As If It’s Your Last

by CHAINCCITY

Summary

Park Jimin was born into a sheltered, incredibly dull life full of fancy house parties and name brand clothes—practically anyone’s dream. But to him, it was like prison. All he wanted was to have fun.

All it takes is a fateful encounter with a street kid named Jungkook to turn his whole life around for the better. But they’re from two completely different worlds, and there are some things that might just be too hard to handle.

Or

Jimin’s parents are incredibly rich and incredibly overbearing, and Jungkook is part of a small gang across the city. Yet they complete each other.
So I’m learning Japanese now. In case you were wondering why I stopped my tradition of using the Romance Languages as my chapter titles (I know you weren’t) that’s why lmao.

Enjoy..
Park Jimin never wanted to die more than he did in this exact moment.

His parents' house-parties had always been a complete pain in the ass, but for some unknown reason, this one really struck a nerve in the young boy.

Maybe it was the fact that this was the first party where the rich attendants were allowed to bring their snot-nosed kids, the ones recklessly running around and tripping on the expensive furniture around the house. Or maybe it was the fact that his best friend was endlessly babbling away about the usual first world problems that always accompanied them.

Whatever it was, Jimin was ready to rip his hair out by the time the party was nearly over.

"They literally bought the same pair of Gucci Slides that they got me for Christmas! For my birthday!" Kim Taehyung, Jimin's best friend since birth, whined while putting his glass of lemon water back onto the table. It didn't even matter that they were both underage, it was obvious that Taehyung smuggled a little bit of alcohol into his drink by the way he was starting to slur his words. It was quite amusing.

"Are you seriously complaining about getting the wrong pair of Gucci Slides? Do you not realize how shallow you sound?" Jimin asked, a teasing smile on his lips. His leg was bouncing impatiently under the table, yet he continued to seem interested.

"No, Jimin-ah! In case you forgot, my birthday is December 30th. It's literally five days after Christmas. How is it even possible for them to forget what gift they got me five days before?" Taehyung retorted with a big pout, and Jimin couldn't help but agree with him. That was pretty fucked up.

"Of course I didn't forget your birthday, Taetae. But it's the middle of August right now, why are you still thinking about this?" A waiter came by and picked up the two empty plates that lay in front of them on the mahogany table, and Jimin mumbled a 'thank you' before resuming his staring contest with the overly decorated wall.

"Because it frustrates me! Eonjinie's birthday party was yesterday and they got her an IPhone X. She told them that she wanted that phone three months ago!" He cried, "I don't understand why they pay more attention to her and Jungyu than me."

Taehyung's siblings, Eonjin and Jungyu, were fraternal twins, just reaching the age of 13. Yet due to Eonjin's constant complaining, they have separate birthday parties. And much to Taehyung's demise, they also have double the gifts.

This conversation was a very common one among the two friends, which made this whole situation even more suffocating for Jimin. Taehyung's parents barely spared the poor boy a glance, making him whine about practically every little bad thing they do him. And while it was somewhat justified, Jimin just wasn't in the fucking mood.

He continued aimlessly swishing his drink around, watching the ice cubes clink against the glass. What was he supposed to say? They've had this conversation a million times before, it was obvious to anyone with eyes that Taehyung's parents babied his younger siblings, paying more attention to
them than to him. Jimin tried to comfort him, but nothing would ever get through. He was after his parents approval, and no one could stop him.

But Jimin had nothing to say on the matter at that moment, he felt like he couldn't breathe anymore. The room was full of people in their expensive, name brand gowns and suits, dancing to the live, classical music a small band was playing in the corner of the room. No matter how many of these 'parties' Jimin's parents forced him to attend, he could never get used to it. It was stuffy, and hot, and fucking miserable. Add his best friend's complaining to that, and Jimin simply wanted to die. Slowly, and painfully.

"I need some air," Jimin finally voiced his thoughts, sounding a lot more exhausted then he had just a couple minutes ago. The facade finally broke.

"You okay?" Taehyung asked, turning in his seat so he fully faced his best friend.

"Yeah, I'm good. I think I'll just head outside for a few minutes. I swear, I'll help you out once I come back." Jimin added, feeling like a dick for leaving his best friend while he was upset. But Jimin just couldn't take it anymore.

Taehyung shot him a boxy smile and nodded, "Sure, it's no problem! Just go, before your parents notice you're gone. I'll try to cover for you if that happens." He said, side glancing the short woman attached to a taller man in the center of the room—the Parks.

Fuck, Jimin absolutely did not deserve Kim Taehyung.

"Thank you, Taetae. I love you," Jimin called over the noise of people talking, standing up on his feet.

"I love you too!" Taehyung called even louder, unnecessarily so. A few people shot weird looks their way, but both ignored it.

Jimin and Taehyung had known each other since they were little kids. They were born just two months apart, Jimin being the older. They met in preschool, when Taehyung didn't like whatever his parents had given him for lunch one day at school. He offered it to Jimin, deciding to try to become friends with the quietest kid in class since no one else bothered.

Obviously, his plan worked. Because it was fucking food. How could Jimin not love the man for the rest of his life?

They were inseparable ever since that day. Taehyung had finally befriended the mysterious boy he had his eye on for a while, and Jimin finally overcame his shyness and made his first friend. It was a win-win.

The school they met at was private, of course, and because of the tuition, only rich kids could afford to be enrolled. So from the very beginning, Taehyung and Jimin already had much in common.

The neglectful parents, the extreme expectations, their lives being endlessly controlled—the only difference was that Jimin was an only child. While Taehyung had Eonjin and Jungyu, Jimin had no one. Mostly due to the fact that he was an accident.

His parents never wanted to have kids. All it took was one night full of alcohol and passion for him to be unexpectedly conceived. And because of that, it almost seemed as if his parents were incapable of loving him. They didn't want him from the very beginning, and it hurt. It fucking hurt him that they cared so little. Sometimes he even wished they decided not to keep him all those years ago, just so no one would have to suffer. Not Jimin's parents, and not Jimin. But Taehyung was always there
to keep those thoughts away from Jimin's drained mind.

Taehyung was like his guardian angel.

Once Jimin successfully escaped the building that he's supposed to call 'home', not forgetting to grab his phone and wallet on the way out, he began to aimlessly wander the streets.

He had no fucking idea where to go.

Jimin had only snuck out once in his life, going to meet up with Taehyung and their good friend Kim Seokjin at the eldest's cafe. It didn't end well, mostly due to the fact that Jimin had a minor panic attack at the thought of his parents finding him and punishing him for rebelling against them. It was a dark time for them, now locked away in a mental filing cabinet under the fairly original code-name of 'The Incident'.

But he had Seokjin and Taehyung with him at that time to help calm him down, he was all alone now. And he still had no fucking idea where to go.

The only places he ever goes are to Seokjin's unreasonably expensive cafe, or to the private school he's just about graduated from. And his driver, Choi Donghae, is the one who takes him to both of those places.

Long story short, Jimin knows absolutely shit about the city he lives in.

It doesn't matter that he's lived in the same house ever since he moved out of Busan at two years old—he literally knew nothing. Not even the neighbor living in the extravagant house right next door. It was actually pretty sad.

So he decided he might as well explore the city a little bit while his parents were distracted with hosting for their preppy guests.

Taehyung was a social butterfly, so it's not like he left him all alone. The boy had plenty of friends in that room.

Jimin continued walking in a random direction, turning here and there, with no destination in mind. He passed by Seokjin's cafe, which was closed at this time since the sun had already set.

There was barely any light in the sky, giving the landscape a dark blue hue. It was practically dead silent all around him, and Jimin knew it was due to the fact that no one in this neighborhood left their house once the sun set. And although he felt uneasy about it, he continued on.

A shiver ran down his spine when a breeze passed by, making Jimin realize he left his blazer on the coat rack inside. The thin, white dress shirt was his only defense against the cold. It was as if he was already receiving a punishment for going against his parents' wishes once again.

But the tense, deathly silent streets slowly grew a little more lively the farther Jimin walked.

He kept his freezing hands in the pockets of his black dress pants as he walked, regretting his entire life. At least he wasn't trapped inside that stuffy, oversized living-room all night. Freezing to death outside was better, as long as he was left alone. Right?

The farther Jimin walked, the louder it got. It was as if one second he was in a silent bubble, and then the next, it popped. Everything just came alive.

The blue hue disappeared as bright street lights came into view. The empty roads were suddenly
taken up by stores, restaurants, and food stands. The empty sidewalks were slowly filled with more and more people, making Jimin nervous yet intrigued. He'd never ever been to a place like this before. He's never even seen this many people before.

The strangest part was how everyone looked.

Instead of long gowns and sharp blazers, everyone around him wore baggy clothes and strange accessories. People were street dancing in a style Jimin had never even seen before. Unlike him, who takes ballet lessons on the weekends as his parents wanted, these people were dancing to powerful hip hop beats that he'd never had the pleasure of listening to.

The whole place was just alive.

Cars inhabited the streets, stopping every so often as crowds of people traveled the crosswalks.

It was completely new to him. Jimin watched with wide eyes, taking in the entirely different atmosphere. He pulled the sleeves of his dress shirt down over his hands subconsciously, already knowing he stuck out like a sore thumb. He looked dull, boring, compared to the blinding style of the people surrounding him.

A breakdancer flipped around in front of him, and Jimin couldn't help but marvel at the dragon tattoo that appeared on his back once his shirt rode up. He's never even seen a tattoo in person before, and it was fucking beautiful.

When the dancer got too close, Jimin quickly backed out of the way, glancing around anxiously as snickers erupted from a few people around him. He never felt so out of place, and the others seemed to think it was funny.

He turned away and sprinted passed that crowd, only to be met with another.

This time, they were surrounding a rapper and a dancer combination. The one with the microphone was passionately rapping a song that Jimin had clearly never heard before, while a shorter man was dancing professionally in front of him. Jimin couldn't help but be captivated by the incredible duo. Wherever he was, he never wanted to leave.

Yes, he was extremely uncomfortable in his attire, and he knew everyone who wasn't watching the street performers was staring at him, but he never wanted to leave.

Not only was the place incredibly charismatic compared to where Jimin lived, but it also had something that his life lacked altogether.

Happiness.

Every single person for miles around had a bright smile on their face, as if they had no worries in the world. As if they actually enjoyed their life. He couldn't wrap his head around it.

He can't even remember the last time he smiled as brightly as the breakdancer who was doing what he loved in front of the large crowd of people. Jimin observed the way he moved, and it wasn't hard to notice that this style was completely different from ballet.

Instead of light, graceful moves, the man was popping and moving his body tightly, strongly. He looked powerful while dancing, and Jimin wished he could try that more than anything. He couldn't help but think that if his parents saw him in this place, they'd probably have an aneurism.

But he couldn't get enough of it.
Keeping his eyes on the musical duo, Jimin slowly walked around the crowd, not watching where he was going. He was mesmerized.

That proved to be a mistake when he bumped right into another man who was walking towards him.

"O-oh, I'm sorry—!

"Watch where you're going." The man cut him off with an annoyed scowl, as if he was just a complete nuisance.

Oh right, that's why he never leaves the house.

People are dicks.

"S-sorry." Jimin mumbled one last time, not even sure if the other had heard him, before squeezing his way through the crowd to get away from the rude man. He apologized, there's no need for him to have an attitude.

He could swear he heard the man call after him, and it startled him into sprinting faster.

He snuck out of the house without anyone knowing, he's stuck in a completely unfamiliar part of the city, and he has nowhere to run since it's simply too crowded everywhere he turned. Maybe this wasn't such a good idea after all.

Jimin sped up, desperate to get away from everything once he felt a familiar panic bubble up in his chest. It was as if that rude man had triggered something in him, and he realized just how bad this situation was.

There were suddenly too many people surrounding him, and his whole situation started to crash down.

He didn't charge his phone before he left, so there's no doubt that it won't last long. How is he supposed to find his way home? How is he supposed to tell Taehyung that he probably won't make it back home anytime soon? Why did he decide to go fucking exploring at 10:00pm? And for God's sake why—

Jimin's internal rant towards himself was cut off when he sprinted into yet another person, causing him to flinch back in surprise and fear. He was definitely going to get the shit beat out of him at some point tonight if kept being a complete idiot.

The stranger reached out and grabbed him, trying to keep him from falling backwards, and Jimin squeaked in fear that the man would literally hit him.

"Woah, careful there." The stranger spoke, his tone much nicer then the one from before.

Jimin slowly opened his eyes only a few seconds after realizing that this man definitely wasn't going to beat his ass. Yet.

"I'm sorry.. I really need to look where I'm going." Jimin mumbled, apologizing for the third time within the past five minutes. But the man just smiled.

"It's totally fine, don't be scared." The man replied, flashing a cute smile. That's when Jimin noticed this man had a lip ring.

His eyes traveled from the other's pierced mouth to observe his face, and his breath got caught in his
throat. Because *fuck*, that was not what he was expecting.

The man had messy black hair, parted down the middle and exposing his forehead and perfectly defined eyebrows. His smile was cute, his teeth reminding Jimin of a little bunny he'd seen in his yard quite a while back. He had a black bag on his back, and a surgical mask that was pulled down below his chin. He wore all dark clothing, the sleeveless shirt revealing the top half of his neck tattoo and the very prominent tattoo sleeves the man had. He clearly had a thing for tattoos, and Jimin almost couldn't take his eyes off of them. They were beautiful.

Not only did he have a thing for tattoos, but the man also seemed to have a thing for the gym. Because he was fucking ripped.

Jimin had never seen this look or style on a man before—on *anyone* before. This was the kind of person his parents would do everything in their power to keep him from associating with, but he couldn't necessarily understand why. He was *hot*.

This man was the most attractive person Jimin had ever met in his life, and he felt his heart flutter when he met the other's sharp gaze.

"I'm not scared." Jimin finally replied, even though his voice was not nearly as confident as he wanted it to be.

"You look like you're waiting for me to punch your face in." The stranger chuckled, and Jimin nearly fell in love with the way his eyes crinkled as he laughed. How is it possible for someone to be so unbelievably perfect? How can someone who looked like that exist in the same world where people like Jimin existed? It was simply unfair.

"I'm not—There was a—I just.." Jimin's words died out on his tongue. What the fuck was wrong with him? Was he having a stroke or something? *Speak*, he scolded himself.

The stranger's smile never left his face, although he did seem a little sympathetic when he spoke. "It's okay, you don't have to explain yourself or anything. Are you lost?" He asked.

"What makes you think that?"

"Even Stevie Wonder can see that you don't belong here, so you must be lost."

Jimin furrowed his eyebrows, "Who's Stevie Wonder?" He questioned, and the other's eyes got as wide as saucers. He looked personally offended, and Jimin couldn't help but think he'd said the wrong thing.

"Did you just ask me who Stevie Wonder is?"

"Yes, that's what the question 'Who is Stevie Wonder?' means." Jimin replied defensively, mouth working before his brain could even process his words.

When the stranger raised a perfectly shaped eyebrow at his unnecessarily sassy response, Jimin slapped a hand over his own mouth. He felt like a literal idiot in front of this man, and internally questioned why God made him such a social fuck up.

"I-I'm sorry!" He immediately apologized. Now he was *really* going to get his ass kicked. This muscle pig could throw him all the way back to Busan with just his bare hands.

Unexpectedly, though, the man just started laughing.
Jimin didn't understand it. He'd been so rude, even after the stranger was nice enough to forgive him for not looking where he was going. Why was he suddenly laughing like he'd heard the funniest joke in the world?

He couldn't help but grow insecure, because the man just had to be laughing at him. What if he could read minds? Maybe he found Jimin's ridiculous thoughts funny?

"W-what—Why are you laughing?" He whined as the man finally started to calm down. Once his heavy gaze fell on Jimin again, the smaller felt a shiver run down his spine. This time, it wasn't due to a cold breeze.

"You're so cute." The man said to himself, but Jimin heard the words loud and clear. Heat rushed to his face, but before he could question it, the stranger added, "So where are you from? You're obviously new here."

Jimin hesitated. If he told this man where he was from, there's no doubt the other would judge him. People from his neighborhood absolutely do not belong in this part of town.

But when the other gave a questioning look at his silence, Jimin once again spoke without thinking. "I'm from Gangnam."

The other nodded, not looking at all surprised. Relief flooded the older's system when he realized that this man wasn't going to laugh at him or make fun of him even though he was so unbelievably out of place.

"I figured. Is there a reason why someone from the richest area of Seoul is wandering around the dead center of Hongdae on a Friday night?" The man asked, adjusting the bag's strap on his shoulder.

Hongdae. So that's where Jimin ended up.

He'd only heard of this place once, from a rich couple at one of his house parties. They were ranting about their 'disgraceful' son who left them to live in some "shitty district" called Hongdae, and it made Jimin extremely curious and slightly envious of the son who got away from his sheltered life in Gangnam.

"I kinda snuck out. My parents are throwing this stuffy party at my house, and I just wanted to get out for a bit. Although I feel like a complete dick for leaving my friend there all alone. He's probably wondering where I am, and why I haven't texted yet but I..." He got quieter and quieter until the words died out in his mouth, instantly shutting himself up. The man just asked why he was there, not for his fucking life story.

Although instead of getting annoyed at the useless rambling, a small smile appeared on the stranger's lips as he studied Jimin's red face.

"I see." He replied, and it was quiet for a moment.

They continued staring at each other, not having much to say, and Jimin was ridiculously embarrassed. He really wasn't good at making new friends, always rambling like crazy when he got nervous or uncomfortable.

"Well I should probably—"

"My name is Jeon Jungkook."
They spoke at the same time.

Jimin shut his mouth again, and he could tell his face remained a dark shade of red judging by the heat he felt. How is it even possible for someone to be so unbearably awkward during a normal conversation? He was going to fucking **die** of embarrassment.

"O-oh.. I'm Jimin."

"Just Jimin?" The other asked, and the blonde boy nodded. It wasn't safe to give his full name, he knew that. "That's a nice name." Jungkook replied, making Jimin smile slightly.

"T-thank you."

The other didn't look bothered at all by the silences that followed their broken conversations, but they made Jimin regret ever being born. He didn't know how someone could be so casual about small talk when it was literally his worst enemy.

Luckily for him, Jungkook was good at keeping the conversation going. "Do you need help getting home?"

The blonde boy was surprised, to say the least. Was this man offering to bring him home? There's no way. No one would ever be that kind. Maybe he would just give Jimin directions instead?

"W-what? Um, no thank you. I'm sure I can somehow find my way back." He replied shyly. He was completely caught off guard by the man's offer.

But before their conversation could continue, there was a rough tapping on Jimin's shoulder, making both boys turn around.

There stood an annoyed man, looking at Jimin with furrowed eyebrows.

"You really just bumped into me out of nowhere and run off?" He asked. He was breathing heavily, as if he was just running, and his shirt was soaked in a liquid that smelled strangely like coffee. Jimin looked up, and that's when he recognized his face. It was the first man he ran into, and Jimin wasn't even surprised that he came after him just to scold him. Right in front of the **second** guy he ran into.

"I-I said sorry." Jimin replied, seeming to only make the man angrier.

"That means nothing! You made me spill my coffee, and then you just walked away like some rich bitch—!"

"He's with me, Chaweon." Jungkook suddenly said, cutting off the man's frustrated rant. The man, Chaweon, turned his angry glare to Jungkook, but it instantly grew soft.

"Oh, Jeon. I didn't see you there." The man said. There was no longer any anger in his voice, only surprise. What the fuck.

Jimin looked between the two, shocked at the man's complete—practically **bipolar**—change in demeanor. How is that fair? He looked ready to kill someone just a minute ago!

That someone being Jimin.

"Yeah, and he's my friend. So let's just let it go, okay?" Jungkook was speaking softly with a friendly smile on his face, and it seemed to work magic. The other man simply nodded, patting the younger on the back and returned the smile.
"If you say so, kid. It's good to see you again, Jungkook-ah."

Jimin was fucking dumbfounded.

"You too. Until next time, Chaweon."

Once the man had left, Jimin stared at Jungkook with wide eyes. Was this man some sort of god? There's no way that really just happened.

"Your first time in Hongdae and you're already making enemies?" There was a teasing smile on Jungkook's lips, and it reminded Jimin of just how ready he was to actually welcome death.

"I-I—"

Silence.

"Okay. So then it's settled," Jungkook suddenly decided, and Jimin furrowed his eyebrows.

"What's settled?" They never settled on anything, what the hell is this guy talking about?

"I'm taking you home." Jungkook said with a cheeky wink.

Chapter End Notes

So I’m in Hawaii right now on vacation. I was bored while trying to fall asleep a couple nights ago, so I just combined a few AU ideas I had a while back, and this is the outcome lmaoo. I hope you enjoy!

Also, be sure to vote BTS for People’s Choice Awards!

Song of the day: Lovely, by Billie Eilish ft. Khalid.

Until next time! :D
"Jimin." Taehyung stated, his voice serious as he stared the older right in the eye.

It was silent for moment.

"Okay. So I might've walked all the way to Hongdae."

Of course, all it took for Jimin to cave was one fucking look. God, he was weakest person he'd ever met.

Chapter Notes

I realize that the notes were messed up in the last chapter, sorry for accidently doubling them lmao.

Enjoy..

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Nope. Absolutely not."

"Yes I am."

"No you're not, Jungkook."

For five minutes straight, the two had been arguing about Jungkook's previous statement.

There was no way Jimin would let this man walk him across the fucking city just to get him home.

That would be the most selfish, spoiled thing he ever did in his life. He simply wouldn't allow it.

"Correct me if I'm wrong, Jimin-ssi, but you have no clue how to get back to your house. Not to mention you've been here for literally an hour and someone was already preparing to beat you up."

"I—You—!" Jimin was fucking frustrated. "None of that matters! I was walking for like, over an hour before I arrived here. You aren't going to bring me all the way back. Not to mention you'd have to walk the whole way back here all alone!" There he goes again, rambling like his life depended on it. He'd do anything to wipe the teasing smile off of Jungkook's face.

"Thank you for the concern, but I can take care of myself." He chuckled, and Jimin felt a new wave of self-deprivation coming up.

He thought things over quickly, wondering just how he could get himself out of this situation.

It was sweet. Honestly, it was extremely nice for this man to offer to bring Jimin home. But not only would he feel incredibly guilty for taking up the man's entire Friday night, but he would just have to
be an idiot to bring a stranger from Hongdae back to his home. A complete, fucking airhead.

"So shall we get going?"

Jimin had to do something. Anything. There's just no way he could let this happen. No matter how hot the man was, no matter how sweet he appeared, he was a fucking stranger. So Jimin did the first damn thing that came into his mind.

He ran.

He spun around and noped the fuck out there. Ignoring Jungkook's calls, pushing passed the crowds of artsy people. Jimin ran down the sidewalk, and he didn't stop until the streetlights disappeared, and the large crowds turned into one or two people walking on the side of the road. And then the silence returned.

He only stopped running once the only prominent sound was that of his shiny black dress shoes tapping against the concrete.

There was a white noise ringing in his ears, almost as if his body longed for the loudness again. He wanted to go back. He wanted to stay there forever, and never fucking leave that place. It was beautiful, and alive, and happy.

But he had to return. He had to go back to his dull life of dinner parties, ballet practice, and classical piano lessons. He had to return to school on Monday and listen to the endless rants of his best friend and his classmates. All while a certain part of his city called out to him. The part that never stops moving.

One day, he would go back. He knew he would.

—

"And then Jungyu started crying because he felt so guilty that he broke my controller. And guess what happened?" Taehyung asked, disbelief on his face.

"What?" Jimin monotonously replied.

"My parents got angry at me for making him feel guilty!" He cried. "They gave him ice cream to stop his crying, and then sent me to my room as punishment for upsetting him! Can you believe it?"

"Actually, yeah. I can believe it. Your parents suck, dude." Jimin said, finally turning towards his best friend. The other kids at their lunch table nodded in agreement, and Taehyung threw his hands up in frustration.

"They do!" He agreed. "I feel like I can't do anything right, they're just always gonna hate me. His voice grew hurt the more he spoke, and Jimin couldn't help but feel a pang of sympathy in his heart at the words. He related all too well.

"Taetae, you know they don't hate you. Who could possibly hate you?" Jimin rhetorically asked, turning so he could run his hand through the younger's brown hair.

"My parents." Taehyung stubbornly replied, making Jimin fondly roll his eyes.

Before he could scold Taehyung for thinking so negatively, the boy across from them spoke up. "Jiminie is right, Taehyung-ah. Your parents don't hate you! They just want you to be a good role
model for your younger siblings. They're both only thirteen years old." Jihyun said with a soft voice. The whole school practically knew about Taehyung's family life, mostly due to the fact that he never stopped talking about it. No one ever seemed annoyed with his topic of conversation, though, since everyone loved Taehyung.

He was one of the most popular kids in their small school, and there was a good reason for that. Because when Taehyung wasn't raging on about his family, he was actually a wonderful and incredibly easy person to talk to.

He was funny, and extremely bright. Always encouraging others and being the best friend one could be. Jimin had no fucking idea why Taehyung had declared him as his best friend to the whole school, when everyone else was much better. But whatever the reason was, he was extremely grateful.

"Exactly! I swear, once the twins grow up, your parents will finally let you off the hook. I've been in the same situation before!" Chaeyoung joined in, flipping her dyed-red hair over her shoulder. She had a kind smile on her face, and it was clear that the words gave Taehyung a little more hope.

"Thank you guys, it means a lot." He said, shoving a piece of chicken into his mouth. "Now that we're finished with that conversation.. Jiminie, you have some explaining to do." Taehyung added, sending a sly smile Jimin's way. And, here it comes. The Taehyung Inquisition™ in full service. Jimin regretted his entire life.

"Oh god.." he said to himself, and everyone at the table smiled in anticipation.

"Where exactly did you go during the party last Friday, young man?" Taehyung questioned, raising both his eyebrows in question. "You were gone for like, three hours!" He added.

The other two gasped, never thinking that a goody-two-shoes like Jimin would ever sneak out again after The Incident.

"It's really not as big of a deal as you think it is."

"Ah ah ah, I asked you a question."

"Yah! Do you forget your place? I'm older than you!" Jimin jokingly accuses, making the others laugh.

"Jimin." Taehyung stated, his voice serious as he stared the older right in the eye.

It was silent for moment.

"Okay. So I might've walked all the way to Hongdae."

Of course, all it took for Jimin to cave was one fucking look. God, he was weakest person he'd ever met.

"Hongdae?!” Chaeyoung squeaked while the other two gaped.

"What the fuck possessed you to go to that shitty place?" Taehyung asked, and Jimin flinched at the accusatory voice.

He suddenly felt a little offended. "What makes you think it's shitty? You've never even been there before!" Jimin shot back, and Taehyung scoffed.
"So what? I've heard all the stories. Only rebels and thieves live in that place. It's like, the lowest of the low." Taehyung said, speaking as if he'd done a research project on the place and knew every little thing about it. Reality check, he didn't. Jimin felt bitter.

"What? That's not t—"

"I heard that it's so crowded there that people are constantly getting hit by cars when they walk across the street. Rumor has it that they don't even clean up the bodies afterwards!" Jihyun joined in, and Jimin cringed in disgust. That was just ridiculous, wasn't it?

"Are you even listening to yourself? They may not be the richest, most well-dressed people in the world, but they're still human." Jimin defended, not realizing how worked up got until he noticed the three staring at him with curious gazes. "..What?" He asked.

"Why are you getting so defensive, Jimin-ah? You weren't even gone long enough to grow attached to that place." Taehyung said, once again speaking as if he knew everything in the world. It frustrated Jimin, but he always let it slide.

"You don't even understand, Taetae. It was so cool there! There were people everywhere, and music was playing all over the place. There were people dancing and singing in the streets, and it was just—so alive." Jimin exclaimed, his hands moving as he spoke just for emphasis.

"Woah, I've never even seen him like this. That place must've been magic or some shit." Jihyun marveled, and the other two nodded in agreement.

"I guess we misjudged it." Taehyung shrugged, loving the light that was in Jimin's eyes just at the mention of the district. He missed that light so, so fucking much. "How were the people there? No one gave you any trouble, right?" Taehyung asked, making Jimin chuckle.

"The people were mostly nice. I had one bad encounter with some dude, but another guy helped me get out of it." Jimin tried to ignore the butterflies that erupted in his stomach at the mere thought of Jungkook. Oh, how he regretted running away from that man. He never even said thank you!

"Do I have to beat someone's ass?" Taehyung asked, and Jimin rolled his eyes once again.

"Taehyung-ah! I'm older than you, stop being a protective dork." Taehyung's protective best friend side always warmed Jimin's heart, but he could never admit the fact that he loved the feeling of protection that came along with being friends with one Kim Taehyung. That man would take a bullet for someone he just met, never mind a lifelong friend.

"I'm just saying! I don't want anyone to cause you trouble, Jiminie. You don't deserve that." Taehyung said. At this point, Jihyun and Chaeyoung were having their own little conversation about places that they'd love to travel, so Taehyung and Jimin were left alone with their bickering.

"I appreciate it, really. But I'm fine. Like I said, someone was able to stop it before it escalated." Jimin replied, instantly regretting it when a smirk appeared on his friend's face.

"Oh really? And who might that have been?" He asked. Jimin mentally face-palmed, knowing that there's no coming back from this.

"No one. Just some dude I ran into on the sidewalk. Literally. Like, I ran right into him like an idiot." Jimin giggled, and Taehyung joined in on the laughter. Leave it up to his clumsy friend.

"Did you get his number?" Taehyung asked, and Jimin choked on the glass of water he decided to drink from at that exact moment. Of fucking course.
"What the hell, Tae? Why would you even ask that? He could've been a sixty-year-old man for all you know!"

"Nah, I just know. You light up when you talk about him, there's no way it's just some random old guy."

Fuck Kim Taehyung and his observation skills.

When Jimin said nothing, Taehyung stared at him intently, waiting for him to break. But he had to stay strong. There's no way Taehyung could get him to break two times in a row. Especially not with the same exact technique.

"I'll tickle you."

"You wouldn't dare."

"Watch me, Park Jimin."

Silence.

Taehyung inched his large hand towards Jimin's side, but before they could reach Jimin slapped them away quickly. "Fine, fine! It wasn't just some random old dude, okay?"

Jimin truly hated himself.

"I knew it!" Taehyung cheered, hands flying up in victory.

"Keep your fucking voice down!" Jimin scolded, but it fell on deaf ears.

"Who is he? Tell me everything!"

If Jimin were to ever write a book, it would be an autobiography titled *I Want To Die, A Story By Park Jimin*. And maybe throughout the writing of that book, he'd be able to tell just where everything went wrong.

"You're making this into a much bigger deal than it should be." Jimin whined, but continued nonetheless. Taehyung motioned for the other two to listen again, and Jimin scowled. "His name is Jungkook, he was just a nice guy. What do you want me to say?" Jimin asked, resting his chin on his hand.

"Ooh, Jimin met somebody?" Jihyun asked, wiggling his eyebrows suggestively.

"No, Taetae is just being delusional." Jimin replied, but he was ignored.

"So Jungkook, huh? Was he hot?" Taehyung asked, and suddenly Chaeyoung seemed very interested in the conversation.

"Why is this so important to you? I bumped into him, apologized, and then we had super awkward small talk for like ten—"

"Jimin."

Silence.

"Okay, yes! He was fucking hot. Are you happy?"
A wide grin broke out on Taehyung face, and the other two began hysterically laughing at the situation. Jimin's face burned red, he knew he failed once again. How does Taehyung do this to him every time?

"I rest my case." Taehyung concluded, looking like the smug bastard he is. None of them were ever going to let Jimin down for this, he could feel it in his bones.

By the time lunch was over, Taehyung, Jihyun, and Chaeyoung had every single detail about the meet up with Jeon Jungkook. And since Jimin didn't want anyone else finding out about, Taehyung locked all of this information into another mental filing cabinet. This time, it was titled 'The Encounter'.

Jimin had the most ridiculous friends.

Since it was Monday, the most dreadful day of the entire week for obvious reasons, Jimin and Taehyung had a little tradition that they've upheld since freshman year.

They would go to cafe down the street from school, one named The Piola.

It was a nice little shop, with prices much too high for a simple cup of coffee. Yet despite the prices, it was the most famous cafe around.

The desserts were top notch, and the coffee and tea were unbeatable. Not to mention it resides in the richest neighborhood of all of Seoul. No one minded paying a few extra won for a good cup of joe and a mini cupcake.

The first time Jimin and Taehyung entered the coffee shop, the first Monday of freshman year, they already knew that they were going to become regulars there.

The air always had a fragrant flowery aroma, and the air conditioner was never turned off. The place was kept spotlessly clean, and the staff were incredibly nice. The owner, especially.

The first time they went there, Taehyung was wearing his favorite My Hero Academia shirt, and the manager, Kim Seokjin, practically fell in love with him because of it. Platonically, of course.

Ever since that day, Jimin and Taehyung returned to The Piola every single Monday after school, and Seokjin joined them at their perfectly clean, tiny pink table in the corner of the room. It was basically reserved for them.

So when the two younger boys waltzed into the cafe, having been driven by Jimin's driver, Donghae, as usual, the couple that was sitting at their table already knew it was time to leave. They hopped up, paid for their drinks, and left the cafe all together. And although it made Jimin feel like an annoying, spoiled rich kid, he was also slightly honored that they'd leave without any problems.

Taehyung and Jimin sat down across from each other and started a casual conversation, waiting for the oldest member of their squad to arrive. Taehyung was bouncing in his seat, he couldn't wait to tell Seokjin about Jimin's little adventure. Yeah, he was one of those friends.

Jimin just couldn't find it in himself to care anymore.

Once the older arrived, the other two scooted their chairs closer to the window they sat next to, and Seokjin took the third chair on the side of the table.

"How goes it?" He asked jokingly, plopping onto his polished wooden chair.
"Jin hyung! I missed you." Jimin pouted, reaching out for an awkward, over-the-table hug.

Seokjin had gone to meet his boyfriend's parents last week, thus he wasn't able to make it to their little get together for the first time since the tradition started.

"I missed you too, buddy. How horrible was last week without me?" Seokjin teased, returning the hug and giving one to Taehyung too.

"It was actually great. We finally had some peace and quiet for once." Taehyung said, earning a smack to the back of his head.

"Yah!" Seokjin exclaimed, making the other two laugh at his offended expression.

"How was it meeting your boyfriend's parents? I felt nervous for you." Jimin asked, starting up conversation as they waited for the waitress to bring their regular orders.

"Oh my god, I thought I was gonna die!" Seokjin whined, and the other two laughed. "I was expecting them to like, analyze and degrade me like every other parent I've met did. But they were unbelievably nice." He explained, a fond look in his eyes.

"Oh, really? I'm so happy for you, hyung." Taehyung said. They all thanked the waitress when she set down their steaming glass mugs, and didn't waste a minute before digging in.

"Thank you. Also, speaking of my boyfriend, he asked me if you guys would like to join me one day at the bar he works at." Seokjin suggested, and the other two put their mugs down in order to listen.

"What? He works at a bar?" Taehyung asked, wide-eyed.

"And he wants us to go there?" Jimin added.

Seokjin smiled at his cute dongsaengs, with confused looks on their faces. He told his boyfriend about his two best friends a while back, and the man had been wanting to meet them for the longest time. So he asked if Seokjin would bring them all down to his bar one day, and the other couldn't help but be overly excited.

"Well, it's kind of like a club. But yeah, of course he wants you to come. He's been wanting to meet you two for a while now." Seokjin said, taking the plate with three mini cupcakes away from the waitress with a kind smile. He thanked her, and put it in the center of the table.

"And we've been wanting to meet him, too. But is a club really the best place for that?" Taehyung asked, picking up a cupcake.

"Well, he works there practically every day because his dad owns the place and rarely lets him off. So he said we should just stop by some time this week." The eldest explained.

"And where is this club? Is it the one down the road?" Jimin asked, pointing in the general direction of the classy bar a few blocks down.

"Ah, no." Seokjin replied, suddenly looking a little embarrassed. The other two turned towards him questioningly, and he put his cup back down on the table. "He actually lives kinda far away from here."

"Oh? Are you trying to say he's not rich? Because you know that's okay, Jin Hyung. We're not our parents, we'll support anyone you date as long as he treats you well." Taehyung kindly said, and Jimin vigorously nodded in agreement. Seokjin felt warmth spread in his chest, a swell of affection
for his two best friends.

"You guys are actually the best damn people in the world." Seokjin stated, and they both nodded in agreement.

"So, where does he live, then? We'll go to the bar with you either way, hyung." Jimin said, a sweet smile on his face.

Seokjin returned the smile, suddenly feeling more confident now that he was positive they wouldn't care where the man was from.

"He actually lives on the edge of Hongdae." The oldest replied.

Chapter End Notes

Namjoon’s birthday stream was actually the greatest thing ever <3

Also, I seriously can’t wait for Bon Voyage season 3! After being in Hawaii and literally seeing everything that they saw in person, I can’t wait for the new season in Malta!

Song of the day: Come Back Home, by BTS

Until next time! :D
Chapter Summary

"So, spill." Yoongi repeated. His arms were crossed, and his eyebrows were raised. There was no getting out of this.

"Fuck, fine. You two are unbearable." Jungkook complained, but it wasn't even true in the slightest. They knew he loved them. "I bumped into a guy on my way to the alley I usually paint in. You know the one near hyung's bar?" He asked, and they both nodded. "Well, technically he bumped into me, but that's not the point. He was adorable, and super awkward, and I can't get him out of my fucking head."

Chapter Notes

Alright, so I went back and saw that there were tOns of spelling mistakes in the last chapter, and I realized that I posted the unedited version by accident. Which is like, my nightmare lmao. Anyway, I fixed it, and I’m sorry for all the mistakes. I’ll be more careful now~

Enjoy..

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Jeon Jungkook never liked journeying into the heart Hongdae.

It was crowded, noisy, and for some reason it always smelled like various meats.

Him and his friends lived at the very edge of the district, where not many people actually resided. It was still pretty dirty, but it sure as hell wasn't as bad as the center of Hongdae.

With that being said, the only reason he ever ventured into the heart of the loud place was for art purposes.

The area he lived in was already overflowing with murals and graffiti art, to the point where he couldn't even paint there anymore. So whenever he was in the mood, he'd have to leave the area where he felt the most comfortable, and walk right into the lion's den.

The only good part about the heart of Hongdae, was that one of his best friends worked at a large bar named Dark and Wild, not far from the usual spot he spray paints at. So whenever he finishes his work, he's able to settle down and very illegally have a good drink.

His friend's father owns the bar, too, so there's no need for a fake ID.

But this time was completely different for Jungkook. He hadn't painted any murals in the longest amount of time, as he was much too busy with work. He dropped out of school junior year, so work was really the only thing he had to completely focus on. But it just took up too much of his time.
Whenever he didn't have the chance to paint for a long period of time, Jungkook always grew grouchy.

And when Jungkook becomes grouchy, his friends become grouchy too.

No one wanted that.

So two of his good friends, his roommates Jung Hoseok and Min Yoongi, noticed the change in his attitude long before anyone else. They forced him to call out of work and take a whole day to himself where he could do whatever he pleased. So he decided he would go into town and paint until he couldn't paint anymore—it was long overdue. And since he was not able to say no to his hyungs, Jungkook ended up doing just that.

He called out of his shitty job at the 24/7 gas station down the road from his house, grabbing his spray paint bag and surgical mask, and headed down into the place he loved and hated all at the same time.

But if he knew he was going to meet a literal angel in that place, he definitely would've dressed a little nicer than ripped skinny jeans and a sleeveless shirt.

After his encounter with the cutest, most beautiful human being he'd ever had the pleasure of laying his eyes on, Jungkook simply couldn't function.

No matter what he did, those unique almond eyes, and perfectly round lips would invade his thoughts. The other boy had been so awkward, so uncomfortable in such a simple conversation that Jungkook couldn't help but internally coo. It was clear to anyone with eyes that the boy didn't get out much. And although he felt bad, he couldn't help but find the innocence endearing.

His friends, having been around him his entire life, could read the youngest like a book. All it took was a simple glance before one Min Yoongi grabbed him by the ear and forced him into one of their broken down chairs surrounding the kitchen table.

"Spill." Yoongi ordered, Hoseok practically materializing by his side.

"What are we spilling?" Hoseok asked, eyeing his step-brother curiously.

"Hoseok, fucking look at him." The older replied, his septum piercing reflecting the kitchen light above them. Hoseok obeyed his brother's order and looked at the youngest, his eyes suddenly widening comically. Jungkook's gaze flickered between the two, watching the scene unfold with a throbbing ear and a bitter attitude.

"What the fuck are you two going on about?" He asked, but he was ignored.

"Oh, you're right hyung. I see it now." Hoseok marveled, and Yoongi nodded beside him.

"What exactly are you seeing? Come on guys, this isn't fair. You're like psychically connected, I can never keep up with you."

"There's a new light in your eyes, Jungkook-ah. And this could only mean one thing." Yoongi stated, and Hoseok hummed in agreement.

"And that is?" The youngest asked.

"Either you found some really good food during your trip into town last night, orrrr.." Hoseok dragged on the word, "You found a boy."
How the fuck was this even possible? They got all this information just from a so called 'look in his eye'? Jungkook was fucking bitter. Is he really that easy to read? Or were the brothers just literally crazy?

"Seriously, what the fuck even are you guys?" He asked instead. Jungkook knew he couldn't keep this from them forever, but for God's sake, it's been one day.

"We're your best friends, therefore you must tell us anything and everything. And if you don't, we'll just find out anyway." Hoseok answered, even though they all knew Jungkook wasn't actually looking for an answer to his question.

"I don't doubt you will." He mumbled, rolling his eyes at their ridiculous words.

"So, spill." Yoongi repeated. His arms were crossed, and his eyebrows were raised. There was no getting out of this.

"Fuck, fine. You two are unbearable." Jungkook complained, but it wasn't even true in the slightest. They knew he loved them. "I bumped into a guy on my way to the alley I usually paint in. You know the one near hyung's bar?" He asked, and they both nodded. "Well, technically he bumped into me, but that's not the point. He was adorable, and super awkward, and I can't get him out of my fucking head."

They could practically hear the frustration in the youngest's voice.

Jeon Jungkook has never had an actual crush before. Yes, he's dated a couple of people, and he was definitely no blushing virgin. But he never actually felt a real wanting towards another human being. And he can't say it was a very welcomed feeling.

Especially since the other boy lived a half hour away from him, by car at least, and he was completely out of his league. Jimin was rich, and he was incredibly beautiful. How could he ever feel anything but uncomfortable around a street kid like Jungkook?

"So you have a crush, then?" Hoseok asked with wide eyes. This was unheard of.

"No, no. It's not a crush. He's simply the most attractive human being I've ever laid my eyes on, that's all." Jungkook shrugged like it was no big deal.

"You mean besides me, of course. Right?" Hoseok added, flipping his orange hair to side in order to look more attractive. They both blankly stared at him.

"..Right." Jungkook sarcastically said, and the older whacked him on the head.

"Ignore this idiot, tell me about the boy." Yoongi demanded, and Jungkook loudly groaned while Hoseok just looked plain offended.

"I just did, that's all I really have to say about him." He stated, exasperated.

"What part of Hongdae is he from?" Yoongi questioned casually, and Jungkook halted. If he thought the brothers missed his hesitation, he was dead wrong.

"Why the fuck are you hesitating?" Hoseok asked. When Jungkook said nothing, the older gasped. "See, you're hiding something from us!"

Jungkook face-planted into the table, simply awaiting the sweet release of death to come and take him away from this disaster. How was he suppose to tell his friends that his supposed 'crush' lives in
the richest part of Seoul?

"You better answer us, Jeon. We won't leave you alone until we know everything." Yoongi said, determined.

Jungkook finally sat up, an annoyed look on his face. "Oh my god, kill me now. He lives in Gangnam, alright?" He answered, just trying to shut them up.

They stared at him in silence.

Yep, he figured that's how they'd react. Now, Hoseok and Yoongi were anything but judgmental, but they cared a lot for their friends. So if Jungkook has a helpless crush on some rich guy across the city, they'd obviously be super sympathetic.

The silence lasted for about a minute before Hoseok broke it. "I mean, it's not that bad, right?" He looked to his brother for reassurance.

Yoongi hesitantly nodded, running a hand through his shiny black hair. "Yeah.. I mean, Namjoon-ah is dating someone from Gangnam as well, isn't he?" He said, and Hoseok nodded. They both turned to Jungkook with hopeful smiles on their faces, but he merely rolled his eyes.

"Guys, don't try to give me false hope. It's not like I'm looking to date this guy or anything. I simply think he's attractive, that's all. Not to mention I'm never gonna get to see him again." He shrugged, nonchalant.

"What makes you think that?" Hoseok frowned.

"It's obvious. I only met him yesterday because he snuck out of his parents' house party. Plus, he ran away from me before I could even learn anything about him." The youngest explained, and the others shot him sympathetic smiles.

"You don't even know his name?" Yoongi asked.

"Well, his first name is Jimin. That's all I got." He answered. Jungkook then stood up and got a plastic cup out of one of the cabinets, filling it up from the sink to sooth his dry mouth.

"Alright, that's a start. Now we've narrowed it down to about, half the population of Korea." Hoseok said with fake cheerfulness, earning an elbow to side by his brother.

"Fuck off, Hoseok-ah." Yoongi pushed his brother's shoulder, only to receive a push right back.

"Guys, cut it out. I already told you, I wasn't expecting a relationship or anything. I've literally met him once. He's just really cute, that's all." Jungkook felt like he could repeat himself 87 times a day and the two idiots still wouldn't understand. They've been trying to get Jungkook back into dating for years now, and would probably stop at nothing to find this 'Jimin' again.

"Alright, fine. Fine. We'll stop. For now." The warning in Yoongi's words didn't go unnoticed at all. "On a lighter note, we have to go to the bar."

"What, why?" Hoseok asked, fiddling with a random bottle cap he found on the ground. Their apartment wasn't necessarily the cleanest place you've ever seen.

"Namjoon has to work late because one of the other employees called out sick. So I told him we'll go and keep him company." Yoongi answered.
"Okay. When do we leave?" Jungkook asked, mentally preparing for the walk into the center of Hongdae for the second time that weekend.

Yoongi checked the time on his phone, and his eyes grew wide. "Um.. 15 minutes ago." He replied, looking up at them innocently.

—

"Alright, I take it you all want the usual?" Namjoon asked, skillfully flipping a glass in his hand while serving a customer next to the three boys.

"Yes ma'am," Yoongi responded, as Hoseok saluted him.

Namjoon rolled his eyes with a chuckle, walking over to the area where he kept the fireball and vodka. He passed two glasses of straight fireball to the step-brothers, before filling a glass with a mix of lemonade and vodka and sliding it in Jungkook's direction. "It's on the house." He stated, and they all cheered.

Yes, Jungkook was underage. Drinking was definitely illegal for both him and Hoseok. But that wasn't really the highest of their concerns. In fact, the entire bar was basically illegal. The manager, Namjoon's dad, was able to keep it pretty lowkey, mostly due to the fact that there weren't many cops at all in Hongdae. They just didn't care anymore.

So people were able to do as they pleased in the building, including sell illegal drugs and stripping. But that was all done in the club area, which was sectioned off by a large, wooden sliding door in the back of the room. Though Namjoon made sure to only ever work at the bar section.

"Thanks, hyung." Jungkook said, taking a sip from the strong drink Namjoon handed him.

"It's no problem. By the way, how did your graffiti run go last night?" The older asked, casually leaning on the counter.

Yoongi and Hoseok sniggered at the question, each earning a much-deserved smack from the youngest.

The bar wasn't that packed, most of the people were occupying the dance floor instead. But it was still pretty loud, and they had to talk over the music that was playing in the background. The sudden aroma of weed filled the room, but none of them even noticed it.

"It went pretty well, actually. Although I did run into a little trouble at the end." He replied, taking another sip from his drink.

The smiles simultaneously fell from the step-brothers' faces as they listened, and were replaced with confused frowns. "What? You didn't tell us that." Yoongi accused, but Jungkook just shrugged.

"I didn't think it was really worth mentioning. Besides, you guys were a little caught up interrogating me about my nonexistent love-life." The black haired boy pointed out, and the other two looked slightly guilty.

"What happened?" Namjoon asked. He decided he'd ask about the love-life thing later, this was more important.

"Well, as soon as I finished my mural in that alley behind the gas station, I was confronted by Got7." Jungkook explained, and the other three boys stilled.
"What?" Hoseok asked, eyes wide.

"I'll kill them." Yoongi added, and Jungkook couldn't help but chuckle.

"Calm down, hyung. They didn't do anything. They were just upset that I was spray painting in 'their area', as they called it." Jungkook used air quotes just to show how ridiculous he thought it was. That area most definitely was not theirs.

Namjoon looked troubled by the news, and the brothers just simply looked annoyed. Got7 was a topic they rarely ever spoke about.

Got7 is the only other gang in Seoul. And because of that fact, they were automatically rivals.

Because yes, Jeon Jungkook is in a fucking gang.

Now, the word 'gang' makes it sound much more dangerous than it really is. It's not like they go around terrorizing old people and kicking puppies, or robbing small businesses of their money. It was actually the complete opposite of that.

Jungkook, Yoongi, Hoseok, and Namjoon actually fought against people like that.

They fought to try to keep Hongdae, or Seoul in general, safe from criminals and other dangerous people. The only group they've ever had trouble stopping, was Got7. The main reason being that they were very outnumbered.

Got7, as you can probably tell, had seven main members. But they also had many, many connections. They were a very social group, and they had connections as far as China, America, and Thailand. They were practically unstoppable.

But it's not like Jungkook's group, Bangtan Sonyeondan, was helpless. Because they were anything but helpless.

They might not have connections in as many countries as Got7, but they still have plenty in multiple Korean cities, along with some in America thanks to Namjoon's English skills.

Because of this, Got7 never made any moves to attack Bangtan, and vice versa. They both tried to steer clear of each other. And while the other group continued to terrorize Hongdae right under everyone's noses, Bangtan continued cleaning up their messes before anything got out of hand. That's just how the cycle went.

"Was JB with them?" Namjoon asked about the group's leader, ignoring all other customers at the bar. They were gonna have to wait.

"Nah. It was just Jr., Jackson, and YJ." Jungkook answered, using the nicknames that members of the group went by.

Everyone had to have nicknames. They'd be completely damned if they revealed their identities to anyone in the gang community. Their families, friends, homes—everything, would be at stake if that happened.

"And did they threaten you?" Namjoon questioned as the other two listened intently.

"I mean, it was just the usual empty threats. Nothing I can't handle, hyung." Jungkook admitted.

"Fuck." Yoongi muttered, already looking angry. He pushed the glass of fireball away in
annoyance.

"Seriously, it's okay guys—"

"No, Jungkook, it's not. They never confront us out in the open like that, especially while singling one of us out. It's basically an act of war." Namjoon explained why they were so worried, but Jungkook didn't believe it.

"It's not an act of war, they know that would be a stupid idea. They were probably bored, saw me, and decided to have a little fun. But I scared them off before anything even happened." The youngest shrugged, trying to brush the whole situation off. It really wasn't that big of a deal.

"How did you manage to scare them away?" Yoongi asked curiously.

"Are you really asking that? Look at his fucking muscles." Hoseok pointed out, making Jungkook laugh. Namjoon finally smiled, glad that his friends weren't the least bit scared about the situation at hand. He hated when they were afraid, it always made him lose his cool.

"Exactly." Jungkook winked. Yoongi gave a disgusted scoff before picking up his drink again, downing it in one go.

"I'm gonna need these to keep coming if I'm gonna make it through the night, Namjoon." Yoongi concludes, holding up his empty glass.

All of them laughed, despite the oldest being completely serious, and Namjoon refilled all of their drinks.

They were gonna be okay. As long as they stuck together and just continued fighting with everything they had, they would be alright.

Got7 had nothing on them.

Chapter End Notes

I always get so anxious before posting a new chapter, so I hope you guys are still enjoying this story lol. Thank you so much for the comments and kudos, I really appreciate it!

Song of the day: WHY, by NF

Or literally any NF song, he’s such a king

Until next time! :D
Chapter Summary

Although Jimin was finding Namjoon easier and easier to talk to, he still wasn't near comfortable enough to tell the man he taking ballet lessons—he already knew the other would make fun of him. Ballet is for girls, that's what everyone thinks. So he always just stuck with telling people he did contemporary instead. It was much easier to explain.

Chapter Notes

Enjoy..

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Are you nervous?"

"Of fucking course I'm nervous. I haven't been to Hongdae since Friday, and now we're actually going there on purpose." Jimin replied, holding his Samsung Note9 up to his ear with his shoulder as he pulled on some pants. Taehyung chuckled through the phone, clearly getting a kick out of Jimin's suffering.

"What are you going to wear?" Taehyung asked. There was rustling in the background, making Jimin believe that the younger boy was getting changed as well.

"That's what I'm having trouble with. Because in Hongdae, you stick out like a sore thumb if you wear dressy clothes. But we're also going to be meeting hyung's boyfriend, so I don't want to look homeless either." Jimin explained his predicament.

"Yeah, I'm having that same problem. I think I'll just wear a black hoodie. You can't go wrong with hoodies, right?" Taehyung rhetorically asked, rustling around a little more. That was true, hoodies are something that everyone wore.

"Good idea. I'll just have to leave without my parents noticing or they'll rip it right off me. I'm literally not allowed to leave the house in anything less than Versace." Jimin scoffed, and Taehyung hummed in agreement.

"I can attest to that." He mumbled. "See you at The Piola?"

"Yeah, of course. See you soon, Taetae." Jimin replied. Once they hung up, Jimin threw his phone onto his neatly made bed and sprinted into his walk-in closet. There had to be a plain hoodie somewhere in here, right?

He looked through shelves and shelves of name-brand clothes ranging in all colors, until he finally reached the 'cold weather section' of the closet.

In the midst of all the Saint Laurent, Prada, and Chanel winter clothes, there lied a simple grey
hoodie, in which Jimin had no idea where it came from. He smiled victoriously nonetheless, pulling it out and slipping it right over his petite body. It was cozy, and he missed the feeling of wearing actually comfortable clothes more than anything.

He picked up his expensive phone, slipping it into the back pocket of his black, flawlessly ironed jeans, and stepped out of his room quietly.

It was Thursday evening, and only his mother was home. His father was at work, and Jimin had no siblings to worry about.

But of course, no matter how good the circumstances were, God seemed to just hate Jimin these days. Because the second he hopped off the last step of the unnecessarily long spiral staircase, he came face-face with his small mother.

Park Chanri was a beautiful woman. She had long, slightly wavy blonde hair, a small, petite body, and an absolutely beautiful smile. She looked quite young for her age, and got complimented on it regularly. She was the complete opposite of her husband, who was tall, buff, and slightly burly. It was clear to anyone with eyes that Jimin got his looks directly from his mother, much to his father's demise. If the man was forced into having a son, he'd rather have a strong, confident man who is capable of taking over his business. But he ended up getting the complete opposite instead.

And although Jimin definitely got all of his looks from his mother, the only thing he didn't acquire from her, was her attitude.

"And where do you think you're going looking like that?" Chanri asked, a perfectly shaped yet condescending eyebrow raised high. Jimin gulped, already feeling dread course through his bones.

"I'm just going over to Taehyungie's house. I didn't think I had to dress up for it, his family doesn't care."

"His family might not care, but I sure as hell do. What if you encounter more paparazzi? Or you take pictures while you're over there? Do you really think it's a good idea to leave the house in that god-forsaken Walmart hoodie?" She asked, spitting the name of the poor store like it was a deadly disease. Jimin just already knew he was going to lose this battle.

"..No." He hesitantly replied, leaning heavily on one foot.

"That's right. Go back and change, then come to me when you're finished. I'll tell you if I approve of your attire or not."

When Jimin stared, dumbfounded, she flicked her jeweled wrist in a 'get lost' motion. "Go on!"

He sighed, spinning on his heel and trudging up the exhausting staircase once again. It was going to be a long night.

—

As soon as Jimin stepped into the chilly, brightly lit cafe, he was engulfed in a hug by Seokjin.

"I'm so glad you could make it!" Seokjin cheered, and Jimin smiled brightly, instantly returning the hug.

"Of course I could make it! I wouldn't miss this for the world." He replied, burying his face in the taller's neck.
"Um, Jiminie!" A new voice appeared, "What happened to going casual?" Taehyung whined, pointing to his own oversized hoodie that fell down to the center of his thighs.

Jimin looked down at his own outfit, sighing guiltily. He was wearing the same pair of stiff jeans as before, along with a long-sleeved, black and white striped shirt straight from Burberry's most pricey rack. His small fingers were littered with expensive rings, and his dress shoes matched his outfit perfectly.

"What do you mean by 'casual'? You literally bought that hoodie at Gucci!" Jimin accused back, feeling defensive and uncomfortable in his outfit.

"So what? You only know that because you were there with me when I bought it. Everyone else just thinks I'm in a regular hoodie. You, on the other hand, look like a fucking Burberry clothing model." Taehyung shot back, and Jimin groaned in defeat.

"I'm sorry, Taetae. My mom caught me on my way out and made me change again. I really wanted to go casual with you." Jimin explained, and all the fire left his sulky best friend as he nodded in understanding.

"Ah, I see. Well, it's fine then. Just don't get robbed."

"I'll try not to." Jimin answered sarcastically.

"Are we ready to go?" Seokjin cut in, arms still wrapped around Jimin's small frame. They completely forgot to stop hugging, and the realization made Jimin chuckle. They shared a toothy smile before finally letting each other go.

"Yep. Let's go!" Taehyung cheered, and they filed out of the large café's doors.

—

The bar was not what the two youngest boys expected whatsoever. It was nothing like the classy one down the road from The Piola.

Seokjin, having been dating the owner's son for over a year, had been to the bar plenty of times. Almost every weekend he made it his mission to drive to Hongdae in order to meet the man who stole his heart. The least he could do was give the other some company while he worked late.

Unlike Jimin and Taehyung, who's lives were very seriously controlled by their parents, Seokjin didn't have that burden.

In his family, it was only him, his older brother, and his wonderful mother. His father had passed away when was very young, so young that he can't even remember what the man looked like. But his mother, despite being left with a very large amount of money, never stopped being humble. And she raised her kids to be that way as well.

She supported Seokjin in every way possible, especially with his sexuality. She absolutely loved every man he ever brought home, not that there were that many, and made them feel incredibly welcomed each time.

Though she particularly liked Seokjin's current boyfriend, much to his delight.

"This is so cool, hyung!" Taehyung squealed, looking around the dim building as if he were mesmerized by it. This was his first time outside of Gangnam, except for the few family gatherings he'd attended back in his hometown of Daegu.
From what Taehyung could tell, the place was separated into two visible sections. One was a bar, and the other was a large dance floor. Beyond the dance floor was a wooden sliding door, which he only assumed was a hidden third section of this building. The bar looked relatively calm compared to the blinding disco lights that danced across the ceiling and walls of the dance floor to his left. The bright neon sign above the bar's drink racks was labeled 'Dark and Wild', referring to the name of this place.

"Isn't it? Hongdae can be really beautiful." Seokjin agreed, looking around for his boyfriend.

Jimin gave an 'I told you so' glance to Taehyung and stuck his stuck out like the mature grown up he is. Taehyung, being on an even higher intellectual level, blew a raspberry right back in Jimin's face.

Suddenly, Seokjin stopped walking. Both boys stopped right beside him, trying to follow his line of vision to see what was going on.

"There he is." Seokjin smiled, pointing to man behind the dark red bartender's counter. The man was tall, surprisingly even taller than Seokjin himself. He had messily combed dirty blonde hair that was stylishly parted off to the side, and when he smiled at a customer, Jimin could've sworn he saw two dimples appear on his cheeks like tiny craters.

"Wow, he's hot. But why are we stopping?" Taehyung asked, earning a smack from the oldest.

"The last time I saw him was at his parents house. I just hope he thinks it went okay.." Seokjin said, worrying his bottom lip between his teeth. But before he could even think about stressing any further, the man in question looked up from where he was talking with someone, and an even brighter smile broke out on his face.

He ran a quick hand through his hair, before excusing himself from the conversation and pulling up the entrance of the counter, sliding out to go meet the three boys.

Jimin already felt social anxiety creeping up his throat as the man approached them, but he continuously reminded himself that it would be okay. Even if he fucks it up by being his usual awkward, embarrassingly clumsy self, Taehyung is incredibly social. He could carry on a conversation for eight years straight if he had to, and he would always be there to save Jimin from his own awkwardness.

"Hey baby, I'm so glad you made it here safely." The man said as soon as he was in front of them. He pulled Seokjin in for a hug, which the man reciprocated immediately.

"Yeah, it was no problem at all." Seokjin gave him a sweet smile as they separated, and the other subtly winked. "So as promised, here are the two troublemakers."

Seokjin moved to the side, revealing the two younger boys who both smiled innocently.

The man's smile grew wider at the sight, and he automatically cooed. "Oh, how cute. My name is Kim Namjoon, I've heard so much about you guys!"

"I bet we've heard a lot more about you~." Taehyung sing-songed, earning himself the second smack of the night by Seokjin.

"Can you stop exposing me?" The eldest whined, making Namjoon laugh loudly.

"Anyway, my name is Kim Taehyung. This is Jiminie." He pointed to Jimin, who shook Namjoon's hand as well. "It's nice to finally meet you."
"Same here! Come on guys, drinks are on me tonight." Namjoon said, waving everyone over. Taehyung cheered, not caring that it was clearly illegal for him or Jimin to drink any alcohol. It's not like they haven't done it before, and Namjoon didn't seem to mind either way.

While Seokjin began bickering with Namjoon about how he was literally going to go bankrupted if he kept giving drinks out for free, Jimin realized he literally hasn't said one word to Namjoon yet, and he internally scolded himself. Why the fuck did God curse him with this inability to socialize? This was his chance to make a new friend and it was quickly passing him by.

"Just make sure to steer clear of the club area, okay? Some crazy shit happens over there." Namjoon suddenly warned, confirming Taehyung's previous suspicion when he pointed to the large sliding door beyond the dance floor. The two younger boys nodded in acknowledgment.

As soon as they were all seated, Namjoon took their orders and began pouring the drinks and trying to make small talk. The tattoos that covered his hands and his long fingers didn't go unnoticed by Jimin, who was fascinated by them.

"So, a couple of my friends came here tonight too. Well, they pretty much live here so it's nothing new. But I kinda lost them." Namjoon explained. Seokjin has already met Namjoon's friends, since what he said was very accurate. Those boys came to the bar nearly every day. But Namjoon was mostly telling Jimin and Taehyung that there were others that they'd probably be meeting tonight.

Seokjin laughed, "How did you lose them this time?"

"The usual. I'm pretty sure Hoseok dragged the others to the dance floor, only for them never to be seen again." Namjoon chuckled. "I'm not even sure if they're still here, it's been over an hour." The three boys all laughed at the story.

Suddenly, Jimin felt a strong urge to just say something. Anything. He needed to make his presence known, this was Seokjin's boyfriend after all. He wanted to make an impression of some sort.

"D-does your friend—Hoseok, as you mentioned—does he like to dance?" Jimin quietly asked, silently proud of himself for manning up. Taehyung gave him an encouraging smile.

"Oh yeah, he's fucking in love with dance. You have no idea. He even owns a little studio near where we live." Namjoon explained, shooting Jimin a smile. "Why, do you do dance?" He asked.

Jemin enthusiastically nodded, "Yeah, I love it too! I mean, I only do.. contemporary at the moment, but I'd love to try out new things."

Although Jimin was finding Namjoon easier and easier to talk to, he still wasn't near comfortable enough to tell the man he taking ballet lessons—he already knew the other would make fun of him. Ballet is for girls, that's what everyone thinks. So he always just stuck with telling people he did contemporary instead. It was much easier to explain.

"Oh, that's awesome! If Hoseok is still around here, I'll be sure to tell him. He'd be so excited to finally have a dancing buddy." Namjoon said, and the smile just wouldn't leave his face. It was clear that he was extremely happy with how things were going.

Jemin felt the anxiety slowly dissipate as time passed, and they all talked as if they'd known each other for years. Seokjin couldn't stop smiling either, loving how his best friends and boyfriend just clicked so well.

Everything was perfect for him. His mom approved, Namjoon's parents approved, both of their best friends approved—nothing was standing in their way.
The night continued on, full of free drinks and story telling. Jimin grew very comfortable with his friend's boyfriend, and he couldn't be happier that he chose to date such an amazing man. Namjoon was truly incredible.

He was fluent in both English and Japanese, he graduated from college early, and he was quite literally a genius with an IQ of 148—which Seokjin could not stop bragging about. He was the whole package.

After a few too many drinks, Jimin could basically hear the bathroom calling out to him. He had to go so badly, but he didn’t want to leave in the middle of their conversation. So he had to wait until it died down a little bit before he was able to go.

"I need to use the restroom." He stated, lisp a little more prominent now that he was tipsy.

"Mkay, have fun~." Taehyung slurred back, having had way more drinks than Jimin. The older two laughed at their sluggish behavior, watching Jimin stumble out of his chair and walk in a random direction, only hoping that he was going the right way.

"The bathroom is in the opposite direction." Namjoon said as the three boys watched Jimin waltz through the crowd spread across the dance floor.

"He'll figure it out sooner or later." Seokjin added. Taehyung burst out into giggles when Jimin quickly spun around, realizing he was going the wrong way, and ran right into a dancing couple.

"Hopeless." The youngest boy mumbled to himself.

Jimin continued down the hallway where he saw the sign for the restrooms. His vision was a little blurry, but he was able to make do. After finally using the toilet and staring at his wobbly reflection for about five more minutes than he really should've, Jimin finally exited the dirty public bathroom. He didn't even have time to worry about how many germs he must've inhaled while inside there, because the moment he stepped out of the bathroom hallway, his eyes fell on an oddly familiar figure on the dance floor. He squinted, trying to get a better look through all the flashing lights.

The man was dressed in all black. He had a long-sleeved shirt, sleeves rolled up to the elbows in order to show off his tattoo-covered forearms. He had black skinny jeans on as well, and his bulky arms were crossed over his chest. Unlike everyone else on the dance floor, who were dancing like a bunch of maniacs with bugs in their clothes, the man stood perfectly still, amusedly watching two other people dance in front of him.

He turned his head to the side a little bit as he laughed at something the boys in front of him did, and that's when it clicked. Jimin knew he'd seen that smile before.

He wracked his fuzzy mind trying to figure out just where as when he'd seen that man. Bunny, who's smile looked just like that little bunny he once saw? It had to be someone he'd met the last time he was in Hongdae, because—

**Jungkook.**

The name popped into Jimin's head out of nowhere, and his eyes widened at the realization. The name alone made Jimin's heart skip a beat, only for it to beat twice as fast the next time around. There's just no fucking way. The coincidence was way too high here.

Was Jeon fucking Jungkook seriously standing on the dance floor of his best friend's boyfriend's bar?
Chapter End Notes

Song of the day: Youth, by Shawn Mendes ft. Khalid

I adore this song, go give it some love!

Also, if you haven’t watched Bad Lip Reading of BTS, I advise you to do so for your own good. It’s amazing.

Thank you so much for reading, until next time! :D
Chapter Summary

Fucking hell, someone had to be playing games with him. There's no way, no fucking way, that all of this was happening while Jimin was powerless to stop it. Someone had to have put a curse on him when he was a kid, truly.

Chapter Notes

Enjoy..

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"No no no. This is not happening. Nope." Jimin mumbled to himself, stumbling away and preventing himself from the most awkward interaction on the face of the planet. "God, why must you forsake me?" He drunkenly whined.

Luckily enough for him, the other boy didn't even have the chance to notice him. Jimin basically levitated away from the scene, not even realizing he left until he was right next to the bar where his friends sat, and Jungkook was nowhere in sight.

He could never face that man again, not after literally running in the opposite direction when he offered to help him out. That night, Jimin used his Maps app to get himself home, even though his phone died halfway through the process. He was lucky enough to memorize all the roads before that happened.

But the point still stands—Jeon Jungkook absolutely can not see Jimin at that bar. He would rather drown then let that happen.

The second Jimin appeared next to Taehyung, he grabbed the younger's arm, pulled him out of his seat, and wordlessly dragged him away from a very confused Namjoon and Seokjin. Taehyung squealed the entire way, yet didn't put up much of a fight.

Jimin pulled him right back into the bathroom hallway, as it was the quietest place in the building, and it was much easier to have a conversation in there.

"What the fuck, Jimin? I thought you were someone trying to kidnap me!"

"I was."

"What—?"

"Taehyung-ah, I need your help." Jimin interrupted seriously, and his friend shut up instantly.

"What happened? Are you okay?" The younger boy's eyes scanned Jimin as if he was looking for any signs of physical injury. "Did someone do something to you? I'll kill them!"
"Taehyung, no, shut up." Jimin instantly shut him down once more. "He's here." He reported.

"Who's here?" The younger man looked around curiously.

"What the fuck do you mean 'who's here'? Who else could I possibly be talking about?"

Taehyung's eyes grew wide, "You mean he's here?" He asked, as if there was any difference in what they were saying.

"Yes, yes! He's here!"

Jimin was having an internal panic attack.

"Go talk to him!" Taehyung suddenly offered, leaving Jimin staring at him as if he had three heads.

"Tae, do you even know who I am? How could you even suggest that to me?" Jimin asked, dumbfounded, but his friend just rolled his eyes.

"You're being dramatic, Jimin-ah! Come on, I'll start the conversation." Taehyung grabbed Jimin's arm, but the smaller flinched back.

"Do not touch me Kim Taehyung, or I will destroy you. If you think that's actually going to happen then you need a serious reality check." Jimin was in a full fighting stance, prepared to take the other down if he had to. There's no way he was going to see Jungkook. He was just hoping Taehyung would cover for him while he fled in the opposite direction of the bar, but that did not seem to be the case.

"It's not that big of deal. Didn't you say you wanted to thank him? Now's your chance!" When he reached out again, Jimin didn't hesitate to slap his hands away.

"I warned you, Taehyung-ah." He gave another empty threat, and Taehyung watched him with an amused smile.

"You know, you——"

"Jimin-ssi?"

Taehyung was cut off when a foreign voice called out the older's name from behind them. They both whipped around, and there he stood.

Yes, him.

Jimin felt both dread and excitement bubble all at once in his chest, and his heart flipped at the sight of Jungkook standing at the end of the hallway.

Jungkook's eyes flickered from Jimin to Taehyung, taking in the scene with confused eyes. Taehyung, knowing that the two needed to talk privately, was very happy to excuse himself from the situation.

"I should get going, I don't want hyung to worry. See you around, Jimin-ah." Taehyung said, patting Jimin on the shoulder. The smaller boy looked to him with wide eyes, silently yelling at the boy not to leave, but Taehyung smirked and simply ignored the telepathic request.

He walked down the hall, glancing at Jungkook, and was gone the next second. Betrayal, was the only word that was floating around Jimin's head.
Jungkook watched Taehyung leave with furrowed eyebrows, before his eyes flickered back to the small boy in front of him.

"Who was that?" He asked, stepping forwards slowly. Jimin didn't realize he was stepping back until he hit the wall, and Jungkook raised an eyebrow.

"That was Taehyung." Jimin simply answered, as if the other knew who that was.

"Was he giving you trouble?" Jungkook asked skeptically, subtly glancing at the exit the other boy just went through. Jimin frowned at the question, confused as hell.

"N-no, he's my best friend. We were just messing around.." Jimin quietly explained. When he looked back on the situation, it did seem pretty sketchy. With Jimin continuously smacking the other's hands away and threatening him, Jungkook was obviously going to assume something unpleasant was happening.

"Oh." Jungkook simply said, and then it was quiet. God, Jimin did not miss these awkward fucking silences. But once again, Jungkook didn't seem to mind at all.

They stared for a moment, while Jimin died inside a little more at each passing second. He wanted to run. Why, just why, did he always feel the need to run?

"You ran away the other night." Jungkook stated the obvious, and Jimin gulped. He knew this was coming. It was obvious, wasn't it? His behavior was unexplainable, and not even he could understand why he'd done that.

"Yeah.. I did."

Jungkook stared at him for a moment, before taking another step closer. "Why?" He asked.

There it was. The question Jimin asks himself every single day. Why did he run away? He could've declined the offer, politely said thank you, and then just gone on his way back home feeling good about himself. But no. Instead, he turned in the other direction and ran all the way to his house without even a second glance at the other boy. Jimin was truly a dick.

"I-I don't know. I just kind of.. did. I was in a rush." God, he's a fucking idiot. Was that really the best he could come up with? Jimin was gonna kill Kim Taehyung for doing this to him,

"I see." Jungkook replied, sighing to himself. Jimin began to feel even more shy under the man's gaze. "Did you at least get home without any problems?" He asked.

Jimin gulped, nodding slightly. "Yeah, I did. I just used my Maps app to find my way back." The smaller boy explained.

"Smart. I'm glad you're okay, I was nervous for you."

"O-oh?" Jimin didn't know how to respond for that. Did Jungkook actually worry about him that night? While that thought completely warmed Jimin's quickly-beating heart, he couldn't help but feel guilty that he caused the other to worry.

"Yeah.."

Jungkook had to be making fun of him inside his head. There's no way someone can encounter a person as awkward as Jimin and just not think about how weird he is. God, Jimin wanted to die.
"I should—I should probably get back, I'm here with some friends and I've been gone a while. But, um, I'm sorry about last time. I don't really know why I did that.." Jimin finally said, relieved that he didn't stutter as much as he thought he would.

"You don't have to apologize, it's okay. I'm sure it must've been weird for a stranger to ask to walk you home.. Anyway, I've gotta meet up with my friends too, so we're on the same page." Jungkook shrugged, and his small smile practically broke all the tension in the air. Jimin could finally breathe again.

"Okay."

They both turned and started walking out of the bathroom hallway. When Jimin began to walk in the direction of his group of friends, he couldn't help but feel slightly nervous when Jungkook did the same thing. He turned, and caught the other boy's eyes.

"Are you following me?" He asked, making Jungkook chuckle.

"Nope. My friend is at the bar." The taller boy explained, and Jimin nodded. Well, that was strange, there was no one else at the bar other than—Oh my god. Jimin halted when he realized what was happening.

Jungkook is really friends with Kim Namjoon, isn't he?

Fucking hell, someone had to be playing games with him. There's no way, no fucking way, that all of this was happening while Jimin was powerless to stop it. Someone had to have put a curse on him when he was a kid, truly.

As soon as Jimin reached the bar, Jungkook in tow, Namjoon looked up and smiled at them both. Jimin felt his heartbeat pick up, realizing this was all definitely real.

"Ah, Jungkook-ah!" Namjoon smiled, "I see you've met Jin's friends. This is Jimin, and that's Taehyung." He introduced, even though the youngest was well aware.

Jungkook looked surprised for a moment, catching Jimin's eye and showing that he was not expecting everyone to know each other either. He then eyed Taehyung, still suspicious of the man. What he'd seen in the bathroom hallway made him feel a little bitter towards the man currently chugging down some Gin & Tonic.

"Yeah, we've met already. And it's nice to see you again, Jin hyung." Jungkook said, pulling the older into an awkward hug since he was still sitting on a bar stool.

Jimin gaped. Seokjin knew Jungkook this entire time too? That's crazy!

But it makes sense, since Seokjin goes to the bar basically every week in order to see Namjoon. Of course he'd know all of the man's friends by now.

Jimin only then realized he never exactly told Seokjin the name of the boy he ran into in Hongdae. Of course, Taehyung spilled every detail of The Encounter over the coffee date earlier that week, but for confidentiality purposes, he left the name out of it—which Jimin was incredibly thankful for. He'd be so unbelievably embarrassed if Seokjin knew that the mystery boy was actually Jungkook this whole time.

"Why don't you join us, JK?" Namjoon asked, waving a tempting bottle of vodka around, and Jimin could literally feel his soul leaving his body.
"I'd be happy to." The younger replied, sending a smile to the others. His eyes lingered on Jimin a little longer, making the smaller avert his gaze to his nearly empty cup. He was going to need a lot more alcohol than this.

While pouring Jungkook's drink, which Jimin noted was a mix of lemonade and vodka, Namjoon started up a conversation in order to make everyone feel more comfortable.

"So where are Hoseok and Yoongi?" He asked Jungkook, sliding the drink in his direction.

"Probably still on the dance floor. You don't even understand what I've been through, hyung, it's been hours." Jungkook exaggerated, making the older smile. Jimin didn't even notice he was staring at Jungkook's mouth when he spoke until it was too late. The other turned and caught his eye, making Jimin quickly look away. Fuck, he was literally the human embodiment of awkwardness and anxiety.

"They have too much energy for their own good." Namjoon chuckled. "I wanted them to meet Jin's friends, but I guess they're a little busy right now." All of the boys amusedly looked over to see two guys wiggling around on the dance floor, one much more enthusiastic in his wiggling than the other. Jimin figured those two were Namjoon's other friends.

"So, why don't you guys tell me about yourselves? Is this your first time in Hongdae?" Jungkook asked, but his eyes were on Jimin. The smaller bowed scowled at him, but Jungkook just kept a cheeky smile on his face.

"Well, this is my first time. Jiminie's been here before, though." Taehyung smirked. Before Jimin could wack him, Namjoon spoke up.

"Oh, you have?" He asked. "That's awesome, when was that?"

All eyes were on Jimin. Two pairs were smug, and two were curious. Jimin was going to kill Kim Taehyung, and then himself.

"U-um, it was just last week. I just—I walked here from my house." Jimin explained, purposely looking anywhere but at Jungkook.

And then, as if the world hadn't already fucking proved it hated Jimin more than anything else, Seokjin added, "According to Tae, Jiminie even bumped into a hot guy while he was here." He chuckled, and Taehyung nearly spit out his drink from laughing.

Jimin was mortified.

One of these days, one of these fucking days, Jimin was actually going to explode.

He couldn't even look at Jungkook, too embarrassed to even breathe. Just why?

He face planted onto the bar, not daring to look up. The other boys all laughed at his reaction, but Jimin heard nothing coming from Jungkook.

When he looked to the side, head still resting on the counter, he saw the man was already openly staring at him with a smug smirk on his face. Jimin wished he could wipe it right the fuck off.

He slowly sat up, a newfound determination setting in. He couldn't let Jungkook think that this was what he thought about him, the man was just too smug. It annoyed Jimin. So he decided to say the first thing that came into his head.
"Yeah, he was hot. But he was also kinda dumb. The only reason he spoke to me was because he needed help tying his shoes." Jimin lied, looking Jungkook right in the eye as he spoke. Taehyung snorted loudly.

The smirk fell from Jungkook's lips as he narrowed his eyes at Jimin, but the smaller boy didn't back down. Namjoon chuckled and Seokjin furrowed his eyebrows, because that was definitely not the story he'd heard.

Jimin and Jungkook were practically having a silent battle with their eyes, a staring contest. Jimin wanted to look away so badly, but he just couldn't give the other the satisfaction.

Jungkook opened his mouth to reply to the offensive story, but he was cut off when two very out of breath boys walked up demanding drinks, even though they were clearly too drunk already.

"One—One fireball pleasee." The one with orange hair slurred, nearly falling onto Jungkook, who was sitting on one of the bar stools. Jungkook shoved the boy off, only for him to fall into the one he'd been previously dancing with.

Relief flooded Jimin's system, thanking God for getting him out of that situation. These two boys were his heroes, and they didn't even know it yet.

He had no idea where that sudden burst of confidence came from, but he was definitely regretting having said anything.

"Yeah, I think you've had enough to drink, Hoseok-ah." Namjoon chuckled. Jimin's eyes widened at the name. So that was the boy who loved dancing?

"Ignore him, he's being an idiot. Hey, what's up Jin hyung?" The other boy, one with black hair and a stylish-looking septum piercing joined in, and Jimin couldn't help but wonder if Seokjin knew everyone in this bar.

"Hey, Yoongi-yah. It's good to see you again." Seokjin hugged Yoongi as well, and Hoseok pouted.

"Why don't I get a hug?" He whined, only smiling again when Seokjin chuckled and pulled him in too.

"Fuck off, Hoseok, you're literally four years old." Yoongi rolled his eyes. The orange haired boy gasped, offended, and tackled him in defense. "You're only helping my case." Yoongi croaked out as Hoseok quite literally wrapped himself around the smaller boy.

Everyone chuckled at the scene, and Jimin couldn't help but wonder if the two of them were together. They seemed very close, and it was cute to watch.

Jimin's eyes filtered over to Jungkook, only to see that the other boy was already watching him. His heart fluttered. Why was Jungkook looking at him when everyone else's attention was on Hoseok and Yoongi?

"Who are you guys?" Hoseok slurred once he was finally finished suffocating his step-brother. It seemed that he noticed Taehyung and Jimin for the first time since his arrival, and the blonde boy straightened his posture once the attention was on him again.

"They're good friends of Jinnie. This is Taehyung, and that's Jimin." Namjoon spoke up, pointing at each of them as they were introduced.

Both Hoseok and Yoongi's eyes grew wide, and their heads whipped to face the youngest of the
group, who had a knowing look on his face. Yes, that was the same Jimin. The same Jimin who he said he'd never get the chance to see again.

A smile appeared on Namjoon's face when he added, "You know, Hoseok, Jimin said he loves to dance too."

Jungkook looked surprised at the knowledge, while Hoseok lit up like a Christmas tree with a drunk smile. "You do?" He screeched. "You're actually my new best friend!" He rushed over and threw his lanky arms around Jimin, who was barely able to keep his balance on the stool.

Yoongi rolled his eyes, but smiled nonetheless. "That's good. Now you can dance with him instead of pulling me out of my room at nine in the morning to go to the studio with you." He bitterly said. The others chuckled at the information.

"Oh yeah! Jimin-ssi, why don't you come to my studio sometime? I'd love to see what you can do!" Hoseok asked, and all eyes were on Jimin to see his answer.

That was when Jimin realized he literally hadn't said one thing this entire conversation. He wasn't even the one who introduced himself, Namjoon had taken care of that already. He hadn't had the opportunity to say one thing this whole time, yet when he was finally given the chance, he froze.

They all waited for him to reply, but the words wouldn't form in his mouth. Seriously, what the fuck was wrong with him? He felt like a fish out of water, opening and closing his mouth repeatedly. He could feel all of their eyes on him, and it nearly made him dizzy.

Taehyung sensed it right away, and just knew he had to step in for Jimin's sake. "It all depends on where your studio is and when you want to do it." He said, and all attention was now on him. Jimin was finally able to breathe. "Jimin and I's parents really don't like this place, they don't even know we're here right now. But if we get the chance to sneak out again I'm sure it'd be fine!" He said cheerfully, and Jimin mentally thanked the fuck out of him.

Hoseok smiled brightly and nodded, "Of course! My studio isn't too far from here. It's at the very edge of Hongdae, because that's where I live and I like to be close by. We can set up a date for next week?" He questioned, looking between both Jimin and Taehyung. It looked like he sobered up considerably, and his words were barely even slurred anymore.

Jimin took this time to collect his thoughts. He glanced at Seokjin, noticing the man was looking at him with worry in his eyes. Jimin could see why—he literally shut down right in front of everyone. He simply shot the man a reassuring smile, which seemed to ease him a little bit.

When Jimin's eyes flickered to Jungkook, the man just looked plain annoyed. He was watching Hoseok with a scowl on his face, and Jimin couldn't help but wonder if that was his fault. Did Jungkook not like him or something? Is that why he didn't want Jimin and Hoseok to hang out together? It would make sense, judging by the fact that he literally ran away from the man during their first conversation. Not to mention Jimin indirectly called him dumb about five minutes before. Fuck.

"Next week sounds good. Is that okay, Jiminie?" Taehyung asked carefully, glancing over to his friend with a smile.

Finally, the gears in Jimin's brain started to work. Speaking really isn't that difficult, he knew he could do it. He nodded quickly, "Y-yeah, yeah. I could find a way to sneak out again next week." He replied.
Hoseok leaned in a bit closer in order to hear him over the music in the background, before cheering loudly. "Yay! I'm so excited!"

Namjoon smiled, loving how everyone got along so well. He was immensely glad that Jimin mentioned dancing earlier, because if he hadn't, then there wouldn't be an excuse for them to hang out again. It would take a while for everyone to get comfortable with each other, so this was a perfect way to start.

The rest of the night went by relatively smoothly. Hoseok was practically clinging to Jimin and Taehyung the whole time, excited to finally have some dongsaengs that actually acted like dongsaengs, unlike Jeon Muscle-Pig Jungkook. They spoke mostly about dance, and about plenty of other topics as well. It wasn't even remotely awkward, because both Hoseok and Taehyung could each literally talk for hours if they needed to. All Jimin had to do was listen, and throw in his input every once in a while.

Yoongi, finally free from his overly-charismatic brother, stuck by Jungkook most of the time. Occasionally, he'd speak to Namjoon about the music that was playing, requesting some songs here and there. But for the most part, Seokjin and Namjoon were trapped in a deep conversation.

The night was perfect. It truly couldn't have gone better.

Well, maybe for Jimin it could've. He was still embarrassed about choking up in front of four of his new friends and needing Taehyung to come in and save him. But he tried to keep that thought at the back of his mind and focus on everything that was currently happening.

He had a feeling that this group of people was going to play a very important role in his future.

Chapter End Notes

Song of the day: Jocelyn Flores by XXXTENTACION

I'm so unbelievably proud of our boys. They've now made history once again as the first Kpop group to ever speak at the UN! I only stan LEGENDS!

So, BTS is in New York right now, since they were just on Jimmy Fallon, and there is a veryy slight chance that I'll be able to see them at their Citi Field concert next weekend. I can't believe they're only one state over from me.

Anyway, thank you so much for reading! Until next time! :D
Chapter Summary

Jungkook's heart suddenly dropped to his stomach at the thought of Jimin accidentally encountering a Got7 member. Why hadn't he thought of this before? Every time Jimin, or any of the Gangnam trio, come into Hongdae they’re automatically at risk. He clenched his jaw at the thought.

Chapter Notes

Sorry that this chapter was shorter than usual, it’s just kinda a filler to build the plot a bit. The next one will be longer.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"I hate you."

"Jungkook—"

"Nope. I hate you."

Hoseok sighed in exasperation. This had been going on ever since Thursday night when they left the bar. Jungkook was visibly upset that Hoseok had decided to take it upon himself to invite Jimin and Taehyung to his dance studio. The three even exchanged numbers and everything!

Jungkook was fucking bitter.

Leave it to his most social friend to swoop in befriend Jimin like there was just nothing he'd rather do.

And as for the worst part of this whole situation, Jimin still almost seemed afraid of Jungkook. When the taller man confronted him in the bathroom hallway, the boy looked like he was completely backed into a corner. Why was he so afraid of him? It couldn't be because of his tattoos or piercings, because every one of Jungkook's friends had them and Jimin got along with them just fine. It was just.. him.

Namjoon was busy pouring drinks for other customers, and Yoongi was in the club section of the building buying some marijuana. It was just Hoseok and Jungkook sitting at the bar, one much happier to be there than the other.

"You know you can come to the studio with us, right?" Hoseok tried to reason, but Jungkook was too busy sulking.

"Then I would just seem desperate. He's already scared of me, showing up would just make me look like an actual stalker." The younger responded. He then turned his full body towards Hoseok, wanting to make the older boy feel guilty.
"I'm sorry, Jungkook-ah. I just saw an opportunity and took it. I need a dancing buddy!" Hoseok flailed his arms around in exaggeration, his sleeve sliding up to reveal the beautiful flower tattoo painted on his bicep. The younger rolled his eyes.

"Go find another dancing buddy!" Jungkook retorted. He found Jimin first!

Before the conversation could continue, Yoongi plopped down on the seat next to Hoseok with an exhausted groan.

"The things I do to get some weed. Those guys are psychos." He said, placing two separate blunts down on the table. He pulled out his lighter, a moderately expensive white one with the English initials Y.K. on it.

"Do I need to beat someone up?" Hoseok joked, picking up one of the blunts.

Yoongi snorted, shaking his head. "I got what I wanted, so I can't complain."

The members of Bangtan rarely ever visited the club section of Namjoon's workplace. Yes, they occasionally participated in illegal activities. But never inside that area. It was full of dangerous people; drug dealers, criminals, ex gang members. It was a place where they all come together to buy/sell, or just to get a nice lap dance.

Namjoon repeatedly warned the members never to go in there unless it was absolutely necessary. He didn't want them to get caught up in all of those illegal activities, or to get hurt in the process. But every once in a while, Yoongi would head in to get some great weed for a good price. It was nothing new.

Yoongi looked from the exaggerated pout on Jungkook's face to the apologetic smile on Hoseok's, before heaving a big sigh.

"Jeon Jungkook, are you still fucking complaining about it?" He asked, already knowing the answer.

"It's not fair, hyung! Jimin hates me." Jungkook whined, and the other two rolled their eyes.

"He doesn't hate you, you're just being dramatic." Yoongi said.

"Yeah, didn't you see the way he kept staring at you all night?" Hoseok added, a slight smile on his face.

"Of course he saw that, he was staring right back at him." Yoongi told Hoseok, who broke out into a fit of giggles.

"Yah! No I wasn't! Besides, if he was staring at me, it was probably more out of fear rather than lust."

"Didn't you mention that Jin hyung said Jimin called you hot?" Hoseok asked. Their dongsaeng was just being ridiculous.

"Yeah, but that doesn't even matter. He was clearly trying to steer clear of me the whole night. You guys should've seen his face when I called his name out at the restrooms, he looked so intimidated!"

Jungkook wasn't wrong. Jimin looked terrified when Jungkook confronted him in the hallway of the bathroom. Was he really that scary? He always tried to seem welcoming and friendly, despite his appearance saying the opposite. But it just didn't seem to be enough.
When the step-brothers stared at him with unimpressed gazes, Jungkook added, "Besides, if you think someone is hot, why would you avoid them at all costs? Wouldn't he want to get with me if he thought I was attractive? The whole thing was probably just a misunderstanding. Jimin bumped into plenty of people that night." Jungkook reasoned, not expecting the scoff of disbelief he received from Hoseok.

"Dude, I mean this in the nicest way possible, but you're a fucking idiot." Yoongi said, bringing the blunt to his lips and inhaling.

"What—"

"Like, you're dumb. A complete airhead." The oldest finished, exhaling the smoke professionally. Jungkook rolled his eyes.

"What the hell are you talking about?" The youngest asked. He snatched the blunt from Hoseok's hands since the boy was closest to him, and took his first hit of the night. He really needed it.

This time, it was Hoseok who replied. "In case you didn't notice, Jimin isn't exactly the most comfortable around new people. He's the kind of person who ogles at their crush from afar, never having the courage to talk to them. He could be avoiding you because he thinks you're hot. Maybe he has a crush on you, and he's too afraid to talk to you because of it?" Hoseok thought out loud.

Jungkook pondered his words. Could that be it? Is it even possible for someone like Jimin to feel anything for Jungkook other than pity? Jungkook mentally scolded himself for that thought—he was being too judgmental. Just because Jimin is rich, doesn't mean he doesn't have a heart. It doesn't mean he can't have human feelings for another person. Maybe what Hoseok was saying is true? Maybe Jimin did actually have a crush on Jungkook after all?

"Or maybe he is actually deathly afraid of you, 'cause you do kinda seem like the stalker type." Hoseok added, earning a hit on the back of the head from Yoongi.

"Idiot! He was just starting to believe you!" Yoongi scolded. Jungkook groaned loudly, face planting into the bar counter. Fuck life.

By the time the sun had set and Namjoon was finally let off of work for the night, the boys were a mess. A complete and utter mess.

Hoseok had abandoned his stool altogether, opting for laying across the bar counter on his back, staring at the ceiling above him.

Jungkook, surprisingly still in his seat, was building a little house out of the supplies that he found around the counter. Cups, napkins, cellphones—you name it.

And Yoongi, who was always relatively good at controlling himself under the influence of drugs and alcohol, sat in his seat with a blank expression, watching as the other two lost their minds.

"Dude.. if you were a security guard at a Samsung store, would that make you a Guardian of the Galaxy?" Jungkook asked casually, placing another napkin on top of his makeshift house.

"There's no way.." Hoseok gasped, wide eyes staring at the ceiling as if it had the answer. "You have no idea how bad I want to be Chris Pratt." He replied, making Jungkook snort.

"You're both idiots. If I were to be a security guard, it would obviously be at an Apple store. iPhones
"Lies and slander!" Hoseok shouted, but Jungkook couldn't help but agree with the oldest of the group. iPhones were pretty fucking great. "I'm a strong believer in #teamandroid, so you both can suck my toes." He added, making Jungkook and Yoongi both wholeheartedly crin.

"Why the fuck would you put that image into my head, you fucking asshole." Yoongi spat, nose scrunched up in disgust.

Namjoon returned from the bathroom with an amused smile on his face, which was soon wiped clean off when he was bombarded with questions from his insane friends.

"Kim Namjoon, this is a life or death situation. Are you on #teamapple or #teamandroid?" Yoongi asked, dead serious. Namjoon furrowed his eyebrows, confused that the most level-headed of their group was being this ridiculous while high.

"No matter what I say, I'll be wrong. So I think I'll have to pass on this one." Namjoon replied, smiling when they all started angrily talking once again.

"You're not allowed to pass! Answer!" Jungkook demanded, making the older roll his eyes.

"Can I phone a friend?" Namjoon asked.

Hoseok narrowed his eyes suspiciously, saying, "It depends on what kind of phone you use to do that!"

Namjoon face-palmed. There was really no getting out of this.

He walked over and sat down on the seat that Hoseok was supposed to be inhabiting, sighing loudly. "I'm gonna have to go with Apple, judging by the fact that I've had the same iPhone for years now and I'm fine with it." He caved, making all but one cheer loudly.

"That's three against one, Hoseok hyung! So why don't you go suck on your own toes!" Jungkook shouted victoriously, making not only Namjoon, but many others around them whip their heads in his direction with looks of pure confusion and disgust on their faces. Hoseok maturely stuck his tongue out in retort, before pouting to himself.

"...I'm not even gonna ask what that was about." Namjoon said, shaking his head, before his sharp features suddenly grew more serious. "Anyway, onto more important topics; Got7 is making another move. I need you guys to sober up now, because this is something we have to talk about ASAP."

The other three boys immediately straightened up at the name, and all jokes were cast aside instantly.

"What are they doing?" Yoongi asked as Hoseok sat up straight on the counter, his legs dangling down uselessly.

"I just got word from Shownu that they're going through with their plan to open up a bar." Namjoon informed, and the others all gaped.

They'd received word a while back that the other gang was planning on opening up a rival bar somewhere in Hongdae, but Bangtan tried not to worry about it too much. They didn't think Got7 even had the guts to do that, but it was clear they'd misjudged.

"Shit. Are you serious?" Hoseok asked.
"Yup. We don't know all the details about it yet, but I know it's not looking good at all. JB wants to run me out of business, out of this city, but I'm not gonna give up so easily. We can't go down without a fight." Namjoon said, and they nodded in complete agreement. This was going to be difficult, but they had enough faith in each other.

"Of course not," Jungkook joined in. "We're just gonna have to be extra cautious now. It's clear that they're not trying to play it safe anymore."

Namjoon nodded, "Yeah. We also have to make sure to tell Jin, Taehyung, and Jimin to be careful whenever they come around here."

Jungkook's heart suddenly dropped to his stomach at the thought of Jimin accidentally encountering a Got7 member. Why hadn't he thought of this before? Every time Jimin, or any of the Gangnam trio, come into Hongdae they're automatically at risk. He clenched his jaw at the thought.

Before he could say anything, though, Hoseok added, "Jimin especially. Do you guys see the way he dresses? It's like the kid wants to get robbed."

Yoongi nodded in agreement, while Jungkook just frowned. "There could be a reason for that, don't be so judgmental." He scolded. The two brothers smirked while Namjoon had a questioning look on his face at how defensive the youngest got.

"I'm not judging him! I'm just saying, it's super risky." Hoseok defended himself.

"He's right, Jungkook-ah." Yoongi intervened, "One of us should look out for those three whenever they come into Hongdae, just to be safe. They all come from a lot of money, not to mention Jimin and Taehyung know nothing about Got7." He said, making Namjoon nod once again.

"Yeah, definitely."

"Ooh, Jungkook! This is a perfect chance for you to spend more time with Jiminie! Why don't you walk him and Taehyung to the dance studio?" Hoseok squealed, referring to the plans he was making with the younger boys. They'd all been texting back and forth in a newly created group chat, trying to set a date for when they should hang out.

Jungkook rolled his eyes, while Namjoon just looked plain confused. "I already told you, hyung, it'd look super creepy if I just showed up out of nowhere." The youngest said, exasperated.

"Wait, Jungkook likes Jimin?" Namjoon asked, but he was ignored.

"Would you rather look creepy and keep Jimin safe, or distance yourself and risk him getting hurt?" Yoongi stepped in wisely, and that seemed to shut Jungkook up. He made eye contact with the oldest, seeing nothing but care in his small eyes. Yoongi really seemed to want things to work out between Jungkook and Jimin.

They all waited silently for the youngest to answer, and he sighed in defeat.

"Fine," He caved, "Just tell me the day, and I'll do it, asshole."

Yoongi and Hoseok both cheered loudly, getting many more annoyed looks from the people around them, when Namjoon asked, "Can someone please tell me what's going on already? I feel really out of the loop here."

"Oh, do we have a story for you.." Hoseok smirked viciously, and Jungkook scowled.
Hey y'all, I'm gay for Billie Eilish.

Carry on.

Buuut Twenty One Pilots' new album just came out, and I'm actually in love. Since I can't put the entire Trench album as a song of the day, I'm just gonna say y'all should listen to it lmao

Song of the day: LIMITLESS, by NCT 127

Until next time! :D
Chapter Summary

All it took was one conversation for his view to change completely. Because contrary to what Jimin first believed, Jungkook was fucking easy to talk to. The only other person he's ever spoken to so casually this early in the relationship was Taehyung. And that's because he's Taehyung.

Chapter Notes

I realize that I just updated, but I NEED TO SHARE SOME THINGS.

FIRST OF ALL, I WAS ACTUALLY ABLE TO GO TO THE CITI FIELD CONCERT, AND IM SO FUCKING HAPPY RN. BUT MY EARS ARE STILL RINGING.

Everything about the concert was amazing. Their performance was on point, as always, and their speeches at the end literally brought me to tears. I purple them so much.

ANYWAY, so I was trying to get a video of the fireworks and the crowd, but I accidentally ended up filming this glorious Jikook moment and I'm so proud. They're such boyfriends <3

I don't think if I can even post videos on here from my gallery, so I've been posting them on twitter instead if y'all want to check it out (@sugajuusshi_)

Enjoy..

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The next time Jimin finds himself in Hongdae, he's sure to stay far away from Namjoon's bar.

He'd been texting back and forth with Hoseok in order to set a date for their dancing. It ended up being Wednesday, the next week. Jimin was able to sneak out and successfully reach the train station, but Taehyung was not. Thus, Jimin was left all alone.

So to say he was anxious would be an understatement.

Jimin's hands were shaking as he paused down the street from Hoseok's dance studio. He was fine with it before because he was sure Taehyung would be with him, then he could've been as awkward as he wanted to be. But now it was just him.

Taehyung's father caught the poor boy just before he was able sneak out, and he got grounded for a week because of it. And while Jimin felt incredibly bad for his friend, he didn't have the time to apologize.

He was too busy having an internal panic attack.
How was he supposed to spend the whole day alone with a boy he'd only met once? God, Jimin was really cursed!

He tried to focus on other things—anything to get his mind off of the situation. Jimin admired his surroundings, and noted that Hongdae looks very different during the day. The last two times he'd been there, it was night. Where people flooded the streets, dancers and musicians built up crowds on the sidewalks, and streetlights illuminated absolutely everything. But during the day, it was almost peaceful. There weren't as many people around, and it definitely wasn't as loud as it usually was.

Before he turned the corner which would take him directly to the studio, Jimin was nearly blinded by a bright sign on other side of the road. The words that were displayed said 'Seven For Seven'. It was a bar.

Jimin hesitated. The last time he was at a bar was not too long ago, and it was Namjoon's. The amount of alcohol he drank that night had made it so much easier to talk to all the boys. Should he risk it?

Maybe getting a little tipsy would ease his anxiety of talking to Hoseok. He had to try something, right?

Jimin reached into the back pocket of his tight, Saint Laurent Distressed Jeans, and pulled out his wallet. He flipped it open and grabbed his nearly untouched fake ID.

The only time he'd ever use it was with Taehyung, so it was nerve-wracking to have to do it all by himself. But he supposed it would be worth it in the end, once he was able to freely speak with Hoseok using that liquid confidence to his advantage.

The line in front of Seven For Seven wasn't long at all, thankfully. He didn't want to keep Hoseok waiting too long. Just in case, he sent Hoseok a text saying that he was stopping for a quick drink and would be there in a minute, which the older was fine with.

Jimin masked his nervousness with a blank expression and handed his fake ID over to the bouncer. The man looked bored as he barely scanned the ID. He gave Jimin a slight nod in the direction of the door, silently telling him to go in, before handing the card back.

"Thank you.." Jimin mumbled and walked through, but the bouncer didn't reply.

Bars and night clubs had always been sketchy to Jimin. The thought of a bunch of horny, drunk men and women paying to see girls, and occasionally guys, strip while drinking more alcohol than their body could handle—it wasn't a very pleasant sight.

But Jimin needed that liquid confidence.

He wouldn't get drunk to the point where he'd be making a complete fool out of himself in front of Hoseok and be unable to dance, but he would get just tipsy enough to ease his social anxiety. Because yes, Jimin always had to resort to alcohol in order to keep his mind off things. His parents just refused to believe that their son struggled with a type of anxiety, and they refused to help him in any way. So he had to make do.

Unlike Namjoon's bar, which was completely separated from the club by a large sliding door, this place had both areas combined together.

So Jimin sat on one of the bar stools and avoided looking into the back area, afraid to catch sight of one of the girls stripping. It just felt wrong to look.
The moment he sat down, there was already a bartender in front of him, surprising him. There were only a few other people sitting at the bar, as most were either on the dance floor or in the clubbing area.

"What can I get for ya?" The man smiled, and Jimin couldn't help but think that Namjoon's smile was much more relaxing.

"I-I'll have.." he paused for a moment, "I'll have a daiquiri."

He'd only gotten this once before, usually opting for a Gin & Tonic along with Taehyung. But he wasn't in the mood for that today. He was in the mood for something sweet.

"Coming right up." The man said cheerfully, a slight American accent flowing through his words.

As promised, the drink was delivered right away—Jimin barely had to wait two minutes. And although the service there was incredibly fast, he couldn't help but think it was even better at Dark and Wild. He felt like he was cheating on Namjoon's bar.

"Thank you." He said, and the man nodded. But unexpectedly, he didn't leave to go meet with another customer. He simply stood right in front of Jimin on the other side of the counter.

Jemin put his drink down carefully, asking, "Do you.. C-can I help you?"

The man laughed at the awkwardness this boy emanated, before shrugging, "I've just never seen you here before." He did a once-over of Jimin's outfit with an amused smile on his face. "You're definitely not from Hongdae." He added, acting as if he was a detective who just solved the biggest case. No shit, Sherlock, Jimin thought with a mental roll of his eyes.

"No, I'm not." Is all he replied with. He couldn't tell the man he was from Gangnam, he'd get jumped for sure!

"I see. Well, my name is Mark. My friends and I own this bar, and we actually just opened it not too long ago. So if you're ever in Hongdae again, you should come back here and visit. You're always welcome." The bartender, Mark, said with a kind smile, but it seemed fake. He seemed fake. Jimin nodded, nonetheless.

Everything about this weird place made Jimin uneasy, especially the bartender. He wasn't sure he'd ever actually come back. Jimin self-consciously glanced around at the rest of the room, warily catching sight of multiple people staring at him. He felt like a piece of meat that was thrown into a tank of hungry piranhas.

Screw his mom, making him put on at least $1,000 worth of clothes before leaving the house.

The more he glanced around, the more anxiety built up in his chest. Everything felt tense, and loud. Way too loud. He'd never felt this fucking uncomfortable before, and this was even after drinking some alcohol. Jimin just wanted to leave.

He finished his sweet drink quickly, ready to get the fuck out of there, when Mark returned to him from another customer. Jimin sat back down once Mark appeared, but the man had definitely seen him get up.

"Aw, you're leaving already?" He looked disappointed. When Jimin silently nodded again, the pink-haired man added, "Can I interest you in any weed before you leave? We have plenty, and it's pretty cheap here."
If Jimin was still drinking his daiquiri, he would've choked on it. Weed? How could this random man just openly ask him to buy an illegal drug? Is this bar even legal?

Taking in Jimin's expression, Mark added, "Ah, not a fan of weed? We plenty of other things. Cocaine, Heroin, Acid—you name it, we got it. Just go over to the club, those men will take care of you." He spoke with an eerie tone to his voice, pointing to the area with all the strange, creepy men who couldn't seem to be able to take their eyes off of the smaller boy.

Jimin couldn't believe what he was hearing. He just wanted to leave. Namjoon previously said not to go near the club section of his own bar, and this one didn't seem to be much different. Not to mention Taehyung had warned Jimin countless times not to do any hard drugs under any circumstances. Alcohol was fine, and they didn't mind getting drunk together every once and a while and knew how to handle it. But drugs? Drugs were scary.

"I think I'll just—I'm just gonna go. My friend is waiting for me, so I don't have much time." Jimin threw a bill onto the counter for the drink before standing up, and Mark watched silently. The amused smile never left his face throughout the whole encounter, and Jimin couldn't help but grow annoyed at the fact that the man got so much joy out of making the smaller boy uncomfortable.

"Okay. Just remember what I said, Jimin-ssi. You're welcome any time."

Jimin barely heard him as he rushed passed one of the bouncers and pushed the metal door open, hurrying outside. He was immediately hit with a cold breeze, but it barely fazed him.

He quickly spun around and faced the large building again with wide eyes when he realized something.

He never told Mark his name.

Jimin was breathing heavily, but it wasn't at all from the running. What the fuck was that? How did Mark know his name? This was the first time they ever saw each other! He felt sick.

That was a mistake. He never should've went in there. He only had one drink, leaving before he even got a little bit tipsy. Jimin mentally made a vow never to cheat on Namjoon's bar again, because that terrifying experience was like instant fucking karma.

Just wanting to get away, Jimin turned and ran around the corner, trying to get into the street that would lead him directly to Hoseok's studio. He hoped Hoseok was a patient man, because that took a lot longer than he'd hoped.

Jimin turned the corner quickly, only stopping when he bumped right into a wall.

A living, breathing wall.

Fuck.

He squeaked and looked up at the man he bumped into, ready to profusely apologize and beg the man not to beat him up like the last guy nearly did, when his words got caught in his throat. Because of course. Of fucking course, it would be him.

"We have to stop meeting like this, Jimin-ssi." Jeon Jungkook chuckled as he put a steadying hand on Jimin's shoulder. He looked radiant today, as always, and Jimin gulped nervously.

"I-I'm—fuck, I'm so sorry Jungkook. I don't know why I keep doing this." He actually hated
himself.

But Jungkook only laughed and affectionately ruffled Jimin's perfectly styled hair, much to the smaller's dismay. "Like I said before, don't apologize. It's really fine."

Jimin nodded, trying to fix his hair from Jungkook's assault. "What are you doing here?" He asked, only realizing seconds later how rude he made that sound. His eyes grew wide, as he quickly added, "N-not—I didn't mean it like that! It's not like I don't want you here or anything! I just mean like, what brings you to this part of town? Because last time I ran into you—literally—you were near Namjoon hyung's bar, a-and it was like—"

"Jimin." Jungkook cut him off, a slight smile on his face, "You're rambling."

Heat rushed to Jimin's face at the words, and he mentally cursed God for doing this to him yet again. Just why?

"Oh.. right. I'm sorry." Jungkook laughed at the defeated expression on the smaller's face as he uttered another unwanted apology.

"It's okay! Anyways, since you asked so kindly," Jungkook smirked, "Hoseok hyung asked me to walk you to the studio today." He explained.

"But why? He already gave me the directions, I know how to get there." Jimin responded, confused.

"Well, it isn't really about that. The studio is actually in a pretty dangerous part of the neighborhood—which also happens to be the part we live in—so he asked me to bring you just in case."

What, so Jimin needed a bodyguard now?

For some reason, he felt a little bitter that that was the only reason Jungkook came to see him. Because Hoseok asked him to.

"Thanks, but I don't need you to protect me." Jimin replied, trying to walk past the other. But Jungkook stepped to the side, blocking the smaller boy's path.

"Actually, you do." He gave Jimin's outfit a once-over, saying, "If you come into my neighborhood looking like that, you're literally going to get mugged." He said like it was a known fact. And maybe it was.

Jimin hesitated. He thought back to the suffocating feeling of being watched like a hawk back in that sketchy bar. It was clear that every single person in there wanted what he had, and he was surprised they didn't just take it. He was literally the easiest target.

"..Fine, you can walk me there." He muttered, and a victorious smile spread on Jungkook's face. He cheered, making Jimin roll his eyes. But he couldn't help but smile a little bit at the enthusiasm.

They both started walking in the direction of the studio, and Jimin took it upon himself to try and start up a conversation so the unbearable awkwardness from last time wouldn't come back to haunt him.

"How did you even find me?" He asked, staring at his shoes as he walked. If he looked at the boy next to him, he'd probably just freeze up again.

"Hyung texted me saying you stopped for a quick drink, so I was on my way to Namjoon hyung's bar." He said, and Jimin felt a pang of guilt in his chest.
"Oh.." He said quietly. Jungkook seemed to notice something was off, so he faced the smaller boy.

"Is something wrong?" He asked, trying to read Jimin's expression.

"N-no, it's just.. I didn't go to Namjoon hyung's bar." He admitted, finally looking up to see
Jungkook's reaction. He wasn't sure exactly why he felt this guilty. He'd only been to Dark and Wild
once before, and it's not like going there was an obligation for him. But he still couldn't help but feel
this way.

"Oh." Jungkook said, and his eyebrows furrowed. "Then where did you go?"

"The place right over there. I think it's called—"

"You went to Seven For Seven?" Jungkook cut him off, staring wide-eyed at the back of the
building the smaller boy was pointing to. He stopped walking, causing Jimin to do the same.

"..Yes?" Jimin replied, though it sounded more like a question. He raised an eyebrow at Jungkook's
sudden change in behavior.

"Why—Why did you do that?"

Jimin was beyond confused. Was Jungkook really upset because Jimin didn't go to Namjoon's place?
He didn't think anyone would get mad at him for giving business to another bar. It's not his fault
Dark and Wild is so far away!

"I-I don't know. It was just.. there." The smaller boy replied, worrying his bottom lip between his
teeth. "I-I'm sorry, I didn't mean to make you upset. I swear it's the last time I'll do it, I'll go to Dark
and Wild next time if you want." The guilt was eating away at Jimin, and the fear of messing things
up with Jungkook spread throughout his body like a virus.

Jungkook's hard gaze immediately softened at the anxious words, and he shook his head
dismissively. "No, no, don't apologize. It's not about that. I'm just—I was just worried. I know the
guys who own that bar, and they're not very good people. They're actually kinda dangerous.."
Jungkook didn't know how to explain things to the smaller boy, so he simply left it at that. "Just—
just don't go there again, alright?" He added, and Jimin was instantly filled with relief. He didn't mess
anything up!

"Oh yeah, of course. I didn't know that. I wouldn't go back there anyway, it was kinda scary." Jimin
chuckled nervously at the memory as they both turned and began walking to the studio once again.
"Everyone was staring at me because of my outfit, and the bartender knew my name for some
reason. It was weird."

Jungkook tensed up, side glancing at Jimin. "What?" He asked.

"He knew my name, even though I never told it to him. He must know me from the magazines, or
something." Jimin shrugged. It was unsettling, but nothing he couldn't handle. It wouldn't be the first
time someone recognized him in public. The Park family, Jimin's father in particular, were widely
known in Korea for their participation in creating Samsung Electronics. So being in magazines to
promote the business was nothing new to him.

"What magazines?" Jungkook asked, eyes never leaving Jimin's.

The blonde boy looked up at him, waiting for the man to tell him he was just messing around, but
instead he just looked genuinely curious. He really didn't know who Jimin was. And for some
reason, that was relieving.
"I'm—well, my dad and his good friend are the co-owners of Samsung Electronics. Our family is in the magazines a lot because of it, so I figured that the bartender just recognized me from that." Jimin explained hesitantly. Would Jungkook think differently of him after revealing this? Most people wouldn't want to hang out with him in fear of being photographed by paparazzi without their consent—it's happened before, sadly. Jimin had lost many friends because of it in the past.

Jungkook stared, slowly processing the nuclear bomb of information. Because not only was Jimin incredibly rich, but his father was technically a CEO of one of the biggest businesses in all of Korea? He was practically famous!

Jungkook tried not to let his shock show, simply clearing his throat and nodding slightly. "Oh. Cool." He breathlessly replied. The reaction made Jimin giggle, and a small smile appeared on the younger's face at the sound.

Right before they reached the building where Jimin would attempt to hang out with his new friend for the next couple of hours, Jungkook turned to him with a serious expression. They stopped just outside the entrance, and Jimin waited for the man to say something.

"Before I go, would you mind telling me the name of that Seven For Seven bartender?" He asked.

Jimin tried to mask his disappointment—he didn't want Jungkook to leave. Not only would it be super awkward with just Hoseok, but Jimin actually kind of enjoyed talking with the taller man suddenly.

All it took was one conversation for his view to change completely. Because contrary to what Jimin first believed, Jungkook was fucking easy to talk to. The only other person he's ever spoken to so casually this early in the relationship was Taehyung. And that's because he's Taehyung.

"He said his name was Mark, I think." Jimin said, hoping he recalled the English name the other man gave him correctly.

"Okay, thank you." Jungkook replied.

They stared at each other, not knowing what else to say. Jungkook was looking at Jimin so intently, that the smaller boy felt his heart flutter in his chest. He was so beautiful, Jimin couldn't look away even if he wanted to. Equipped in his usual array of all black clothes, a sleeveless shirt revealing the beautiful tattoo designs that cascaded down his arms. No matter how many times Jimin saw him, he'd never get used to the man. He was out of this world.

Going to a rich private school, Jimin had seen many attractive people. Everyone there was groomed to perfection, with clean cut hair and stylish, expensive clothes. They had the finest jewelry, the most flawless skin, the nicest smiles—yet they had fucking nothing on Jeon Jungkook.

"Well, I should probably go now. I'm sure Hoseok hyung is waiting for you.." Jungkook suggested quietly, not looking away from Jimin's eyes. His stare caused something unfamiliar to stir in the smaller boy, making him once again speak without thinking. He really seemed to do that a lot.

"Don't." He blurted out, louder then he intended. Jungkook halted and raised an eyebrow, and Jimin felt heat rush to his face at his own cringey eagerness. What the fuck, Park Jimin.

"Don't?

"Don't go.. D-do you want to come in with me?" Jimin asked. His voice was small, just proving how embarrassed he was with the sudden request. But the embarrassment slowly faded out of his system when Jungkook smiled at him, that beautiful bunny smile.
"Yeah, okay. Let's go."

He then pulled the door open, motioning with his hand for Jimin to go in first. Jimin mumbled a quick 'thank you' before running into the building, red-faced and anxious.

Jungkook took a moment to compose himself outside the building, before a big smile spread on his face. He shrugged his shoulders, relieving them of their built-up tension, before walking in after the embarrassed boy.

Everything was starting to work out perfectly.

Chapter End Notes

Just remember, Jimin is still a kid in high school. He still thinks things like alcohol or drugs will help him in these anxiety-inducing situations, when they really won't. Not in the long run. Don't be like Jimin, please.

Song of the day: It's Definitely You, by V ft. Jin

Thank you so much for reading, until next time! :D
Jimin thought he made the right decision by inviting Jungkook to come into Neuron Dance Studio with him. He really, truly did.

But he was wrong.

As soon as the younger boy shut the door behind himself, Jimin felt trapped. Why did he do that? Not only did it make him look fucking desperate, but Jungkook was going to have to watch Jimin dance. Oh god.

Jungkook was going to watch Jimin dance!

The blonde felt panic bubble in his chest. How is he supposed to dance in front of this man when he could already barely function in front of him? It was terrifying!

Not only that, but the only dance Jimin ever studied was ballet. He knew very little about contemporary, and absolutely nothing about hip hop, which is the style that Hoseok usually used, according to Seokjin.

How was he supposed to explain that he lied about dancing contemporary, and then after that, he had to explain that he was a boy who was taking ballet lessons? Oh god.. he was going to lose all of his new friends.

"Hey, you okay?" Jungkook suddenly asked, and Jimin's head snapped in his direction. He almost forgot that Jungkook was there.

They were walking down a hallway, the younger leading the way, and Jimin hadn't realized he was practically hyperventilating until Jungkook brought him back down to earth with a simple question.

"What? Y-yeah, I'm fine." He replied, knowing that even Helen Keller could tell that he was lying.

Jungkook observed his face for a moment, seemingly trying to read Jimin's expression. "What are you so nervous about? I swear, hyung is really friendly."

He didn't seem to want to let it go, and Jimin was both frustrated and extremely grateful that the man cared enough.
"N-no, I'm not nervous. I'm just.." How was he supposed to explain his feelings? How could he tell
the younger man that he straight up lied about his style of dance, and the others were about to find
out what he really does?

But luckily enough for Jimin, he didn't have to explain anything.

After supposedly hearing the two boys talking down the hall, Hoseok flung the door to his main
practice room open and jumped out, happily flailing his arms around.

"Jimin-ahh!" He squealed, running to meet Jimin and giving the small boy a suffocating hug.

To say Jimin was confused would be an understatement, and he couldn't help but wonder why this
man seemed to like him so much. Hadn't he even met Taehyung? What was so special about Jimin
compared to him?

The blonde boy hugged back tightly nonetheless, letting out a little giggle at the enthusiastic man's
strange antics. Jungkook practically swooned at the sound.

"It's nice to see you again, Hoseok hyung." Jimin said, voice muffled by the oldest man's shirt. When
the older boy's short sleeve slid up during the hug, Jimin couldn't help but notice the dark, beautiful
flower tattoo that covered the other's bicep.

"You too! I'm so excited!" The orange haired man was practically bouncing up and down, and Jimin
just couldn't understand why. No one had ever reacted this way when he came to hang out with
them, it just simply didn't make any sense.

Jungkook suddenly cleared his throat, making his presence known, and Hoseok quickly stepped
back and released Jimin. "Oh, hey Jungkook." He said casually, as if he didn't just completely freak
out for no apparent reason. "What are you doing here?"

Jungkook rolled as eyes, and they all began to make their way into the practice room Hoseok had
just ran out of.

"You asked me to come, remember?" He said, and Hoseok's eyes widened in realization.

"I did, didn't I?" He replied, and Jungkook groaned, defeated. This was going to be a long night.

Jimin was watching the two in amusement, immensely glad that he didn't have to talk as much now.
The more he talked, the more he embarrassed himself. It was better this way.

"Anyway, what do you wanna start off with, Jiminie?" Hoseok asked, changing the subject.

The room they were in was beautiful, and Jimin was surprised that it was even more spacious than
the one he practiced ballet in. Mirrors covered an entire wall, the one right in front of them, and it
perfectly reflected the bright LED lights that littered the ceiling. The wooden floors were perfectly
polished, aside from a few skid marks here and there. Jimin couldn't help but look around in awe—
the place was so bright.

"U-um, why don't you choose? I'm not as experienced.." Jimin admitted. He expected the other boy
to get annoyed, or to ask why he was even here if he wasn't a great dancer, but Hoseok simply
nodded in understanding. Jimin's never even seen the man without that supportive smile on his face,
and the realization made him begin to loosen up.

"That's okay! Namjoon-ah told me that you do contemporary, so why don't you show me what you
can do? I've never even tried that style before." Hoseok admitted, and Jimin could feel his heartbeat
pick up.

He didn't know what to do. He couldn't just wing it, using his little knowledge of the dance style to make something up—he'd just look like an idiot. He needs to practice before performing in front of people, there's no freestyle in ballet!

It felt like his throat was closing in on itself. Hoseok has been nothing but sweet to Jimin, and he repaid him by lying about the one thing he was passionate about? He felt like he could literally pass out from the fear of already fucking up with this amazing man, and the need to run away set in very quickly. He felt like such a coward.

But before his silence dragged on too long, there was a hand on his shoulder. A large, warm hand, that instantly eased his nerves.

"I told you, Jimin-ssi, you have no reason to worry." Jungkook repeated, his voice incredibly soft. "Is there something you'd like to say?"

When he spoke to Jimin in that voice, the smaller boy couldn't help but feel the need to answer right away, just wanting to hear it again. What was this man doing to him?

"No.. I mean—Okay, so I might've stretched the truth a little bit.." Jimin finally admitted, tearing his gaze away from Jungkook's dark eyes to look at Hoseok.

The man looked confused, but not at all upset, when he asked, "Oh? What about?"

Jimin hesitated. If he wanted to begin making new friends, he had to learn how to start being honest. Lying is the root of all damaged relationships, and Jimin mentally made a vow to never lie to them again. If he ended up surviving this, he would be nothing but honest to them in the future, because that's what they deserve.

"I don't actually do contemporary..

Jungkook's hand slid off of his shoulder once the taller man realized Jimin didn't need his support anymore. What he didn't know, though, was that Jimin instantly missed the warmth it provided.

"What do you do, then?" Hoseok asked. They were all standing in the middle of the studio, and Jimin couldn't help but anxiously look around the room instead of making eye contact with the orange haired boy.

"Promise you won't laugh?" Jimin asked, voice quiet. He couldn't even look at Jungkook, knowing that the other boy must be judging him.

With furrowed eyebrows, Hoseok shook his head. "Why would I ever laugh at you? If you're doing something that you're passionate about, it doesn't matter what it is. As long as you're happy."

But Jimin wasn't happy.

He wasn't passionate about ballet whatsoever. The only reason he even did it was because his mother had signed him up for it many years ago, when he was just a kid. His father was completely against it, agreeing with the rest of the world that ballet was for girls, but Chanri was persistent. She practically lived vicariously through Jimin, in all the worst ways possible.

Jimin finally found the courage to glance at Jungkook, and the man had an encouraging smile on his face. What is it with these people? Jimin found himself wondering if he'd stepped into an alternate reality. Every single person in his life, except for his few friends, was strict. They had no care for him
in their cold hearts whatsoever. Then he stumbles upon a group of people who come from nothing; living in a dirty part of the city with little money to their name—and yet, they were the absolute kindest and people Jimin had ever met.

This was only his second time seeing Hoseok, and the man had already proved to be an incredibly supportive friend. And Jungkook repeatedly proved that he cared about Jimin, even if their relationship was still brand new.

Seriously, what is it with the people from Hongdae?

"I kinda.. I do ballet." Jimin finally admitted, wringing his small fingers together nervously. Then his mouth opened up once again, and the completely unwanted rambling came tumbling out. "I-I know that everyone thinks ballet is for girls, but it's really not. And I mean, it wasn't even my first choice! I said I do contemporary because I've always loved the concept of that style, but my mom really wanted me to do ballet, a-and it was this big mess at first.. but I mean, i-it's not that bad now—"

"Jimin-ssi. You're rambling." Jungkook spoke up this time, effectively cutting the smaller boy off. He felt his cheeks burn bright with embarrassment once he noted the small smile on the man's face as he watched him.

He quickly averted his gaze, staring at the wooden floor boards. The silence that settled over them unsettled him immensely, thinking that they were judging him completely for everything that just happened. This is why he doesn't speak! He just makes a fucking fool out of himself every single time, no matter how much he tries to hold back.

"You know, Jimin-ah, I think ballet is one of the most beautiful dance styles out there." Hoseok said, cutting off Jimin's internal panic attack. He quickly looked up, studying the older's face in order to see if he was joking around, but there was nothing but sincerity in his eyes.

"Y-you do?" Jimin asked, dumbfounded.

"Absolutely. It may be very rehearsed and organized, but I think that's what makes it so unique. Instead of hip hop, which moves freely and loosely, ballet is very precise—practiced. But it's still beautiful, nonetheless." Hoseok explained with a soft smile. "It must take a lot of time to perfect those moves, so props to you, Jiminie. I know I could never do that." He praised, and Jimin felt himself begin to smile as well.

"Thank you. So.. you're not mad?" The smaller questioned. He was awaiting an outburst, because how could Hoseok possibly be okay with him lying to them? It was just plain rude.

But nothing of the sort came.

"Of course not." The oldest replied. "I mean, I wish you felt comfortable enough to be honest with us, but I completely understand why you did that. Just know, Jimin-ah, that we will never judge you. You're our friend now, meaning we will all support you no matter what happens. Please, trust us." Hoseok said honestly, speaking for the whole group.

Jimin felt an unfamiliar warmth spread through his body at the incredibly kind words. They really wanted to be friends? He turned to look at Jungkook, who also had a smile on his face, and that's when the realization hit Jimin like a train. How could he have been so stupid all this time?

Why did he keep telling himself that they were judging him, when it was so obvious that they weren't? He was so used to his preppy schoolmates and family who would degrade him in every way possible if he made a mistake, that he hadn't even realized that not everyone in the world was
like that. They just were in his world.

But these people were unbelievably sweet, and had done nothing but encourage him since the moment he met them. He felt like a horrible friend, and knew that things just had to change on his end.

"You... have no idea how much that means to me." Jimin finally said. The other two boys smiled brightly at his response, and Hoseok clapped his hands together.

"Great! Now that that's sorted, let's get this party started!" He cheered, and Jimin finally felt a small, genuine smile spread across his face.

—

By the time they were finished practicing, Jimin and Hoseok were both sweaty and exhausted.

Jimin showed the basic moves he'd learned in ballet class, after tons of coaxing from the oldest, and Hoseok showed Jimin some of the basics of hip hop and street dancing techniques. Their styles were completely different, almost hilariously so, but it still worked out. Jimin couldn't help but find himself mesmerized by the new style of dance, and watched Hoseok intently as the man performed one of his own choreographies.

Hoseok explained that he used the money his father gave him for college to open a nice studio instead, where he taught kids and teenagers multiple dance styles. He supposedly named it Neuron Dance Studio, after an underground street-dance group he was a part of back in Gwanju.

The room they were practicing in was meant for the kids in the hip hop class, while the other rooms scattered down the halls were for other various styles. Hoseok had hired multiple employees to teach the other classes, just so he wasn't spread too thin while teaching hip hop.

He even had a class for contemporary dance.

Jungkook had left about half way through their practice in order to go pick up food for everyone, and he had yet to return to the building. So Hoseok decided to start up a conversation with the younger boy while they took a break and waited for the food to arrive.

"So, Jimin-ah." Hoseok said, wiping the sweat from his forehead with a small towel. He threw a water bottle in the other's direction, smiling when the boy just barely caught it. "As you know, me and the other instructors here teach multiple dance styles." He started.

"Yeah, and I think that's really cool." Jimin replied with a smile, making the older mirror it.

"Thank you. But I just wanted to tell you that we also have a contemporary dance department." Hoseok informed, and Jimin froze where he was about to drink the from the small water bottle. Had he heard correctly? Jimin lowered the bottle, watching Hoseok with wide eyes.

"Y-you do?" He asked.

"Yep. And if you wanted, I could sign you up?" Hoseok said, an excited smile on his face as he took in Jimin's shocked reaction. "Of course, it would cost money, and it would probably be difficult for you to constantly sneak out of your house without getting caught. But from what I heard earlier, you're not exactly.. happy, doing ballet." He explained, and Jimin felt like crushing the other in a tight hug.

"H-hyung, are you serious? That would be—that would be amazing!" Jimin didn't even register all
the cons of this opportunity, his mind simply racing with the excitement of finally getting the chance to learn contemporary dance. He had plenty of money, the only real problem was sneaking out and not getting caught.

"Of course I'm serious. I want you to be happy, Jimin-ah. I'm sure Taemin could work around whatever schedule you have, he's very lenient when it comes to that." Hoseok said, and Jimin mentally assumed that Taemin was the one who'd be his teacher. He was so unbelievably excited that he was practically bouncing up and down.

"I don't even know how to thank you, hyung. You've been so kind to me this whole time, I don't know how to make it up to you." Before Jimin even finished his sentence Hoseok has already squealed and pulled him in for a big bear hug.

"You're too cute! Don't thank me, please, I'm just doing what any friend would do." Hoseok replied, giggling when Jimin yelped in surprise at the sudden hug.

Jimin instantly hugged back, loving the embrace. Maybe God didn't hate him after all, because it seems that he sent an angel down named Jung Hoseok to come look after him.

After their sweet, heartfelt moment, the two decided to sit against the stone wall and rest, aimlessly chatting about Jimin's future plans to sign up for contemporary dance class. Hoseok explained all of their rules and regulations in detail, making sure Jimin knew exactly what he was getting himself into before the final decision.

Like the fact that he'd have to make new friends, and dance in front of large audiences during competitions. And while Jimin felt a whole new wave of anxiety course through him at the mere idea of doing either of those things, he decided that he'd deal with it when the time comes. Following his dream was much more important than that.

While they were talking, Jungkook arrived with two paper bags that seemed nearly full to the brim with different foods. Jimin gaped at the large amount. Was that really necessary for only three people?

"Hallelujah!" Hoseok praised, jumping up to grab a large bag of undoubtedly Korean food from Jungkook.

The youngest laughed, handing it over carelessly and sitting down right next to Jimin on the floor. Both him and Hoseok began to unload the bags as if they'd done this a million times before, and Jimin watched in awe.

"Wow, that's a lot of food." He voiced his thoughts, making Jungkook laugh. "U-um, I'll pay you back for this, just let me grab my wallet."

The moment Jimin tried to stand up, Jungkook grabbed his wrist and gently pulled him back onto the wooden floor. "There's no need, just eat." He ordered, watching with a smile on his face as Jimin hesitated.

The blonde boy dared to make eye contact with him, seeing nothing but amusement in his beautiful brown eyes, before unwillingly nodding.

"Okay.. thank you."

Hoseok handed the two younger boys a pair of chopsticks each, before thanking Jungkook profusely as well. He couldn't take his eyes off of the delicious Korean meal displayed in front of him, and barely wasted a second before digging into it. Hard work definitely pays off.
Normally, Jimin's mother would rather die than allow him consume this many calories. It was a fucking lot. She'd always be sure warn him that if he looked fat on the magazine covers or in the paparazzi's candid pictures, their company's ratings would significantly go down. But he couldn't just say no to this.

Jungkook went out of his way to buy them all loads of food, it would be just plain disrespectful not to accept. Jimin could deal with his mother's useless scolding later.

Much to the blonde boy's relief, they didn't eat in silence whatsoever. Hoseok pulled out his phone and quietly played some catchy hip hop music, before starting up a conversation about how well the day went. He brought up the fact that Jimin might be joining the dance studio, and Jungkook probably got a little more excited about it than he should've.

A little over an hour passed before they finished all of the food, and Jimin was incredibly shocked that they'd actually managed to eat everything. He was so full, and he could tell the others felt the same by their sluggish movement.

"I'm so full!" Hoseok shouted, falling onto his back dramatically. "Jungkook, you paid so I blame you. You're gonna have to roll me home now." The oldest joked, making the other two giggle at the thought.

"Not in a million years." Jungkook responded before kicking Hoseok on the leg. "Now get up, dumbass, we need to clean up before we leave."

Hoseok whined, just wanting to lie down and sleep for a couple years after the exhausting day and filling meal, but he knew the youngest was right. He needed to clean up so he wouldn't have to rush to do it before the class arrives tomorrow.

They all worked together, picking up the trash from the expensive meal Jungkook provided, and also tidying up other scattered belongings that littered the hardwood floor. Towels were put back in their place and water bottles were thrown away, leaving the place nearly spotless by the time all three of them had finished.

Hoseok turned from where he was unplugging his phone from the large Bluetooth speaker that rested on top of a small desk, saying, "Well, I should probably head home now to check if the grumpy dwarf ate anything yet. He tends to forget about things like that." The oldest explained with a fond smile on his face. Jungkook snorted, while Jimin just looked confused.

"Grumpy dwarf...?" He questioned, and Hoseok giggled.

"He's talking about Yoongi hyung. He used to call him that just to annoy him, but now the nickname just kinda... stuck." Jungkook explained, now laughing along with Hoseok. It looked as if they were sharing a funny memory, and Jimin couldn't help but envy that. He wished he had pleasant memories to share with his friends too.

"O-oh, so you guys live together then?" Jimin questioned.

"Well yeah, he's my step-brother. We made a pact when we were kids that we'd all live together one day, Jungkookie included." Hoseok said pointing a thumb back at Jungkook, and Jimin's eyes grew wider. He felt a rush of embarrassment surge through him for previously thinking the two were dating when they were simply brothers, but he decided to say nothing about it.

"That's really cool. I'm glad it actually happened." Jimin said instead. Hoseok beamed and put his thin hand on top of Jimin's head, ruffling the messy blonde hair.
"Thanks, Jimin-ah!" He swooned, making Jungkook roll his eyes. He then added, "Anyway, I know you probably feel like we're looking down on you when I ask someone to walk you home, but I promise it's not like that. We live in a dangerous neighborhood, and I'm simply looking out for you. Would you mind if Jungkook walks you home?"

Jimin was about to very loudly protest, when Jungkook cut in. "Hyung, don't ask about walking him home! Bad things will happen." He joked, making Jimin immediately swat at his arm.

"Yah! I said I was sorry!" The smaller boy whined, blushing when both Jungkook and Hoseok began laughing again.

If Hoseok was laughing, that meant he must've known what went down the first time Jimin and Jungkook had met. Did Jungkook talk about him with his friends, just as Jimin had done? The thought made something warm bloom deep in the smaller boy's chest.

When the other two finally calmed down, Jimin spoke up once again. "But seriously, I can't let you walk me home, it's way too far. Not to mention I took the train here this time, anyway."

"Then at least let me bring you to the train station." Jungkook countered, and Jimin couldn't help but wish he'd just let it go. If their neighborhood was really this dangerous, then why the fuck did they even live here? It couldn't be that bad. Noticing Jimin hesitation, Jungkook added, "I literally have nothing to do all day. So if you accept then you'll be helping me, not burdening me."

He seemed completely honest as he spoke, and Jimin began to wonder how this man had the ability to make him acquiesce with just about anything. He slowly nodded.

"Yay!" Hoseok cheered, "I'll see you guys later, then. See if Taehyung-ah will come along with you next time, okay?" He asked, beginning to make his way out of the room.

The two younger boys followed Hoseok all the way until they reached the outside door, pushing it open with little effort.

"He would've come today if he didn't get caught on his way out, but I'll help him next time." Jimin explained, excited at the promise of a next time. "Have a safe trip home, hyung!" He called, and Hoseok charismatically returned the words.

Jimin and Jungkook stood on the sidewalk in silence, watching the retreating form of the older boy as he walked in the opposite direction of where they were going. Then, Jungkook turned to Jimin with a smirk on his face.

"Is this the part where you run away?" He teased, earning another very deserving slap from Jimin.

"Fuck off." The smaller boy pouted, quickly turning away from Jungkook and beginning to speed walk down the road and away from the laughter of that smug bastard. But Jimin couldn't help but smile a little bit when he heard Jungkook's footsteps rush to try to catch up with him.

He was never going to let Jimin live that down, was he?

Chapter End Notes

Happy birthday Chim Chim, my beautiful bias. You deserve the world, and truly have no idea just how loved you are. We purple you, angel <3
Song of the day: The Last, by Agust D

Until next time! :D
Chapter Summary

It may have been quite nerve wracking at first, as it always was when he was left alone with someone he didn't know very well, but Jimin slowly grew more comfortable the more Jungkook spoke. The man was surprisingly so damn easy to talk to, Jimin actually started to enjoy it after a while.

"So.. you think I'm hot?"

Suddenly, Jimin didn't enjoy it as much.

Chapter Notes

Yeoo have you guys seen the clips from BTS' Paris concert yesterday? Jikook were all over each other :')

Enjoy..

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Seokjin lied on his boyfriend's bed, waiting for the younger man to come out of the shower.

He was simply staring at the ceiling, with thoughts overflowing his already crowded mind. He knew he could trust Namjoon. Hell, he trusted Namjoon more than anyone else on the entire planet. So why was he so anxious to tell the man what's been bothering him

Was he scared that it'd make Namjoon angry? Worried? He didn't want the younger to feel any of that.

Namjoon has always been the most calm, collected member of their friend group. He'd always be completely composed and level-headed in even the most stressful of situations. But there's only one topic that could get the young man riled up in the blink of an eye.

Seokjin trapped his bottom lip between his teeth nervously, pulling the bland, grey covers over his body in order to snuggle further into the bed. He knew he had to say something, it'd be completely unfair not to.

Just as the brown haired boy finished that thought, the door down the hall popped open, and slow footsteps began making their way towards the room he was in.

This was it, he knew it.

The moment Namjoon stepped into the bedroom, his eyes fell upon his cute boyfriend completely wrapped up in his blanket. And fuck, he could get used to that sight.

But glancing away from the adorable sight of Seokjin as a literal human burrito, he noticed the
troubled look on the other's face, making him frown.

"Hey, baby." He said gently, taking the towel off his head and blindly throwing it into his hamper. He was already dressed in his pajamas, ready to pass out after another long day at work. "Is everything okay?"

"Yeah, I'm fine." Seokjin replied lazily. He scooted over to make more room on the bed for the younger, but Namjoon didn't move.

"I've known you long enough to be able to tell when something's bothering you." Namjoon said knowingly, keeping his eyes on Seokjin's. "What's up?"

Seokjin remained quiet for a moment. He knew that the moment he spoke up, Namjoon's calm demeanor would instantly turn rough. But it needed to be said either way.

So he sighed, slowly sitting up and letting the duvet drape over his broad shoulders. "Don't.. don't get angry, please." He pleaded, making Namjoon grow more concerned. "It's not good to go to sleep upset."

"You're starting to worry me."

"Don't worry. It's just.. JB contacted me again a little while ago." Seokjin finally spilled, not missing the flash of emotion appear in Namjoon's eyes.

"What? I thought you blocked his number." The blonde replied, already looking very alarmed.

"I did, I swear. He used a different number this time."

Seokjin could see his boyfriend's patience already beginning to wear thin, as it always did when the topic of JB, or any Got7 member for that matter, came up.

"That bastard! Why would he dare talk to you after what happened last time?"

"Babe, calm down, please. I'm not upset over the fact that he contacted me, it's just what he said that made me really anxious."

Namjoon's frustrated gaze softened a little, and he finally scooted towards the older man on the bed so he could wrap an arm around him. "What did he say?" He asked again, his tone gentler than before.

"He just.. I don't really get it. He said that he just heard from Mark Tuan that someone from our group was hanging out at his bar? Does Got7 own a bar, or something?" Seokjin asked, confused.

Namjoon looked down and sighed, saying, "I got word from Shownu the other day that Got7 finally opened a rival bar. They've been planning this for a long time now, and I guess they finally decided to go through with it."

Shownu was a close friend of Namjoon's, one who always served as a look out for Bangtan in the underground community. The man has sources just about everywhere, and could find out any information needed, at a price. Yet since he and Namjoon were childhood friends, the younger man didn't have to pay anything. He and Bangtan have been under Shownu's complete protection since the very beginning.

"Oh.. wow." Is all the older could say, trying to process the information. "So they're really trying to run you out of business, then?"
"That's what it looks like."

They were silent for a moment, basking in each other's presence to try to calm down from the stressful situation. Namjoon laid back against the fluffy pillows, pulling Seokjin down with him until they were both snuggled under the thick blanket.

There was still one question left unanswered, though.

"Namjoon-ah." Seokjin said, earning a questioning hum in reply. "Who was hanging out at Got7's bar, then?"

Namjoon turned towards him, eyebrows furrowed. He'd been so caught up in the idea of JB contacting his boyfriend again that he forgot to even consider the reason why.

"I'm not sure what he meant by that. There's no way it was Hoseok, Yoongi, or Jungkook. When I told them about the bar, they were all pretty pissed off. They wouldn't go anywhere near it."

That made chills run up Seokjin's spine. Because the only other person who was in Hongdae that day was—

"Could it have been Jimin?" Seokjin whispered.

Namjoon paused for a moment, before pulling away from where he was holding the brown haired boy to get a good look at his concerned expression.

"..It might've been." He replied hesitantly. Before Seokjin could even begin to say anything else, Namjoon added, "But it's okay, Jinnie. We're going to do our best to protect you and your friends, I promise. I'm sorry for dragging you into all this in the first place." He apologized sincerely.

Seokjin shook his head, "No, don't apologize. I chose this too, remember?" Namjoon nodded, but didn't seem too convinced.

"If you say so. But either way, what's done is done. Jimin and Taehyung don't know anything about the mess we're all in, and for their sake, we should keep it that way. Don't say anything about Got7 or their bar." The younger ordered, laying his head back down onto the pillow to stare at the ceiling above them.

"Are you sure that's the best way to go about this? They're gonna find out eventually."

"Let's hope they don't. It'll only make things more dangerous for them if that happens."

"Okay.."

Seokjin couldn't help but feel differently. Got7 is a dangerous group, and if Taehyung and Jimin didn't even know they existed, they could be constantly encountering them without even knowing. But then again, getting the two young boys involved in this low-key gang war would definitely be a much worse situation. Maybe Namjoon had a point after all.

Seokjin said nothing else on the matter, opting to just lay his head on the younger's chest while they cuddled. The man's steady and strong heartbeat is what slowly lollled Seokjin into a peaceful sleep, making him begin to forget about all other anxieties and worries. He was in Namjoon's safe arms, warm and cozy on the man's bed. What more could he possibly ask for?
The train station was quite a ways away from Hoseok's dance studio; which is a fact that Jimin hadn't realized until he was walking there with Jungkook by his side.

It may have been quite nerve wracking at first, as it always was when he was left alone with someone he didn't know very well, but Jimin slowly grew more comfortable the more Jungkook spoke. The man was surprisingly so damn easy to talk to, Jimin actually started to enjoy it after a while.

"So.. you think I'm hot?"

Suddenly, Jimin didn't enjoy it as much.

"W-what?" Jimin spluttered, heat creeping onto his cheeks. "What makes you think that?"

Jimin knew exactly why Jungkook thought that, yet he was still in denial. The moment those horrifying words left Seokjin's lips that night, Jimin knew he just had to block that entire moment out of his memory forever, for his own sake. And now here's Jungkook, shoving it right back into his face.

"From what Jin hyung said last week. He was talking about me, wasn't he?" Jungkook asked, knowingly watching Jimin blush.

"Of course it wasn't you! You don't even know how many people I bumped into that night, it could've been anyone." Jimin retorted, making Jungkook snort. Because that was true, Jimin did seem to have an awful habit of running into strangers.

"It was me, I know it was."

"Oh? Cocky much?" Jimin glanced at him.

"Nah, I'm actually the most humble person I know." Jungkook joked, making the blonde boy wholeheartedly laugh.

Jimin loved this. Especially the way that his anxiety seemed to dissipate the more they joked around with each other. It truly felt as if Jeon Jungkook didn't have a bad bone in his body. He was so oddly.. perfect.

Knowing this conversation was probably going to end with him getting defensively whacked, Jungkook decided to change the conversation topic for his own safety.

"You'll come around eventually.." He mumbled to himself. "Anyway, Jimin-ah, tell me about yourself."

Jimin looked momentarily surprised by the topic change, as they both turned right at a fork in the road. The train station was still considerably far away, so he definitely didn't mind a little small talk on the way there.

"What would you like to know?" He questioned back, and Jungkook smiled.

"Anything. Tell me anything you want, I'd like to get to know you."

"I don't.." Jimin thought for a moment. There was really nothing to say, was there? He went to a private school, he was rich, his parents hated him—is that really what Jungkook would like to hear? "Why don't you go first? I have to think about it." Jimin said instead.
Jungkook chuckled, but nodded nonetheless. "Fine. Well, to start off, my name is Jeon Jungkook—"

"Ah, very valuable information."

"Can I finish?"

Jimin giggled and nodded, and the smile grew on the younger's face at the sound. He was unbelievably glad that Jimin was beginning to feel comfortable enough with him to joke around like this.

"My name is Jeon Jungkook," He repeated pointedly, "I have a little sister named Jihee, who's still in high school. And as for high school myself, I dropped out during junior year."

"Oh, you dropped out?" Jimin questioned. "How old are you, Jungkook-ah?"

"I'm eighteen." The younger replied. They both stopped at a crosswalk, waiting for the small sign to tell them that they can cross the street.

"Oh.. so we're the same age."

Jimin was surprised at the fact that Jungkook had dropped out of high school. He was so close to finishing it, why would he choose to give up? The blonde boy decided not to voice his questions.

"Is there anything else?" Jimin asked, since Jungkook's introduction wasn't exactly very detailed.

"Well.." The younger thought for a moment. "I never met my father, he left when I was a kid. But my mother is a wonderful woman, and I visit her and Jihee as often as possible. Even though Busan is very far, I try to make time at least once a month to see them."

Jimin's eyes widened, "You're from Busan?"

"Yeah, I grew up there. I only came here because Yoongi hyung got offered a job as a producer for a small Hongdae company, and Hoseok hyung and I had already vowed to move in with him."

Jimin let the new information swirl around in his head. He and Jungkook had much in common, didn't they? It almost seems utterly ridiculous that they were brought together so fatefully that one night. Not only would Jimin have been beaten to a pulp by that angry coffee guy, but he also never would've gotten to know Hoseok the way that he did.

Sure, he still had to truly befriend both Yoongi and Namjoon, but he was fine with taking it slow. One of Seokjin's friends at a time.

Either way, Jungkook helped Jimin a lot within the three brief times that they'd seen each other. It warmed his heart.

"Judging by your satoori, I'm guessing you're from Busan as well?" Jungkook suddenly questioned, and Jimin realized that he never responded to the poor boy.

"O-oh, yeah. Is it really that obvious?" Jimin asked. They crossed that street and began walking down another one, both knowing that the station would be coming up soon but not wanting to acknowledge it.

"Not really, I just have an ear for Busan satoori, I guess."

Jungkook shrugged, before glancing at the beautiful boy next to him. "Your turn."

Jimin sighed. He hadn't really been thinking about what he was going to say, too immersed in the
idea of finally learning new things about Jungkook. But, it couldn't be that hard.

"Okay.. Well, my name is Park Jimin—"

"No way, are you serious?" Jungkook cut in, pleased with finally getting his revenge.

Jimin whacked his upper arm, making Jungkook playfully wince at the weak hit. "Ow! Why must you always resort to physical violence?"

"Do you want me to tell you about myself or not?" Jimin pouted, and Jungkook just had to cave. The blonde boy was simply too cute for his own good.

"Fine, fine! I'll shut up now."

"Thank you.." Jimin cleared his throat, before started again, the smile never leaving his face. "My name is Park Jimin, and I'm an only child, sadly. I was born in Busan too, but I moved here when I was very young because of my father's work. I'm still in high school, my senior year, and I go to this really shitty private school since my mother is afraid that public school will make me look poor to the media." Jimin chuckled, but there was barely any humor behind it. He'd love to go to a public school, to get away from all of the judgmental assholes, aside from his friends, that roamed around the halls of that preppy prison. But as long as he had Taehyung by his side, it would be bearable.

"Oh.. that sucks." Jungkook said, a sympathetic look on his face. Jimin shrugged in response.

"It doesn't matter, at least I have Taehyung."

Jimin curiously observed the way that Jungkook's tongue poked at the side of his cheek at the mention of the other boy.

"Anyway," Jimin added, "As you know, I love to dance. It's always been my dream to become a dancer of some sort. Maybe not a famous one, since I think I've had my fair share of encounters with the media... but I'd love to teach dance." He explained, looking at the sky in thought. He never really thought about being a teacher, but once he said it out loud, the idea seemed to just stick with him.

With the bottom of the sun just touching the edge of the horizon, preparing to sink below and give the moon its chance to shine, the train station finally came into view down the road. The sky turned a beautiful pink color, illuminating the streets with a bright neon glow. The boys couldn't help but get lost in the image in front of them, both staying quiet for a moment.

After nearly a minute of silence between them, Jungkook spoke up. "If you love contemporary dance so much, why do you do ballet?" His voice was quiet, almost as if talking too loud would break the calming atmosphere the sunset had created.

Jimin hesitated, fearing that once he explained himself the other would think he was weak—unable to stand up for himself. Which he felt was true, for the most part, at least in front of his parents.

"Well, my mom wanted me to do ballet. So.." He didn't want to elaborate, but Jungkook looked at him curiously.

"So what? It isn't about what your mom wants, it's about what you want. Why did you let her sign you up?" The younger boy didn't seem to understand, and Jimin couldn't blame him.

"I didn't.." He said. When Jungkook raised an eyebrow, Jimin sighed. "My mom signed me up without telling me. After I told her I didn't want to, she got really upset. I guess when she was a child, it was her dream to do ballet, but her parents wouldn't let her sign up. So now she's kinda.."
forcing it onto me." Jimin answered, trying to make it seem like it wasn't a big deal. But it was.

"Are you serious? That's fucked up, Jimin-ah." Jungkook said, and his eyebrows were furrowed. "Your dream is with contemporary dance, she has no right to take that away from you."

"It's fine, really. I've come to terms with it."

"Well, you shouldn't have." The younger mumbled grumpily.

They came to a stop outside the double doors of the train station, just like they had in front of Hoseok's studio. Turning to look at each other, the pink and orange hue of the sky suddenly made the scene much more peaceful and comforting than it should have. Jimin felt like he could stay like this forever.

He closed his eyes, feeling a gentle breeze pass him by as the sun sunk lower and lower behind the horizon. Being outside can really help clear the mind, Jimin slowly realized.

When he opened his eyes again, he noticed that Jungkook suddenly looked more worried than calm. The younger boy was watching him, an unspoken sentence clearly resting on his tongue.

He didn't say anything for a moment, and the two stared at each other. Goodbyes are always difficult, especially when you don't know when you'll see the person next.

"Are you sure you want to take the train? It's getting late." Jungkook finally voiced his thoughts, trying to keep a blank face.

The truth is, there are plenty of creeps that hang around the subway and train station at night, and he couldn't help but feel a little worried that Jimin was going to be riding it all alone.

"Yeah. It'll be fine, it's not that long of a ride."

The younger looked like he wanted to say more, but he clamped his mouth shut instead.

Jimin decided to take that as his sign to leave, thinking the other had nothing left to say. He was slightly disappointed, but tried his best to not let it show. What was he even expecting? This was only their third encounter! It's not like they'd have this long, heartfelt goodbye before departing.

Before Jimin could begin to move, though, Jungkook suddenly spoke up again.

"Well you—I mean, I could give you my number. You know.. just in case something happens."

Much to Jimin's surprise, the younger boy looked incredibly embarrassed as soon as the jumbled words left his mouth, like he instantly wanted to take it all back. But Jimin just couldn't let this opportunity go.

Jungkook couldn't even utter a single apology before Jimin was nodding his head. "Yeah, sure."

He then pulled his phone out of his pocket, handing it over to a momentarily shocked Jungkook. But Jimin mentally decided he could be embarrassed about his seemingly desperate behavior later. Right now, he was dead set on having a perfect excuse to talk to Jungkook even more.

Before Jimin could begin to move, though, Jungkook suddenly spoke up again.

"Well you—I mean, I could give you my number. You know.. just in case something happens."

The black haired boy quickly typed his number into Jimin's Samsung, amusedly thinking about how Hoseok would rejoice if he found out Jimin was on his side of the iPhone vs Android war.

Once he finished, Jungkook handed the expensive phone back to the blonde boy and smiled nervously. He thought being so straightforward with giving Jimin his number would scare the other
boy away, but it almost seemed as if he was just as eager. The thought made Jungkook smile.

"I'll text you later, so you'll have my number too." Jimin promised, internally jumping around in joy.

Nodding, Jungkook said, "Okay.. just be careful, then. I'll—I'll see you later, I guess."

Jimin smiled brightly, a warm feeling spreading throughout his chest. He'd never seen Jungkook this caught off guard before, and it made him feel giddy inside.

"Yeah. See you soon, Jungkook-ah."

Jimin then turned around and soundlessly pushed the double doors open, a little sad that the beautiful moment had to end so soon. The sky was beautiful, the atmosphere was beautiful, _Jungkook_ was beautiful—he wished he could've captured that moment and kept it forever.

Jungkook intently watched the small boy retreat into the building, a fond smile edging onto his lips. As soon as the doors swung closed, locking Jimin inside, Jungkook jumped up and threw a victorious fist in the air. That went *way* better than he was expecting it to, and he couldn't help but cheer for himself.

It was obvious, at this point, that Jimin didn't hate him. In fact, Hoseok might've been right all along. Is it possible that Jimin had a little crush on Jungkook this whole time? Judging by the way the blonde haired boy furiously blushed when the other called him out for saying he was hot, Jungkook would say *yes*.

He smiled, attempting to push away all the previous concern about Jimin riding home alone, and deciding to joyfully walk back to his apartment where two idiots were definitely waiting for him to spill every detail.

Jungkook felt euphoric.

—

"Tell me again, Jiminie. Do my ears deceive me?" Taehyung put his hand over his heart with wide eyes.

"You're being overdramatic, it's not even that big of a deal." Jimin replied, but the wide smile on his face said otherwise. He got Jungkook's number—something that didn't even seem like a possibility a couple days ago!

"It's a huge deal! Jimin-ah, this is amazing! If it continues on at this rate, soon enough you'll be waking up in his bed with a sore—!"

"Okay! I'm gonna stop you right there." Jimin cut in, cringing at Taehyung's bluntness. "First of all, calm your fucking tits."

"My tits are very calm."

"*Second of all, Jungkook probably doesn't even want me that way!*" Jimin shrugged, exasperated. Jungkook probably thought they were just two friends exchanging phone numbers to make sure Jimin's ride home went well. It was sweet, but it most likely wasn't a romantic gesture like Jimin had been hoping. He didn't want to psych himself up over nothing.

"You'd have to be an idiot to think that, Jiminie! I was there that night at the bar, you two couldn't keep your eyes off each other." Taehyung insisted, playing around with his coffee cup.
They were in The Piola once again, but it wasn't for their weekly Monday meeting. In fact it was only Saturday, the day after Jimin got the phone number of one Jeon Jungkook.

They simply wanted some coffee. Seokjin didn't even know they were there, and they'd probably be leaving soon enough anyways, so they didn't bother contacting him.

"We were both just shocked at the fact that our friends all happened to know each other, and there's nothing more to it." Before Taehyung could intervene once again, Jimin added, "I'd like there to be something more to it, but I just don't think Jungkook feels that way. He's just.. he's so cool, y'know? Like I'm sure he has both girls and guys falling all over him wherever he goes, and I'm just this random, preppy dude that stumbled into his life out of nowhere. Like, there's no way—"

"Jimin!" Taehyung cut him off, voice stern. "Stop rambling. And don't just assume that Jungkook feels a certain way about you when it could be the complete opposite, that'll just make you lose hope."

"But that's the point—I don't want false hope! There's a very slight chance that Jungkook sees me as anything but an awkward new friend, and I don't want to hype myself up in case that's really all it is." Jimin replied. He leaned back into his oddly comfortable cafe chair and stared at the round table in front of him, knowing Taehyung probably had an angry look in his eyes. He absolutely hated when Jimin talked bad about himself.

"Hope is a good thing to have, Jiminnie. Yeah, it may hurt you in the end, but it also might save you. That's the thing about love—it's all about taking chances." The younger responded, and Jimin can't remember a time when he'd seen the other look this serious.

"Love? Taehyung-ah, it's way too early to be talking about love."

"Yah, you know what I mean!" Taehyung scowled, "Just go after him, Jiminnie. Even if it doesn't work out in the end, at least you can say that you tried."

Jimin thought about what his best friend was saying for a moment.

It's not like Jungkook seemed disgusted when he called Jimin out for thinking he was hot. In fact, he'd been incredibly smug, and maybe even a little bit happy about it? The more Jimin thought about Jungkook's kind acts, the more hope it gave him that those acts were out of fondness rather than a simple friend being nice to another friend.

Maybe Taehyung was right about this. He at least has to try to get Jungkook's attention, right?

Chapter End Notes

I wanted to make the characters in this story as similar to the real people as I could. I know Jungkook has an older brother, but I just thought the idea of him with a sister was cute lmao. Also, I know Jimin has a younger brother, but for the sake of this story's plot, I made him an only child.

Sooo BTS just renewed the contract with BigHit! I really can't wait to see what else these boys have prepared for us, this is the start of a new era. It's fucking amazing to be a part of this.
Song of the day: Love Scenario, by iKON

It’s a bop ;)

Thank you for reading and giving kudos, I really appreciate it! Until next time! :D
There was still one person he had yet to text, though.

But it would just be plain ridiculous to text Jungkook this late at night, wouldn't it? Sure, they grew much closer over these past few weeks, but they weren't that close yet. Not to the point where Jimin would wake the poor guy up at nearly 11:00 at night just to help him find his way home. That would be a dick move.

Hoseok knew that coming home from the studio right away was a good idea the moment he stepped into his shared apartment.

Yoongi was lazily sprawled out on the fluffy, brown couch that lied in their cramped living room, seemingly in the exact place Hoseok and Jungkook had left him earlier that morning.

The younger man sighed in defeat, but couldn't help the smile that appeared at the sight of his sleeping brother. Well, at least he thought he was sleeping.

"How was it?" Yoongi mumbled, not even bothering to open his eyes. He just knew it was Hoseok.

"Nice. It was great, actually. Jiminie is a really good dancer." The orange haired boy said with a fond smile. He dropped his dance bag onto the floor next to the couch and opted to sit on Yoongi's thin legs that rested on the cushions. The oldest grumbled in annoyance, but didn't move. "Why am I not surprised that you haven't moved an inch since I left?" Hoseok asked.

"I did move. I got a water bottle from the kitchen about an hour ago." The black haired boy replied, voice monotone. He still hadn't even opened his eyes, and Hoseok couldn't help but laugh.

"You've only had a water bottle all day? God, you're insufferable!" Hoseok giggled, before slapping Yoongi's shin softly. "Get up, I'm gonna make you some food."

Yoongi hummed his complaint, but still decided to listen to his stepbrother nonetheless.

Now, it's not like Yoongi is a complete sloth. Yes, he was always tired, and he had practically no energy to do anything during the day. But all of that is only because the poor guy stays up all night composing music for the company he works at. And sometimes, he even does it just for himself too.

He always gets scolded by both Hoseok and Jungkook for having such a fucked sleeping schedule, but he chooses to ignore them each and every time. As long as his work gets done on time, he couldn't give a shit about the consequences.
Much to his younger brother's delight, Yoongi finally pulled himself up and slid off the surprisingly very comfortable couch, padding to the kitchen table. He pulled out his silver iPhone 6, deciding to softly play some of the music he was currently working on in order to drown out the silence while the other cooked.

"Will you ever stop working?" Hoseok sighed once the song rang out, breaking the silence.

"First you want me to stop sleeping, and now you want me to stop working. I don't think I'll ever be able to win." Yoongi replied, eyes glued to the screen of his phone.

Hoseok chuckled, but said nothing. Besides the music, the only other sound surrounding them was the sizzle of the meat and vegetables the younger was stirring around. He had rice boiling in the pot right next to it, and the amazing smell made Yoongi's mouth water. He really needed to stop forgetting to eat.

"Hyung.." Hoseok started again, and Yoongi hummed in acknowledgement. "What do you think of Jimin?"

The odd change in conversation topic made Yoongi furrow his eyebrows, finally turning to look at Hoseok's back as he cooked. "Why do you ask?"

"I'm just curious, is all. Jungkook seems to be really into him.." The orange haired boy shrugged, feigning nonchalance. But Yoongi already knew what he was getting at.

"Hoseok-ah, there's no need to worry. He's much stronger now." The music was now turned down considerably so that the brothers could talk, and Yoongi turned his full body towards Hoseok as they spoke.

"I—Yeah, I know that. I'm just scared for him sometimes, y'know? He was so broken after—"

"I know." Yoongi cut him off, not wanting to hear the name the younger was about to speak. Hoseok stayed silent for a moment, and Yoongi could only watch the other's back while he continued uselessly stirring the food around in the pan.

Noticing his brother's tense mood, Yoongi stated, "Jimin is different." He paused, seeing if Hoseok had anything to say. When he didn't, Yoongi continued, "I may have only met him once, but I know he's a good kid. Awkward and quiet, but good nonetheless."

"I know he's a good kid, but things don't always work out the way we want them too. What if they just don't click, or if they grow apart after sometime? I can't bear to see Jungkook like that again."

Hoseok finally dropped the large stirring spoon, turning to face the older with a distraught look on his face.

"Hey, what happened to my annoyingly optimistic younger brother?" Yoongi frowned.

He understood, though. Those days had probably been the darkest any of the boys had experienced. After Jungkook broke up with the man who treated him so poorly as a lover, the two thought he'd never get into a relationship again. He only ever slept around, or had one night stands—relationships just seemed out of the question. But then along came Jimin, and the brothers had never seen him chase after someone so determinedly. Maybe Jimin really was different after all.

"I'm sorry, hyung, I don't mean to sound like I have such little faith in Jungkookie or Jimin. They're both adults now, and I know that they can make their own decisions, but I just want everyone to be happy.."
Yoongi sighed at the words. Hoseok was too sweet for his own good.

"I know you do. But I have a good feeling about this one." The black haired boy admitted. "Jungkook hasn't been in a relationship with anybody in years, and I think this could be a good thing for him. Not to mention Jimin is best friends with Jin hyung."

Hoseok nodded, and a small smile played at his lips. Seokjin would never associate with toxic people, they all knew that. The boy had a good intuition, and could sense whenever someone had bad intentions right away. He would never casually label someone as his best friend unless he really, truly trusted them.

The food was finally finished, and Hoseok took out a large plastic bowl, filling it up with both rice and the vegetables and meat. He served it to Yoongi, earning a grateful 'thanks' in return, before sitting down across from the older boy.

Before he could even get a word in or change the topic, Yoongi suddenly said, "There's still something off about that kid, though. I don't think he has a very good home-life."

Hoseok furrowed his eyebrows, sliding a pair of chopsticks over to the older before giving his full attention. But Yoongi just began eating, seemingly uninterested.

"Who? Jiminie?"

"Yeah."

"What makes you think that?" He asked, frowning when Yoongi gave him a knowing look.

Before Yoongi’s mother had met Hoseok's father, his living conditions were incredibly poor. His father was too stern, and borderline verbally abusive to him as a young boy. His mother left the man when she decided he was a very bad influence on her son, and together they moved out of Daegu and into Busan. There she met Hoseok's father, who had just recently moved there from Gwanju, and the two instantly clicked.

At that point in time, though, Yoongi was already diagnosed with extreme depression and anxiety, all because of the way his own father had treated him while growing up. He wouldn't even glance at Hoseok or the boy's father when the two families would meet up for dinner. He'd always lock himself away in a room and blast his music to drown everything out, never even coming out until it was finally time to leave.

It took a very long time, but the closed off boy eventually loosened up and gave in to Hoseok's desperate attempts at a strong friendship. They both knew that their parents were getting serious, so they couldn't avoid each other any longer.

And with this horrible, yet somewhat touching story of Yoongi's past, he was always very prone to reading people who were also deeply struggling. If anyone could tell that another kid had a fucked up home-life, it would be Min Yoongi.

"I just know." Is all the older boy said, taking another bite of the delicious food. He picked up a piece of meat with his chopsticks, holding it out to Hoseok to see if he was hungry. When the younger politely shook his head, Yoongi shrugged, before popping it into his own mouth. "It's clear to anyone that the kid has an anxiety issue, he looks like he's about to have a mental breakdown whenever someone tries to start a conversation with him."

Hoseok hated how Yoongi sounded so casual speaking about this, as if he's not even bothered by the idea of these tough topics anymore. Fuck, Hoseok just wanted to take everyone's pain away.
"W-well, yeah.. But I think he's starting to get more comfortable around Jungkook and I, at least. I think today really helped him." The orange haired boy insisted, trying to remain positive.

Yoongi hummed, and it seemed as if that was the end of the conversation. They both sat in silence, the only sound being the song Yoongi continued to work on throughout his meal.

They just had to keep believing that things will work out for everyone in the end, it hurt too much to think about all of the other possibilities.

—

Jimin started his contemporary dance class only a week after he and Hoseok discussed it in the studio. They had been texting, and the older even gave Jimin the number of Lee Taemin, the contemporary dance instructor of Neuron Studio. Within just a couple days, they had already sorted out a schedule.

And to say Jimin was extremely excited would be an understatement.

Much to his delight, they had decided that Jimin would be joining the beginners class, and would come down to practice every Wednesday and Friday after school. That way, it didn't interfere with any other schedule the boy had. He could still have his Monday hangouts with Seokjin and Taehyung, as well as his ballet lessons over the weekend.

Sure, it was a lot. He knew he'd be incredibly overworked as time passed, but it'd all be worth it in the end. As soon as school finished, Jimin would be free from everything. He'd be free to spend all of his time perfecting contemporary dance and searching for related jobs. He wouldn't have his parents around to control him anymore.

Sneaking out twice a week was also a lot more difficult than he'd first anticipated. He had to come up with believable excuses every Wednesday and Friday as to why he wasn't coming home right after school. It'd often vary from tutoring other kids, to hanging out at Taehyung's house or the cafe. And when he couldn't come with a reliable excuse, he also opted for climbing out of his bedroom window. Unsurprisingly, his parents cared very little about what he did, so he didn't have to do that very often.

Jemin quickly grew acquainted with the other kids in the dance class as well, much to his relief. They were all very open and easy to talk to, and many of them repeatedly helped him with any dance moves he felt he was lacking in. The closest friend he'd made so far, a petite girl named Yoojin, would often stay back after class ended just to catch Jimin up on the previous lessons he'd missed. With his background in ballet, he was already quickly adapting to this very different, yet also similarly graceful dance style.

Taemin was also a wonderful instructor. He was very kind, yet stern whenever he needed to be. He was quite young, surprisingly only a couple years older than Jimin himself. And as Hoseok had promised, Taemin was very lenient about Jimin's tough schedule, and let it slide whenever the boy was unable to attend practice. Not that it had happened often.

Weeks of dance class passed effortlessly, the beautiful month of September appearing before anyone even knew it, and Jimin felt immensely blessed that he was able to be part of something as amazing as Neuron Studio. It almost felt like he had a new family of some sorts, not having expected the class to accept him so willingly.

Not only were things going amazing with his new life as a contemporary dancer, but things were also going great with a certain Jeon Jungkook.
After the younger boy had given out his number at the train station that night, he and Jimin had been texting nonstop.

At first, it began with Jimin simply texting him to inform him that he got home safely, and to make sure the other had his number for future reference. Then, they suddenly started joking around. What started off as a little comment here and there, mostly pertaining to the many inside jokes they'd acquired during their time together, slowly turned into them texting quite literally everyday.

They hadn't seen each other in person since that day at the train station a couple weeks back, so they made up for it with either simple good morning and goodnight texts, or just casually telling each other about their day.

And while the blonde boy feared that the more they spoke to each other, the more they'd grow tired of each other—that was not the case.

Jimin made sure to clear a couple minutes in his excruciatingly busy schedule everyday just to send at least one text out to the younger boy.

Getting to know someone seemed much easier through text than in person, Jimin realized. There was a lot less anxiety.

Ignoring Taehyung's constant teasing, Jimin continued talking with Jungkook through the weeks. Things were even more perfect than he'd ever imagined.

Even on a day when Jimin feared everything would turn to shit, it still ended up working out in the end.

He had been in his room, changing into clothes that weren't as fancy as usual, but still pretty pricey, while preparing to sneak out and head to the dance studio.

That was one of the things he loved the most about going to dance class on Fridays. Unlike the Wednesday classes, which began right after school, the Friday classes started a little later in the evening, giving Jimin just enough time to go home and change into more comfortable clothes.

Once again, only his mother was home. His father was at work very often, and Jimin didn't necessarily get to see him as much.

He knew his mother was in her study room, which happened to be across the entire mansion, so he was sure that he'd be able to effortless escape without being noticed.

Which he did. He made his way outside, entering the code into the gate that closed his house off from the rest of the neighborhood. Once he carefully exited the gate, though, he came face to face with Choi Donghae.

A look of surprise flickered across his driver's sharp features once he turned around and noticed Jimin, before it went back to its usual composed stare.

"Jimin-ssi? Did we have something scheduled for today?" The man asked, confused. It seemed as if he'd stayed behind after bringing Jimin home from school, and was cleaning out the expensive Lincoln he drove around.

"O-oh, no. I was just.." Jimin didn't have any excuse planned, and fear quickly built up in his chest. If Donghae found out about Jimin constantly sneaking out, there's no way he wouldn't tell the young boy's parents. But there were no excuses he could give the man.
He was the one who was supposed to drive Jimin everywhere, after all.

Donghae raised an eyebrow, before his confused look slowly morphed into one of amusement. He'd caught on.

"You're sneaking out?" He asked casually, and Jimin stayed frozen.

"I."

What was he supposed to say? He'd been caught, and now his parents would quite literally kill him. They would keep him under scrutinizing surveillance, and he'd never be able to go to another dance practice again! Jimin internally panicked, because this meant everything would change. He'd probably never get to go to another Monday Meeting with his two best friends, or even go down to the bar to meet up with the other guys. *He wouldn't be able to see Jungkook again—*

"Hop in."

Jimin's internal rambling came to a halt when he registered Donghae's gentle voice.

"P-pardon?" He questioned, not sure if he'd heard right.

"Hop in the car, I'll take you where you need to go." The man explained. And while it was sweet, Jimin couldn't help but be suspicious that the older man would tell his parents where Jimin had been trying to sneak off too. Then it'd really be over for him.

But as if he could read Jimin's mind, Donghae added, "Don't worry, I won't say a word about this to your parents. I was a kid once too, you know?" He smiled.

Jimin hesitated for only a moment more, before a bright smile slowly crept up onto his face.

Donghae had always been sweet to him, so Jimin shouldn't really be surprised that the man would take his side over his parents'. From past experiences, it almost seemed as if Donghae didn't particularly like Jimin's parents all that much in the first place, but he still needed the job.

Either way, Jimin was incredibly grateful for the man standing in front of him. He deeply bowed as a 'thank you', earning a wack on the head for being so unnecessarily formal, and jumping into the backseat of the sharp black car with a refreshed attitude.

After that anxiety-inducing experience, Donghae took it upon himself to drive Jimin to every one of his contemporary dance classes, and not a word was spilled to his unsuspecting parents. The train station was long forgotten, and Jimin was glad he got to ride in luxury to the one place that made him truly happy. Everything was perfect.

Jimin's mood became much brighter, and everyone around him had noticed it. Whenever he was asked about it, though, he simply brushed it off with a shy smile and a shrug of his shoulders.

—

Dance class had just finished for the day, yet as usual, Jimin wasn't quite satisfied with his work.

Taemin dismissed the class, and everyone practically couldn't wait to get as far away from the grueling practice they had to endure that day as they could. It was exhausting, of course, but Jimin didn't want to stop until he had each move down perfectly. He was already far enough behind, he couldn't afford to leave the building with even more unfinished choreography.
As if she sensed Jimin's determination, Yoojin appeared next to him once there were only a few kids left scattered around the practice room.

"Are we staying back again?" She questioned, and Jimin couldn't remember a time when she didn't have that bright smile on her face.

Yoojin's silver-dyed hair was tied in a loose ponytail at the top of her head, cascading down and making it look much longer than it really was. She had her usual dance attire on; black leggings and a sleeveless, grey T-shirt. Her wrists were adorned with various bracelets, and her nails were painted a stylish shade of black. Jimin couldn't help but feel incredibly lucky that he was able to befriend this extremely supportive girl, and was truly blown away at the fact that she was always ready to help him improve his dance.

"I have to stay back since I keep messing up a couple moves. You don't have to if you don't want to, though." Jimin replied, still stretching on the floor.

"No way! I love staying back with you, it keeps me out of my boring ass room." Yoojin replied with a giggle.

She then dropped to the floor as well, right across from where Jimin was casually doing a split, and they both continued to stretch until the room was completely cleared of people.

Once no one else was in sight, Jimin got up to plug his phone into the speaker that rested against the wall. He already had the soft song they were dancing to in class downloaded, just so he could practice at any given time.

"So which part are you having trouble with?" Yoojin asked. "I have to admit, I'm having a little trouble with today's lesson too. Taemin oppa has no limits."

Jimin chuckled, nodding in agreement. "I know right! We barely got last week's lesson down and he's already moving onto a whole new part of the song!" They continued jokingly ranting about Taemin's teaching, despite the fact that they both agreed he was amazing at what he did.

The sun had long set, making the bright LED lights on the ceiling seem even brighter.

And although no one else was in the building, including the teachers, Jimin wasn't worried. Whenever he tells Taemin that he's planning on staying back to practice the moves, the older man always leaves him a key so he could lock up once he leaves. The man must trust Jimin because of his friendship with Hoseok, and the younger boy was extremely grateful for it.

After about an hour and a half of extra work, Yoojin and Jimin were completely drained of energy. Practice had already been tough enough that day, so the extra time was really pushing them to their limits.

They both collapsed onto the ground once they'd finished dancing to the song for the last time, smiling at the improvements that had been made. As they both laid on the floor, sweating profusely, Jimin turned to glance at Yoojin. She was breathing heavily, silver hair falling out of her messy ponytail and sticking to her face. Jimin supposed he didn't look any better after the long day.

"My ride will be here soon." Yoojin said, breaking the silence.

They were both still panting, now just staring up at the bright ceiling lights above them.

"Oh. That's good." Jimin replied breathlessly. He was about ready to sleep for 18 years straight, and could barely hold a proper conversation.
"What about you?" She turned to face him.

"Hmm?" Jimin hummed back mindlessly, closing his eyes in contentment. Sleeping seemed like a really good idea.

"How are you getting home?"

Jimin's eyes shot open, and a dumbstruck look took over his features. He quickly rolled over, grabbing his phone that had been abandoned on the floor, and seeing that it was already 10:00pm. Donghae had definitely gone home by now.

In order to keep Yoojin from worrying, Jimin kept a blank face and decided to save the panicking for later.

"Um, my driver is gonna get me in a little bit too." He lied, and Yoojin nodded happily in response.

After a few more moments of resting, they warily stood up on their sore legs. Jimin felt like a zombie as he took his spare clothes out of his dance bag, deciding that taking a shower now would be the best idea.

His chest felt numb from the fear of not being able to make it home in time, and his parents finding out about his second life in Hongdae. How could he be so stupid? He never texted Donghae to see if he could pick him up at a later time, the man must've just assumed Jimin had gotten home by himself.

Jimin decided to wait until Yoojin's ride came, just to make sure that she got home safely. When it did, they said a couple sweet goodbyes, before Yoojin tiredly stumbled out of the studio and into the Chevy Escalade that was waiting for her by the curb. Jimin watched her go, fear creeping deeper into his system each and every step she took.

Now he was truly alone.

In order to keep his nerves in check, Jimin opted for playing some calming music on his phone while he took the quickest fucking shower of his life. He opened Spotify and played his most recent playlist, one filled with peaceful songs that he'd usually listen to before going to bed.

Once Jimin was finished with his relieving shower, he glanced around the studio one last time in order to make sure everything was in check. It seemed much bigger now that nobody was in it.

Jimin grabbed the small, silver key that Taemin had left for him on the counter, and made sure he had his bag and his phone before turning the lights out and leaving. Once he was outside of the building, he slid the key into the lock and turned it, hearing the satisfying 'click' of the door being locked.

He was momentarily scared to turn around. It almost felt as if the dark streets of Hongdae were mocking him for being so stupid.

There were no cars on the road, no people occupying the sidewalks—it was completely silent. Jimin was confused for a moment, before remembering that Hoseok said the studio, along with his apartment, were at the very edge of Hongdae, where it wasn't as populated.

A cold breeze passed by, making him instantly regret taking a shower right before venturing out into the cold night. He had a feeling his wet hair would be a block of ice by the time he got home.

Knowing that this was a horribly stupid idea, given all the times Jungkook had warned him about this neighborhood being a dangerous one, Jimin decided to shoot out a couple texts to Taehyung just
in case.

He felt dread in his stomach once he realized his phone was only at seventeen percent, knowing that it wouldn't last him too long. He never brings his wallet to dance class with him, either, in fear of it being stolen. So he knew he'd have to find his way home without the help of a taxi or the train, and without the help of his Maps app either. God, Jimin felt like such a fucking idiot.

He didn't necessarily want to worry Taehyung, even though he knew he would. He just wanted the younger boy to know what was going on in case anything bad happened to him. Jimin quickly pushed the scary thought out of his head, and opened up his messages with Taehyung.

To: Kim Baehyung

heyy taetae. so i just wanted to you to know that im stuck in hongdae without my wallet, and my phones about to die (along with me)

Not even a minute later, he'd gotten a response.

From: Kim Baehyung

PARK JIMIN WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABT

Jimin sighed, before starting to walk in the direction of the train station. Maybe he could get a map from one of the employees there? That could help him find his way home.

To: Kim Baehyung

you dont have to worry about it, im walking home rn. i just thought you should know

From: Kim Baehyung

THRU THATr SKETCHY FCKING NEIGHBORHODO?? SRSLY??

Judging by all of the typos, Jimin knew that Taehyung was probably panicking. And although he didn't want the other to panic whatsoever, that was still the exact response he'd expected.

His phone's battery was draining faster than expected, so Jimin decided to end the conversation quickly so he could use whatever power was left to help himself get home.

To: Kim Baehyung
Jimin opened up his Maps app, ignoring the flood of spam texts Taehyung was sending him, and typing in the address of the train station. He could deal with Taehyung's wrath another day, right now he just wanted to leave.

He began to unexpectedly wish that he was stranded in the center of Hongdae instead—the beautiful, lively streets would help relax him a little bit. He didn't like being alone like this, where anything could happen without any witnesses.

As time went on, Jimin grew closer and closer to the train station. His GPS told him it was only one road away, and for the first time since Yoojin left, some hope bloomed in is chest.

But that hope soon turned to dread once he arrived. Because of course, the train station would be closed. It always closes at 9:30 pm.

"Motherfucker!" He suddenly shouted at no one in particular, about ready to throw his expensive phone at the sidewalk in frustration.

His phone was now below 10 percent, and Jimin was ready to just accept death as it greeted him. What was he supposed to do? He couldn't stop scolding himself for being so stupid and not contacting Donghae earlier.

After his mini mental breakdown at the side of the road, Jimin attempted to collect himself once again. He quickly typed in the route for his house, trying to memorize the roads before his phone powered down just as he'd done the last time he was in this situation.

The texts from Taehyung had stopped a while ago, and Jimin had a feeling the poor boy was going crazy at the lack of response. He felt bad, he really did, but that was a problem for another time.

There was still one person he had yet to text, though.

But it would just be plain ridiculous to text Jungkook this late at night, wouldn't it? Sure, they grew much closer over these past few weeks, but they weren't that close yet. Not to the point where Jimin would wake the poor guy up at nearly 11:00 at night just to help him find his way home. That would be a dick move.

Jimin shook his head, deciding against the idea of contacting Jungkook. He was just gonna have to suck it up and do this by himself, for once. He can't always rely on other people for all of his problems.

Jimin took this moment as a chance to finally prove himself, and a newfound determination set in. *Panickeing time is over,* he told himself.

And just as that thought made its way into his cluttered mind, a car's headlights appeared on the road
behind him, heading in his direction.

Chapter End Notes

BITCHH THE BURN THE STAGE MOVIE IS COMING OUT NEXT MONTH AND I AM LIVINGG! I'm about to force my whole family to come watch it with me

Anyway, I had really bad writer's block the past few days, and I'm still not entirely satisfied with this chapter (it kinda sucks, ik) but I hope y'all enjoyed it nonetheless.

Also, this one and the next were supposed to be one big chapter, but it ended up just getting too long. So even though it pushes all my future chapters back one, I still had to split them up. Oh wellll

Song of the day: Waste It On Me, by Steve Aoki ft. BTS

Stream it!

Thank you so much reading loves, and Happy Halloween! Until next time! :D
Juuichi

Chapter Summary

The emotional song, mixed with the dark red hue of the stoplight in front of them, Jimin's endless passionate rambling, and the overall vibe of the night, all stirred something in Jungkook's quickly-beating heart as he watched the smaller boy continue without a care in the world.

Chapter Notes

Enjoy..

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Anxiety is not a new feeling for Park Jimin. Not even a little bit.

No matter what happens, or how bad the situation actually is, there's always that nagging feeling of worry or fear deep in his chest, even when there shouldn't be.

But there have only been a select few instances in Jimin's life where he'd felt true fear.

Like that one time when he was child, and he accidentally spilled his father's wine all over the man's suit while goofing around at the dinner table. The look on his father's face struck the fear of God in Jimin's heart.

Or that other time when Jimin and Donghae were driving home from elementary school and almost collided with another driver who was clearly drunk out of his mind. He lost his breath, and his ached at the fear of almost losing his life.

And now, as Jimin was walking through the strangely empty streets of the edge of Hongdae, Seoul. He'd expected the headlights of the oncoming Hyundai Elantra to pass by him and turn onto the road up ahead, so he simply held his breath and waited. But when the car began to slow down in front of him, Jimin internally panicked.

The fear he felt in that moment was unexplainable. Was this person going to give him trouble? Were they planning on hurting him? Kidnapping him? Jimin didn't know, and he didn't want to wait around to find out.

So as soon as the car came to a stop on the road next to where he was walking, Jimin simply turned the other way, preparing to sprint the fuck away from whoever was in the mysterious silver car.

But before he could even step a foot in the other direction, the tinted window rolled itself down, and a voice broke through the cold silence of the night.

"Jimin-ah."

It was a feeling both relieving and terrifying, all at once. Jimin closed his eyes, wondering if this was
all a dream. Because there's no way he was here right now, there's no way. It just wasn't possible.

Jimin stayed with his back to the car, fearing that if he turned around, there would be no one there—that this would all just be a figment of his wild imagination. Please, he mentally begged, please be real.

"Jimin-ah?" Jungkook called again, making Jimin finally whip around to face him.

The boy was in the drivers seat of the car, leaning forward so he could talk through the passenger seat's window. Jimin had a fleeting thought of when the fuck did Jungkook get a car? before he simply took in the other's appearance. He didn't look tired whatsoever, so Jimin was relieved the man hadn't been woken up. He was in his usual attire, except this time the comfortable black hoodie he was drowning in covered up all of the usually prominent tattoos.

"..Jungkook?" Jimin finally said, his voice unsure.

The man didn't look very pleased, watching Jimin with a somewhat frustrated look adorning his face. And before the blonde boy could ask what the fuck was going on, Jungkook nodded his head towards the passenger door.

"Get in." He ordered, leaving no room for debate.

When the smaller boy didn't move, the other gave him a pointed look, and Jimin felt he simply couldn't refuse.

So he hesitantly walked across the sidewalk and opened the passenger side door, quietly sliding in next to Jungkook. A hurricane of questions swirled around in Jimin's head, and the tense silence only amplified each and every one of them. But he decided to keep his mouth shut.

Jungkook stepped on the gas as soon as Jimin's door was shut, and they were off driving in a random direction.

It was awkward, Jimin decided, surprisingly so. They hadn't been this awkward since Jungkook confronted Jimin in the bathroom hallway of Dark and Wild.

He almost couldn't bare the silence, and prayed that Jungkook would just say something already. Anything.

But when he didn't, Jimin took it upon himself to break the tense atmosphere. "What are you doing here?" He asked quietly, watching nervously as Jungkook kept his gaze fixated on the road ahead of them.

"I live here." The other stated. Jimin felt like an idiot.

He didn't reply to the sassy response, simply looking down at his lap and fiddling with his small fingers. He was surprised, to say the least. Jungkook wasn't goofing off with him like he usually would, and it made things almost unbearably tense.

As if sensing Jimin's uncomfortableness, Jungkook suddenly explained, "Taehyung-ssi called me."

That made sense. Taehyung must've got the younger boy's number from Hoseok or something. Why Taehyung didn't just ask Hoseok if he could pick up Jimin instead confused the smaller boy, making him wonder if this was all intentional.

The gears in Jimin's mind began to click, and he suddenly realized why Jungkook seemed to be in
such a bad mood. Was he upset that Jimin didn't tell him that he was stuck in Hongdae? They had been texting so often that it wouldn't be surprising if Jungkook was frustrated at the fact that Jimin didn't call him right away in this situation.

"Oh.." Jimin replied.

Jungkook finally looked away from the empty road, and they made brief eye contact. Jimin could see the intensity in the others eyes, and couldn't help but feel like he'd made the wrong decision by choosing not to call Jungkook.

"Seriously, Jimin, what was that?" Jungkook finally broke, eyebrows furrowed as he once again glared ahead. "If I was some thug who was following after you in a car, all you would do is turn and run the other way?" He looked unimpressed, referring to how Jimin turned around to try and run from the car once it pulled up.

"What would you rather me do? Turn around and throw fists?" Jimin retorted defensively, pointing to his thin biceps. His look practically screamed 'I'm vulnerable and rich, come beat me up!' and everyone knew it.

"I'd rather you fucking call me, Jimin," Jungkook said, and his voice was firm. Jimin was taken aback by the lack of teasing from the younger. "If Taehyung-ssi hadn't called me earlier, you'd be wandering this horrible neighborhood alone right now and I would've had no idea."

"It's late, didn't want to bother you.."

"You could never bother me." His voice became soft, and butterflies erupted in Jimin's stomach at the words. "Please promise me that next time you're in this situation, you'll call me. I really don't wanna wake up to a call saying that you were mugged in my own fucking neighborhood when I could've done something about it."

To say Jimin was speechless would be an understatement.

Yes, they were friends, and hopefully bound to be more than that, but Jimin never thought Jungkook would actually care so much. He sounded desperate as he spoke, something the blonde boy never thought he'd hear, and he felt fondness spread throughout his body. Jungkook really cared, didn't he?

"Promise me, Jimin." Jungkook repeated, glancing away from the road once more to show Jimin he was serious.

"I promise.."

That conversation seemed to end there, and Jimin took the time to observe the nice car they were in. Jungkook never mentioned having a car, so it was quite surprising to the older boy. If he had a car this whole time, then why had he never used it before? Every time Jimin saw him, the younger man was walking.

After about a minute or two of silence between them, the only sound being the soft song that was bleeding through the car’s speakers, Jimin spoke up once again.

"I didn't know you had a car." He stated, just wanting the awkwardness to finally end. He didn't like getting scolded by Jungkook, it made him feel like he really fucked up.

"I don't. This is Yoongi hyung's car." The younger explained.
Jimin made a small 'O' with his mouth, realization dawning on him. He didn't know much about Yoongi, so it made sense.

"And he let you borrow it this late at night?" Jimin asked, watching Jungkook's expression morph into one that almost looked like embarrassment.

"Ah, no." He shyly said, "He doesn't exactly know that I have it right now."

They turned another corner, making Jimin remember that he never exactly gave Jungkook his address. Where were they even going?

"Really? Will he be upset?"

"Probably." *Definitely. But I'm sure he'll understand.* *I'm going to die for this.*

Jungkook hadn't exactly thought that far ahead in his plan. As soon as he heard the news that Jimin was stuck in Hongdae after staying behind to practice, he basically bolted out of the house, stealing Yoongi's car keys while the other man slept. He would've walked, just so he wouldn't have to face the older man's wrath if he ever found out, but walking would simply take too long. Jimin needed him.

Jimin nodded, distractedly looking out the window to observe the lights that passed quickly by. No matter how many times he'd been there, Hongdae would never cease to amaze him.

It didn't take long for them to reach the center of the district, begrudgingly realizing that the traffic would make this ride a lot longer than it originally was supposed to be.

"Where are we going, Jungkook-ah?" Jimin asked once they'd stopped at another crosswalk, letting the crowd of people cross the street.

"Gangnam. You'll have to type your specific address into the GPS, but I can find Gangnam on my own at least." He pointed to the box-shaped item that was attached to the windshield by a suction cup. It was already turned on, displaying all the recently used addresses of places that Yoongi must've gone to. Jimin took that as a hint to start typing his address into the GPS so they wouldn't get lost.

"How do you know where Gangnam is? I don't even know where it is, and I live there." Jimin asked, hitting the 'Start Route' button.

Jungkook cracked a smile, "We've been to Gangnam a bunch of times. Namjoon hyung always forces us to tag along with him whenever he goes to visit Jin hyung."

"I still can't believe you know Jin hyung." Jimin muttered to himself, shaking his head. He still never told Seokjin that Jungkook was the mystery boy he found on his first night in Hongdae. He was simply too embarrassed.

"I still can't believe you told Jin hyung that you think I'm hot." Jungkook retorted, and Jimin groaned. He instantly regretted missing Jungkook's teasing earlier.

"Shut up!" He whined. "And technically, I still never said it was you."

"We've been over this, it was me."

Jimin wanted to jump out of the car right then and there.
"Okay well, either way, Jin hyung doesn't know that."

"Oh, so you finally admit it was me?" Jungkook smirked.

Jimin found himself desperately wishing he would just think before speaking, and clamped his mouth shut at the statement. It was obvious to anyone that the hot guy was Jungkook all along, they both knew that, but Jimin just didn't want to admit it. Why did Jungkook have to be so damn smug about it?

At the blonde boy's sudden silence, Jungkook broke out into endearing, boyish laughter, and Jimin wanted to die.

"I knew it!" And while Jimin was about ready to end his life, he couldn't help but be happy seeing Jungkook back to his old self. The man no longer looked upset, and was laughing freely while teasing him.

"Whatever.." Jimin mumbled, cheeks red. He then leaned forward and turned the volume button on the car's stereo up, attempting to drown out all of Jungkook's smug jokes. The action just made Jungkook laugh even more.

There was an iPod hooked up to the stereo, connected by a short, black AUX chord. So whatever American song that the radio was now blasting, must've been one that Jungkook had downloaded himself. And his music taste was not what Jimin had expected at all.

"You listen to American pop music?" Jimin asked, a slight smile on his face. The music was considerably louder, but not to the point where they couldn't have a conversation.

"Don't judge me, some of it's actually really good." Jungkook said, defensive.

Jimin fondly rolled his eyes, "I'm not judging you! I listen to it too, actually. I'm just surprised that you do."

"Why?" Jungkook asked, glancing at the older boy questioningly. "Is it because I look like I only have Metallica and Marilyn Manson downloaded on my iPod?"

The very accurate words made Jimin break out into laughter, causing a smile to instantly appear on Jungkook's face as well.

"..Maybe." Jimin replied, still giggling. He'd heard about those kinds of artists plenty of times at school from Jihyun, who was really into rock music and never seemed to shut up about it. But now, Jimin was glad that he didn't.

Jungkook chuckled, turning on his blinkers while preparing to turn right up ahead. Surprisingly, he was a very good driver, Jimin noted.

Right after turning onto a new, crowded street, Jungkook kept one hand on the wheel, the other reaching for the dashboard in front of him and grabbing something Jimin couldn't quite see in the dark. But when he pulled it out, the blonde boy noticed it was a pack of cigarettes. He clicked his tongue disapprovingly.

"Want one?" The younger asked.

Jimin instantly shook his head, knowing Taehyung would actually slaughter him if he ever even thought about it. "Yah, what a bad habit." He settled on saying, making Jungkook smile.
"You don't smoke?" He asked, already knowing the answer.

"Of course I don't smoke! It's horrible for you." Jimin replied, still bewildered at the fact that the young boy in front of him would willingly put that cancer stick in his mouth and light it.

"Okay, but do you mind if I smoke?" Jungkook questioned, stopping at a stop sign in front of them. The roads were starting to clear out again, proving that they were slowly getting farther away from Hongdae.

Jimin thought for a moment, before shaking his head. Unlike most people, he didn't necessarily mind the smell of cigarette smoke. Maybe it was the fact that his huge house had a screen-room on the porch, where his parents and their party guests would usually hang out and smoke cigars. The smell didn't seem to bother him anymore.

"No, I don't mind it. But that doesn't mean you should do it." Jimin said pointedly. Jungkook shrugged, lighting the cigarette up anyway and putting it between his lips. He looked like a natural, most likely having done this plenty of times. The window to his left was only open a crack, as the younger didn't want to chilly night air freezing out their car.

They continued driving in mostly silence, listening to the wide variety of songs that came up on Jungkook's iPod. Besides the obvious array of Justin Bieber and Charlie Puth, it seemed he had a very diverse taste in music, and Jimin loved it.

From the very little English he could understand, the songs were all so deep and meaningful, and Jimin was glad that the younger wasn't the type of person to listen to trashy music just because he thought it was cool. The boy gave no shits on what others thought, just listening to music that he found inspiring.

Once they'd finally reached the Gangnam area, they both realized that there were only a few minutes left to the ride. Jungkook didn't want to let these minutes go to waste, since he never knows when the next time he'd get to see Jimin would be. He may have purposely slowed the car down a little bit.

"How's dance?" He asked, and Jimin turned to him in mild surprise at the question.

"Oh, dance is fun. Everyone is really nice." The smaller boy replied, a smile appearing on his face just thinking about the studio. It was so much better than he'd expected.

"That's good. I'm still surprised you have the time to do it."

Jimin had a busy schedule, that's for sure, and trying to sneak out twice a week for a couple hours definitely put even more of a strain on him.

"So am I, honestly. It's been pretty exhausting, but I'm sure I'll get used to it eventually." He glanced down at his legs, still numb from the intense rehearsal earlier.

"Don't you think you're stretching yourself a little thin?" Jungkook asked, turning towards Jimin with a look that could only be described as concern. "I mean, you already have to attend school and ballet practice, I feel like contemporary dance will just wear you out even more."

Jimin hated how right he was.

"Well.. yeah. I knew that it'd be hard at first, but I think it's gonna be worth it in the end." Before Jungkook could intervene, Jimin distractedly continued. He stared out the window, watching the outside world pass him by far too quickly. "As soon as school is over, I'm gonna get out of this place. I'm gonna be done with ballet, with this whole life. No more shitty house parties, no more
sneaking out, no more being forced to do things that I don't want to do. Contemporary dance is something I'm really passionate about, y'know? So I can't let this opportunity slip away."

Words flowed out of Jimin's mouth without any control, and he was confused as to why he suddenly wanted to open up about all of this to Jungkook. A new song came on shuffle, with a beautifully calming beat. Jungkook instantly recognized it as one of his favorite American songs—There For You, by Troye Sivan. His heart swelled.

"It doesn't even matter that I'm overworked right now, because once I get out of here, I know it'll pay off." Jimin continued mindlessly. "I didn't realize it until these past few weeks, but I want to teach contemporary dance. I may not be the best at it right now, but I'm still trying. One day, I'll be even better than Taemin hyung!"

They suddenly pulled up at a red stoplight, the streets completely vacant of any other vehicles or people. Jungkook turned his full body towards Jimin, giving the boy his attention with an indescribable look in his eyes.

Jimin continued looking out the window, completely unaware of the hurricane of thoughts swirling around inside Jungkook's head.

Jungkook listened to the lyrics of the song, having memorized them a long time ago, and he couldn't help but relate to them wholeheartedly as he watched Jimin ramble. The way the smaller boy's blonde hair fell perfectly along the sides of his face, looking as if it was dyed red because of the beaming stoplight in front of them. His kind eyes, lightly bordered with dark eyeshadow that must've partly washed off during his shower, looked as if they were shining as he spoke about doing what he loved.

Jungkook's eyes then fell to the boy's lips, and his heart skipped a beat inside his chest, as it always did. They looked so soft, so kissable. Jimin was beautiful.

The emotional song, mixed with the dark red hue of stoplight in front of them, Jimin's endless passionate rambling, and the overall vibe of the night, all stirred something in Jungkook's quickly-beating heart as he watched the smaller boy continue without a care in the world.

"So yeah, I may be stretching myself a little thin, but I don't care. As long as things keep going this well, then I'll be out of here in no time. It'll all be worth it in the end." Jimin suddenly glanced away from the dark window he had been looking out of when he realized they weren't moving anymore. He turned towards Jungkook, heart skipping a beat when he realized the other man was just staring at him. The stoplight had already turned green, but the other made no move to continue his driving. Jimin felt himself blush at the sudden realization, "Ah.. I'm sorry, I'm rambling again. Please, just ignore me—"

"Go out with me."

Jimin froze mid-sentence, staring wide eyed at the other. Jungkook looked completely serious, watching Jimin with a determined, yet somehow hopeful look in his eyes. It was quiet between them, Troy's melodic voice ringing through the car speakers as they watched each other. Jimin waited, preparing himself for the other to burst out laughing, or to tell him he was just messing around—but nothing of the sort happened. He was serious.

Jimin opened and closed his mouth a couple times, trying to muster up the words to say in this situation. Was this really happening? The only question repeatedly going going through his head was why. Jungkook could get anyone, anyone, yet here he was, sitting in a car he undoubtedly stole from his friend at 11:00 pm, nervously awaiting the smaller's response to a date. What the hell was going
Noticing the other's shock, Jungkook quickly tried again. "I mean.. uh, I mean, do you wanna go out with me? Sometime..?"

Was Jeon Jungkook blushing?

Jimin had thought he'd need to go to extreme lengths in order to even gain Jungkook's attention, but that was all in vain. Taehyung was right, Jungkook actually liked him.

Jimin finally broke out of his trans, taking a deep breath of air to try and calm himself down. Because Jeon fucking Jungkook just asked him out.

"You mean like.. like a date?" The small boy asked hesitantly, desperately hoping he didn't misread the situation. His heartbeat was practically pulsating in his ears, and he began to wonder if Jungkook could hear it too.

"Yes, like a date." Jungkook smiled.

Before Jimin could think about any of the risks of this situation and just how horribly wrong this could go, he found himself slowly nodding.

All he'd wanted from the beginning was to get to know Jungkook more. He'd obviously developed a small crush on the other boy, which apparently everyone but Seokjin knew about. But either way, a date was the perfect opportunity to grow closer, and just to see if they were actually as compatible as they both seemed to believe.

Jimin couldn't necessarily understand why Jungkook asked him out, but the joy he felt threatened to burst his heart right out of his chest. He felt as if he was dreaming, and would wake up defeated at any given moment.

"Okay." He finally confirmed, his quiet voice nearly drowned out by the finishing chords of the beautiful song that had been playing. Just before it completely ended, Jungkook reached over to his iPod with a huge, victorious smile on his face, hitting the 'Replay' button. The song restarted, and he glanced back up at Jimin with an excited look in his eye.

"Thank god!" He breathed, leaning back in his seat.

Jimin giggled, "What? You thought I'd say no?" How could Jungkook possibly think that Jimin would ever reject him?

Jimin then noted the way Jungkook rested a hand over his heart, most likely feeling how quickly it was beating in his chest.

"I didn't know what to think, I just kinda blurted that out without thinking. I think I just had a heart attack." Jungkook didn't know whether to thank or curse that damn Troye Sivan song, blaming the emotional tune for his sudden outburst. But he still ended up getting what he'd been wanting since day one—a chance with Jimin—so he eventually decided to thank it instead.

Jimin couldn't help but laugh at Jungkook's relieved expression, wondering how he seemed to have such an effect on the younger boy when he was really nothing special.

The blond boy then looked up through the windshield, noticing that the stoplight was still green, causing him to swat at Jungkook's arm. They were lucky there were no other cars around.
"Have a heart attack later, we're still in the middle of the road."

"Oh, well thanks for the concern." Jungkook replied sarcastically, but the accomplished smile wouldn't leave his face. *Nothing* could take that smile away.

He then faced forward, confidently stepping on the gas and speeding off in the direction the GPS ordered him to go. And although they said nothing else throughout the short remainder of the ride, the huge smiles adorning their faces spoke enough words for the both of them.

—

Usually, when Jimin and Taehyung enter The Piola for their weekly Monday Meetings, they have at least a good fifteen minutes before Seokjin comes bounding out of his office to join them.

So when they entered the cafe, only to see the older excitingly sitting at the small round table in the corner, they could automatically tell that something was up.

"Uh oh.." Taehyung mumbled as they watched Seokjin shameless flail around while attempting to wave them over.

It had been days since Jungkook asked Jimin out, and the small boy couldn't seem to be able to stop thinking about it.

They hadn't picked a specific date quite yet, but they had been texting about when would be a good time for both of them. They were both pretty busy, after all.

Jimin had gone to his best friend immediately after that incident, and although he received a major scolding from Taehyung, the younger boy couldn't stay mad at him for long. Especially when Jimin spilled the news of his date with Jungkook.

"Jin hyung, what's going on?" Jimin asked once they'd reached the table. The oldest boy got up to give them each a hug as he usually did, but his excitement didn't go unnoticed.

"I have some news!" He replied, hugging Taehyung as well.

They all sat down in their usual seats, waiting for the barista to come by with their orders.

With Seokjin practically bouncing in his seat, Jimin couldn't help the smile that spread across his face. He loved seeing the oldest so happy.

"Okay," Seokjin started, leaning forward to make sure he had everyone's attention, "So I just got news from Namjoon-ah. He said that his father is getting ready to retire, and that he wants to pass the bar down to Namjoon." He finally spilled.

Jimin and Taehyung looked at each other, surprise written on their faces. "Namjoon hyung is taking over the bar?" Taehyung repeated, a boxy grin on his face.

"Yes! And he also wants us all to come down one of these nights to celebrate. It's gonna be so great." Jimin could almost see the stars in Seokjin's eyes when he talked about the other man. He couldn't help but wonder if maybe he and Jungkook will feel that strongly for each other one day. But it was a little far fetched, wasn't it?

"Hyung that's so cool! I'm down for it, but I need to know what day it is ahead of time. My schedule just got super fucking packed this past month." Jimin explained. Their drinks finally arrived, and they quickly made space on the table for them before politely thanking the barista.
"Oh? Why is that?" Seokjin asked.

Jimin tells Taehyung everything. And when I say everything, I mean everything. Taehyung obviously knows about the date with Jungkook, but he also knows all about Jimin's contemporary dance class that he attends two times a week. And although it made Jimin extremely guilty, he realized that he hadn't actually told Seokjin about any of this.

"Hyung.. promise you won't kill me?" Jimin questioned, timidly looking at the older who wore a confused expression on his face.

"I'm not promising anything."

Taehyung snickered, earning a glare from Jimin.

"Okay well, in these past few weeks.. a lot of things have changed."

Seokjin was so going to kill him.

"Like..?" The older pushed.

"Well for one.–I'm about to go on a date with one of your boyfriend's best friends—"I've been taking contemporary dance classes in Hongdae."

What happened to being more honest? Jimin scolded himself.

Seokjin's beautiful eyes widened at the news, and he looked as if he didn't know if he should be happy or concerned. He knew Jimin had always loved contemporary dance, a hell of a lot more than ballet. But in Hongdae..?

"Jiminie! I'm so happy for you!" He finally said, joy visible in his voice. "But are you sure going to Hongdae so often is the best idea?"

Jimin sighed, but before he could even assure the older that it was okay, Taehyung cut in with an accusing finger pointed, "No, it's not! Hyung, you don't even understand the mental strain this has put me under. Jimin is so reckless!"

"What?" Jimin replied, offended. "I am not reckless! It was one time, Taetae, I got stuck there one time."

"You got stuck there?" Seokjin furrowed his eyebrows.

Jimin instantly tried to retract his statement, "No—"

"He absolutely did. And if I hadn't taken action that night, he'd probably still be walking around there to this day!" Taehyung informed, making Jimin roll his eyes. It hadn't actually been that big of a deal.

"Jimin-ah!" Seokjin sternly eyed the younger, using that voice he only reserved for motherly scolding.

"Tae is over-exaggerating, I would've been fine either way."

"You lying piece of spinach!" Taehyung accused.

"What the fuck does that even mean?" Jimin shot back.
Seokjin looked completely done with their vapid bickering, pinching the bridge of his nose between his thumb and pointer finger. While they continued playfully arguing with each other, he couldn't help but feel a little tinge of worry blossom in his chest. It wasn't safe for Jimin to be wandering around Hongdae alone, especially with Got7 freely roaming the streets.

But he didn't know that.

"Okay, okay. Shut up." Seokjin finally cut in once he realized they were quickly reaching the incoherent stage of their argument.

The two instantly stopped, turning to look at their hyung to see what he had to say.

"Jimin-ah, I'm not sure what happened that night, but please just be more careful. Hongdae is very dangerous—"

"Why does everyone keep saying that?" Jimin interrupted, fed up with all of the constant warnings he'd been receiving. "Why do you guys keep making it seem like Hongdae is the most dangerous place in South Korea? And if it's so dangerous, then why the fuck does your boyfriend and his friends live there?"

Seokjin was silent while the two younger boys observed him, waiting for an answer. In almost every one of Jimin's conversations with the Hongdae group, they'd mentioned how dangerous their neighborhood is. It was just so confusing to him, because who could possibly want to live in an area that's so dangerous?

Seokjin stared at the table in front of him, calmly taking a sip of his steaming latte. "They're there because of work, that's all. They have good jobs, and can't afford to move away."

Namjoon told him not to say anything about the gang war, so he would have to respect that decision.

The truth was, if Bangtan ever decided to leave Hongdae, Got7 would completely take over the area. They would constantly terrorize the innocent people without mercy, and there would be nobody around to put them back in their place.

Hongdae needed Bangtan, and it didn't even know it.

"That's a dumb reason. A good job isn't worth risking your life." Taehyung joined in, and Jimin nodded in agreement.

Seokjin sighed, but said nothing else on the matter. He wished he could tell them, he really, truly did. They deserved to know everything. Although, by introducing them to Namjoon, Yoongi, Jungkook, and Hoseok, he'd already regrettably introduced the two to their crazy world as well. Seokjin tried not to focus on that thought, though, and simply hoped that his two best friends would remain careful and safe, always.

He couldn't involve them any further in this mess that JB had created. He'd never forgive himself.

Chapter End Notes

I can't wait to move out, I'm literally gonna lose my mind if I stay here any longer
Song of the day: There For You, by Troye Sivan :)

Thank you for reading! Until next time! :D
Juuni

Chapter Summary

Although it seemed as if Jungkook continued to try to dismiss the subject, Jimin didn't give up. He simply turned fully towards Jungkook with an expectant look on his face, waiting for him to open up about what happened. And as if he could sense Jimin's eyes digging into the side of his head, Jungkook sighed, still refusing to return the eye contact.

Chapter Notes

Hey, sorry for taking so long to update. I haven't had any internet for a while but it's finally back :)

Enjoy..

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jimin knew he'd never be able to express how grateful he was towards Donghae.

Since the man already constantly drove him to and picked him up from Hongdae, he had no problem dropping off Jimin, Taehyung, and Seokjin to Dark and Wild.

Of course, he repeatedly warned the three to be very careful, nervously asking why they would even want to go to such a place anyway. But they all just shrugged off the question, promising that it'll be okay. And once they arrived at the bar, Jimin made sure to tell Donghae what time he should come pick them all up. He couldn't have a repeat of last time's fatal mistake.

"Thank you, sunbaenim." Jimin said, sliding out of the Lincoln the oldest drove. Taehyung and Seokjin followed, both profusely thanking him for the long ride.

"Stay safe." They heard Donghae's muffled voice call through the closed car doors.

It was a cold Thursday evening, just about a week after the night Jimin had found himself stuck in Hongdae. He hadn't seen Jungkook since that memorable night, but they'd still been texting back and forth as they usually did. Either way, he was a bit nervous to see him again—probably a lot more nervous than he should've been.

He desperately hoped that Jungkook hadn't said anything about their upcoming date to his friends, because if he had, there's no doubt one of them would mention it tonight in order to tease the youngest. Jimin wanted to be the one to inform Seokjin about the date, he didn't want the older to get upset that he'd been hiding something this big from him. Why was it so hard to just be honest?

After their IDs were accepted by the bored bouncer, the three boys pushed the large, metal door open, barely hearing the squeak it let out over the music blasting inside.
Because this was a night of celebration, they weren't afraid to dress up a little this time, and it definitely didn't go unnoticed to them that they turned a couple of heads once they entered the building.

It was only Thursday, but the place was still packed. Jimin could only imagine what it would look like on a Saturday.

As he eyed the people that began to swarm around them, Jimin suddenly realized this would also be the first time he's seen Hoseok since that day at Neuron Studio, and he couldn't help but wonder if the man was still so adamant about their friendship. Now that Taehyung was here, Jimin doubted the older would even glance his way.

Much to his surprise, however, the moment the trio came into view of the boys at the bar, Hoseok jumped up off his stool and ran directly towards Jimin. Not Taehyung, not Seokjin. Jimin."Jiminnie!" The man squealed, flailing his arms around in the most embarrassing way possible.

"Hyungie!" Jimin squealed back, trying to keep up with the older man as they jumped into an embrace. The others all chuckled at their interaction.

Jimin looked over Hoseok's shoulder as they hugged and scanned the counter for a certain someone, stopping when he saw him staring right back at him with an amused look in his eye. They shared a small smile.

It seemed as if Yoongi wasn't present at the counter though, Jimin noticed. He mentally cursed, wanting to have a chance to talk to the older man at some point. He really wanted to grow closer to Seokjin's friends.

The two dancers broke apart with big smiles on their faces, as Seokjin went ahead and awkwardly hugged Namjoon over the counter of the bar with a huge grin as well.

"Congratulations!" Seokjin said excitedly, and Namjoon chuckled.

"Thank you, baby."

They dove straight into a conversation on what things would be like once Namjoon becomes the owner the bar, and the rest were left to fend for themselves in their own conversation.

"So where's Yoongi hyung?" Taehyung asked, trying to start a conversation somewhere. He sat down next to Hoseok, taking the seat on the very end of the bar. The only other seat that wasn't occupied was next to Jungkook, which Jimin was sure Taehyung realized judging by the big, smug grin adorning his face.

"Hyung got stuck at work." Hoseok pouted. "He said he'll try to come later, but that we shouldn't wait up for him."

"Nonsense!" Taehyung exclaimed, "The group isn't complete without him." The rest of the boys smiled at his words, and nodded in agreement.

The atmosphere in the packed bar was surprisingly nice. Conversation broke out between everyone, mostly talking about dance or how things will change once Namjoon owns the bar.

For one, his work schedule will be very different. He would have to hire another bartender in order to take his place, as he will be in the manager position. His schedule will most likely become even more packed, since the manager has to appear at the bar every day in order to oversee things and
make sure everything is going smoothly.

And since the entire establishment is owned by Namjoon's father, who is now stepping into retirement, that means that Namjoon will also become the manager of the club section.

He's no longer just a bartender.

And while the thought of him having to oversee what goes on in the club section of Dark and Wild worried his group of friends, they all pushed those thoughts away for the night and decided to focus on celebrating his promotion instead.

But, as Hoseok noticed rather early into the night, a celebration isn't complete without a little of the devil's lettuce.

"Wait guys, I just realized something!" Hoseok suddenly announced, making the other five boys turn their heads in his direction. It was normally hard to speak over the general loudness of the music and socializing in the background, but Hoseok was also a relatively loud person. "If Yoongi hyung isn't here, then who's supposed to get our celebratory weed from the club?" He pointed to the wooden double doors beyond the dance floor.

To say Jimin was surprised at the bluntness would be an understatement.

Namjoon chuckled, "No one. We'll just have to wait until Hyung gets here."

"But Namjoon-ahhh!" Hoseok whined, purposely using aegyo to try and make the other cave. It didn't work.

"No, Hoseok."

Although Jimin knew he absolutely wouldn't be smoking any weed tonight, he did sort of feel bad for Hoseok. The over-exaggerated pout on the boy's lips didn't suit him whatsoever, and Jimin found himself wanting the other to smile again. He always wanted everyone around him to be happy.

"Um." Jimin suddenly cut in, making the others turn their attention to him now, "I can get it for you.. I don't mind going in there." He lied, making Taehyung whip his head in his direction.

Honestly, Jimin never wanted to feel those hungry, predatory eyes on him ever again. But if it made Hoseok and the other boys happy, then he would try to endure.

Suddenly, before Jimin's best friend could say anything to him, Jungkook snorted. "Yeah, you're not allowed in there, ever. I'll do it."

He got up from his stool, making Hoseok cheer and Namjoon watch from behind the counter with visible concern painted on his features.

"Wait, are you sure about this, Kook?" He asked, and Seokjin stood up from his own stool as well so he could speak eye-to-eye with the youngest.

"I don't think that's a very good idea." The oldest admitted.

It's clear that Yoongi is the only one that they remotely trust to enter the club area.

The man is the second oldest of the group—he's very blunt, and admittedly savage. He gives no fucks, and is not afraid to speak his mind about anything and everything as he pleases. If anyone could go into the most dangerous area of the bar and demand marijuana from a bunch of whacked-
out criminals, it was Yoongi.

"Come on, guys. Have a little faith in me." Jungkook replied, chuckling. "Besides, do you want to listen to Hoseok's whining all night?" When no one said anything in response, Jungkook nodded. "Thought so."

Jimin and Taehyung locked eyes, the younger not missing the deep concern displayed in Jimin's. The blonde boy instantly regretted saying anything, just wishing that Jungkook would decide to stay there with them where it was safe. He didn't understand why everyone seemed to fear the club area so much, or why Yoongi was the only one entrusted to enter it, but either way Jungkook was about to go into the lion's den.

"No! I-I can go with you?" Jimin asked, turning in his stool to look up at the younger.

But Jungkook merely smiled at him, shaking his head. "I'll be back in a few minutes, you just stay here."

And with that, the youngest, yet also the strongest of their friend group turned around and made his way through the crowd of dancing, drunken bodies. The five boys silently watched him walk all the way over until he pushed the double doors open, slipping inside soundlessly.

As soon as the doors were closed, Seokjin sat back down and turned to Jimin with a raised eyebrow. "What the hell was that?"

For a moment, Jimin feared he would get the scolding of a lifetime for offering to go into the dangerous area he's been so constantly warned not to enter. But that wasn't the case.

"I just wanted to help out—"

"No, no, not that. I get why you did that." Seokjin waved a dismissive hand. "I mean, what's up with you and Jungkook?"

The question made Jimin's heart lurch into his throat, and he pointedly ignored the snickers that erupted from Hoseok and Taehyung.

He didn't know what to say. He didn't want to admit in front of everybody that the two were in the midst of planning a date, and that they'd been pining after each other since the day they'd met. Seokjin was completely out of the loop, and Jimin felt incredibly guilty.

When Taehyung opened his loud mouth, undoubtedly ready to spill every one of Jimin's darkest secrets to the oldest, Jimin quickly cut in. "I'll tell you everything as soon as we get back to Gangnam, hyung. For now let's just celebrate Namjoon hyung's promotion, it's his night."

He wanted Seokjin to hear everything from him, no twisted stories from Taehyung or any of the other boys. Everything needed to come straight from Jimin in order to vanquish his guilt.

His words made Namjoon smile brightly, dimples and all, while Seokjin suspiciously nodded, and that seemed to be the end of the conversation. Taehyung pouted, wishing the drama didn't end there, but quickly got back into conversation with Hoseok and forgot about his previous defeat.

But while the others carelessly continued to converse amongst themselves, Jimin stared down at the countertop in front of him, swishing his nearly empty drink around in its glass. He couldn't help but feel uneasy, knowing Jungkook was in such a dangerous place all because of him. He pouted.
The moment Jungkook stepped through the door of the club area, the thick smell of cigarette smoke and weed hit him like a train.

It was as if the room was covered in a blanket of smoke, making him cough a little at the burning sensation that erupted in his throat. The place had no windows whatsoever, so it's not like they could just air it out.

He looked around, noting his surroundings and realizing that this place was not exactly what he'd expected.

There were small stages scattered throughout the room, each with a pole placed right in the middle. Multiple girls, and even a couple guys, were expertly swirling around on them, giving a sultry show to the hungry crowds that surrounded them.

Jungkook quickly looked away from them. They may be attractive, but they had nothing on Park Jimin.

To the left of the room stood an area with an array of dusty couches, all aimed towards each other as the people who sat on them conversed amongst themselves. Jungkook couldn't help but notice that mostly men hung out in this room.

One thing he hadn't considered through all of this, though, was the fact he had no fucking idea where to purchase the weed.

There was a small counter at the other end of the room, where a man stood and sold various forms of expensive alcohol. Jungkook supposed he could start there.

He kept a confident front as he walked through the club, not showing any weakness as he's sure Yoongi does every time. The boy has a resting-bitch-face, after all.

With a hardened gaze, square shoulders, and a quickly beating heart, Jungkook approached the man behind the counter.

"Where can I buy some weed?" He asked casually.

The older man glanced up, before a tight smile appeared on his face. He had shaggy, oil-slicked black hair, an unkempt beard, and overly loose clothing hanging down his limbs—as if he was in no position to be selling drinks that expensive.

He said nothing, simply pointing a chubby finger to his right. Jungkook turned to see what he was pointing at, his gaze falling on one of the men that sat on the couches. He was talking animatedly to the man next to him, using his hands to express his words, and a huge, smug smile spread on his face showing that he absolutely loved the attention he was receiving. The other man seemed very into the conversation as well, and Jungkook almost didn't want to disrupt them. But he told his friends he would get weed for them, so that's exactly what he would do.

He quickly thanked the man behind the counter, earning a nod of acknowledgment, before making his way over to the two men on the couches. There were others around, undoubtedly listening in on the conversation between them but most likely not having the courage to speak to the man who supposedly sold the weed. Jungkook understood why—every ounce of that man basically exudes power and confidence.

As soon as Jungkook stepped in front of the man, he instantly halted his conversation and turned towards him with a questioning eyebrow raised.
"Can I help you?" The man asked, and the others around them listened in curiosity.

"I'm here to buy some weed. I heard that you sell?"

The man remained impassive for a moment as his eyes flickered over Jungkook's stoic face, before he broke out into a chuckle. He leaned back against the cushion of the dark red couch, casually crossing his legs in front of himself.

"You're one of Namjoon-ssi's, aren't you?" He asked, already knowing the answer. Jungkook bit back the irritated growl that threatened to escape, because he is no one's. But picking a fight with the man who had this whole section of the building so obviously wrapped around his finger would be a terrible idea.

"I'm just here to get some weed, not to make small talk. Can you help me or not?" He snapped, not daring to back down when the other made eye contact with him.

Maybe knowing the owner of the bar gave him a little more confidence than it should've, Jungkook realized.

The words made the man, along with everyone around him, burst out into obnoxious laughter. They were really starting to get on the youngest's nerves.

Ignoring Jungkook's remark completely, the man asked, "Where's Yoongi-ah?"

Jungkook fought the urge to roll his eyes, simply sighing. "He's at work." He responded dryly.

The man seemed to think things over for a moment, his long fingers subconsciously rubbing his chin in thought. His other hand, one carelessly holding a finished cigarette, moved the ash trey in order to put it out completely.

Finally, after what seemed like a year of awkward, suspenseful silence, the man asked, "How much do you want?"

Jungkook sighed in relief, glad that the annoying small talk was finally over without any complications. He didn't even care what the man's name was, he just wanted to leave that suffocating room and go back to his friends with the promised gift.

After the frustratingly slow transaction was complete, Jungkook couldn't wait to get the fuck out of there. He kept the small bag of marijuana tight in his grip, positive that Hoseok had some rolling paper stored somewhere in Namjoon's bar counter from the previous times they'd done this.

He turned and began making his way towards the door, trying his best to avoid contact with any of the other assholes in the room.

But as his eyes cautiously scanned the room around him one last time, he froze as they locked onto someone else's—a relatively tall blonde man who was leaning back against the concrete wall with a bright smile on his face. And suddenly, Jungkook's overflowing confidence turned into rage. Pure rage.

What the fuck was he doing here?

The young boy didn't even waste a goddamn second before he abandoned his mission of getting out of that hellhole as quickly as possible, opting for storming right up to the man who was smugly eyeing his angry expression.
"JK, what a pleasant surprise." The blonde haired man said once he arrived, using Jungkook's gang name even though they both knew there was no need.

"Yugyeom, what the fuck do you think you're doing here?" Jungkook asked, not even bothering with the stupid nickname. He was pissed.

"Aish, calm down. You've always been so hotheaded." The other replied with a careless wave of his hand.

Kim Yugyeom: the youngest, yet also the physically strongest member of Got7. What the actual fuck was he doing in the club section of Dark and Wild? What gave him the right?

"I asked you a question." Jungkook demanded again, making Yugyeom finally turn to look him in the eye. The smug smile slowly faded from his face, and Jungkook would be lying if he said that didn't make him feel a little satisfied.

Yugyeom sighed, leaning further back against the wall in order to feign nonchalance, though Jungkook knew that he was feeling anything but that.

"I'm here for the same reason you are: some good bud." The younger of the two said, shrugging. But the response just made Jungkook even angrier.

"Then get it at your own fucking bar, why would you ever think it's okay to come here?"

He couldn't wrap his head around the fact that a Got7 member willingly stepped into their territory to buy something they could so easily get at their own bar. And it just had to be Yugyeom, out of all of them.

"I just wanted to see the look on your face when you saw me here."

"Bullshit. You didn't know I'd be coming back here, it's always Yoongi hyung." Jungkook accused. He had his arms crossed in front of his chest in an intimidating manner, an annoyed look plastered across his face. Yugyeom made it seem as if annoying Jungkook was his job.

"Speaking of, where is Yoongi-ssi?" The younger asked, clearly trying to change the subject. The action made Jungkook's eyebrow twitch, and his grip on the bag of weed tightened.

"That's not important. I want you to leave now, Yugyeom-ssi."

The honorifics seemed to make Yugyeom flinch, but the brown haired boy ignored it.

"Aren't you here with your friends tonight?" The blonde boy suddenly questioned, slowly trying to gain back the confidence in his voice. When the older didn't respond, Yugyeom smugly added, "You mind if I go out there and say hi? If what I was told is correct, then one of them stopped by Seven For Seven not too long ago."

Those words alone practically made Jungkook see red. Yugyeom always knew just what to say to piss him off, and it seemed as if he was fully taking advantage of that fact.

In order to look more intimidating, Jungkook leaned in real close. He had the younger backed up against a wall, a dark look in his eyes that he never thought he'd be giving this man in a million years. Yugyeom held his breath.

"If any of you assholes even think about coming near my friends again, I'll fucking kill each and every one you. And stay out of this bar, it's ours. I don't ever want to see you in here again."
"Are you threatening me?" The other asked, voice quiet.


They stayed like that for a moment, neither having the courage to actually move away from each other. Jungkook's eyes flickered between Yugyeom's, nothing but pure hatred shining in them.

So the younger took that as his cue to go.

He silently slipped out of Jungkook's proximity, a permanent frown now stitched onto his face as he nodded his goodbye, leaving Jungkook alone. Satisfaction coursed through Jungkook's veins, growing with every step Yugyeom took away from him, up until the younger was out of the room completely. The double doors slammed shut behind him, but the noise was drowned out by the music that continued to play loudly from the speakers.

Jungkook took a deep breath, leaning back against the wall where Yugyeom previously stood in order to try and catch his breath. If he went back to the group all riled up, they'd know something was wrong right away, so he had to calm himself down a bit first.

Fuck, he needed a cigarette.

—

"He's taking such a long fucking time." Hoseok whined, flopping onto the bar in front of him.

"Will you stop whining? He volunteered to go into that hellhole just for you, so don't be an impatient ass." Seokjin replied, only making Hoseok whine louder.

"Hyung, it's been eight years!" He cried, making everyone roll their eyes.

Jimin's leg was bouncing up and down underneath the counter, a nervous habit of his. Hoseok was right, Jungkook was taking an unnerving amount of time in there. Jimin couldn't calm his heartbeat, because what if something bad happened to him? It could be happening right now and none of them would even have a clue. For the millionth time since the youngest left, Jimin chastised himself for offering to go in the first place. They should've just waited for Yoongi!

Noticing his distress, Taehyung, who had temporarily moved seats so he could be next to his platonic soulmate, rested a calming hand on Jimin's thigh. The older boy looked up, and they both had a telepathic conversation through their eye contact.

Jimin knew he really had no reason to worry. Jungkook knew how to take care of himself, and if he wasn't capable of this, the other boys wouldn't have let him go in alone. If they trusted him, then Jimin obviously had to as well.

After only a couple more nail-biting minutes, the wooden doors beyond the dance floor were pushed open, and Jungkook emerged with a noticeable frown etched onto his face. He seemed angry, and the realization made Jimin's stomach drop.

"There's our golden boy!" Hoseok cheered once Jungkook approached, seeming oblivious to the youngest's change in mood.

"You okay, Kook?" Namjoon asked, eyeing the way the youngest threw the bag of weed onto the counter in front of the orange haired boy.

"I'm wonderful, actually." Jungkook said sarcastically. "Anyone wanna come with me on a smoking
break?” He then asked, confirming Namjoon's suspicion that something was definitely wrong.

When Jungkook's eyes swept over the group of boys, instantly landing on Jimin, the small boy felt his heart leap in his chest at the opportunity.

"I-I'll go." He said, raising his hand for the effect.

Hoseok had already opened the bag of marijuana, barely even listening to the conversation anymore as he pulled out his hidden stash of rolling paper from the counter and got to work. Seokjin watched him with a not-so discreet 'disappointed but not surprised' look.

"Park Jimin, if you even think about putting a cigarette in your mouth I swear to our lord and savior Jesus fucking Christ I'll—"

"Taehyungie, I'm not gonna smoke!" Jimin instantly shut the younger down. "I could just use a little fresh air."

Jimin then stood up from his stool and turned to look at Jungkook, who had a slight smile on his face. His previous anger seemed to have cooled down a bit, and that thought made Jimin return the smile.

Ignoring the confused look on Seokjin's face and the smug ones on Taehyung and Namjoon's, Jimin and Jungkook both turned and began making their way to Dark and Wild's lit up exit without another word. Subconsciously, Jungkook moved closer and placed his hand on Jimin's lower back, carefully leading him through the crowd that formed between them and the door.

Once they were finally outside, the relief was instant. The cloud of smoke that resided inside the building had dissipated, leaving the air fresh and crisp. It was now nighttime, making the streetlights and the light from the bar the only shot the two boys had at seeing anything. It was also cold, which Jimin begrudgingly realized as soon as he stepped foot outside without a jacket.

Jungkook wasted no time in pulling his pack of cigarettes out of his pocket, placing one in his mouth and lighting it up with a lighter that seemed to have materialized in his other hand. Jimin watched in silence, not sure if he should risk asking what happened in there.

Eventually, he decided against it for the time being.

"You know, smoking won't make your problems go away." Jimin stated instead, watching as Jungkook's eyes wandered around the mildly crowded streets. Plenty of people roamed around, all minding their own business.

"But it will push them back." Jungkook countered.

"Then you'll only have more problems to deal with later."

Jungkook shrugged, meaning it was the end of that conversation. Jimin pouted, not liking the fact that he was ignored.

"Should I even bother asking what happened in there?" Jimin questioned after a moment of silence between them.

"Probably not."

"What happened in there?" He asked anyway.
Jungkook cracked a smile, not sure if he should laugh or be annoyed at Jimin's persistence.

"How do you even know something happened?" Jungkook asked, and Jimin rolled his eyes at the question. It wasn't that hard to tell the difference between Jungkook's moods, after all.

"I'm a psychic." Jimin teased, making Jungkook elegantly snort.

Although it seemed as if Jungkook continued to try to dismiss the subject, Jimin didn't give up. He simply turned fully towards Jungkook with an expectant look on his face, waiting for him to open up about what happened. And as if he could sense Jimin's eyes digging into the side of his head, Jungkook sighed, still refusing to return the eye contact.

"I just saw someone who I really didn't want to see, that's all." He simply said, smoke escaping his mouth as he spoke. He took another inhale of the substance, feeling content as the familiar calming-effect spread throughout his chest and tingled in his limbs.

"Are they still in there?" Jimin asked, turning to look towards the door even though he knew he wouldn't see anything.

"No, not anymore. And I don't think he'll be coming back, either." The younger responded, a dark edge to his voice that made Jimin shudder. This time, it wasn't from the cold.

"What did you do?" Jimin asked, an accusing frown appearing on face.

Jungkook shrugged again, making Jimin actually let out an annoyed whine because of his unresponsiveness. The reaction made Jungkook chuckle.

"It's not important, Jiminnie. Let's talk about something else, yeah?" For the first time since they'd stepped outside, Jungkook turned to look at Jimin.

Although he didn't want to let it go, Jimin decided that Jungkook would most likely only get more upset if he kept pestering him. So unwillingly, Jimin nodded.

Before the conversation could continue, the sound of a notification bell rang through and broke the silence. Jimin already knew it was his phone, and he instantly pulled it out of the back pocket of his tight jeans. It was a text from Donghae in a group chat along with Taehyung and Seokjin, telling them all that he was already on his way. Jimin frowned, knowing this meant he only had a half-hour left with the guys. Time passed by way too quickly.

"Who is it?" Jungkook asked, not-so-subtly leaning over Jimin's shoulder to see. His words broke Jimin out of his sulking, making the boy turn to him.

"It's just my driver. He's on his way."

As expected, the words made Jungkook's mood drop as well, and they both just quietly stared out at the nearly empty roads as Jimin shoved his phone back into his pocket.

For the first time since Jimin had met Jungkook, this silence was anything but awkward for him. They were both completely content, just listening to the sound of cars passing by the bar and people chatting, watching the smoke pool around them in the dim lighting of the moon.

The wind picked up a bit, only making the mood of the scene even more notable. The very few trees and bushes planted around them rustled, and both boys involuntarily shivered at the sudden gust.

Jungkook glanced at Jimin, looking at his attire with disapproving eyes. "Are you cold?" He asked.
"No—"

Before Jimin could even finish his sentence, the taller boy dropped his finished cigarette butt onto the concrete below them, sliding his dark jacket off in one motion. He flipped it around and laid it on Jimin's shoulders wordlessly, making the older protest.

"No, no, it's okay! I don't want you to get cold." Jimin insisted, trying to shrug off the sudden jacket.

"I'm not cold, just take it." He firmly pressed his hands against the fabric, stopping Jimin from taking it off.

His tone left no room for debate, and Jimin was left pouting in an oversized jacket that anyone could see was not his. The image filled Jungkook's heart with fondness.

"Don't pout."

"I'm not pouting!"

"You're so pouting."

Jimin huffed in response, turning the other way so Jungkook couldn't see his red face. The action made the younger laugh, and it seemed as if his anger from earlier had completely dissipated. When he was around Jimin, Yugyeom was the farthest fucking thing from his mind. That realization made him want to be around Jimin forever.

Jimin felt his phone buzz a couple more times, most likely being Seokjin or Taehyung responding to Donghae in the group chat, but he refused to ruin the moment by pulling it out to check.

The two boys continued idly talking about whatever topic that came to mind. But as time passed, they both slowly began to realize the fact that they were walking around a pretty prominent issue.

Neither of them wanted to bring it up, but there was a huge elephant in the room just waiting to be acknowledged. Though they were too deep into a conversation to even care about anything else.

So as Jimin snuggled up into Jungkook's large jacket, and Donghae pulled up in front of the packed bar in his Lincoln, and even as Taehyung and Seokjin filed out of the building to get inside it, Jimin and Jungkook didn't even look away from each other and continued to talk.

They were clinging onto their conversation, refusing to acknowledge the fact that Jimin's ride was impatiently waiting for him a few feet away. It was only when the car honked, startling both of them, Jimin realized he probably shouldn't keep the others waiting any longer.

"Oh, you're jacket." Jimin said, glancing at Donghae's unimpressed face through the windshield.

"It's cold out, just give it to me next time you see me." Jungkook replied, shrugging. He couldn't admit the fact that he loved seeing Jimin in his clothes—especially not in front of the smaller boy's friends.

Taehyung and Seokjin sat in the backseat of the car, curiously listening to everything through the door that was left wide open for Jimin's arrival.

Only when Jimin began to gradually back away from Jungkook was the elephant in the room addressed.

"Why haven't we planned our date yet?" The younger asked, keeping his eyes trained on Jimin's
The small boy was walking backwards, heading to the car in the slowest pace he could muster. "I was wondering the same thing. Maybe it's because we're both master procrastinators?"

"True. We should probably work on that." Jungkook replied.

Jimin smiled. "Text me?"

"You know I will."

"Goodnight, Jungkook-ah."

"Goodnight."

As soon as Jimin slid into the car next to a mildly shocked Seokjin, him being the one who occupied the middle seat, the oldest's eyes fell right onto the jacket that was so undoubtedly Jungkook's. He looked back up at Jimin, noticing the timid smile the other gave him, and raised an unimpressed eyebrow.

"You better tell me what the fuck is going on right now, young man." Seokjin threatened, an accusing finger pointed at Jimin.

Chapter End Notes

The calm before the storm..

Hey everyone, so fun fact: you know that Korean restaurant BTS went to in their Hawaii bon voyage season? They went there because the Udon place next door to it had a super long line. Anyway, they ended up drawing something cute on a piece of paper that the staff pinned to the wall before they left.

Welll my uncle, who I stayed with when I went to Hawaii a couple months ago, lives in the building right across from that restaurant, but my family doesn’t like Korean food so I never got to go in and check if the paper was still on the wall. But you can literally see the apartment building I was staying at in the background of the episode

Just thought I’d let you know, ‘cause I’m kinda shook rn lmao

Song of the day: SAD!, by XXXTENTACION

Until next time! :D
It was as if his parents knew that tomorrow was going to be one of the biggest days of his life, and made it their mission to destroy it.

Jimin's house has a very particular set of rules, most of which he finds absolutely ridiculous.

Like the rule that states he can't leave the house in any unpresentable clothes under any circumstances, for one. Or the fact that permission had to be granted for quite literally anything—whether it was leaving his room, being excused from the dinner table, or using any of the household items and electronics. His phone was even taken away each day as soon as he entered the house, only to be given back once all of his schoolwork was finished.

One rule in particular, was that all homework had to be done at the kitchen table. His parents didn't trust him to do it while locked away in his bedroom, so he had to do all of his work at the table as soon as he returned home from school.

So that's where he was—alone, studying for his upcoming exam while the cooks and waiters all scurried around him, preparing for dinnertime.

It was an average Tuesday, a mere few days after his last interaction with Jungkook and the rest of the boys from Hongdae.

And while Jimin's mood was usually sour during homework time, phoneless and bored out of his mind, this day was a completely different story. He couldn't keep the large grin off his face even if he tried.

Because yes, after what felt like years, he and Jungkook had finally set a day for their upcoming date.

Park Jimin was going to go on a date with Jeon Jungkook tomorrow, and he was fucking ecstatic.

But even if in that moment Jimin thought nothing could possibly ruin his incredibly bright mood, God seemed to have other plans for him that day.

Just as he was about to close the schoolbook he was reading and reclaim his phone from the maid, a folder was suddenly slammed down onto the table beside him, the noise making him jump out of his
skin. Jimin whipped his head up as he flinched, only to see his mother and father standing side by side in front of him, each with hardened gazes fixed on their faces.

At their sudden demanding presence, all of the maids and cooks that had been fussing about the table and its setup immediately filed out of the room, leaving Jimin alone with his unnervingly angry parents.

"Eomma, Appa, can I help you?" He asked, trying to remain polite.

"Can you tell me what this is?" His father answered with another question, eyebrows furrowed and lips set in a firm scowl.

Park Joohyun was a very strict, old-fashioned man. He had shortcut black hair, a tall figure, and relatively buffed muscles. His attire was always formal—so much, in fact, that Jimin swore that not even Joohyun himself knew what he looked like without a suit on.

He never wore any jewelry, or accessories of any kind, and always seemed to have the same pair of expensive reading glasses dangling from the breast pocket of his suit. He was handsome, anyone could see that, but his personality was what drove everybody away.

"..Why are you asking me this?" Jimin retorted. Joohyun was the one who put the folder down, how was Jimin supposed to know what it was?

"Open it, Jimin-ah." His mother softly instructed from behind her husband, making Jimin glance at her. He hesitated for a moment, before slowly reaching for the manilla folder on the table with a shaking hand.

Nerves shot through his body before he even had a chance to look at what was inside, dreading what it could possibly be. If it made his father look at him like that, then it couldn't possibly be good. And Jimin had a feeling he knew exactly what it was.

With one more cautious glance at his red-faced father, Jimin carefully popped the folder open. Inside, were pictures of him.

The pictures were in high definition, undoubtedly taken by some sort of professionals, and showed him in various locations with different people. But as he flipped through them, he noticed each one had something very specific in common.

They were all taken in Hongdae.

"W-what?" Is all he could muster, staring wide-eyed at the candid shots. It almost felt as if someone poured a bucket of ice cold water over his head, rendering him frozen in his seat.

"You've been sneaking out." Joohyun stated, glaring menancingly. "Giving these damn paparazzi the opportunity to blackmail us into giving them money."

Jimin finally turned towards his parents, heart beating out of his chest. They looked so upset, so disappointed, it made him want to cry.

"You've never had the guts to act out against us," Chanri said, eyebrows furrowed, "So you can imagine my surprise when some paparazzi come up to us, telling us they caught our own son sneaking out and heading to Hongdae of all places. We had to pay them off in order to keep them silent." She explained, going further into detail than her husband had.

"I-I'm sorry, I didn't—"
"Save it. Starting tomorrow you will be under severe surveillance in this household." Joohyun decided, making Jimin's heart drop. "And if we ever catch you sneaking out again, there will be consequences."

"Wait, Appa, don't do this—"

"And contemporary dance lessons, really?" Chanri cut in again, almost as if she couldn't even stand hearing Jimin talk anymore. "This is ridiculous. You know, you've never been an exemplary son, but I expected so much more from you, Jimin-ah."

Beneath all of the hurt, beneath all of the guilt, Jimin felt something accustomed to frustration bubble in his chest. Because if only they'd spent more time being actual parents to him, then maybe he wouldn't have had to sneak out in the first place.

"Not to mention you even brainwashed Donghae-ssi to get in on this as well." Joohyun added, irritatedly grabbing the folder and searching for a specific photo. When he found it, he slid it out and placed it on the table, staring at it with disgust in his eyes.

The photo showed Donghae opening the car door for Jimin as the younger boy was getting ready to enter Neuron Studio. It felt like Jimin's whole world was crashing down right in front of him. He was speechless.

"Also starting tomorrow," Joohyun continued, "Your new driver will be Kim Minseok, one of the finest in the business, and someone I trust wholeheartedly."

This news made Jimin furiously stand up, legs shaking uncontrollably as he faced his father. "You fired Donghae!?!" He asked, disbelief evident in his voice.

"Of course I did, why wouldn't I? He helped you sneak out every single week for the past month without uttering a single word to us. Why would I keep him employed?"

Jimin felt his eyes burn with tears of frustration, the guilt beginning to eat away at him. Not only did he waste his parents money by having those paparazzi paid off, but he also got Donghae fired? All because he wanted a moderately happy future?

"Please, don't fire him. He needs this job." Jimin begged, but they weren't listening.

"You have no say in this anymore." Chanri said, stepping up so she could be side-by-side with her husband. "As long as you live under our roof, you will abide by our rules."

There wasn't even an ounce of sympathy in her eyes, and Jimin wondered how two people could be this cruel to their own family—if they even considered him that in the first place.

"Eomma, this is crazy! I'm like a fucking prisoner here because of you!" Jimin finally broke, letting out words he never thought he'd be able to say.

"Do not speak to your mother that way." Joohyun ordered, taking an intimidating step forward with his bulky arms crossed in front of him. But his words only ignited the fire in Jimin's heart.

"Why? Why does she get to talk down to me day after day, but I'm not allowed to do the same?" He questioned, noting how they both went silent. His voice cracked as he added, "Why do you guys love each other more than you love me?"

He was nearing tears at this point, vision already becoming blurry as every pent up emotion came crashing to the surface like a tidal wave.
After a moment of awkward silence rang throughout the room, Joohyun spoke while Chanri made herself busy by distractedly picking at her manicured fingernails.

"It's getting late, Jimin-ah. We'll talk about this in the morning." He said firmly, even though it wasn't even dinnertime yet. Jimin guessed he wasn't eating tonight.

"No, I wanna talk about it now! I've seen it first hand, real parents are supposed to always put their children first—"

"I said we'll talk about it tomorrow." Joohyun growled. "Go to your fucking room, Jimin-ssi."

That was enough to shut Jimin up.

Every rebellious and angered word that had crawled up Jimin's throat instantly died out on his tongue. His father never raised his voice at him, not once. He'd never cared enough to.

But now, as he spoke those utterly heartbreaking words, speaking to Jimin in honorifics as if he was just some stranger he met on the side of the road instead of his own son, Jimin found himself halting.

Without so much as a glance at the homework he'd been working on, which was still sprawled across the table next to the life-ruining folder, Jimin wordlessly turned and headed towards the stairs. His parents both watched in silence, but he could care less what they did. He needed to leave.

Jimin rushed up the spiral staircase, two steps at a time, only letting his tears flow down when he was sure that they couldn't see him anymore. This day had not gone how he expected it would.

He was expecting a day of pre-date jitters. He was expecting nervously rambling to Taehyung over the phone as soon as he got it back from the maid who'd taken it away. He was expecting stressing the whole day about what outfit to wear, or how he should style his hair.

But now, he wasn't sure he could even go at all.

That thought just made him break down completely. The moment Jimin stepped into his room, slamming his door shut, he grabbed the first thing he could find and threw it against the wall in anger. He was angry at his parents, angry at himself, angry at God for bringing him into this life.

Why couldn't he just have normal parents? The kind who would be overly excited at the idea of him going on his first date, constantly fretting about him and telling him to be careful and to make sure he has fun. Why couldn't he just have a normal life for one fucking second?

He grabbed another item, this time a random book that was lying on his desk, and threw it in the same spot as the first. He was pissed.

Angry curse words clouded his mind, and he was tempted to just scream them at his parents for hours on end, letting go of every one of his vendettas against them. But he couldn't. He was too weak.

The worst part of all of this, he soon realized, was that not only was he gonna suffer horribly from this, but Jungkook would as well.

Jimin didn't have a phone, and he had a feeling it wouldn't be returned to him for quite some time. How is he supposed to tell the younger boy he can't make it to their date tomorrow? Jungkook is gonna think he got stood up!

Jimin rested his back against his bedroom door, sliding down onto the ground and circling his arms
around his knees. Jungkook is going to hate him.

Not only that, but his classes at Neuron Studio would undoubtedly be canceled once he failed to show up without an explanation for weeks. Everything was going wrong.

It was as if his parents knew that tomorrow was going to be one of the biggest days of his life, and made it their mission to destroy it.

Jimin didn't even know how long he stayed like that, head resting on his arms, muffled sobs attempting to escape yet failing. He couldn't understand how he was supposed to come back from this, not when he was about to lose all of his new friends one way or another.

A sudden thought popped into his mind, making Jimin slowly lift his head. There was only one way to solve this.

With the little bit of hope that Jimin had left in his broken heart, he shakily stood up. He rushed to wipe his red, teary eyes with the back of his hands before sprinting into the closet with a newfound determination. Still sniffling, he quickly changed into relatively presentable clothes, before attempting to fix his face in the mirror so it wasn't obvious that he'd just been crying.

The dull look he had in his puffy eyes gave it away anyway, though.

He grabbed his wallet from the desktop and shoved it into the back pocket of his jeans, before grabbing Jungkook's black jacket. He promised he'd give it back next time they saw each other, hadn't he?

Although Jimin wasn't able to text Jungkook to confirm that he was at Dark and Wild at that moment, Jimin decided to just take a chance on what Seokjin had said about the Hongdae boys practically living there. He needed to see Jungkook one more time before his prison sentence.

After getting everything ready, Jimin opened his bedroom window, most likely for the last time. Much to his dismay, it was pouring rain outside. The glass on the window had fogged up, and raindrops were dancing down it in a sporadic array. Jimin sighed, knowing that this was going to make sneaking out much more difficult.

Joohyun had said that starting tomorrow, Jimin would be under more intense surveillance. But he hadn't said anything about today. So Jimin used his last day of freedom to his complete advantage.

Jimin hopped out of the window and onto the small roof below him, careful not to slip on the wet tiles. He trailed it down the side of his house, making sure to keep his footsteps extra quiet. There was an area near the back of the house where the roof platform he was on would just about reach the metal fence that surrounded their house, making it that much easier to jump the gate. He knew from experience.

He finally reached the area, relief flooding through him at the thought of getting out of this hellhole for the night. The sun had yet to set behind the clouds, still hanging just above the horizon in front of him. Jimin's wet, blonde hair swayed when a breeze passed by, but it didn't bother him. Jungkook's jacket was incredibly warm.

After a moment more of hesitation, Jimin decided that no matter how bad the circumstances were, he still had to try. And with that thought in mind, he jumped off of the roof and onto the fence, clinging to the metal bars with a death-grip. Adrenaline coursed through his veins, wildly fueled by his fear of heights, but Jimin simply forced himself not to look down. He swung his short legs over the top of the fence, desperately trying to get to the other side. Surprisingly, it wasn't as difficult as it was the
last time he’d tried this.

Using what little upper body strength he had developed, Jimin slowly lowered himself onto the ground beyond the fence, landing on his neighbor’s muddy lawn. The whole action was completely soundless, much to his relief.

His neighbor’s house didn’t have a fence surrounding it, and he used that to his complete advantage. Without even a moment of hesitation, Jimin bolted, leaving the pathetic excuse for a ‘home’ far behind him, and heading straight towards the train station. He was doing what he did best—running away.

But he couldn't care less.

_Fuck them_, Jimin thought bitterly, a permanent frown set on his face, _they're not my parents._

—

Every time Jimin visited Hongdae, he grew to love it just a little more than he did the last.

Whether it was nighttime, daytime, sunny, rainy—no matter what, it was beautiful.

So as he exited the train station, the hood of Jungkook's black jacket pulled up over his head, Jimin decided to try to calm his heartbeat and just enjoy his surroundings a little bit. It might be a while before he returns, after all.

Despite the rain, the streets were still crowded. There was a hilarious display of people in different colored ponchos, along with umbrellas practically overtaking all the space on the sidewalk. Jimin wormed his way through the crowds, just wanting to make it to the bar in one piece.

To anyone else in his position, the rain would’ve most likely been a complete nuisance. He was going to be walking for quite some time, and his expensive clothes would undoubtedly be ruined by the time he made it into Dark and Wild. But instead, the weather was oddly comforting, in a way. The rain almost made it feel as if the sky was crying along with him—almost like he wasn't completely alone, drowning in his own sadness.

The thought that he might not get the chance to walk around this wonderful area of the city until he moves out of his parent's house only dulled his mood even further. How was he supposed to survive that long.

Jimin had been perfectly fine with his boring life before, but now that he'd gotten a taste of true freedom in Hongdae, he knew he most likely won't be able to handle being unable to return. He'll probably go insane.

Jimin quickly pushed those scary thoughts out of his mind, speeding up into a sprint in order to make it to the bar quicker.

When he'd finally arrived at the building, he was immensely relieved. He was dripping wet, the heavy rain not letting up for even a second since he'd left his house.

Surprisingly, the bouncer didn't even ask for his ID. When he went to take out his wallet, ignoring the fact that he absolutely did _not_ look anywhere near the age of twenty-one, the bouncer just shook his head, waving for Jimin to go ahead inside.

The blonde boy was confused, but thanked the man nonetheless. Did Namjoon have something to do with that? He was now the owner of the bar, after all.
A wave of heat hit Jimin as soon as he stepped into the building, and he sighed contently at the warmth. It felt amazing after nearly an hour of freezing to death in the September rain.

Since it was Tuesday, the bar wasn't as packed as it had been on the other days he was there, but there was still a pretty good amount of people roaming around. Jimin instantly scanned the bar for his friends, hoping to God that they were there. He didn't know what he would do if they weren't.

His heart skipped a beat when he saw three familiar heads all sitting next to each other at the bar counter, passing around what looked like a blunt. And for the first time in forever, Jimin wasn't repulsed by the idea of smoking weed. He understood why people did it now.

Namjoon was behind the counter, as always, expertly serving drinks to a couple of the other customers at the bar, and Jimin wondered if the man would ever actually get a break from his job.

Deciding he'd stalled long enough, Jimin slowly made his way to the three boys, who all seemed to be laughing about something Hoseok had said.

Yoongi was the first of the three to notice Jimin, his stoic face watching the blonde boy approach from the side. He halted whatever he was saying, leaving his unfinished sentence hanging in the air, and the other two looked at him in confusion. But when he nodded his head in Jimin's direction, the two followed his gaze and immediately froze at the sight of Jimin all alone, soaking wet, and an obviously fake smile plastered on his face.

After a moment of silence between the four of them, silent questions being asked through awkward eye contact, Jungkook was the first to jump into action. He hopped off his stool, rushing in front of Jimin with concerned eyes.

"Jimin-ah! What are you doing here? Oh my god, you must be freezing." He fumbled with the smaller's soaked jacket, pulling it off Jimin's shoulders in order to help him attempt to dry off a little bit.

"No, I'm fine. It's warm in here." Jimin assured, subconsciously crossing his arms over his chest. His white dress shirt was now practically see-through because of the rain water, and Jungkook let out a disapproving noise when Jimin got multiple stares because of it. The younger boy threw the wet jacket onto the bar counter, before pulling his current oversized hoodie over his head and helping Jimin slide into it, keeping the small boy away from all the prying eyes around them.

"Sorry about your other jacket.." Jimin mumbled, snuggling into the dry one he'd just received. "I'll get it dry cleaned for you."

"There's no need, Jimin-ah, it's just rain. What's going on? You never told me you were coming here."

The stepbrothers watched their interaction in silence, concern clear on their faces as they studied Jimin's disheveled appearance. It didn't take a genius to be able to tell he'd been crying not too long ago.

Jungkook and Jimin both sat down side by side on the bar stools, but their eyes didn't leave each other's.

"I don't have my phone on me." Jimin quietly explained.

Jungkook could only stare at him, eyes flickering over the smaller boy's face as if he was trying to read him. Something was really wrong, he could feel it in his gut. Not only was Jimin back to his usual reserved self, but he seemed so.. sad.
Jungkook hated it.

Namjoon was at the other end of the bar, but the moment he looked over and noticed Jimin sitting next to his friends, he felt a pang of fear in his heart. Why would Jimin show up to his bar unannounced, and why did he look so distraught? Namjoon's mind went straight to the worst case scenario, making him leave the customer he was about to serve in order to see what was wrong. But when he walked up to them, they were already having a conversation.

"It's just—I had a really shitty day, and I wanted to come see you guys." Jimin explained, responding to something Jungkook had previously said. Namjoon sighed in relief, not hearing any alarming news about Got7. "Hi, Namjoon hyung." Jimin greeted upon noticing the man, and Namjoon nodded in acknowledgment.

"Hey, kiddo."

Jimin noticed right away that Jungkook was being extra cautious around him today, not even attempting to joke around. The thought that Jungkook was so concerned for him truly warmed his heart, but it also hurt him more than anything else. Because he wouldn't be able to see Jungkook again, for who knows how long? After this, Jimin was going to be a prisoner in his own home, and he didn't want their last memory together to be so depressing. But he couldn't help it.

How was he supposed to break the news that he can't go out on that date he'd promised the younger? Jimin's heart hurt.

As if sensing his distress, Yoongi leaned over across the other boys, a frown set on his face. He lifted his hand, showing off the half-burned blunt that they'd previously been smoking.

"Want some?" He asked over the music. Weed helps calm people down, and Jimin seemed to be on the verge of a breakdown. Yoongi would know.

Jungkook glanced at the blunt, slightly shaking his head. "No, he doesn't smo—"

"Sure." Jimin cut in, making Jungkook turn to him with wide eyes.

Yoongi looked between the two of them, before shrugging and handing the weed over anyway.

Hoseok had been oddly quiet the entire encounter, sharing confused glances with Namjoon from behind the counter. But Jimin decided not to pay attention to those two, though, simply taking the blunt into his own shaking hands.

Jungkook felt as if he was about to burst at the seam with questions, impatiently tapping his fingers against the counter as he waited for Jimin to open up to him. Because who the fuck had dared to hurt the boy? Why was he so visibly upset? But as he watched the way Jimin hesitantly eyed the weed in his hand, as if debating whether or not it'd even be worth it, Jungkook finally broke.

"Okay, you know what? No. You're not doing this." He decided. Before the blonde boy could even think about protesting, Jungkook sternly added, "Jimin-ah, let's go for a walk."

"But I—"

"Please."

Jimin and Jungkook stared at each other, drowning out the chaos of all the people filtering through the building and acting like a bunch of drunken lunatics. There was too much noise, and Jungkook just wanted to talk to Jimin in the peace and quiet of the night rather than surrounded by idiots.
And maybe Jimin wanted that too.

The blonde boy looked at the other three guys, seeing that they were still quietly, intently watching what was happening, and so he slowly nodded at the younger. A relieved expression took over Jungkook’s face as he handed the still-burning blunt over to Hoseok, before standing up once more. He didn't even bother with a jacket, simply taking Jimin's arm and gently pulling him off of his stool as well.

"Wait, you'll be cold." Jimin warned, guilty for having taken Jungkook's jacket again.

"I don't care." The other mumbled.

They pushed to metal door open, filing out onto the busy street. The rain seemed to have finally stopped, leaving large puddles scattered about on the ground below them. The atmosphere around them looked as if it was grey, maybe even a little foggy, as it usually was after a couple hours of nonstop rain. The air was chilly as well, but Jungkook seemed completely unbothered by it.

His black, short sleeved T-shirt revealed his tattoos once again, which Jimin noted were much prettier in the daylight than in the artificial lights of the bar.

Jimin got lost in the visual of Jungkook's arms, bulky with muscle and beautifully decorated with different designs. He was so perfect, in every single way.

"Are you going to tell me what's wrong?" Jungkook snapped Jimin out of his trance, eyes instantly flickering up to meet the taller's.

They began their walk, simply taking off in a random direction, not even glancing back at the bar they'd abandoned.

"I told you, I was just having a bad day. It's nothing."

"Why do you always do that?" Jungkook asked, annoyed.

Jimin furrowed his eyebrows. "Do what?" He questioned.

"You always brush off your problems like they're no big deal, when it's obviously fucking with you."

Jimin remained quiet for a moment, staring at the cracked pavement they were walking on. He didn't want to look at Jungkook, afraid he'd just breakdown and spill everything if they made eye contact again.

"You're one to talk." Jimin finally retorted, still not looking up. "Remember when you were pissed after going into the club section that night? You don't go into detail about your problems either, so why should I?" He accused.

Jungkook went silent, and Jimin refused to look over and gauge his expression. He didn't mean to snap, but he was angry, and the words just tumbled out uncontrollably.

They continued walking around aimlessly, taking turns here and there, but not uttering a single word. Jimin felt like the awkwardness was all his fault, only adding to the guilt that had been piling up in his conscience since earlier that day. He pulled the hood up over his head.

He needed to fix this. His last interaction with Jungkook couldn't be this awkward, or he wouldn't be able to live with himself.
"I just got into a fight with my parents." Jimin finally admitted, and Jungkook silently turned to look at him. "They found out about me sneaking out every week, and obviously weren't very happy about it."

They both stopped at a crosswalk with only a couple people waiting alongside them, and Jimin finally turned to look Jungkook in the eye once again. He could really get lost in those chocolate brown orbs.

"Are you okay?" Jungkook asked gently.

"I will be." Jimin muttered.

He will be. Once he moves out and gets the fuck away from his parents, he'll be perfectly fine.

After that, Jungkook seemed to take the lead in their walk, as if he had a certain destination in mind. And while Jimin was extremely curious, he kept his mouth shut and followed closely by instead.

In the slowly fading light of day, Jimin could make out Jungkook's tattoos much clearer than he could before. For the first time, he noticed the dark inked tattoo that covered his left bicep was of a large koi fish, and there were Chinese letters neatly written across its back. It was all part of a bigger picture, undoubtedly, but the fish alone was still captivating enough. Jimin couldn't help but want to observe the details of it for hours in end.

"Why do you always stare at my tattoos like there's nothing you'd rather look at?" Jungkook suddenly asked, breaking the comfortable silence. Jimin's eyes once again flickered up to meet the other's, noticing that the other was already watching him.

"Because they're beautiful." Jimin blurted out, only to blush wildly a moment later at his straightforward answer. Jungkook raised an eyebrow, a slight smile appearing on his face, but Jimin quickly continued before he could get teased. "I-I mean.. it's just—" He took a deep breath, "I've always been fascinated by tattoos and other things like that. Maybe it's the rebellion that comes along with it, or just that the designs are so beautiful. I'm not really sure.." He mused, looking at the ground again. "But whatever it is, it makes me want to go out and do something crazy just for the fun of it, y'know?"

The grin didn't leave Jungkook's face as the smaller boy spoke, and he nodded in agreement. "Well, we definitely can't get you a tattoo or your parents might actually kill you, but I know something else we can do."

"Something risky?" Jimin asked hopefully.

"Something risky." Jungkook confirmed. And the smile that spread across Jimin's face for the first time that night had been so worth it.

Chapter End Notes

Lol I suck at writing

So, I’m sorry for taking longer with these last few updates, but I’ve been working on a couple of other stories, and it also gets kinda hard to find the motivation to write in my free time. Inspiration just comes to me every once in a while, it’s weird.
But I’m currently working on a oneshot that I think you guys will enjoy, so stay tuned :) 

Song of the day: Lucid Dreams, by Juice WRLD 

Probably one of my favorite songs atm ^

Thank you all for reading and giving kudos, it really means a lot <3 Until next time! :D
"A couple years ago, I was in this really toxic relationship." The taller stated, making Jimin halt his movements. He turned towards Jungkook, confused by the sudden confession but still listening intently. "It started off pretty nice, as most relationships do, but it just keep getting worse and worse everyday. I was constantly giving, and never receiving—it was like hell."

Jimin was surprised by the knowledge, to say the least. But before he could try to console the other man, who was simply staring at the unfinished painting in front of them with dark eyes, he continued.

I just wanted to say a sincere thank you to BTS really quick. In their speech at MAMA, they admitted to nearly disbanding the group earlier this year because of all the pressure they were under. But they stuck together and stuck with us, and for that I can't be more grateful for them. I purple them so much

After only a couple more minutes of walking, Jungkook continuing to lead Jimin to an unknown location, they finally came to a stop outside of a small apartment building. It didn't take a genius to figure out that this was where Jungkook lived once he pulled out his house key.

He told Jimin to wait there on the porch for a moment and not to speak to anybody, before rushing inside and grabbing a few items. He emerged from the building with a new jacket on, finally protecting himself from the cold, and an ominous black bag duffle loosely hanging off his shoulder.

Jimin eyed it questioningly, but Jungkook merely smiled in response. He then put his hand on Jimin's shoulder, leading the smaller boy away from his place, and they continued walking down the street in silence.

He wouldn't admit it out loud, but Jungkook might've been just a little embarrassed of his living space to actually invite Jimin inside of it. The smaller boy lived in a literal mansion, and he would probably internally judge Jungkook and the stepbrothers for their unique way of living.

While they were walking, the sky had darkened considerably. But once Jimin had pointed that out, Jungkook simply reached inside his handy black bag of doom and proudly pulled out a couple small flashlights. His goofy grin made Jimin laugh much harder than it should've.

Jimin truly had no idea what was going on. He didn't understand why they stopped at Jungkook's apartment, why the hell he picked up that sketchy looking bag, and where they could possibly be going at nearly seven in the evening—but he stayed silent, and let Jungkook do whatever the man pleased.
It only got more confusing, and maybe even a little scary, when Jungkook halted right in front of a vacant alleyway.

Since it was relatively dark, Jimin couldn't see inside to decipher why the fuck Jungkook could possibly want to go in. But without noticing Jimin’s concern, the taller boy took out the two small flashlights and handed one to Jimin before making his way inside without any explanation. Jimin quickly followed close behind him, not wanting to risk being alone on the street. Not again.

Once they were about halfway through the unnecessarily long alleyway, the younger stopped, making Jimin nearly bump into him at the abruptness. He aimed his flashlight at the brick wall next to them, and that's when Jimin seemed to understand.

On the wall was a large, beautifully colored in and professionally-done mural, one so perfectly detailed that it left him gaping as he observed it. It was created with spray paint, that much was clear, and Jimin instantly recognized the character displayed in front of him.

"You like it?" Jungkook spoke from beside him, smugly gauging Jimin’s shocked reaction even in the darkness.

Jimin looked from the bag on Jungkook's shoulders, to the smile spread across his face, and shook his head in denial. "There's no way you did this."

"Oh, but I did. It took me months, but I'd like to think it was worth it."

They simultaneously looked back at the graffiti art in silence, as if captivated by it. But the attentive stare only lasted for about a minute, before Jimin broke it.

"Is this what we're gonna do tonight?" He asked, unable to keep the excitement out of his voice.

"Of course, Jiminie." The other replied. "Watch and learn, ye of little faith."

Jungkook gently placed his bag down against the wall the mural resided on before unzipping it, revealing many cans of spray paint in various colors. There were a couple black surgical masks stored inside as well, most likely to keep them from breathing in the toxic fumes of the paint. Jimin couldn't help but wonder just how many times the younger had done this.

"Do you have any ideas in mind?" Jungkook asked, making himself busy by pulling the necessary things out of his bag.

Jimin was surprised that Jungkook was letting him decide, since it was the younger's paint after all—he should be deciding what to do with it. But Jungkook had an expectant look on his face once he glanced up, so Jimin threw those thoughts away. He thought for a moment, but nothing particularly came to mind.

"I'm not sure.. how do you usually come up with the ideas?" He decided to ask, pointing at the mural. "I mean.. Ironman, really?"

Even in the faint light of the moon and their mini flashlights, Jimin could see the light blush appear on Jungkook's face for being called out.

"Hey, don't judge me! Ironman is fucking amazing."

Jimin giggled at the defensive response, nodding in agreement. He'd never actually seen the Ironman movies, or any Marvel movies at that, because of his parents and their idiotic need to control everything he does. But he'd still heard of them, of course.
"It doesn’t have to be anything crazy. You can choose a tv character you really like, or even just a random animal you think of. Whatever you want." Jungkook added.

As soon a those words were spoken, an uncalled for idea popped into Jimin's head. He was a little hesitant to say it, in fear that Jungkook would ask why he'd chosen such a random idea. If he did end up asking, he would probably enjoy Jimin’s answer way more than he should.

"What if we.. how about a bunny?" Jimin hesitantly asked, watching Jungkook with careful eyes. The taller boy smiled at the cute request, and instantly nodded.

"As you wish."

Jimin breathed out a sigh of relief, glad he didn't have explain himself. Having to explain to the younger boy that his smile reminded Jimin of a cute little bunny he once saw in his yard would definitely make him regret ever being born.

Jungkook continues his search through the bag, pulling out the respective colors for the bunny they were going to create, and Jimin watched in amazement. The younger boy looked like a professional, most likely having done this many times before.

"How did you get into art?" Jimin asked as the other pulled out a can of black spray paint. He then pulled out the two surgical masks, handing one to Jimin and putting the other one over his own mouth.

"It's a long story." Jungkook replied as Jimin pulled his own mask onto his face. Even with the mask on, Jimin shot the taller boy an unimpressed look, making him chuckle.

"We have time." Jimin insisted.

With the black can of spray paint, Jungkook wasted no time in walking over and beginning to spray the wall a few meters away from his Ironman mural. He started out with a simple black background, just so the rabbit would stand out more.

And since Jimin didn't know what to do, he watched.

After a moment of silence between them, Jungkook finished the black square of space he was working on and turned towards Jimin. He grabbed one of the spray paint bottles that had been taken out, throwing it in the smaller boy’s direction. This time, it was the color pink. Jimin decided not to question it.

"I don't know what to do.." Jimin admitted shyly.

"I'll show you." Jungkook smiled.

He pulled Jimin towards him by the hand, not stopping until they were both in front of the small black square. He then took out a couple of uniquely shaped cardboard pieces that were stored in the bag as well, all spotted with different colors of dried paint. Jimin put two and two together and realized that the cardboard pieces were stencils, most likely used to make the outline of the paintings less messy.

Putting a circular stencil up against the wall, Jungkook pointed to it, silently telling Jimin spray. After only a moment more of hesitation, Jimin pressed down on the top of the can just as he saw the taller boy do before. Pink paint shot out of the cap, startling him, and a light mist clouded the air around them.
"Oh shit." Jimin cursed, muffled by the mask, and Jungkook laughed.

They continued on like that, with Jungkook holding up stencils and telling Jimin where to spray. Although it looked ridiculous at first, like an ugly, formless puddle of pink mush, it slowly came together the more layers they put on it. Eventually, it was finally shaped like a little bunny, with a button-like tail, and one ear that excitedly shot up off its head as the other one hung down limply. And even though it had no face, or any details whatsoever so far, Jimin couldn't help but be proud of their creation. It wasn't all that bad for his first time painting.

Only when they were halfway finished with the small mural did Jungkook break the comfortable silence they were surrounded by.

"A couple years ago, I was in this really toxic relationship." The taller stated, making Jimin halt his movements. He turned towards Jungkook, confused by the sudden confession but still listening intently. "It started off pretty nice, as most relationships do, but it just keep getting worse and worse everyday. I was constantly giving, and never receiving—it was like hell."

Jimin was surprised by the knowledge, to say the least. But before he could try to console the other man, who was simply staring at the unfinished painting in front of them with dark eyes, he continued.

"But even after everything I'd done for him, after constantly taking care of him and being there for him even when he wasn't for me, I guess I still wasn't enough for him in the end." Jungkook said, and his jaw locked at the memory. "Because he cheated on me with his ex."

Jimin frowned, a sympathetic look plastered on his face at the heartbreaking story. Who could ever cheat on someone like Jungkook? Who could possibly get the once in a lifetime opportunity to be his and just ruin it like that?

Jimin couldn't help but feel like after he came clean about what his parents said earlier that day, he'd be losing his opportunity as well.

"Oh.. I'm so sorry, Jungkook-ah.." He said, feeling a strong urge to hug the younger boy who still wouldn't look at him. Surprisingly, Jungkook didn't look the least bit sad. He looked angry.

Just like he did after leaving the club section of Dark and Wild that night.

"But.. why are you telling me this?" Jimin added, confused as to why Jungkook was suddenly opening up about his past.

Finally, the taller boy turned to look at him, and his eyes seemed to instantly soften at Jimin’s concern.

"You asked me how I got into art, so I'm telling you." He explained. "After that horrible situation, I was completely closed off. I didn't want to speak to Hoseok hyung or Yoongi hyung because I hated the pitying looks they always shot me. I never went to see Namjoon hyung at the bar either, too afraid that I'd be tempted to drink all my problems away instead of dealing with them in a healthy way. And since my family is really artistic, we all practically grew up drawing and painting—making me realize that the only way to get my mind off of everything was to spend all my time doing what I loved. So I ended up buying a bunch of spray paint cans from the store down the street, and then the rest is history."

Jimin couldn't believe the story. Not only that, but he couldn't believe Jungkook was being so open with him about it. It must've been such a hard situation for him to go through, and Jimin couldn't help
but admire Jungkook's strength even more.

After a moment of silence, just letting the story sink in, Jimin observed the taller boy once more and said, "You still seem so angry about it."

Jungkook glared back at him with a raised eyebrow, "Of course I'm still angry about it. I wasted a year of my life on an asshole who didn't appreciate a thing I did for him."

The bunny was now momentarily forgotten about as they stared at each other, and Jimin observed the fire that flared to life in the taller boy's eyes.

"You know, it's not good for you to keep grudges."

"I don't care. It's not like I'm gonna go kiss and make up with him." Jungkook scoffed, and Jimin’s stomach flipped at the unpleasant image.

"And I'm not telling you to. But even though it was years ago, you're clearly still upset about this, and that means that it still has power over you." Jungkook's eye twitched at the statement. "In the future, when you're sitting in your house all old and wrinkly, I just don't want you to be filled with regret for living your life in a rage against this dumbass who hurt you." Jimin softly said, surprising even himself with his words.

His words seemed to silence Jungkook as they continued looking at each other with a certain fierceness in their eyes. Jungkook opened his mouth multiple times in order to retort, but nothing came out.

After a moment of strong eye contact, Jungkook quietly asked, "Then what should I do?"

"You should forgive him." Before Jungkook could cut in with another angry statement about his terrible past lover, Jimin hurried to add, "I'm not saying you should go off and be best friends with him again! I'm just saying; it's the past, and I feel like if you forgive him and move on from the whole situation, then you'll be much happier."

It would take a while, Jimin knew it would. Being cheated on definitely isn't something you could just forgive and forget.

But in this case, Jungkook's anger over the situation seemed to be controlling him, even years after the incident. Jimin didn't want him to be stuck in the past, most likely repeatedly thinking about what he did wrong in the relationship, or if he just wasn't good enough. The boy didn't deserve any of that.

"I'll think about it." Jungkook mumbled in defeat, turning back to the half-finished bunny on the wall and trying to end to conversation. He raised his can of spray paint and activated it, continuing on as if nothing had happened. It took a minute for Jimin to regain his composure before he joined the other.

Thoughts began flooding the smaller boy's mind the more he thought about the situation, distracting him from actually trying his best on the painting.

Jungkook had been completely honest with him, telling him about one of his biggest hardships in the past. The least Jimin could do was open up to him about everything as well.

His heart hammered in his chest at the mere thought of his conversation with his parents earlier, but it was now or never. He prayed that Jungkook wouldn't hate him afterwards.

"Thank you for being honest with me." Jimin said, shaking his can a little so the paint would come
"It's no big deal." Jungkook replied, shrugging. "Who doesn't talk about their problems now?" He added rhetorically, a small smirk on his face.

"I'm sorry about that.. I was just upset earlier."

"Don't apologize, I get it."

Jimin halted painting, the can suddenly feeling like lead in his hand. His heart physically ached as Jungkook uttered those overused words.

The younger had always been so sweet to him, helping him overcome so many different things in just the few times they'd been with each other. That man really didn't deserve the pain of heartbreak—not again.

Jungkook stopped painting as well, quickly realizing Jimin wasn't participating anymore, and a confused frown appeared on his face.

"Is there something wro—?"

"I can't go on the date with you tomorrow." Jimin blurted out, and a numb feeling spread through his chest when Jungkook froze.

His eyes flickered between Jimin's, as if trying to read the smaller boy's intentions with this. "What.. what do you mean?" Jungkook finally asked after a moment of silence.

Jimin set his spray paint can down onto the concrete in order to give the other his full attention, but he couldn't help but wish the ground would just come alive and swallow him up, never to be seen again.

"I-I'm just—Remember when I said my parents found out I've been sneaking out?" Jungkook softly nodded, seeming to already know where this was going. "Some paparazzi approached them with a folder of pictures of me in Hongdae, and said they'd release it if we didn't give them money. My father is really fucking angry about it, and he said he's gonna heighten the surveillance around my house so I can't sneak out anymore."

The words tumbled out of his mouth nervously, desperate to explain himself to the younger boy who continued to remain stoic. Jimin was too afraid to even look at Jungkook, fearing that the man would be angry at him for the news. He nervously wiped his clammy hands on his pants.

"I-I swear, I really want to go on that date with you." Jimin's voice cracked. "I would do anything to go back in time and prevent this from happening, it really wasn't intentional! You just—I-I just like you so much, Jungkook-ah, and I don't want what we have to be ruined because of my father's ridiculous power trip. I hope you're not mad at me, I'm so, so sorry for all of this. Please forgive me, because I don't think I'll be able to handle it if you—"

Jimin was cut off from his panicked rambling when Jungkook kissed him.

There were no words of consolation, no empty promises of how everything was going to be okay in the end—there was none of that.

Jungkook merely leaned forward and gently placed his lips on Jimin's, eyes closed in the first content moment of the night.
Jimin gasped at the sudden contact, hands shooting up and awkwardly hovering in the air as he realized *Jeon fucking Jungkook is kissing me.*

When he left his house earlier that day, this was not at *all* how he was expecting the night to turn out. Those beautiful, soft lips perfectly slotted against his, Jungkook's large hand gently cupping his cheek in order to keep him in place—Jimin was in heaven.

He got over his initial shock quickly, moving his small hands from their awkward position to place them against Jungkook's broad chest, leaning into the kiss. The taller boy seemed satisfied with the response, wrapping his free arm around Jimin’s waist in order to pull him impossibly closer. Butterflies erupted inside both them, making them nearly dizzy from all of the sudden sensations.

But of course, humans need to breathe. The kiss didn't last as long as either of them wanted, and they broke apart gasping for air. The taller boy observed the beautiful blush that spread across Jimin's face, and he smiled. He fucking smiled.

By now, the painting was long forgotten. Jungkook had dropped his can onto the ground without a care in the world, and they both dove right back into another passionate kiss. All of the emotions that had been acquired over the past month came flowing out, just as it had the first time, and it was such an addicting feeling.

When they broke apart for the second time, both heaving heavy breaths, Jungkook finally said, "I could *never* be mad at you, especially for something that's out of your control."

Both of Jungkook’s arms slid down and secured themselves around the smaller boy’s waist, keeping him as close as possible. Jimin took the hint and opted for bringing his arms up around Jungkook's neck, wishing he could stay like this forever.

"But—but you don't understand. I'm not gonna be able to see you again, at least until school ends and I'm able to move out of my house. Not to mention we can't text or call." Jimin added, still teary eyes staring up into Jungkook's. "My maid always takes my phone away once I get home, and I'm not allowed to get it back until all my work is finished. But if she sees any texts or calls from you, she'll definitely tell my parents." He explained.

Jungkook sighed, bringing his hand up to brush away the stray tear that finally escaped Jimin's eye. The smaller boy would've backed away out of embarrassment if it weren't for the other's arms locked around his waist.

"It's okay, Jimin-ah. We can work our way around this."

"But I still have two semesters left before I graduate." Jimin said. When he tried to turn away, the tears becoming harder and harder to control, Jungkook once again gripped his jaw to make Jimin face him. "By the time I find a place and move out of my parents' house, you'll have forgotten about me."

"Stop." Jungkook ordered, eyebrows creased in anger. "Jimin-ah, it's only been a little over a month since I met you, but I can already tell that you're so special. I've never felt this way about *anyone,* especially in such a short amount of time." His eyes flickered between Jimin's, a fond look overtaking the one of anger. "I won't give up on you. I'll wait as long as I have to."

His words only made things harder. Not wanting the younger to see him cry any more than he already had, Jimin simply hid his face in Jungkook's neck, leaning his whole body into the other's. And he cried.
But unlike earlier that day, he wasn't alone.

Jungkook's warm hand began slid up, slowly caressing Jimin's back in a soothing manner as the small boy cried. He didn't have to say anything else, and he knew that.

Neither of them knew how long they stayed like that, in each other's arms with watery eyes. And neither of them knew when they'd be able to do that again. But they decided not to think about that, and to just enjoy their time together while they still had it.

After their incredibly sentimental moment, the boys quickly decided they wanted to spend their last hour together happily. No more tears, no more comforting—just cracking jokes, and trying to get to know each other even better.

The rain started up again, just a little sprinkle drizzling down from the storm clouds, but neither of them even bothered to acknowledge it.

The bunny was finished not long after their confessions, and they couldn't help but coo at it. It was a little pink rabbit with hot pink fur, small black eyes, and just like the ears, one eyebrow shot up aggressively while the other remained straight. Jungkook even went as far as painting a little orange carrot on the ground in front of it, just for the effect. ("I didn't want him to get hungry, y'know?")

When Jungkook took out a small bottle of acrylic paint in order to paint a row of defined abs on the bunny, though, Jimin knew he had to step in and end this.

By the time their bunny masterpiece was complete, Jungkook unwillingly allowing Jimin to name it 'Cooky', the dread began to slowly set in again. There was nothing left to do now that the small mural was finished. So they simply stared at it, both too afraid to move.

"It's almost nine, I should probably get to train station before it closes." Jimin quietly said after a moment of silence.

Jungkook frowned, "You're taking the train again?" He asked, displeased.

"Yeah, I have to."

"No you don't. I can get Yoongi hyung's car again, I'll take you." Jungkook insisted, but Jimin shook his head.

"There's no need, I don't want to bother Yoongi hyung. Besides, my parents will probably notice the car pulling up. I'm just gonna have to sneak in from my neighbor's backyard."

Whenever Jimin had brought up his parents after their earlier conversation, the frown grew on Jungkook's face. He was so angry at them for doing this to Jimin, he couldn't even contain his expression whenever they were mentioned.

Who does that to their own child? He's basically a prisoner in his own home, unable to do anything in fear of paparazzi capturing him in an unwanted predicament.

Jungkook just wanted to take Jimin away from that hellhole.

After packing up the paint and the other materials that they'd used, the boys faced each other, knowing looks on their faces.

This was it. After this night, everything was going to change.
Despite all of the sadness—all of the crying—it had been a relatively beautiful night. They still laughed, they still painted together, and made so many great memories to think about for the next few months.

They'd finally shared their first kiss, and maybe even their last. Jimin quickly banned the thought from his mind.

"Should we.. go?" Jimin asked, glancing hesitantly at the taller boy.

After a moment of silent eye contact, Jungkook nodded. "Yeah.. yeah, we should."

Neither of them moved.

It was hard, really hard. Their relationship was just beginning to blossom into something beautiful, and it had been snatched away from them in the blink of an eye. It would be months before the two got to see each again, and they just couldn't bring themselves to start walking.

Because once they arrived at the train station, it was over.

"Jungkook-ah—"

"I'll wait for you." Jungkook interrupted, already knowing what was coming. "I promise, I'll wait for you."

Jimin nodded, deciding to trust Jungkook's word. Because that promise was the only thing keeping him sane at the moment.

As the sprinkling began to get a little heavier, holding the threat of a long night of heavy rain showers ahead of them, the two boys decided to start walking towards the station.

Very, very slowly.

They reveled in their last moments together, huddled up in an attempt to keep warm in the freezing rain that continued to drizzle down on them. Jungkook kept his arm around Jimin's lower back as the other leaned into his side, arms wrapped around the taller boy's waist.

That damn station appeared way sooner than either of them wanted, as it always did, and each step closer seemed like a punch to the gut.

As per tradition, the two boys stopped right in front of the door of the train station and turned towards each other.

It was time to say goodbye, and Jimin refused to let the tears resurface.

He felt guilty, and that was such an undeniable feeling. Guilty for dragging Jungkook into the crazy life of his family, guilty for putting him through all of this relationship drama right after he finished explaining the story about how badly he was treated by a past lover. He felt fucking guilty.

"So.." Jimin said.

"So.." Jungkook repeated.

"I guess this is it, then?"

As mentioned before; goodbyes are hard, especially when you don't know when you'll see the other person again.
But they're especially hard when you don't know if you'll see the other person again.

"I guess so." They looked into each other's eyes for a long while, just trying to enjoy the moment while it lasted. Jungkook slowly reached up, brushing a strand of soft blonde hair out of the smaller boy's beautiful face so he could see it more clearly. "Remember, you owe me a date, mister." He joked quietly, voice unexpectedly cracking.

Jimin sighed, his small hand coming up to cover the large one that still rested on his cheek.

"I know..."

He then leaned in, after hesitating for a short moment, and planted a heartfelt kiss onto Jungkook's cheek. It's almost as if it was a silent 'thank you' for everything the man had done, including the way he made Jimin feel so much better after such a horrible day.

If the smaller boy decided against sneaking out one last time, then he would've currently been in his bedroom, probably crying his eyes out and regretting every decision he ever made up to that point. But his last minute decision to crawl through his window and see the younger one last time had saved him from that. There was just something about Jeon Jungkook—the man always knew how to make him feel better.

Jungkook still looked reluctant to let Jimin go, especially when the boy put his hand on the handle of the door and pushed it open. He hated it when Jimin rode home alone on the train, especially since the boy didn't have his phone with him. He wanted to protest so badly, but couldn't bring himself to say anything as the smaller boy turned around one last time.

"Would you mind telling Hoseok hyung that I can't come to the studio anymore? I don't want him to think I ditched him." Jimin requested, stepping one foot inside the train station.

Jungkook watched with wary eyes, nodding, "I'll tell him as soon as I get home."

Jimin nodded too, and shot the taller a soft smile.

"Goodnight Jungkook-ah."

"Goodnight, Jimin-ah. Stay safe."

And just like that, he was gone.

Jungkook stayed planted in his spot, frozen at the realization that it would be months before he saw or spoke to that beautiful boy again. It finally set in that Jimin was completely out of his grasp now.

He wanted to run inside and kiss the boy one more time, just to make it the heartfelt goodbye he knew they both deserved. But it almost felt as if no matter what they did, it wouldn't be enough. It would still hurt in the end.

It took him a whole five minutes before he finally decided it was time to get out of the rain. His roommates were probably worried since he hadn't come back, and his clothes were slowly beginning to get drenched by the weather.

The walk back to his apartment was silent, uneventful. Jungkook was lost in his thoughts, and dreaded the moment his hyungs would notice his sullen mood. He definitely wasn't in the mood to be interrogated.

He tried not to feel bad for himself, knowing that even if it was months away, he would still see
Jimin again. Things may be very different by then, and the circumstances might change drastically, but he'd still see Jimin again one day.

And that was enough for him.

—

A few blocks away, two men slowly walked down the sidewalk parallel to the alleyway.

One was tall, with light brown hair loosely cascading down his forehead and an attire as black as the night itself. His hands were deep in his pockets, protecting them from the cold, and his face was eerily blank.

The shorter one next to him had his black hair styled off to side, showing off his forehead and his perfectly symmetrical face. With thick eyebrows and a blinding smirk, he confidently walked down the nearly empty road alongside the other.

No matter how many times the idiots in Bangtan were warned not to come near that alleyway, or any of the areas around it, they still refused to listen. So of course the members of Got7 were notified when two boys came bounding into their territory with a bag of spray paint.

"Jr., who was that boy with Jeon?" The taller one asked the other, an annoyed undertone clear in his voice.

"According to Mark, that was Park Jimin. He's the one who stopped by our bar not too long ago." Jr. answered, subtly trying to gauge the reaction of his boss.

"I see."

After a moment of silence between them, the shorter of the two noticed the obvious anger written on the other's face and shuddered. "Sir?" He asked cautiously.

Without a moment of hesitation, the taller said spat, "First they threaten our youngest member, and now they decide to graffiti another mural in our territory even after the countless number of times we've told them to stay away?" He tsked, glancing at the other with a wicked glint in his eyes. "Namjoon hyung should really learn to keep his pets in check."

Chapter End Notes

Heyooo, sorry for all the angst. I can't decide if I actually like this chapter or not lmao

Song of the day: Let Go, by BTS

Thank you for all the kind comments and kudos, I appreciate it so much! Until next time! :D
Chapter Juugo

Chapter Summary

All the pain he has to go through while separated from Jimin for a while—it would all be worth it. Because in the end, he’s gonna be living in euphoria with the blond boy by his side.

Chapter Notes

So this chapter is a little bit of a long boi compared to the others but I don't feel like splitting it again, so just think of this as a late Christmas gift lol. Happy Holidays!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Contrary to what he previously thought, all it took was one week without Jimin for Jungkook to feel as if he was falling apart.

From the moment the smaller boy stepped into that station, Jungkook tried his best to keep his attitude only positive and optimistic—just like Hoseok always taught him to do.

But it was hard.

He wasn't able to see the other, and he wouldn't be able to for who knows how long? The worst part was that no matter how often he was tempted, he couldn't text Jimin either. He wouldn't want to get the boy in trouble by messaging him at the wrong time.

So he had to wait. He had to wait for the day Jimin would message him first.

It might be weeks away, or maybe even months, but Jungkook would wait. He'd wait for that heart-stopping text saying that they can finally see each other again—that they can finally go on that damn date—no risks involved.

Luckily enough for the younger man, he had the perfect distraction to keep his mind occupied in the meantime.

His little sister back in Busan, Jeon Jihee, was involved in an award ceremony at her high school for an art competition. Painting runs in the family, after all.

So it was the perfect opportunity to get away from Seoul for a little while and give his full attention to something else.

And although the main reason Jungkook was taking the three hour long train ride back to his hometown was specifically so he could see his lovable little sister accept a much-deserved award on stage in front of the whole high school, he couldn't help but guiltily think that he was also going to get his mind off Jimin as well.

He quickly pushed those thoughts away and zipped up his bag, saying a small goodbye to his two
roommates, before leaving the building altogether.

It was a relatively chilly day, with the end of September quickly arriving, and Jungkook also couldn't help but notice how it was cloudy outside. Again. The sun hadn't properly shined in the sky since Jimin left, and the younger boy couldn't help but think of that as a sign.

As soon as he stepped in front of the large train station building, he stopped. His heart ached at the memory of Jimin leaving right through those doors.

Jungkook shook his head, as if that would help shake the bitter memory from his mind, before pushing the train station door open and trudging into the packed building.

The ride to Busan was uneventful, as expected. But maybe listening to There For You by Troye Sivan on repeat the whole time wasn't the greatest way to keep his mind off of Jimin.

He fell asleep through most of the ride and only woke up when the old lady next to him that he'd been conversing with at the beginning of the trip had shaken him from his sleep at his stop.

Jungkook was a day early, he knew that much. The award ceremony wasn't until Friday night, yet here he was dropping in Thursday afternoon in order to surprise his family. He already had a bag packed so he could stay the night, but if they didn't want him to, he could always go book a hotel instead—not that his mother would ever be okay with that.

It had been an entire year since Jungkook had seen his childhood home, and the nostalgia that washed over him at the sight made nervous butterflies appear in his stomach. Of course, as previously mentioned, he'd meet up with his mother and sister at least once a month in order to see how they were doing, but he never actually went to his old home. They would always get dinner at a local Busan restaurant or opt for some coffee from a small cafe. He didn't know why, but they never went to the house.

And that was about to change.

He stopped in front of the door, eyeing the chipped brown paint that covered it as he attempted to collect his thoughts. There was that feeling in his heart—the one where you're so excited to see someone again that your chest becomes numb, somewhat tingly. His first smile of the day finally graced his lips at the realization that he was gonna see his fucking family again, and he immediately banged on the door with a strong fist.

It only took a moment before the door swung open, and Jeon Jihee stood there with wide eyes and mouth agape the moment she realized it was Jungkook. They had seen each other just a month prior, so it wasn't some huge reunion full of happy tears. But didn't stop them both from being excited.

Without even another thought, Jihee lunged forward and jumped on him, arms around his neck and legs wrapped around his waist, leaving him to quickly try to gain his balance and secure his arms around her before they both could fall over. She was relatively small for a sophomore, making the whole process a lot easier on him.

"Jeonggukie oppa!" She squealed. And while the name he hadn't heard in quite some time caught Jungkook off guard for a moment, his reply was instant.

"Jihee-yah!" He responded, horribly mimicking her high-pitched voice. She pulled her head off of his shoulder in order to slap his shoulder, and they both laughed. When they heard footsteps behind them, Jungkook quickly set his sister down on her feet and turned towards his confused mother who appeared from the hallway. His heart soared at the way her confusion turned into pure happiness
once she'd recognized her son.

"Jeongguk-ah! What are you doing here so early?" She questioned excitedly, before jumping in to get her own hug from the young man. He instantly wrapped his arms around her tightly, smile unable to leave his face during the embrace.

"I thought I'd surprise you both, if that's okay with you?" Jungkook cheekily answered.

Jungkook's mother, Jeon Chiyo was a relatively small, young woman. She had long black hair, a thin body, and a beautiful pair of wide-set eyes that naturally entrap you as you look into them. And although there were slight wrinkles adorning her features, a gift given by age, it did nothing to stunt her beauty. She was ethereal, and her kind and selfless personality only made her all the more lovable.

Jihee was practically a clone of her mother—just as beautiful, and just as sweet. Though she also had a certain fierceness to her that was undoubtedly obtained from their father.

As they broke apart from the warm embrace, Jungkook took a long look around the small house he'd entered, memories flowing back into his mind like a movie. It might not have been the nicest place out there, but it was home, and that's all that mattered.

"Of course it is! Come inside, come inside, I was just getting dinner ready. You're lucky I always make extra!" Chiyo exclaimed, waving her hand in a welcoming manner. "Would you mind helping your sister set up the table, love?"

Jungkook walked further into the house, the warm feeling unable to leave his chest at the familiarity. He closed the door behind himself, making sure to lock it, before smiling at his mother. "Of course, Eomma."

Jungkook was also elated about the fact that now that he was back in his hometown, he could comfortably speak in his Busan satoori, no longer having to hide it behind a Seoul dialect.

It may have been a while since Jungkook had seen his childhood home, but every inch of the place was still implanted in his memory. He effortlessly helped his sister set the table up for dinner, it being easy with only three people to feed, before sitting down in one of the chairs and sighing. It felt strange to be so domestic with his family again, and he hadn't even realized how much he missed it. How much he missed the warmth it gave him.

Jihee looked as if she was about to leave the kitchen in order to get something, but with one glance at her brother's face, she paused. He looked oddly relieved, yet also somewhat saddened when he thought no one was looking. It made the young girl wonder if there was another reason her brother came early, one other than surprising them.

Their mother was occupied by the stove, stirring some ingredients together in a pot with a blissful smile in her face, so Jihee took it upon herself to sit down next to Jungkook. He flinched as he broke out of his thoughts, making her giggle at the reaction.

Her laugh always made Jungkook smile as well, he realized, leaning back in his chair and waiting for her to say something.

"Oppa," She started, making sure she had his attention. "Is there something bothering you?"

Jungkook's heart melted at the genuine concern in her soft voice, not noticing how his mother turned around behind him to attentively listen to his answer. She had noticed something was off quite a while ago as well, but she wanted Jungkook to get settled in before attacking him with questions.
Clearly, Jihee didn’t have the same thoughts.

"Of course not. I'm just thinking about things." He replied.

"What are you thinking about?" Chiyo joined in, making Jungkook turn around in his chair to face her. He hadn't realized she'd been listening, and sighed at the realization. There's truly nothing he could hide from his mother, but he didn't want to dampen the mood before dinner.

"How about we talk about my problems after dinner?" He chuckled, attempting to brush it off. "For now, I wanna know how you two have been."

Both girls smiled at the kind words. Jihee opened her mouth to say something, but was cut off by her mother.

"Well, since you're wondering. Guess who got a boyfriend!" She cheered, motioning towards Jihee, who's cheeks immediately flamed red in embarrassment.

"Eomma!" She whined.

"What? Since when? You're like, four years old!" Jungkook replied, shocked. That response earned him another slap on the arm, and he dramatically flinched at the attack.

"Oh shush!" She pouted, leaning back in her chair to sulk. "For your information, I'm fifteen, and I've been dating him for almost five months now." She said, a proud look flashing across her face.

"And why am I just now hearing about this?" Jungkook replied, turning to his mother with a raised eyebrow. At their most recent monthly get-together, neither of the two had ever mentioned anything about a boyfriend.

"Don't look at me!" Chiyo replied, hands up in surrender, "She just told me about him a couple weeks ago."

They both turned to the youngest, wondering why she waited so long to tell them about her boyfriend. Jihee rolled her eyes. "I waited to tell you guys because I knew you'd want to meet him as soon as possible. I just wanted to make sure what we had was serious before then."

"And? Is it?" Jungkook asked, teasing gone from his voice as a soft smile curled at his lips. At least Jihee was able to find happiness with someone else.

"I really like him." She simply said. Chiyo gave an exaggerated squeal at words, making Jungkook laugh and Jihee whine in embarrassment once again.

Continuing to cook the food that she previously abandoned, Chiyo spoke after a moment of silence, "I still have yet to meet him, you know."

"You two can meet him at the award ceremony, he promised to come." Jihee explained, and Jungkook smirked at the statement.

"Oh really?" He asked while resting his chin on his hand, a mischievous glint in his eyes as Chiyo placed a couple of steaming dishes on the table in front of them.

"No! I know that look!" Jihee shot an accusing finger at her brother, "I forbid you to be embarrassing or to threaten him!"

Jungkook retreated with a pout, "What else even is there to do? You really take the fun out of
By the time the food Chiyo had generously cooked was all displayed on the table, Jungkook and Jihee's bickering had momentarily stopped so they could appreciate the array of dishes. Jungkook hadn't even realized how hungry he was from the trip.

"Thank you, Eomma." Jungkook said, his sister following shortly after.

There was something so domestic and nostalgic about eating at the dinner table of his childhood home, in the presence of his loving family. As Jungkook ate, he couldn't help the smile that made its way onto his face, and it refused to leave the entire night. Family has this way of making you feel so warm inside, even if a blizzard of bitter thoughts is swirling around in your mind.

It wasn't until after their dinner full of jokes and reminiscing on old times, that the moment Jungkook had been dreading came to fruition.

It was late, a couple hours after the three of them cleaned their dishes and tidied up the rest of the kitchen. Late enough that Jihee had already turned in for the night so she wouldn't be exhausted for her award ceremony the next day. Jungkook was in the living room while his mother made some late-night tea in the kitchen. Some shitty Korean drama was playing on the tv in front of him, making him scoff every now and then at the ridiculous, cliche scenes that constantly appeared.

But he still couldn't help but think of Jimin. Wasn't the way they found each other insanely cliche as well?

God, why did everything remind him of Jimin.

By the third time the guy saved the 'damsel in distress' in the drama and Jungkook was about ready to turn the tv off to spare his brain cells, Chiyo sat down on the couch next to him, leaving Jungkook flinching at her sudden appearance.

"You scared the shit out of me." He whispered, a large hand placed over his quickly beating heart. Chiyo merely giggled at the reaction and handed her son the cup of tea she made for him. He mumbled a quiet 'thank you' before they both turned back to the television, drenched in a heavy silence.

They had to be quiet because of the thin walls, neither of them wanting to wake up Jihee. She's had problems staying asleep in the past, and once the young girl wakes up, she's up for the rest of the night. So whenever Jungkook comes over, he makes sure to be as quiet as possible after 10 pm.

Apparently, his mother didn't share the same concern.

"Are you going to tell me the real reason you came here a day early?" She asked, eyes not leaving the tv. The steaming cup was still safely held in her hands, and she gave it a soft blow every once in a while.

"What do you mean?" Jungkook asked. "I wanted to surprise to guys."

"I'm sure you did. But there’s something else." Chiyo stated. Her cat-like eyes finally flickered over to her son, observing him. "A mother's intuition is never wrong."

Jungkook rolled his eyes at the overused saying, turning back to the show to avoid his mother's prying gaze.

She knew he was gay, and she had known since he was in 8th grade. It was no secret to anyone in
Jungkook's life. But for some reason, he didn't want to open up about Jimin in particular. Maybe because telling his mother about his situation would just make it all the more real.

Whatever it was, it had the young man hesitating. Though it didn’t last for long. Chiyo set her steaming cup of tea down on the coffee table in front of them and leaned back against the couch, inquisitive eyes never leaving her son. Jungkook knew he was fighting a losing battle. His leg began bouncing, nerves taking over at the thought of telling his mother about his past month with Jimin.

“Please, talk to me?” She begged, voice softer. And that’s when Jungkook broke.

His head dropped between his hands as the reality of his situation with Jimin came flooding through his head once again. He came here for a distraction, not a therapy session. He just wanted to forget about it for a damn minute.

“My baby.. what’s going on?” Chiyo immediately scooted over once she sensed his distress, and wrapped her thing arms around his large frame.

Jungkook berated himself for looking so weak in front of her, especially after he was able to last this long without breaking down over the situation.

“I’m sorry, mom.” He sounded exhausted, face still hidden behind his hands. “Tomorrow is such a big day for Jihee and I’m trying to be happy, for her, but I can’t. I can’t stop thinking about him.”

“Who?” She asked.

Finally, after a moment of consideration, Jungkook raised his head to make eye contact with his mother. She had pure concern swirling in her eyes, just as he thought she would, and he sighed.

“I met someone.” He started. The joy that flashed across her features would’ve made him smile in any other situation, but not this one. Not when she doesn’t know the full story.

“That’s wonderful! I’m so glad, Jeonggukie.”

Jungkook shook his head, running a hand through his messy hair like he knew Jimin always did when he was stressed.

“Yeah, it was wonderful.”

That was able to knock the smile off of Chiyo’s face as she registered the words, understanding shining in her eyes.

“Oh..” She started, a little disappointed. “It didn’t work out?”

“Eomma, it’s worse than you think. We still like each other a lot, I’m sure of it, it’s just his parents..”

The rest of the sentence died on his tongue. How could he possibly describe Jimin’s parents to his mother without letting the absolute detest bleed out into his words?

“Are they not supportive?” She asked, frowning. A small hand was running up and down Jungkook’s back in a soothing manner, and he willed himself to focus on that instead of the ache in his chest.

“I don’t even know if he told them that he’s gay, but it wouldn’t matter either way. He’s.. he’s rich, Eomma, and his family has this huge reputation to uphold. So obviously he can’t be seen coming into my side of town.” Jungkook said bitterly. His mother’s frown deepened, but before she could
say anything, he added, “That house is a literal prison for him, they don’t let him do anything. Ever since they found out about him sneaking out to Hongdae, they’ve been even harsher with the security around his house. Eomma, I’m not gonna be able to see him again for such a long time..”

Jungkook didn’t even realize he was ranting on about the situation until Chiyo hand stopped caressing his back, and settled in a comforting manner on his shoulder.

“Sorry, I didn’t mean to ramble.” He apologized.

“No, it’s fine. I wanted to hear about it, remember?”

Jungkook continued looking at his hands, giving a short nod at her words.

“It’s seems like you’ve gotten yourself into quite the situation, my son.” Chiyo said, the fondness in her voice unmistakeable. “Do you know how long it will be until you can see him again?”

“No, we’re not sure. Most likely when he graduates high school and moves out—his parents won’t be able to control him then.” Jungkook replied. A scowl crept its way onto his lips as he added, “I can’t even text him, either. His maid takes away his phone so he can get his school work done, and he’s afraid she’ll look through it and report back to his parents..”

Jimin’s parents made Jungkook so unbelievably angry, he couldn’t even keep the venom from his voice as he spoke. Who could possibly do this to their own child? Jimin must be so.. lonely.

It was silent for a moment, the only sound being that of the drama quietly playing in background of their conversation. The television cast a faint light throughout the room, flickering every so often as the scene on the screen drastically changed. It set a nice mood.

Jungkook refused to look at his mother, not wanting to see her expression of sympathy or pity—either way, it would make his heart hurt even more.

“Do you really like him?” Chiyo asked after a minute, and the question made Jungkook finally look at her once again.

“Of course.” He answered immediately.

“Then you can wait, Jeongguk-ah.” Before Jungkook could cut in and say something along the lines of ‘it’s a lot easier said than done’, Chiyo added, “I don’t think what you’re feeling is love just yet, but that doesn’t matter. If you care for someone, even just a little bit, you’ll always be patient with them. It will hurt—I’m sure it will, my Jeonggukie—but you know that I’m the end, when you and your mystery boy are able to openly be together without fearing what his parents will do, it will be euphoric.”

Jungkook could picture it.

He would’ve moved out of his shitty apartment building with Yoongi and Hoseok, got a nice little place with Jimin, maybe even a dog or two. The only thing they’d really have to worry about is paying rent and buying groceries—no shitty parents, no dangerous gang members, just them. It would be euphoric.

The vivid image in his head made his heart stop for second, just to beat twice as fast the next time around.

That.. that would definitely be worth all the pain.
A newfound determination settled in Jungkook’s chest, and he seemed to sit up a little straighter in his seat. Chiyo smiled at the look on his face.

“You’re right, Eomma. I came here early because I needed a distraction from everything that was going on in Hongdae. But I think… I think it’ll be easier now.” He said, directing a smile towards her. That word she used—euphoric—she couldn’t describe his time with Jimin any better than that.

All the pain he has to go through while separated from Jimin—it would all be worth it. Because in the end, he’s gonna be living in euphoria with the blond boy by his side.

Jungkook pulled Chiyo into a tight embrace, refusing to let go.

—

It only took one week of isolation for Jimin to feel as if he was losing his mind.

Every day was simply a repeat of the previous: wake up earlier than any teenager normally should, go to school, come straight home and work on homework, with ballet practice on the weekends.

He was constantly frustrated, and extremely angry at his predicament. Being closed off from the world was even worse than he originally imagined, and it sparked a fire in Jimin that he’d never felt before.

And since he had no way to vent or blow off steam, he simply put all his frustration into dancing.

Ballet may not be the dance style he's particularly fond of, but dance is dance.

Much to his mother's delight, Jimin began spending even more time in ballet, practically dancing until he dropped. His legs were constantly sore from the stiffness and immense strength that ballet required, but he didn't care. The physical pain always kept his mind off of the emotional pain.

Much to Jimin's surprise, he still had one good thing left; his parents still allowed him to hang out with Taehyung and Seokjin.

The only catch was that his new driver, Kim Minseok, had to be present in order to make sure Jimin wasn't lying about where he was going anymore.

The Monday Meetings, along with just regular hangouts with the two boys, were the only things that were kept the same ever since the day his parents confronted him about sneaking out. Everything else was different.

New security cameras were placed around the house, along with multiple motion detectors in the front yard. The passcode that locked the gate to his driveway was also changed, so the only ones who could enter and exit the house were Chanri, Joohyun, and Minseok. No one else.

He had gotten his phone back the day after his fight with his parents, and as expected, there were no messages from Jungkook. He had a million from Taehyung, of course, all asking if he was ready for his date, but there were none from the man he desperately wanted to talk to.

Jimin had canceled their weekly Monday Meeting the first Monday after the incident, the wound still too fresh in his mind. And it took him a whole week after that in order to be able to tell his two best friends what actually transpired that night.

They were extremely sympathetic, of course, but he couldn't exactly gauge their reactions since he simply ranted about it in their group chat, too afraid to tell them in person. So he could only wonder
what they were going to say to him once he stepped foot in Taehyung's house for the little get-together the younger boy had been planning.

He looked out the window of the car, boredly watching the streets and trees pass him by in a blur of dull color. Not only was he anxious about how his friends would act once he arrived, but he was also still upset about the fact that he'll never get to see Donghae again, and he can never apologize for getting the poor guy fired.

He turned to look at his current driver, and a frown made its way onto his face. Minseok was nothing like Donghae. He was always ominously silent, with a blank face and bored eyes. He didn't try to make conversation whatsoever, simply doing his job well and leaving the minute he had the opportunity. He was like a robot.

Jimin fucking missed Donghae.

As soon as Jimin stepped into the cold air of the evening and and trailed his way up Taehyung's enormous driveway, he groaned when Minseok followed right behind him.

Taehyung’s house was beautiful, that's for sure. It was large, possibly one of the largest in the neighborhood, and had a protective gate wrapped around the front yard. Being his best friend, Jimin knew the code in order to get inside, just like Taehyung used to know his code as well. The blinding white that was used to paint the perfectly polished shingles was another reason the pristine building stood out among the rest. It all most likely had to do with the fact that Taehyung's mother was a lawyer, and his father own the fucking law firm she worked at.

Once the two got through the password-protected gate, Jimin padded up to the door, anxiety growing each step he took. He couldn't understand why he was so nervous, it was just gonna be him, Taehyung, and Seokjin like it always was. But the fact that they haven't talked about what transpired between Jimin and Jungkook the week before was what really stuck with him. He didn’t want to talk about it.

He hesitantly raised his arm, and knocked on the door with a tiny fist. Taehyung had a very strict rule whenever the two boys came over: they can not ring the doorbell, in fear of alerting Taehyung's twin siblings that he had friends coming over. The two kids would never leave them alone if they knew.

Jimin didn't have to wait for more than ten seconds before the large, heavily decorated door was pulled open, and a boy with a boxy grin replaced it.

"Jiminnie! I missed you!" Taehyung said, pulling Jimin in for an oxygen-depriving hug.

Jimin scoffed, but returned the hug nonetheless. "We go to school together, idiot. I saw you yesterday." He replied, but there only fondness in his voice. It was only Saturday, but Taehyung was known to be somewhat of a clingy friend.

"So what? School isn't the same. You canceled on our Monday Meeting this week and hyung and I were left to fend for ourselves!" The boy ranted, pulling Jimin inside by his arm. Taehyung didn't even do much as glance at Minseok, not wanting to give the other any attention, but he left the door open as a way to silently welcome the man. Obviously, Jimin had to text Seokjin and Taehyung that he was being followed everywhere by his driver, but they took the information better than expected.

"Aish, Jimin-ah, you're never late." Seokjin stated from his spot on the comfortable couch, eyes concerned once he spotted Taehyung and the smaller boy making their way over.

"Sorry. It's just hard to adjust to all this.." Jimin explained, warily motioning to Minseok with his
eyes, who was blankly standing by the door.

Seokjin and Taehyung both nodded, sympathetic smiles on their faces as Jimin rushed to sit down next to Seokjin in the couch. Taehyung remained standing with a thoughtful look in his eye, before turning towards Minseok.

"Are we allowed to go into my room, sir? You can make yourself at home here, but I have some things I must tell Jiminie in private." Taehyung said, internally cringing at how rude he must've sounded.

But Minseok surprisingly nodded, saying, "Very well." But he didn't move from his spot by the door. The three boys stared in surprise for a moment, before Jimin and Seokjin stood up and and walked towards the staircase, leaving before Minseok could change his mind.

From what Jimin could tell with the mere week he'd spent with the new driver, that Minseok was a no-bullshit type of guy. Jimin guessed the man just didn't want to sit around and listen to three boys ramble on about high school drama.

The three quietly made their way up the stairs, still attempting not to alert Taehyung's siblings, and successfully made it into his room without any trouble.

His room was just as luxurious as the rest of the house. The walls were painted a soft shade of lavender, and the whole place was practically spotless. Jimin was sure that the maids were the ones who cleaned it everyday, knowing how Taehyung couldn't possibly keep the room this organized on his own. It was spacious and neat, with a white desk pressed against the wall, a bookshelf with more books than Taehyung had ever read in his life, and a large king-sized bed in front of the window at the far end of the room.

The two older boys had been here countless times, of course, but the sight of Taehyung's beautiful bedroom never really gets old.

Without a word more, Jimin lunges forward and flies straight onto the bed, bouncing a couple times on the cushion. Taehyung laughed loudly when Seokjin followed suit, landing directly on Jimin and knocking the air out of the poor boy.

After getting settled in on Taehyung’s unnecessarily large bed, the boys all faced each other.

"How are you holding up?" Seokjin asked, turning towards Jimin inquisitively.

Just then the bedroom door opened a crack, and in came Taehyung’s puppy. A small, black and brown Pomeranian by the name of Yeontan, and Jimin squealed in delight as the pup jumped onto the bed beside him, seeking attention.

It took him a moment of playing with dog before he quietly spoke. "Not so great, actually. I'm still exhausted from ballet practice, and my parents are being dicks about letting me take a break." Jimin replied, pulling the playful dog onto his lap. Yeontan's presence brought and atmosphere of instant happiness to the boys, despite their tough conversation topic.

Taehyung snorted, "What's new?" He asked sarcastically.

To say Taehyung hated Jimin's parents would be a hell of an understatement. Maybe even more than his own parents, and that was saying something.

"It's whatever," Jimin shrugged, "At least it'll keep my stamina up for when I return to Neuron Studio."
Seokjin sighed at the stubborn sentence, deciding not to speak up about his discomfort with Jimin dancing in Hongdae.

Wanting to change the subject from Jimin’s parents, Taehyung leaned back against the headboard with a small frown on his face. "And what about Jungkook? How’s it going with him?” He asked carefully.

Jimin paused his petting, not sure what to say. Hearing the younger boy's name out loud struck a chord in his heart, making him glance down at the puppy in front of him to avoid eye contact with the others. Seokjin watched him intently.

"I mean.. we left on a pretty good note, I guess." Jimin replied, refusing to go into detail about their emotional goodbye.

"And you haven't spoke to him since?" Taehyung pushes.

"No.."

The three were quiet for a moment, before Seokjin finally said, "Well.. maybe this is for the best."

Both Jimin and Taehyung looked up in his direction, wide-eyed.

"Hyung, why would you say that?" Taehyung asked him, a hint of irritation in his voice. He cautiously glanced at Jimin to gauge his reaction, but got nothing.

"It's complicated. I don’t want to sound like the bad guy here, but I'm kinda with your parents on this, Jimin-ah. Hongdae is dangerous.."

Jimin and Taehyung both had disbelief adorning their features while listening to Seokjin talk, speechless at his words. He agreed with Jimin's parents?

"Jin hyung, you can't possibly—"

"Listen, don't misunderstand me." Seokjin cut Jimin off, already sensing the boy was going to blow up on him. "The way they're doing things is definitely wrong, and I know that. But by keeping you away from Hongdae, they're protecting you."

"They're not trying to protect me, they're trying to protect their own fucking reputation. This has nothing to do with me." Jimin responded, running a hand through his blonde hair.

"Why did you bring us to Hongdae in the first place if you hate it so much?" Taehyung suddenly asked, eyes narrowed.

"I don't hate it," The oldest said, exasperated. "I really don't. I brought you guys there once so you could meet my boyfriend, I didn't expect it to become a weekly thing.” He explained.

Jimin sighed, stroking Yeontan's soft fur to calm down the hurricane of emotions in his head. The dog seemed to sense his distress and curled up against him cutely, making Jimin’s heart warm. "It doesn't even matter anymore, hyung."

"No, it does matter." When the two youngest glanced at Seokjin with confusion in their eyes, he elaborated. "You and Jungkook have developed feelings for each other, and you're bound to see each other again one way or another. And that's why I'm so worried, Jimin-ah." He spoke without thinking.
This was the first time Seokjin had brought up Jimin's romance with Jungkook ever since Jimin spilled the whole story in the car that night, and the smaller boy couldn't help but feel a little ashamed. Seokjin had been so disappointed that Jimin didn't tell him anything, and even looked a little nervous once the younger boy finished his story for some reason.

"Jungkook is a good guy, I don't understand why you're so concerned about this," Jimin shot back.

Taehyung looked between the two older boys silently, a sudden thought popping into his head at the suspicious interaction. Seokjin definitely knew more than he letting on.

"I know he's a good guy, that's not the point I'm trying to make." Seokjin replied. He began to look oddly nervous again, as if he wanted to divert the conversation into something else—anything else. But it was too late for that now. He said too much.

"Then what is your point?" Jimin pushed, his eyes narrowed now too.

Yeontan's calming presence was momentarily forgotten as they all eyed each other, an uncomfortable silence washing over the three boys. Seokjin seemed conflicted, just looking between the two boys wordlessly. He wanted to tell them—and now he even had a reason too. How could he let Jimin go out on a date with a gang member and not say anything? Jungkook himself wasn't dangerous, Seokjin knew that much, but the people around him were. It just wasn't fair for Jimin to be kept in the dark.

Maybe that's the reason Seokjin wasn't mad at Jimin for keeping him in the dark about Jungkook—because Seokjin was doing the exact same thing, only with a much more serious secret.

"Jin hyung, what aren't you telling us?" Taehyung suddenly asked, voice low. Jimin turned to him with a confused frown, not understanding what the hell was going on anymore.

Seokjin sighed, hands nervously clenching at his sides. He subtly glanced towards the door, hoping everyone else in the household was far enough away from Taehyung's bedroom. When he saw nothing suspicious, Seokjin then looked back at the two worried boys.

They all maintained eye contact for a moment, the tension in the room thick enough to cut with a butter knife, before Seokjin finally caved.

"God damn it." He cursed, "Namjoon-ah is so gonna kill me for this."

Jimin furrowed his eyebrows, now completely concerned as he asked, "For what? Hyung, what the fuck is going on?"

"Taehyung, Jimin.." Seokjin finally said, looking directly at them. "There's something I need to tell you."

Yay, everyone’s gotta love boring filler chapters!

Quick question: if you guys could choose any other ship to be in this book, which would you choose?

Anyway, I hope 2019 is an amazing year for all of you. And stream Promise!! :)
Song of the day: Hometown, by Twenty One Pilots

Until next time! :D
Juuroku

Chapter Summary

Even weeks after the get-together at Taehyung's house, Jimin still couldn't get what Seokjin told him out of his head. How could he?

It fucking haunted him.

The boy he had a crush on, the boy who asked him out on a date, the boy who kissed him in front of the train station—Jeon fucking Jungkook, was in a gang.

Chapter Notes

Sorry for once again taking so long to update. We're very slowly reaching the end of the story here, so my updates are gonna be a bit irregular as I try to wrap up all the loose ends. I hope you all understand <3

Enjoy..

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Even weeks after the get-together at Taehyung's house, Jimin still couldn't get what Seokjin told him out of his head. How could he?

It fucking haunted him.

The boy he had a crush on, the boy who asked him out on a date, the boy who kissed him in front of the train station—Jeon fucking Jungkook, was in a gang.

A gang.

Not only that, but Kim Namjoon, Jung Hoseok, and Min Yoongi were also part of said gang. Bangtan Sonyeondan, as Seokjin called them. All of Jimin's new friends were pretty much at risk every single hour of the day—they could be in a life-threatening situation at any given moment, and Jimin would have no fucking clue.

He was terrified.

Not only that, but he couldn't help but begin to hate himself a little bit for telling Jungkook not to text him. He didn't know at the time, of course, so it's technically not his fault. But what if Jungkook was in danger, and he thought he couldn't text Jimin for help out of fear of getting the smaller boy in trouble? That thought plagued Jimin more than anything else. He needed to see Jungkook again, he needed to make sure Jungkook was okay.

He wasn't only guilty about that, though.

He also felt bad for pushing Seokjin into telling him about it. Sure, Taehyung pushed a lot more than
Jimin did, but Jimin should've noticed how uncomfortable Seokjin was with telling them this. The poor boy looked so nervous and guilty for spilling his boyfriend's secret like that. Jimin wished he never put Seokjin into that position in the first place.

Taehyung, although clearly just as worried as Jimin was, took the information a lot better than Jimin did at first. He kept a relatively calm expression in his face as Seokjin nervously spilled the news to the two boys. Turmoil momentarily flashed in his eyes, but it was gone the next second, almost as if he was trying his hardest to school his own expression. Whether that was for Jimin's sake or for Seokjin's—Jimin didn't know.

But either way, the conversation they all shared that day in Taehyung's beautiful bedroom kept Jimin up for many more nights than he'd like to admit.

And if he was doing bad at focusing during school before, then he was fucking horrible at it now. His mind was so clouded, so consumed by what the Hongdae boys were doing during the day, and it left each and every one of his teachers utterly annoyed at his spacing out during class.

The only class he really tried his hardest in, was ballet.

Although ballet wasn't his preferred dance style—dance is still dance. And if he worked himself hard enough during ballet class, maybe he could keep his mind off of a certain group of boys across the city.

Jimin put his heart and soul into ballet. Even though the classes were only on the weekends, he worked hard. He even took it upon himself to go to the studio on weekdays just to get more practice in. His mother was delighted, of course, but Jimin couldn't care less about that. He wasn't doing it for her.

But even after weeks of over-exerting himself in the dance studio, the thoughts never left his mind. His anxiety was repeatedly telling him that Jungkook and the others were in trouble, that they needed him, and he couldn't be there for them. They helped him out so many times when he was sad or anxious, and he couldn't even return the favor! It made him feel powerless. Useless.

Jimin wanted to see Jungkook.

He wanted to see all of them, but most importantly, he wanted to see Jungkook. He wanted to talk to him again, to hear his voice again. To feel his lips again. He missed him, so fucking much.

So Jimin started searching.

He was very discreet about it, of course. But he began searching nonstop for the hidden cameras his father had placed around the mansion. More specifically, the outside of the mansion. And he promised not to give up until he found every last one of them.

He was only convinced God was truly on his side when he was able to successfully sneak into his father's room one night while the man was stuck at work. Jimin's parents slept in separate rooms, a fact Jimin was confused about yet didn't dare question.

His mother was in her bedroom, most likely sleeping when he snuck into his father's room. He had high hopes for what he would find, and he wasn't disappointed whatsoever.

But whenever he heard the occasional creak of the floorboards outside the room, his heart sinking each and every time and screaming at him to just give up and run back into the comfort of his own room—Jimin just thought about Jungkook. And he didn't run.
What he found that night, brought him the most joy he'd felt in quite a while.

Park Joohyun's computer had an app that connected to every one of the live-feed cameras he'd set up around the house. Jimin could see where each one was placed, and he quickly pulled out his Samsung to snap a picture of the monitor. This way, he'd be able to pick out any blindspots the cameras may have. And there are always blind spots.

The constant urge to text Jungkook about his plans overtook Jimin's mind, but he fought against it every single time. He desperately wanted to let Jungkook know just how hard he was fighting to see the man again, but Jimin also didn't want to give him false hope in case something goes wrong. So he held himself back.

Jimin studied the picture of the monitor over time, matching it up to the different areas of his house, and within a week he had just about everything mapped out. By now it had been a little over a month since he'd last seen or heard from Jungkook, and Jimin was getting desperate.

And while he had found the perfect blind spot in order to sneak by the cameras without getting picked up, Jimin still had one problem. And it left him more frustrated than anything.

The motion detectors.

They would no doubt blast an annoying alarm in his father's room the moment Jimin crosses their path. How could he possibly get through that? Jimin grew restless at the thought. His parents were psychotic for doing this to him, he decided.

The motion detectors held Jimin back for another two weeks, and every day he lost a little more hope of ever sneaking out of the damn house again.

This hell seemed endless. Long days would pass by in a blur, and Jimin was once again functioning on autopilot throughout most of them. The only things he could bring himself to look forward to were his Monday Meetings.

Funny, isn't it? The only day that is rightfully despised worldwide, became Jimin favorite day of the week. The only reason he still had his sanity.

Luckily enough for Jimin, this constant hell he was living in didn't last any longer than those two wretched weeks.

Because his parents came to his room one Wednesday afternoon with some news. Only this time, the news was surprisingly good. Fucking fantastic, actually.

A business trip.

It was for the Samsung company Joohyun co-owned, of course. The Park family was invited to attend multiple events in Japan in order to promote their business and seek out any new investments they might find in another country. But because of school, Jimin was not able to come along and support them.

The boy nearly cried in relief.

Chanri and Joohyun informed Jimin they were leaving early Friday morning, and the blonde boy could barely even pretend not to be ecstatic at the news.

Friday. He just had to wait until Friday.
Joohyun had given Jimin nearly an hour long lecture after telling his son about the business trip. It's not like Jimin didn't expect it, though.

Joohyun explained that he already ordered Jimin's maids to keep a close eye on him, just to make sure he wasn't sneaking out behind their backs. He demanded that Jimin only ever leave the house in the company of Minseok, and no one else. He wasn't even allowed to see Seokjin at his cafe, or Taehyung outside of school.

Jimin knew that his parents were aware that they were going to be out of the country for at least a week or two, so the young boy couldn't help but think that was a little overkill. He couldn't hang out with his friends for over a week? Fuck that.

Not only did Joohyun burn those rules into Jimin's mind, but he also explained how the cameras he set up were connected to an app on his phone, so even if his maids failed at keeping Jimin contained, Joohyun would be able to see if Jimin left the house without permission. Jimin could barely contain a smile when his father told him that. Not a problem.

Unlike every single day for the passed month and a half, though, Wednesday and Thursday passed by incredibly slowly. Life works strangely like that, doesn't it? Days only go by painfully slowly when you're looking forward to something.

But Friday still came. And Jimin couldn't contain his excitement.

Joy spread through his chest like a virus as he observed his parents picking up their bags. And although he continuously asked himself what type of child was this excited over the idea of their parents leaving for a couple weeks, he always pushed that bitter thought to the back of his head.

Chanri had on sunglasses, a beautiful silver dress, and a black surgical mask around her mouth in some sad way of attempting to conceal her identity at the airport. Airport fashion was always very important to her, Jimin realized. But he couldn't help but frown at the sight of the surgical mask, its appearance only reminding him of one of the worst, yet best, nights of his life.

Joohyun, on the other hand, didn't seem to care as much. He had his suit on, along with his business briefcase hanging by his side lifelessly. He made no attempts to conceal his identity, and walked with pride high on his shoulders.

Like any gentleman would, Joohyun carried all of their bags as they two made their way to Minseok's limousine. Jimin watched from the porch, forcing a fake smile and a wave every time either of his parents glanced back at him.

And when they gone, driven down the street in the luxurious vehicle, Jimin's heartbeat sped up just a little bit. Okay, maybe a lot.

Because now he was free.

It may only be for a week or two, but it was freedom nonetheless.

Jimin rushed back inside and slammed the front door, not even sparing a glance at the few maids wandering around his house distractedly.

He wished they would take his side, just so sneaking out would be a hell of a lot easier—but he knew better than that. The maids hired at his mansion get paid a lot more than you'd think, and they'd never give up their jobs just to help Jimin be a teenager for once. If they caught him, they'd immediately report it back to Joohyun.
Jimin couldn't let that happen. He wouldn't get caught.

The blonde boy sprinted into his bedroom with a ghost of a smile creeping up on his face, and hopped onto his bed, looking down at his cellphone that was still charging next to the pillow. And he stared at it.

It was scary, after all. He would be okay now that his parents couldn't hover around him at all times of the day. Jimin could text Jungkook and tell the boy that he was free for the next couple of weeks. And maybe they could even have their date..

So why did he find himself freezing up?

Maybe it was the nerves that come along with finally being able to see your crush again after such a long month without them?

Jimin slowly picked up his Samsung, unlocking it and hovering over Jungkook's contact. What would the other boy think about this? He'd probably be annoyed that Jimin is only going to be free for a week or two—because after that, it was right back to going cold turkey on him. Would Jungkook even want to see him if he knew it'd only end in a heartbreaking goodbye once again? Jimin shook his head, trying to clear it of those useless thoughts.

"I'll wait for you."

Those words... they meant more to Jimin than Jungkook probably intended them to. They eased Jimin's constant insecurity that the other boy could easily find someone better—someone in a better situation—and go out with them instead. Love them instead.

But he kissed Jimin, so deeply. He repeatedly told the boy he would wait for him, and Jimin believed it. He believed it.

If Jimin let this opportunity slip away from him without even trying, then he would never forgive himself.

So he clicked on Jungkook's profile, smiling at the cute contact name he'd given him, before heading to the 'New Message' area. He thought for a moment, before quickly typing something and sending it before he could change his mind again.

To: Baby Bun

hey :)

To: Baby Bun

remember that date i promised to go on?

Jimin locked his phone and waited, nervously biting on the tips of his fingernails. Did he make the right choice?

It didn't take long at all for Jimin's phone to ding, indicating he'd gotten a couple messages. He was afraid to look at it, worrying that Jungkook didn't even want to go on that date anymore. Jimin
opened his phone with shaky fingers, heart fluttering at the idea of finally talking to Jungkook after so long.

*From: Baby Bun*

*jimin*??

*From: Baby Bun*

*yeah..?*

Jimin smiled to himself, sensing the taller boy's confusion even through text. He quickly typed out his next message, heat rising to his face.

*To: Baby Bun*

..*are you free later today?*

This time, it took a little longer for Jungkook to reply. Jimin couldn't help but begin bouncing his leg nervously, wondering if Jungkook was just trying to think of an excuse to get out of it. Why else would he be taking so long to reply?

Just as Jimin was starting to regret saying anything in the first place, his phone dinged again.

*From: Baby Bun*

*ill be there in an hour*

An hour? That wasn't enough time.

Jimin felt his heart seize in his chest.

He still had to figure out what to wear, and had to steal some of his mother's old makeup to coverup the ugly dark circles below his eyes from exhaustion. He also had to call Taehyung to help him mentally prepare for the date! His *first* date.

Jimin began internally panicking at the idea of it. He never knew how to act on a date. Was he supposed to be affectionate and flirty? Or was he just supposed be his usual boring self? Where were they even going? Jimin's mind was racing.

Without even a second thought, Jimin exited his messages with Jungkook and went to Taehyung's contact, immediately dialing the boy.
His heart was racing.

"Hello?" Taehyung's deep voice rang out.

"Taehyung, I need your help." Jimin replied. Rustling was heard in the background, as if Taehyung was sitting up in his bed.

"What happened? Are you okay?!" The younger boy asked hurriedly, concern thickly coating his voice.

"Yes, I'm fine. Okay, so long story short: remember how I told you my parents were going on that business trip?" Jimin asked, idly looking through his closet for something to wear. Even out of his hundreds of name brand clothing choices, none of them seemed good enough for Jungkook.

"Yes?"

"Well, they just left.. and I might be going on that date with Jungkook in an hour." Jimin murmured, halting his actions to wait for the others response. It was silent for a moment.

"You're doing what?!"

"I know! It's a really bad idea, and if I get caught I probably won't make it out alive, but I couldn't bear it anymore, Taehyungie. I need to see him again, and I just couldn't let this opportunity go!" Jimin defended himself.

It was quiet once again as the younger boy thought hard about the situation. He could obviously understand where Jimin was coming from. If Taehyung was in his situation, he probably would've done the exact same thing.

Finally, a sigh was heard on the other end.

"You know I'll support you no matter what you do, babe." Taehyung said, confidence now replacing the previous concern. His tone made Jimin smile. "You'll have time to regret this decision later. For now, let's get you ready for this damn date."

Jimin giggled, relieved beyond belief. "I love you, Taehyung."

"I love you too! Now, do you still have those ripped Burberry jeans I bought you for Christmas?"

—

An hour may seem like a pretty long time, but Jimin could swear time had never gone by faster.

With Taehyung talking his ear off on what he should wear or how he should act during his date with Jungkook, Jimin rushed throughout his room to make himself look relatively presentable.

He had a vague idea of what Jungkook would wear—it's not like the boy has the widest variety of wardrobe. But still, Jimin was incredibly nervous he wouldn't look nice enough. He didn't even know where they were going, how was he supposed to know how to dress?

That's just another bad thing about always having to wear unnecessarily fancy clothes; you have to go above and beyond when you dress up for something. He didn't want it to seem like he was putting in zero effort for this date.

An hour passed by in the blink of an eye, and Jimin was forced to hang up his phone call with Taehyung with shaking fingers and a promise to keep breathing steadily. Jungkook was almost there,
and the anxiety of what was to come had Jimin's heart aching in his chest.

He was going to see Jeon Jungkook again. He really was.

And when his phone dinged, Jimin's breath got caught in his throat. He didn't even have to check the message, he knew it was Jungkook. This was it.

Jimin walked over to his desk and pulled on the pair of Gucci sunglasses he'd gotten last summer vacation, as well as a black bucket hat in order to help conceal his identity even further. He wouldn't let those damn paparazzi snap any more hidden pictures of him this time.

Jimin paused in front of the open window, taking a deep breath, and pushed the reality of the situation to the back of his mind. The extent his parents would go to just to keep him locked inside the house was terrifying.

Sure, the situation sucked. He had to jump out his window, sneak out of view of his father's security cameras, and keep his identity hidden in public so no one would find out. It was fucking ridiculous.

But it was worth it.

Because he was going insane without Jungkook by his side, especially after finding out the boy was involved in such dangerous things. Jimin just needed to see him again, and he planned on doing just that. No matter what it takes.

With that newfound determination, Jimin slid out of his window and on to the roof just like old times, and a small smile appeared on his face at the thought. He never thought he'd be able to do this again, yet here he was. It was liberating.

From what Jimin gathered from the cameras in his father's room, there were a couple blind spots that he could easily escape through. The one in the backyard, though, would be the most accessible.

He couldn't stop thinking about how crazy this all was. Why did he have to go to such lengths just to leave his own house? What has his life even come to?

Jimin shook his head, continuing down the ledge until he reached the gate he so often used to climb over.

In one quick motion, Jimin was on the ground in his neighbors yard once again. It felt as if a weight had been lifted off his shoulders as he left his mansion without supervision for the first time in a month.

Jimin booked it across his neighbors yard, trying to stay hidden so they couldn't spot him through their large, glass living room windows.

Jungkook had said he would park up the street so he wouldn't be seen on the security cameras, so Jimin headed to the spot the younger boy said he'd be. Jimin wasn't sure if his heart was racing this fast because of the running, or the promise of seeing Jungkook again. Probably both.

When Yoongi's familiar silver Hyundai came into view, windows tinted and rims incrusted with dirt and dust, a bigger smile appeared on Jimin's lips. His ride to freedom.

He slowed down just as he came into view, no longer running, and walked up to the passenger side door. He couldn't see Jungkook's expression through the tinted glass, but he desperately hoped the other was as exited as he was.
Jimin reached down after only a moment more of hesitation, and popped the door handle, coming face to face with the man he'd been longing to see for over a month now. His breath got caught in his throat. So much for his promise to Taehyung.

Jungkook was leaned back in his seat, legs spread comfortably and one arm resting over the steering wheel of the car. As soon as Jimin opened the door, the younger boy's blinding smile was the first thing he noticed. It was a drastic change from Jungkook's demeanor the last time they'd seen each other.

Jimin immediately returned the smile, sliding into the car beside him and closing the door. Neither of them moved for a moment, simply basking in each other's presence. A month may not seem like a very long time, but God, it was torture.

Jimin took off his sunglasses and hat now that they were in the safety of the car, running a small hand through his hair to calm it down a bit. Then he looked over at Jungkook.

As expected, Jungkook was in his usual all black attire, though the sleek black button-up was definitely a step up from usual. The sleeves of the button-up were rolled up to his elbows, once again revealing the tattoos covering his veiny arms. Fuck, his arms.

Jimin noticed the younger boy look him up and down as well, and he couldn't help but grow slightly self-conscious under the intense gaze.

But before Jimin could even say anything, Jungkook spoke first, shattering the tense silence that filled the car.

"You look like you lost weight." He stated.

Finally, Jimin rolled his eyes, and the tension and fear instantly left his body.

"Seriously? We haven't seen each other in over a month and that's the first thing you say to me?" Jimin teased back, pulling his seatbelt on. Jungkook smiled and started the engine of the car, facing the road once again.

"There's no need to attack me! I was just trying to make conversation. What would you rather me say?" Jungkook asked as they started down the road.

"Um, I don't know. A 'hello' would be nice."

"Why hello, Jimin. Oh, and while we're on the topic, is there a reason you look like you could keel over any second?"

Jimin snorted at the stubborn boy, the grin refusing to leave his face. Boy, did he miss Jungkook. What was he even so nervous about in the first place? Jungkook always knew exactly what to do to make Jimin feel comfortable.

Jimin relented, finally gracing the boy with an answer. "We had a promotional photoshoot for my dad's company, so they had me on a pretty strict diet for a while so I'd look good for the cameras. But it's all over now."

He didn't feel the need to tell Jungkook everything, like how he completely overworked himself in ballet class just to get a certain someone off of his mind. The taller boy didn't need to know all that.

"You know, your parents are really starting to get on my nerves."
"Yeah well, I live with them."

The radio, still connected to Jungkook's iPod through the AUX chord, played quietly in the background of the car ride. Jimin couldn't recognize the song, but it had somewhat of a peaceful vibe to it. It definitely helped to calm his racing heart a bit.

Jimin glanced at Jungkook, watching as the boy intently drove, subtly mouthing the words of the song that was playing. When the younger boy didn't think anyone was looking, he always had such a content look on his face. He looked happy.

As Jimin observed him, he thought of the things Seokjin told him that day. How could this man possibly be caught up in god damn gang war? What happened that made him even want to join a gang? Was it because of his shitty ex? Jimin couldn't fathom how anyone would want to be part of something so risky and dangerous.

He didn't realize he was openly staring until Jungkook suddenly said, "You're doing that face again."

"The one you use to hide how nervous you actually are." The taller boy explained. Jimin stayed quiet, looking back at the road to distract himself. Jungkook hasn't even been looking at him, how could he tell? "Are you nervous about our date, or is it something else?" He asked.

"W-What? I'm not nervous." It sounded unbelievable even to Jimin, and he cringed at himself.

"It's okay if you are. I am too." Jungkook admitted. He wouldn't even look at Jimin as he intently watched the road, and it made the smaller boy smile.

They were both just a couple of shy idiots, weren't they?

"Well, I-I mean I am, but that's not—" Jimin quickly cut himself off. He shouldn't say anything now. As much as he wanted to tell Jungkook that he knew, that he knew about everything—he didn't want it to ruin their date. Jimin just had to keep it hidden until the day was over. Then he would come clean.

"What? Why did you stop?" Jungkook asked, glancing at Jimin before returning his eyes to the road.

"It's nothing, really." Jimin assures. "So where are we going?"

"Do not try to change the subject on me, Park Jimin. What were you about to say?"

"Can we just.. I'd just rather talk about it later, you know?" Jimin replied, eyeing the other questioningly. A moment of silence passed between them, letting the sound of the radio be momentarily amplified, before Jungkook nodded.

"As you wish."

The familiar words made Jimin chuckle, wacking the taller boy on the arm as he laughed. "Stop saying that!"

"What? Why not?" Jungkook smiled.

"It's so cheesy!"

"But I like it. It always makes you blush." The smugness in Jungkook's voice didn't go unnoticed,
and Jimin’s cheeks turned even redder at the statement.

"Like I said, cheesy."

Jimin turned away to look out his window so the other boy wouldn’t notice how his words affected him, but it was obvious to anyone that he was blushing. His face really hated him sometimes, didn’t it?

The car ride was relatively quiet. They spoke here and there, with Jungkook constantly shooting Jimin down whenever the boy asked where they were going, but it wasn’t awkward in the slightest.

Though Jimin was still nervous, to say the least. His mind was racing throughout the long drive, thoughts of Bangtan Sonyeondan and how dangerous the idea of it is, along with the indescribable date-jitters he’d gotten ever since he first texted Jungkook earlier that day. There were just so many things to be anxious about, but he kept his mouth shut.

Only when the ride began nearing forty minutes did Jimin really focus his attention on wondering where the hell they were going. It was about a thirty minute car ride to Hongdae, so if that’s where they were going, they would’ve been there by now. But Jimin knew it was pointless to ask Jungkook where he was driving them to.

Finally, at the fifty-minute mark, they seemed to have arrived at their destination.

Jungkook pulled into the spacious parking lot of a relatively large building, one with beautifully painted walls and too many glass windows to count. Jimin took in the building with wide eyes, unable to look away from it as Jungkook found a nice parking space near the entrance of the building.

"Uh, what the hell is this place?" Jimin asked, still in awe.

Sure, he’s seen plenty of huge, nicely decorated establishments and houses in his lifetime—but none of them looked like this. There was something so.. comfortable, about the way the building was decorated. It was cozy.

Jungkook chuckled at the smaller boy’s reaction, turning the engine off and facing him with a smile.

"Let’s go find out, hm?"

Jimin couldn’t argue with that.

They both popped their doors open and left the car simultaneously, Jimin’s eyes never leaving the building. There were many people around them, mostly parents with their children tagging along excitedly. It sparked a suspicion in Jimin as he took in the relatively young crowd.

When they both rounded the car, meeting right in front of the hood, Jimin finally ripped his eyes away and stared up at Jungkook, subconsciously mirroring his bright smile. They paused in front of each other, simply taking the other's appearance in for the first time in over a month.

"Hi." Jimin said, laughing a bit.

"Hi."

Jungkook barely finished his response before he was pounced on, Jimin wrapping his thin arms around the taller boy's neck in a tight hug. They both stumbled back at the force of the embrace, and Jungkook gave a surprised laugh.
"Woah, there." He muttered, instantly returning the hug.

They both immensely missed the intimacy they shared, mostly due to the fact that they hadn't even had enough time to share it. They'd been split apart literally right after getting together in the first place. Well.. were they together? Jimin didn't even know what they were. He pushed that thought to the back of his head.

"I missed you." Jimin admitted, voice muffled as he rested his head against Jungkook's broad shoulder. The taller boy's arms tightened at the words, and Jimin realized just how intoxicating his scent really was. Everything about him is so addicting.

"I missed you too, baby. So much."

The words were simple. Yet, Jungkook always knew exactly how to make Jimin's heart flutter.

As a sad attempt at hiding his blush, Jimin snuggled closer to the taller boy, not caring one bit about the fact that they were practically cuddling in the middle of a terribly busy parking lot.

They hadn't seen each other in what felt like a million years. If anyone had a problem with their PDA, then they could just fuck off.

"Shall we go inside?" Jungkook asked softly, pulling away a bit from the embrace so he could observe the blonde boy.

Jimin nodded, releasing Jungkook from the koala-like grip and stepping back. He didn't know where the sudden confidence came from, but he surprisingly didn't find himself regretting acting without thinking. Jungkook's hugs were so warm, so safe—how could he ever regret that?

"Oh, right..

Jimin stepped forward, ready to head inside the mysterious building, but was stopped when Jungkook held out his hand. Jimin's heart skipped a beat at the gesture, staring down at the extended hand for a moment. He glanced at the taller boy, seeing the expectant look on his face, and rushed to intertwine their fingers. Jungkook's hand was so much larger than Jimin's, it was almost funny.

They both shared a small smile, turning towards the building and officially beginning the date.

Jimin had no idea what to expect from the place Jungkook brought him to, but he was positive today would be one of the best days of his life. Any day with Jungkook was, after all.

Chapter End Notes

V-hope or Taegi?

Hi yes is it sad that I've never been in a relationship before yet everyone in my friend group comes to me for love advice? Probably.

Song of the day: FOOL, by WINNER

Until next time! :D
Chapter Summary

Jimin decided that unlike the last two months of his life, he wouldn't focus on how badly his parents had wronged him. He wouldn't focus on how much better things would be if they didn't completely fuck him over like this. Instead, he would focus on new beginnings. On the time he did spend with Jungkook, rather than the time he could've.

Chapter Notes

Happy comeback day!!! Here’s a surprise update to celebrate our boys breaking the internet once again with another flawless album! :)

First of all, thank you so much for 10,000 hits! I really never thought I'd make it this far, it means so much to me <3

So I've taken all the comments on Wattpad and Ao3 into consideration, and after about 64 years I've finally decided on a third ship. You'll find out in future chapters :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

If Jimin thought the outside of the building looked big, he was in for quite the surprise once he stepped inside.

An elderly man held the door open for the two boys while on his way out, and they both politely thanked him. But once they'd walked inside, Jimin's mouth fell agape at the sight.

Jungkook glanced at him to gauge his reaction, smiling brightly when he noticed Jimin's shock. It was quite beautiful inside, after all.

"Close your mouth, baby." He chuckled.

Jimin didn't even have a chance to register his comment, still too busy observing the room they'd just entered.

"Seriously, what is this place?" He asked in awe.

"It's part one of our date." Jungkook proudly proclaimed. Finally, Jimin turned towards the other, confusion in is eyes as they made eye contact.

"Part one?"

"Yep! We're gonna hang out here until we work up an appetite, then I'm taking you out for dinner." The taller boy explained, gently grabbing Jimin's arm and pulling him into the line of people that were waiting in front of the counter. And while Jimin still had no idea what was going on, or even where they were, he followed without protest.
"What? Yah, Jungkook-ah! That's gonna be too expensive." Jimin whined once the other boy released his arm from his grip. "At least let me pay for dinner."

"I'm the one taking you out, which means I'm the one paying for it."

"Please?" Jimin pleaded.

"Nope."

Jimin pouted, turning his attention back to the counter before them in defeat. There were about three people in line in front of them, and Jimin couldn't bare the curiosity of what they were all waiting for.

The room they were in was painted in all dark colors, with beautiful murals and other graffiti art littering the walls. The room itself was relatively small, since it was only the check-in area, but there were two double doors on both sides of the room that undoubtedly led to the bigger areas of the building. It looked exactly like a place Jungkook would go to in his spare time.

"So, are you gonna tell me where we are yet? Or do I have to wait until we go in to figure it out myself?" Jimin asked once again, and Jungkook chuckled at his impatience.

"You know, you could've just checked the sign outside of the building." The other teased.

Jungkook smugly watched as Jimin's face fell, a much deserved face-palm instantly stinging his forehead. Why hadn't he checked the front of the building for a sign? The curiosity was practically wearing away at him.

When it was finally their turn, Jungkook took the lead and stepped up to the counter, asking for two passes and sliding a neatly folded bundle of money across the counter. Two passes to what? Jimin had no idea.

The lady grabbed two cards from somewhere beyond the counter, an overly fake smile on her face as she handed them over to the taller boy, saying a scripted, "Enjoy your time in the Nomad Adventure Zone!"

Adventure Zone?

Jimin turned towards Jungkook with narrowed eyes, finally having figured out where in God's name the other boy had taken him. But there was still one question remaining—what the fuck is an Adventure Zone?

Jungkook merely smiled brightly at Jimin's confusion, thanking the lady behind the desk and pulling the smaller boy towards the double doors.

If Jimin thought the entrance-room of the large building was cool, he definitely didn't see the rest of the building coming.

Almost immediately, he was met with the colorful array of rapidly blinking lights that usually accompany an arcade. Machines were set up along the walls of the dimly lit room, ranging from giant Pac-Man screens, to neon Air Hockey tables, to booths with toy guns used for shooting digital aliens. With just one glance, Jimin could tell that this one room alone had practically everything.

"This, my sweet Jiminie, is an Adventure Zone." Jungkook stated, hands wide apart as if presenting the building to Jimin. "And they call it that, because this place has just about everything. They have an arcade section, a scavenger hunt section, and on the other side of the building there's laser tag and
glow-in-the-dark mini golf. Just about anything an eighteen year old with the mind of a twelve year could possibly want."

"Are you dissing me right now?" Jimin scoffed, offended.

"Actually, I'm dissing both of us. Because same."

"Well, jokes on you, I've never been to an arcade before."

Jungkook instantly halts his movement, turning to Jimin with furrowed eyebrows as if he couldn't believe the smaller boy hadn't experienced such a fun place before. But with parents like Jimin’s, it shouldn't necessarily come as much of a surprise.

"Never?" He asked, just to make sure.

"Never." Jimin confirmed. "I mean, I've seen arcades in TV shows and stuff, so I kinda know what they're like. But I've never actually been to one before."

Jungkook sighed, that bitter feeling towards Jimin's neglectful parents arising once again. What teenage boy has never been to an arcade before?

"Well, I guess we're just gonna have to make the most of this date then, hm?"

Jimin smiled, already knowing today would be quite a day to remember. He nodded vigorously, making Jungkook return the smile.

The two boys walked just a bit further into the large room, before Jungkook pulled out the two plastic cards that the lady behind the counter had given him. He handed one to a confused Jimin, before putting the other into his pocket.

"What's this for?" Jimin asked as they came to a stop in front of a group of machines titled 'Skee Ball'.

"This is how we activate the games. Instead of tokens, like most arcades have, we scan these cards on the machine and the game will start." Jungkook explained. Jimin nodded in understanding, inspecting the neon green card he was given.

The place was relatively busy, with mostly teens and children running around trying to get as many tickets as they can. Jimin observed the Skee Ball section, trying to understand how to play the game so he wouldn't have to embarrass himself by asking Jungkook for help. But unfortunately for him, there was no one else playing it to give him an example.

He turned, preparing to ask Jungkook how to play the weird looking game, when the younger boy suddenly asked, "Do you want anything from the snack bar? Or maybe a drink?"

"Um.. maybe a coke?" Jimin thought to himself, reaching into his back pocket to retrieve his wallet. Once he pulled it out, though, Jungkook immediately grabbed the item and put it into his own pocket, far from Jimin's reach.

"I told you, I'm the one paying today." Jungkook reminded before Jimin could even begin to protest.

Jimin sighed, shoulders slouched in defeat as he watched an overly-smug Jungkook turn in the opposite direction and head towards the snack bar for their drinks.

There's no way he was going to allow Jungkook to pay for everything today. He would feel too
Jimin glanced back at the Skee Ball machines in front of him, figuring this would be a good place to start. The game had a strange setup, one in which Jimin couldn't quite understand. There was a long ramp, the end of it being littered with different sized holes that were hidden behind a plastic barrier. It was confusing, to say the least.

The blonde haired boy looked over to his right, noticing a staff member briefly cleaning one of the machines near him. Jungkook was still in line, not even having gotten close to the counter yet to order their drinks, so Jimin took the situation into his own hands.

He pulled the sleeves of his shirt down over his fingers timidly, a spike of anxiety shooting through him at the notion of talking to someone he wasn't familiar with. With hesitant steps, Jimin made his way over to the worker, whose name-tag read 'Daewon'.

"E-excuse me," He started, clearing throat. The worker halted his cleaning, turning to Jimin with an inquisitive eyebrow raised. "I was wondering if you could show me how to play this game? I've never seen it before, a-and it looks kinda confusing." He chuckled nervously, pointing to the Skee Ball machine.

The worker, Daewon, gave a surprised smile, before nodding at the request. "Of course." He agreed. The rag he was using to clean the PacMan machine was momentarily discarded as he followed Jimin to his game. "If you don't mind me asking, how do you not know how to play Skee Ball? This game is literally in every arcade." Daewon asked, trying to make conversation.

"Oh, well I don't really go to arcades." Jimin replied, avoiding eye contact.

"Hm, that makes sense." They stopped in front of the machine once again, and the worker turned to Jimin with a polite smile. "Well, have you ever gone bowling before? Because this game is pretty similar."

Jimin shook his head, embarrassment filling his chest when the other man looked utterly confused. "O-okay, well, let me teach you then. It's very simple."

Daewon extended his hand towards Jimin, palm up as if expecting the boy to hand him something. It took Jimin a little longer than he'd like to admit to realize the worker was asking for his card.

Jimin's hands fumbled as he quickly handed it over, face burning at the amused smile the other gave him. He really wasn't the best in these types of situations, if you couldn't tell already. It was shocking enough that he willingly asked a complete stranger for help, even if it was just so he wouldn't embarrass himself in front of Jungkook.

Taehyung would be so proud of him.

Daewon expertly bent down and scanned the card on the machine, waiting a moment for the game to click and come to life. A row of heavily-weighted balls were released from their containment, falling down into reach of Jimin and Daewon. The loud noise startled Jimin, causing him to take a step back and evoking a chuckle from the worker as he handed the card back.

"Look, this is all you have to do." The man announced, grabbing a ball from the side. He stepped back a bit, bringing his arm backwards before swinging it forward again, releasing the ball and making it roll up the ramp and straight into one of the holes at the top. A thousand points were added to Jimin's score at the top of the machine.
Daewon was right, the game was easy. Jimin couldn't help but feel a little dumb for not being able to put two and two together.

"The numbers above the holes are points. So just try to score in the holes with the highest amount of points, and then you'll get more tickets." Daewon finished, a satisfied smile on his face at reaching 1,000 points on his first try.

"O-oh, that's easy enough." Jimin uttered. He stepped forward, grabbing one of the faded yellow balls and trying the exact same technique that Daewon had shown him. Unlike the other, though, Jimin's ball went into the 200 point hole. The lowest one.

He turned to the worker as if seeking his approval, wanting to know if he did a good job. The other laughed, hand coming up to pat at Jimin's shoulder comfortably.

"Not bad, kid. It gets easier the more you practice, though."

Jimin nodded, smiling bitterly at the back-handed compliment. He supposed he'd have to get used to all of the games in the room if he wanted somewhat of a chance at beating Jungkook in something.

Then, another voice interrupted their conversation.

"Daewon-ah!" A distant woman's voice called from a couple machines down. "I'm not paying you to flirt with our costumers! Get back to work!" She ordered, a teasing undertone to her voice.

"Aish." Daewon rolled his eyes, finally taking his hand off of Jimin's shoulder and bowing politely. "I should go now before she beats my ass. Enjoy your game, kid."

Jimin returned the bow as the other began walking back to the PacMan machine, calling out a shy, "T-thank you!" Which the man acknowledged with a slight nod of his head.

Now that Daewon was gone, Jimin felt a bit awkward. It was weird being in such a crowded place full of groups of friends and families, and not having anyone to talk to. He only now realized Jungkook had been gone for quite a while, and wondered if the line to the snack bar was really that long.

Jimin turned around, preparing to head over to the snack bar to see what the hold up was. But he nearly fell back on his ass in shock when he came face to face with Jungkook, who was standing unnaturally close to him with a cup of soda in each hand.

Jungkook had an odd look on his face, head tilted to the side as he leaned in close so Jimin could hear him.

"You know," He began, "You make me so jealous sometimes."

Jimin froze at the sudden confession, a shiver running down his spine at the unspoken warning behind the words. The way Jungkook looked at him did something to his heart, and Jimin could only silently stare back at him.

But just as quickly as the strange aura around the two had appeared, it was gone again, and a smile adorned Jungkook's features like it never left in the first place.

"Sorry for taking forever, Jimin-ah. The line was extra long today." Jungkook explained, handing Jimin his coke and turning to the game of Skee Ball the boy started. "So, have you figured out how to play?"
Jimin was still mildly shell-shocked at Jungkook's rapid switch in demeanor, barely even able to keep up with the change of subject. This kid was gonna give him fucking whiplash.

"W-what? I mean, yeah." Jimin mumbled, shaking the intruding thoughts from his head.

"That's good. But I'm afraid that doesn't matter, because I'm still gonna beat you anyways." Jungkook stated like it was a fact, taking his own card out of his pocket and starting up another Skee Ball machine right next to Jimin's.

The blonde boy's dazed confusion was quickly replaced by competitiveness, his eyes narrowing at Jungkook's words.

"Those are fighting words, Jeon Jungkook." He announced, grasping another ball tightly in his small fist.

"Sorry, but I don't lose. I'm awfully competitive, baby."

"Well maybe I am, too." Jimin shot back.

Jungkook smirked, throwing a ball up in the air and effortlessly catching it again, "Hm. We'll see about that."

And that was it. The war had begun.

—

Jimin fucking hated when Jungkook was right.

"This isn't fair! I've never played any of these games before, so you're more experienced than me." The blonde boy whined, about five loses in on their awfully one-sided competition.

Jungkook merely laughed at his despair, throwing one last mini basketball into the hoop and scoring nearly 20 points more than Jimin once again. The machine buzzed, indicating the end of of the match and crowning Jungkook the winner once again.

Six games. Six different machines. Six times Jimin lost by a landslide to one Jeon Jungkook.

It just wasn't fair.

Every time Jimin and Taehyung had ever played a video game or a school sport, Jimin always came out victorious. Perhaps all those wins had gone to his head, Jimin realized bitterly.

Jungkook was unbeatable.

"I'm sorry." Jungkook laughed again, not sincere in the least. "I can let you win next time if you want, baby."

Jimin gave the most annoyed look he could muster, even though they both knew it wasn't authentic, and said, "Stop calling me baby! I am a grown ass man, Kook-ah!" All the pent up frustration of losing so many times was finally being released.

"Sure thing, baby."

"Jeon Jungkook!"

Jimin stared at the smug man with an unimpressed gaze until he finally relented, a ghost of a smile
remaining on his lips.

"Okay, damn." Jungkook raised his hands in surrender. "How about I call you *princess* instead?" He teased.

"Absolutely not."

"Sweetheart?"

"Jungkook, no."

Jungkook then stepped closer, the sudden proximity making Jimin's breath catch in his throat as he stepped back a bit, waiting for the younger boy's next move.

"Cheonsa?"

The petname caught Jimin completely off guard, making him sputter for moment. The other seemed amused at his reaction, and Jimin *hated* it.

"N-no! Just call me 'Jimin', for God's sake!"

It was too late, though. His reaction was enough to prove that the petname certainly affected him the most.

"Cheonsa it is." Jungkook decided.

Jimin rolled his eyes at the stubborn boy, fingers coming up to pinch at the bridge of his nose in resignation.

"You're insufferable." He weakly shot back.

Jungkook's smile was blinding, bunny-like front teeth and all, as he grabbed Jimin's wrist and pulled him to another section of the building. There was still plenty of money left on their cards, and they planned to use every cent of it before heading over to a restaurant for dinner.

Laser tag turned our exactly how Jimin would've expected it.

Once again, he'd never played the interesting looking game before. Everyone was given a suit and a laser gun that both light up with bright neon colors, and their objective is to shoot at the people on the opposite team to score points.

Jungkook insisted they be on opposite teams, just because he wanted to beat the poor boy at another arcade game. And when Jimin agreed to it, he didn't actually know what he was signing up for.

He didn't realize how dark and scary the laser tag room was going to be. Everything was black, and the only visible light was that of his blinking gun and the blacklights that covered the ceiling. There were glow-in-the-dark paintings littering the walls, with disturbing pictures of aliens and monsters popping out at him.

Jimin was on the blue team while Jungkook was on the red team, both of them only having some elderly people and a couple kids to back them up. But kids can be pretty fucking competitive too.

With the way the youngest boy on Jimin's team glared daggers at him when he got shot for the first time, the blonde boy was terrified to lose.

He was fighting for his life.
Jimin probably got more exercise in during that one game of laser tag than an entire month of being worked to the bone in ballet class. Dodging lasers, rolling around obstacles, sprinting away from Jungkook as if his life depended on it—he must've lost at least two pounds. But it was so worth it.

By the time the game had ended, Jimin's team of hotheaded fifteen year olds was particularly confident in the way they'd played, and rightfully so.

Because the blue team won.

Sure, Jungkook's independent score was at least double Jimin's, but that didn't matter to the smaller boy whatsoever. His team won, and that was the only thing he had to brag about.

"You do realize I still beat you, right?" Jungkook asked as they exited the laser tag section. But his words fell on deaf ears.

"Sorry Kook-ah, but the numbers don't lie. My team was clearly way ahead of yours."

"That's just because you had a bunch of competitive kids defending you! My team was made up of three different grandparents who were just figuring out how the game worked." Jungkook ranted, making Jimin break out into laughter.

He wasn't exaggerating. A kid who was having a birthday party at the Adventure Zone had brought her grandparents along in order to teach them how to play laser tag. It was just Jungkook's luck that they all ended up on his team.

But that didn't matter. Jimin won, and that was final.

"Whatever helps you sleep at night." Jimin replied condescendingly, glancing back at Jungkook with a cheeky wink.

He barely even got to finish his sentence before strong arms slithered around his waist from behind, lifting him right up off the ground. Jimin gasped in surprise, hands immediately grasping at Jungkook's arms to try to escape.

"You barely win one time throughout the entire night, and it's already going to your head?" Jungkook uttered from behind him, tightening his grip when he felt Jimin struggle.

The smaller boy laughed loudly, not even caring if there were people around them anymore. But he couldn't help but think about how strong Jungkook must be in order to carry him around so effortlessly like that. Jimin quickly banished the thought.

"Put me down, asshole! We're in public!" Jimin giggled, weakly slapping at the younger boy's arms.

Eventually, Jungkook seemed to have mercy, setting a breathless Jimin back down on his feet and dodging the boy's small fist of retaliation.

By the time all the money on both of their cards was used up, the two boys were pretty exhausted.

The building was big, and different games and activities were in just about every room. It was pretty easy to get tired out in a place like that. They had spent nearly two hours inside, and Jimin wouldn't be surprised if they competed against each other on every single machine in the building. The hours sort of went by in a blur for him, and Jimin couldn't help but wish he took his time to remember everything he and Jungkook did.

But just like that, it was already time for dinner.
Jimin would be lying to himself if he said he wasn't a little bit nervous for this. An arcade is a
different story—you get to run around and play games, just having fun with each other and
competing for victory. But with dinner.. you just talk.

And talking definitely isn't one of Jimin's strong suits.

But the familiar nervousness that grew in the pit of Jimin's stomach during social situations like these
began to fade whenever the boy looked over at Jungkook. Jungkook always seemed so composed,
so collected. Sure, he admitted that he was nervous during the car ride to the Adventure Zone, but
still. He never let it show. And Jimin wished he could be more like that.

Just the fact that Jungkook was smiling, seeming content with how their date was going so far, was
enough to ease Jimin's anxious mind. Jungkook was having fun. Jungkook liked being around Jimin,
perhaps just as much as Jimin liked being around Jungkook. There was nothing to be nervous about.

As they left the large building, preparing to head over to start the second half of their date, Jimin was
surprised to find Jungkook walking in the opposite direction of Yoongi's car.

"Um, Jungkookie? The car is that way." Jimin stated, pointing in the direction of the silver Elantra.
Jungkook smiled at the cute nickname, hand coming up to rest on Jimin's back in order to lead the
way.

"I know, Cheonsa." Is all he said in reply.

*That damn petname,* Jimin thought to himself, cursing his heart for fluttering whenever he heard it.

They walked around the abnormally large parking lot of the Adventure Zone, before coming face to
face with a crosswalk. Jungkook removed his hand from Jimin's back, instead reaching down to grab
the smaller boy's hand in his once again. And just like that, they walked across the road with
intertwined hands and quickly-beating hearts.

Since they'd left the car abandoned in the parking lot, Jimin assumed Jungkook must've chosen a
restaurant within walking distance of the arcade. Not that he minded, of course. Albeit being a bit
chilly, it was a beautiful day to go on walk.

And with the way Jungkook held onto him so firmly, gently stroking the back of Jimin's hand with
his thumb, made everything seem okay.

Obviously, Jimin had never been to this area before. He didn't even know what city they were in.
But the drive was 40 minutes long, so Jimin was sure that he was the farthest he'd ever been from
Gangnam, aside from the times he'd visited his family back in Busan. That in itself was nerve-
wracking enough. But unlike Hongdae, this city wasn't as dirty, and it wasn't *nearly* as populated. So
that made Jimin feel a little more at ease.

Not to mention that there was always something about Jungkook that made him feel indescribably
safe.

When they arrived in front of a relatively small cafe-style restaurant, Jimin wasn't necessarily
surprised that this was the place Jungkook had chosen for them.

It was cute, painted all warm, earthy colors and decorated with home-y furniture, as opposed to the
darkness of the Adventure Zone. The place only had a few customers scattered about throughout the
cushy booths, all happily chatting with each other and enjoying their meals. It seemed quiet, as well.
A perfect place to sit down and get to know someone through comfortable conversation.
That scared Jimin.

Without an ounce of hesitation, Jungkook walked forward and pulled the door open, a bell jingling above them to indicate a customer's arrival. Jimin thanked the taller boy for holding the door open for him as he walked inside, pulling the long sleeves of his shirt over his tiny hands once more.

The aroma of delicious home-cooked meals filled Jimin's senses, reminding him of just how hungry he really was. The gentle yellow of the room seemed to lift his spirit as well.

"Jeongguk-ah! I haven't seen you in a million years." A middle-aged woman suddenly appeared by their side, eyes wrinkled in a blinding smile. Jimin gaped at the intrusion, not expecting to be ambushed by such a loud voice in such a quiet restaurant. "Oh! And you brought a boy!" She squealed.

Jimin could see the adoration flash through her eyes, the idea of Jungkook bringing someone to her cafe clearly exciting her. The blonde boy had no idea who she was, but her kind smile was enough to make him like her already.

"Ah, Naeun-ssi. It's great to see you again." Jungkook replied, hand coming up to rub at the back of his neck in embarrassment.

Jimin smiled at him cheekily, and Jungkook suddenly found himself regretting bringing the boy here for dinner.

"Come, come! Let me get you kids a nice window booth!" She ushered them with her hands, painted red nails standing out among her faded yellow work uniform.

Naeun's brown hair was pulled into a loose bun on top of her head, and she was just about an inch or two shorter than Jimin. She had a certain skip to her step as she led them to their booth, mood seeming much lighter now that Jungkook was present. Jimin couldn't help but wonder what their history was.

Once they were seated at their booth, sitting across from each other quietly, Naeun placed two thin menu's down in front of each of them, promising to be right back.

Jimin watched her bubbly retreating form, before turning to Jungkook inquisitively. The taller boy was already staring at him, as he always seemed to be doing, and it made Jimin flush slightly.

"You're friends with the owner?" Jimin asked, making Jungkook sigh at the awaited question.

"She went to school with my mother back in Busan. My sister and I used to come here whenever we visited Incheon because she would always give us free food." The black haired boy explained himself, chuckling a bit.

Incheon, so that's where they were. The blonde boy had never even been to Incheon before, and the thought excited him quite a bit.

Jimin smiled at the story. He liked it a lot when Jungkook talked about his life. It always seemed as if their conversations resolved around Jimin, and all of his problems. He desperately wanted to change that tonight.

"I like when you talk about yourself." Jimin decided to voice his thoughts, pulling his legs up against his chest shyly. The position made him seem even smaller than usual, and it was quite an adorable sight.
His soft words make Jungkook's heart flutter, and the boy nodded in understanding. He never talked about himself much with anyone, really. It always made him somewhat uncomfortable to open up about certain things.

But if Jimin was asking, he would deliver.

"What would you like to know, then?" He questioned.

Suddenly, Naeun appeared by the side of their table with a bright smile on her lips. Jimin flinched a bit at her sudden presence, not even hearing the woman walk up to them.

"What would you guys like for drinks?" She asked, glancing between both of them.

"I'll just have water, please." Jimin answered first, already having had his coke from the snack bar earlier. It was too unhealthy for him to drink two servings in one day.

"Coke." Jungkook added, not seeming to care about health whatsoever.

Naeun nodded vigorously, ruffling an aged hand through Jungkook's black hair affectionately.

"Ah, I should've known! Whenever you and little Jihee would come by, you would always get a large coke. You would even sneak some off of other customers' tables whenever I refused to give you more! Aw, how cute." She rambled on. Jimin couldn't help but feel warm at the undisguised adoration she felt towards Jungkook, and tried his hardest to hold back a smile.

"Aish, Noona." Is all Jungkook could say, looking away in embarrassment. The blonde boy wasn't sure what exactly Jungkook was embarrassed about, since he found the information incredibly endearing.

"I'm just reminiscing, Jeonggukie, don't mind me." Naeun waved a hand of dismissal.

The name made Jimin furrow his eyebrows, just now realizing there was something different about the way she pronounced it. But before he could ask, Naeun was once again talking.

"I'll be right back with your drinks, kiddos!" She promised.

Things were quiet for a moment after she left, Jungkook seeming a little hesitant to start up a conversation after the embarrassing secret Naeun spilled within five minutes of meeting Jimin.

But as if he noticed Jimin's confusion with the slight name change, Jungkook cleared his throat in preparation to talk.

"Jeongguk is my birth-name." He admitted, and Jimin turned to him in surprise.

"What?"

"Jeongguk is my birth-name." The other repeated. "My full name is Jeon Jeongguk, but I had to change it a bit because I lived in America for a while, and it was just easier to spell and to pronounce there."

"Wait, seriously? When did you live in America?" Jimin asked.

The news was pretty shocking, if Jimin was being honest. America was a place he could only ever dream of going to. He had plenty of money to visit, of course. But if leaving the house was a struggle for Jimin because of his damn parents, then going to another country was nearly impossible.
"When I was in middle school, I loved everything about art, but I kinda sucked at it." Jungkook chuckled, and Jimin listened intently. "So my mom saved up all her money to send me to a really good art school in California during summer vacation. It was really too kind of her, and I still can't believe I actually got to go."

It's wasn't hard to be able to tell how much Jungkook actually loved his mother. There was a certain light in his eyes when he spoke about her, when he spoke about the sacrifices she'd made for him in his lifetime.

"That's amazing." Jimin marveled. "So then you can speak English?"

"I'm not as good at it as I was used to be, but yeah. Namjoon hyung still helps me out with it here and there."

As someone who loved languages, Jimin was immediately interested. There was just something so intriguing about people who are able to speak more than one language.

Without much thought, he leaned forward in excitement and asked, "How do you say my name in English?"

Jungkook paused for a moment, an amused smile creeping up on his face as he watched the realization flash across Jimin's a little too late.

"I'm pretty sure it's just 'Jimin', but I could be wrong." Jungkook teased.

The blonde boy hid his face in his arms as soon as Jungkook started speaking, already feeling the heat of embarrassment tint his cheeks red. He really just couldn't think before speaking, could he?

"I'm so stupid, I'm sorry." Jimin whined, but it only made Jungkook laugh harder. He couldn't even console the smaller boy, finding the situation a little too funny.

"It's-it's fine, Jiminie." Jungkook said in between laughs, trying to collect himself.

Naeun chose that moment to pop up once again, gently placing their drinks onto the table in front of them. She seemed delighted at the sight of the two boys laughing, if the glimmer in her eyes said anything.

"Are you ready to order yet, loves?" She asked sweetly. Jungkook finally stopped laughing, pausing in realization.

"Oh, I'm sorry, Noona. We haven't even looked at the menu yet."

Jimin giggled, releasing his red face from behind his arms and finally deciding to pull his menu up to see what the cute restaurant had to offer. Naeun also chuckled at his words, waving a hand in dismissal at the apology.

"No worries, Jeonggukie. I'll come back in a few minutes."

As she departed from the table for the third time that day, Jimin looked up from his menu to find Jungkook smirking at him.

"Don't you dare mention this to anyone, mister." Jimin pointed a small, threatening finger at the taller boy. Clearly, neither of them had forgotten what happened before Naeun showed up, and Jimin's face was still burning at the memory.
"I'm not promising anything."

Jimin scoffed in defeat, looking back at his menu to see if he recognized any of the foods. Unlike any of the fancy restaurants his parents liked to go to, the items seemed incredibly cheap. But it had quite a variety of food, with an abundance of different drinks and deserts to go along with it. For such a small place, they sure outdid themselves with the menu.

"See anything you like, Cheonsa?" Jungkook asked, now absentmindedly flipping through his menu as well. He already knew what he wanted, but decided to keep his hands busy nonetheless.

"Here we go with the pet-names again." Jimin mumbled, refusing to let himself grow fond of the name. "If I get anything too greasy, my mom will literally kill me. So I might just go with a Caesar Salad."

When he glanced up once again, Jungkook was looking at him. His stare was disapproving, a slight frown appearing at the ends of his lips.

"Fuck your parents, Cheonsa. Get whatever you want, I'm buying."

Now it was Jimin's turn to frown, turning his head slightly at the taller boy's words. "No, Jungkook-ah. You paid for the Adventure Zone, let me pay for dinner."

"I already told you you're not paying for anything today, and I'm not changing my mind."

Fuck, Jungkook was a stubborn bastard.

Why did he always insist on paying for Jimin? The blonde boy may not have a job himself, but he had quite the allowance and probably owned more money all three of the Hongdae boys combined. So why did Jungkook always insist on being the one to pay?

In a way, it was actually somewhat reassuring to Jimin. It proved the black haired boy wasn't just into him for his parents' fortune, but that he was actually interested in Jimin himself. That was pretty hard to find these days.

"I swear, you haven't lived until you've tried one of Jaehyun's burgers." Jungkook then added, and Jimin snapped out of his thoughts.

"Jaehyun?" He asked, fiddling with the corner of his menu. Sure, the conversation about who was paying was over now—but Jimin had already made up his mind. He couldn't let Jungkook continue to pay for him, and there was no way the younger boy would be paying for this meal. Jimin would make sure of it.

"He's the main cook. His food is all fucking amazing, but his burgers are the best. Wanna try one?"

It seemed as if Jungkook chose the greasiest American food on the menu, just to spite Jimin's mother. And while Jimin would normally be opposed to that, there was a sudden feel of rebellion flaring up inside him. His mother wouldn't approve of anything he was doing today, so why draw the line at what food he ate? Before he could change his mind, Jimin quickly nodded his head.

"S-sure, I'd love to."

The look on Jungkook's face was victorious as he shut both of their menus, stacking them at the end of the table just to show that they were ready to order.

In all honestly, Jimin had never tried a hamburger before, and was a little nervous to see what all the
hype was. His parents had always categorized American food as far too unhealthy for Jimin to consume, especially when he was "already on the brink of fat", as his mother so kindly put.

But today was a day of firsts. And he was gonna eat a fucking hamburger.

By the time their food was ordered, Jimin and Jungkook had already dived into a conversation about Jungkook's unique fashion sense, laughing and teasing each other as they waited.

Jungkook insisted his solely black wardrobe was the epitome of fashion, while Jimin determinedly tried to get him to agree to wear a little bit of color here and there. Jimin didn't even know how the conversation got to this point, with Jungkook shutting down every single idea the smaller boy had about a wardrobe change—but he didn't mind it whatsoever. Conversation had always seemed to flow relatively easy between them.

"You don't understand, Cheonsa. These clothes are my identity." Jungkook stated dramatically, making Jimin chuckle.

"I'm just saying! Having a splash of blue or red, or even pink, would make you so much more approachable!" Jimin argued.

"Pink? What do you take me for, some sort of circus clown?" Jungkook seemed downright insulted at the suggestion, eyebrows raised in disbelief that only made Jimin laugh harder. "I'm honestly insulted that you would suggest such a thing. And for your information, I thrive off of being unapproachable."

"You didn't thrive off of it when we first met."

Jungkook paused, recalling the dreadful memory of Jimin running away from him the first time they'd met. Okay, maybe he didn't thrive off of it in some cases.

"I-," He stopped, frowning. "That's beside the point!"

Jimin burst out into laughter, not used to Jungkook being the one at a loss for words. It felt kinda good, if Jimin were being honest. But before the conversation could continue on, Jungkook's phone buzzed where it lied on the table in front of him.

He excused himself with a quick nod, picking it up to read the notification that had appeared. And just like that, there was a noticeable shift in his mood.

Jimin watched as the smile slowly faded from the other boy's face, a somewhat agitated look appearing soon after. And the blonde boy didn't exactly know how to deal with the mood change.

Jimin's friends at school often call him, along with Taehyung, the 'mood-makers' of their class, and he couldn't help but agree with them. He hates it when the people around him feel down or uncomfortable, especially after such an amazing day. He immediately felt the need to help Jungkook with whatever was going on.

"I-is everything okay?" Jimin hesitantly asked, not wanting to seem too nosy.

Jungkook looked up quickly, as if just realizing Jimin was right in front of him and can easily read his expression, which immediately went from agitated to blank.

"Yeah, yeah. Everything's fine." He locked his phone again, placing it face-down on the counter and gave Jimin his sole attention once again. "Where were we?"
"Jungkookie." Jimin called out softly, a knowing undertone to his voice.

Jungkook sighed, shaking his head slightly. "No it's fine, really. It's just—" Jungkook paused for a moment. A look of contemplation crossed his face, as if he wasn't sure he should actually be telling Jimin anything. But in the end, he decided to go for it. "Someone graffitied the front of Dark and Wild this morning, before Namjoon hyung opened it. He just texted me now about it."

Jimin gaped at the news. Someone defaced the bar? Who would do something like that!

Sure, he and Jungkook had their fun with spray paint in the alleyway a while ago as well. But that was different—the building had been completely abandoned, and practically destroyed already.

Someone actually went out of their way to target Namjoon's bar before he came into work that morning. There's no way this wasn't done on purpose.

Did it have to do with..?

"Oh my god, are you serious? Is Hyung okay?" Jimin rushed to ask, desperate to block out his intruding thoughts.

"Yeah, everyone's fine. He's just a little angry. And rightfully so." Jungkook replied bitterly. "Especially since I'm pretty sure he knows who did it." He mumbled the last part, but Jimin still heard it loud and clear. Shit.

"H-he does? Then why doesn't he call the police on them or something? This is so fucked up."

"It's not that simple, Cheonsa."

Jungkook didn't elaborate on his statement, and Jimin didn't expect him to. It was clear that as Jimin feared, this was related to the gang war in some way. Maybe Namjoon did something to piss off the other gang—whoever they were—and they decided to get revenge on him by defacing the front of his bar. But either way, Jimin doesn't know the whole story, and he has a feeling he never will.

The food was placed down in front of them, Naeun not bothering to comment on the strange atmosphere that suddenly surrounded their table. And even though they were both lost in thought about what had just happened, neither of them forgot to thank her for her service.

She left without saying much, just a standard, "Enjoy your meal," before departing from the table.

The two were quiet, minds racing about what Namjoon must've been going through at that moment. All Jimin wanted to know was how he was going to take action. Hopefully, he wouldn't recklessly shoot back with something out of anger and fuel the fire between the two gangs. But Namjoon was a very level-headed man, and Jimin wholeheartedly believed that he wouldn't make a move unless he thought about it at least a hundred times beforehand.

Picking up a single fry from his plate, Jimin looked at Jungkook was again, who was staring down into his plate of food. And after a moment of observation, Jimin decided to do everything he could to take Jungkook's mind off of what was happening to his close friend. Jimin was angry about what happened, too. But if there was something he could do to lift the mood a bit, he would do it.

"How did you get that scar on your cheek?" Jimin asked, and Jungkook glanced up at the sound of his voice.

A small smile broke through on his face, eyes glazed as if recalling a faraway fond memory. That in itself was enough of a victory for Jimin.
"Well, when I was younger, my sister and I were fighting over who would get to use the computer first after school." He began, already chuckling a bit. "So as soon as we got home, I rushed to the computer before she even got out of the car, and ended up tripping on my way up the stairs. My face hit the corner of the railing, and I had to get stitches. But I'd like to think of that as karma for being so selfish, and not letting her go first."

Jimin was quite shocked that Jungkook was laughing at what seemed to be somewhat of a painful memory. But at least he wasn't angry anymore.

"Aish, are you serious? You're so reckless!" Jimin exclaimed.

"Hey, I was a kid! Give me a break." The taller boy defended himself.

"You still are."

Jungkook narrowed his eyes at the boy across from him, offended for the second time that evening by something Jimin had said.

There was a bit of defiance in his eyes, as if he wanted to prove Jimin wrong right then and there. But he clearly decided against it, opting for stealing one of Jimin's french fries in retaliation.

It didn't take long for the atmosphere around them to turn light again, and Jimin applauded himself for actually succeeding in lightening the mood. Sure, Namjoon's situation was still weighing heavily on their hearts, but the two boys hadn't seen each other in such a long period of time, that they didn't want their first encounter to be full of bad memories. It was supposed to be a happy day. A day where they were finally reunited after nearly two months of absolutely nothing. Two months wasted from their relationship.

Jimin decided that unlike the last two months of his life, he wouldn't focus on how badly his parents had wronged him. He wouldn't focus on how much better things would be if they didn't completely fuck him over like this. Instead, he would focus on new beginnings. On the time he did spend with Jungkook, rather than the time he could've.

Sure, he was still angry at his parents. What they did was ridiculous, and not worth forgiving whatsoever. But fretting over their fucked up parenting would get him nowhere in his relationship with Jungkook. Now that they were reunited, all of the hot anger that had occupied Jimin's mind had completely dissipated.

And although this reunion was temporary, only able to last until Joohyun and Chanri returned from their business trip, Jimin decided right then and there to keep this mindset even after that. Getting angry over such a helpless situation was completely pointless, and a waste of time.

Besides, he could always text Jungkook from Taehyung's or Seokjin's phone if he needed to. It would surely make him miss Jungkook even more, but at least he would get to talk to him from time to time. Anything was better than going completely cold-turkey once again.

With this brand new mindset, Jimin felt as if a burden had been lifted from his shoulders. Everything was truly going to be okay, no matter what happens within the next few days.

Naeun came by once again to leave the check at the edge of table, the smile back on her face now that she realized the odd tension had dissipated.

"You better come back here soon, Jeongguk-ah. Don't make me wait another year!" She ordered playfully while turning to assist the full booth next to them.
Jimin turned to him, an accusing eyebrow raised. "You made her wait for a year? I expected more from you."

"I'm a very busy man!" Jungkook shot back.

"Yeah, spray painting Iron Man on the side of abandoned buildings sure can take up a lot of valuable time."

Jungkook scoffed, not even gracing Jimin's sarcasm with an answer as he reached for the bill. But Jimin quickly whacked his hand away, earning a glare from the younger boy.

"Let me pay." Jimin tried one last time.

"Jimin, I said no."

"Jungkook-ah, come on. You've already done too much, and I'm supposed to be paying for all this stuff anyway."

"Why? Because you actually have money?"

Jimin sputtered, appalled by the accusation. Jungkook had a smirk on his face as he leaned forward, waiting for Jimin to respond. There was no way he was going to let that boy pay for dinner.

"W-what? No, of course not!" Jimin whined, folding his arms over his chest. "Because I'm older than you, idiot!"

"Just by a couple months, it doesn't even matter." Jungkook shrugged.

Jimin pouted. "But I still feel bad. You've been paying for everything."

"I'm taking you out on a date, it's my job to pay for everything."

This was practically an ongoing battle between the two most stubborn boys in the entire universe. Sure, they could always just split the bill. But it seemed as if neither boy wanted the other to pay anything.

Jimin saw Naeun begin making her way back towards their table in his peripheral vision, keeping his eyes on Jungkook for as long as he could. The taller boy was staring him down, and as much as Jimin wanted to look away from the intense gaze, he couldn't back down. He couldn't lose this time.

The moment Naeun appeared at their table to collect the check, Jimin grabbed some cash from his wallet at lightning speed, knowing that if he used his credit card his parents would get notified of his location. He placed the bundle of money in the check before Jungkook or Naeun could even blink, not really caring that there might've been a little too much of a tip in that payment.

Naeun was startled by the rapid movement for a moment, before grabbing the check and thanking Jimin for his kindness. The boy nodded at her, watching as she left the table to bring the cash to the register.

Hesitantly, he turned towards Jungkook. His heart skipped a beat when he realized Jungkook was staring at him with the same strange look he had on his features earlier—when he got jealous of that staff member at the Adventure Zone. Jimin didn't know how to describe it, but it made his insides feel hot, and he subconsciously made himself smaller before the other man's gaze.

Only after a moment of silence did Jungkook speak.
"You really don't like listening to me, do you, Cheonsa?"

His voice was level, eerily calm for the situation at hand. Not to mention that it was worded more as a statement than as a question.

Not trusting his voice, Jimin merely shook his head at the words, not sure what else to do.

The atmosphere changed yet again, but this time, it wasn't out of anger. It was out of.. lust? What was Jimin feeling right now? He couldn't exactly pinpoint it.

"We'll work on that later." Jungkook said, voice just as steady as before.

"Is that a promise?"

Jungkook's jaw was set, eyes lighting up at the idea of a challenge.

"Yes." He stated.

And suddenly, Jimin couldn't wait for 'later'.

By the time they made it back to the car, the sun was already close to setting. The day had gone by in a flash, and the saying 'Time flies when you're having fun', had never seemed more accurate.

Jumin and Jungkook walked back to the Hyundai Elantra with bright smiles, hands swinging back and forth as they went. There was nothing to be nervous about, Jimin realized. Never.

Jungkook always made him feel safe and comfortable. And even though the dude was in a fucking gang, Jimin didn't exactly know the whole story behind that. His fear in the beginning of their date was vanquished, replaced by pure admiration.

He would get Jungkook to tell him the truth soon enough, he knew he would. It was just a matter of time. But for now, he was going to enjoy what he had.

As they got into the car, which was still parked in the parking lot of the Adventure Zone, neither of the boys found themselves wanting this day to end for obvious reasons. So they sat there for a moment, not saying anything.

"So.. I guess I should bring you home now? It's getting dark." Jungkook stated, yet didn't move. His arm dangled lazily across the wheel of the car, the keys not even put into the ignition yet. The silence was somehow deafening, Jimin noted, feeling his ears ring with white noise.

There was a sudden spark of confidence in Jimin's system, fueled by the desperate desire to stay with Jungkook just a little bit longer.

He turned towards the other man, not saying a word until Jungkook turned to look at him as well.

"Would I be able to sleep over?"

The words left his lips before his mind could register them, and for the millionth time Jimin found himself scolding his stupid, filterless mouth.

Jungkook only looked momentarily surprised, mouth parted as if he wanted to say something, get couldn't muster up the right words.

"I-I mean, I'm sorry. I don't know why I said that. L-like, this was our first date! That was such a ridiculous question, please don't be creeped ou-"
"Yeah." Jungkook cut off his rambling with one word.

"Yeah? What do you mean 'yeah'?

"You can sleepover." He elaborated, and now it was Jimin's turn to be speechless. Was he being serious? "I mean, it would save me a hell of a lot of gas money. And not to mention I'd do anything to spend more time with you right now, Cheonsa."

There it was again. That stupid fluttering in Jimin's heart. Seriously, did he have some sort of medical condition? It must be. Or maybe he's just allergic to Jungkook, since it only seems to happen when Jimin is around him.

"O-oh." Is all Jimin could utter.

Jungkook smiled, eyeing Jimin with crinkled eyes. "Oh?" He asked.

"I mean—okay. Yeah, okay."

Jimin felt like he was going crazy.

He's only ever slept over Taehyung's and Seokjin's homes, solely because they were his best friends. He'd never slept over a potential lover's house. What would happen? He was going to be alone with Jungkook all night long! Oh god, why did he even ask? Jimin wasn't going to get a wink of sleep with this anxiety! And after the earlier events, with Jungkook's not-so-subtle promise of taming Jimin, the boy couldn't help but feel a bit giddy. Shit, were they actually going to—

But then Jungkook's hand was on Jimin's thigh.

It wasn't sexual, no. It was comforting. The gentle caress of his thumb always present as a way to calm Jimin's racing mind.

The blonde boy looked up at him, seeing the reassuring look on Jungkook's face, and he knew it would be okay.

As long as he got back to his house in time for breakfast tomorrow morning, Jimin knew everything would be fine. So he quieted down his mind, and tried his hardest not to listen to the voices that were constantly telling him something was going to go wrong.

And with the revelation that Jungkook was almost like a form of therapy for Jimin, the two drove off in the direction of the younger boy's apartment with anticipation swirling in their veins.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading, I hope you enjoyed their long awaited date! The adventure zone Jikook went to is actually real place near where I live, and it's really fun. It just seemed like a place Jungkook and Jimin would go to lmao

Song of the day: SLOW DANCING IN THE DARK, by Joji

THIS IS MY FUCKING SONG! It's so good omg

And don't forget to stream Map of the Soul: Persona!! This album is just incredible.
Until next time! :D

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