assed, though, and went into the basement so he could toss Yoongi’s clothes into the dryer and then set a timer to remind him to go back downstairs one last time to pick up his clothes in forty-five minutes.

Only when Yoongi’s clothes came out of the dryer did Jimin allow himself to relax.

He carefully folded the omega’s shirt and jeans, noting just how tiny he was despite them wearing the same size, and set them down on the chair next to his bed so that Yoongi could have easy access to them if he woke up before he did. That, and Jimin hoped the tidy state of his garments would
convince the omega that he hadn’t been raped.

I’d never hurt you, Yoongi, he thought, sparing a longing glance at the omega comfortably dozing away. I just hope you’ll believe me...

He was seriously gambling with his life and freedom, he realized then.

If Yoongi assumed the worst about him come morning, he was going to have to cover all his bases and maybe even go on the defensive against the omega he liked in order to save his own skin. As much as the thought of their friendship dying pained him, Jimin wasn’t willing to take the fall for anybody, not even for trying to protect a drunk, helpless omega from getting raped.

Yoongi, I really hope you don’t get the wrong idea, he silently pleaded with the omega who was dozing away in his bedroom without a care in the world. Please don’t turn on me. I would never ever hurt you, I swear.

He realized that not even the text message he’d sent Namjoon could be enough to save him and, if anything, he’d basically sealed his fate by ensuring that Yoongi’s two strongest supporters knew exactly where he’d gone after leaving the party. If Yoongi turned on him, Namjoon and Seokjin would join in to help eat him alive and the mere thought made Jimin want to cry.

Not all alphas are bad! I’m not perfect but I’d never hurt you or ruin your life! Please, please, don’t ruin my life, Yoongi...

Jemin knew he would find out tomorrow morning if he had made the right decision and decided he might as well go to sleep despite knowing he wouldn’t get much rest tonight. He could feel his stomach twisting itself into knots and he was terrified of waking up to the sound of Yoongi screaming in terror or, in the worst case scenario, finding the cops collecting evidence in his apartment even though the only crime he’d committed was having saved the omega he adored from getting date raped.

Please don’t call the cops, Yoongi, Jimin silently pleaded as he dozed off. Please, please, please...

Come morning, Yoongi awoke because of a brain-splitting migraine that, for whatever reason, caused his body ache all over and made him want to close his eyes and sleep until the next century. Even then, he was sure his headache wouldn’t go away and he forced himself to sit up despite feeling like it had taken all of his energy. And then his unfamiliar surroundings hit him like a slap in the face as he realized that he wasn’t in his dorm room.

“Where the fuck am I…”

"Oh, you're awake!"

“Jemin? Why are you here?” Yoongi looked towards the door so fast that he nearly got whiplash, especially since he hadn’t been expecting to see his crush standing in the doorway. He felt his heart pick up in his chest at the sight of Jimin, whose hair was messed up after a long night, standing there looking adorably sleepy in a tank top that showed off his muscular arms.

Being that handsome should be illegal, Yoongi thought, though his migraine refused to allow him to admire the alpha of his dreams in peace and continued to pound against his skull.

“Um, you’re in my apartment so the question you probably should be asking is ‘where am I?’” Jimin playfully snarked, though he could tell Yoongi didn’t appreciate it. He was clearly in fight-or-flight mode right now and he wouldn’t put it past him if he suddenly leapt out of bed, clocked him, and ran out of the apartment screaming for help.
"Where are my clothes?" Yoongi demanded as he looked down and saw he was dressed in a white sweater and basketball shorts, not the jeans and white t-shirt he remembered putting on before going out to party.

"They were covered in vomit so I took them downstairs to clean them. Figured it wouldn’t be comfortable to let you sleep in dirty clothes," the alpha muttered sheepishly, looking so incredibly shy that Yoongi was left wondering if Jimin was just posing as an alpha but was really a beta. Why else would he be this humble and sweet? "And I couldn't remember where your dorm was so I brought you back here so you could sleep it off. I promise we didn't do anything."

At the mention of his clothes, Yoongi looked over and saw the garments he’d worn last night sitting neatly folded up on the chair by the bed and reached over, grabbing his shirt and pressing it to his nose. It smelled… fresh, obviously clean and scented with a tropical-smelling fabric softener that Yoongi never used and he found himself believing Jimin wholeheartedly, especially when he took notice of the fact that he was just a little sweaty but not sticky and gross like he wound up feeling after getting off to porn.

His body didn’t ache, either, and he felt… normal despite his headache.

And then it hit him: Jimin hadn’t raped him. He was actually telling the truth.

Holy shit, he’s actually a good alpha. How in the world does he not have an omega?

“Jimin, you’re so kind…”

“Hey, I was just looking out for a friend. We are friends, right?”

“Y-yeah, we’re… we’re friends,” Yoongi mumbled, though a big part of him wished they could be more. He was too afraid to ask, though, in the event that Jimin wasn’t interested or worse, that he didn’t think he was being sincere. “T-thanks for looking out for me.”

“Of course, Yoongi. It was the least I could do.”

“S-so, um, i-is it okay if I borrow this? I’ll give it back tomorrow.”

Yoongi found himself fidgeting with the hem of the fluffy white sweater he was wearing, though his heart ached because part of him wanted to keep the sweater forever and ever. But that wouldn’t be fair, not when Jimin would probably want it back and wasn’t okay with giving out clothes to every drunk omega he brought home. At that rate, he was going to run out of clothes in his closet faster than he could drop one omega and move on to the next one that caught his eye.

“Of course. Wear it as long as you want.”

“You must say that to all the drunk omegas you bring home,” he playfully accused in an attempt to hide his jealousy for whatever other omegas Jimin was spoiling and giving attention to.

“No, just to the pretty ones named Yoongi,” Jimin cooed as he strode over and gently smoothed down Yoongi’s hair so it wasn’t sticking up, tucking a few strands behind his ear and sweeping his bangs away from his forehead so he could admire his glittery eyes.

Yoongi couldn’t tell if he was being genuine or flirty and his heart ached when he realized it was most definitely the latter even though all he wanted was to invite Jimin under the covers, lay his head down on his chest, and fall asleep to the feeling of the alpha running his fingers through his hair. They were so close in proximity that Yoongi could smell him; he smelled like the sweater he was wearing, only much more potent and he wished he had enough guts to ask Jimin to lie down next to
him so they could take turns scenting each other.

But then he remembered that scenting was something reserved only for mates and that Jimin probably thought he was Namjoon’s omega.

*Great, I smell awful and this beautiful alpha probably thinks Namjoon claimed me already,* he thought bitterly. *My life couldn’t possibly get any worse.*

“Are you hungry?” Jimin asked, snapping Yoongi out of his thoughts.

“Mhm… starving,” Yoongi mumbled. He hadn’t eaten dinner before going out to party last night, which had clearly been a mistake on his part because he had consumed far more alcohol than he probably should have, thanks to his mostly-empty stomach.

One bad choice after another had led to him waking up in Jimin’s bed, hungover and wearing clothes that smelled of melons and applesauce. But somehow, the outcome hadn’t turned out to be the worst thing in the world and for however long this lasted, he would allow himself to pretend that he was Jimin’s omega and that this dashing young man liked him as much as he liked him back.

So why not tell him you like him? he asked himself, only to realize just how terrible of an idea that way. Jimin would probably think he was still drunk and that the alcohol was doing the talking.

And what if he didn’t like him like that? What if they were just friends and could never hope to become anything more?

Worst of all, what if somebody else had caught Jimin's attention and they wanted to kill him for having slept in the alpha's bed?

*You’re the first alpha I’ve really wanted. I mean, you’re literally the alpha of my dreams,* Yoongi thought, though he didn’t mention that aloud because he knew Jimin would immediately get creeped out or think he was just desperate for cock.

Jimin seemed to put value in relationships and didn't seem interested in hook-ups, as far as Yoongi could tell. It was also likely that he was just really good at hiding his true intentions and he was sure he was going to be sick to his stomach if he pondered the possibilities any longer.

"Can you stand?"

“Help me up?” Yoongi asked, which Jimin did.

“Okay, darling, just take it one step at a time,” Jimin cooed once Yoongi was on his feet, sneaking a kiss to the top of Yoongi’s head before leading him out of the room and into the kitchen. His actions left the omega feeling flustered but there was little he could do besides try to swallow his embarrassment, slide out of bed and allow Jimin to lead him where he pleased before sitting himself down at the island in the alpha’s otherwise-tiny kitchen.

He felt like a prince getting breakfast made especially for him. If Jimin became his king, he would happily warm his bed forever.

“Hey, can we talk about something?” Jimin asked once he’d set Yoongi’s requested breakfast down in front of the omega.

“Of course,” Yoongi mumbled past a mouthful of scrambled eggs and waffles.

"Promise me you won’t ever get that drunk ever again?" he pleaded with him.
“Jimin, I’m fine—”

“You almost got roofied.” His tone was frantic and Yoongi realized that he wasn’t lying.

“D-did I get roofied?”

“No, thankfully, you didn’t but you told me that somebody was coming back with a drink for you and…”

“Jimin, you… you saved me. Thank you.”

“A-anything for you.”

Jimin was aware of how psychotic he would have sounded if he told Yoongi what he’d forced his would-be rapist to do and he decided he didn’t want to scare him or make him think that he was just as bad as the alpha who had nearly hurt him. It was an eye for an eye when it came to the omega he loved and while he was more than willing to turn the tables and give anyone who wanted to hurt Yoongi a taste of their own medicine, he wasn’t sure how far he could stick his neck out for Yoongi before he ended up coming off as desperate for omega pussy.

He wasn’t ashamed, though, not when he truly believed that it was what Yoongi’s would-be rapist deserved, but Yoongi didn’t need to know the gory details, either.

All that mattered was that he was safe and well and that nothing bad had happened. And that Yoongi hadn’t accused him of rape.

More importantly, all that mattered was making sure Yoongi filled up and got all the TLC he needed, especially since he was clearly suffering a headache because of his hangover.

“You’re really one of the good ones, you know that? Thank you so much for watching out for me. I mean, you brought me back here and you let me sleep off my hangover in safety.”

“I just… I didn’t want anything bad to happen to you, that’s all.”

“Thank you, Jimin,” Yoongi grinned and even though he knew it was ridiculous, Jimin kind of wished Yoongi would call him “Minnie” again just one more time. He knew asking Yoongi to call him “Minnie” would just earn him a strange look, though, and he held his tongue so he didn’t embarrass himself and Yoongi.

“I have to get back to my dorm now but thanks for letting me sleep over. I’ll… I’ll see you around,” Yoongi said after he’d finished eating, grinning bashfully. He went around the isle and hugged Jimin, arms wrapping around his shoulders for a few, brief seconds that felt like they had lasted forever and then went into the alpha’s bedroom to grab his clothes before leaving the apartment while still dressed in Jimin’s clothes.

“See ya.”

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