The Heavens Roll Away

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Summary

Yoongi is a hacker who steals broke university student Namjoon's identity, and quickly decides that he can't just leave this kid living this way. After that, well, he really should have known that it would spiral out of control.

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YOONGI (17:29): okay, so don’t freak out, but i’ve decided you need some help
YOONGI (17:29): and i am uniquely in a situation where i can help you
YOONGI (17:30): i’m sure you’ve noticed the change in your finances
YOONGI (17:31): bitch are you even reading these??
YOONGI (17:32): fine, i’ll wait

Notes

The first chapter of this work is dedicated to captainunicornxoxo for correctly guessing the murderer in Call It Instant Justice!

...It has quickly grown past that, however.
Title From Bishop's Knife Trick, by Fall Out Boy
See the end of the work for more notes.
You owe Yoongi: 11,277,000.00 won

Yoongi likes picking up identities from people who are careless.

It feels less mean than stealing from those who actually look after their lives. The ones who don’t hide their PINs when they get money out, or who write down their passwords on unencrypted files on their desktops? They deserve what they get, and Yoongi has long since stopped caring about them. It’s the only way he can do what he does and still function, although he knows that some of his friends wouldn’t really consider his lifestyle ‘functioning’. Not that Yoongi is going to take life advice from Kim ‘just poison them if they annoy you’ Seokjin. Still, it means that when Yoongi picks up a bunch of information from an unprotected phone on the train home from the computer store, he considers it rightfully his. If you don’t RFID protect your shit, you don’t deserve to keep it.

He doesn’t drop his bags when he gets home, because he’s just bought some very expensive components, but he doesn’t exactly carefully file them away either. His apartment is relatively nice- or it would be, if it was clean- a two bedroom in a good part of town with very, very fast internet. Yoongi would be happy in a roach infested hotel, if it had fast internet, really, but he knows that having a place of his own makes his parents feel better about his job as a ‘freelance IT consultant’, and he can do that much for them. He pushes some empty ramen containers into the rubbish bin, fishes a can of tea out of his fridge, and goes into his study to look over what the careless idiots of the Seoul Metro have donated to the Min Yoongi Lives Life The Way He Wants fund. His computer is sleeping, and he wiggles the mouse, startling it back to life with a hiss of coolant and fans. The desktop is his baby, and a fucking monster. Anyone who knows computers would either drool or cry upon seeing it, and Yoongi is rightfully smug about its construction, as shown by how quickly it wakes up and logs him back in. He removes his phone from its own RFID protected case and sets it to connect, flips through the identities he’s picked up today, looking for anything useful.

There are a few businessmen, a mother of four, and a young man- early twenties, Yoongi would guess, from the pictures on his social media. He doesn’t look anything like Yoongi, but the age range is closest, which means Yoongi will find it far easier to spoof his spending habits and take out some credit cards in his name. If anyone asks any questions, it’ll be easy to set up some official looking documents in the name Kim Namjoon, anyway.

But, before he gets to ruining Kim Namjoon’s good name, Yoongi needs to check how good that name actually is.

He picks through Kim Namjoon’s bank account. He looks at his statements. He does a quick google.

Well. Damn.
It’s not like Namjoon set out to become a depressing stereotype about being an artist. He went to university and studied, he was the best in his music production class, was going places, was working hard, and was really, really broke.

He had meant to get a job, but his classes were intense, and he'd had to leave his previous job once the semester really got going.

He’d meant to talk to his parents about getting some help, but they had enough to deal with supporting his little sister.

So, he kept increasing his loans instead.

He’ll find a way to pay it back eventually, when he’s not a struggling student. He’s only slightly concerned about it.

He’s a little more concerned about the fact that his wallet hasn’t held anything other than the lucky cent coin his cousin gave him as a souvenir from New Zealand since before July, and his account has a strong four thousand won balance in it to last him to the end of September.

It’s currently the eighteenth of August.

Still, he’ll figure something out. Namjoon is practically a genius, according to his academics. He’s got plenty of stable food, and he’s got friends. He can strategically turn up around dinner pretty regularly and Hobi will feed him, he knows from experience. It makes him feel a little shitty, but at the same time, not so shitty he won’t do it.

Namjoon flicks over from googling how much you can get for selling a kidney back to his online banking, hoping that when he refreshes, it’ll say something different.

He blinks.

His phone buzzes- he’s received a message- but he’s too busy staring at his account.
It’s meant to say four thousand won. He knows it’s meant to say four thousand won.

It doesn’t.

It says 11,277,000.00 won. He’s got 11,277,000.00 won in his account.

His phone buzzes again, but Namjoon is busy panicking. It must have been an incorrect deposit. Some guy was buying a second hand car and accidentally sent it to Namjoon instead of his dealership. Or, some chaebol was sending his girlfriend a gift and typed the wrong account number because he was drunk, and it went to Namjoon.

What happens if someone sends you money like that? Did you call the bank? Explain it was a mistake?

Namjoon picks up his phone to call the bank, and notices that he has several unread messages, all from the same contact.

A contact he’s pretty sure he doesn’t actually have?

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YOONGI (17:32): fine, i’ll wait

Namjoon blinks, and unlocks his phone. The number that the messages are coming from isn’t familiar, and usually he’d dismiss them as spam, but...he has notice the change in his finances.

SELF (17:35): yeah, i’ve noticed. Did you accidentally transfer me some money? I can send it back, I’m so sorry!
YOONGI (17:35): it wasn’t an accident. I’m genuinely concerned about your living habits. Did you know that you’ve spent over 100,000 won on music equipment this month and only a quarter that amount on food and transport combined?
SELF (17:36): how do you know that?? And also yes and its fine i have my priorities totally in
order, mysterious benefactor

YOONGI (17:37): I’m not having this conversation right now. Go eat a vegetable and get more
than 3 hours of sleep and I’ll message you later

SELF (17:39): how do you know how much i’ve slept?

YOONGI (17:39): You logged six hours in a PC bang and bought three six packs of red bull
yesterday. Also, your student account advised you that you have a final project due in less than
three days.

SELF (17:42): how do you know that???

YOONGI (17:44): I am your God now. Go to sleep, Namjoon.

Namjoon blinks at his phone, and puts it down. Maybe the crazy phone number had some good
points. He’s not sure the last time he actually saw his bed under all the papers, and he had enough
problems without adding sleep deprivation hallucinations to the mix.

The bank account balance is probably part of that problem.

Mind decided, Namjoon nods, and passes out on top of his books.

YOONGI (17:46): Hey, fuck face. You forgot to logout of you internet banking. You know this is
how identity theft happens, right?

YOONGI (17:48): I’ll log out for you, but only this once. After this, you deserve any identity theft
that happens to you.
You owe Yoongi: 911,277,000.00 won

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

When Namjoon stops responding, Yoongi assumes he's gone to sleep.

He's not sure, though, and with Namjoon's abominable security, it takes Yoongi about twenty seconds to hack his laptop and turn on the webcam. It's angled pretty conveniently, and he's got a view of Namjoon, face down in a pile of papers on top of his beat up futon. It's blurry, just the edge of his arm, his ear, and part of his hair, but it's enough to know he's there. Yoongi nods, moving the tab with the camera aside, and gets back to work.

Every so often, in between taunting idiot competitors, stealing outrageous amounts of money, and making the banking system think he is Adelaide Florentine, aged expatriate who wants to take out a new home loan, he finds himself clicking back over to the camera occasionally. It's not in a creepy way, he's not, like, staring at Namjoon sleeping and imagining kissing him or some shit. It's just reassuring, seeing someone else living their life, doing their people stuff. Yoongi gets kind of lonely, living life the way he does. Not enough to actually change anything, but enough that the occasionally glance at Namjoon's pixellated face is kind of comforting, in a weird way. He feels kind of responsible for the kid.

It's the work of thirty minutes to finish clearing up Namjoon's finances. It's kind of fun, though, the reverse of what he normally does. He clears bad credit, pays off loans and sets up recurring direct debits to deal with his expenses. He orders fresh food- Namjoon's grocery bills are terrifyingly small, because he hasn't so much as licked a fresh vegetable in the last eight months, and Yoongi's sure he's eighty five percent sodium at this point, with the amount of shelf stable meals he bulk buys.

It's not a challenge- it feels more like the kind of contented feeling he gets after he does his semi-annual clean. He feels accomplished, like he's looking after something. Someone. He kind of wants to keep doing it.

Yoongi shakes his head and goes back to work.

After a few hours, Namjoon gets up, and starts doing other life things. He vacuums his little studio apartment, laptop plugged in to play music, and he makes the saddest sandwich Yoongi's ever seen- bread, which he butters, then scrapes most of the butter off to put back in the container for later.

Yoongi remembers being that broke. It's not a good feeling, and Yoongi hadn't had hundreds of millions of won worth of debt hanging over his head, too.

He shakes his head, clicking out of the tab, and then frowns. Actually- there's a better way to manage this. A more streamlined way, that requires less clicking around.

It takes Yoongi a little while to find what he's looking for. He's not the most organised guy, and he put away his spare monitor months ago, after he picked up the new screen, and it's been buried beneath layers of laundry and styrofoam packing. He ends up finding it under a coat Seokjin gave him for his last birthday, behind an empty aquarium. Plugging it in is a little strange, because most
computing systems are not set up to have four monitors, especially if he wants one isolated, but he figures it out pretty quickly. Yoongi is good at computers. He's always been good at computers, and because computers are what got him out of the situation that Namjoon is currently in, he's put a lot of time and effort into making sure he doesn't rest on his laurels. That he keeps learning. Anyway, he plugs the monitor in, moves Namjoon's web cam over to the little fifteen centimetre monitor, and goes about his day, occasionally checking on Namjoon just to make sure he hasn't set the kitchen on fire or choked on his bread sandwich or something.

It's soothing. A little like watching fish in a tank.

God, this is probably creepy, isn't it? He knows it's creepy, he doesn't really have to ask that question. You don't spy on people like this. It'd be different if Namjoon had agreed, was aware that Yoongi was checking in on him, but as it was...

They'd had a three minute conversation which Namjoon had spent the majority of being the human incarnation of a question mark, and Yoongi has all the power here. He's got the money, he's got the information, he's got the live feed of Namjoon trying to fix a toaster by sticking a knife in it-

Oh fuck.

Namjoon's phone buzzes just as he's about to reach the stupid wire that keeps coming loose. He kind of wants to ignore it, but the last time he ignored a message, he almost had a heart attack about his finances, so he puts down the toaster and goes over to where his phone is plugged into the wall.

It's that same unknown contact. Yoongi. It's a very normal name for such an abnormal situation.

YOONGI (20:00): Don't die before we get a chance to talk.

SELF (20:00): haha what

YOONGI (20:01): you spent 300,000,000 won on an education and you can't read?

SELF (20:01): i can read, i just can't comprehend.

SELF (20:01): what do you mean?

YOONGI (20:02): I mean what kind of genius sticks a knife in a toaster?

SELF (20:02): what

Namjoon drops his phone and looks around, searching for someone else in his room, before slowly looking back down at his phone.

YOONGI (20:03): there's someone behind you...

Namjoon practically falls off his bed, he spins around so fast, but there's just blank wall behind him. His heart is racing, and he presses a hand to his chest and takes a couple of deep breaths before going back to the phone.

YOONGI (20:04): haha i'm just fucking with you i hacked your laptop camera
SELF (20:04): WHAT THE FUCK DUDE

YOONGI (20:04): what can i say im a comedian

SELF (20:05): YOU'RE AN ASSHOLE

YOONGI (20:06): that's not a nice thing to say to the dude who's paying your rent

He sighs and runs a hand over his hair, trying to calm down. Paying his rent? Namjoon hasn't paid his rent in almost two months. The only thing keeping him off the street is the fact that he looks a bit like the landlady's grandson, and she's weak to his sad face.

SELF (20:06): you paid my rent?

YOONGI (20:07): and your back charges. and your phone bill.

What the actual fuck is going on? How did this dude find him? Why did this dude find him? Is he expecting something in return for his money? He must be. Nobody just does things like this.

SELF (20:07): why are you doing this

YOONGI (20:08): im rich and bored and in need of a hobby

SELF (20:08): and im a hobby?

YOONGI (20:09): yeah, pretty much.

SELF (20:09): why should i go along with this? why did you hack my computer? how did you hack my computer??

YOONGI (20:10): 1, you're broke and on the edge of a nervous breakdown about your finances, 2, i'm a hacker, 3, see 2.

SELF (20:10): i'm...not sure what to do with that information...

YOONGI (20:11): go get your laptop. I think we need to talk properly.

SELF (20:12): what does that even mean??

YOONGI (20:13): trust me.

Namjoon tentatively picks up his laptop, taking a seat at the table. It turns on seemingly by itself, his username and password typing without his input.

"What the fuck-

The screen's navigating itself, too, clicking on Internet Explorer and installing a different browser, a chat client, a bunch of software with names he doesn't recognise. In the course of a few minutes,
it's barely recognisable, save that his desktop background hasn't changed.

The chat client has opened itself, connected to the camera, called a string of random digits- UserID #24883SU - who picks up immediately.

The screen is blank, except for the little picture in picture of Namjoon, and a chat box pops up.

YOONGI: you look fine, stop worrying

"Can you...hear me?" Namjoon asks. He hadn't actually been worrying about that, not with the sudden invasion of all his privacy and personal information, but now he kind of wants to check if his hair looks dumb. It's not a priority, but it's there, now. Thanks, Yoongi.

YOONGI: yeah. you can't see me?

"No." Namjoon says, squinting at the screen. No, it's completely blank, except for the chat box. Yoongi could be a fourteen year old Russian girl, or a sixty year old Cuban man, and he'd have no idea. He'd be impressed by their very solid grasp of Korean, but it could still happen.

YOONGI: perfect. So I'm guessing you have questions about the hacker thing?

"So you're a criminal?" Namjoon asks, and the three little dots flash up on the screen. Yoongi is typing. There really is someone else on the other end of these mysterious messages. Someone who wants to talk to Namjoon and pay all his debts, apparently. That's still weird.

YOONGI: Yeah, genius. I just said that.

"Shouldn't I call the police?" Namjoon thinks aloud. Yoongi's kind of sarcastic, and Namjoon finds himself warming to the mystery person. They're mean, but in a funny way. It's the kind of humour that Namjoon enjoys, but never actually goes to unleash on people outside the stage- he prefers to be kind, when he can. He tries to be thoughtful. Kind and thoughtful is clearly not Yoongi's priority.

YOONGI: I mean, you could do that. Or, hear me out

"I'm listening."

YOONGI: ...you could not.

"Is that your whole argument?" Namjoon asks, raising an eyebrow.

YOONGI: No.

His computer screen continues to navigate itself, clicking through to his banking statement, and highlights a rent payment, several paid bills, and an online grocery order, none of which Namjoon remembers making. For one thing, apparently he's buying a fresh pineapple. He's not even sure how you eat a fresh pineapple.

YOONGI: My argument is that you clearly aren't managing on your own.

"Harsh. I think I'm doing okay-"
YOONGI: 'okay' doesn't involve nearly this much instant ramen. Look, are you unhappy with what's happened to you?

Namjoon frowns, thinking. It was nice knowing he would be able to go to the grocery store tonight and not count every won to make sure his card clears, and it was a relief not to panic about whether he would be able to afford to pay his electricity bill.

"Not...really. I guess." Namjoon knows he sounds a little reluctant, but honestly, who wouldn't be. He doesn't want to look this gift horse in the mouth, but he's half convinced the horse has razor sharp teeth and is just waiting for him to let his guard down so it can bite him to death and eat his corpse.

In this metaphor, Yoongi is the cannibal horse, and Namjoon's life is the corpse.

YOONGI: It's not like we're ever going to meet, and I'm not going to ask you for anything in return. It doesn't matter to me.

"Then what do you get out of this?" Namjoon presses, and again, the little three dots pop up. Yoongi keeps typing, then deleting, then typing again, until finally:

YOONGI: Have you ever had fish?

"No?" Namjoon's only ever had a dog, and he'd had to leave him back in Ilsan when he moved up to Seoul a few years ago. Now they only see each other on holidays, and he's pretty sure Monie doesn't love him anymore. It's fine. He has Jimin, who has a very similar temperament to a puppy, and doesn't shed nearly as much.

YOONGI: Okay. Well, with tropical fish, it's a whole event. You have to keep the tank maintained, monitor the pH and salinity, make sure they get the right food.

"Okay?"

YOONGI: And if you do all that correctly, you get to watch the fish doing their fish thing, and it's calming.

"I don't think I follow." Namjoon admits.

YOONGI: Let me put this another way. Have you ever played the Sims? When you have to balance all their needs and make sure that they can get to work and school on time?

"...Are you saying I'm your game of the Sims?" Namjoon asks incredulously, and Yoongi types LOLOLOLOLOL. "I'm not sure how I feel about that."

YOONGI: Do you feel like you don't have any student debt anymore? Because you don't have any student debt anymore.

"Holy fuck, really?" Namjoon's jaw actually drops, and he grabs his laptop, logging into his university portal and heading for the finance section. Yoongi's weird chat window pops up over the top, but doesn't get in the way of his navigation.

YOONGI: When I take responsibility for something, I don't half-ass it.
"I'm your responsibility?" Namjoon asks. That doesn't sound quite right. That's not the essence of this relationship, Namjoon can already tell.

YOONGI: ...Unless you'd like me to put it back?

Namjoon has to think about it. Should he really put his faith into a mysterious hacker who keeps paying his bills for him and compares him to tropical fish?

"...No. Don't put it back."

YOONGI: I'm glad we agree on this.

Namjoon frowns, thinking. He's actually considering this, and it seems fucking stupid. It is fucking stupid, but he's desperate. He's tried everything short of selling organs and sex work, and this seems like a free ride. Yoongi got rid of his debt. All of his debt. That...it feels like he owes him- him? her? them? There are far more than just two possible identities, and he should know better than to assume, even if Yoongi is a pretty masculine name- a chance, at least.

If all he wants is company, then Namjoon can do that. It's not like he has a thriving social life, with his grand total of three friends.

"I'm not sure if I agree yet. I don't know why you would spend this much money on me, and I don't... trust you."

YOONGI: tank maintenance.

"It's just. Really strange, you know? I don't know anything about you."

YOONGI: I know. Tell you what. I'll leave you alone for a few days. Talk to your friends. Spend a little money. We'll call it a gift, for now.

"Only for now?"

YOONGI: in the future, it would be an investment.

Namjoon sucks his lip between his teeth, nibbling. That sounded foreboding. An investment in what? Why? This still made no sense, and, well, Yoongi was right, whoever he was.

He did want to talk about it with his friends.

YOONGI: but if you tell them who i am, i'll never contact you again. take that as a threat or a promise. whichever you'd like.

"I can't tell them anything but a first name? You're kind of paranoid."

YOONGI: As you said earlier, I'm a criminal. I guess I can give you a bit more. 23 / M/ Seoul.

"Did you just ASL me?"

YOONGI: i'll talk to you on monday, namjoon. if you want to talk earlier, i'm always around.
The chat client closes itself, and Namjoon stares blankly at the screen for a moment.

"What the fuck."

He shakes his head and stands up, heading for the toaster again.

His phone, seemingly on its own, plays a recording of someone saying 'No!' in a tone like an owner telling off a dog, and he jumps. The voice is fairly deep, a man's voice, but it's got a playful tone under the sternness. Clearly Yoongi has stolen a recording from online.

"Fine! Fine, I'll leave the toaster alone!"

'Good boy.' his phone says, in the same voice, which is now warm, a little softer, and Namjoon huffs, his face going warm and prickly.

"But I just want you to know, that knife is plastic, and I've used it to fix the toaster multiple times."

The 'no' clip plays again, and Namjoon throws himself down into a chair, pulling on his shoes. He needs advice.

He needs Hoseok and Jimin.

Luckily, Namjoon's best friends live together. He's never really got the story of how Hoseok and Jimin fell in together- he thinks it might have something to do with Hoseok's quote 'dark and troubled past' unquote, but they've known each other longer than Namjoon has known either of them, and their apartment is a sanctuary.

When he arrives at the loft, the first thing he sees is Jimin, sitting on the outside edge of the balcony, outside the railing, eating cereal out of a mug.

"Hey, Jiminnie!" he calls up, waving, and Jimin grins.

"Namjoonie-hyung! Hobi-hyung, you were right! He's here!" He scrambles up, hopping the railing and dashing into the apartment proper, and Namjoon heads up the stairs to meet him at the front door.

Just as he arrives, Jimin throws the door open and stands there, directly in the frame, looking at Namjoon expectantly. Namjoon ducks his head to hide his smile, and pulls him into a hug.

"What do you mean, Hobi was right?"

"It happens sometimes!" Hobi calls out from deeper in the apartment, and Jimin laughs, stepping out of the way so Namjoon can come in and take off his shoes. Their apartment is nice- a big, single story two bedroom with wood floors and a lot of plants. Hoseok and Jimin both work two jobs, and their home reflects the extra disposable income.

"Hobi said that we'd probably see you around dinner time, because it's that time of the month."

"What time of the month is that?"
"Right before you get your financial aid," Hoseok says, looking up from where he's plating up Indian take-away. "I ordered some extra, you're taking it home with you."

Namjoon laughs, a little strained, and takes a seat on the couch next to his friend, Jimin perching on the couch arm and stealing a samosa to snack on. "I'm, uh, I'm actually okay, financially."

Hoseok tilts his head to one side and leans in, grabbing him under the chin.

"Ow!"

"Tell the truuuuuth-" Hoseok pinches the skin he's already grabbed, shaking him a little, and Namjoon retreats lower into the couch, trying to get away.

"I'm fine!"

"The truuuuuuuuuth!" Hoseok follows him, shouting in his ear, and Namjoon falls flat against the cushions.

"I am! I am, that's why I'm here!" Namjoon says, batting at Hoseok's hands. "Something weird happened, and I want your opinion!"

"Something weird?" Hoseok asks, now mostly on top of Namjoon. He props himself up on Namjoon's chest, and Jimin passes him a samosa too. "Go on."

"I. uh." Namjoon tries to think of a way to phrase this that won't break Yoongi's rule. "I was online."

"Racy," Jimin says, breaking off a piece of samosa and feeding it to Namjoon. "Go on."

"And, just, by happenstance, I ended up talking to this guy." Namjoon says, "or I mean, he approached me. I kind of wasn't expecting it."

"Is he hot?" Jimin asks.

"I don't know, he's online?"

"So it's not a gay panic moment," Hoseok says wisely, nodding. "What's the problem."

"Uh. He kind of. Offered to pay me a lot of money if I would let him...like. Hang out? Kind of. Not hang out. He wants to..." Namjoon feels himself flush, but he hasn't got a better way to explain it, "watch me."

"Like, watch you have sex?"

"No, just. When I'm around. He wants to talk to me and spend time with me, I guess?" Namjoon wriggles under Hoseok's weight, "He gave me a bunch of money already, and he's said he'll give me until Monday to make up my mind."

"That's a sugar daddy," Jimin says, feeding him some more samosa. "You got a sugar daddy by hanging around on...where, exactly?"

"Uh." Namjoon blinks. He had not considered this part of the lie, and blurts out the first website he
"Soundcloud?

"Is he a bad rapper, and he's paying you to listen to his mixtape?" Hoseok asks, and Namjoon shakes his head.

"He said it's like looking after fish. That you look after them, and you get to see them going about in their lives and it's soothing?"

"Like looking after fish?" Jimin raises an eyebrow, "That's weird. This guy's weird."

"He's a sugar daddy," Hoseok says, waving a hand, "they're always weird. Otherwise they wouldn't be into sugaring. More importantly, Joon-ah, do you think you're going to do it?"

"I...don't know?" Namjoon says, after a moment's thought. "Mostly what's weirding me out is that he approached me out of the blue. It's not like I was taking suggestive selcas and posting them on twitter with the caption 'please someone buy me some fresh pineapple', he just...came up to me- figuratively speaking- and was like 'hey let me take on your student debt, pay your rent, and tell you to go to sleep on time'. That's weird, right?"

"It's pretty weird," Jimin nods, "but, and this is important, did he know what you look like?"

"What?"

"Like, did you post a photo, or were you using your usual ID photo or your name, or something like that?"

"I'm not sure. Why?"

"Because if he saw you, he might have just been like 'oh, damn, that boy's adorable. I want to buy him fresh pineapple and have him fall asleep in my arms'. Why fresh pineapple, by the way?"

"He put in an online grocery order for me, because he said he was worried about how I eat."

"I worry about how you eat," Hoseok interjects, "but I would never buy you a fresh pineapple."

"Well, he doesn't know how inept I am in the kitchen," Namjoon says. "He may think I can prepare fresh pineapple."

"That does not sound like a real phrase anymore," Jimin says, as he picks off another corner and puts it in Namjoon's mouth.

"Has he done anything that creeps you out?"

Namjoon thinks. "Kind of?" Spying on someone through their webcam was fucking weird. Contacting someone out of the blue like that was weird. Namjoon is kind of creeped out by Yoongi.

"Ah, the real question! How much money did he give you?"

Namjoon names the figure.

"...Does he want a second sugar baby?" Jimin asks.
"Or a third? We can all be sugar babies, it'll be great." Hoseok says. "That's a hell of a lot of money, Joon-ah."

"I know," Namjoon says miserably, "I'm just not sure if it's worth it."

"Well, if it isn't, just ghost him," Jimin shrugs.

"I don't think I could? He's some kind of IT super genius, I think. That's what it sounded like, anyway." Namjoon shrugs, and Hoseok lets him sit up. "I don't think my 'delete my facebook friends and move towns' strategy will work."

"I guess it comes down to two things, then-" Hoseok sits up with him, and ticks his points off on his fingers. "One. Are you interested in the relationship he's describing?"

"...Kind of? I don't mind it."

"Two, are you more scared than you are interested?"

"I'm really not sure. The idea of someone having control over me like that is...weird." Namjoon allows, as Hoseok passes him a plate full of curry and rice.

"Are you scared because you're interested?" Jimin asks, as he digs into his own plate of food.

"What?"

"I know you, Namjoonie-hyung. You get in your own head about things, and psych yourself out. Is there a downside to letting this guy give you money, attention, and fresh fruit?"

"...I mean, he gets to know a lot about me. I get the feeling he'll want a lot of updates, to know what I'm doing and where I am."

"If you do go ahead with this, be careful about that," Hoseok says, "that kind of relationship can turn bad really easily. Make sure you set your limits, and set them firmly." He gestures with his chopsticks, "People with power don't like being told no."

"Nobody likes being told no," Jimin agrees, snuggling into Namjoon's side. "Me, for example. Never tell me no."

"I find it hard to believe anyone does tell you no," Namjoon says, leaning over and pinching his cheek. "But you're right. I would need to set limits."

"And find out what he wants before you agree. Lay it all out. Is it a sexy thing? Is it a watching you like a fish thing? Is it a sexy fish watching thing?" Hoseok continues, "because you don't want him turning around and accusing you of fraud. The law is very rarely on the side of sex workers in these sorts of cases."

"I'm not a sex worker," Namjoon says, and then frowns. "Am I?"

"That's up to you and fish-guy, I guess," Hoseok shrugs. "If you do this, though, you better take me and Jiminnie out for dinner. We've fed you so many times, we deserve steak."
"We really do," Jimin agrees, and Namjoon rubs at his mouth thoughtfully.

There's a lot to consider, in agreeing to this. In agreeing to Yoongi. As Hoseok pointed out, he needs more information, and they need to talk seriously, without Namjoon on the back foot trying to keep up with Yoongi throwing his money around.

He puts it out of his mind for now, spends the rest of the night watching Knowing Brothers with Jimin and Hoseok, drinking their beer and wrestling Hoseok for the bottle opener- Jimin was banned from wrestling after that time he put Namjoon in a headlock with his thighs and then claimed it was 'reflex'.

It's a good evening, and when he shrugs into his jacket, it's late enough that it's early, he's warm from beer and good company, and he's loose and comfortable enough that when Jimin goes to kiss him goodnight, he doesn't stop it.

"Aw, Namjoonie," Hoseok croons, over Jimin's shoulder, "walk home safe, okay? Text us when you get there, so we know you didn't pass out in an alley."

"I would never," Namjoon says.

"You've done it three times in the last year," Jimin reminds him.

"I would, very probably," Namjoon corrects himself, and Hoseok laughs.

"We love you, hyung," Jimin says, turning him around, towards the stairs, and sends him off with a smack on the ass.

“Make good decisions!” Hoseok calls after him as he waves goodbye.

“No!”

“Make bad decisions!” Jimin calls, and Namjoon gives him a drunken thumbs up, staggering off down the stairs.

“Do you think Namjoonie-hyung is going to get murdered by a man wearing a fish costume?” Jimin asks, looping an arm around Hoseok and leaning his head on his shoulder.

“Oh, definitely,” Hoseok nods, “but hopefully we’ll get interviewed by the news about it, and some big celebrity will spot us on TV and sign us on the spot.”

“We should practice our pretty crying faces, then,” Jimin says, and Hoseok hums in agreement, watching Namjoon disappear into the darkness.

“Godspeed, drunken sugar baby. Don’t die before we know how hot your fish-man is.”

Chapter End Notes

Still working on the last chapter of Instant Justice, so in the mean time, have some more shenanigans. If you enjoy my work, come hang out with me @runchrandom on twitter. We have a
good time over there.
You owe Yoongi: 911,277,000.00 won, a toaster, and a new jacket

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Yoongi goes about his weekend as normal, with the addition of the new monitor, and Namjoon still hasn’t moved or rearranged the camera, which seems weird. In fact, he’s picked up a habit that Yoongi...hesitates to call cute, but, well. It’s pretty fucking cute.

In the morning, when he’s up and showered and dressed in whatever he’s wearing for the day, he comes over to the camera and like...poses. He throws up a peace sign, or does loving fingers, and does a little spin so Yoongi can see his outfit. Yoongi’s taken to sending back a thumbs up emoji if he likes it, which he may exaggerating about, because Namjoon dresses like he was rolled through a thrift shop donation pile and then decided to make it shabbier. Yoongi’s more into all black, so he tends to approve of Namjoon’s more sedate looks. He still feels creepy, looking in on the kid and his life, but he’s just… it’s nice. Yoongi likes it. He feels more productive, gets more work done, when he can look in and see Namjoon working on his music, or putting away the groceries that Yoongi ordered for him, or even napping. It’s cute, he sleeps with his mouth open like a kid, but he’s also clearly cold, from the way he curls in on himself.

Before Yoongi can really think about it, he finds himself on G-Market, picking out a warm blanket and paying extra for overnight delivery. It’s fluffy, blue and white striped, and he thinks Namjoon will like it. He seems to like cute things, from the Kakao character merchandise he has scattered around.

So, Yoongi cleans out a few bank accounts, thinks about Namjoon wrapping himself up, warm and cozy in a blanket Yoongi picked out, and feels like a creep.

Not enough to stop, but, you know.

He does know he’s being creepy. He promised to give Namjoon this weekend to think about his feelings, and he hasn’t initiated any contact, but he’s not sure if that’s enough. Maybe he should talk to someone about this, get an outside opinion, like Namjoon has?

Yoongi thinks about his options. He has Seokjin, the 080-PSYCHIC number, and Jungkook.

Honestly, of the three, he’s most likely to get useful advice out of the psychic number.
Still, it might be worth a try. He digs up a couple of old burners- first generation androids, nice and anonymous- and pulls out his address book. Yes, he has an address book. Any hacker worth their salt will tell you that the only safe information is information that isn’t accessible digitally.

Yoongi’s address book is a battered old thing covered in cheap black leather look plastic- he’s had it for years, adding more contacts, more information, more blackmail on those contacts he needed but didn’t like, but the first name in the book is the same despite the passing years.

Neat, red block letters- Kim Seokjin-hyung - followed by a phone number, an email that Yoongi himself has secured, and a heart.

PHONE 130611: hey hyung I did something fucking stupid
SEOKJINNIE-HYUNG: ok not to worry just hide the body for now and hyung will sort it when he gets home from Brazil <3
PHONE 130611: I didn’t kill anyone what the fuck
SEOKJINNIE-HYUNG: well excuse me for caring what did you do then
PHONE 130611: I think I might be stalking someone

Yoongi looks down at the phone, and frowns. When had Seokjin changed his contact name? It has to have been Seokjin, because only Seokjin, Jungkook, and the chicken delivery guy know where Yoongi lives, and the latter two were unlikely to go fucking around with Yoongi’s phone filters.

SEOKJINNIE-HYUNG: think? You either are or you aren’t
PHONE 130611: well. I mean I stole his identity first.
SEOKJINNIE-HYUNG: Jesus you’re like a horror movie plot
PHONE 130611: so what do I do?
SEOKJINNIE-HYUNG: be less creepy??
PHONE 130611: yeah I mean I would but I honestly think this kid might die without my intervention?
SEOKJINNIE-HYUNG: yeah and he’s going to die when you snap, kill him, and start wearing his skin as a mask what the actual fuck kid
PHONE 130611: hyung I’m serious, I want to do this properly
SEOKJINNIE-HYUNG: do this properly?? Are you going to ask him out or something?
PHONE 130611: No! Don’t be stupid
PHONE 130611: I don’t want to ask him out.
PHONE 130611: I just want to look after him and give him everything he needs and hear about his day and comfort him when he’s sad
PHONE 130611: hyung?
PHONE 130611: hyung did I lose signal you aren’t replying
PHONE 130611: fine bitch i didn’t need your help anyway
SEOKJINNIE-HYUNG: yoongi...are you....having an emotion?
PHONE 130611: emotions are for losers
SEOKJINNIE-HYUNG: i think you want to be his boyfriend??
PHONE 130611: hahahahahaha alright thanks for the useless advice i guess
SEOKJINNIE-HYUNG: i’m so proud my baby’s growing up don’t forget to use protection when you fuck your stalking victim
PHONE 130611: i’m sending all your money to RAINN, have fun trying to get home from Brazil without a passport

Yoongi closes the phone and throws it back into the drawer full of burners, then picks up the other phone, typing in Jungkook’s number.

PHONE 211582: hey kid
PHONE 211582: kid
PHONE 211582: hey brat
PHONE 211582: answer your fucking phone
PHONE 211582: oh for fuck’s sake
BRAT: Sorry, I can’t come to the phone right now!
PHONE 211582: i don’t even get a personalised rejection text you little shit??
BRAT: Sorry, I can’t come to the phone right now!
PHONE 211582: Honestly, I don’t know what I expected.

He knows what he expected. This, pretty much. Jungkook always answers his texts three days late, and Seokjin is as deluded as ever.
Boyfriend.

What a fucking joke.

He glances over to check on Namjoon, who is standing at the counter, head bobbing to some music as he pokes a whole pineapple curiously. He’s holding a cleaver, and appears to be wearing washing up gloves.

Honestly, Yoongi thinks he’s probably right to be concerned.

He goes back to work- he’s got commissions to fill, and freelance work waits for nobody. After a few hours, the growling of his stomach refuses to be ignored, so he peels himself out of his chair and walks to the kitchen on wobbly legs to make himself three bowls of instant ramen, which he then consumes hunched over the counter like some kind of hideous ramen gremlin. Body sated, he grabs a few cans of energy drink, and heads back to the computer.

Then, he gets a message on one of his burner phone connections.

KIM NAMJOON (M, 23) : hey so i think youre right i think we should talk??

Phone 28881667: Sure. Now?

KIM NAMJOON (M, 23) : yeah if you arent busy?

Phone 28881667: i can make time for you

Yoongi winces. That sounds stupid. He sounds like he’s flirting, and that is not the point of this exercise. The point of this exercise is that dumb warm feeling he had in his chest after he did the first round of fixing up Kim Namjoon’s life. He doesn’t even really like people like that. He hasn’t ever liked people like that. He shakes his head and pops the first can of energy drink open, taking a long drink.

KIM NAMJOON (M, 23) : thanks...anyway, i feel like if this is what you want to do, we need to establish some ground rules

Phone 28881667: That’s a good idea. What we’re both expecting, our motivations, that kind of thing?
Yoongi smiles. It’s good that Namjoon brought it up. It makes Yoongi less of the instigator, makes it feel a little more equal. That’s good. That’s what he wants. Partially, at least—equal, but not too equal, he thinks absently, he kind of…likes it. Likes having Namjoon on his toes, unsure which way he wants to jump, what he owes Yoongi.

Phone 28881667: go on, then.
KIM NAMJOON (M, 23) : right. so what do you want
KIM NAMJOON (M, 23) : honestly

Yoongi pauses to think. Honestly? There’s no point in being dishonest here, but Namjoon has a point. He might as well put it all on the table.

Phone 28881667: I want to look after you
KIM NAMJOON (M, 23) : but what does that mean???

Phone 28881667: I’ll pay your bills, I’ll buy your food, keep you warm and safe and happy. Tuck you into bed and give you a warm glass of milk. What the fuck else would it mean?
KIM NAMJOON (M, 23) : im just saying its not exactly a specific phrase

Phone 28881667: Specifically, I’ll pay for everything you need. Save your own money. What would you want, honestly?

Namjoon takes a few minutes to type, so Yoongi starts setting up a new sock in case the current bank balance manip goes bad, and after a few minutes, he finally hears the chat beep.

KIM NAMJOON (M, 23) : i guess… i’d want to feel like i don’t owe you

Phone 28881667: You don’t. I took it upon myself to do this, that means it’s my responsibility.

KIM NAMJOON (M, 23) : what would you want in return?

Phone 28881667: To see you succeed, generally. Specifically… I’d want to keep a camera active. I’d like to know what you’re doing. I’d like to know that you appreciate my gifts to you.

Yoongi winces. That sounds like a sexy thing, and it’s not like Namjoon isn’t hot, but he hasn’t been thinking of this relationship in that light. It’s not really okay, is it? To come at a sexual
relationship from the point of stealing someone’s identity and forcibly buying them fresh vegetables?

Unless Namjoon’s into that?

Fuck, he knew he should have gone to a psychic for advice rather than listening to Seokjin. Lee Jiwoo would have never done him dirty like this. She would have said some generic words of encouragement, charged him a few thousand won, and he could have gone about his day without all these...emotions.

KIM NAMJOON (M, 23) : i do. so what? some selcas and a few words of appreciation? that’s all?
Phone 28881667: Yeah. Maybe I’d ask you to do a favour every so often. Can you manage it?
KIM NAMJOON (M, 23) : i think so?
Phone 28881667: Yes or no.
KIM NAMJOON (M, 23) : ….yes

Namjoon on the monitor is biting his lip, sitting at his table where the laptop has the best view of him. He looks up at Yoongi through the camera, dark eyes wide and unsure. It’s...uh...it’s pretty fucking cute, really. Is he always going to be this nervous? Yoongi kind of likes it, but at the same time, he likes seeing Namjoon excited, too. He likes the little thrill in his own stomach when he sees Namjoon happy.

He’s so fucking stupid. He’s gotten attached so quickly. This is what happens, Min Yoongi, he thinks to himself, when the only human contact you have is the grocery delivery guy, and then a cute boy falls into your digital lap.

Phone 28881667: great. I bought you a new toaster, you should check your mail.
KIM NAMJOON (M, 23) : thank you!! yoongi? do i call you yoongi?
Phone 28881667: I’m older than you.
KIM NAMJOON (M, 23) : yoongi-hyung

Yoongi feels heat flood his cheeks, and he actually chokes on his energy drink. Fuck, that’s cute too. He wants to hear Namjoon say it for real, in that deep voice of his. Yoongi’s responsible for Namjoon, in a social way. This is practically normal.
This is a really shitty lie, and Yoongi can’t entertain it for longer than a couple of seconds. He shakes his head, and turns back to the chat.

Phone 28881667: yeah, that works. Namjoon.

KIM NAMJOON (M, 23) : ah, no, its ok, i think we’re informal...

Phone 28881667: namjoon-ah

KIM NAMJOON (M, 23) : yeah...

Phone 28881667: nice. now go get your mail before one of your crackhead neighbours steals your new toaster

NAMJOON-AH : ok hyung! <3

Phone 28881667: <3

Namjoon puts down his phone feeling...almost satisfied.

He hasn’t codified things as much as he probably should have, based on his conversation with Hobi and Jimin, but he definitely feels more comfortable. Yoongi seems...lonely. If Namjoon discounts the criminal side of it, if he thinks about how he would have felt if Yoongi had DMed him on twitter, or messaged him on tinder, then he thinks he would be okay with being Yoongi’s.

Yoongi’s...something.

He’s not sure if he’s comfortable labelling it yet, but that’s okay! Baby steps.

He puts down his phone, and heads out to check the front door, aiming a little wave at the laptop camera as he passes it. His computer is currently sitting on his kitchen counter, where it has a view of his bed, stove, and table, although none of them are particularly in frame.

Sure enough, there’s a box sitting on his doorstep, marked with the familiar G-Market labels, but it’s addressed to ‘CUTE IDIOT WHO KEEPS TRYING TO ELECTROCUTE HIMSELF’, which seems kind of rude. Namjoon picks up the box, which seems to large to contain just a toaster, and steps back into his apartment, nodding to the ahjussi from upstairs, who’s passing by with his dog.
Setting the box on the table, he pulls out a knife to slice through the labels, and his phone plays the same forbidding ‘NO!’ from the other day.

SELF: Well, how am I meant to open it then??

YOONGI-HYUNG: with your fucking hands? Like a grown up?

SELF: you’re so mean

YOONGI-HYUNG: i just bought you a bunch of presents, don’t call me mean. be thankful, aish.

SELF: thank you, yoongi-hyung <3

Namjoon puts down his phone before he can see Yoongi’s reaction to the emoji, feeling a little prickly and flushed in the face. Still, he puts down the knife, and obediently picks at the tape with his nails, ‘like a grown up’.

Inside the package, there’s the promised toaster, a thick denim jacket with a fluffy white lining, face wipes, and a bunch of snacks. The toaster is brand new, fancier than Namjoon’s old thrift store find, and he pulls off the packaging, admiring how shiny the metallic casing is.

YOONGI-HYUNG: just dont fucking kill yourself with the toaster ok

SELF: i won’t, i promise

YOONGI-HYUNG: do you like the jacket?

SELF: yeah, it’s cool, just the right size!

YOONGI-HYUNG: selca?

Namjoon bites his lip, sliding the jacket on over his hoodie, and is suddenly stumped. He takes selcas all the time, but, like, how is he meant to pose? Is this a cute pose thing? Just a regular picture like he would send to his friends?

...a sexy pose?

SELF: haha yeah, just a sec gotta make a call!!

Namjoon ducks out onto the street, and places a very important call.
“It’s Jimiiiiiin~!”

“Hey, Jiminie,” Namjoon says, sticking his hands in his pockets. The jacket is really nice, he’s way warmer than he is in his usual jacket, which has been wearing through for the last few months. “I have an important question for you.”

“No, I have no idea what happened to your ex-boyfriend,” Jimin says immediately, and Namjoon blinks.

“What?” Namjoon frowns, “I thought you said Jackson moved back to Hong Kong?”

“No, he totally did, hyung! What’s up?”

“I need to take a selca to send to uh...the fish guy. And I’m not sure what angle to use?”

“I’ll be there in five minutes,” Jimin says, and hang up. Namjoon looks down at the screen, and shrugs. There isn’t much point in trying to dissuade him. He might as well stay outside and look at the scenery- the blossom is just coming in on the trees, and it’s beautiful, all white flowers and bare black branches- and the wind is cold, but with the new jacket insulating him, it’s refreshing rather than freezing, and he hooks his hands over the railing, breathing deeply.

YOONGI-HYUNG: i’ll anticipate it
SELF: haha yeah, sorry, i’m just trying to get a good angle

After a few minutes, Jimin pulls up outside his block on his bicycle, screeching to a halt and running over, dropping the bike at the railing.

“So, hyung! You’re a sugar baby now, huh?”

Namjoon feels himself go bright red.

“Well, I mean. It’s not like he’s. I mean…” he kind of mumbles away into the end of the sentence, and Jimin nods wisely.
“It’s not official.”

“He hasn’t, like. Insinuated anything sexy. It’s like. Platonic sugaring. I’m a sugar buddy, not a sugar baby.”

Jimin raises an eyebrow.

“Do we...want to change that?”

“I don’t know? That’s why I asked for your advice about this,” Namjoon shrugs, “like, how sexy is too sexy?”

“Too sexy? That’s impossible. Shut your blaspheming mouth,” Jimin says, pulling off his backpack and digging through it. “So, hear me out. First stage- eyeliner.”

“Eyeliner? Jiminnie, I’m not sure if this is really what hyung had in mind…”

“You call him hyung?” Jimin’s grin grows even wider, and he emerges with a little black crayon of kohl. “That’s cute. You’re definitely a sugar baby. Okay, hold still, and look up.”

Namjoon is doubtful, but he stills obediently and Jimin comes at him with his make up bag.

“Alright, now, I’m thinking naked, except for the jacket.”

“That’s a hard no.”

“Shirtless, except for the jacket?”

“Still a no.”
“Seductively unbuttoned shirt, bit of a smoulder?”

Namjoon sighs.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you so much for all the lovely feedback! Your comments and bookmarks and kudos mean the world to me, and all your encouragement makes me so excited to write every day! If you want to, come talk to me at runchrandom on twitter, too! I post a lot of au ideas, SNS fic updates, and general silliness.
If you liked the work, please leave a comment!
Have a great day everybody, be good, and stream idol xoxo
When Yoongi wakes up, he's filled with the unreasonable urge to clean.

This happens sometimes- rarely, admittedly- and he tends to try and ride it for as long as possible. He whips the black out curtains open, flooding sunlight into rooms that haven't seen any light since his last cleaning spree, six months ago, and opens all the windows, letting the cold spring air carry the musty, closed up smell away. He puts out a good dozen garbage bags full of old cans and styrofoam containers, cleans the bathroom, changes the sheets. By the time he's done, it's mid afternoon, and his apartment looks like a human lives in it, rather than the bastard child of a professional gamer and a particularly nasty raccoon.

When he sits back down at his desk- his clean, polished desk- with his dinner- that he made, in the kitchen, at a time most people eat dinner- he's concerned.

He usually gets the need to clean right before something bad happens. It's like his brain can tell that shit's going to get stressful, and he won't have the time or inclination to deal with his usual piles of bullshit.

It is concerning, then, that he actually took the filter out of the bathroom and washed it properly to get rid of the dust build up. He hasn’t done a deep clean this intense since the time he and Seokjin had to break Jungkook out of prison.

His first thought is that it’s Namjoon, because Namjoon is the newest addition to his life, the thing most likely to throw him off, but when he goes to check the burner phone he’s assigned to his...person… the only thing there is a good morning selca of Namjoon, all ruffled and sleepy and not even out of bed yet.

Yoongi wants to tuck him back in and cancel all his obligations so he can sleep there too. Namjoon’s new card hasn’t been used yet today- Yoongi’s got it linked so that he gets a text on the same burner if he uses the credit card- so he’s guessing that he literally hasn’t left his bed, despite the fact that it’s almost four o’clock.

Surely there’s only so much trouble Namjoon can get in from bed. Surely it wouldn’t be enough to trigger a proper cleaning spree like this?

Not enough to make Yoongi wash out the fridge, at least. He taps his fingers on the desktop impatiently, and decides to confirm it.
PHONE 76399: hey what are you doing?

JOON-AH: uhhh just lying around. Reading.

JOON-AH: wait is this...

JOON-AH: are we sexting?

JOON-AH: are you about to ask me what i’m wearing?

PHONE 76399: I mean that wasn’t my plan.

Yoongi bites his lip. They’re still in a precarious place. Yoongi did spend the majority of two days just watching him on camera without real permission. He shouldn’t push anything on Namjoon.

JOON-AH: oh ok

PHONE 76399: …

PHONE 76399: what are you wearing?

JOON-AH: that hoodie you sent me, the black one?

Yoongi swallows hard. The hoodie in question is softer than anything, warm and plush, and that means Namjoon is probably all warm and plush and soft himself.

JOON-AH: do you want a picture, hyung?

PHONE 76399: yeah

JOON-AH: okay! <3

Fuck, he looks so soft. Yoongi is soft. Namjoon is still clearly in bed from the tangled sheets around him, and he’s got his tongue between his teeth, winking at the camera as he holds it as far back as possible to get as much of himself in frame as possible. The hoodie is long, skimming his thighs, and Yoongi can see the very edge of a pair of boxers peeking out from under the hem. God, his legs are so long, his skin is practically glowing, pale against the black of the hoodie, and his eyes are just a little hooded, like he’s trying to tell Yoongi to come to bed. To come back to bed, maybe. Like Yoongi had left him there alone, and he wants his attention. Maybe he’d even act out, pout a little, whine that Yoongi is too busy working to look after him properly, and Yoongi would have to… Would have to...

He puts down the phone for a moment to get up and grab a glass of cold water, and he drinks the entire thing in one go, standing over the sink and looking out his window. Outside, he has a great
view of downtown Seoul. It’s completely fucking wasted on him, because Yoongi is busy thinking about Namjoon’s thighs.

JOON-AH: what do you think?

PHONE 76399: You’re cute for a weirdo who stays up until 4am arguing with randoms online about the consequences of colonialism in haiti

JOON-AH: ok but the haitian revolution is a very important part of history, and the way that colonial powers punished them for daring to revolt and succeeding still has a global socio-economic impact even today

PHONE 76399: yeah. Fucking nerd.

JOON-AH: you’re mean, hyung, i was trying to send you a nice photo to say thank you :

PHONE 76399: eh

PHONE 76399: well

PHONE 76399: it is a nice photo

PHONE 76399: you don’t mind if i keep this one?

JOON-AH: not at all!

PHONE 76399: thanks, joon-ah

JOON-AH: anything for you, hyung

Yoongi swallows hard.

Maybe the danger is in the fact that Namjoon is apparently trying to give Yoongi a heart attack before he even reaches thirty.

Namjoon sends another selca, this time just of his face. He’s smiling, dimples deep and eyes in happy crescents, and he’s captioned it ‘just remembered i can order pancakes as delivery?? They bring them to your bed?? Truly we are living in the future’.

This boy is going to kill him.

First, though, Yoongi needs to put in an order for pancake delivery.
Namjoon is starting to get used to having mysterious mail packages every day. Yoongi sends him gifts—sometimes things he needs, sometimes things he wants, sometimes things Yoongi saw on a YouTube ad and decided Namjoon could use—so it’s rare that he wakes up and doesn’t find a box on his doorstep. It’s been a couple of weeks since he agreed to Yoongi’s proposal, and he’s starting to get a little nervous.

Surely the other shoe is going to drop soon. The other shoe, which he suspects will be the size of Seoul, covered in spikes and poison, will crater down into Namjoon and destroy all life like a meteor wiping out the dinosaurs. In this metaphor, his no longer empty bank account and late night conversations with Yoongi about Warren G are the dinosaurs, and he’s still not sure what the shoe is.

Still, it hasn’t come yet, and Namjoon is going to ride this wave while he can. He bends down and picks up the package, noting the label ‘TO: IDIOT WITH NO SHOES’, and bringing it in.

He has shoes. He has perfectly fine shoes, if he wears black socks that match the same black as his sneakers and doesn’t walk through any puddles.

Somehow, he feels like that isn’t going to fly with Yoongi. As he lets himself back into the flat, he drops the box on his kitchen table, and begins picking at the tape holding it shut. It’s weird—he doesn’t mind that Yoongi keeps buying him things. They’ve laid out a few ground rules, Yoongi’s explained that he likes spending money on Namjoon, even produced a credit card for him to use when he’s out— but he feels like Yoongi has a very pedestrian fashion sense. Not that he’s ever seen his …sugar benefactor… but everything he picks for Namjoon seems to be black or grey. Classy, understated, and black or grey.

Namjoon prefers some colour, some interesting shapes and details, but really, they’re free shoes. He won’t complain.

Opening the box, there’s a new pair of sneakers— black, with white stripe detailing, and he sends Yoongi a grateful text, trying on the shoes and sending a picture.

After a few moments, he gets a reply.

YOONGI-HYUNG: good, i don’t want a sugar baby with no toes
SELF: no toes?
YOONGI-HYUNG: you know. Because you’ve frozen them off walking around in that collection of holes you call your shoes
SELF: i don’t think that can actually happen, hyung
YOONGI-HYUNG: do you have proof?

SELF: you can’t prove a negative, that’s unfair

YOONGI-HYUNG: anyway i’m glad they fit. Stop wearing your shitty old shoes, ok?

SELF: i’m keeping them just in case

YOONGI-HYUNG: in case you need to cosplay a homeless man?

SELF: you never know

SELF: ah...hyung

YOONGI-HYUNG: yeah, joon-ah?

SELF: you called me baby just then

SELF: did you mean to?

YOONGI-HYUNG: do you mind?

Namjoon goes kind of pink and hides his face in his hands.

YOONGI-HYUNG: namjoon-ah.

YOONGI-HYUNG: stop being a bitch and answer the question

YOONGI-HYUNG: if you don’t reply I’m hacking your phone- apple’s cyber security is about as well guarded as a house protected by a dead guard dog

SELF: ah

SELF: sorry hyung

SELF: my phone was being weird

YOONGI-HYUNG: I’ll let it slide, even though it definitely wasn’t.

SELF: uh

SELF: yeah, i mean. It’s ok.

SELF: if you like it

There’s a nerve wracking twenty seconds where Namjoon thinks he’s managed to weird out a guy who has, multiple times, compared Namjoon to fish. That’s a special level of weird, to weird out someone that weird.
Weird doesn’t feel like a word anymore, but Namjoon’s phone is buzzing, so at least Yoongi’s reacted. That’s better than waiting.

**YOONGI-HYUNG:** I like it.

**SELF:** ok then i guess we both like it so it’s fine

**YOONGI-HYUNG:** fine, baby

**SELF:** sjkhaskjn

**YOONGI-HYUNG:** did you just have a stroke?

**SELF:** NO IM FINE DONT HACK MY CAMERA

**YOONGI-HYUNG:** ...right, well, i have to work so i can afford to keep you in shoes, so don’t set anything on fire today okay?

**SELF:** i promise nothing

**YOONGI-HYUNG:** good boys get rewards, joon-ah

**SELF:** ... i will not set anything on fire

Namjoon tucks his phone in the pocket of his hoodie. If Yoongi’s working, he won’t get any more conversation out of him. Yoongi is very involved in his work, but he likes it when Namjoon keeps him updated as to his day over snapchat, so he decides that it’s time to drag Hobi out to the Natural History Museum. It’s a hideous day outside, all cold wind and rain, which means it’s the perfect day to not be outside.

He grins to himself, tying his new shoelaces, and slides on a jacket.

Today’s a good day.

Yoongi wakes up to the sound of an email alert. It's a very particular tone, one that he's assigned to only a few contacts- it means that Seokjin (or possibly Jungkook, but that's unlikely) has decided that whatever mess he's in, he actually needs Yoongi's help.

Not 'wants' Yoongi's help- they have a different email for that, a slower, lower priority chain that funnels things through on a half hour delay, but the 'needs' line, that one goes directly to one of Yoongi's secure servers, ignoring all his bouncing protocols, and plays a loud, irritating fanfare from all of Yoongi's devices until he looks at it.

Twenty two phones are now playing 'La Cucaracha' at a truly obnoxious volume, and Yoongi
straightens up quickly- he'd fallen asleep at his desk again, head tilted back against the cushion of his chair, and it takes a moment for his fingers to wake up and start typing.

After a moment, the cheery MIDI beeping cuts off, and Yoongi is listening to a voice message.

"Hey, Yoongi-ah," Seokjin says brightly. His voice sounds a little stressed, though, under the upper class lilt he's speaking with, and in the background, Yoongi can hear the clink of champagne flutes, soft murmuring, and a talented jazz pianist.

The very sound of it gives him hives. He hates high society.

And low society.

Society in general, really.

"I need you to do me a little favour, okay?" Seokjin pauses, like he's listening to a reply. Clearly /somebody/ is listening in on him, so he's playing the conversation. Seokjin's laugh squeaks in his ears. "No, just a little favour. Could you drop by auntie's and pick up my cat?"

Yoongi hums, picking at yesterday's take out, which he'd left on his desk for exactly this purpose. So, Seokjin needs a clean identity. That's not unusual, but it's strange that he needs it on such short notice.

"I've been having a lovely time on the cruise, it's exactly what I needed," Seokjin continues, "especially after that business at New Year's."

Yoongi drops his chopsticks.

Well.

Fuck.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you so much for all your lovely comments! Your feedback means the world to me, and encourages me to keep writing even when I'm feeling down or uninterested. Come chat with me at runchrandom on twitter, too! If you liked the chapter, leave a comment. I love you all have a great day and don't forget to stream idol
You owe Yoongi: 911,277,000.00 won, a toaster, a jacket, a hoodie, a credit card, pancakes, new shoes, and a provocative selca

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

One night, a few years back, when Seokjin and Jungkook had finally managed to insinuate themselves into Yoongi's life deeply enough that they were actually allowed into his apartment, Seokjin had turned up at his door with two bottles of wine, Jungkook, and a lot of take away Chinese. After some perfunctory grumbling- just enough to dissuade them from doing this regularly, but not so much that they'll leave, because Yoongi's actually pretty bored and there's only so much Eve Online one man can play before it starts to move beyond hobby and into terrifying obsession- he lets them in.

They settle on the couch. They drink all the wine. They eat all the food. They talk about crime, and wine, and food, and videogames, and Seokjin decides that they should come with a series of intricate codes in case one of them is ever in trouble, and can't say anything outright.

"Like, for example!" he says, gesturing with the mostly empty bottle of rose, "Say I'm at work, and I need Yoongi-yah to make me a clean identity, I could call him and say...say..."

"You need him to pick up your dry cleaning," Jungkook suggests. He isn't quite as drunk as Seokjin or Yoongi, who took a bottle of wine each, but he's a little tipsy. He's been drinking mixed beer and sprite most of the evening, just enough to let him keep pace without knocking out.

"No, that's a little on the nose," Yoongi says. He's lying on the floor, eyes shut and hands knit over his stomach, stretched out with his head pillows on Seokjin's bony feet. Jungkook is leaning on Yoongi's bent knees, while Seokjin sits on the couch like a normal human being. "You want something weirder, but not so weird that it'll stick out. People notice weird."

"You're paranoid," Jungkook huffs, and Yoongi kicks him.

"Disrespectful!"

Jungkook yelps, but Seokjin is nodding.

"You've got a point. What would be a good code, then?"

"I don't know...say you need me to pick up your cat or something."

"Oh, and if I say pick up my dog, you know I need my place scorched!"

"That's good."

"If I say I'm meeting my girlfriend later, though..." Jungkook says, "then that would mean-"

"That you're finally blossoming into an adult, with urges?" Seokjin asks, and laughs loudly.

Yoongi laughs too. When you're drunk, Seokjin's stupid squeaky laugh is very contagious.
"You're assholes." Jungkook says, crossing his arms, and Seokjin pokes him. He's not actually mad, his pout is twitchy like he's going to start smiling, and Yoongi leans up to hook an arm over him, putting his chin in Jungkook's neck.

"Have another drink, Jungkookie," Yoongi drawls, taking another drink himself.

"Nah, but a girlfriend...maybe that would be, like, get my shit for me? No! It's a go to ground, I'm gonna disappear for a while, don't worry about me!" Seokjin says, nodding to himself in satisfaction.

"If you mention the colour purple, the mafia are involved."

"Wait, which mafia?"

"Any mafia," Yoongi clarifies, "it's an important thing to know."

"What about when things really go to shit? Like, a panic button type of code," Jungkook suggests. "A drop everything, shit's going down kind of code."

"That's a good idea," Yoongi says, and passes Jungkook the wine as a reward. "It would have solved us a lot of trouble with the Russian mob last year, right, Jin-hyung? What kind of code, though?"

"Fucking Russians," Jin says bitterly, taking another swig of rose. Classy as always, they're drinking straight from the bottles, while Jungkook's mixed drink is in a fishbowl sized margarita glass. Yoongi's not sure when he picked that up, but it's come in handy more often than one would think a fishbowl sized margarita glass would.

"It's got to be something that won't sound out of place, but won't be something we'd normally say," Jungkook ponders, and Seokjin nods.

"Something distinct, but not unusual."

"How about referring to last New Year's?" Yoongi suggests, "It sounds pretty normal, to the outside..."

"Last New Year's was a disaster," Seokjin says, taking another gulp of wine.

"Fucking Russians," Yoongi agrees darkly.

"Fucking dolphins," Jungkook says.

"Fucking casinos," Yoongi continues.

"Fucking vol-au-vents," Jungkook adds.

"I still maintain it would have worked, if you had really committed to the role," Seokjin says, "if you'd really embodied a marine biologist-"

"Fucking Seokjin," Jungkook interrupts.

"Fucking Seokjin," Yoongi agrees.
"Fucking Seokjin," Seokjin says happily.

They haven't needed to use the panic button before. Nothing has ever been so difficult, so unmanageable that a situation required more than a hacker, a conman, and somebody who punches people in the face over and over again until they stop making problems (Yoongi, Seokjin, and Jungkook, respectively).

They've never had another situation like New Year's, 2015.

Until now.

The first thing Yoongi does is call Jungkook.

When he gets no reply, he hacks Jungkook's phone and begins to read embarrassing facts about his irritating dongsaeng through Jungkook's speaker. It's a trick he learned a while ago- it freaks people out when their phone starts talking with taking any action (except Namjoon, but Yoongi is starting to learn that Namjoon apparently has no concept of self-preservation), and Jungkook is probably hitting on that fence he likes, and is ignoring Yoongi's very important phone call to try and score with Kim Taehyung.

Yoongi leans in and clears his throat, then turns on the microphone.

"The first time Jungkook got drunk, he cried on the floor of a noraebang and confessed his love for Seokjin."

Jungkook doesn't respond.

"The second time Jungkook got drunk, he-"

"Hyung!"

Jungkook sounds a little out of breath, which makes sense, because Yoongi can hear the pounding music of a club in the background. It's something foreign, with a female lead vocal, and Yoongi can hear it far too clearly through the speaker, so it must be incredibly loud.

"Jungkookie," Yoongi says, "Seokjin's run into some trouble, and has asked for help."

"What kind of trouble? I was busy, hyung. Tae finally let me buy him a drink. We were going to dance!"

"New Year's." Yoongi says, and Jungkook sucks a breath between his teeth. Yoongi can hear a door open, then close. The music cuts off, and instead he can hear Jungkook's tread on back alley gravel.

"I'm on my way."
"So, what's happening with fish-man?" Hoseok asks, taking a sip of his soft drink.

The three of them are gathered around a table at the late night cafe they like, the one that all the staff from the club Hoseok works at go to. It's pretty late at night- Namjoon is mostly nocturnal, Hoseok's done with work, and Jimin just finished teaching, so eleven o'clock isn't an unusual time for them to meet up.

"Ah, not too much," Namjoon says, rotating his coffee cup on its saucer. He hopes he isn't blushing. It's a weird thing, the feeling he has with Yoongi. He almost feels confident, in a way he isn't used to. He feels like he can push, and Yoongi will push back. He kind of likes that Yoongi will push back. He likes that, being pushed. He thinks he'd like some other things, but even over the anonymity of the phone, he's only willing to push so much without encouragement.

He twists the cup another ninety degrees, bringing it back to its original position.

Namjoon isn't exactly a blushing virgin. He knows what he likes, and how he likes it. He knows what he wants to ask for, but he's already got a pretty good deal going on, and he isn't going to jeopardise that just to flirt.

"That means a lot," Jimin says. He's digging into an omelet packed with vegetables, still sweaty from his dance class, a little buzzy from endorphins and even more shameless because of it. "Not so much of a sugar buddy anymore, huh?"

"Just hearing that phrase gives me hives," Hoseok says, shuddering. "We're never saying that again." He slaps the table lightly. "Motion carried?"

Namjoon slaps the table top too. "Motion carried."

That's two out of three, which means it’s a rule now.

Jimin pouts, "You were the one who came up with that!"

"And I regret that every time you text me and ask how my glucose guardian is," Namjoon says. "How's life, Namjoon? Is the crab man finally going to take you from buddy to baby? How're things, Namjoon? Has he fucked you yet?"

"They're honest questions!"

"He's got a point," Hoseok agrees, leaning against Jimin's shoulder in solidarity as the dancer shovels more eggs into his mouth. "Has he fucked you yet?"
"I don't even know what he looks like! He might not even be in Seoul!" Namjoon hides his face in his hands, "I don't even know if he's into me like that, anyway!"

"He's into you," Jimin says immediately.

"How do you know?"

"He's spent, what, fifty thousand American on you by now?" Hoseok asks, and Namjoon nods. "Have you been sending him those horrible cute thirst trap selcas you torment your crushes with?"

Namjoon nods.

"He's into you." Hoseok agrees, and Jimin nods. "Those selcas are villainous, Namjoonie. They should be illegal."

"They're just cute pictures, Hobi," Namjoon says, rolling his eyes. He takes a sip of his coffee, smiling into the cup. He doesn't mean to be vain, but, you know, it's good to know that his pictures work the way he wants them to.

"The first time I saw one of those, I almost hit on you," Hoseok says, "and I've known all your horrible gross habits for years. I've seen you throw up. You've thrown up on me. I know that you snore, and about your crush on Jean-Paul Sartre. We've done enough rounds of never have I ever that I think I could stage a full theatrical enactment of the night you lost your virginity-"

“Ah, Seung-hyun-hyung,” Namjoon says, with a dreamy sigh.

“-And I still wanted to have sex with you. Those photos are strong, Namjoon-ah.”

“Ah,” Namjoon flaps a hand, feeling his face heat up a little bit, “that’s flattering.”

“It’s true,” Jimin agrees, taking a sip of his tea, “I’d definitely go for you.”

“Jimin-ah!” Namjoon squawks, hiding his face so he can’t see Hobi and Jimin’s solemn nods.

“What? I would,” Jimin says, “especially after that photo of you- the one with the dark hair, and the v-neck, and the harness...You know the one?”

Hoseok nods, and Namjoon thinks for a second.
“It was a polaroid?” Jimin prompts, and Namjoon remembers. It had been a random photo taken at their apartment after a night of clubbing, with his hair mussed up and his eyes kind of glazed, the lighting bad, his dark tee-shirt practically glued to him with sweat.

“Really? That one?” Namjoon frowns.

“Really,” Jimin nods. “That was a good look. I love you in a harness.”

“Why don’t you wear your hair dark anymore, anyway?”

Namjoon shrugs. His hair is a greenish-brown at the moment, the colour of laver, and he reaches up to fiddle with the ends, slightly crispy from texturising spray. “I got bored of it, I guess?”

“Anyway, the fish man,” Jimin slams his hand on the table, “tell us about the fish man!”

“Yeah, did you end up having that conversation?” Hobi prompts. It’s been a busy couple of weeks, and Namjoon’s been busy with assignments, Hobi’s been busy with a renovation at the club he manages, and Jimin’s been busy doing whatever it is Jimin does when he’s not teaching dance or bothering Namjoon. There hasn’t been time for much more than ‘have you died yet?’ text check ins and the occasional song recommendation.

“Yeah, we talked,” Namjoon says, “I mentioned that I found it kind of creepy how he approached me, and that it was weird how I knew nothing about him at all, and he apologised.”

“So, did you find out more about him?” Jimin asks.

“Mm. His name’s Yoongi—”

“That’s a good name. Sounds hot.” Jimin says, nodding, “Great energy.”

“He’s a freelance consultant in I.T., and he lives Seocho-gu. He’s a year older than me, and he likes hip hop,” Namjoon recites. He and Yoongi have actually talked about this, about what Namjoon can say about him. Namjoon is...not cool, exactly, but okay about the hacking thing, but Yoongi has been very clear about what he can say to other people, and Namjoon doesn’t really
want to advertise it either.

“Seochu-gu?” Hobi whistles, impressed. “He’s actually super rich, huh? Did he inherit?”

“I don’t think so,” Namjoon shakes his head, and pauses for a moment as the waitress comes over with his food, sliding the plate in front of him. “He started his own consulting agency right out of high school, and he’s got a punch of programming patents and stuff, I think. I’m pretty sure he could retire right now, but he likes his work.”

“A provider,” Hobi says, nodding. “That’s good. He has to be able to afford you, after all.”

“You make it sound like he’s not a cheap date,” Jimin snorts, stealing a piece of potato from Namjoon’s plate. For all that he never orders his own french fries, apparently carbs don’t count if they come off someone else’s plate.

“I’m not a cheap date, I just don’t care if things aren’t expensive,” Namjoon corrects him, and Hoseok rolls his eyes.

“You said Jackson was a catch because he made you ramen that one time.”

“It was nice, he didn’t have to do that, you know?” Namjoon says, with a fond smile, “It wasn’t about how much the ramen cost, it was about the fact that he went out and found my favourite brand and made it for me when I was feeling shitty.”

“Your expectations are way, way too low for somebody wearing seven hundred thousand won sneakers,” Jimin says, shaking his head.

“Seven hundred thousand?” Namjoon squeaks, looking down at his shoes. They’re nice shoes, but they aren’t made out of diamonds and unicorn hair. How on Earth could they be seven hundred thousand won?

“They’re Balenciagas?” Jimin says, “How can you claim you’re into fashion if you can’t recognise designer stuff? Didn’t you notice it on the shoe box?”
“I wasn’t paying attention,” Namjoon admits, watching his shoes like they’re a ticking bomb. Should he even be walking on shoes this expensive? Shouldn’t they be in a display case or something? “Yoongi just said he thought I’d like them.”

“And?” Hoseok raises an eyebrow, and Namjoon scratches his cheek awkwardly.

“...I do like them,” Namjoon says, “But mostly because he thought I would, not because of the shoes themselves.”

“God, you’re such a sap,” Hobi shakes his head, reaching over and ruffling Namjoon’s hair, “does your sugar daddy know you’re this easy to please, huh? He barely has to spoil you at all.”

“He’s not- okay, yeah, he is,” Namjoon hides his face in his hands, “We, uh, we talked about that, too. What I’m comfortable with him spending and everything...”

“And what did you decide?” Jimin asks. There’s a sparkle in his eyes like he knows what Namjoon and Yoongi said, like he’s looking forward to the answer.

Namjoon isn’t actually sure how to phrase this in a way that won’t be unspeakably embarrassing. Like, change his name and move to Daegu embarrassing.

Yoongi had said that it was his damn money, he’d earned it, and if he wanted to spend it on making Namjoon go ‘all pink and adorable’, then that was his fucking prerogative, and Namjoon was just going to have to deal with it. Which, uh... honestly, Namjoon kind of liked, too, in its own way. That Yoongi just said things like that, and Namjoon had to deal with it, even if it was a little overwhelming.

Namjoon is learning a lot about himself, these days.

“Oh, you know...” he trailed off, and stuffed ten french fries in his mouth at once so that he couldn’t talk.

“Oh, your daddy’s being strict, huh?” Jimin coos, and Namjoon throws a french fry at him.
“Never call him that,” he says around his mouthful of potato. “It’s weird.”

“No daddy kink?” Hoseok says sympathetically, “that’s okay, Joon-ah. I know a lot of people are into it, but you know, it’s okay to be tragically vanilla.”

“I’m not vanilla!”

“You’re still tragic, though,” Jimin says, and Hoseok reaches over and pinches him under the chin.

“Don’t pick on Namjoon. He’s rich now, and very sensitive. We want him to buy us dinner, remember?”

“You’re both ridiculous,” Namjoon says, shaking his head. He is going to buy them dinner, but that’s more because he hasn’t used his card yet, and when he does, Yoongi tends to make the time to text him. He hasn’t heard from his hyung at all today, and a couple of texts saying next time he should eat a vegetable and asking if he’s even heard of nutrition is still better than nothing. “And I’m not very sensitive.”

“You get embarrassed so easily, you liar,” Hoseok shakes his head, “I can prove it. Give me your phone.”

Namjoon hands it over, and then frowns. “Wait, why?”

“No, look, I’ll prove it,” Hoseok says, unlocking the phone and turning on the camera. “If someone so much as says you look nice, you go all pink and wriggly. It’s adorable, but also ridiculous.”

“No I don’t,” Namjoon scoffs, and Hoseok just raises an eyebrow.

“Namjoon-ah, your hair looks nice today~!”

“Ah, oh, um.” Namjoon tugs on his hair again, “Thank you?”

“Jiminie, your turn.”
“You’re so smart, hyung,” Jimin says, “I’m really impressed by how well you’re doing at school lately.”

“And your music is great,” Hoseok says, “your lyrics are really getting amazing.”

“And you’re really handsome,” Jimin adds, “honestly, you’re so cute, especially when you’re relaxed and smiling.”

“Oh, well…” Namjoon looks down at his plate, swallowing, “I mean, a lot of people don’t, that is…”

“And you’re a really good friend,” Hoseok continues mercilessly, “It’s obvious how much you care about us-”

“Stop it!” Namjoon says, hiding his face in his hands again to try and obscure how pink he’s going.

“Caring, handsome, and smart!”

“Stop it, that’s not fair!” Namjoon says, slumping in the booth to try and disappear under the table.

Hoseok stops filming, and taps through his phone rapidly before sliding it back across the table to a mostly submerged Namjoon.

“There. You can thank me later.”

“Thank you?” Namjoon asks, popping up with a concerned expression, “Hobi, what did you do?”

“Just giving your...sugar...wait, what do you call him?”

“Yoongi.”
“Just Yoongi?” Hobi presses, and Namjoon feels his face going warm again.

“Yoongi-hyung.”

“Your sugar-hyung, then… some helpful advice and proof of concept.”

“Sugar-hyung?” Jimin repeats thoughtfully, and smirks at Namjoon. “That’s cute, do you like that better than sugar daddy?”

“I mean, on a sliding scale of terrible to actually stabbing myself in the ears so I can’t hear that phrase again, I guess it’s closer to the former,” Namjoon admits, and Jimin cackles. “Wait, what do you mean, proof of concept?”

He scrambles for his phone, and it opens on his conversation with Yoongi.

SELF: (video sent, 2:54:03)

YOONGI-HYUNG: ...I see.

SELF: oh my god i’m so sorry my friend stole my phone

YOONGI-HYUNG: No, this is useful information

SELF: ...what does that mean

YOONGI-HYUNG: You’ll find out when you need to find out. Be good.

SELF: i do NOT like the sound of that
YOONGI-HYUNG: Don’t be a brat, you like it when I tell you what to do.

SELF: what no i dont who told you that thats a lie

YOONGI-HYUNG: you told me that like three days ago idiot, when we did that thing with your assessment track

SELF: hahahaha what i dont remember that hyung youre so funny

YOONGI-HYUNG: Honestly you’re so fucking dumb why do I think you’re hot

SELF: you think i’m hot???

YOONGI-HYUNG: Is that really what we’re taking away from this conversation, Namjoon-ah?

SELF: ...sorry hyung

YOONGI-HYUNG: It’s okay, baby. You can make it up to me.

Namjoon shoots a look up from his phone, but Jimin and Hoseok are already on another topic, chatting about some mutual friend who works with Jimin at his part-time job.

SELF: what can i do, hyung?

YOONGI-HYUNG: where are you?

SELF: at a cafe with my friends

YOONGI-HYUNG: go to the bathroom
“Uh, I’ll be right back,” Namjoon mumbles, sliding out of the booth, and Hoseok nods, not looking away from Jimin, but Jimin turns and winks.

“Have fun texting your sugar-hyung, hyung.”

“You’re terrible,” Namjoon says, looking away and walking toward the bathroom quickly, Jimin’s giggles echoing behind him.

The bathroom in the cafe is pretty nice for a public bathroom. It’s clean, at least, tiled in black and with a large mirror over the sink. It’s a single cubicle, so locking the door locks you in with the vanity as well as the toilet, and once he’s flipped the bolt, Namjoon opens his phone again, biting his lip. His whole body is prickling, there’s something light and effervescent in his shoulders, filling him with too much energy, making him almost bounce on his feet.

SELF: done, hyung. What now?

YOONGI-HYUNG: good boy.

Namjoon sinks into his own shoulders, swallowing hard. The lightness in his shoulders is spreading downwards, making him frothy and untethered. He doesn’t know what Yoongi’s going to ask him for, and there’s a bit of his brain that’s already drawing lines, that’s saying ‘if he asks for this, you say no’, and Namjoon’s grateful to that bit of his brain for it’s sensibilities, but he kind of wants it to shut up and let him get carried away.

YOONGI-HYUNG: you’re wearing a button up shirt today, aren’t you?

SELF: yeah

YOONGI-HYUNG: unbutton it

SELF: yes, hyung

The door’s locked. Nobody can see him. Namjoon reaches up and unflicks the top button, revealing the bottom of his neck.
YOONGI-HYUNG: wait

He stops, fingers trembling at the base of his throat.

YOONGI-HYUNG: record it, and send it to me.

SELF: ah...

YOONGI-HYUNG: i thought you wanted to make it up to me, namjoon-ah?

SELF: i do!

YOONGI-HYUNG: Then record it. And send it to me.

SELF: ...yes, hyung

Namjoon fumbles with the phone, propping it on the bottom edge of the mirror, and backs away just enough to get his full torso in frame. Once he’s judged it, he closes in again, and hits the record button. Outside the bathroom, he can hear the soft murmur of the cafe, the people moving around, and he can’t help looking over to check the door’s still locked.

It is, and he turns back to the camera, biting his lip. He can see himself on screen, and he’s already flushed, worrying at his lip as he brings his right hand up to flick open his top button. A thin slice of lightly tanned skin is revealed, then a little more as he continues down his chest. His neck, his collarbones, the slight rounding of his chest muscle, the thin lines of his stomach, until he finally reaches the bottom button, and he opens it slowly, looking up to make eye contact with the camera again. He looks undone, his breathing’s a little speedy, and he slides the shirt down off his shoulder slowly, revealing his full torso, the shape of his shoulders and the light definition of his upper arms, the waistband of his boxers sticking up from above his loose jeans. He’s suddenly aware that the cold air in the cafe has made his nipples pebble up. His skin has goosebumps, and he keeps shifting, hips moving like he can’t get comfortable. He can’t get comfortable. He wants to know if he’s doing this right, if Yoongi likes it.

Why does it matter if Yoongi likes it, anyway, he thinks for a second, but the thought won’t settle
properly in his mind. The fizzing, bubbling feeling under his skin goes uneven, anyway, makes him jittery, at the idea that Yoongi will. That Yoongi will say that he’s done well, that he’s good.

“Ah...hyung...I hope this is what you meant,” Namjoon murmurs, and runs a hand through his hair nervously, before realising that that just reveals more of his sides, his shirt raising to show the soft skin over his ribs.

He leans forward, getting closer to the camera, and stops the recording, sending it to Yoongi.

SELF: (video sent, 00:54:13)

YOONGI-HYUNG: Good boy, Namjoon-ah. That’s exactly what I wanted.

SELF: thank you, hyung

YOONGI-HYUNG: Good and polite, you’re being very cute tonight, aren’t you?

SELF: Hyung!! No!

YOONGI-HYUNG: Hyung, yes. Are you blushing?

Namjoon looks up, and he has gone a bit red in the face. He can’t even meet his own eyes in the mirror, they keep sliding away. The colour spreads over his cheeks, down his throat, to cover along the top of his chest, pink sitting heavy over his collar bones and the tops of his shoulders.

SELF: yeah…

YOONGI-HYUNG: good. You’re cute when you blush. Send me a selca, so I have something nice to look at while I’m working.

Namjoon snaps another photo, still mostly shirtless, before buttoning back up and splashing a little cold water on his face to try and will the blush away. He’s still a little jittery, but every message Yoongi sends is soothing him back down, leaving him heavy and settled in his bones, bubbles
turning solid and pinning him in place. Yoongi thinks he’s pretty, that’s he’s good, and cute, and a bunch of other adjectives Namjoon isn’t really used to hearing anywhere outside of either the bedroom or Park Jimin’s vicinity.

SELF: do you have to go back to work?

YOONGI-HYUNG: you’re cute when you whine, too, but yes. Crime waits for nobody, and neither do private jets. And eat a fucking vegetable for once in your life, would you? You only eat french fries and you’re going to die of scurvy before you’re twenty five.

SELF: you said I could buy whatever I wanted

YOONGI-HYUNG: try learning to want a vegetable, dumbass.

Namjoon smiles, letting himself out of the bathroom and heading back over to the table.

SELF: have a good day at work, hyung!

YOONGI-HYUNG: yeah yeah. Have a good night with your friends, baby.

When he sits back down, Jimin and Hoseok both start laughing immediately, and Namjoon glares at them.

“What? I didn’t even do anything?!”

“Are you sure?” Hobi asks, smirking wickedly.

“Yeah, hyung, are you sure?”

“Yeah, why?” Namjoon asks, crossing his arms and glaring harder.
“Your shirt was tucked in when you left the table, Joon-ah,” Hobi manages, around more laughter. “Learn to cover your tracks.”

Namjoon, despite the cold water on his face, goes bright red again.

Chapter End Notes

welcome to the /dynamic/, my dudes.
If you enjoyed the work, please leave a comment and let me know! I love any and all feedback, and it really motivates me to write more and faster! Come chat with me @ runchrandom on twitter, I love talking about how pretty namjoon is and why everyone in bts should be dating him always.
Yoongi actually leaves his apartment on Friday. It's been a while since he stepped outside- maybe a couple of months? It was definitely a lot colder, the last time he went out- and as always, he fucking hates it. There are people everywhere, cars and smoke and shops, neon advertising and hawkers shouting, and Yoongi really just wants to go back inside and defraud a bank instead. He can't, though. He needs to pick up Jungkook and drive him to the airport. He'd offered to book the younger man a car, but apparently that wasn't good enough, so now he actually has to go outside, go to his garage, and drive Jungkook to Incheon himself.

It's a short walk from his apartment complex to his parking garage, but Yoongi takes advantage of the crowds to scan as many unsecured IDs as he can. People are so lazy about their security, almost nobody using RFID blocking, even fewer bothering to secure their phones properly. That's stupid, with so much personal information there. People store their credit cards digitally, but they don't even bother to lock their phones sometimes.

Yoongi looks down at his current burner phone- an old iPhone, a 5c that he's jailbroken so thoroughly that only the casing still looks like an Apple products, and shakes his head.

When he gets to the car, Jungkook is waiting. He's dressed non-descript, a harmless college student in jeans, timberland boots, and a hoodie, a duffle bag thrown over one shoulder.

"Yoongi-hyung!" he calls, waving a hand, and Yoongi nods, hitting the button on the fob to let Jungkook open the door.

"Jungkookie. Ready to go save Seokjin from his own idiocy?"

"Isn't it the Russians again?" Jungkook asks, hopping in, and Yoongi shrugs.

"Yeah, that's what I said. He's the only one who ever gets involved with those icy bastards. Fucking Seokjin."

"Fucking Seokjin," Jungkook agrees, and Yoongi pulls out the parking garage onto the road.

His car is non-descript, a little black mazda that zooms through mid city traffic easily, and Yoongi watches Jungkook fumble with the stereo, turning on a CD by accident as he tries to connect his bluetooth. Yoongi decides not to tell him that he's disabled the bluetooth in this car- it's far more entertaining to watch him struggle. This whole situation feels strange, almost dreamlike- it's been a long time since he last drove, a long time since he's seen Jungkook in person (his face is slimmer, his shoulders broader, he's grown up too much) and a long time since he's seen anything but his own space. It's not that he dislikes the outside, he went to the computer store just a month ago, after all, but he dislikes the lack of control that comes from being outside. If it weren't for the cap he's wearing low over his face, the mask he has drawn up over his nose, his face would already be logged on over two hundred cameras. The technological age is a nightmare.

"So, where am I going?" Jungkook asks, giving up and leaving the radio to play Yoongi's old mix CD.

"Angola," Yoongi says, "I got Seokjin a smuggling berth on a ship going from Sao Paolo to Recife. From there, there's a black market plane flight that should get him to Pointe-Noire-"
"Isn't that in the Republic of Congo?" Jungkook asks, brow knitting with worry. Yoongi changes lanes, heading toward the airport exit.

"Yeah. So then, he's got to meet up with a girl who owes me a favour, and she's going to get him in a truck that will take him to Luanda, and that is where you'll meet him."

"How am I getting there?" Jungkook asks, and Yoongi nods at his phone.

"By plane. You're technically economy, but I've arranged for a random upgrade to take you into business."

"Who am I?"

"I asked Taehyung-ah to set you up with something," Yoongi says, and Jungkook looks slightly worried as Yoongi pulls up at a McDonalds drive through.

"Are you buying, hyung?"

"Yeah," Yoongi nods, and Jungkook sits up a little, excited despite himself. Jungkook is still such a child, sometimes.

"Cheeseburger, please," he says, as they drive up, and Yoongi rolls down his window.

Yoongi orders a single black coffee and pulls into a waiting bay.

"You're an asshole, hyung."

After a few minutes, a figure in a McDonald's uniform jogs over to the car, carrying a cup and a bag.

"Your order, sir," he says, and passes both through the window with a slight bow.

"But we didn't order-" Jungkook starts, and Yoongi elbows him harshly.

"Thanks," Yoongi says, and passes the bag to Jungkook. The worker moves away, and Yoongi pulls back out onto the road. "So, who are you?"

Jungkook blinks in confusion, and Yoongi nods at the McDonalds bag.

"Did we just get drive through documentation?" Jungkook asks, opening the bag. Inside, a pristine, perfectly aged passport sits, along with a driver's licence, a Starbucks card, and a handful of random club cards for SNU.

"And some free french fries," Yoongi says, reaching over and past Jungkook's new I.D. to steal a handful. "I'm efficient."

Jungkook spends the rest of the ride familiarising himself with the life of Kim Jungseok, architecture student, while Yoongi hums along to the music on the stereo and reminds him why he much prefers driving with Yoongi to anyone else- he's a smooth driver, a careful driver, and he doesn't demand anything from Jungkook in return for the lift, unlike Seokjin.

When they arrive at the airport, Jungkook turns to Yoongi again.

"Hyung, you know I don't mind going to help Jin-hyung, but, shouldn't you be the one coming?"

"No!" Yoongi shakes his head, "God, no. Why would you say that?"
"Because you're the one who knows all the connections? You're the one booking the flights and the rooms and the boats, and making contact and changing things so we can actually get Seokjin home?"

"I can do that from here. At home," Yoongi says firmly, "where the air conditioning is, and everyone speaks a civilised language."

"You're going to have to learn English eventually, hyung."

"Never." Yoongi says, and parks. "Now get out of my car."

"I love you too," Jungkook says with a grumble, and picks up his bag. "Do I get a phone?"

"In the glove box," Yoongi nods at it, and Jungkook retrieves a smartphone in a hard wearing case covered in My Melody stickers.

"Hyung..."

"You should be grateful I'm giving you one at all, you leech," Yoongi says, and Jungkook rolls his eyes.

"Be nice to me, I'm going to fight Russians for you."

"For Seokjin," Yoongi shakes his finger, "we're both doing this for Seokjin, and he owes us both, big time."

Jungkook nods.

"...Still, fly safe, Jungkookie. Don't die." Yoongi turns the car back on, and Jungkook smiles.

"You too," he says, and turns away, towards the airport, towards Seokjin, towards danger.

Yoongi's going to be doing a lot of international work this week, isn't he?

It's not that Yoongi means to spoil Namjoon. He's just very appreciative of Yoongi's gifts, gets excited about the smallest things, and it makes Yoongi want to give him everything just to watch him smile. He's pretty stressed right now, anyway, dealing with Seokjin and Jungkook- and yes, maybe Jungkook had a point, and it would have been easier if Yoongi had gone to meet them in Angola, but the day Yoongi leaves Korea is the day he listens to his mother and stops drinking Red Bull. It's not going to happen, even if it means trying to coordinate two agents of chaos over an unsteady skype connection. It's hard enough to get Seokjin to do something sensible when he's right in front of Yoongi, within strangling reach, it's almost impossible to convince him not to seduce someone and hop a yacht to Dubai when he's all the way in Africa.

It's stressful. It's annoying. It's a lot of cross timezone work to make sure that Seokjin's clean identity can cross borders without pulling more goddamn Russians down on their heads, and if Yoongi finds that his best stress relief is Namjoon's happy, surprised face when Yoongi buys him designer clothes, then that's Yoongi's business.

It's certainly better than listening to Seokjin complain about the weather and how Jungkook keeps kicking people in the face. Of course Jungkook is kicking people in the face- that's his job, it's why Yoongi sent him, so that somebody would kick people in the face before they could catch Seokjin and sell him to the mafia- and of course the weather is bad, it's already hitting thirty degrees over
there, despite it technically being spring, and Seokjin wilts in the summer the same way Yoongi does.

This may be part of the reason Yoongi has routed Seokjin's escape through Africa, for all his excuses about bribable guards and loose borders. He's a petty man, and he doesn't mind admitting it. Seokjin suffering mosquitos and high temperatures do almost as much for Yoongi as Namjoon's happy bouncing when he opens a package.

So anyway, maybe the extra stress has put Yoongi in a place where he wants to see Namjoon more, wants to talk to him more, and Namjoon seems pretty willing to entertain him- more like actively whining when Yoongi says he has to go- so it's not like it's hurting anyone. He's not really sure where they stand, actually. Namjoon is flirting with him like he can’t help it, all sexy photos and leading texts, and Yoongi's been flirting back. He buys Namjoon hundred thousand won jackets and says he looks pretty. Namjoon says he wants direction, and Yoongi tells him how to dress and what to do and Namjoon thanks him for the privilege of having Yoongi's attention. It's a mess, and it's a rush, and Yoongi has more photos and videos of Namjoon than even he knows what to do with. Not that he’s complaining. If anything, he could do with a little more.

Namjoon’s already heard his voice, although he doesn’t know it. He’d recorded the clips on a whim, when he hadn’t been able to source the sound he wanted for the clips he sent to Namjoon’s phone. Would it really be that much more of a step to call him? To tell him what to do with his own voice, rather than by text? Yoongi isn’t scared, but he is sensible, and if Namjoon has his voice, he has more clues to Yoongi’s identity than he’s really comfortable with. He has definite proof of Yoongi’s existence, in a way that text conversations can’t manage. Would it be worth it? To speak with Namjoon properly?

Yoongi looks over at the monitor he routes Namjoon’s contact through. It’s early morning for Namjoon, probably around nine, but Yoongi’s been up for hours. He’s not actually sure if he went to bed last night, but that’s not unusual for him. Namjoon’s sent a photo- two photos, actually- one of him in black skinny jeans, a zip up black shirt, a choker, and round sunglasses, the other of pale wash jeans, a silky looking striped button up, and a leather jacket- and a question mark. He looks good. He looks kind of ruffled, like he’s only just rolled out of bed, and the morning sun is catching in his hair, lightening it. His skin looks soft, his lips are faintly parted and slick with balm, and he’s winking at the camera.

JOON-AH: A or B, hyung?

PHONE FOR JOON-AH:: A.

JOON-AH: thanks!

Then he sends an emoji of a man throwing a heart, and after a moment he receives another selca of him in the black outfit, but it’s a looped video of him blowing a flying kiss at the camera and then clearly regretting his choice and hiding his face in his hands. It’s really fucking cute, and Yoongi lets out a breath through his nose.

Maybe it’s worth a try. Namjoon hasn’t done anything to jeopardise Yoongi, despite what he’s been trusted with. Maybe he can be trusted with more.

PHONE FOR JOON-AH: are you still at home, baby?

JOON-AH: yeah, hyung, why?

PHONE FOR JOON-AH: You don’t have class until this afternoon, right?
JOON-AH: yeah, i was just going to the library

PHONE FOR JOON-AH: You can go later.

JOON-AH: okay… what’s happening, hyung?

PHONE FOR JOON-AH: I want you to lie down on your bed, with your phone

There’s a moment’s pause, and Yoongi swallows. It’s not too late, he can still call it off. He’s pretty sure Namjoon would be into regular sexting.

JOON-AH: okay, what now, hyung?

PHONE FOR JOON-AH: (outgoing call)

“Ah, hello?” Namjoon sounds a little nervous, which is understandable. Yoongi’s a little nervous too, but more than that, he wants this, and it’s been some time since he’s actually wanted something. Wanted someone.

“Hey, Namjoon,” Yoongi says, and there’s a gasp from the other end of the line.

“H-hyang? Is that you?”

“No, some fucker stole this phone and decided to call the idiot named ‘hot but stupid’ in the address book. Of course it’s me,” Yoongi says, rolling his eyes.

“Hey, there’s no need to be mean,” Namjoon says, and Yoongi can practically hear the pout, “I was just checking. It’s not like you’ve ever called me before.”

“Well, you have been good lately,” Yoongi says lowly, and Namjoon lets out a nervous laugh. There’s the sound of shifting sheets, and Yoongi smiles.

“Ah- I, I have?”

“Are you fishing for compliments? That’s not cute, Joon-ah.”

“No, I mean. Thank you?” Namjoon sounds like he’s asking a question, and Yoongi snorts.

“You know, there’s a reason I called you this morning, baby.”

“Oh?”

“You look so pretty, dressed like that,” Yoongi says, letting his thighs fall apart as he looks again at the picture Namjoon sent. “It makes me want to mess you up.”

This time, Namjoon’s gasp is almost a stutter, just a quiet exhalation, and Yoongi can imagine the flush coming to his skin, the way he’d cut his gaze away, nibble at his lip.

“Too bad you aren’t here,” Namjoon says, after a moment, and Yoongi smirks.

“That’s okay, baby. You can follow instructions, can’t you?”

“Yeah…”

“Then I don’t need to be there. You’re going to do it all for me, okay?” Yoongi says, and grins at Namjoon’s bitten off sound. “Good. That’s good. Just listen to my voice, and do what I say.”
“Yes, hyung.”

“Good boy,” Yoongi purrs. “What are you doing right now? Describe yourself.”

“I’m, ah, I’m lying down on my back, and I’m, ah, I’m just touching my stomach, under my shirt. I haven’t started anything, hyung, you haven’t told me to...”

“That’s good. I like that,” Yoongi says. “Are you turned on?”

“Ye-yeah, as soon as I heard your voice,” Namjoon says, and Namjoon hears the slide of the sheets again, “your voice is really hot, hyung, I want-”

“Don’t worry, Joon-ah. Hyung will take care of you,” Yoongi says, “Touch yourself, but don’t open your jeans, okay? Just over the top.”

Yoongi doesn’t follow his own orders, leaning back in his seat and flicking open his jeans with an experienced hand.

“Ah, hyung, that’s not fair,” Namjoon’s voice is turning whiny, and Yoongi can hear the scratch of his heels against the sheets, pushing down so he can press his hips up.

“I said, hyung will take care of you,” Yoongi says, steel in his voice. “So, just listen, and do what you’re told, and you’ll get what you want.”

Chapter End Notes

anyway i was originally going to include the filth implied here but it's late and i wanted to get this up for you all bc i missed an update yesterday!
I hope you like this very yoongi-centric chapter! Leave a comment if you enjoy it, or come talk to me @ runchrandom on twitter!
Namjoon sets the phone down next to him with a dry mouth. It’s not like he hasn’t been expecting something like this to happen. He’s been pushing at Yoongi to go further for weeks at this point, and he can’t be surprised that his hyung has finally taken him up on the offer.

He’s surprised that Yoongi is actually calling, rather than just texting, but he’s not complaining. Yoongi’s voice is deep, but when he speaks there’s a lightness to it, like it’s held high in his chest, and the contrast is interesting, his voice is interesting.

In this situation, interesting means really, really attractive. Namjoon licks his lips, running a slow hand over the front of his jeans, breath catching in his throat.

“Well, isn’t that a cute noise,” Yoongi says, and he sounds almost unaffected, like his interest is purely academic, and Namjoon lets out another noise, biting his lip to muffle it. “What did you do, baby?”

“I, uh, I touched myself,” Namjoon says, gripping a little tighter through the denim. It’s a tease, not enough to actually satisfy, too rough from the texture of his jeans, too soft because he can’t feel enough, and his hips kick up into his own hand, forcing a whimper. “Like you told me too. I’m not- just over my jeans, like you said-”

“What a good boy,” Yoongi says, and his voice drops a little lower. The words are hot, dripping liquid down Namjoon’s spine, and he lets out a soft moan, “Oh, you like that, don’t you?”

Namjoon grinds harder against his hand, and Yoongi’s voice curls around him again, “You want me to tell you you’re good, don’t you?”

“Yes, hyung,” Namjoon says, bringing his free hand down to catch at his thigh, rubbing and clenching roughly in an attempt to distract himself from how hard he is. God, it’s been less than five minutes, and Namjoon is so turned on that he can barely think.

“Mm, well, you’re doing very well, baby,” Yoongi says, and Namjoon’s head tilts back against the pillows without a thought, another little whine escaping.

“Can I touch myself?”

“Not yet,” Yoongi says, and there’s a slick sound from the phone, a satisfied hum, and Namjoon bites his lip, hips shifting restlessly against his hand. “Over the jeans is okay, though. I want you to take your other hand, and suck on your first two fingers.”

Yoongi isn’t really asking anymore, there’s a tone to his voice like he just expects Namjoon to do as he’s told, and Namjoon’s fingers are in his mouth before he registers it.

“Get them nice and wet, baby.” Yoongi says, and Namjoon nods like Yoongi can somehow see it, running his tongue along his fingers and sucking. It shouldn’t be hot, sucking at his own fingers like this, but he can imagine what it would be like to have Yoongi’s fingers in his mouth like this, and he’s getting into a rhythm, enjoying the slide of his own fingers against his tongue, the way his short nails scrape against the top of his mouth every so often.
“God, I can hear you, you know that? Did you know you’re moaning around your own fingers, Namjoon-ah? Are you that desperate? Are you imagining it’s me?”

Namjoon whines, and Yoongi laughs.

“It’s okay, sweetheart. It’s hot. I’d give you more than just my fingers to suck on, if you’re that eager. You’ve got a good mouth, Joon-ah, there’s a lot I’d do to it. Can you imagine that? Sucking me off while I tell you what to do? If I even let you do that. If I don’t just fuck your mouth.”

“Hyung, please…” Namjoon’s so hard he almost hurts, and the too rough, not enough feeling of his hand through the denim is more frustrating than actually helpful. He rolls his hips up again, hoping that there’ll be a change, but no. No, he just wants more, and Yoongi won’t let him have it. “Let me, please?”

“Not yet. Be good,” Yoongi says sternly, and Namjoon falls back against the pillows with a huff. “What do you want, baby?”

“I want to touch myself, hyung, please-” Namjoon whines, hand creeping towards his waistband. He’s hot, he can’t stop shifting, shoulders pressing back into the mattress, head turned towards where the phone is lying on the pillow next to him.

“I said not yet,” Yoongi’s voice is a little harsher this time, and Namjoon pouts. “What else?”

“Tell me I’m doing well?”

“You’re doing so well,” Yoongi says warmly, and Namjoon’s hips kick up again without a thought, and he whimpers again. “You sound so hot, baby, you’re turning me on. The things I’d do to you now, if I were there…”

“What- what would you do?”

“Well, first of all, I’d tie those hands of yours to the headboard, so you’d have to just accept what I give you.”

Namjoon’s mouth goes dry, and he nods again, “Yeah, I want that, I want that, hyung, please-”

“And then I’d eat you out,” Yoongi’s voice keeps getting lower, and the slick noises are getting more frequent, his breathing faster, and Namjoon doesn’t know what he looks like but he knows what Yoongi’s doing, he’s jerking off to Namjoon, to the idea of Namjoon, and it makes him feel hot and prickly, makes him feel sexy, like Yoongi can’t control himself around him. “And then, if you were good, and you asked me nicely, I’d fuck you.”

“What if I wasn’t good?”

“Then I’d still fuck you,” Yoongi growls, “but you wouldn’t get to come.”

“Oh, fuck. Hyung, please-” Namjoon’s voice is rising where Yoongi’s is getting lower, and he can’t stop pushing up into his own stupid hand, even though it’s doing nothing.

“I want you to open your jeans-”

Before Yoongi even finishes his sentence, Namjoon is flicking open his jeans, shimmying them down over his hips and letting them trap his legs from the knee down, too hurried to be graceful.

Yoongi’s laughing again, but it’s not mean, it’s light and happy, and Namjoon lets out a giggle in
“You’re so cute, baby. You’d do anything for me right now, wouldn’t you?”

“Whatever you want, hyung,” Namjoon says through half-numb lips, and Yoongi hums approvingly.

“Touch yourself. Slowly.”

The first touch is so good Namjoon wants to cry, almost too good, but he tries to move slowly, like Yoongi told him too. His eyes are closed, he’s letting out little trails of embarrassing noises, hiding his nose in his arm as he grips at his own hair with his damp hand.

“Good,” Yoongi says, “a little faster.”

“Thank you- thank you, hyung,” Namjoon manages, despite his dry mouth, and he can hear Yoongi smiling as he talks. His hand speeds up, he pulls his hair just a little bit, trying to find a position that doesn’t make himself squirm. It feels good, better than touching himself does usually, and he can still hear Yoongi, can hear his rapid breathing, the wet noises of him touching himself too, and with his eyes closed, he can pretend that they’re together. That Yoongi is watching him from only a few feet away, approving of what he sees, happy that Namjoon can do what he’s told.

“Come on, Namjoon,” Yoongi says, and Namjoon whimpers, speeding up again, “Keep going. Do you feel good?”

“Yeah,” Namjoon breathes, “I feel so good, I feel really good, hyung, I want-”

“I know what you want, baby,” Yoongi soothes, “keep going.”

Namjoon nods, hips rolling up as Yoongi continues to pour velvet praise into his ear, and it’s only a few minutes before he’s desperate, before he’s letting out little whines, and Yoongi makes him stop.

“You can be patient, can’t you, Namjoon-ah?”

“No, hyung, please-”

“Can’t you?” Yoongi repeats, and this time he’s more cold.

Namjoon stills at Yoongi’s tone, and lets out another unhappy little noise.

“Yes.”

“Yes, what?”

“Yes, hyung,” Namjoon says, and there’s a stuttered breath from the phone line, a guttural ‘ah’ that sounds a little higher than Namjoon had expected, and Yoongi’s breathing slows a little.

“Such a good baby,” Yoongi says, and his voice is thick and lazy with satisfaction. “I want you to wait for me for another ten seconds.”

“Yes, hyung,” Namjoon repeats, hips shifting uncomfortably, and Yoongi counts for him. He can’t focus on anything other than the numbers, other than the slow, comfortable sound of Yoongi’s voice, and he starts to feel a little removed from the situation, his eyes half lid as he stares up at his ceiling fan. He wants, he wants so badly, but this is okay. He can do this, if this is what Yoongi wants.
“Three. Two. One. That’s my good boy. I want you to come for me now,” Yoongi orders, and that’s it.

That’s all Namjoon needs, he’s driven himself up and up and up on Yoongi’s words, and he crashes with a loud, drawn out moan.

Namjoon blinks, opening his eyes and turning over to look at his phone.

“Ah, Yoongi-hyung…” he says softly, and there’s a low, satisfied chuckle from the other end of the line.

“I need to get to work now, baby,” he says, and Namjoon nods, still a little dazed. “But that was really hot, wasn’t it?”

“Yeah…”

“We should do it again.”

“Yeah!” Namjoon agrees, blinking at the ceiling. He feels wrung out, sweaty and uncomfortable and wrung out like a towel. “I’d, uh. I’d like that.”

“I thought you would. Be good. Don’t forget to buy some lunch, okay?”

“Okay…”

Yoongi hangs up, and Namjoon flops onto his front with a low groan. In this moment, he has never wanted a hug more.

After a few minutes of desolate loneliness, Namjoon remembers that he can source his own hugs, and goes to see Hoseok. He’s feeling unsettled, and he never feels more himself, more Kim Namjoon, than he is when he’s being Kim Namjoon around Jung Hoseok.

When he arrives at their doorstep, Jimin is out doing whatever Jimin’s second job is, and Hobi is still in his pyjamas when he answers the door. He looks Namjoon up and down, ruffled hair to pink cheeks to expensive sneakers, and opens the door wider without comment.

Within five minutes, Namjoon is dressed in the sweats Hobi keeps for the nights Namjoon is truly too drunk to walk home, pressed up against Hoseok as they play Mario Kart. There’s a plate in front of him with some snacks, his mouth is full of honey chips, and Hoseok’s legs are a solid weight over his lap, holding him down in his body.

“Are you okay, Joon-ah?” Hoseok checks again, and Namjoon shrugs. He doesn’t really want to talk. He’s pretty on board the snuggling and snacks agenda, and he doesn’t need to actively participate to make that happen. The Jung-Park household is very actively involved in the snuggling and snacks agenda, and just being there for any length of time is enough to get seconded into the campaign.

“That’s okay, you don’t need to talk,” Hoseok comforts him, combing his fingers through Namjoon’s hair, and he goes limp against Hobi’s side, cuddling a little closer. “You look like you had a busy morning.”

That’s one way to put it. Namjoon’s fully aware he turned up at Hobi’s with an obvious post-sex glow, all pink cheeks and bitten lips, and he’s not sure what conclusion his friend has drawn from
Hopefully it’s one where Namjoon isn’t as much of a loser as he is in real life. What kind of explanation is ‘I had phone sex too hard and couldn’t get spooned afterwards so I threw a tantrum and came over here to get stand in cuddles’, anyway? He sounds crazy.

They’re on their third round when there’s a sound from the front door, and Park Jimin walks in, already complaining.

“So anyway, there I am, halfway up a tree, hands full of blossom, when Chan Yeulseokie messages me and says he gave me the wrong address! Can you believe it? Half an hour of mountain climbing for nothing! So I go to the new address- Hobi-hyung, are you listening?- I go to the new address and the guy’s there, which is good, but he’s wearing this super nice jacket, and I’m like, oh, that’s Namjoonie-hyung’s size, so I’ve got to be careful how I do this one. I don’t want to mess up the jacket, but I remembered that cord that Taehyungie gave me a few weeks ago, and that’ll be way neater-”

“Ah, Jiminie!” Hobi calls out, sounding a little nervous, “Namjoon-ah’s here!”

Jimin stops suddenly, and then appears in the doorway like he teleported from the foyer.

“Namjoonie-hyung?” he confirms, and Hoseok gestures down his new, Namjoon shaped growth.

“He’s had a rough day,” Hobi confirms. “He finally made it with the fish man, and it turns out he’s the most useless dom in all South Korea.”

“Like, it was bad?” Jimin asks, coming over to sit on Namjoon’s other side. He’s wearing dark slacks and a simple button up shirt, and he’s stripping off a pair of gloves, dropping black leather on the console by the door as he walks through the room. “That sucks. At least he’s rich, right?”

“No, it wasn’t bad,” Namjoon says, pulling a face.

“So it was good?”

“It was great.” Namjoon answers automatically, and then winces. He doesn’t like sharing about his romances, let alone his sex life, but he’s still all fuzzy headed and Jimin’s hair petting is slowly turning him into a puddle.

“But the fish man has never heard of aftercare,” Hoseok says, raising a finger admonishingly, “which is tragic for both him and all his previous partners.”

“Aw, Namjoonie-hyung,” Jimin coos, snuggling up on his other side and wrapping all his limbs around the taller man. “It’s okay, we’ll look after you. And then have a strong but polite word with the fish man.”

“I don’t need you to protect me, you know,” Namjoon says grumpily, melting into their embrace with a happy hum.

“This isn’t just for you, Namjoon. We’re doing this for the public. For this man’s future partners.”

“For the world!” Jimin agrees, and Namjoon laughs nervously.

“Please don’t actually send my hyung dom tips.” He has to be clear now, or Jimin will do it and pretend that Namjoon had agreed, or at the very least, not objected.
“What if it’s just a guide to how Fifty Shades got BDSM wrong? That way we could pretend that it was a joke if it falls flat.”

“That’s a hard no from me,” Namjoon says, shaking his head. “Hard no.”

“Well, if it’s a hard no,” Jimin pouts, and Namjoon relaxes. Hoseok is still finger combing his hair, and Namjoon is getting sleepy. Between Jimin’s friendly strangling and Hobi’s actual physical affection, it isn’t a surprise.

“Take a nap, Joon-ah,” Hoseok says gently. “We’ll wake you up for lunch, okay?”

“Okay,” Namjoon says muzzily, and tucks his head into Hobi’s shoulder.

Chapter End Notes

after care is important, guys. Always be nice to your partners.
If you enjoyed the chapter, drop a comment below. If you like my work in general, drop a comment below! I live on feedback, like a really niche evolved reptile or something. If you like my stuff and want to yell at me about BTS, come chat at runchrandom on twitter!
Yoongi is approaching his sixty third consecutive hour of wakefulness, and the rage bubbling under his skin isn't even just volcanic, it's Vesuvian. It's super volcanic. Yoongi is going to blow up at the next person to say something stupid, and the explosion is going to be world changing. It's going to re-arrange the continents, and create an choking ashcloud that throws the world into a new ice age.

There's nothing in the world that could soothe his rage. He's going to kill the next person who asks him anything.

He stomps from the desk to his door, glaring as he opens the door. Even the delivery guy, usually his favourite person, is not free from Yoongi's wrath, and he's pissed that his dinner took longer to arrive than the delivery app had predicted, and Yoongi practically snatches the bag of fried chicken from his hand.

"Sorry about that, customer-ssi," the delivery guy says with a bow, and Yoongi wordlessly grumbles and waves him away. He's so tired, every blink feels weighted. His temper is so frayed that every single obstacle feels like a personal attack, and he's not prepared to talk to anyone.

He closes the door, and heads back to his desk, where his chair is beginning to actually shape around his body, he's spent so long sitting in it. Dropping the chicken on the desktop, he puts his head in his hands.

He wants to sleep, but he doesn't have time. Every moment he's away from his computer is another moment that Seokjin's enemies have to try and track him down, and unfortunately, their cyber security expert actually seems to know what they're doing. This is unfortunate, because Yoongi isn't really used to other people being able to fight back. The usual figure of speech for this is 'a big fish in a small pond', but Yoongi hasn't contained himself to a small pond. He's a bigger fish in a big ocean. He's a fucking megalodon in the Pacific, not a pike in a millpond, and usually nobody is confident enough to step up and battle with 'SUGA'. This person, whoever they are, apparently is.

So, instead of knocking out for the next thirteen hours, he reaches into his desk drawer, pulls out a little bottle of pills, and washes down two with a swig of Red Bull. It's not healthy, exactly, he's going to crash like a bitch the moment he has the opportunity, but it'll do for now.

His phone vibrates- he really shouldn't think of it as 'his' phone, he's got over fifty burners that he uses equally, but this one is the one Namjoon has the number for- and Yoongi can't help flipping it over to check what's happening.

JOON-AH: i'm sorry you're so busy with work, hyung! thank you for the shirt, i love it!

JOON-AH: (picture attached)

JOON-AH: i hope this makes your day better <3

JOON-AH: (picture attached)

JOON-AH: don't forget to look after yourself!
Yoongi's hands are trembling from amphetamines, he's just about to eat an entire fried chicken on his own, and he can't remember what his bed looks like, but he's still slightly insulted that Namjoon would think that he could tell Yoongi what a healthy lifestyle looks like. Namjoon, who stills lives mostly on instant ramen despite Yoongi's gift of a limitless credit card. Namjoon, who only just learned what a face mask is. Namjoon, who routinely falls asleep on the ground because his bed base is broken.

Disrespectful.

He quickly swipes the photos open, anyway, because while Namjoon is disrespectful, he's also very cute, and that's good for Yoongi's heart, especially when it's trying to vibrate through his chest the way it is currently. He needs to wait a few minutes before he can get back to work, anyway. Wait for the first flush of frenetic energy to die away before he starts typing, or there's too great a chance he'll make an error.

Namjoon does look very pretty, Yoongi thinks distantly. The shirt Yoongi bought him is a deep reddish-purple, something with a fancy name that makes him think of the colour of red wine, soft and shimmery and a little bit sheer, and it brings out the golden tones in Namjoon's skin very prettily. He's flushed a little bit, biting his lip as he smiles, and the shirt is unbuttoned at the throat, revealing a thin black ribbon choker that carried Yoongi away on a hyperactive train of thought about other things that would look good around Namjoon's neck.

Hickeys.
Bruises.

Yoongi's hands.

A collar.

He blinks, and flicks through to the next picture.

Now, he looks cute. It's a bit of whiplash, honestly, going from seductively pretty and languid to cute and cozy, the shirt fully buttoned up, a fluffy silver scarf (which Yoongi had sent him earlier that week) wrapped around his neck, a thick denim jacket (that Yoongi also recognises as one of his choices) over it, peeking over a cup of steaming coffee and giggling at whoever's taking the photo.

Yoongi wants to have been the one taking the photo. He wants to be the one holding Namjoon's hand and listening to him talk about his classes and his friends and his life, which has far less methamphetamines and mafia hackers than Yoongi's does. He blinks rapidly, types out a quick reply.

PHONE FOR JOON-AH: You look great, baby.

PHONE FOR JOON-AH: You definitely made my day better.

JOON-AH: thanks, hyung

JOON-AH: i'm glad to hear that :3

PHONE FOR JOON-AH: Eat a piece of fruit today you high sodium delinquent.

JOON-AH: you can't tell me what to do
PHONE FOR JOON-AH: Yes i can. Eat something that doesn't come out of either a shitty cafe or a styrofoam container and you'll get a reward

JOON-AH: mmm well what happens if i dont?

PHONE FOR JOON-AH: Try me and find out, Namjoon.

JOON-AH: ...i'll be good

Yoongi snorts and drops the phone on his desk, turning back to his work. His hands are only shaking slightly, which means he's probably good to go.

Namjoon likes Taehyung, but there's something a little strange about the way he, Hoseok, and Jimin interact. It's a little like he's on the outside of an inside joke, but all the time, and it makes him uncomfortable. It's not that Taehyung isn't friendly- he's a nice guy, really sweet and a little strange in a way Namjoon really admires. He laughs at his own jokes and has an encyclopaedic knowledge of eighties video games, he loves fine art and rap music and he gives really good hugs, because his arms are weirdly long and he can wrap around you like he's part snake. There's nothing to dislike there.

But it's just...a little uncomfortable. Like they're all keeping a secret. It's nothing Namjoon really concerns himself with, because he's pretty sure it's just due to them having been friends before meeting Namjoon. Taehyung's actually the one who introduced Hobi and Jimin, after all, and being responsible for that would automatically put you on a different tier, friendshipwise.

Still, Namjoon likes Taehyung, so when Jimin calls him up and invites him out on a 'double date with me and Taehyungie- see, because I'm going to take you all out, it's double the date? Oh, and I guess Hobi-hyung will be there too, but I'm not dating him tonight, just you and Taehyungie,' Namjoon agrees. Jimin tells him to dress nice, so he puts on a shirt that Yoongi sent him- he's been very deliberately not looking at labels or price tags, but just the feeling of this shirt lets him know it would probably pay his rent for several months- a nice pair of jeans, and his ridiculous luxury sneakers. It's still cold outside, spring hasn't sprung quite yet, so he layers on a jacket and scarf, taking a quick picture to send so Yoongi knows he appreciates his gift, and heads over to the train station to meet his 'dates' for the night. Jimin does this occasionally, when he feels like someone needs appreciating, that they've been ignored. He pulls out all his romantic moves, buys them dinner or organises a 'date' to something they've been looking forward to, and honestly, it's one of his more charming habits. Way better than the way he occasionally breaks into people's places for affection if they don't reply to his texts quickly enough.

"Namjoonie-hyung!" Jimin is standing by the gate at the station they’ve agreed to meet at, waving an arm over his head. He’s dressed nicely too, in a grey peacoat, a sweater, and ripped black jeans, and he’s carrying two bouquets of flowers in the crook of his arm. When Namjoon gets closer, he offers one of the bouquets- this one mostly white and yellow flowers, as opposed to the pink and yellow of the other- “This is for you!”

“Ah, thanks, Jiminie,” Namjoon says, accepting the bouquet and holding it awkwardly. “I’m not sure what I’m meant to do with this, though? Aren’t we going out?”
“Eh, I didn’t really think of that,” Jimin says, scratching his head. “It doesn’t really matter, and the important thing is that you got them. You like them?”

“Yeah, thanks,” Namjoon nods, and pulls out one of the flowers- white, with a little tinge of yellow at the middle- and threads it through the buttonhole on his jacket. “It’s really nice of you, Jiminie. You’re a thoughtful guy, you know?”

“Ah, hyung!” Jimin flaps his hand, “I’m meant to be impressing you with my smooth romantic moves, not the other way around!”

“Consider me impressed,” Namjoon says, untying the ribbon that holds the bouquet together so he has two dozen flowers (minus the one on his jacket) lying loose in his hands. “You’re very impressive.” He takes one of the flowers and steps in close to thread it through Jimin’s buttonhole too.

“Hyung!” Jimin is pink and pleased with himself, and Namjoon turns away, looking at the crowd of people making their way through the station. He’s got twenty two flowers left, after all. Then, he spots a tired looking woman walking towards the gates, and shrugs to himself. Why not?

“Excuse me, miss? Would you like a flower?”

“Ah, do they cost anything?”

“No, not at all,” Namjoon shakes his head, and the office lady he’d stopped accepts one of the blooms, lifting it to her nose. “I’m just handing them out to people who want them.”

“Ah, that’s thoughtful,” she says, going a little pink. “It’s very pretty, thank you!”

“Have a good night!” he calls after her, as she heads towards the gates. Twenty one flowers left.

By the time Taehyung arrives, Namjoon’s down to one flower, and Jimin is looking at him like he just cured world hunger, all starry eyes and pink cheeks.

“What?”

“You’re just...you’re a really good person, hyung. I’m glad I know you.”

“Aish, this kid,” Namjoon crosses his arms and looks away, feeling a little flushed.

“Oh, hey, it’s Taehyungie!” Jimin says, waving at a tall figure in a brown corduroy suit.

As always, Taehyung looks a little like he stepped out of a seventies themed fashion shoot, and he’s dyed his hair a silvery grey since the last time Namjoon saw him. He’s wearing half a jewelry store, hands decked in rings and bracelets, ears dripping with decoration, but he makes it look purposeful rather than strange. He looks lost, until he sees Jimin’s wave, and then his face splits into a massive grin that completely transforms him from unfriendly hot model to approachable cute boy, and he trots across the station to them at speed.

“Jiminie! Namjoon-hyung!” Taehyung calls out, not slowing down, and collects Jimin in a hug that lifts him off his feet. “It’s been too long!”

“I saw you on Wednesday,” Jimin laughs, hugging Taehyung back, and Namjoon tries a smile.

Taehyung pulls back from Jimin, and turns to beam at Namjoon. As usual, once Taehyung’s full attention is on him, Namjoon immediately feels silly for thinking he’d ever be anything less than
wanted company. There’s something about the way Taehyung looks at him that makes him feel like he’s the only person Taehyung would want to spend time with, like he’s the centre of his universe, and while he knows that it’s just the effect of Taehyung’s attention, the charisma he carries, he can’t help falling for it every time.

“Taehyung-ah, it’s good to see you,” Namjoon says with a smile, and steps in to give him the last flower, which Taehyung tucks into his buttonhole, copying him and Jimin. “How have you been?”

“Well, I was having a great month, right up until I got ditched last week by my supposed suitor,” Taehyung says with a sigh, “which I think is why Jiminie planned this evening.”

“My, uh...suitor, did something too,” Namjoon says sympathetically, “so you aren’t alone there.”

“He’ll be getting a word from me when he gets back from overseas,” Taehyung says candidly, and Jimin presents him his bouquet with a flourish.

“For me?”

“For you! No thoughts of Jeon Jungkook or Mr. Fish tonight. I’m your boyfriend now. Both your boyfriends,” Jimin says strictly, and Taehyung blinks.

“Mr. Fish?”

“That’s the suitor,” Namjoon explains, and Taehyung nods as if that makes sense.

“Well, boyfriend,” Taehyung says, linking his arm with Jimin, “lead on. Impress us with your romantic sensibilities and lack of running away to Angola.”

“That’s a low bar, there,” Namjoon comments, linking his arm through Jimin’s free side, “but yeah, go ahead, Jiminie. Show us a good time.”

“How could I not, with the two most handsome men in all Seoul on my arms?” Jimin says grandly, and then ruins it by bursting into giggles. “Okay, okay. We’re going to go eat chicken and drink beer with Hobi-hyung, and then I know I’ve heard both of you mention the midnight exhibition at the MMCA, so we’re going there. How does that sound?”

Namjoon’s honestly touched. He mentioned the exhibition once, almost two months ago, and the fact that Jimin’s remembered, that Jimin’s bought them tickets? That’s too sweet. His dongsaeng is too cute.

“You’re too cute, Jiminie,” he says, reaching up and ruffling Jimin’s hair. “So nice to me.”

“Hyung! Don’t call me cute! It’s a seductive and romantic date night!” Jimin whines, pawing his hair back into place.

“I’m romanced already,” Taehyung says, pulling a few flowers out of his bouquet and threading them through their buttonholes, so that they each have one white and one pink flower decorating them. “Jeon Jungkook who?”

“I don’t know him,” Jimin says grandly. “Now, if my lovely dates will accompany me, we have a booking to make. By which I mean I sent Hobi-hyung ahead to get a table for us.”

“Do you feel seduced, hyung?” Taehyung asks, eyes glittering, and Namjoon laughs, tugging at his scarf. It feels like Taehyung’s asking him another question under the obvious one, and he’s not sure what it is or how he’s meant to answer.
“I’m not that easy. I want to at least get to the restaurant before I say I’m seduced,” Namjoon says, looking away.

“Wait, hyung, is that Gucci?” Taehyung asks, moving in to peer at his shirt. “From the latest collection?”

“Ah, it might be?” Namjoon half asks, half answers. He purposefully hasn’t been looking at tags, after all. For all he knows, it could be from Homeplus. It probably isn’t. It’s probably Gucci. Yoongi seems to like putting Namjoon in expensive clothes.

“It is,” Taehyung says, pushing his jacket out of the way to look at the shirt more closely. “Wow, hyung, I had no idea you were so fashionable.”

“Ah…” Namjoon looks to Jimin for help, and the blond claps his hands.

“Right! We need to go, or Hobi-hyung will drink two whole beers and pass out before we even get there.”

“Well, we can’t let that happen,” Taehyung says, stepping away from Namjoon. “Let’s go! I’m ready for a romantic evening, so sweep me off my feet, Park Jimin.”

Jimin looks at Taehyung thoughtfully, but he skips out of the way before Jimin can act.

Namjoon is not as fast.

“Park Jimin! Put me down! I’m your hyung! This is disrespectful!”

Chapter End Notes

Park Jimin is such a good boy, and I love Taehyung so so much. I'm glad he's finally on screen now~ if you liked the chapter, please leave a comment below. Your feedback really makes me day and makes me keep writing! If you like my work, come hang out with me @ runchrandom on twitter. I love talking to people about namjoon and namjoon adjacent topics!
You Owe Namjoon: Your Voice, and A Nap

Yoongi has almost fallen asleep five times. The pills aren't quite working the way they're supposed to, and he has resorted to physical exercise to stay awake. While even methamphetamines must eventually bend to the body's chemistry, apparently, squats are still doing the job, when combined with an unholy cocktail of caffeine pills, red bull, triple brewed espresso (one of Yoongi's best inventions, which is when you brew coffee, using already brewed coffee, and then you do it again, add enough sugar to put a diabetic in a coma, and combine it with a shot of high quality energy drink- the kind that gets sold with a health warning on the label and in doses measured in grams) more methamphetamines, and a soul deep panic at the idea that if he falls asleep, Seokjin and Jungkook are unprotected and likely to get killed.

Yoongi only likes like four people- counting the chicken delivery guy- he can't let two of them die. Even if he feels like hell. Even if he's started seeing weird shapes in the corners of his eyes, spiders climbing the shadows, things moving when they shouldn't be moving- it's fine. It's fine. He needs to look after Seokjin and Jungkook, and there's nobody else he can trust to watch the monitors. He can't even automate the system, because sometimes the intrusion is so organic, so perfect, that the only reason Yoongi notices is that he knows these files back to front, front to back.

He's on video chat with Namjoon, because listening to Namjoon as he hums and moves around his apartment, his offhand comments, his easy decisions, is... soothing. It's nice, and it makes the horrible crawling feeling between Yoongi's shoulderblades almost soothe away. They’ve been hanging out like this most of the day. Yoongi’s watched Namjoon make a fruit salad with only two small injuries, listened to several second hand stories about Namjoon’s friends Jimin and ‘Hobi’, and now he’s settled at the table, occupied with school work.

Namjoon's listening to something on his headphones as he works on an assignment, head bobbing, laptop set up so that Yoongi can watch him- with permission, this time- the audio connected both ways so he can hear the rattle of Yoongi's typing, the occasional held breath, the noise of him drinking triple-brew and trying not to vibrate through his chair, and Namjoon seems more relaxed for that presence, too. Occasionally he looks up at the camera and smiles like he's sharing a secret, and Yoongi really wants to reach out and touch his hand. Namjoon's hands- thanks to a recently purchased manicure- look soft, nails short and clean, shiny but unpolished, his fingers long and almost elegant as one holds a Gudetama pencil, the other tapping along to the song he's listening to.

"How's your work going, hyung?" Namjoon asks, looking up from his papers, and Yoongi shrugs, even though he knows Namjoon can't see him.

"It's fine. It's more of a time based thing," he says, stifling a yawn. "I just need to monitor this database."

"Like, constantly?" Namjoon asks, tilting his head to one side, "Or do you have a partner in crime?"

"You're my only partner in crime, Joon-ah," Yoongi slurs, resting his cheek on his hand, watching Namjoon as he flushes a pretty pink. He wants to touch him. He looks so soft, in his oversized
hoodie and joggers, comfortable and at ease. Warm, and well fed.

Yoongi did that. It makes his chest feel warm, and he smiles at the monitor.

“Hey, hyung, do you know this song?” Namjoon asks, clearly trying to distract Yoongi from his blush. “It’s by an American group, called Earth, Wind and Fire.”

“I don’t think so,” Yoongi shrugs, and Namjoon gasps theatrically.

“It’s so good, hyung!”

“Eh, maybe,” Yoongi says, “I’m just trying to stay awake and work right now, I don’t care about anything else.”

“Well, maybe if you get up and move you won’t feel so sleepy?” Namjoon suggests, fiddling with his phone. Yoongi really should get him something with better security soon, iPhones are actually the worst, he thinks absently, as an upbeat song begins to carry through the speakers.

“Get up and move?”

“Yeah, hyung! Dance with me, okay?”

“I can’t dance,” Yoongi says automatically, but Namjoon isn’t really dancing, he’s just kind of bobbing around in his seat, grinning.

“Neither can I!” Namjoon says loudly, just carrying over the music, and he hops out of his seat, playing some dramatic air guitar, “But it’s fun anyway. I dance like this all the time,” he advises, leaning down to look into the camera, “you don’t have to be good to have fun.”

Yoongi lets out a bark of laughter, and Namjoon wiggles his eyebrows.

“Come on, hyung...Do it for me,” he not quite whines, drawing out the last syllable of each phrase, and God. God, Yoongi would do anything for this stupid boy who can’t cut a cantaloupe without
injuring himself. Namjoon is shimmying at the camera in time with his music, and Yoongi can’t help smiling.

“Okay, okay,” he grumbles, pulling himself out of his chair. He should move soon anyway, or he’ll pass out at his desk. “I’m up. I’m dancing.”

“Yeah!” Namjoon claps, and immediately begins lip-synching with the music, dancing around his desk in a circle. Yoongi, who is just kind of bobbing on the spot, feeling awkward, watches, charmed. He moves awkwardly, but with absolutely no hesitation, no worry that Yoongi will judge him for his movements, and it’s...it’s really cute. Yoongi actually wants to dance with him, even if Namjoon would judge his own terrible dance skills.

Yoongi copies the same shoulder shimmy, stiff and exhausted, and Namjoon falls into his chair, still moving to the music.

“It’s a good song, right? I hear it, and no matter what, I always feel happy and energised.”

“It’s not bad,” Yoongi agrees, watching Namjoon dance. He sits down heavily, propping his cheek on his hand, “you're pretty damn cute, Joon-ah.”

“Oh, hyung! That’s not why I did that,” Namjoon shakes his head, and his hood falls off his head, revealing his unstyled hair. It looks so soft, without the product Namjoon usually runs through it. Yoongi wants to touch it. He wants to comb his fingers through Namjoon’s hair, and kiss his lips, and be with him properly.

If he could leave his computer, he would go. Why not? He's past caring about if people are looking for him, now. There are so many people in Seoul, who would be watching one grimy hacker going to the student area? Then he could touch Namjoon's cheek as it lights up pink, and find out if it feels as nice as it looks. Curl up with Namjoon in that blanket he bought him, nuzzle into the back of his neck and smell him all warm and soft and sweet. Close his eyes. Sleep.

Sleep.

"-hyung? Hyung!"

"I'm awake," Yoongi startles back upright, blinking hard. He turns to the other monitors, the important monitors, quickly scanning for any disturbance, but the hacker hasn’t made a move yet. Their attacks are growing sporadic and less sophisticated, to the point Yoongi would write a worm to watch for them, if he weren’t too fried to do so. “I’m fine.”
“Are you sure you can’t take a break, hyung?” Namjoon asks, scooting his chair closer to the table, frowning. “Isn’t there anyone else who can watch the thing?”

“Nobody I trust,” Yoongi replies automatically, then frowns. Is that true? He would let Seokjin watch the monitors, it isn’t exactly rocket science. He’d even let Jungkook watch the monitors, if it was a dire situation. All he needs is twenty minutes, long enough to take a cold shower and shock his body into being awake again. “Or. Hm.”

Namjoon blinks at him, all eyes and curious head tilt.

“Can I trust you, Joon-ah?”

“Of course,” Namjoon says, nodding seriously.

“This isn’t exactly legal, what I’m doing,” Yoongi warns, but Namjoon looks into the camera like he’s meeting Yoongi’s eyes, serious and level.

“What do you need, hyung?”

“I’m going to re-route a feed onto your laptop. You need to watch it, and tell me if the green lines ever move away from the blue lines. Even if they just wobble.”

“I can do that,” Namjoon nods, and Yoongi types a few rapid phrases. He’s left a convenient backdoor in Namjoon’s system, and it’s the work of a few moments to mirror his monitor set up on Namjoon’s little laptop. “Are you going to take a nap?”

“You’re funny, baby,” Yoongi says, pushing away from the desk. “I’ll be back soon, okay?”

“Okay,” Namjoon agrees, with another serious nod. “You can rely on me, hyung.”

Yoongi stumbles out of his room, greeting fresher air for the first time in too long. Even his hallway seems new and interesting, and getting naked and climbing into the shower is so good he almost wants to cry. The water is freezing, the soap stings when he scrubs at grubby skin that hasn’t seen a wash in a disgusting amount of time, and he takes the opportunity to stare through the
little window that looks over the roofs, eyes trying to focus on anything further away than his computer monitor’s usual distance. After he’s clean, he shaves, gets dressed in fresh clothes, and walks, rather than falling, towards his room again. Inside, it smells like unwashed boy and espresso, which is an unfortunate but familiar combination, and he falls into his desk chair feeling energised.

“Thanks, Joon-ah.”

“Ah, is that all the time you needed, hyung? I don’t mind, I can go longer,” Namjoon says, blinking up at the camera.

“No, I’m fine, thanks. I might take you up on that later,” Yoongi says, chewing on a couple more pills. They shoot a new spike of adrenaline, smoothing off the rough edges of exhaustion, and he nods. “But for now, I’m okay. Go back to your own school work.”

“Okay, but just remember, I took a nap this afternoon, so if you want to take a nap later, I can spell you,” Namjoon says, pointing his gudetama pencil at Yoongi, who stifles a smile.

“I’ll remember,” Yoongi assures him, and Namjoon obediently turns back to his work, still humming the refrain of the song from earlier.

Eventually, the pills stop working. He’s taken so many in the last few days that the effects have stopped being useful, and started being a pain in the fucking ass. He can’t settle to any train of thought, his legs keep bouncing, and he’s shaking, he’s sweating, he’s tired and he just wants to fucking sleep.

If he can’t focus, he can’t work.

Yoongi looks down at his hands, which are shaking, and at his keyboard, which appears to now be three keyboards, slightly overlaid on each other, and back at his hands.

He can’t help his friends like this. Even if the hacker did attack now, which he thinks is unlikely, from their previous patterns of attack, he would be able to do fuck all.

He’s less than useless.
Seokjin and Jungkook are alone right now, and they don’t even know it.

Yoongi’s less tech-savvy than a senior at a library, in this condition. He barely remembers where the start menu is, let alone how to counter a security attempt.

“Are you okay, hyung?” Namjoon asks around a mouthful of japchae. He’s eating dinner, take out, at the same time Yoongi’s cramming instant ramen into his stomach to stop it complaining, and it almost feels like eating together. Almost. “You stopped typing.”

“Ah.” Yoongi says distantly. “Namjoon-ah.”

“Yeah, hyung, I’m still here,” Namjoon says carefully, putting down his chopsticks.

“I need you to do me a favour,” he says. “If that’s okay.”

Maybe he’s not thinking right. Still, he feels like if that’s excusable at any time, now is that time.

“I need you to come to this address,” he says, and lists a place that very few people know, but a whole lot of take out joints have memorised.

“Of course,” Namjoon nods, standing up, “it’s not, like, uh. You’re not like, selling me into slavery or stealing my kidneys or something?”

“Your kidneys are shit,” Yoongi says, “you need to eat more red capsicum.”

“...That’s not encouraging, hyung.”

“No, I’m not selling you into slavery or stealing your organs. Nobody wants your organs, trust me,” Yoongi says. “I’m, uh. I’m asking you to come over and watch my monitors for me.”

Namjoon’s eyes light up, and he practically levitates out of his seat, grabbing his jacket.
“I’ll be there in ten!”

“You’ll be here in twenty,” Yoongi corrects him, “the next train from your station is in eight minutes.”

Namjoon nods, and he’s a sudden flurry of activity, grabbing his wallet from the counter and stuffing his feet in the nearest shoes.

“Hey, Namjoon-ah?”

“Yeah, hyung?”

“Don’t make me regret this,” Yoongi says, running a hand through his hair and tugging at the still damp locks. “It’d really fuck me up.”

“You won’t, I promise!” Namjoon swears, and the laptop screen closes.

Yoongi lives in a nice part of town. It’s not like it’s a surprise. Namjoon’s known for a while that Yoongi’s apartment is in one of the more expensive districts, but it’s different standing in a mirrored elevator, avoiding his own gaze as he rockets up towards the sixty eighth floor. He doesn’t stick out as badly as he would have, once upon a time, now he’s dressed in PUMA and Versace rather than Homeplus and Emart, but he still feels out of place. The doorman hadn’t stopped him, although he’d checked Namjoon’s ID against a list carefully before letting him past.

The elevator comes to a stop, an he steps out into an immaculate pale blue hallway floored in thick, plush carpet. The apartment Yoongi had instructed him to go to is up ahead, one of four on this floor, and Namjoon finds himself slowing down the closer he gets.

Is he ready to actually meet Yoongi?
What if he’s not the person Namjoon’s been imagining? What if he’s been lying? He sounds good, but what if he’s been scamming him?

Scamming him how, exactly? the logical part of his brain asks. By buying him super expensive shit and sending him scorchingly hot sexts on a regular basis?

What precisely would the master plan behind that be?

Namjoon shakes his head and steps up, ringing the bell before he can psych himself out any further.

There’s a loud noise from inside the apartment, then audible footsteps.

The door opens.

Oh.

Yoongi is…

Namjoon blinks.

Yoongi’s really pretty.

He’s shorter, almost by a full head, and he’s got dark hair kept fairly long, cut in long bangs that fall across his forehead. He’s pale, like he never sees the outside, and his tired eyes are turned up at the corner, somehow languid and piercing at the same time. His mouth is small, bitten pink, and his cheekbones are sharp as he looks Namjoon up and down. He looks fucking exhausted, pale and almost grey, lips chapped and eyes heavy, and Namjoon wants to tuck him into bed.

He’s also wearing striped pyjamas with little biscuits on them.
“Are you wearing pyjamas?” Namjoon asks, too shocked to think of anything else to say, and Yoongi- it’s probably Yoongi- snorts.

He recognises that snort. That’s definitely Yoongi’s disdainful snort.

“Yeah, I’m going to bed, remember?” Yoongi says, and jerks his head towards the depths of the apartment.

Namjoon steps inside, taking off his shoes, and Yoongi leans against the wall, arms crossed.

His apartment doesn’t really suit him, Namjoon thinks absently, as Yoongi guides him through an open plan kitchen-living room decorated in grey and silver, into a large study. A massive computer takes up an equally huge, U-shaped desk, and behind it, a bed is waiting, covers untucked temptingly.

“This is the computer,” Yoongi says, waving at the mass of cables and neon. “Watch the screens, same as before.” He pauses for a moment, looking at Namjoon with a hawkish stare.

“Are you sure you’re happy to do this?”

“Ah,” Namjoon looks away. “Sure. For hyung, I can do it. You need to sleep.”

Yoongi shakes his head, muttering something under his breath.

“Pardon?”

“Don’t worry about it, Joon-ah,” Yoongi says, and hearing the familiar nickname from his rumbly voice in person makes Namjoon bite his lip, feeling a little warm. “That’s for later. I’m too fucked to think about anything but sleeping.”

“You can sleep,” Namjoon nods, putting down his backpack and taking a seat in the computer chair. It’s still warm from Yoongi’s body heat, and he wonders for a second what it would be like to touch Yoongi, to cup his pale face in his hands and lean down to kiss him.
Yoongi blinks at him, eyes dilated, and stumbles over to the bed.

“Good boy,” he mumbles, face planting into the pillows. “I’m going to buy you a yacht.”

Namjoonflushes red, eyes fixed on the computer screen. “What am I going to do with a yacht, hyung?”

“Sunbathe naked,” Yoongi suggests, and promptly passes out.

Namjoonsettles himself in the seat, arches his fingers in front of him like an anime villain, and watches the monitors.

Chapter End Notes

oh my gosh look at that they finally met, namjoon isn't panicking about yoongi's intentions, and yoongi finally got some fuckin sleep. we're all very proud of them and their progress as people.

Namjoon is, of course, dancing to September by Earth Wind and Fire. If you haven't seen that iconic moment, here's a link to a little twitter clip:

https://twitter.com/peachyarmys/status/1035739284656062464/video/1

If you enjoyed the work, please leave a comment below! Even if you've commented before, or you're not sure what to say, let me know! Even a few words about a favourite part or a bit you're excited about is really a great encouragement for me as a writer! If you prefer twitter, come talk to me @ runchrandom instead!
Yoongi hasn't moved in about four hours, and Namjoon is slightly concerned. He hasn't even shifted to get comfortable, his face smushed into the mattress at a strange angle, and one leg is actually sticking over the side of the bed. It's about ten o'clock, and Namjoon has been sitting in Yoongi's chair, watching Yoongi's monitors carefully, since he got there a little after six. At first, he'd been concerned about moving at all, but Yoongi has left a tablet with the same monitor set-up on the desk, clearly set up to let him wander as far as the kitchen or the bathroom for a few minutes before returning, and Namjoon uses it to go snoop through Yoongi's kitchen in search of a drink.

Yoongi's kitchen isn't as tidy as the rest of the flat, but it's in a lived in way, rather than a messy one. His cabinets are full of shelf stable meals that Namjoon recognises from his own apartment, but his freezer is equally stocked with neatly labelled tupperware containers marked with dates and foods. There are stews and soups, rice and noodles, homemade dumplings and carefully arranged fruits, all made for maximum efficiency and minimum effort. Strangely enough, there seem to be several different hands of writing on the containers. There's a neat, cramped hand that writes the bare minimum- 1/8/18 beef stew, a larger, loopy hand that adds descriptions- hyung's spicy curry, eat with rice or regret it! 25/7/18, and a third, careless hand that seems to care even less than the first- 29/7/18, soup.

What soup?

Namjoon certainly can't tell.

Yoongi's fridge is neatly stacked with seventy percent tea, twenty five percent energy drinks, and five percent food, and Namjoon frowns, tilting his head to the side. There's a tub of kimchi, a few wilted looking convenience store side dishes, and some old rice that reminds Namjoon that he'd packed up his dinner and brought it with him when he'd made the dash to Yoongi's. He grabs a can of tea, shrugging, and heads back to the study. As he'd noted before, the rest of the apartment doesn't really seem to suit Yoongi- there's a sleek leather sectional in the lounge, a bowl of fake fruit on the coffee table, and the dining table has placemats and fancy dinnerware gathering dust on it. It looks like a display home, and Namjoon can practically see the path from Yoongi's room to the kitchen and back trodden into the carpet. He'd guess that the living room TV has been turned on maybe ten times in the time Yoongi's lived here. The kitchen is a little more lived in, but the real heart of Yoongi's house is his study. Namjoon walks carefully, trying not to be too loud, and settles back into the computer chair, putting down the tablet and looking at the monitors properly again.

If the blue line moves away from the green line, he'll have to try and wake Yoongi up.

He looks over at the other man. He's still splayed over the bed, and Namjoon gives himself a moment to actually look at him. Not too long, and he keeps the monitor in his peripheral, but, honestly, he deserves this.

He deserves to know what Yoongi looks like. He's been patient, willing to match Yoongi's pace, for the most part, but it's been really weird, not knowing what the man he talks to every day for
hours on end actually looks like. It's weird, because he's been slowly growing to like Yoongi for his personality, for his acidic sense of humour and his irreverent comments, the way he sits back and judges before he acts, but can still be funny and impulsive, but up until... almost five hours ago, now... Namjoon had absolutely no idea what he looked like, but could have solidly said that he was starting to fall in something a little bit like love.

Is it possible to love someone entirely when you don't know what they look like, though? Namjoon doesn't think of himself as a vain or shallow person, but he has to admit, he's still pleased that Yoongi is handsome. He's pleased Yoongi's a guy, that he's Korean, that he's someone Namjoon could imagine chatting up in a bar and finding attractive. He doesn't think that he would have balked if Yoongi hadn't been that person, if he'd been foreign or a woman or plain, but the fact that he's pleased, doesn't that mean that on some level, he's relieved?

Even in ungraceful sleep, Yoongi is handsome, and Namjoon's not sure if he's handsome because Namjoon already likes him, or if Namjoon likes him more, now he knows that he's handsome. He doesn't want to think about himself like that.

Namjoon shakes his head and turns back to look at the monitors properly, double checking what his peripheral vision has been saying.

No movement.

He likes Yoongi. He already knew that, knew that on some level he found the mysterious figure in his life attractive on both a physical and a personal level, and yes, it's nice to know that with a face to attach to the personality and the voice, he's still into him.

Is he still into him? Namjoon risks under glance at Yoongi, admiring the way that the grey seems to have receded from his face, leaving him pale and beautiful, jaw sharp and lips pink. For some reason -maybe because of the way Yoongi talks, the way he acts towards Namjoon- he'd imagined Yoongi as taller, a little broader, a little lazier in his looks. This Yoongi isn't really what he'd expected, but Namjoon isn't exactly sad, either. He just needs to adjust his expectations.

He darts another look at Yoongi, who lets out a sleepy sound and curls up around his pillow, lips smacking.

He thinks it'll be okay.

He also thinks he'll probably need to crack into one of Yoongi's energy drinks, if he needs to stay up past dawn, but he'll do it, if it means Yoongi actually rests. He’s watched as Yoongi got more and more spaced out, stressed from lack of sleep and whatever it is that he’s watching now, but refusing to look after himself. It seems rather hypocritical, considering how incredibly focussed he is on Namjoon being safe and healthy, but Namjoon is well aware that a lot of people have problems with the concept of applying the same rules to themselves as they do others. This time, he'll play the hypocrite and pull an all-nighter so Yoongi can get his rest. He only got up at about 2 P.M, anyway, so it won’t even be stressful to stay up late. It’s kind of boring, watching the monitors, but he has his headphones, he can listen to some music, or finally catch up on his podcasts, or listen to his lecture notes, if he’s feeling productive.

He fusses with the mouse, making sure the computer doesn’t drift to sleep, and notices that the fifth monitor, set off to the side, a little smaller and a little less fancy, lights up.

The background is one of the selcas he’d sent Yoongi earlier in the week, one of him curled up in bed with a cup of coffee, soft and ruffled in his pyjamas. It’s not even one of the ones that Hobi would label a ‘trap’, just a nice picture, the kind of thing he’d post on instagram or send to his
friends.

He looks over at Yoongi again, a fond smile tugging at his lips.

Yeah, he’ll look after things for now. Yoongi needs his rest.

Yoongi feels great. He’s tired, because of course he’s tired, a few hours of sleep aren’t going to wipe out almost a full week of debt, but he doesn’t have a pounding headache, his heart has slowed to a normal resting pace, and the idea of opening his eyes doesn’t fill with with rage. He’s not entirely certain about the last twenty four hours- it’s a blur of microwave BBQ buns and double vision and trying to figure out how much speed is too much speed- but he feels surprisingly okay about whatever strategy he’s come up with to keep an eye on Seokjin’s profile. As such, he takes his time waking up, letting waves of consciousness slowly float him up from the depths of sleep to wash awake on the beach that is his fucking horrorshow of a life. He blinks, clearing the sleep from his eyes, and sits up slowly.

It takes a second for him to recognise the figure at his computer, thrown by the angle- he’s not used to seeing Namjoon from behind, but it only takes a moment to recognise the hoodie he’s wearing- it’s camouflage, Moschino- as something he bought Namjoon a few weeks ago, and Namjoon takes a quick look over his shoulder, blinking in surprise when he sees that Yoongi is awake.

“Ah! Hyung!” Namjoon’s voice sounds a little different in person, without digital compression, deep and pleasant, and his smile seems real as he looks Yoongi over. “You look a lot better.”

“Are you saying I looked bad before?” Yoongi grumbles, folding forward to sit upright properly, “That’s the first thing you say to me? The first time we meet? Disrespectful,” he drawls, and gets to see Namjoon go pink in real life. It’s just as fetching as he always thought it would be, a light flush rising to the tops of his cheeks, and Namjoon looks back at the monitors.

“I- no, sorry, I didn’t mean that,” Namjoon says, crossing his arms, “don’t be mean, hyung, I’m tired.”

“Maybe you should come lie down with me, then,” Yoongi says, grinning, and Namjoon bites his lip.

“Is that okay? I thought you said that these need to be watched at all times?”

“For any variation outside five points of familiarity, my system will alert me automatically,” Yoongi says, “and I don’t think that whoever is attacking it can afford the hacker they had earlier this week anymore, if the standard of the most recent attacks holds.”

Yoongi’s had a shower, he’s slept, it’s time to look after other bodily needs. He pats the mattress next to him, shooting Namjoon a sleepy but stern look.

“Come sit.”

“Oh, are you sure?”

“Namjoon-ah. I’m not going to ask a third time,” Yoongi says, and Namjoon is on his feet and walking over before he even finished the sentence. He almost looks surprised at his own movement, and he sits down next to Yoongi, sliding back so his back is up against the headboard. “Hm. So you can take directions.”
“I’m being sensible,” Namjoon objects, crossing his arms again. “And you’re not entirely in your right mind, if the multiple empty pill bottles I found mean anything. Are you sure now’s the time?”

“Those empty bottles mean that I’m feeling better today than I have in a while,” Yoongi says, swinging his leg over Namjoon’s to straddle his lap. Namjoon’s hands come up to settle on his hips automatically, and with Yoongi sitting on top of him, he actually has to look up a little to meet his eyes. “And it’s not like I’m planning anything extreme right now. Just a little fun.”

“Right now?” Namjoon asks, nibbling at his lip, “What does that mean?”

“You’ll find out eventually,” Yoongi says, in that darker, lower tone that had made Namjoon practically melt over the phone. It’s effect in real life is even more gratifying, as Namjoon’s eyes immediately half close, and his hands tighten on Yoongi’s hips. His lips part slightly, and Yoongi smiles. “For now, I think that you owe me something, baby.”

“I owe you something?” Namjoon repeats back, eyelashes fluttering. It’s gratifying, how quickly Namjoon switches gear, how easily he goes from poking at Yoongi playfully to taking instruction. “Mm. I’ve given you a lot, haven’t I?” Yoongi says, and he’s not whispering, or being seductive. He sounds almost business like, like he’s discussing the terms of a loan, and Namjoon nods. “Yeah,” Namjoon agrees, leaning in a little. His eyes are locked on Yoongi’s mouth, but Yoongi places a hand in the centre of his chest, pushing him back against the headboard. “Whatever hyung wants.”

“Oh, that’s a dangerous thing to say,” Yoongi laughs, running his hand up from Namjoon’s chest to settle at his throat. “Are you sure you want to say that, Joon-ah?”

Namjoon just nods, swallowing hard. “Well, I’ll be kind,” Yoongi says, saccharine sweet, “for now, I want a hello kiss.”

Namjoon goes to lean forward, but Yoongi doesn’t move his arm, leaving him pressing into the weight of his hand against Namjoon’s throat. “What’s wrong, baby? Don’t you want to kiss me hello?”

“I do, but—”

“But?” Yoongi mocks, and Namjoon’s lower lip pokes out, making a very cute pout.

“You won’t let me move, hyung, that’s not fair.”

“Maybe you should think outside the box. Aren’t you meant to be clever?”

“Hyung!” Namjoon’s pout grows, and Yoongi laughs a little. “You’re very clever, baby, don’t worry. I’m just teasing.”

“Well, maybe you should kiss me to make it up to me,” Namjoon says, pouting more dramatically. “That seems reasonable,” Yoongi allows, and leans in, catching him off guard.

Namjoon’s lips are soft, and he tastes like Yoongi’s favourite canned tea. He’s obliging, mouth opening easily under Yoongi’s when he pushes forward, and his hands stroke along Yoongi’s sides encouragingly even as he lets Yoongi’s tongue stroke along the surfaces of his mouth, warm and
wet and welcoming. His breathing’s a little irregular, growing more rapid as Yoongi leans in more, as he moves the hand on Namjoon’s throat to tangle in his hair instead, pulling him in closer with a tight fist. Yoongi tries an experimental tug, and Namjoon’s hands tighten on his ribs hard enough to leave little stinging crescents, his mouth falling open on a whimper that Yoongi takes advantage of.

Eventually, he pulls back, and Namjoon looks wrecked. His lips are red, bee-stung and warm, and his eyes are a little glazed. His hands are opening and closing reflexively, and when Yoongi eases back on his lap, he lets out a distressed noise.

“Aw, so cute,” Yoongi says, leaning down to kiss along Namjoon’s jaw. “It’s okay, I’m not leaving.”

“Please don’t,” Namjoon breathes, and Yoongi smiles into Namjoon’s skin. He nips experimentally, pressing soft kisses along Namjoon’s long neck until he finds a place that makes Namjoon’s breath stutter. “I- uh, I didn’t like it when you left before,” he continues, as Yoongi begins to lick and suck at that spot, enjoying the way Namjoon fidgets under him, not sure if he wants to press in closer or push away. “Don’t do it again?”

Yoongi hums around a mouthful of Namjoon’s neck, and Namjoon lets out a little noise, not quite a moan, but the precursor, a hand coming up to knot in Yoongi’s hair and pull him closer. “Oh-”

“But you want me to do that again, don’t you?”

“Please-”

Yoongi sets to pulling up a bruise as Namjoon clings to him, all harsh breathing and little restless movements. He bites a little, pulls back to admire his work, comes close again to expand the size of the hickey until it’s taking up a significant section of Namjoon’s neck, and lets Namjoon’s hand in his hair steer him to another sensitive spot.

There’s something hot and satisfied come to rest in his stomach when he sits back and enjoys the full picture, a good ten minutes later.

Namjoon looks wrecked. He’s been biting his lips as Yoongi worked at his neck, his hair is ruffled from turning back and forth against the bedhead, and he’s got several bright red love bites on his neck that are starting to colour magnificently, purple and pink and perfect marks that Yoongi was there. He blinks at Yoongi when he pulls back, taking a moment to gather himself, and Yoongi grins.

“Don’t worry, baby, I’ll look after you.”

Namjoon shivers under him, and reaches up to pull him back down into a kiss.

“Fuck, that’s really hot,” Namjoon says against his lips, and Yoongi cups his jaw, runs his fingers over the warmth of the bruises he’s left, and feels Namjoon go loose and rubbery beneath him with another bitten off noise. “Kiss me?”

“Kiss me, what?” Yoongi asks, not leaning in any further, but Namjoon doesn’t press forward himself, waiting patiently.

“Please? Hyung?” Namjoon adds immediately, and Yoongi has to reward him for that. He has to. It would be immoral if he didn’t.

He leans in and kisses him again, figuring out exactly what Namjoon likes, what he likes about
kissing Namjoon.

Yoongi pulls back reluctantly, and Namjoon blinks at him, eyes lidded heavily.

“I have to work, baby.”

“I thought you said it was fine,” Namjoon whines, and Yoongi taps one of the bruises on his neck, just a flick, but enough that Namjoon shivers and goes still, red rising to his cheeks.

Interesting.

He logs that thought for later.

“It is fine. But I have a few things that need doing, all the same,” he explains, sitting back on his legs and wincing when they tingle. He’s been kneeling up for too long, legs tight and uncomfortable. “But I’m not leaving. You can stay, if you want.”

“I want,” Namjoon agrees immediately, and then frowns a little. “If I won’t be in the way, I mean.”

Yoongi shrugs, slipping back off Namjoon onto the bed proper. “I wouldn’t offer if I didn’t want you here. You must be tired, right? You’ve been up all night?”

“Ah… a little.”

That means a lot. Namjoon is a little tired, a little vulnerable, and he’s not managing his usual self-sufficient mask. He looks a little lost, sitting on Yoongi’s bed, and that’s not right at all. Namjoon should be comfortable in Yoongi’s space.

Yoongi stands.

“Yoongi-hyung…”

“I’ll be right back,” Yoongi says over his shoulder, shifting through his desk until he comes up with one of his laptops. He checks the routing number, types a few quick strings into his real computer, and comes over to settle on the bed, laptop on one bent leg, leaning back against the headboard next to Namjoon. “See? I told you I wasn’t going anywhere.”

Yet. Yoongi looks over his files with an internal sigh as Namjoon slips down in the bed, leaning his head on Yoongi’s free thigh. Yoongi slides a hand over his hair, and Namjoon makes a soft, content sound, already sleepy.

“Night, hyung,” Namjoon murmurs, and Yoongi pets him softly.

“Night, baby,” he says, and Namjoon goes soft and still, comfortable.

Sadly, looking at what’s been happening, it looks like Jungkook was right. Somebody on the ground is partnered with the enemy hacker. There are connections that shouldn’t be possible at distance, shortcuts that Yoongi will only be able to fight if he can get the same information.

He’s going to have to meet up with the disaster twins.

Outside Korea.

Chapter End Notes
Yoongi's got a steep learning curve when it comes to being a boyfriend, but he's adjusting admirably. Thank you so much for all your feedback yesterday! It made my day so good, reading all your comments and getting excited about writing more!! I hope you like this chapter too! If you did, leave me a comment, or come talk to me on twitter @runchrandom, where I talk a lot about how pretty Namjoon is and how everyone should kiss him a lot.
Honestly, there's nothing Yoongi hates more than the concept of leaving Seoul at the moment. A hot guy who likes being told what to do has literally just fallen into his lap, his apartment is clean, his mother is on a whale-watching cruise that means she isn't going to 'happen to stop by' for at least another four weeks, and, of course, he fucking hates leaving Korea. He can't speak English, he doesn't want to learn English, and he certainly doesn't have the facilities to learn English in the three days he has before he has to rendezvous with Seokjin and Jungkook in Dubai. Yoongi has decided on Dubai because of the ease of travel. Jungkook and Seokjin will be smuggling themselves there in a shipping container containing goats, while Yoongi takes a first class flight and a handful of tranquilisers, but he isn't really concerned about their comfort at the moment, as they are, as previously stated, trying to make him leave the country.

He should go tomorrow, giving himself a day to set up, a day to get eaten by the time zone changes, and a day to wipe out whatever surveillance manages to latch onto him during his transit. Yoongi clicks through airline sites reluctantly but rapidly, clearing his cookies as he goes to avoid price-traps, and finds himself looking at tickets. There's a flight from Incheon to Dubai leaving in less than two hours, without any annoying stop overs or connections.

Namjoon makes a happy sound in his sleep, rubbing his nose into Yoongi's hip bone, and Yoongi frowns.

The sensible answer would be to make Namjoon leave now, to let Yoongi pack, book his flight, and have a miserable few days panic-sweating himself to death in a five star hotel room in Dubai.

He'd have to wake him up, put him in a cab, no time for a proper explanation, and considering how clingy Namjoon seems to be, even Yoongi, who isn't exactly great at reading a room, can tell that would be a major misstep in this relationship.

Relationship?

Yoongi leans down and runs his thumb along Namjoon's lips, smiling to himself as Namjoon's mouth opens easily for him even in his sleep.

Yeah, fine. Whatever. He's hot, Yoongi can do a relationship for once.

Yoongi doesn't want to fuck it up, this time. Namjoon's interesting, and hot, and cute when he's not being hot, and even the fact that he's stubborn and kind of pretentious doesn't really put him off. Usually, Yoongi takes the smallest excuse to write someone off, but he genuinely does like Namjoon.

There's a simple solution to this, really. Namjoon's English is so good that until Yoongi had taken over, he'd been making most of his money tutoring and translating for various other students. And Namjoon's mentioned how much he'd love to go on holiday outside Korea, if he could only afford it.

Dubai is outside Korea.

Yoongi also has a very vivid mental image of a shirtless, relaxed Namjoon sunning lazily on a yacht, and although he isn't sure where it comes from, he's suddenly very committed to the concept
of a seaside getaway. He'd prefer if it was somewhere where people actually speak the right language, but he'll make himself go abroad for the combination of helping his friends and a mellow, tanned and mostly naked Namjoon.

He puts the computer down next to him, and leans down to kiss Namjoon, pulling his hand back to cup the taller man's jaw. It's nice, feeling Namjoon wake up beneath him, all slow and sleepy movements, seeing his eyes flutter open briefly, closing again as Yoongi presses into the bruises on his throat, which have come up in beautiful blotches of red and purple.

“Good morning, baby,” Yoongi says, pulling back, and Namjoon licks his lips, pushing up onto one elbow so he’s not just lying on Yoongi’s legs. “Sleep well?”

Namjoon hums in agreement, and Yoongi pulls and pushes at him until he’s sitting on Yoongi’s lap, reversing their positions from the previous evening. He tucks one hand under Namjoon’s thigh, high enough on his leg that he’s half touching his ass, and winds the other through Namjoon’s hair, pulling him down into another kiss.

When he pulls back, Namjoon is leaning into him, breathing hard, grinding down against Yoongi’s lap.

“You know, I realised a little while ago that I was kind of mean last night,” Yoongi says, and Namjoon lets out a frustrated sigh, trying to push into another kiss. Yoongi’s hand tightens in his hair, not letting him move forward, and he whines, irritated, and bucks his hips down.

“Hyung, please-”

“Joon-ah, I’m trying to talk,” Yoongi interrupts, and lifts his hand away from Namjoon’s thigh to swat him playfully. When his hand connects, it’s cushioned by Namjoon’s joggers, but Yoongi can actually feel the shiver that runs through him, hears the choked noise he tries to suppress. “Be good and listen.”

“What if I don’t want to be good?” Namjoon says, reaching out to set his hands on Yoongi’s shoulders, pulling him in a little, caging Yoongi’s head with arms that have a surprising amount of muscle for such a noodly person. “Maybe I want you to finally go through with some of your threats, hyung.”

Yoongi raises an eyebrow at him, and Namjoon smiles sweetly.

“Namjoon, if you want me to spank you, just say that, don’t be a brat.”

“Ah, oppa! Don’t tease me!” Namjoon fake-whines, and Yoongi grins, sitting up a little more under Namjoon. He’s joking, he’s clearly joking, but honestly? It’s pretty fucking hot, hearing that from a pink faced and whiny Namjoon sitting in his lap.

“Oh, you’re being polite now? I like that, keep calling me that.”

“Really?” Namjoon asks, sitting back on his heels and raising an eyebrow. “That’s so cheesy, hyung.”

Yoongi smacks him again, a little harder this time, and Namjoon yelps, rocked forward by the force. It is cheesy, and Yoongi knows that, but there’s a reason it’s a cliche, and that’s because it’s hot. Originally, he’d just been planning on jerking Namjoon off, maybe getting some oral out of the deal, but if Namjoon wants to push, then Yoongi will push him back. From the way Namjoon’s face has brightened, the tightness in his pants and the way his hips are shifting restlessly, Namjoon really, really wants to be pushed. They’ll need to talk about it, at some point, but for now, Yoongi’s
willing to trust his instincts.

“Hy-hyung!”

“I could’ve sworn you were calling me something else,” Yoongi says, and Namjoon goes even more pink, curling in towards Yoongi’s grip. “Weren’t you?”

“You don’t actually want me to call you oppa, right?” Namjoon asks, as Yoongi slides his hands under the waistband of his joggers, getting two solid handfuls of Namjoon’s ass and squeezing, “th-that would be kind of-”

“Kind of hot?” Yoongi asks, pinching Namjoon hard enough to make him squeak. “The kind of thing that would get you what you want?”

“O-oh,” Namjoon bites his lip, and Yoongi pulls his hand back a couple of inches, stretching the waistband on his pants, so he can smack him again.”Well, I mean, I guess…”

“You guess…?”

“Smack me harder, oppa?” Namjoon says, in an embarrassed, questioning sort of tone, and immediately looks away from Yoongi, focussing on a blank part of the wall behind Yoongi’s head.

Well, if he’s going to ask nicely. Yoongi smacks him again, wrist twisting at the last moment to send the movement across his whole ass, and Namjoon actually moans, heading falling forward to lean his forehead against Yoongi’s.

“Oh, you can be a good boy, can’t you?” Yoongi says darkly, and pushes Namjoon’s pants down properly, catching around his thighs. Namjoon whines, and Yoongi kisses him, deep but brief, pulling away as Namjoon chases after him. “I guess if you’re going to be good, I can give you what you want. Count to ten for me.”

“Ten?” Namjoon is more exhaling his words than saying them, eyes dark and intent as he chews on his lip, and Yoongi nods. “I can do ten.”

“Of course you can,” Yoongi says, bringing his hand up to knot in Namjoon’s already very ruffled hair, “you’re my good boy, aren’t you, baby?”

“Yeah,” Namjoon nods, pulling against his grip purposefully, eyes half closing at the feeling, “Yeah, uh. Oppa.”

Yoongi grins again, and uses the hand in his hair to pull Namjoon round until he’s laid over his lap, pants around his knees, the hem of his hoodie riding up to the small of his back. He’s got a good ass; it’s round, and a mellow tan colour that’s going to pick up red well, if he bruises as easily here as he does everywhere else. The hoodie is sitting just over dimples at the base of his back, and that’s pretty cute, the way he’s not quite naked, a little wriggly, the flush on his face wrapping round to the back of his neck.

“Are you embarrassed, Namjoon-ah?” Yoongi asks, and Namjoon pauses for a second before nodding. “You don’t need to be embarrassed. You’re hot. I like looking at you.”

Namjoon squirms again, his neck going even pinker, and Yoongi suddenly remembers the video that Namjoon’s friend had sent him.

“Oh, but you like that, too, don’t you? You’re so cute, baby. I can’t wait to take you apart.”
“Yoongi…” Namjoon complains, hiding his face in his arms, “Please be nice…”

While he’s complaining, Yoongi delivers his first proper smack, and Namjoon lets out a high, embarrassing whine, hips jolting down into Yoongi’s lap.

“Count,” Yoongi reminds him. “The number, and then say thank you to your oppa for being so nice to you and giving you what you want.”

“Ah, right, yes! One, th-thank you, oppa,” Namjoon bites out into the crook of his arm, and Yoongi smirks.

He’s right, Namjoon goes a very pretty red, echoing the shape of Yoongi’s hand like he’s put a handprint on his left side, and well, why not make him match?

“Two! Thank you, o-oppa.” Namjoon says, voice high and still a little embarrassed. Yoongi must not be distracting him enough, if he has enough brain to be anything but asking for more.

“Three, than-thank you, oppa! Four, five, s-six, oh, oh god- seven,” Namjoon buries his face deeper in the bedspread and whining, hips riding the movement of Yoongi’s hand as he continues, not stopping long enough to let Namjoon catch his breath, “eight, oh, nine, oh please-”

“You say thank you, Namjoonie,” Yoongi says coolly, like seeing Namjoon pink and whining and wriggling under his hands is doing absolutely nothing for him, even though Namjoon can definitely feel his hardon poking against his stomach with the way he’s lying over Yoongi’s lap. “Unless you’re not grateful? Do you want me to stop? I can stop.”

“Don’t stop!” Namjoon blurts out, “Please! Thank you, oppa, thank you-”

“That’s better,” Yoongi says, running his hand over where Namjoon’s ass is starting to warm up, solid pink from the tops of his thighs- and Yoongi has plans for those thighs, at some point- to the curve of his spine, rubbing at the slowly reddening marks he’s raised.

“Thank you, don’t stop, thank you, oppa.”

Namjoon’s actively pressing back into his hands at this point, pushing up onto his knees and burying his face in his arms with a surprisingly low moan, and Yoongi puts a hand over the small of his back, pushing him back down. Namjoon folds at the slightest pressure, letting out a satisfied noise when Yoongi makes him move- another idea to return to later.

“Ten, thank you, oppa,” Namjoon bites out, going limp over Yoongi’s lap, breath harsh.

“What a polite boy,” Yoongi says, and Namjoon wriggles under the attention. “Do you want another five?”

“Please, can I?” Namjoon asks scratchily, sounding wrecked, and he’s still, letting Yoongi run his hands along his backside, drawing faint scratches along the backs of his thighs, thumbing at the dimples on his back, soothing along the redness rising on his ass.

“Of course you can,” Yoongi says kindly, “my baby can have whatever he wants.”

Namjoon doesn’t move through the next five, shivering occasionally, soft noises caught in his throat, still hiding his face in his arms like his body doesn’t betray his every thought with the way he tenses and relaxes, the way his voice is thick and a little high as he thanks Yoongi for the privilege of being spanked, and when Yoongi delivers the last hit, he practically sobs.
“Oh, good boy,” Yoongi says, pulling Namjoon back up and into his lap, pants discarded so he’s in just his hoodie, dick smearing up against the hem, flanks bare for Yoongi to run his hands along soothingly. This time, he’s straddling just one of Yoongi’s legs, and Yoongi raises it, bending at the knee to give Namjoon something to rut against. “You were so good for me, baby.”

Namjoon’s looking wet around the eyes, sniffling a little bit as he presses into Yoongi’s touch, and he’s bitten his lips red and swollen. Not crying, but right on the edge, eyelashes spiky and dark with unshed tears, and for a moment Yoongi’s worried, but he’s smiling, wobbly and pleased, practically glowing under his attention.

Yoongi pulls his head down, bowing Namjoon’s back so he can bury his face in Yoongi’s shoulder, and continues to rub and press along Namjoon’s thighs up to his ass, taking a careful account of the skin he’s been bruising, and Namjoon is lipping lazily at Yoongi’s neck, pressing open mouthed kisses to the skin, hips working back against Yoongi’s hands and pressing forward to rub against Yoongi’s stomach.

“You wanna come, baby?” Yoongi asks, and he knows his accent is slipping through, but he can’t bring himself to care.

“Yeah, yeah, I want to,” Namjoon nods, sucking at the pulse point on Yoongi’s neck, and Yoongi digs his hands into Namjoon’s ass on reflex, surprised by the sudden feeling. That in turn surprises Namjoon, harsh on sensitive skin, and he lets out a harsh yelp, bending in even closer, and Yoongi can feel dampness on his neck, tears transferring from Namjoon’s lashes to Yoongi’s pyjama collar.

“I’m sorry, sweetheart,” Yoongi says, running a hand up the column of Namjoon’s spine, under his hoodie, but Namjoon shakes his head, clutching onto Yoongi’s shoulders.

“It’s good, it’s good,” he doesn’t quite whimper, and Yoongi’s grin widens. “Do it again? Please?”

“Oh, baby. You’re perfect,” Yoongi purrs, biting at Namjoon’s earlobe, and rakes his nails down Namjoon’s back harshly. “You’re so easy, Namjoon-ah,” he says, like he’s telling the other man a secret, and feels Namjoon buck down against him.

This time, Namjoon moans loudly, and Yoongi presses him down by the hips so that he can flex up against him.

“Wow, I spanked all your jokes out of you, huh?”

“I’m, uh...I’m just saving my energy,” Namjoon says into Yoongi’s shoulder, and Yoongi smiles, scratching Namjoon again.

“Like that, yeah, please, it feels good, I’m close.-” Namjoon whines, hips flexing, and Yoongi pushes him back a little, wrapping a hand around Namjoon and setting a fast pace, a little too tight, a little too harsh. Namjoon whimpered, hands clenching on Yoongi’s arms, and comes with a low moan.

“Hey,” Yoongi looks at Namjoon, who folds in over Yoongi, head in his shoulder and breathing heavily. “You good?”

Namjoon nods, breathing heavily, and Yoongi hums, running a hand up and down his back.

“You gonna return the favour?”

“Please,” Namjoon says, pulling back, eyes a little wild, “What do you want? I can give you what
“Your mouth,” Yoongi decides, after a moment, and Namjoon nods eagerly, sliding down between his legs.

Namjoon had almost expected Yoongi to kick him out in the morning, really. The hacker is prickly, likes his own space and his own rules, Namjoon already knows that just from their conversations, so he’d half expected a rude poke to the shoulder and an apathetic ‘your uber is downstairs’, when it came to wake up calls.

He hadn’t expected some light BDSM and breakfast in bed. Yoongi’s scrambled some eggs with his kimchi, brought it to bed on a plate to share with two sets of cutlery, and is watching Namjoon-who is lying on his stomach, still bare-assed- with an assessing eye, like he’s trying to decide something.

“This is really good, hyung,” Namjoon says happily, digging in, and Yoongi passes a hand over his hair affectionately, settling back into the blankets next to him. “Thanks.”

“Eh,” Yoongi shrugs, and looks over at Namjoon’s ass. “It’s just breakfast. How are you feeling?”

Good. He feels good, kind of buzzy and warm and sleepy, and Namjoon kind of just wants to curl up in Yoongi’s lap again and kiss him until his mouth hurts.

His ass does hurt, though.

“I’m good, hyung,” he answers, and Yoongi leans over to assess the damage.

“It’s going to bruise pretty badly,” Yoongi judges, “but I didn’t break the skin or anything.” He reaches down next to the bed, picking up a small round tin that he’d brought in at the same time as the plate. “I’m going to put some cream on it, okay?”

Namjoon nods, focussed on the eggs, and Yoongi dabs at the points on his ass that feel hottest- the most bruised, Namjoon assumes- before picking up his own cutlery and joining Namjoon in eating way too quickly. It’s leisurely, nonetheless, and Yoongi keeps dropping kisses on Namjoon’s neck, petting his hair, running a careful hand over his ass, and Namjoon feels good. He feels really good, all warm and cared for.

“Hey, Joon-ah,” Yoongi drawls, as they reach the end of the food, “Have you ever left Korea before?”

“Not really. I have a passport, because I went abroad once in highschool, but we just went to Hong Kong, and there wasn’t really time to sightsee,” Namjoon says with a shrug. “Why?”

“I need to go overseas for a week or so,” Yoongi says, and Namjoon’s heart stops for a second, already far too attached to Yoongi being here, close enough to touch. “To Dubai.”

“Wow, Dubai,” Namjoon says numbly, “that’s cool.”

“Have you ever wanted to go?”

“Eh, a bit,” Namjoon shrugs, and Yoongi smiles.
“Great. I’ll book two tickets, then,” he says casually. “I need to go by one o’clock, so when you’re done eating, put your pants on, okay?”

“What, to Dubai?” Namjoon blinks. “But, I mean, I haven’t got any luggage?”

“I’ll buy you whatever you want,” Yoongi says dismissively, typing on his phone.

“We don’t have tickets?”

“We do now,” Yoongi says, looking up.

“I- I have classes?”

“Would you rather go to class, or go to Dubai with me?”

“Honestly, Dubai,” Namjoon says thoughtfully. “For how long?”

“You’d be back by next weekend,” Yoongi promises. “If you need time to think, or need to call anyone, go ahead. I need to pack.”

Namjoon blinks at him as he rises from the bed, stripping off his pyjamas casually and reaching for the nearest black tee-shirt, stepping into skinny jeans as he heads for his wardrobe.

“I...yeah, okay. I’ll think about it.”

Chapter End Notes

Well. Things are really...heating up, huh?
If you enjoyed the work, please leave me a comment letting me know, even if it's just to say you liked the bit where namjoon was out of his mind on endorphins and calling yoongi oppa.
That's a very valid opinion.
You owe Yoongi: 911,277,000.00 won, a toaster, a jacket, a hoodie, a credit card, pancakes, new shoes, a provocative selca, a blow job, a gucci shirt, a nap, and a flight to Dubai

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Namjoon sits on Yoongi's balcony, awkward in an aged plastic chair that creaks under his weight, feet up, toes curled over the top of the railing. It's cold out here, and Yoongi has insisted that he takes a blanket with him, so he's wrapped up like an aged Russian grandmother, only the circle of his face uncovered, and he can hear Yoongi behind him the study, typing something rapidly. Namjoon has his phone out, is turning it in circles between his hands, waiting for the hour to turn over. Hoseok and Jimin have their weird non-couple couple dance lessons every Thursday for seven to ten, so there's no point in calling until they get out of the hall- they won't answer. It's nine fifty seven right now, and Namjoon is still a little dazed. Yoongi’s apartment seems to exist slightly to the left of reality, where waking up at eight in the evening, and talking about international crime are all totally normal. Where going to another continent at the drop of a hat is totally normal. Yoongi wants him to go to Dubai.

In the past twenty four hours, he’s met Yoongi, participated (kind of) in cyber crime, made out with Yoongi, been spanked, given him a blowjob, and been offered a five star holiday to an exotic destination he’s only ever seen on TV. It’s a bit fast, really. They skipped the whole first date nerves, holding hands- they even skipped their first kiss, really. That is, they kissed, but Yoongi had basically decided that they were kissing, and Namjoon apparently really likes it when Yoongi makes his decisions for him. It wasn’t very romantic. Not that he’d minded at the time. The image of Yoongi, sleep mussed, eyes half closed but intent, hand reaching out to him imperiously, rises to his mind, and he bites his lip, sliding down in his seat. There’s a little painful tingle as he moves off his butt to rest on his lower back, and that pulls other images to mind.

Namjoon shakes his head. He’s being ridiculous. He’s acting like he’s never had sex before, the way he goes to fucking pieces under Yoongi’s hands, like he isn’t a busy person with his own life, with his own things going on- he’s rolling over weirdly easily for a weirdo off the internet, getting carried away with himself just because Yoongi has a commanding voice and likes telling him what to do. Namjoon is his own person. The sex is nice, and the money is nicer- well, as nice as the sex. Slightly less nice than the sex. The sex is really, really nice, Namjoon wriggles in his seat, chewing at his lip. It’s a bit of a fantasy situation, isn’t it? Rich, lonely, handsome guy comes in and sweeps broke college student off his feet?

Fuck. He really doesn’t know what to do.

And he did crime, didn’t he? He helped with crime, at least. Is he a criminal now? If Yoongi gets caught, is Namjoon going to go to jail?

Maybe he should just turn his back on all of this and forget he ever met Min Yoongi.

The digits on his phone finally spell out 10:01, so he goes ahead and sticks his hands out from under the blanket to dial Jimin. Jimin’s far more likely to have his phone to hand than Hoseok is, after all, and they’ll be together, so it doesn’t matter who he calls.

“It’s Jimin!” Jimin says happily, sounding a little out of breath, “Hey, hyung! What’s up?”
“Tell him that if he wants free food, he can go beg his sugar-hyung for it,” Hobi’s voice is slightly muffled, but still recognisable, “I’m not falling for his sad face anymore.”

“Hobi-hyung is lying,” Jimin sings songs, “we’re always weak for your sad face, Namjoon-hyung!”

“Ah, good to know,” Namjoon says, sticking a foot up into the air so it blocks his view of one of the buildings nearby and then lowering it back to the railing, “but I’m not actually calling to crash your Friday night takeaway.”

“Aww,” Jimin sounds disappointed, and in the background, he hears Hobi’s outraged squawk.

“Why not? Are we not good enough for him? We ordered extra enchiladas!”

“So why did you call?”

“I’m uh, I’m having a crisis,” Namjoon admits, picking at the weave of the blanket with his fingers. “And I want some advice.”

“Hold on a second, let me put you on speaker,” Jimin says, voice turning serious. The phone amplifies a little, and Namjoon can hear the sound of crunching gravel, the sound of Hoseok breathing next to Jimin as they walk home together. “Go ahead, Namjoonie-hyung.”

“So,” Namjoon lets out a heavy sigh, trying to figure out how to phrase this without either breaking Yoongi’s rules or sounding like a crazy person, “I guess I should start by saying that I stayed over at Yoongi-hyung’s place last night.”

“Oooh,” Hoseok is clearly intrigued, “so, you met the fish-man.”

“Does he have a lot of fish? Or a fish costume? Did he make you wear the fish costume?” Jimin asks, then interrupts himself with a gasp, “Did he fuck you while you wore his fish costume?”

“Yes, I met him, no to everything Jimin asked,” Namjoon rolls his eyes.

“Is he cute?”

“Uh...”

“That’s a yes.” Jimin says smugly, “but he doesn’t want to admit it.”

“Well, yeah, he is. But that’s not the crisis, guys.”

“Well, hurry up then,” Hobi says, “get to the good bit.”

“As I said, I stayed overnight,” Namjoon continues, “and you know, we messed around-”

“All the way?”

“No, just. We messed around,” Namjoon feels himself flushing, and shifts uncomfortably in the chair, “but when we woke up, he made me breakfast, and we chatted a little, and, uh...He kind of invited me on an all expenses paid vacation to Dubai?”

There’s a moment of silence.

“Holy fuck, Namjoon, how good are your blowjobs?”

“Hobi!”
“I’m just saying! If a single night has him offering that, you must be some kind of demon in bed!”

“Or he’s trying to sell me to an oil sheikh or something,” Namjoon says, looking out over the night sky. “I’m just...I don’t know if I should go?”

“Totally!” Jimin says, “If anything happened to you, don’t worry, me and Hobi would make sure you were okay.”

“Oh, like setting up confirmation texts, and if I don’t reply, you call the police?”

That seems pretty sensible, actually. He’s not sure why he didn’t think of that before.

“Yeah, totally,” Jimin says, sounding a little off. “But you should go, and have fun! All your lectures have online recording, right? You won’t even be missing anything!”

“I’m just worried,” Namjoon admits. “I think that I might be...you know, being kind of silly about him?”

“You like him,” Hobi says bluntly, “you know that’s okay, right?”

“Isn’t it kind of a fucked up way to meet someone?”

“Yeah,” Jimin agrees, “a little. But then, if he makes you happy, who cares?”

“I’ve only known him like a month. Am I moving too fast?”

“Namjoon-ah,” Hobi says, “are you trying to talk yourself out of being happy again?”

Namjoon pauses, examining the lights of the city.

“...Maybe.”

“It’s okay if this isn’t a serious thing, you know,” Jimin says, “you can just go on a sex holiday to Dubai, make him buy you some very expensive jewelry, and break up once you get back. Make sure he buys you the jewelry first, though, because then you can sell it later down the line when you need money again.”

“Thanks, Jiminie. I know I can always rely on you for moral advice,” Namjoon says dryly.

“You’re welcome! But honestly, hyung... you deserve a holiday,” Jimin says gently, “why not go?”

“Because he’s a stranger from the internet?”

“Didn’t stop you going to his house without telling us beforehand,” Hobi points out. “And then giving him the world’s best blow job, apparently.”

“He’s not dangerous,” Namjoon denies automatically, “he wouldn’t hurt me.”

“Then go to Dubai with him!” Jimin says, and sighs heavily. “We can’t make this decision for you, Namjoon-hyung.”

“Yes we can,” Hobi says, and there’s a rustle as he takes the phone of Jimin, “go on holiday. Get a tan. Swim. Have a lot of kinky sex. Take some cute holiday photos. Stop freaking out.”

Then he hangs up.
Namjoon looks down at his phone, and sighs. He feels like he’s spinning his wheels at this point. The typing sounds have stopped behind him, and when he looks over his shoulder, Yoongi has begun to pack again, throwing black clothing into his bag without any seeming rhyme or reason.

Namjoon stands up carefully, and hitches his blanket cloak a little higher, stepping in through the sliding door.

“Made up your mind yet?” Yoongi asks, pushing a black tee-shirt into the vortex of clothing forming in his suitcase.

“Yes,” Namjoon nods, dropping the blanket on a nearby chair and walking over to stand beside Yoongi, propping his chin on the shorter man’s shoulder. “I’d like to go with you to Dubai, if that’s still okay.”

“Eh,” Yoongi says lazily, tension falling from his frame as soon as Namjoon confirms that he’s still interested, “ask me nicer than that, Joon-ah.”

“You might take me with you?”

“Nicer,” Yoongi demands, turning around and raising an eyebrow at Namjoon. “I know you can be far more polite than that.”

Namjoon huffs out a half-laugh, shaking his head. “Right, right. Of course, hyung, sorry. Please, I want to go to Dubai with you,” he puts on a pout, making his eyes wide in a move copied from Jimin, “Please, hyung? I want it so badly…”

Yoongi grins sharkishly, and reaches up to pat Namjoon’s head, “How could I say no to such a cute baby-”

“Hyung, no!” Namjoon can feel the pink rising to his cheeks, and reaches up to hide his face, “Don’t say stuff like that-”

“I can say whatever I want,” Yoongi says, pinching Namjoon’s ass harshly- on the sensitive skin, it actually kind of hurts, and he jolts away from the touch, into Yoongi’s arms, with a squeak. “Aw, baby, does it hurt?”

“It does now,” Namjoon says, and pinches Yoongi back, aiming for his ribs.

“Eh! Disrespectful!” Yoongi yowls, and Namjoon laughs, even as Yoongi reaches round and swats him lightly, the blow cushioned by his thick joggers and a layer of underwear. Even so, it’s enough to make Namjoon grab Yoongi’s upper arms for balance, and his pout looks suspiciously un-faked this time. “Don’t do that again, unless you want a proper punishment, baby.”

“You know I’m not going to let you tell me what to do all the time, right?” Namjoon asks, wanting to make this clear from the start. He likes it in the bedroom, but if Yoongi thinks that Namjoon is going to be all soft and pliant all the time, he’d better be prepared for disappointment.

“I hope not,” Yoongi says, cupping his jaw with one hand and drifting his thumb over Namjoon’s lip, “that’d be boring. I like it when you get all shitty and argue with me, too.”

“Well, if you were less wrong, I wouldn’t have to argue,” Namjoon says loftily, as if he isn’t blushing from how soft Yoongi sounds right now.

“If I were less wrong, I’d be unfortunately perfect,” Yoongi says. “I have to have a few flaws, or it’s unfair to everyone else.”
Namjoon laughs a little, and Yoongi pushes up to kiss him.

This time, it feels a lot...more, for some reason. It’s not demanding, or desperate, like their first few kisses. Instead, it’s just Yoongi’s lips against his, his tongue in Namjoon’s mouth, his hand in Namjoon’s hair to control the angle subtly in a tiny power play that makes Namjoon’s stomach heat.

“We should get going,” Yoongi says when he pulls back, looking completely unruffled even though Namjoon is breathing heavily, “we have a flight to catch.”

Yoongi likes the way Namjoon clings to him in the car. It’s not obtrusive, just their fingers knit together, Namjoon’s head on his shoulder, sitting close in the back of the uber as they drive to Incheon. Their flight- where he and Namjoon will be mysteriously selected for a random first class upgrade- is due to depart in a little over an hour, and Yoongi should be starting to panic about leaving Korea, but it’s difficult with the solid warmth of Namjoon pressed up against his side, the soft feeling of his breath against Yoongi’s neck. He’s a long man, so it’s not like he’s in Yoongi’s lap, they’re just pressed together, but Yoongi is...well. He’s feeling soft. He likes the way Namjoon trusts him to look after him, how he lets his guard down and leaves things up to Yoongi. Things like the retrieval of his passport, which had been a two minute stop, things like travelling internationally with no luggage and no exchanged currency, things like getting the car, things like following Yoongi into the airport without much comment other than a few muttered 'interesting' facts about the development of aeroplanes.

They breeze through check in, because it’s all computerised, and Yoongi had let himself into Incheon several years ago, when they’d switched to unmanned check-in. Namjoon curls into his hoodie and follows Yoongi, still a little worried around the eyes, and Yoongi decides that they should stop in duty free and get Namjoon another shirt- it’s going to be hot in Dubai, pushing forty degrees, so he won’t be comfortable in his current jumper.

“Do you prefer sleeveless shirts, or t-shirts, Joon-ah?” Yoongi asks, walking into the Versace store.

“Ah, either,” Namjoon says, and his eyes have gone from worried to wild, clearly intimidated by the luxe store Yoongi has pulled them into.

“I asked a question,” Yoongi says, looking over the stock. There are a few options, here. Versace likes black clothes, which means Yoongi likes Versace. “Answer it, baby.”

Namjoon is silent for a moment, and Yoongi looks over at him. He’s fiddling with his hands, biting his lip, and Yoongi raises an eyebrow expectantly. Namjoon moves a little closer, enough that he can whisper, and the black dressed staff that are hovering discretely won’t be able to hear it.

“Is that how you want to rule it?” Namjoon asks, meeting Yoongi’s eyes. “When you say that, it means you want things to be...you know. On that level? As opposed to a normal conversation?”

“You want to draw a line,” Yoongi clarifies, and Namjoon goes pink, nodding. “I can understand that.”

A little of the worry melts from Namjoon’s face, and Yoongi nods.

“That makes sense. I’m guessing you’re worried about putting so much power in my hands?”
“I’m glad you can recognise that,” Namjoon says, “I’m trusting you with a hell of a lot, hyung.”

“I know. I appreciate that,” Yoongi says, nodding. “You haven’t misplaced that trust.”

“I hope I haven’t,” Namjoon says, but he looks a lot more at ease, straightening up to his usual slouch, rather than the hunched over posture he’d had before.

“Okay. If I call you baby, that’s how you know. So. Answer the question, baby.”

Namjoon bites his lip, still hesitating.

“Be a good boy,” Yoongi says darkly, stepping into his space a little closer, and sees Namjoon shiver. This isn’t really the place for this kind of interaction, but Namjoon gives over so easily, and it’s been a long time since Yoongi wanted anything like this. They’ve been playing like this, on and off, for almost a month, and Yoongi isn’t prepared to leave it behind just because Namjoon is in touching distance. “And answer.”

“Sleeveless,” Namjoon says softly, and Yoongi reaches out, lets Namjoon hang off his arm again like he had been before. Namjoon clings, twining both his hands around Yoongi’s one, putting his chin on Yoongi’s shoulder.

“Good boy,” Yoongi says, light and good natured, “I’ll pick you out something nice, then, so you look pretty on your hyung’s arm.”

“Thank you, hyung.” Namjoon murmurs, and Yoongi grins, heading over to the racks.

This is going to be the best business trip ever.

Chapter End Notes

ayy look at that learning to communicate! so proud of them!
I know not too much happened in this chapter, but it was important to get a look at Namjoon's thoughts, I feel, and also to get a read on how meeting has uh...heightened... some dynamics a little. (Also I really dislike when a submissive character just turns into jelly forever after they've subbed one time so have Namjoon setting Some Boundaries)
If you enjoyed the work, please leave a comment!
Come hang out with me on twitter @runchrhandom, I promise I'm very friendly most of the time!
Namjoon walks onto the plane with his backpack full of school supplies and a fancy bag with the
clothes Yoongi has picked out for him. They’d wasted a good twenty minutes in the store, with
Yoongi eyeing everything with lazy disdain, as if the ridiculously expensive clothing was a
personal insult and not fit to be put on Namjoon's body.

It was, uh. Surprisingly charming, being treated as Yoongi’s personal dress up doll. Yoongi’s hands
were all over him, picking at the fit, running over his torso to smooth down the clothes, and he
treated Namjoon like something precious, something to be admired, something worth taking his
time over. Yoongi’s full focus is really quite something, Namjoon thinks to himself, as a flight
attendant guides them to their seats in a private suite at the front of the plane, and Yoongi settles in.
It’s strange, having their own room, when Namjoon can see people shuffling down to economy
through the open curtain at the back of the cabin, but Yoongi looks perfectly at ease as he sits on
one side of the plush leather couch. It takes Namjoon few extra minutes, trying to figure how he’s
going to sit comfortably for ten hours on a recently bruised ass, but eventually he get it, and shifts
down in the seat, watching the safety briefing as it plays on the screen in front of him. It plays
twice, in Korean and in English, and it’s good to remind himself of the flow and rhythm of the
foreign language, how it sounds so sing-songy and lilting, the way they’re so careful about
distinguishing between some sounds and not others. It’s been a while since he spoke English
outside a classroom context, and it’s good to hear a native speaker voice again. It reminds his ear
how he’s meant to be listening, and he decides he needs a little more practice. He’ll have to listen
to something in English, or watch some English TV on the plane, once he’s a little more settled.

The briefing finishes, and the plane begins to taxi, rising slowly into the air. It’s not a sensation
Namjoon is familiar with, it feels a little like his stomach is trying to sink through his torso, and he
finds himself gripping the arm rests tightly, reassuring himself with the same trite facts he always
spouts to family and friends who are nervous about flying. It’s safe. Safer than crossing the road.
Safer than driving.

His stomach is not listening.

Then, a cool, long fingered hand rests over his, prying his fingers away from their hold and twining
them together, and Namjoon swallows hard, looking over at Yoongi, who looks surprisingly at
ease. He seems to notice Namjoon’s gaze, and he turns to catch his eyes, offering a nod and
squinch-eyed smile behind his mask.

After a few minutes, the plane levels out, an announcement plays advising them that they can use
their electronic instruments, unbuckle their seatbelts, and move around the plane as desired, and
Yoongi squeezes his hand before he pulls it away. Namjoon unbucks his seatbelt, nibbling at his
lip as he watches Yoongi, who has pulled his bag out from under the table in front of him. He
retrieves a laptop, three phones, and a tablet, and settles quickly, typing rapidly, sinking into
concentration, spilling electronic goods all over their shared table. Now, he’s fully focussed on the
computer, but the expression is much the same as it had been earlier, when he was concentrating
on Namjoon, all furrowed brow and sharp eyes, and Namjoon shifts in his seat, feeling a little
warm, then hisses slightly when he rests a little too hard on a bruise. The seat belt sign above them
turns off, and Yoongi doesn’t look away from his screen, but he reaches between them and lifts the
arm rest, crooking his finger at Namjoon to beckon him closer. Namjoon leans in, and Yoongi lifts his arm so Namjoon can snuggle down against him while Yoongi continues to work. Namjoon runs a little warmer than Yoongi does, but Yoongi’s hand occasionally drifts from his keyboard to run along Namjoon’s side or comb through his hair and it’s nice. Comforting. Namjoon’s still a little tired from his all-nighter looking after Yoongi’s computer, and he’s still feeling warm and comfortable and cared for, drifting a little from Yoongi’s impromptu scene in the clothing store, so it’s not hard to drift off as the plane flies on, lying on the bench seat with his head on Yoongi’s thigh.

Namjoon is sleeping against Yoongi’s side while he works- again- and it’s pleasant. It’s like a more immediate version of when Yoongi would check up on him over the monitors, Namjoon’s breathing against his side is steady, relaxing, and all he has to do is glance down to see his cute sleeping face, the way his mouth is slightly open, his eyes closed and delicate. He might be cold, from the way he’s curled up, so Yoongi gets a blanket from the first class attendant, and tucks it around Namjoon, watches him snuggle in closer. At first, he’s worried that Namjoon will be a distraction, so close and easy to reach, but if anything, having Namjoon so close actually makes Yoongi feel better about working, more peaceful, and he navigates his systems through the aeroplane’s shitty wifi as quickly as he can. He needs to finish coordinating Seokjin and Jungkook’s transport, after all. They’ll be a few days behind him, at this point, somewhere in Ethiopia, and Yoongi is concerned. It’s not normal for Seokjin’s enemies to be this persistent. Usually they would roll over in disappointment after a week of bullet dodging, especially when both Yoongi and Jungkook are working with him to help facilitate his disappearance. Hell, usually Seokjin only needs one set of extra hands, not two, and certainly not to such an extent. It might be time to take a closer look at who exactly Seokjin has pissed off. Seokjin had said Russians, but Seokjin’s English is only slightly better than Yoongi’s, so he’s not going to assume anything he gave is correct, when it comes to information. Their hacker certainly has a style that makes Yoongi think European, rather than American, and their activity seems to match a Russian time zone, but that can be faked pretty easily. Yoongi has several sock puppet accounts running as French, Brazilian, and Australian hackers, and he just delays his emails and posts to match the right time zone. So the first thing he has to do is find out who wants Seokjin.

He starts by getting Seokjin’s story.

Phone 88653: hey thug

SEOKJINNIE-HYUNG <3: YOU

Phone 88653: yeah it’s me how’s ethiopia treating you?

SEOKJINNIE-HYUNG <3: it’s hot, there are a lot of flies, i’ve got a very unfortunate tan, but the coffee is great and i think jungkook is learning that you can solve your problems without violence. One of those statements was a lie, btw

Phone 88653: i figured that out as soon as you said ‘jungkook is learning’

SEOKJINNIE-HYUNG <3: savage. What do you need, yoongi-yah?

Phone 88653: i’m leaving a package for you in Edinburgh

A package means Yoongi is coming, and Edinburgh, as a city starting with E relatively far away, meant a city starting with D relatively near. With that, Seokjin will be able to put together the coordination, especially after Yoongi sends him his travel information.
SEOKJINNIE-HYUNG <3: really?

Phone 88653: no i’m lying i thought i’d waste our time.

SEOKJINNIE-HYUNG <3: okay, so what do you need?

Phone 88653: tell me how this started.

Sure enough, Seokjin begins typing. He’d been running a con on a rich couple off a boat cruise going up the Amazon. He’d finally secured access to their money, and had realised they were far richer than a couple with their supposed means was meant to have. They weren’t just rich, they were crazy rich. Criminal rich. Seokjin, never a man to make a sensible decision when a far less choice was on offer, took all the money and ran, expecting his erstwhile marks to lose him in the transit over the Atlantic, but they had persisted, following him- in person, no less- across Africa with a squad of terrifying blond mercenaries, getting closer every day. The name they had given was that of Carla and Mortimer Gray, and Seokjin even has a blurry selfie showing himself, dark haired and dapper in a tuxedo, pressed between a redheaded woman and a blond man in similar evening wear.

It’s enough to work with. Yoongi hates the fact that he even has to put this much work in, honestly. He usually doesn’t- he just wipes Seokjin’s identity, provides him with a new one and some safe travel options, and goes back to his own work. The fact that he’s going to have to actually follow Seokjin’s trail closely, try to figure out who the Grays really are, that makes him angry. The fact that Seokjin’s idiocy has forced to leave Korea, well, his hyung isn’t going to be hearing the end of that for a while. Next to him, Namjoon murmurs sleepily, and nuzzles at his side, all soft and sleepy, and Yoongi relaxes. He doesn’t want to wake him up. The younger man hasn’t had nearly enough sleep- maybe four hours, total, in the last twenty four, and if he can sleep through the flight, that’s probably for the best. It’ll help a little with the jet lag, too, which is going to be really shitty. He takes his hand away from the keyboard, pets at Namjoon’s hair for a few seconds, feeling him go pliant and relaxed again, before returning to his frantic searching.

He isolates their pictures, first, sends them through a few filtering programs, not really expecting a hit. Thus, he’s not surprised when nothing comes up in anything general- no driver’s licenses in any of the big databases, no passports, nothing legitimate. There is, however, a hit in the ICPO database. A couple, who travel together generally, involved in international arms dealing, human trafficking, and drug running.

Oh good. Seokjin always has such luck for picking the easy targets, doesn’t he? Yoongi thinks dryly, stroking Namjoon’s back. Melina Drang, and her husband Jan. They’re career criminals, Melina the hard iron hand behind her husband’s charismatic velvet glove. Their presence in Brazil was probably linked to a deal between the cartels and the Drang family, the kind of business deal that would make or break a group. The kind of money that even an operation like the one the Drangs ran would find it hard to write off.

Yoongi sighs. That explained why they had been able to hire a hacker as skilled as the one Yoongi had been combatting- Melina and Jan probably had an open cheque to get back their money, considering how much Seokjin had run away with, and the situation in which he’d done it. This wasn’t just an angry mark- it was a matter of saving face in an important alliance. If Seokjin gets away, the cartels won’t take the Drang’s offer seriously, and that would affect their business in South America going forward. South America is a big market in all the areas the Drangs trade in, which means they can’t afford to let this slip. They can’t afford to let Seokjin go without making an example of him.

Yoongi clicks out of the site he’s on currently. It has a few examples of the kind of examples the
Drangs make out of people who fuck with them, and he has no desire to see Seokjin in any of those situations.

He needs to find a way to break the trail in such a way that the Drangs think Seokjin is dealt with appropriately. Unfortunately, this kind of planning is not his forte. He looks over at Namjoon, who is just beginning to stir. It’s been about five hours, by Yoongi’s watch, and the Namjoon who blinks up at him, sleepy and affectionate, smile unguarded, looks a lot better for the rest.

“Morning, Joon-ah,” he says, ignoring the time. There’s no point in trying to stick to proper hours, when they’re changing time zones anyway.

“Morning, hyung,” Namjoon says, sitting up a little and noticing his blankets with faint surprise. “Did you sleep?”

“I’ll sleep when we get to the hotel,” Yoongi says with a shrug, and Namjoon hums, curling in around his arm again. Yoongi’s hand slips under the blanket, coming to rest on his thigh and rubbing soothingly. “Don’t worry about it, baby.”

The pet name comes out almost on reflex. He’s been calling Namjoon that, on and off, for over a month at this point. It’s a cute name, he likes the effect it has on Namjoon, the way he gets all embarrassed and acts like he doesn’t love it, even though his actions show that he clearly does.

“Baby?” Namjoon asks, leaning in and propping his chin on Yoongi’s shoulder. The shift in his weigh pushes Yoongi’s hand higher up his thigh, into the crease of his hip, and Namjoon shivers a little as his fingers touch the edge of his waistband, just enough that the very tips touch sleep-warm skin.

“Ah, that is…” Yoongi pauses, pulling a face, but Namjoon just sways into his touch, smile lazy and satisfied, eyes already half closed. “You’ve been a very good baby,” he says, chancing a look around the cabin.

First class is almost empty, save for the flight attendant standing by the door, all of the other suites closed off, and the individual seats too far back to see inside their booth. While they haven’t closed off the suite door yet, the privacy button is right next to his free hand.

“Have I not been paying enough attention to you, baby?” Yoongi asks, pressing the button, and a sleek door blocks off their suite with a hiss, leaving them completely alone. The desk is counterweighted, and moves away when Yoongi pushes it. “Are you feeling ignored?”

“No, you’ve been paying a lot of attention to me,” Namjoon says, smiling, “I just want more.”

Yoongi laughs a little, hitting another button on the arm rest- this one flattens their couch out into a bed, somewhere in size between a double and a queen.

“What? That’s crazy,” Namjoon blinks, leaning over Yoongi to look at the panel controls, “how many buttons does this thing have?”

“We’re in a first class cabin, Namjoon-ah,” Yoongi drawls, using Namjoon’s precarious position to put him over his lap again, “you think they don’t supply a bed?”

“I’ve never flown before, remember?” Namjoon shrugs, following Yoongi’s gestures to lift his hips so Yoongi can shift his pants below his ass and take a look at the bruising.

It’s not too bad, really, Yoongi thinks, running careful fingers over red and pale purple blotches. They sting, probably, but they should be healed in a couple of days, as long as Namjoon doesn’t do
anything stupid, and Yoongi doesn’t make the bruising any worse. He drifts his fingers along the lines of his own handprints, checks the thin red trails his nails have left in the skin.

“Ah, hyung! You’re tickling me!” Namjoon wiggles, and Yoongi taps him waringly, just enough to remind him who, precisely, has the power here.

“Behave, sweetheart. I’m looking after you, remember? Just stay still and do what I say.”

“‘Just stay still and do what I say’, ” Namjoon repeats, wriggling again, and Yoongi raises an eyebrow. He pulls his hand back, and slaps at his thigh, hard enough that his palm stings slightly.

They both pause for a second, hoping the sound doesn’t carry too far, but there’s no inquisitive knock from outside the door.

The back of Namjoon’s right thigh has gone bright red, hot under Yoongi’s hand as he massages the area, and Namjoon has gone tense and still under him.

“Not such a good baby, then,” he says archly, and delivers another harsh slap to his other thigh.

Yoongi doesn’t like that he can’t see Namjoon’s face like this. He can’t judge whether Namjoon is taking his words too seriously or not.

“Sorry, hyung,” Namjoon says softly, and Yoongi starts stroking him again, along his thighs as well as his butt, now. Just touching Namjoon like this is nice. His skin is soft, like he uses lotion regularly, and the way he squirms ever so slightly when Yoongi touches a sensitive spot is cute.

“That’s better,” Yoongi hums, and Namjoon relaxes over his lap. “Maybe you can be good for me.”

“I can be good,” Namjoon agrees, and when Yoongi pulls him up to straddle his lap again, his eyes have gone big and dark. “What do you want me to do, hyung?”

“Oh, how cute,” Yoongi grins, wide and pleased, and Namjoon sinks into himself a little, looking away towards the window. “I’ve got such a cute baby, don’t I?”

“Hyung…” Namjoon bites his lip, frowning a little.

“Answer the question, Joon-ah,” Yoongi coaxes, putting his hands on Namjoon’s bare hips. Much like last time, he’s ended up with his pants around his knees, his hoodie still in place, and Yoongi’s starting to think he’s a little weak for the image of Namjoon in an oversized hoodie, sweater paws covering his hands, naked from the waist down. It’s cute and hot at the same time, and it’s giving him ideas. “Be good.”

“But hyung-”

“I’m only going to ask one more time, baby,” Yoongi warns, and Namjoon’s lip slides out into a pout.

“You’ve...you’ve got a cute baby, if you want to think about it that way, I guess,” Namjoon says begrudgingly, and Yoongi strokes up along his thighs, coming up to grip his ass and squeeze lightly. Namjoon jolts forward like he’s been smacked, hands coming to rest on Yoongi’s chest, and Yoongi kisses him. Namjoon is easy to read- he likes it when Yoongi controls how he kisses, when he pulls his hair and stops him moving. He likes Yoongi kissing him lightly, though, gently, like he’s something precious, something to be protected, and Yoongi is more than willing to indulge him, pressing his lips to Namjoon’s softly, sliding his tongue into his mouth when
Namjoon sighs happily. They stay like that for a while, Yoongi’s hand knotted in his hair, adjusting his angle every so often, while he makes a thorough job of kissing Namjoon, alternating little darts of his tongue and soft, slick lip movements. Namjoon’s wearing chapstick, something with a faint taste Yoongi can’t quite place, and he’s starting to go wobbly, pressing in towards Yoongi, when he finally lets go.

“A very cute baby,” Yoongi confirms, when he pulls back, and Namjoon just blinks at him, lips swollen and red and parted as he breathes rapidly. “Isn’t that right?”

“Yeah,” Namjoon breathes, leaning in for another kiss, “very cute. I want another kiss.”

“Ask nicely,” Yoongi says, using the hand in Namjoon’s hair to stop him moving forward.

“Please can I have another kiss?”

“Of course,” Yoongi says, “good boy.”

Namjoon leans more of his weight on Yoongi this time, lets out a few little whimpers that make him think that Namjoon is finally letting himself relax, and Yoongi smiles again.

“I want you to do something for me, baby,” Yoongi says, and Namjoon nods quickly.

“What do you want? I can do it.”

“I want you to go into my bag and get me the bottle marked body wash.”

Namjoon looks a little puzzled, but he hops off Yoongi’s lap obediently, rustling around in Yoongi’s backpack until he retrieves the little bottle, then comes back over. Before he can climb onto Yoongi’s lap again, though, Yoongi puts out a hand to tell him to stop.

“Pants off, sweetheart. Just over here, though, you’ll need them again soon.”

It’s an easy instruction, and he strips off easily, sliding back into Yoongi’s grip with a pleased noise.

“Did I do well?”

“So well,” Yoongi says, pulling him in close so he can get his arms around Namjoon and open the bottle with both hands. It’s not body wash, obviously, but Yoongi feels like flying with a bottle marked ‘lube’ is just asking for judgement from airport security, which is not something he wants to deal with.

“Do I get a reward?” Namjoon asks, as Yoongi pops the top and pours a little lube over his fingers.

“Of course you do,” Yoongi says, flipping the bottle shut and dropping it on the bed next to them. “You’re my best baby, after all. You’re going to get a special reward, just for good boys.”

Namjoon frowns, pouting again, “Hyung, don’t be like that. I’m turned on, not brain damaged. Use your words. What do you mean?”

“I mean,” Yoongi says, spreading his thighs so Namjoon slides lower in his lap, legs wide, “You don’t get to ask questions around here, do you?”

Namjoon’s eyelids flutter a little as Yoongi uses his clean hand to draw his nails—softly, very softly—across the heated skin of his thighs. “No,” he breathes, and Yoongi’s grin turns a little meaner.
“You really like it when I’m mean, don’t you?”

“Yeah,” Namjoon admits, licking his lips, and Yoongi laughs.

“Well, guess what, baby?”

“What?”

“I get to decide if I want to be mean to you, too,” Yoongi says, and Namjoon’s eyes go even darker, somehow, his cheeks flushing. “So I pick when I’m mean, and I pick when I’m nice.”

“Hyung…”

“And right now, I want to be nice,” he says, finally sliding his wet fingers up to press at Namjoon’s hole. “Don’t you want me to be nice, baby?”

“Please,” Namjoon says on a moan, gripping Yoongi’s shoulders tighter. He bites his lip again, and Yoongi watches his face, the way his expressions ripple as he feels at Namjoon’s ass, pressing and rubbing and adding another finger when Namjoon starts to squirm.

“See? If you’re good, good things happen,” Yoongi says calmly, like he’s imparting a lesson, as Namjoon begins to rock back on his fingers, whimpering. “Don’t let go of my shoulders, baby,” he says sternly, when Namjoon’s right hand begins to loosen its grip.

“Yoongi-hyung, I wanna-”

“You don’t get what you want, sweetheart,” Yoongi says, “You get what I want. And I want to finger you a little more.”

“Oh…” Namjoon blinks, dazed, more than a little distracted riding Yoongi’s fingers, “Oh, okay.”

“That makes sense, doesn’t it?”

“Yeah…”

“Good boy,” Yoongi whispers into Namjoon’s ear, and feels him shiver around his fingers, tightening as he moans. “Oh, that’s cute. Look at that blush. You really like this, don’t you? You like it when I say you’re good. And when I say you’re cute-”

“No I don’t,” Namjoon says, and Yoongi stops moving. “Hy-hyung! No, don’t stop!”

“I said, you like it, don’t you?” Yoongi prompts, as Namjoon grinds his hips down in tight little circles, trying to get sensation again.

“I like it,” Namjoon murmurs guiltily, and Yoongi smiles, adding a third finger, which knocks the breath from Namjoon, leaving him leaning his forehead against Yoongi’s, letting out punched out whimpers as he continues.

“Don’t worry, baby. You’re very good, and very cute.” Yoongi says, and Namjoon just moans.

“I want, please, hyung, touch me?”

“Not yet,” Yoongi says, “you’ll know when. But before you get anything, you’re going to have to do something for me, okay?”

“Anything, please-”
“On your knees, baby. Get me off.” Yoongi commands almost absent mindedly, and Namjoon drops so fast Yoongi almost winces for his knees. He’s fumbling at Yoongi’s jeans, and Yoongi takes pity, reaching down with his clean hand, flicking his buttons open, and Namjoon actually licks his lips as Yoongi’s dick springs free.

“Go on, then,” Yoongi says, and Namjoon sinks forward, mouth open.

If he’s timed this right, in about fifteen minutes, he’ll have his perfect opportunity. That should be just enough time to have Yoongi comfortable, the cabin clean, and Namjoon completely out of his mind.

“Hyung- hyung, please, you’re being mean,” Namjoon squirms, and Yoongi smiles, pulling him in for a kiss. Namjoon’s a mess, red faced and sweating, dick hard enough that Yoongi almost feels mean, but god, it’s a good look on him. He’s lying on his back, legs spread wide as Yoongi bites at his thighs, fingerin...
back, and Namjoon sobs into his hair as he finally, finally starts to jerk him off properly.

“I’ll always look after you.”

Chapter End Notes

look i'm not sure if we call this a plot chapter or a filth chapter, but it was certainly a chapter! Thank you so much for all your kind comments, I really appreciate them, they motivate me to write, and let me know what you like seeing and what you're not interested in! As such, I'd really love it if you left a comment on this chapter, and tell me what you enjoyed or didn't enjoy. Also, come talk to me on twitter @runchrandom, if you like!
Namjoon ends up ignoring Yoongi for most of the remaining flight.

He won't deny that it was hot, but you don't involve other people in kinky shit without their permission, and you definitely don't drop that kind of scene on your partner without warning. So, after he's caught his breath, and he can think about it rationally, rather than just about how badly he wants to cling to Yoongi and be told he's a good boy, he puts his pants back on, says as much, and watches Brooklyn 99 on the television, getting his English ear back in, while Yoongi shoots slightly pouty looks at him. It doesn't matter that his hands are shaking with how much he wants to go sit in Yoongi’s lap. It doesn't matter how cute Yoongi is, or how good the sex is, Namjoon needs to set a precedence here. He needs to make sure that Yoongi knows that he can't do shit like that without Namjoon's permission.

So he gets comfortable on his end of the couch, tuning out Yoongi's slow, sulky typing, and remembers how the past tense works in English.

After a while, their flight attendant comes back with breakfast, and Namjoon meets his eye and tries not to die on the inside. If he knows what they were doing, he's not showing a sign, all professional smiles and careful mannerisms, and Namjoon smiles back awkwardly as he passes over a gently steaming omelet.

"Thank you."

"You're welcome, sir. We should be landing in just under an hour," he advises, tucking the serving tray under his arm and stepping back outside the suite.

"Are you really going to ignore me?" Yoongi huffs, and Namjoon turns to look at him, raising an eyebrow. Yoongi raises an eyebrow back at him, looking expectant.

Namjoon puts his headphones back on, and decides he has just enough time to rewatch the Halloween episodes before they land.

"This is really immature, you know," Yoongi says, crossing his arms, and Namjoon just props his chin on his hand.

Inside, he's kind of freaking out. He's already in the U.A.E., after all. Actually, he’s not even in the U.A.E. He’s still in the air. Does he really need to teach Yoongi a lesson now, when he has absolutely no power? No money? No clothes? He doesn't even know where they're staying. What if Yoongi decides that he's too difficult, and just leaves him at the airport?

What would he do? He didn’t think this through.

On screen, Peralta and Santiago are arguing, and Namjoon lets the images slide past, paying more attention to his own thoughts. Yoongi, in the corner of his eye, is looking a little panicked, his typing far less fluid in its rattling, and by the time their flight attendant comes and retrieves their empty dishes, Yoongi is frowning.

“Thank you,” Namjoon says politely, passing his plates over, and returns to his show, ignoring Yoongi’s little downturned mouth.
He watches another episode, and waits for Yoongi to come to him.

“Ah, Namjoon-ah,” Yoongi says, when the end credits roll, and Namjoon turns, raising an eyebrow.

“Yeah, hyung?”

“I should. Apologise. Right?” Yoongi looks like he’s asking, rather than actually apologising, and Namjoon nods.

“Yeah. I told you I was giving you a lot of trust, hyung. For something private. You betrayed that.”

Yoongi frowns, crossing his arms, and Namjoon copies him, so they’re both turned in towards each other.

“But you liked it.”

“Yeah, but what if I hadn’t?” Namjoon presses, “If you’d read it wrong, or we got in trouble with the airline?”

Yoongi’s frown deepens, “So what, you’re shitty at me because of hypotheticals? You’re mad because something could have happened?”

“I’m mad because you made that decision without me. Just because I let you tell me what to do doesn’t mean you get to make all my decisions for me all the time. I didn’t sign up for that.”

Yoongi blinks, clearly thinking, and Namjoon waits. It’s a familiar pause, the pause of Yoongi thinking before he types, so normal that Namjoon can practically see the hovering ‘...’ in front of him.

“That’s fair,” Yoongi says eventually, “we would need to lay out rules, wouldn’t we?”

“Yeah. Things that are always okay, things that we need to agree to beforehand, things that are only okay sometimes, under special circumstance, things that are never okay,” Namjoon ticks off on his fingers, darting a look at Yoongi through his lashes. “Communication is key to things like this, hyung. It’s fine to want to be sexy and impromptu and stuff, but it’s not feasible. It’s not practical.”

Yoongi raps his fingers on his opposite arm, thinking, and Namjoon stays quiet, lets him ponder.

“Okay.” Yoongi nods. “That was irresponsible of me. I apologise. And., yeah, okay. I get what you mean. We’ll talk about all of it when we’re in our accomodation, okay? Make it clearer.”

Namjoon smiles brightly, widely enough that his vision is a little obscured by his own cheeks, and Yoongi’s cheeks actually go a little pink. “Thank you, hyung!”

“Alright, alright. Whatever. If it’s important to you, I guess.” Yoongi grumbles, but he unfolds his arms and lifts one so Namjoon can slide in close, leaning against his side.

Namjoon, still smiling, takes him up on the offer, noticing how Yoongi’s typing speeds up, his body relaxes more, more comfortable with Namjoon close than he was before. Namjoon leans up and presses a kiss to Yoongi’s cheek, chaste and appreciative, and Yoongi’s blush strengthens, although his expression doesn’t change.
When they land, Yoongi pulls him aside for a second, mask back on his face, cap jammed low on his head.

“Namjoon-ah, you know English well, right?”

“Well, I’m okay,” Namjoon says, sticking his hands in his pockets. The airport is air conditioned, but even the little pocket of air between their aeroplane door and the walkway had made him sweat. He both is and isn’t looking forward to going outside.

“Namjoon-ah, don’t fuck with me, you’re pretty good, right?”


“I have nothing,” he says. “You’re going to have to organise us here, okay?”

Yoongi pulls his passport out of his backpack, pressing it at Namjoon, who only fumbles it slightly.

“We’ve got a car booked in your name, we just have to get through customs and find the sign with your name in roman letters, okay?”

“Yeah, okay,” Namjoon nods, looking around the corridor they’re in. Yoongi looks lost, and Namjoon grabs his arm, directing them towards the fairly obvious English and Arabic signs, pointing past duty free and towards a set of escalators- ‘Arrivals’. He steers them through customs as a pair, answering for Yoongi when a bored looking officer in a dishdasha asks about their trip.

They’re here on a holiday, Namjoon explains, providing their visas, to see the sights. That seems to cheer up the customs agent, who mentions the Burj Al-Arab, the many shopping malls, Burj Khalifa, Ski Dubai and the soukh, and Namjoon nods politely and tries not to get lost by the many Arabic words he’s dropping into the conversation.

Yoongi looks worried, obviously not following, and Namjoon starts relaying the conversation both ways- into Korean for Yoongi, into English for the officer. It’s awkward, and requires a lot of flexibility, switching tracks back and forth, but the relief on Yoongi’s face when he’s actually able to understand the conversation is obvious, so he keeps going, persists despite his headache, ignoring the tightness in his skin from the long hours on the plane, and eventually, after a casual conversation that goes on forever, they’re released into a long, open lobby with sliding doors that let in scorching air, barely combated by the blasting air conditioners inside.

Namjoon is suddenly hit with the realisation that he is not in Korea anymore.

That is, he knows he isn’t in Korea from the moment they touch down and he hears the announcement come on in Arabic rather than Korean, but when he’s outside, when he looks around and what he sees is dusty roads and traffic, the smudge of the city on the horizon, the bright yellow sunshine that spills down and bleaches everything it touches, the silhouettes different to what his eyes expect, well.

He’s not in Korea anymore.

Normally, he thinks that the idea would excite him, but right now, he’s crashing.

Yoongi has wrapped a hand around his wrist, is dragging him toward another dark haired man in a dishdasha- this one is holding a sign with ‘NAMJOON KIM’ written on it in marker.
The tile floor is very clean, Namjoon thinks dazedly, feeling sweat bead on his face— they've taken four steps outside the air conditioning, and he’s already suffering. Now he knows why Yoongi insisted on buying him those shirts earlier, and the thought of not wearing a hoodie is very tempting. It’s all very overwhelming, and Namjoon’s face feels kind of numb. What is he doing here? Why is he here? He needs to text Hoseok, let him know that he’s here safe, but he’s not sure where his phone is. He wants a hug.

“Are you okay, Namjoon-ah?” Yoongi asks, and Namjoon nods, hand clenched on the hem of Yoongi’s tee-shirt. Then, after a second, he shakes his head.

“Do I need to do anything?” he asks, and Yoongi nods.

“Tell him that you’re Kim Namjoon, and get him to take us to the car. That’s all.”

“Hyung…” Namjoon’s head is pounding. He’s fucked up. Oh, he’s fucked up. Who manages to put themselves into a drop when their person is less than a foot away?

“You can take a nap in the car, Joon-ah. It’ll be a while, getting us where we’re going.” Yoongi says, voice going low and reassuring. “Just a little bit more, okay?”

Namjoon licks his dry lips, and the man they’re standing in front of asks him something.

“Just one more thing for hyung, okay?”

“Okay.” Namjoon says, stepping forward and offering a smile. He switches tracks again, “Hi, sir? I’m Namjoon Kim. We have a booking?”

“Namjoon Kim?” the man says harshly, looking him up and down, and Namjoon tries to look less wilted.

“Yes, sir.”

“Come, come on. I am Abdullah, your driver for today,” the driver says, rote like repetition, and within a few minutes, they’re in the back of an expensive car, a partition separating them Abdullah, and Namjoon has stripped off his hoodie, swapping it for a tank top emblazoned with Medusa’s head.

Yoongi is watching him with lazy eyes, something assessing in his gaze, and Namjoon rubs his arms, uncomfortable and prickly. He needs something, but he isn’t sure what. He’s unsettled, he has nothing familiar with him, and it’s setting him off, like he’s a child away from his mother on a sleepover for the first time.

“Namjoon-ah,” Yoongi says seriously, “what do you need?”

Namjoon makes a frustrated noise, unsure how to phrase it, and Yoongi’s hand locks around his wrist, tight enough to restrain. Namjoon freezes, looking down, and feels his heart slow in his chest almost immediately.

“Talk to me.”

“This? I need this, please. Just, for a bit.” Namjoon bites out, and Yoongi nods, gathering him closer. His hands are around both Namjoon’s wrists now, Namjoon’s head resting on his shoulder as he spills out over the rest of the back seat, too big to fit in his lap.

Outside the window, Dubai passes in lumps of white and silver on a blue and brown background,
and Namjoon feels himself calming.

Calm enough to finally get excited, he sits up a little in Yoongi’s grip, watching the scenery pass, the carefully manicured grass strips, the bright blue of the ocean and eye scarring bright whiteness of the low walls around the road. The traffic is slow, but there’s enough to look at that he doesn’t mind. There aren’t many people on the streets at all, just a few workers in orange boiler suits, and the drivers are horrific, screeching into tiny gaps in traffic with a chorus of horns and rude gestures. It’s so different, and he can’t look away. Yoongi slips his wrists together into the grip of his left hand, fingers not quite reaching around both wrists, and pulls out a smartphone, beginning to type. The road passes for a while like that, Namjoon drinking in the view while Yoongi works, but eventually they turn off the highway, working their way through narrower streets.

“Where are we going?”

“I said I was going to buy you a yacht, didn’t I?” Yoongi says, not looking up from his phone.

“You didn’t,” Namjoon breathes, as the car pulls in at a pier where a massive, sparkling white yacht sits. “Hyung!”

“I get to spoil you,” Yoongi says, “that’s the deal, right?”

He finally looks up from his phone, and squeezes Namjoon’s wrists gently.

“Hyung, that’s a yacht-”

“Yeah, it is,” Yoongi agrees, looking at it with a judgemental eye. “I hope I picked one big enough.”

“Hyung, it’s massive,” Namjoon says, staring at the shape in the water. It’s tall, with graceful white sails and matching paintwork, like something out of a thirties movie about high class Americans, but Yoongi sniffs as the car rolls to a final stop.

“It’s only ninety metres. I was going for style over size,” he says, as Abdullah comes round and opens the door for them.

“Ninety metres?” Namjoon gawks, stepping out onto the pier, much more comfortable now he’s not wrapped in a two day old hoodie, “Hyung, that’s bigger than my flat!”

“I should get you a bigger flat,” Yoongi says thoughtfully, and Namjoon laughs, shaking his head.

“Is this...actually mine? What am I meant to do with a yacht?”

“All yours, Joon-ah,” Yoongi says, smiling, as Namjoon runs up the pier towards the gang plank. “Do whatever you want. You’re on holiday. But I think I mentioned one course of action…”

Yoongi follows a little more sedately, coming up behind Namjoon as he looks out over the aft deck, a sheltered area with a few recliners and a ladder leaning down to the water.

“Unless you have a better plan?” Yoongi asks, and Namjoon flushes.

“Hyung…”

Yoongi presses a kiss to his neck, nibbling a little at one of his hickeys, and peels away to lie down on a recliner, splayed out and comfortable.

“Whatever you want to do,” he says, closing his eyes.
There’s a moment of silence, then the thud of clothes hitting the ground, but when Yoongi cracks an eyelid open, Namjoon is in his boxers, climbing down into the water with a grin.

He’s so smart. Sometimes he even impresses himself, he thinks absently, lying back and watching Namjoon splash in the water.

Chapter End Notes

Dishdasha: the (usually white) robe that is popular clothing in most areas of the UAE and the rest of the Gulf.

The yacht Yoongi bought is loosely based on a real yacht for sale called 'The Athena', if you would like a visual reference.

Also, quick note but I did grow up in Oman rather than Dubai so if some of the terminology is Omani rather than UAE, that’s why!

Someday....they will reach a good and healthy communication level...

If you like the story, please leave a comment below! Your comments make me really motivated to write and are the highlight of my day!

This is the last quiet chapter, before things really Start Happening, but I felt like it was important to get a few things settled and straightened out.
Yoongi doesn't really pay too much attention to Namjoon over the next day or so. He'd warned him in advance, let him know over their breakfast that he had a lot of work to do, and Namjoon had been pretty calm about it. This may have partially been because he was lazy and fucked out, all sleepy eyes and splayed out limbs, head in Yoongi's lap as he fed him choice bites of fresh fruit and sips of coffee, and may have partially been because Yoongi has been managing, if not a healthy work-life balance, at least some semblance of a work-life balance, which is unusual for him. He'd been prepared for more eighteen hour days once he’d arrived, but when he can trust his own systems, and he has a hot and willing body who wants his attention just waiting for him in the next room over, he finds he actually has good reasons to leave things running without his supervision.

Yoongi sets up his computers in the state room, sets his scans to finding any camera footage of himself and deleting it, trawls the net for the Drangs' sticky fingered hacker's own bots, wipes them out, and sits in front of the desk for a moment, watching all his automated strings do what he's told them to. He doesn't need to be here for this. He can trust his systems- he's the best there is, and he doesn't need to babysit.

So, instead, Yoongi washes his face, jams his hat back on his head, pretends he isn't being slowly poached in his own sweat, and goes to get Namjoon out of the water.

They've been in Dubai for about eighteen hours, and Namjoon has spent maybe eight of them in the water. He's a sleek line of slowly tanning flesh, sunning on a lower deck that actually butts onto the water, close enough that all he would have to do is roll over into the bay.

Yoongi leans on the railing, a full story higher up, and enjoys the view. Namjoon's still just in boxers, black and wet and sticking to his flesh, arms pillowing his head as he enjoys the warmth of the sun. Honestly, he hasn't got much else to wear- the joggers are probably dry after their hurried wash in the sink last night, but Namjoon isn't going to wear them and get them covered in salt water. He's not going to wear the hoodie- it's around thirty five today, hot- not overwhelming, but too hot for a hoodie. He's not going to wear one of the shirts Yoongi bought him in the airport, not when they're so expensive and there's nobody watching to judge him for being shirtless. Nobody except Yoongi, anyway, and he's allowed to watch as much as he likes. Ooh. There's an idea for later somewhere there, Yoongi thinks absently, filing aside the image (Namjoon on his back, arched and whining and touching himself as Yoongi sits back and watches and tells him what to do), and goes back to enjoying the view. There's a large, frosty bottle of water next to him, fished out of the cooler earlier, and his eyes are closed, lazy like a cat in the sunshine.

"Oi, Namjoon-ah," Yoongi calls down, after a few minutes, and Namjoon rolls over, eyes slitting open as he arches up to look at Yoongi.

"Are you free now, hyung?" Namjoon calls up, thickly, and takes a sip from the water bottle. A little bit spills from his mouth, drawing a line down his throat along already wet flesh, and Yoongi smiles.

"For a little while, baby," Yoongi says. "Take a shower and get dressed. We're going out."

"Get dressed?" Namjoon checks, raising an eyebrow, and Yoongi nods, pushing off from the
"As in...put more clothes on? That's not something you say often."

"I'm saying it now," Yoongi says, voice going deep and lazy, and Namjoon scrambles to his feet, running a hand over his wet hair.

"I'm coming, I'm coming," Namjoon doesn't quite grumble, leaning down to retrieve his water, and Yoongi enjoys the view, the wet shorts sticking to his thighs as he moves.

"Not yet," Yoongi calls down, grinning when Namjoon's ears go red. "Make sure you shower all the salt off, okay?"

"Okay," Namjoon agrees, and heads inside.

They've been here for almost a full day, and Yoongi wants to do something other than sit inside. His credit card is starting to itch, and Dubai has the Dubai Mall, one of the largest shopping centres in the world. The solution for this combination of problems presents itself in the form of a freshly scrubbed Namjoon, all damp hair and golden skin, wearing the same joggers he's been stuck in for almost three days at this point, Versace tank top hanging loose enough to show glimpses of his tanned chest and sides. He looks relaxed, all smiles, and it Yoongi like a bullet to the stomach, how badly he wants to keep Namjoon like this. Happy. Relaxed. Close.

"What are we doing?" Namjoon asks, and Yoongi just jerks his head toward the pier, where a purring Bentley is waiting for them. "Wait, is it a secret? Yoongi? Hyung, tell me." Namjoon's voice isn't quite whiny, but it's on the edge- he's already primed and ready to drop, Yoongi can tell. It's cute, but Yoongi has plans, and they involve putting Namjoon in a fifteen thousand dollar suit, not staying in bed.

They can go to bed later.

"Get in the car, baby. I want to dress you up and tell you you're pretty," Yoongi says, and Namjoon goes a little pink. It's already obvious that he soaks up the sun ridiculously fast, especially compared Yoongi and his vampiric complexion, and the pink under the gold is even prettier than it was on his winter pale skin. Happy. Healthy. A holiday Namjoon. Yoongi catches him around the wrist, pulls his hand up to kiss its palm, and Namjoon's eyes crease in a smile even as he goes more pink.

"Sounds fun."

"It will be," Yoongi agrees, letting go of his hand and placing his palm at the small of Namjoon's back, instead, ushering him towards the car. "You're going to let me spoil you?"

Namjoon meets his eyes, smile going even wider, and it's amazing that this is all it takes to make him happy- checking in. They'd had their conversation, in broad strokes, at least. Namjoon only wants a few things to change. He wants Yoongi to confirm before he acts. To make sure that he's comfortable with what's happening, what's going to happen. Attention, after the fact. The opportunity to not just say yes, but to start things too. They're all such small things, and Yoongi would give him the world, if Namjoon asked. How can he say no to requests like this?

"Yeah," Namjoon says, voice going low and pleased and a little breathy, and Yoongi presses a kiss to the side of his jaw- it's as high as he can reach, without Namjoon leaning down.

"Good boy. Get in the car."
When the car pulls up at the Dubai Mall, Namjoon feels like a cliche. A tourist, in his designer shirt, carrying his Starbucks coffee and heading straight for the most expensive stores in the centre. Yoongi doesn’t mind, though, sipping his own iced Americano and pulling Namjoon along by his wrist, fingers immovable like a leash, and Namjoon can’t do anything but follow.

"What first?" Yoongi ponders aloud, and Namjoon tugs him towards a store with underwear showing in the window. His only boxers, after all, are back at the yacht, soaked in saltwater, and if Yoongi wants him to try things on, then, well, he's been raised right. He needs underwear.

Apparently Yoongi has other ideas, though, as Namjoon has picked a store far too plebeian for Yoongi's apparently expensive tastes. Considering the man owns a total of three pairs of jeans and appears to wear them until they literally fall to pieces, Namjoon finds it a little silly, but he's steered towards a Balenciaga, then a Calvin Klein, then Armani and Boss and Dolce & Gabbana until He's got several bags full of small, silky pieces of cloth to go with the pants and shirts and accessories Yoongi picks out. He's got a system, it seems- he holds a piece up against Namjoon, and that's the first hurdle to pass. It's the hardest, too. Yoongi discards five hundred dollar shirts like they insulted him, clicks his tongue at jeans and shorts, puts blazers back on the rack with almost aggressive care. After they've passed that test, Yoongi makes him try them on, following him into the changing room to smooth crisp cotton across his shoulders, to do up his buttons and zip up his fly, eyes so focussed that Namjoon feels out of breath just being seen.

There's something almost unbearably intimate about being dressed, like Yoongi's picking out Namjoon's armour, deciding how he's going to be seen by the world. Yoongi doesn't care about price tags, either, buying t-shirts that cost hundreds without a thought, swim shorts that cost more than Namjoon’s rent for a month and then changing his mind and throwing a few more colours on the pile.

Yoongi likes Namjoon in velvety blacks and crisp whites, soft pastels like mint and pink, and deep jewel tones like aubergine and emerald, and by the time Yoongi has him trying on a suit- a crisp black one, all clean lines and complicated buttons, he’s feeling a little dizzy. Yoongi’s hands on him hold him up, turn him around so he’s looking in the mirror, and he looks…

He looks expensive. He looks like a movie star, or an idol. His hair is brushed up and back- courtesy of a quick trip to a salon that Yoongi insisted on, where they clipped about five hairs and gushed about his hair texture before rubbing eight types of product through it- his suit is clean and trim, and Yoongi is looking at him like he’s something edible.

“Turn around,” Yoongi says, making a flicking gesture, and Namjoon spins obediently. He doesn’t even know why they’re in this store, he doesn’t need a suit- he’s planning on spending most of the next four days mostly naked either in a bed or by the water- but Yoongi looks happy. Yoongi looks happy, so Namjoon will let him buy him a ridiculously expensive suit he’ll never need to wear.

“Mm. It needs to come in at the back,” Yoongi says- in Korean- to a nearby attendant, a man in all black with an immaculate goatee, and cups Namjoon’s ass. “See? Get it adjusted.”
“Hyung, he doesn’t know Korean,” Namjoon says, as the attendant looks from Yoongi to Namjoon and back.

“Then translate for me, baby. That’s half the reason you’re here,” Yoongi says, shaking his head.

Namjoon flushes, but between his embarrassed English and the attendant’s muddled dialect, he eventually gets the message across, and then he has to stay still while two different people touch his butt and mark him up with pins and chalk. On their way out of the shop, Yoongi buys him three pairs of sunglasses, nods, and tucks one pair into the collar of his shirt- a black, gold and green Gucci button up that Yoongi had picked out an hour ago.

“My friends will probably arrive tomorrow morning,” Yoongi says in the car, once he’s spent a truly obscene amount of Namjoon’s wardrobe. “They’ll introduce themselves as Seokjin and Jungkook, and say a passphrase,”

“Which is?”

“Which way is the Burj Khalifa?” Yoongi says, in slow, laborious English, and Namjoon nods. “If they say anything other than that, you don’t know me. This is your yacht, after all. You’ll call the police.”

“Ah, okay…” Namjoon nods again, and Yoongi puts a hand on his thigh, warm through the artistically ripped holes in his new jeans. “And if they do?”

“Then they’re hyung’s friends. Send them up to see me,” Yoongi says, and Namjoon’s brain gets stuck on the way Yoongi’s fingers are teasing at the hole in his jeans, thumb rubbing along the line of exposed skin.

The car pulls up at the dock, their driver helping to carry all the clothes up to the master bedroom, and Namjoon looks out on an explosion of logo covered bags, sprays of tissue paper, and generally expensive packaging. Yoongi looks at them smugly, then turns to Namjoon.

“So, what do you say, baby?”

“Thank you, hyung,” Namjoon says, turning away from the bags to look at Yoongi. He has his arms crossed over his chest, ever present mask and cap still in place, and Namjoon reaches out, pausing before he hooks his finger through the loop that holds it in place. When Yoongi nods, he pulls the mask away, setting it in on the side table, then takes his hat. Unlike the mask, however, he settles the hat on his own head, hearing the jingle of the three little rings that hook through the brim as he puts it on, and Yoongi smiles. He’s handsome when he smiles, all sweetness as opposed to his usual harsh attitude, and it’s the kind of contradiction Namjoon loves.

“Just thank you?” Yoongi pokes, and Namjoon smiles back, ever so sweetly, and moves in to box Yoongi against the wall.

“Thank you so much, hyung,” Namjoon says, “I really love everything you bought me today, and you made me feel so special,” he continues, dropping to his knees easily. The master bedroom is carpeted with thick plush, and it doesn’t even sting when he lands. “Can I say thank you properly?” he asks, hands on Yoongi’s waistband, and Yoongi tries to look unaffected, but the colour is rising to his cheeks, and from the growing tent in Yoongi’s jeans, Namjoon is willing to bet that he isn’t nearly as apathetic as he tries to pretend.

“How thoughtful,” Yoongi says lowly, a hand landing in Namjoon’s hair and cupping the back of his head. “Yeah, baby. I think that’s a great idea.”
Namjoon doesn’t fumble at Yoongi’s fly. He knows what he’s doing, has been in this position enough times that he knows how to thumb the button open, how to slide his underwear open just enough to let Yoongi’s dick fit through his boxers (ten dollars for five pack from a superstore, Namjoon notices. Hypocrite) so it’s in front of him, and he can hear Yoongi pawing around in the drawer of the table next to him as Namjoon wraps a hand around him and begins to jerk him slowly. After a few moments, Yoongi turns up a condom, which he hands to Namjoon to unwrap with steady hands and slide down over his length.

Yoongi pulls lightly at his hair, just a reminder that he’s there, and Namjoon slides down easily, taking him into his mouth.

A lot of people say that Namjoon has an oral fixation. He chews on his pens. He sucks on his fingers, plays with his straws, rubs his mouth when he’s thinking deeply, and really, as he takes Yoongi deep, feels his hands knot in Namjoon’s hair, the low, satisfied moan he lets out, he can’t say they’re wrong.

It feels good, the weight in his mouth, the pressure in his jaw, the way Yoongi’s already steering him by his hair, hips moving in slow, easy movements, in and out, as Namjoon sits on his heels, hands framing Yoongi’s delicate hip bones, and lets him take what he wants.

The rhythm is slow at first, deliberate, and Namjoon can hear Yoongi murmuring from a distance, like he’s underwater- a litany of satisfied grunts and dirty talk that flow over him like a wave, and Namjoon just hums and lets his jaw go loose.

“I wanna fuck your mouth, Joon-ah, you gonna be good and let me?”

He taps at Yoongi’s hip, a request to stop holding back, Yoongi’s grip tightens in his hair, pulling a whimper from around his dick, and Yoongi speeds up. Deeper. Harsher. There are tears forming in Namjoon’s eyes, can feel his lips slick up with spilled saliva, and he holds tighter to Yoongi, pulling him in, pulling him closer.

“You like this, don’t you? Fuck, your mouth, baby, you look so good on your knees—”

Yoongi’s still talking, but he’s interrupting himself more, little huffs and moans and whimpers that break his phrases, and Namjoon feels good, feels warm and tingly and turned on, because he’s doing that.

“You’re beautiful, you’re so fucking hot, those lips were made to suck- oh, oh, Namjoon, baby, that’s so good—”

He’s making Yoongi feel good, and he sucks harder, pulls Yoongi closer, lets him fuck his mouth in earnest as he gets closer to coming. Yoongi’s hands get harsher, his hips rock harder, his words filthier, and Namjoon is loose and comfortable and really, really wants Yoongi to come in his mouth, but with a low moan of Namjoon’s mouth, he fills the condom instead.

They should probably talk about that at some point, Namjoon thinks hazily, as Yoongi pulls him to his feet and kisses him harshly, tongue fucking into his mouth heavily, making Namjoon whimper and go a little rubbery at the knees.

“You did so good, baby,” Yoongi says, satoori and satisfaction lying heavy on his tongue, coming down to massage at the front of Namjoon’s jeans. “You want me to get you off, too?”

“If you want,” Namjoon says thickly, “I just wanted to be good—”

“You were so good, baby,” Yoongi says, popping the button and encouraging Namjoon to lean
against him, to press his face into Yoongi’s shoulder as he finger combs through his hair with one
hand, the other busy making Namjoon mess up his brand new underwear. “So thoughtful,” he says,
biting a new bruise into Namjoon’s neck, and Namjoon’s hips jolt. “Such a good boy.”

“Please, hyung,” Namjoon whines into Yoongi’s neck, where he smells like sweat and something
faintly fruity- a cologne? A soap? Something like that- and clings to his shirt, “if you want, if you
want-”

“I want,” Yoongi says, and Namjoon can’t really concentrate enough to think, after that.

Chapter End Notes

at this point the plot is crying at me like 'please, ran, let me be in the chapter!!' and i’m
like 'no, they have to go do a shopping montage first'.
Namjoon is clearly in his very very nice outfit from the 2018 billboard awards.
If you enjoyed the chapter, please leave a comment! I love comments, they motivate
me to write, let me know what you're enjoying, what questions I've left unanswered,
and generally if I'm wasting my time shouting into a void out here.
Seokjin is tired. Seokjin is sweaty. Seokjin hasn’t showered in almost a week, and he smells pungently of the goats they’ve been travelling with for the last four days. His once pristine suit is now something more suitable to the end of an action movie sequence, all blood and dust and unmentionable stains, and worst of all, Jungkook seems to be thriving.

He loves all this sneaking around, passing borders in the dead of night, kicking people in the head and army crawling into abandoned shipping containers full of fish guts.

Seokjin loves caviar, and champagne, and sleeping in. He’s a Bond, not a Bourne, and he would like to file a complaint because he is in the wrong goddamn movie, and his Q is being a little bitch.

Yoongi’s last dead drop was an address and a pass-phrase. Something to get them to Yoongi himself, apparently, because their erstwhile hacker has actually deigned to leave Korea to help Seokjin. Usually, this would fill Seokjin with warm and fuzzy feelings, but considering that after Yoongi figured out he would need to meet them in person, all their routes have taken them through mosquito ridden swamps, rusted fishing vessels, and, most notably, the goddamn goat truck, Seokjin isn’t feeling too happy.

They get on a baisa bus at the docks, and Seokjin smiles politely as workers crowd away from him and Jungkook and their goat smell, waving a handful of dirham notes and Yoongi’s provided address to the driver.

The driver looks at Seokjin and Jungkook and their goat smell- it’s definitely prominent enough to look at- then at the address, and says in thick English, “No, sir, this is a rich place. Maybe you mean-” and he says somewhere else, a similar name that Seokjin is guessing is in a much worse part of town.

“No,” Seokjin says, “we want to go here.”

The driver looks at him doubtfully, and Seokjin smiles winningly, pulling out some more cash.

“American dollars talk?”

“American dollar talks,” the driver agrees, and Seokjin peels off a fifty, passing it over.

“We want to go here.”

“You want to go here!” the driver says cheerfully, putting the bus in gear, “But I drop you off out of guard house sight. Not getting in trouble for you!”

“Sure,” Seokjin agrees wearily. His English isn’t the best, but it’s a little better than Jungkook’s, who has been watching this conversation with a bewildered smile, sitting on his hands on their mysteriously empty seat.

Every other seat on this baisa bus has at least four men packed into it, but not Jungkook and Seokjin’s. It’s just him, Jungkook, and The Goat Smell.

After twenty minutes, the bus comes to a stop, and they filter off the bus. There’s a gate across the
“What are we gonna do, hyung?” Jungkook asks, scratching his cheek. Seokjin gestures at Jungkook’s bag, and Jungkook swings around so Seokjin can open it and rifle through the contents. At the very bottom, where Seokjin had packed it, there is a large freezer bag, and he pulls it and one of their big two litre water bottle out.

“We’re going to try and look human for five minutes, Kookie,” Seokjin says, stripping off his torn up shirt- goodbye, eight hundred dollar Dolce & Gabbana- and pouring some water on it to scrub at his face and hands. There’s nothing he can do about his hair at this point, other than just wetting it and finger combing it back, but he can at least look clean, even if he doesn’t feel it. Inside the freezer bag is a pair of clean jeans and a tacky ‘I <3 MALTA’ shirt, supplied by Yoongi (ironically, he assumes, as they are nowhere near Malta), and Seokjin changes quickly, well aware that they are literally standing by the side of the road next to an expensive resort. Under the clothes, there’s a vial of something that smells strongly of lavender- strongly enough that The Goat Smell recoils, and instead, is replaced by The Lavender Smell, an equally pungent but far more welcome travel companion.

“How do I look?”

“Like a tourist who really needs a shower,” Jungkook, who looks like a baby guerilla who has been dragged backwards through the entire Democratic Republic of Congo, says, and Seokjin nods. Unhygienic tourist is a big step up.

“Okay. Stick behind me and let me do the talking,” Seokjin orders, straightening his tee-shirt and heading towards the guard house. Talking is something he’s very good at, when he doesn’t just let his face do the talking for him, and it’s a matter of a couple of minutes and a couple of discrete hundred dollar bills to get them past security, heading down towards the docks where Yoongi had told them to go.

There’s only one yacht at the private pier he’d listed, Seokjin notices, a sleek, old fashioned looking thing with gleaming white paint work with the name ‘BABY BOY’ written on it in fancy English lettering. The gang plank is down, and Jungkook is quiet as they head up it.

Seokjin is already fuming. Yoongi has been here for days, on a luxury yacht- admittedly probably locking himself in a single room and living on imported ramen and redbull- comfortable, if not rested. Seokjin has been playing secret agent with Jeong ‘why don’t you just try eating the snake, hyung, I killed it for our dinner specially’ Jungkook in the middle of nowhere. Yoongi’s routes have specifically avoided anywhere with a population of over one thousand, and Seokjin is sick of sleeping on rocks and eating MREs.

“Yoongi! You little shit!” Seokjin barks, rounding the corner and looking onto the deck, ready to scream for at least three minutes.

But Yoongi isn’t there. The deck isn’t empty, but Yoongi isn’t there.

Instead, there’s a man in the smallest swim trunks Seokjin’s ever seen on anyone other than himself- tiny, black, with cut outs over the sides that reveal more skin, golden and tanned. He’s tall, at least eighty percent leg, and he’s reclining on a chaise lounge, skin shiny from suntan lotion, eyes hidden by a pair of sunglasses Seokjin immediately recognises as coming from the latest Valentino collection. He’s sipping something colourful and fruity, a tiny umbrella stuck in
the glass, and when he sees them round the corner, he takes another sip, raising an eyebrow behind his sunglasses.

“Uh.” Seokjin blinks. There’s a lot of skin on display- a taut stomach, long, graceful legs, the rounded muscle of his arms as he lifts himself up onto his elbows so he can look at them properly.

“Wow, thighs…” Jungkook breathes.

Jungkook has an excellent point. The thighs are absolutely excellent, Seokjin notices, as the man sits up a little more, putting down his glass on the tray next to his recliner.

“My name isn’t Yoongi,” the pretty man says, smiling, and Seokjin nods. “Are you lost?”

“We’re...uh…” Seokjin rips his eyes away from the man’s lips. Round. Soft. Pretty. Seokjin wants to bite him. “Which way is the Burj Khalifa?”

“Oh!” He stands up, running a hand over his hair, and leans down to pick up his drink, “Right, absolutely. And what are your names?”

“Jungkook!” Jungkook blurts, eyes wide.

“Seokjin,” Seokjin says, and the man’s smile turns a little wicked.

“Seokjin and Jungkook, huh?” he says, and taps his mouth thoughtfully. Somehow, Seokjin just knows, if he could see the guy’s eyes, there would be a mischievous light in them. “You must be oppa’s friends, then.”

They both freeze in place, as he takes another deep drink from his brightly coloured glass, cheeks hollowing around the straw.

“Oppa?” Seokjin says hollowly. “You...you do mean Yoongi, don’t you?”

“Yoongi who doesn’t ever leave his room? Yoongi who says like ten words a week and they’re all insults?” Jungkook qualifies, and the golden fucking god who apparently lives on Yoongi’s private yacht and calls him oppa beams.

“Yeah! Let me take you up to him, okay? He doesn’t like being interrupted when he’s working.”

“He’s working for us .” Seokjin says, “we can interrupt him.”

“Mm. Maybe,” he shrugs, grabbing a shirt from next to him and slinging it over his shoulders. It’s still open in the front, doing very little to actually cover him, instead just framing his glowing skin as he heads up the stairs. “Do you guys want a mai tai? I have a whole tray. Yoongi-oppa got kind of carried away.”

“Oppa,” Jungkook spits like a swear word, but they both stop and get a mai tai, because really, why the fuck not. It’s that kind of day, apparently.

This might as well happen.

The man leads them up several sets of stairs, and Seokjin valiantly makes some small attempt at not just staring at his ass, but, well. It’s right there. Framed by the tiny black trunks, with their little golden cut outs. He’s only a man. He stares.

Eventually, they reach a door, and the man knocks.
“Oppa, your friends are here.”

“Ah, thanks, Joon-ah,” Yoongi’s familiar, deep voice comes from behind the wood, and that’s when Seokjin is pretty sure he’s actually dying of thirst somewhere outside Lucapa. Yoongi sounds almost happy. He’s outside Korea, and he doesn’t sound furious.

The only thing that’s been getting Seokjin through this shit show is the knowledge that somewhere, Yoongi has been suffering just as much as he has been, but when Yoongi opens the door, he looks… good.

A little tanned, like he’s actually seen the sun. Rested. Lips curled up at the edges like he’s going to smile. He looks happier than Seokjin’s seen him in months.

The now named Joon-ah leans in, smiling, and Yoongi lets out an impatient huff, pulling him into a kiss.

Seokjin’s hands are actually trembling, he is so angry.

“Now go play,” Yoongi says, and smacks his- fuck, is this the guy he’s been stalking? If this is the guy he’s been stalking, Seokjin totally gets it. He’d stalk him. He’s very pretty and stalkable- anyway, he smacks the guy’s ass, hard enough to make him squeak, and he steps away. “I have to deal with my idiots.”

“Speaking of idiots, can I borrow a phone?” Joon-ah asks, “I lost mine, and I haven’t called my friends yet. They probably think you’ve murdered me.”

“Sure, Joon-ah,” Yoongi pulls a burner phone from one of his pockets, handing it over. “Password is 8334.”

“Thanks!” Joon-ah says, and heads back towards the stairs, “Oh, hy-uh, oppa? Can you come down and help me put some sunscreen on my back, soon?”

“I’ll try and make time,” Yoongi says, making direct eye contact with Seokjin and smirking.

There’s the sound of receding footsteps, then a splash, and Seokjin lets out a sound a little bit like a kettle whistling.

“He calls you oppa?” Jungkook questions, “That’s...that’s kinky, hyung.”

“Yes,” Yoongi says, popping the ‘P’ and taking a seat. “Turns out it’s possible to have a good time in Dubai, if you have the right company. Who knew. Well, I’m glad you made it, as smelly and gross as you look. Why don’t you two take a shower, get changed, I’ll meet you back here in twenty minutes and we can talk business.”

“You’re not going to make us go through it right now?” Seokjin asks, trying to swallow his ten minute rant on the sheer amount of disrespect Yoongi has shown him by not being miserable.

“You smell,” Yoongi says frankly. “I don’t want that in here. And as you heard, I need to go help Namjoon-ah put sunscreen on his back.”

He stands up, and jerks a thumb down the corridor.

“Bathrooms are back there. I bought you two some fresh clothes, which you can thank me for later, when you’re telling me how amazing I am for getting you here.”
Seokjin shrieks, and Jungkook grabs him by the arms to stop him leaping at Yoongi.

“You disrespectful little shit! You asshole! The disrespect! I am your elder! The things I have put up with, Min Yoongi! I had to ride a camel! A camel! For hours! I haven’t seen a silk shirt in weeks! I’m starving!”

Yoongi ambles past, hands in his pockets, and Seokjin shrieks again. Jungkook leans down, catching him in the stomach with his shoulder, and straightens up, Seokjin now in a fireman carry over one shoulder.

“Thanks for organising the new clothes, hyung,” Jungkook says, carrying Seokjin away over his shoulder.

“DISRESPECT! DISRESPECT!”

“No problem, Kookie,” Yoongi says, shrugging, and steps outside.

“You’re a fucking menace.”

Namjoon looks up from his book and smiles impishly, tongue caught between his teeth.

“Sorry, oppa, I thought you wanted to fuck with your friends a little,” he says, setting the book aside and sitting up so Yoongi can sit next to him on the recliner. “I didn’t go too far, did I?”

“Honestly, I’m wondering if it’s too soon to propose,” Yoongi says frankly, as Namjoon passes him the sunscreen, “that was the best thing I’ve seen today.”

“Just today?”

“Well, think about what we did yesterday,” Yoongi says, as he smears the cream on Namjoon’s shoulders with cool hands. “As good as Seokjin’s rage face is, it’s not as good as sex with you.”

“I’ll take that as a compliment, I guess,” Namjoon says, letting his head hang forward as Yoongi’s movements go from brisk to caring, not just applying the sunscreen but letting his hands skate over Namjoon’s back appreciatively.

“It’s definitely a compliment,” Yoongi says, and presses a kiss to the back of Namjoon’s neck. “You need anything, Joon-ah? I’m going to be busy for a while.”

“I’m just going to call my friends, maybe go for a swim,” Namjoon shrugs, “don’t worry about me.”

“But I like worrying about you,” Yoongi says, biting over the kiss mark and standing up. “If we don’t stop by seven, come interrupt us.”

“Yes, sir,” Namjoon says, offering Yoongi a joking salute. “But just so you know, I’m not going to keep calling you oppa.”
“Are you sure? It’s really fucking funny seeing Jungkook’s face when you says it.”

“I’m sure,” Namjoon says, shaking his head, “go work, hyung.”

Yoongi retreats back up the stairs with a smile, and Namjoon picks up the phone, typing in the access code.

He knows Hobi’s number by heart- he’s lost enough phones over his time in university that he has all his important numbers memorised: Hobi, Jimin, his mother, his sister, his advisor, that one pizza place that does half price Wednesdays if you have a student I.D.

So he does a quick google, picks up the Korean international extension, and calls through. It isn’t a surprise that it connects quickly- Hoseok has probably been sitting by the phone, waiting for Namjoon to call.

What is a surprise is that rather than a random string of digits, the screen reads ‘J-HOPE’, like Hoseok’s number is already logged as a contact.

What is a surprise is that when Hobi picks up, he gets a cheerful “Hey, Yoongles,” rather than a polite ‘hello’.

Namjoon pulls the phone away and blinks at it, then lifts it back to his ear.

“Yoongi-hyung? Are you there?”

Chapter End Notes

OH, SO THAT'S WHERE ALL THE PLOT WENT.

A baisa bus is like a group taxi, usually used by workers and broke male highschool students. Basically, anyone can get in, and the bus goes to whoever got on first/paid most ’s destination, and then goes to the next place, picking up passengers as it goes.

If you enjoyed the story, please leave a comment! They're very motivating, and I love reading your thoughts and reactions, even if you just want to say 'oh, this line was my favourite', or 'holy fuck why are you so mean to seokjin'.
Namjoon doesn't tend to get overwhelmed easily. He's good under pressure- the person people turn
to, often, when things get stressful, because he comes up with strategies, he pulls problems apart
and looks at the different angles, and figures out a solution. He's the one who confronts awkward
emotions, makes his friends sit down and talk out their problems. It’s part of how he’d ended up in
the part time job he’d had, before school got too intense. He's good at surprises, too, especially
when they’re the nasty kind. (Good surprises are a whole different thing, though, and Namjoon has,
more than once, been completely stumped after being surprised with birthday cake or flowers or
unforeseen compliments)

So, when Hobi answers the phone like he knows Yoongi, like he knows an international criminal, Namjoon blinks behind his sunglasses.

His first instinct is to be angry- why would Hobi hide something like that? Namjoon is his best
friend, and he didn't mention he had a friend who broke the law? After everything they’ve been
through together? Everything Namjoon did for him?- but a second later, he realises that it’s
hypocritical.

Namjoon knows Yoongi too, after all, and he hasn't exactly mentioned that he's sugaring for a
hacker. Maybe this was inevitable. He thought he’d managed to avoid the criminal underworld, but
it just keeps turning up. Maybe it’s time to accept it.

"Hey, Hobi," Namjoon says, moving over to the bar and topping up his half finished mai tai with
straight rum. He clinks the ice together, stirring it with a straw, and chugs the whole thing. "It's
Namjoon."

"...What?"

"Yeah, hi. I lost my phone, but Yoongi-hyung let me borrow his, so I'm just letting you know I
didn't die, and he didn't sell my kidneys or whatever."

He considers the other mai tais on the tray, then sticks his straw into the top of the bottle of rum,
and wanders back to his recliner, lying down.

"Namjoon, what are you doing on Min Yoongi's phone?" Hobi asks slowly, like this is going to
resolve in some sensible way. Like there’s a good reason for Namjoon to be associating with an
international criminal. Namjoon drinks some more rum, and decides to stick his small, festive
paper umbrella into the top.

Cheerful.

"What are you doing on Min Yoongi's phone?" Namjoon turns it around on him. "Aren't you meant
to be a respectable citizen now? You said you were done with all that bullshit."

“I’m out of the game, Joon-ah, I told you that,” Hobi says, trying to sound soothing. Namjoon is
not prepared to be soothed, right now.
He can hear murmuring from a distance, over the phone line, Hobi hissing something, the scratch of him covering the microphone with his hand like that'll help him hide the fact that Namjoon is on to him.

"Is that Jimin? Put me on speaker, Hobi."

"Ah, Joon-ah, you know, there's a lot you're not understanding, here-" Hoseok edges, and Namjoon pulls the phone away and eyes it, unimpressed. "I really can explain..." Hobi trails off, and Namjoon doesn't say anything. "Right, I'll just put you on speaker."

"Hi, Jimin," Namjoon says, "did you know about this?"

"Know about what, hyung?" Jimin asks, "You'll have to be more specific."

"Oh, does Hoseok have a lot of secrets?" Namjoon asks sweetly, and hears Hoseok hiss something, too low to hear and clearly worried. "Why don't you start at the top of the list, and we'll work our way down until we reach my current complaint."

"Ah...hyung..." Jimin trails off, and Namjoon can practically see his panicked eyes. He takes another sip of rum, looking out at the sparkling blue sea. Some seagulls are swooping in the distance, playing in the surf. It's beautiful. Namjoon is considering how he's going to kill Hobi and hide the body. Nobody would ever catch him.

"But sure, let's start with how Jung Hoseok, who signed a goddamn good behaviour bond, who has my name down as a guarantee of his law abiding status, is apparently close enough with an international criminal to call him hyung."

"...Ooh. Uh. I think maybe I shouldn't talk about this?"

"Damn right you shouldn't!" Hobi hisses, and Namjoon hears a smack over the line.

"You better not be taking this out on Jiminie," Namjoon says sternly, "I want an explanation, Hoseok."

"Well, I want an explanation too!" Hobi says, "Why are you hanging out with a criminal?"

"He's been buying me obscenely expensive clothes, taking me on five star holiday trips, giving really good head, and telling me I'm pretty," Namjoon says, "what's your excuse?"

"That is a pretty good reason to hang out with a criminal," Jimin says, and Hobi smacks him again. "Hyung! Stop the violence!"

"So?"

"Look, Namjoon-ah, I may have been...doing things that are...maybe slightly less than legal. A little."

"How long?"

"What?"
“How long have you been lying to me about this?”

“How long have you been lying to me about this?”

“It isn’t a lie, Namjoon. It’s, uh, it’s just. Not mentioning all my activities?”

Namjoon takes another drink, and lies down a little more, so he's lax and lazy, feet just poking over
the edge of the recliner. He flexes his ankles, and waits. After a few second, Hobi coughs
awkwardly.

"Ah. Namjoon-ah, you have to understand, it's not as simple as all that. I owed someone a favour,
and then, well..."

"You asked me for help, Hobi. Do you remember that? You came to me, and you said that you
were in over your head, and you wanted to get out."

"And you helped, I know."

"And I helped," Namjoon says, waving his rum bottle at a non-existent Hoseok. "Despite all the
pressure it put on me, and all the strings I had to pull, I helped!"

"I know, Joon-ah."

"Don't call me that right now, Hoseok," Namjoon says harshly. "I'm not amused. I'm not
entertained, or happy. I'm worried. I'm concerned. I'm-"

"Also associating with criminals!" Hobi bites back finally, and Namjoon takes a deep breath.
"Yoongi-hyung isn't a murderer, Namjoon! He's a hacker. He steal identities, helps set up
confidence schemes and backgrounds, forges IDs and steals from banks. He's practically
harmless!"

"I'm sure the people he steals from don't feel the same way."

"Oh my God," Jimin says slowly, "is that how you met Yoongi? Were you helping your dad's
friend again, and you met him on a case?"

"I haven't helped Jangwon-samchon in years," Namjoon says, "not since I helped you."

"And...I guess... If you can call it lying... It's been about three years,” Hoseok says, low and
ashamed.

“So you only lasted six months,” Namjoon says, rubbing at his temples. “It's been four years, and
you lasted six months? Really?”

“He needed my help, Namjoon. I don’t let my friends down."

“You let me down. I really believed you, you know? You must have lied to me what, two, three
times a week, every week? More? And I believed you, because I trusted you when you told me
you wanted a fresh start.”

There's a moment of silence from both ends of the phone, and Namjoon drinks some more.

"So, how did you meet?" Hoseok asks, avoiding the subject, and Namjoon sighs, scrubbing a hand
over his mouth.
"Hobi, I'm really mad. You get that?"

"I get it. But I promise, Joon-ah, I've really only been helping Yoongi-hyung and his group. They're good guys, for a bunch of criminals. I promise. And I owe him. He looked after me when I first moved down to Seoul. I looked after him when he moved down, a little while later. We're really close," Hobi sounds almost pleading, "if you've met him, you know he's a good guy. Was I meant to just leave him out to dry?"

Namjoon sighs again.

“I… Hobi, I’m still not happy.”

“I couldn’t just leave him without help, Namjoon. You get that, right? If something bad had happened to him, because I didn’t help, wouldn’t that make me responsible?”

"You've got him there," Jimin says brightly, "Hyung already likes him, remember? He's not actually mad about Yoongi-hyung. He's mad that you made him a liar."

"Jiminie, stop being insightful," Namjoon says grouchily, and Jimin laughs.

“Wait, you aren’t actually mad?” Hoseok asks, and Namjoon grumbles wordlessly.

“I’m mad,” he snaps, and then sighs, taking another drink. “I just. Maybe. Am not as mad as I would be if you'd gone back to your old crew or started dealing again.”

“Because Yoongi-hyung is cute and you like him,” Jimin sing-songs, and Namjoon takes an angry breath.

“Don’t get flippant. And don’t think you’ve escaped this, Park Jimin. If Hobi’s been up to his old shit, I know that means you have too.”

“…Mayhaps.” Jimin says edgily, and Namjoon shakes his head.

“We are all going to sit down and have a discussion about this when I get home,” Namjoon says, and Hoseok sighs.

“A discussion? Or a discussion?”

“We’re going to talk about our feelings, and neither of you are escaping it,” Namjoon says firmly, and Jimin wails wordlessly. “Because I need to decide if I’m comfortable lying for you like this.”

“What’s the alternative?”

“…I’ll figure something out. But we’ll put it aside for now, okay? Let’s leave it until we meet in person again.”

“Okay,” Hoseok says, sounding unsure, and there’s a moment’s pause. “So… How's Dubai?”

“I own a yacht now,” Namjoon says, stretching out a leg and examining his foot. “It’s pretty cool.”

“What the fuck?” Hoseok asks, “He bought you a yacht?”

“Yeah, I mean, it’s nice,” Namjoon says, repressing a smile, “maybe I’ll let you guys see it sometime. From a distance. I wouldn’t want you to scuff the paintwork.”
“Have you even fucked him yet?”

“I’m saving myself for something special,” Namjoon says primly. “Maybe an island?”

“It’s really weird to ask about, now we know we’re talking about Yoongi-hyung,” Jimin says, “I didn’t think he had a sex drive. I thought he kind of just lived on caffeine and being angry at Jin-hyung.”

“Jin-hyung...You mean Seokjin?” Namjoon checks, and Jimin hums in agreement.

“You’ve met?”

“He and some kid—”

“Probably Kookie,” Jimin interrupts, “They’re kind of a matched pair, a lot of the time.”

“Anyway, they turned up about an hour ago to talk with Yoongi-hyung,” Namjoon says, looking over at the clock.

“Be careful, Namjoon-ah,” Hobi says, obvious concern in his voice, “Jungkook is a lot more dangerous than he looks, and from what I’ve heard, Seokjin is mixed up in some nasty, nasty stuff lately.”

“What kind of nasty?”

“Price on his head nasty, not report him to the authorities immediately nasty,” Hobi quickly qualifies, “he’s a good dude. Bit of a rage problem, but hey, nobody’s perfect.”

“I’d have a rage problem if I spent as much time with Yoongi and Jungkook as he does,” Jimin puts in, “They aren’t exactly ideal partners.”

“Aw, Jiminnie loves me,” Hobi coos, and Namjoon can hear them start to rough house. “Say you love me, Jiminnie! Tell Namjoon how much you appreciate me as a partner!”

“Jimin, you know how I always say you shouldn’t bite people when you’re rough housing, because it isn’t playing nicely?” Namjoon says, judging how much rum is left in his bottle. It isn’t enough.

“Yeah, hyung?”

“No rules today.” Namjoon says, rising to his feet and wobbling back over to the bar to find another bottle. This one is Malibu, but hey. It’s festive, right? Summery. He sticks his straw in the Malibu bottle and goes back to his recliner.

Hoseok screams.

“So, tell me about what’s happening to Seokjin,” Namjoon prompts, settling his sunglasses more comfortably and looking out across the bay. “I should probably start figuring what I need to do if this all goes bad.”

Seokjin and Jungkook take their time in the shower, which Yoongi can understand. He has, through careful planning, kept Soekjin away from anything that could be considered ‘comfortable’ for
almost four weeks now. He’s probably sobbing over the Egyptian cotton towels and applying eight kind of skin care. Yoongi stands at the window that overlooks the lower deck that Namjoon seems to have claimed, enjoying the view.

Namjoon’s turned over, enjoying the sun on his back, and even from this distance, he can see faint bruises poking out from under his very, very small bathing suit. There are scratches on his shoulders, pink marks on his thighs, and he looks good enough to eat.

The ocean’s pretty too.

After a few minutes, Jungkook slopes into the room, a towel around his shoulders, dressed in clean, dark wash jeans and a black tank top. It’s the same outfit Yoongi’s provided for Seokjin—practical, comfortable, and cool enough for the weather, without requiring any thoughts about fashion on his part. Also, they sell those tanktops in packs of three for ten dollars, and Yoongi only needs one.

“So, how was the trip, Kookie?” Yoongi asks, and Jungkook falls into a chair, immediately grabbing a piece of watermelon from the platter on the table and beginning to munch. “I hope Jin-hyung didn’t give you too much trouble?”

“No, it was fun,” Jungkook says, around a slice of cantaloupe. He’s got a wedge of melon in each hand, and is eating like Yoongi’s going to take it away. “I mean, it would have been more fun with less gun fights, but it was still pretty good.”

“Pretty good?!” Seokjin hisses from the doorway, stalking across the room and dropping dramatically into a chair, putting his feet up on the table. “I am expired, Yoongi-”

“Yeah, you’re old and out of date, alright,” Yoongi says, and Seokjin throws Jungkook’s hair towel at him.

“Disrespectful! I’m tired! I’m hungry- thank you, Kookie,” Seokjin interrupts himself as Jungkook passes him a cluster of grapes, “I’m full of rage, and you are my nearest target, Yoongi-yah, so don’t push me.”

“He’s been in a mood since Catabola,” Jungkook explains, and Yoongi raises an eyebrow, joining them at the table.

“Catabola? You guys were in Catabola on your second day in Angola.”

“Exactly,” Jungkook says, shaking his head. “I’ve had better road trips.”

“We were on the run, Jungkook, it wasn’t a road trip!”

“Like that time you and I went on that trip through Laos, Yoongi-hyung? That was way more fun.”

“I had a six degree fever and a gunshot wound, and we were being attacked by a paramilitary organisation.” Yoongi says slowly.

“Yeah, and you didn’t complain nearly as much as Seokjin-hyung did,” Jungkook says, crossing his arms and pouting.

“There’s something deeply wrong with you,” Seokjin says emphatically, and Jungkook shrugs, stuffing his cheeks with nectarine slices. “I went wrong somewhere, raising you.”

“We both went wrong raising him, to be fair.” Yoongi agrees, and pulls his laptop over. “But
before we discuss that, let’s talk about where you went wrong.”

“With Jungkook?” Seokjin asks, raising an eyebrow.

“No, in your life. Generally.”

Yoongi clicks, and a power point comes up. He turns, and smiles.

“The slides are chronological.”

Chapter End Notes

Namjoon...surprisingly commanding, huh...
Thank you so much for your lovely comments! It really made me so happy waking up this morning to your responses, and this chapter was really fast to write! If you like this chapter, please leave a comment too!
"Let's skip the first twenty four and a half years of your life," Yoongi says, clicking rapidly, "because otherwise we would be here for a very, very long time."

"Did you actually make a slideshow of all my mistakes, Yoongi?" Seokjin asks, crossing his arms, and Yoongi shakes his head.

"Nobody has enough time for that, Jin-hyung. I made a slideshow of all the mistakes you've made in the last two months, and how I'm going to help solve the problems that they've caused."

Seokjin blinks. "You mean you're doing a briefing about the crazy people who are trying to kill me?"

Yoongi clicks into the first slide.

"The Drangs. You may know them by Carla and Mortimer Gray, but this is Melina and Jan Drang, of the Berlin Drang Corporation."

"It's a shame, really," Seokjin says, "they were really lovely people."

"BDC?" Jungkook asks, "Taehyungie has a friend who's done work for them before, I think? He mentioned having to clean the funds."

"Your Taehyung knows a lot of dangerous people," Seokjin says, and Jungkook blushes a little.

"Eh...He's not really my Taehyung... we only just started going out, and he said he's not sure if he wants anything serious-"

"Oh, well, you know, you're a good kid, Kookie, he'd be a fool not to want to go out with you," Seokjin says, and Yoongi clears his throat.

"Really? You don't care about the attempted murder? We're going to talk about Kookie's love life?" Yongi asks, gesturing to the large candid photo of the Drangs that's currently on screen.

"We could talk about your love life," Seokjin says, "if you'd prefer."

"No."

"Because honestly, I'm surprised you have one. You've always said that people are gross and you'd only consider a romantic relationship with a Java client."

"No." Yoongi says again, more sternly.

"He's very cute," Seokjin continues thoughtfully, "I mean, if you're going to get into all the gross touching and sweating and various bodily fluids, I can understand why you'd pick him."

"I said no."
"I'm not a dog, Yoongi-yah. Saying no in a stern tone of voice isn't going to do anything to me."

Yoongi blinks at him slowly, and Seokjin smiles.

"We're partners, Yoongi. I don't work for you. Stop treating me like I'm inferior because I need your help, okay?"

Yoongi frowns, and Seokjin raps on the table with his knuckles.

"You didn't even realise you were doing it, did you?"

"I'm not treating you like an inferior, Seokjin-hyung-"

"Really? You think this is normal?" Seokjin throws his arms wide, "Hey, Jungkook, do you know how to hack an international database?"

"No, hyung," Jungkook says, picking up some more fruit.

"Me neither," Seokjin says, "but you know what, Yoongi?"

"International databases aren't really a thing," Yoongi says coolly, "You mean a satellite access."

"What the fuck ever," Seokjin waves a hand dismissively. "Do you know how to break a guy's arm in three places?"

Yoongi frowns. "No. Why would I need to know that?"

"You don't," Seokjin says, "Because Jungkook does."

Jungkook nods around a mouthful of apple.

"You know how to talk your way into a guest listed party and get the richest man in the room to give you his money?"

Yoongi meets Seokjin's eyes, and breathes out heavily. "...No, I don't."

"Which is fine! Because I do. We cover each other, you dumbass. Stop being a dick."

"I...wasn't doing it on purpose," Yoongi bites out, after a moment.

"Oh, Yoongi-yah," Seokjin coos, and leans over to ruffle his hair, "You're a fucking idiot when it comes to people, aren't you? That's why you have me!"

"And me," Jungkook speaks up. They both look at him blankly, because Jungkook is no social butterfly. "For punching people, if they get insulted by your social skills."

"He's got a point," Seokjin allows, tilting his head to one side. "But seriously, Yoongi. Tone it down."

"You aren't in charge either," Yoongi says sulkily, but he knows that Seokjin has a point. He isn't happy with their situation, but maybe he's been a little antagonistic, lately.
"We're a democracy," Jungkook says, and the two older men roll their eyes.

"We're not a democracy, Jungkookie. We're a partnership where Jin-hyung and I are in charge, and you get to give your opinion sometimes, if you've been very good."

"I'm always very good," Jungkook says, "I'm the best at everything."

"Nobody likes a swollen headed maknae," Seokjin warns him, and Jungkook throws the rest of his apple at him.

"Can we please get back to the point?" Yoongi asks, "I made a slideshow and everything."

"Continue," Seokjin says, catching the apple and biting into it. "We will listen."

"As in you and Jungkook? Or is that the royal we?"

"Royal," Seokjin says, "Jungkook is an agent of chaos and I disown his actions."

"That's fair," Jungkook agrees, nodding.

“Anyway, my slideshow,” Yoongi says, pointing at the computer. “Basically, to sum up two and a half weeks of careful research, you’re completely fucked.”

“Like, we do some careful maneuvers, I keep my head down and don’t leave Korea for a while, this all blows over?”

“No, like, they won’t stop until you’re dead, you’re fucked.” Yoongi says frankly, “You picked the wrong people to mess with this time, hyung. If they don’t see your body, they’re going to keep looking for you. Possibly forever.”

“So, what do we do?” Seokjin asks, as Yoongi clicks onto a new slide, where a Snoop Dogg gif dances neatly in the background and big, sparkly letters say YOU’RE FUCKED!!!

“I don’t know. Honestly, I think our best move is to try and fake your death, but I don’t know how we do that well enough to fool these guys.”

“They have too many connections, don’t they?” Jungkook asks. “If they have guys on the inside, legal and illegals, whatever route we take, they’ll find out Seokjin didn’t die, won’t they?”

“Basically. We’d need to have a source they trust report his death, and we don’t have connections like that,” Yoongi says grimly.

“We’re not giving up that easily though,” Seokjin says, sitting up, “right? I’m not ready to die. I’m young and beautiful and haven’t stolen the Mona Lisa yet.”

“Of course not,” Yoongi nods, “but I want you to know the situation you’re in here. This isn’t going to be easy. It might not even be possible.”

“I don’t believe you believe in impossible,” Seokjin says with a smile, and Yoongi shakes his head.

“It doesn’t matter if I believe in it. It matters if the universe does.”

Jungkook yawns, and Yoongi looks at the clock. It’s almost six o’clock, not too early to rest, and they both look shattered, bags under their eyes and hiding their yawns badly.
“When did you two sleep last?”

“Like two days ago,” Jungkook says, rubbing at his eyes. “We’ve been in a goat truck.”

“You should rest,” Yoongi says, rapping on the table and standing up, “there are plenty of rooms, I had some staff come in and prepare them for you.”

“I’m meant to sleep? You just told me I might die,” Seokjin says, running a hand over his face, “Yoongi…”

“It’ll look better in the morning.” Yoongi lies. “Maybe. Probably. Get some rest.”

“You’re the worst at comforting people,” Seokjin says, standing up and shaking his head, “you just want us to leave so you can go seduce that twink you have serving as deck decoration.”

“Not ‘just’,” Yoongi says, but doesn’t elaborate, and the two head off down the corridor. Once they’ve left, he waits a few minutes, closing up the computer, and steps out into the waning sunshine, heading for the lower deck.

Namjoon is lying on a recliner, turned over so he’s lying on his back, head tilted back against a pillow and an empty glass a few centimetres from his fingers. His mouth is open, and Yoongi takes a second to admire the view. Namjoon’s pretty, but usually wears about eight layers at a time, covering himself in hoodies and jackets and scarves, so it’s a real treat to see him laid out for Yoongi to enjoy.

“Are you sleeping?” Yoongi asks, and Namjoon murmurs something wordless, not moving. Cute.

Yoongi kicks off his slides and climbs onto the recliner, over Namjoon, so he’s straddling his hips. Namjoon’s arms are thrown over his head, and Yoongi leans up, catching his wrists and pressing them down slightly. Namjoon murmurs again, and Yoongi feels a tiny bit of waking tension return to him as he wakes.

“Hyung?” he asks, a little slurred, and Yoongi leans down, catching him in a rough kiss. It’s frustrating, the situation he’s in. That he can’t just fix things for his friends, the way he wants to. That he can’t just enjoy his life, and just after he’s gained something important, he’s probably going to lose something important.

Namjoon tastes like rum—strong enough to burn a little on Yoongi’s tongue—and his mouth is loose and pliant as he pushes up into Yoongi’s grip on his wrists—the resistance lasts maybe a second, and then he sinks back into place with a pleased whimper. He isn’t still as Yoongi kisses him, but he’s obedient, tilting his head up to meet Yoongi’s angle, letting Yoongi lick into his mouth, bite at his lips, do what he wants, and when Yoongi pulls away, Namjoon’s sunglasses are displaced, sliding off his nose to reveal dazed eyes.

“Hyung, is everything okay?” Namjoon checks, as Yoongi sits up a little, grinds down over his groin, and Namjoon’s hands open and close in Yoongi’s grip, reflexive and startled. “I-uh, I’m not complaining, but, uh, you look angry?”

“I am angry, Namjoon-ah,” Yoongi says, letting go of his wrists to run his hands along the strong lines of Namjoon’s arms, coming to settle on his chest. “But not at you. You don’t mind if I use you for stress relief, do you? Baby?”

He scratches lightly along his pecs, pays close attention to Namjoon’s nipples, the way even light contact makes him squirm under Yoongi’s weight, and looks up to meet Namjoon’s eyes—dark and wide and expectant.

“Oh, good,” Yoongi says, and goes back to touching Namjoon, warm and slightly slick from his day in the sun and the sunscreen he’s been applying so diligent. Namjoon whines, hips shifting, and Yoongi sits up a little, getting comfortable. As he does, his foot hits something, and he looks down.

An empty bottle?

He looks back at Namjoon, who is all dazed and spread out under him, lips parted and eyes dilated, and hums.

“How drunk are you, baby?”

“So drunk,” Namjoon answers immediately, beaming. “I had some bad news.”

“Ah, shit,” Yoongi sighs, blowing out a frustrated lungful of air to push his bangs away. “So did I. But you’re too drunk for this.”

“No, no, it’s totally fine,” Namjoon says, pushing himself up onto his elbows and looking at Yoongi with heated eyes. “I promise. You just need to catch up.”

He reaches down, pulling up another bottle, which has a straw stuck in it and a jaunty umbrella.

“That’s for me, huh?” Yoongi says, but accepts the bottle, taking a deep drink.

“Chug, chug, chug!”

“God, you’re a fucking cute drunk, too?” Yoongi asks, ignoring the way the rum burns going down, and Namjoon smiles up at him, biting his lip.

“Cute and easy, that’s what my friends always say!”

“Sorry, are you meant to not be easy when you’re sober?” Yoongi asks, raising an eyebrow, and Namjoon pouts, kicking his hips up against Yoongi’s. He’s hard, and Yoongi rides the motion, taking another drink.

“I’m a complex man, Min Yoongi,” Namjoon says, and Yoongi laughs.

“Right, because you haven’t begged me for anything.”

“I’ll beg you for whatever you want,” Namjoon says immediately, running his hands along Yoongi’s thighs, “what do you want me to beg for?”

Yoongi doesn’t really feel like making good decisions right now, but he also doesn’t want to fuck this up. He’s not as drunk as Namjoon is, he needs to be the responsible one.

“We can make out, but that’s all,” he declares, and Namjoon pouts.

“But, you should fuck me, hyung, we’ve been dancing around it for weeks, I want it.”

“I’m not going to fuck you on the deck in plain view of everyone,” Yoongi says, and Namjoon pouts even harder. “Stop that.”

“Make me,” Namjoon says, a new light rising in his eyes. “Make me, or I’m gonna keep asking
you. Please, hyung, I want you to fu-

Yoongi covers his mouth, and Namjoon licks his palm.

“God, you turn into a brat when you drink, don’t you?”

“Not if you pay attention to me,” Namjoon says, “hyung, you should fuck me, I really want it. I want it so badly, please. Please-”

“Stop that,” Yoongi says, and Namjoon just grins up at him. “And stop that, too.”

His head is spinning a little from his quick drinking, and he slides his hand up Namjoon’s chest, resting over his collarbones, fingers spread.

“But hyung,” Namjoon whines, biting his lip and fluttering his eyelashes, “it’d be so good, I’d be so good for you.”

Yoongi puts a bit more pressure on his hand, pressing down a little harder, and Namjoon’s skin is slick, his hand slides up, coming to stop at the base of his throat. They both startle a little at that, and Yoongi looks into Namjoon’s eyes and he’s just...he’s happy. Namjoon tilts his head back a little more, smiling, and Yoongi looks down at the contrast of his pale fingers against Namjoon’s tan throat.

It’s not the first time he’s put his hand on Namjoon’s throat, but it’s the first time he’s put pressure behind it, and although they talked about it briefly, his head is spinning, and Namjoon won’t say no like this. Yoongi’s not even sure if he can say no, drunk and flirty and so, so comfortable in his own skin, so it’s up to Yoongi to hold up the boundaries Namjoon had told him before, when he’d been sober and serious.

It’s a lot of trust.

Yoongi pulls his hand away, lays down over Namjoon’s chest, and kisses him silent.

After that, it just lips and tongue and Namjoon’s small, satisfied noises as Yoongi feels him up. It’s the tight grip he has on Yoongi’s shoulders, pulling him in closer, as if Namjoon’s hoping that Yoongi will suddenly grow thirty centimetres taller and be able to cover him completely.

“I said that we’re only making out, baby. Don’t be bad.”

“But I like it-”

“I don’t care. Be good,” Yoongi says sternly, and Namjoon melts against him, nodding.

“I can be good,” he whispers against Yoongi’s lips, and Yoongi hums, kissing him again.

“I know you can, sweetheart. I know you can.”

Chapter End Notes

*inhales* BOUNDARIES.

If you enjoyed the story, please leave a comment! They motivate me to write more,
and I love reading your thoughts about the chapter and what you think is going to happen!! Also, you can come hang out with me @runchrandom on twitter if you like!
Jungkook isn’t really sure what to expect when he wakes up in the morning. That is, there are some things that can be relied on - constants of the universe, so to speak- that Seokjin will be grumpy, Yoongi will be grumpier, and neither of them will so much as consider breakfast until they’ve had at least two cups of coffee. That Jungkook will have an ache in his left hand, where his little finger is meant to be. That his bruises will act up and his cuts will need dressing and he needs to stretch so his joints, old before their time, don’t lock up on him. That he will be happy, because he gets to spend time with his hyungs, even if they are all currently under the threat of death. They spend a lot of time under the threat of death. If Jungkook let that get him down, he’d never have time to be happy.

Still, there’s always room for surprises. Like how, when he heads out of his room, dressed in his donated clothes, he runs into a Yoongi who looks suspiciously upright for seven in the morning.

“Hyung!” Jungkook says cheerfully, and Yoongi nods to him, shuffling past him toward the room they’d had their meeting in yesterday.

That’s...very aware, for a morning Yoongi.

Jungkook follows him, hands in his pockets, and is surprised again when he opens the door. The guy from yesterday- Namjoon? Jungkook thinks- is sitting at the table with one of Yoongi’s computers, typing rapidly, a cup of coffee next to him and a plate of pancakes being ignored a little further away. When Yoongi goes over, and Namjoon stands, still typing, so that he can slide into the chair before Namjoon sits down again, no in his lap, Jungkook just tilts his head to the side. Honestly, it’s remarkable that Namjoon fits, considering how long he is, and how petite Yoongi is. His hyung may be prickly and tough, but on the outside, he looks sweet, and he can’t even hook his chin over Namjoon’s shoulder, too small to reach. Namjoon obligingly stoops, and Yoongi nips at his shoulder, making him shiver and pause in his typing.

“Good morning,” Jungkook says from the doorway, not wanting to surprise either of them- he may have followed Yoongi in, but he’s clearly only had one cup of coffee so far, and that means he isn’t even really awake yet.

“Good morning,” Namjoon says, looking up from his laptop and shooting him a smile that makes Jungkook’s stomach turn over in his torso. “There are more pancakes on the bar, if you want them.”

“I made those for you,” Yoongi grumbles into Namjoon’s shoulder blade, and Namjoon rolls his eyes.

“Well, if you made them for me, they’re mine, and I can share them, right, hyung?”

“Don’t use logic on me this early, you monster,” Yoongi says, and bites him. Namjoon yelps, jumping a little, and Yoongi’s pout turns into a smirk.

Jungkook shrugs and heads over to the bar. He’s not going to turn down food- especially not Yoongi’s food. Yoongi is actually a good cook, unlike Jungkook or Taehyung, and Seokjin has not
been generous with his food the last few weeks. Possibly because Jungkook kept giving him ingre- dients like snakes and lizards and scorpions. He’s finicky about things like that.

Either way, Yoongi’s pancakes are something of a treasure even on a normal day, and he loads up a plate with four, drizzling syrup on top and serving himself some more of the apparently endless fruit platter sitting on the table.

Unlike Namjoon’s abandoned plate, Jungkook barely lets the crockery hit the table before he’s on it, stuffing his face quickly, and Yoongi wrinkles his nose at him, taking a sip of his coffee.

“What are you doing?” Jungkook asks, after he finishes his first plateful, as he heads back to the counter to dish out more. As he puts his next serving together, Seokjin slips in through the door, having sourced a pale pink gingham shirt from somewhere in the last eight hours. He’s a remarkable man, sometimes. In really strange and very specific ways- usually to do with finding fashion, gochujang, and iced coffee in the most random places. Jungkook has seen Seokjin find gochujang while stowed away on a deep sea fishing vessel. He doesn’t question it anymore.

“An essay,” Namjoon explains, “It’s due later this week, and a friend of mine agreed to turn it in for me.”

“You’re in school?” Seokjin asks politely, turning a steely look on Yoongi.

“University,” Namjoon corrects, and Seokjin’s glare fades. Jungkook serves up a few pancakes for his oldest hyung, and takes both plates to the table. “I managed to get everything else out of the way earlier, but this essay…”

He trails off and shakes his head, and Seokjin hums.

There’s quiet for a little while, only broken by the rattle of keys, until Namjoon finally finishes, sending off his essay with a relieved hum. He turns and picks up his coffee, and Yoongi takes the laptop, closing out of Namjoon’s accounts and into one of his own, beginning to read.

“What are you studying?” Seokjin asks Namjoon, when it’s clear that Yoongi will not be rousing himself for any kind of breakfast table conversation. He knows better than to try and talk to Jungkook when there’s food on the table. If there’s food on the table, it’s going in Jungkook’s stomach, as quickly as possible.

“Music-” Yoongi says absently, not looking away from the computer.

“Criminology-” Namjoon says at the same time, and they turn to look at each other with mirrored confused expressions.

Jungkook eats another pancake. He gets the feeling that things are going to get loud, and he doesn’t want to miss out on his first cooked breakfast in almost a month just because of an argument.

“But your university has you listed as music and sociology major?”

“The system isn’t built to list a quadruple major,” Namjoon says. “They always have to leave at least one off, and it’s a majority arts degree, so they tend to drop my science combination.”

“Science combination?” Seokjin asks, sounding a little faint. He’s clutching a coffee cup to his chest like it will protect him from Namjoon and his partially complete criminology degree.

“Yeah, I have a double in music/sociology, and then a double in criminology and forensic studies,” Namjoon explains.
“Wait, you’re studying criminology and you’re…” Yoongi trails off, making a furious gesture between himself and Namjoon with one hand, “...with a criminal?”

“Oh, so he knows you’re a criminal?” Seokjin asks, “That’s good to know.”

“It’s my business!” Yoongi says, “And to be fair, it’s not like I knew!”

“How did you not know?” Seokjin asks, throwing his hands up, “You’re meant to be a hacker! It’s your job to get into people’s lives and find out all their secrets!”

“Yeah, well, if they don’t put it in the database, I can’t find it, can I?” Yoongi hisses. “It’s not like I missed a lot!”

“You missed his university major! What else, does he work part time for Sherlock Holmes?”

“Don’t be ridiculous-”

“Well, actually-”

“Yoongi! You’re the worst fucking hacker ever!” Seokjin screeches, and Yoongi jumps up, unsettling Namjoon, who stands, leaning against the bar so he can see everyone at once.

“I did a thorough search!”

“To be fair, I was kept off-books by my uncle,” Namjoon says helpfully, “because I was underage.”

“Your uncle is Sherlock Holmes?”

“My uncle is a detective,” Namjoon corrects.

“Yoongi!”

“Off books! Off computer! No database!” Yoongi yells, “How am I meant to find shit if it’s only written on paper!”

“You’ve been sleeping with a cop!” Seokjin screeches, “He knows all our secrets!”

“No he doesn’t!”

“Not unless the Seoul Metropolitan really want to know all about hyung’s blowjob technique,” Jungkook mutters.

“I fucking heard that!”

“Good, you were meant to!”

“I’m not a cop!” Namjoon shouts, stomping his foot, and the intercom phone rings, covered by all the shouting.

“And he doesn’t know anything, so it wouldn’t matter if he was!” Yoongi continues, and Seokjin squints at him.

“A likely story. What do you know, kid?”

“I know you’re all criminals,” Namjoon says. “That’s about it.”
“Yoongi! You told him?” Seokjin hisses, and Jungkook frowns around his peaches. Somebody should probably answer the phone, but it isn’t going to be him.

“I did not,” Yoongi hisses back, and Namjoon shakes his head.

“Yoongi-hyung didn’t tell me.”

“Oh, like I believe that!” Seokjin says, throwing up his hands, “You probably seduced it out of him!”

“Seduced it out of him?” Namjoon repeats incredulously, looking at Seokjin over his glasses. “What the fuck? Do you think I’m some kind of one man sting operation?”

“I knew it was too good to be true that Yoongi had finally managed to get a boyfriend,” Seokjin says, “of course it’s a set up.”

“Hey!”

“He approached me,” Namjoon says, “In a really creepy way, even! He broke into my phone!”

“It’s true, but, wait...” Yoongi says, then turns and smacks Namjoon hard, making him yelp. “What kind of fucking idiot baby cop are you, huh? Not even securing your phone?”

“I’m not a baby cop!” Namjoon says, rubbing the seat of his jeans and pulling a face.

“You’re studying criminology and forensics, what the fuck else would you be?” Seokjin asks dryly, “a really intense mystery writer?”

“Can we stop swearing so much?” Jungkook asks, “I’m trying to eat.”

“You are on your tenth pancake, Jeong Jungkook,” Seokjin says, still staring at Namjoon, “I’ve been counting.”

“And I’m trying to eat my eleventh,” Jungkook says. “So, who did tell you?”

They all turn to look at him, and Jungkook sighs.

“Namjoon said Yoongi didn’t tell him, and hyung is outraged, not guilty, so he’s telling the truth. So who did tell you about us?”

“Ah, right. I do have contacts, you know. They, uh, happened to hear about the situation, and thought I should be forewarned.” Namjoon nods, and the intercom buzzes again. This time, it’s actually audible. They’re not screaming quite so loudly, just talking fiercely, and they can hear it ring through for the third time and start the call again. Somebody at the gate house is really desperate to reach them. “That’s probably them.”

“Probably them?” Yoongi frowns, crossing his arms, “You told them where we are? Namjoon, seriously, you have a lot to explain-”

The intercom buzzes again.

“Look, I would answer that. They’ll be concerned if we don’t let them in.”

“I’m not really concerned if they’re concerned,” Seokjin says, “I want answers, first. Who are these contacts of yours? Feds? ICPO?”
“Ah, I’d be concerned if they were concerned,” Namjoon says edgily, biting his lip. “They aren’t the kind of people you want to be concerned.”

“Why?”

“Because they’re deranged and violent?”

“Not often you hear a cop say that about the feds,” Jungkook says, and Namjoon shakes his head, clearly frustrated.

“I’m not a cop! And they’re not feds. Look, just, let me let them in, and we can all sit down and discuss this. I would bet anything you know both of them.”

“What are their names?” Yoongi asks, raising an eyebrow.

Then, something blows the doors off its hinges, and Yoongi disappears under Namjoon as he tackles him under the table. The air is full of white dust from pulverised paint and fibreglass, two faint shadows showing against the light. Jungkook’s pancakes are inedible, Seokjin’s face is covered in powder, and Yoongi and Namjoon are nowhere to be seen.

“Jung Hoseok,” says a bright voice from the doorway, “and Park Jimin.”

“Ah, Hobi-hyung, I thought we agreed that my name was going to go first!” Park Jimin, semi-retired contract killer, bogeyman to the people who go bump in the night, whines.

“I’m older than you, my name goes first,” Hoseok says, and Jungkook drops his fork. “Quick reflexes, Joon-ah!”

“Thanks,” Namjoon says, muffled by the table. “You made them.”

“And look how useful they are,” Hoseok says, stepping into the room. Seokjin is staring, clearly rebooting, “think of how great they’d be if we’d actually been attacking.”

“Wait, did you blow up part of my yacht?” Namjoon asks, crawling out from under the table and standing up.

“You didn’t answer your phone,” Jimin says, shrugging.

“So you blew up my yacht? My brand new yacht? You didn’t think that was a slight overreaction?”

“You didn’t answer your phone,” Jimin repeats, pouting, and Namjoon sighs.

“Wait,” Yoongi crawls out from under the table too, and blinks. “Hobi?”

“Yoongi-hyung!” Hoseok says cheerfully, bounding over and pulling him into a hug, “Long time no see, huh?”

Seokjin clears his throat, and they all turn to look at him. He looks like he’s been dipped in talcum powder, white from head to toe, and he’s blinking rapidly, head turned slightly to the side.

“What the actual fuck is going on here?”

Chapter End Notes
*chants* plot plot plot plot
If you enjoyed the chapter, please leave a comment letting me know! I love reading your thoughts, and I hope you like reading mine too! Come talk to me on twitter @runchrandom, I say a lot of silly things there.
Have a great day everybody and don't forget to stream mono
You owe Seokjin: A shower and your RESPECT

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Namjoon is really regretting his spur of the moment decision that he should help Yoongi's friends. Or, no, he's not, because he doesn't want anyone to die, and while Yoongi's friends are both very pretty and probably very good at what they do, nobody here has any idea how to throw off a criminal trail and start afresh without the authorities on them. Except Namjoon. Namjoon knows a hell of a lot about breaking trails, about the way that criminals search and the way that the police search, and how to avoid both. He's got a foot in both worlds, after all, what with uncle Jangwon and uncle Heechul, who are very carefully never invited to the same family events, to avoid any uncomfortable situations where Jangwon would be obliged to arrest Heechul.

Anyway, it means that Namjoon can help Seokjin, and his sadly very upright morals mean that even though Park Jimin blew up part of his yacht, and Seokjin has been incredibly rude, he's obliged to do so, because the other option is letting Seokjin get cut into small pieces and thrown into the bay, and that would be unconscionable.

Sometimes, Namjoon wishes his family branch had taken more after uncle Heechul, rather than uncle Jangwon. He feels like he would be less reluctant to let the shouty older man die, if he'd grown up robbing banks.

Either way, once everyone is finished screaming (mostly Seokjin and Hobi) and bouncing in excitement about meeting everyone (mostly Jungkook and Jimin) and they've relocated to one of the other large living rooms on the yacht (of which there are twelve), Namjoon pointedly takes a seat on Yoongi's lap, ignoring the pout from Jimin, who had saved a seat between him and Hobi, and the faint glare from Seokjin. Yoongi's hands come up to rest on him almost automatically, sliding under the hem of his shirt to settle, warm on his hips, sitting over fading bruises, and Namjoon relaxes. Yoongi doesn't say anything, but the faint squeeze he presses says enough. Obviously, they'll need to talk about it later, but Namjoon hasn't lied. Yoongi doesn't blame him. After a few moments, Namjoon slides off his lap to sit next to him on the couch, not quite ready to have this kind of conversation while sitting in another man's lap.

"So, are we talking like adults, now?" Namjoon asks, and Seokjin sniffs dramatically. Then, because he's still covered in fibreglass dust, he ends up choking and coughing, so Namjoon waits while Jungkook thumps him between the shoulderblades. He holds up a finger, as if to say 'wait', but he's still coughing a full ten seconds later.

"I don't think that was a yes," Hobi says, as Seokjin recovers, and Namjoon nods.

"Yeah, I guess not. Are you going to scream at me some more for my choice in university courses?"

"And your choice in friends!" Seokjin hisses, still coughing, "They blew up Yoongi-yah's yacht-"

"It's Namjoonie's yacht, actually," Yoongi says lazily, "and I've known Hobi for years. We're friends. I trust him."

"We're business partners," Hoseok agrees, and Yoongi shoots him a slightly injured look. "Yoongi-hyung can vouch for me. So can Kim Taehyung, and I know you know him. He can vouch for Namjoon-ah and Jimin, too. He knows us."
"And don't think we won't be having words about how you know him, Jungkook-ssi," Jimin says, pointing an accusative finger, "My boy's been pining over you."

"He has?" Jungkook sounds delighted, and Jimin frowns. "I mean, oh, he has? I'm sorry about that."

"Hmm," Jimin hums judgingly, and Hoseok puts a hand on his shoulder.

"So, Yoongi-yah vouches for you, for now. I'll call Taehyungie later, but right now, it's Yoongi's word," Seokjin says slowly, and Yoongi nods.

"Seokjin-hyung, they're good people. They got us those cubic zirconiums for the Belgrave job."

"You're a supplier then?" Seokjin asks, and Hobi shrugs.

"Mostly. I left behind most of my other criminal habits. Mostly, these days, I run a club. I'm basically retired. I go to dance lessons three times a week. It's a good life, you know?"

"But you supply Yoongi?" Seokjin qualifies, as Namjoon looks over at Hoseok assessingly.

"Yeah. I'm the best in the business," Hoseok says, grinning, and jerks a thumb at his chest.

"And you vouch for the baby cop?"

"I'm not a baby cop!" Namjoon throws his hands in the air, and Yoongi steadies him. "I'm studying criminology, that doesn't mean I'm going to be a cop!"

"What else would you do?"

"A bunch of other things! Social work! Youth work! Community Development! I could go into a psychology degree! There are literally hundreds of other options!"

"And are you doing those things?" Seokjin asks, squinting at him.

"I haven't decided," Namjoon admits, tugging at his ear evasively. "But it's not exactly relevant right now."

"Are you sure? It seems pretty relevant." Seokjin says, squinting at him, and Namjoon looks away, colour rising in his face.

"What's relevant is the fact that multiple people are trying to kill you." Namjoon says, "Have you forgotten about that?"

"How do you know about that?" Seokjin asks, shooting Yoongi another betrayed look, and Namjoon hears him let out a frustrated growl.

"Seokjin, I didn't tell him-" Yoongi says again, throwing out a hand to gesture angrily.

"Seokjin-hyung! Be respectful!" Seokjin snaps back, slamming his hand on his opposite palm, "I'm your elder! You leaked information to a cop!"

"I'm not a cop!" Namjoon actually stamps his foot, and then looks down like his limbs have betrayed him by acting so childishly.

"You be respectful!" Yoongi shouts, "This is my boat! I'll show you respect when you stop being crazy! I'm not calling a paranoid old man 'hyung'!"
“Old man? Min Yoongi! The disrespect that you are showing—”

“Seokjin! Seokjin! Seokjin!” Yoongi chants, and Seokjin glares, rising to his feet.

“Seokjin-hyung!” He corrects angrily.

“Seokjin-ah! Seokjinnie!”

“So informal!” Seokjin screeches, and Jungkook has to physically hold him back from launching at Yoongi.

“You know,” Namjoon says to Hoseok conversationally, “I used to wonder why you had such a scary reputation, considering how nice you are. But if this is your competition, I can understand now how your focussed face would be intimidating.”

“Are you saying my focussed face isn’t usually intimidating?” Hobi asks, pouting a little.

“What about my reputation?” Jimin asks, clearly unhappy that the conversation is not about him.

“Jiminnie, you’re a terrifying force of nature,” Namjoon says, “I’ve seen you after an all nighter, and honestly, I’m surprised more people aren’t scared of you.”

“It’s because I’m so cute,” Jimin says, “damn my adorable face.”

“How far back, though?” Namjoon asks, scrubbing a hand over his mouth, “I feel like there’s a lot of context that’s necessary.”

Just start, and if we need more information, we’ll ask,” Jungkook suggests, and Namjoon nods.

“Okay, well, when I called Hobi on your phone, I figured out that you guys knew each other,” Namjoon explains, “and he and Jiminie filled me in on what’s been happening with Seokjin and Jungkook.”

“How did they know, though?” Seokjin asks, still mulish. “That doesn’t make sense.”
“I got offered the chance to kill you and get paid a lot of money,” Jimin explains, and the rest of the room tenses, except for Hobi and Namjoon. “I mean, I didn’t take it, but I know who you got in with. I’ve worked for Jan before, he gave me a bit of backstory. And, wow. I mean, it was really stupid, but wow. That was impressive.”

“The Drangs,” Namjoon says, arching his fingers together, “whom I know from a different situation.”

“What kind of different?”

“My mother works for internal affairs. She’s been trying to route out the Drangs from the police system for the last five years.”

“His mother works for the police and you missed it?!” Seokjin says, and throws a cup at Yoongi, who ducks. “Worst hacker! Aish, jinjja? You’re useless!”

“His mother works as a kindergarten teacher in Ilsan!” Yoongi turns to Namjoon, “Your mother works as a kindergarten teacher! In Ilsan!”

“Yeah...no...” Namjoon shakes his head, “Most of my family branch is undercover, officially.”

“...So your father isn’t a salary worker, then?”

“...He works in the NIS, hyung.”

“What the fuck?! Why are all your records so good?” Yoongi asks, running a hand through his hair, “Official records are shit! I know an NIS cover ID. I can spot an NIS cover ID from thirty metres away while sleeping!”

“My aunt makes them for us specially,” Namjoon shrugs, “they’re not industry standard, I guess.”

“Who’s your aunt?” Yoongi snaps, standing up and starting to pace, “Did she invent the internet or some shit?”

“Eh, have you ever heard of Kim Hyun-ah?”

“What the fuck? You’re related to Hyuna-sunbaenim? The hacker?” Jungkook’s eyes are round and wide, and Yoongi falls back into his seat, stunned.

“I mean, she’s a third cousin, I think?” Namjoon thinks aloud, and then shakes his head, “Irrelevant. Anyway, so I know of the Drangs, because of Mum’s work, on my side of things. And Jimin knows them from the other angle, so I called Taehyung-ah, and asked him to check in on who’s been associating with them from your side of things. So he gave me a briefing and booked the tickets for Hobi and Jimin-ah-”

They wave, beaming.

“And said he’d be on his way in the next few days, once he’s finished organising things in Seoul.”

“Taehyung’s coming?” Jungkook perks up a little, and Jimin glares at him.

“He’s not here for you, Jeon Jungkook.”

“Right. Anyway. What do you all know about pseudocide?” Namjoon asks, clapping.

“You use it to kill bugs in the garden.” Jungkook says, after a moment of silence, and everyone
“That’s pesticide, Jungkook, but good try,” Namjoon says, “it’s the art of faking your death.”

He turns to Seokjin and smiles.

“And it’s what we’re going to do to you.”

“Why didn’t you just say ‘fake your death’, then,” Seokjin says, “you didn’t have to get fancy.”

“Really, that’s the sign you don’t know Namjoonie at all,” Hoseok says, “he never uses three words where he can use one four character word instead.”

“That’s a personal attack and I don’t appreciate it,” Namjoon sniffs, “but honestly, Seokjin-ssi, if you trust me, and follow my instructions perfectly, I will get you home alive. With different hair, under a different name, and some very strict rules to follow for the next nine months, but home all the same.”

Seokjin frowns.

“Yoongi-yah, you vouch for him?”

“Yeah, hyung, I do.”

“All right. Tell me your plan,” Seokjin nods, and then pulls a face. “And, uh. You can call me hyung.”

“Okay,” Namjoon smiles at him, dimples showing, and Seokjin feels his frown fading. “Tell me everything that happened between you and the Drangs. Don’t skip anything, okay?”

Wow, I don’t think Yoongi and Namjoon have even kissed in the last two chapters....they’re too busy yelling. Everyone’s so busy yelling. Hopefully this will get sorted out and they can go back to kissing soon. Bless. The NIS is the Korean equivalent of MI5 or the FBI.

If you enjoyed the story, please leave a comment! Comments motivate me to write, and I love seeing your thoughts and reactions, especially if there are bits you particularly liked!

You can also come talk to me on twitter @runchrandom, where I talk about how pretty Kim Namjoon is and make up silly AUs.

Thank you for reading, don’t forget to stream mono!
You owe Yoongi: 990011,277,000.00 won, a yacht, a new wardrobe, a new door, and a ride

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Yoongi is starting to doubt himself. He'd done a thorough background check on Namjoon back when he'd first picked up his identity, after all. There'd been /nothing/ to suggest a law enforcement background, nothing to suggest an interest in criminal justice, nothing to trigger any alarms, and that's concerning. That's very concerning, because apparently Namjoon is from a family that might as well bleed blue, if what he's said is true. So how the hell had he missed it? Why had Namjoon been so badly off in the first place? What kind of family lets someone get into a situation that bad if they aren't negligent? Not that they would be incredibly rich, on police salaries, but they shouldn't be so poor that Namjoon was struggling that much.

Namjoon's explanations are sensible, they hold up, but they're very convenient. That his particular degree is so out of the norm that it literally couldn't be put on the computer system. That his parents are under cover identities put together by one of the few hackers that even SUGA doesn't like to tangle with. That his work for his uncle was kept off the books due to his underage status at the time.

Still, Yoongi thinks, there should be some clue, something that he could have caught. He doesn't want to think that sentiment could make him clumsy, but more and more, it feels like it did. That if he hadn't been busy thinking about the long line of Namjoon's neck, the way his lips part on Yoongi's name, he might have found out his lawful connections.

After Namjoon listens to Seokjin’s story, he pulls Yoongi aside with a hand on his arm, forcing him out of his head- where he’d been considering whether his mother had been right and maybe he should have gone to university and studied engineering, rather than ‘doing his computer-y stuff'. Everyone else is heading off to accomplish their various tasks, as assigned by Namjoon, but Yoongi’s head is too full of his own inadequacies to focus on faking Seokjin’s death right now.

“Are you okay, hyung?” Namjoon asks, biting his lip, “I feel like maybe we should talk?”

“How old is too old to apply for university?” Yoongi blurts out, and Namjoon tilts his head to the side, obviously confused. “Ah. I mean, sure, Joon-ah. We can talk.”

He’s meant to be the best in the business. He is the best in the business, isn’t he? How could he miss so much? It’s not like Namjoon was even hiding it. Thinking back, Yoongi can remember him mentioning that he was taking a doubled course load, mentioning having lab classes, complaining about extra essays- it just didn’t register as something to look into further. He’d been more concerned about making sure Namjoon had enough food to get through the week, or how hot the selca he’d sent was, rather than examining his course load.

Namjoon pulls him into the next room off the corridor- a stuffy, closed up room with a bed still wrapped in plastic and fake flowers on the bedside table- and ducks his head to meet Yoongi’s eyes, forehead creased in concern.

“Hyung, are you okay?” he asks again, and Yoongi shrugs.

“Yeah.”
“I feel like you might be lying?”

Yoongi tilts his head from side to side like he’s debating his answer, and Namjoon sinks down onto the bed, plastic crinkling under him. He looks good, in his silky purple button up and artfully ripped black jeans, hair styled up and skin tanned— he looks like he’s Yoongi’s. He’s wearing clothes Yoongi bought, that Yoongi picked out this morning, and the large rip on his thigh shows the edge of a bruise that Yoongi left on him, but there’s something sitting wrong in his stomach, after all Namjoon’s revelations. Is he Yoongi’s, if he’s not the person Yoongi had thought he was?

“You never said anything,” Yoongi says, stepping closer so he’s between Namjoon’s legs, which part easily for him. “About any of this.”

“I thought you knew,” Namjoon admits, cheeks reddening, “you know everything else about me. I thought you just weren’t bringing it up.”

“Seriously?”

“Like, maybe you were being polite?”

“Really?” Yoongi asks, and Namjoon is now a very fetching pink, looking away out the window rather than meeting his eyes. “Namjoon. Joon-ah. Namjoonie.”

“Yeah?” Namjoon asks tentatively, and Yoongi laughs at him.

“You’re a fucking idiot. You thought I was being polite and not bringing up your obvious law enforcement ties?” he manages between laughter, catching Namjoon’s face and tilting it up so they’re looking straight at each other. Namjoon’s face is hot with embarrassment, he’s squirming a little, but Yoongi doesn’t let him move away, keeping his hands hard against his jaw.

“It seemed like the most reasonable explanation?”

“In what universe?” Yoongi asks, “What the fuck, Namjoon?”

“Just- you know, you have a lot of resources!” Namjoon bursts out, “I just assumed that you knew!”

“Do you think I know everything?”

“...No,” Namjoon says, after slightly too long a pause, and Yoongi leans down and muffles his giggles in Namjoon’s hair, pressing Namjoon’s face into his stomach as he does so. “I mean, I thought you found out and figured out that it wasn’t really relevant?”

“You’re the smartest fucking idiot I know,” Yoongi says, hiccuping, and Namjoon squirms, poking him in the side to make him pull away. “Oh my God, you’re so dumb. You’re so, so stupid.”

Yoongi hopes he doesn’t sound as fond as he feels, but it’s hard not to let the warmth sink into his voice as Namjoon pouts at him.

“I’m actually very smart,” Namjoon says, “didn’t you hear my plan just then? It was really good. I’m going to save Seokjin-hyung’s life.”

“You can be dumb and smart at the same time,” Yoongi says archly, and pushes Namjoon back onto the bed with an easy push to his shoulders. He bounces on the bare mattress, but doesn’t resist, looking up at Yoongi like he always does— like he knows everything, Yoongi is starting to realise, like he has the answer to every question, like trusting him is the right decision— and smiling. “And
yeah, it’s a good plan. Do you think you can put it off for a little while?”

Yoongi climbs onto the mattress over Namjoon, straddling his hips and looking down at him. He
has questions- of course he has questions, none of his questions have actually been answered here-
but he’s just...excessively fond of the man under him. Of how ridiculous he is, how stupid he is for
such an incredibly intelligent person, of his stupid face and his stupid lips and that stupid look in
his eyes.

“Ah, probably?” Namjoon says, licking his lips, and Yoongi leans down and catches his wrists,
pressing them into the squeaky plastic above his head, “And, uh, should we be doing this here?”

“I don’t see why not,” Yoongi says, pressing down a little, “it’s not like we don’t own every room
in this ship, baby. We can do whatever we want. Right now, I want to hold you down and fuck you,
okay?”


“Somehow I thought that was going to be your answer,” Yoongi says, and leans down to kiss him.

Namjoon is so fucking long that Yoongi has to shuffle up a little bit to kiss him when he’s lying
down, but he tastes good, like fresh coffee and pancake syrup, and he opens up easily, pressing up
into the kiss with a pleased hum as Yoongi controls the kiss. He dips in and out of Namjoon’s
mouth without much care, pressing messy kisses along the line of his jaw, working fading hickeys
back into red and purple as Namjoon presses up against Yoongi’s grip on his wrists. He’s strong
enough that Yoongi knows that his struggles are performative, but the little noises he’s letting out
definitely aren’t. When Yoongi pulls back, Namjoon’s lips are shockingly red, puffy, and his eyes
are a little glazed- he tilts his head up, stretches his neck like he’ll be able to reach Yoongi, but
doesn’t push against him so hard that he actually breaks Yoongi’s grip. Yoongi presses his wrists
hard into the mattress above his head, leans down and whispers in his ear.

“Keep these here.”

Namjoon nods rapidly as Yoongi sits up again, flicking the buttons open on Namjoon’s shirt to
reveal even, golden skin, taking his time to run his hands along every inch of his chest. He’s got a
surprisingly well developed chest, with a little bit of muscle pushing straight lines into gentle
curves, and Yoongi leans down to appreciate it properly, lips to skin, sucking more red bruises on
the swell of Namjoon’s pectoral. With his lips so close, it seems a waste not to do the same to
Namjoon’s nipple, and when he changes target, Namjoon moans loudly enough that Yoongi sits
up, shooting a look back over his shoulder at the door behind them.

“No, hyung, please, come back- I’ll, I can be quiet. I’ll be really quiet, please-”

Thankfully, it doesn’t seem like anybody is coming to investigate.

“Don’t be quiet,” Yoongi orders absently, and Namjoon nods hurriedly as Yoongi bends back
down over him, this time biting gently. Namjoon’s hips are shifting, his head tossing, he’s letting
out little noises on each exhale that go straight to Yoongi’s dick, and Yoongi shifts his own hips up
so he can reach Namjoon’s fly.

“I won’t, I won’t- oh my god, yes, Yoongi -” Namjoon actually whimpers when Yoongi’s hand
wraps around him, jacking leisurely, his hips kick up automatically, and Yoongi uses his free hand
to push himself up off Namjoon’s chest so he’s sitting over Namjoon’s hips. “Please- please can I
touch you?”

“I’ll let you know when you can touch me,” Yoongi says, letting go and sliding down to roll
Namjoon’s jeans and boxers down his thighs, letting the material trap his legs so he can’t move easily.

“Yoongi, Yoongi please ,” Namjoon whines, and Yoongi looks up at him, raising an eyebrow.

“Do you want to get smacked? Is that what this is?”

“Ah- well-”

“Just ask , baby, honestly,” Yoongi says, shaking his head, and Namjoon flushes. A single hard slap to Namjoon’s thigh makes the muscle jiggle slightly, makes Namjoon writhe under him, so Yoongi does it again, catches the other leg so they’re matching shades of pink. Yoongi pinches him, and he can hear Namjoon’s fingers scrabbling at the plastic on the mattress, trying to get a hold of something. “You know, if you’re a good boy, I’ll give you another spanking.”

“Please- what do I have to do? I wanna be good, I can be good-” Namjoon’s words are tumbling over themselves as Yoongi reaches into his pocket, pulling out a condom and a packet of lube. It feels slightly sordid, walking around with sex supplies in his day to day life, but he’s not going to pass up on an opportunity to fuck Namjoon just because they aren’t in the bedroom.

“I know you can,” Yoongi says soothingly, standing up to kick off his own jeans, “you’ve only got one job right now, okay?”

“Okay,” Namjoon agrees quickly, and Yoongi pulls off his tee-shirt, throwing it off to the side. Namjoon looks debauched, clothes on but undone, almost more naked than he would be completely undressed, and Yoongi straddles him again, tearing the wrapper open and sliding it over him easily.

“Look at you, pretty boy,” Yoongi says, tearing open the lube and coating his fingers. Namjoon freezes, unsure what’s happening, “you’re going to stay nice and still for me, aren’t you?”

“Y-yes?” Namjoon checks, and Yoongi leans forward to kiss him messily, arm held awkwardly as he prepares himself with hasty fingers. He doesn’t want to waste time stretching, but Namjoon’s dick isn’t exactly small, and Yoongi isn’t prepared to leave this room limping when his friends are somewhere on this yacht, ready to make dirty jokes.

Namjoon is breathing fast, holding still as Yoongi lazily fucks into his mouth, and it’s a nice distraction from the sensation, the slight discomfort of the cold lube, the stretch of his fingers as he focuses more on opening himself up than trying to find his prostate. This is a means to an end, not something sexy in and of itself, and after a few minutes, he calls it good enough and wipes off his fingers on Namjoon’s thigh, sitting up again.

“Namjoon?” Yoongi checks in, pausing, and Namjoon nods hurriedly. “Words, baby.”

“I’m great, I’m good, green, Yoongi-hyung, please-”

“Okay,” Yoongi says, and reaches behind him to steady Namjoon’s dick so he can sink onto it.

He feels so good, Yoongi thinks, biting his lip as he slides down slowly. Under him, Namjoon is biting off a sound, but Yoongi’s too busy figuring out how he likes it, how he wants to sit, because fuck, Namjoon’s dick is kind of perfect. Big, but not too big, he’s hot and hard and Yoongi feels pressed open, feels full, and Namjoon is scrabbling at the mattress, trying not to move as Yoongi rocks down slowly, moving in inches.

“Please, please, I wanna touch you, please-”
“Not yet,” Yoongi says on a gasp, as he finally takes Namjoon fully, rests his palms on Namjoon’s chest to steady himself. “You feel fucking amazing, baby, you’re doing so good.”

“Please-”

Yoongi cuts him off by rising up, pressing his hands down for leverage, and feels Namjoon’s breath actually stutter as Yoongi fucks himself on Namjoon’s dick. After a few shaky passes, Yoongi finds a rhythm that makes his own breath catch and throws himself into it, ignoring Namjoon’s noises as he chases his own orgasm. Namjoon’s easy, Yoongi thinks absently, grinding down and letting out a satisfied moan- he doesn’t exactly need much to get him off. It’s better to go for what Yoongi wants, and work Namjoon around it. It’s not like Namjoon’s complaining at the pace Yoongi’s setting- fast and sloppy, hips rolling down against Namjoon’s in an almost punishing pace- he’s moaning, hands opening and closing above his head, lip caught between his teeth as he tries not to buck up into Yoongi.

“Oh, now move,” Yoongi says, and Namjoon’s hips jolt up hard enough that Yoongi’s breath catches in his chest, and then it’s even better, because Namjoon’s hips roll up as Yoongi grinds down, surprisingly fluid.

“Yeah, like that,” he breathes, and Namjoon lets out a noise like he’s just been punched, breathless and almost hurt, “fuck, yeah, like that. You’re doing great, baby.”

Namjoon can’t get much leverage, legs caught in his jeans, hands held above his head, but fuck, he does his best, hips snapping to Yoongi’s rhythm as it turns more frantic, as he reaches down to jerk himself off, riding Namjoon so that Namjoon’s hips push him up into the circle of his own hand.

“So good, Yoongi, please, I’m gonna-” Namjoon cuts himself off, turning his head to hide his mouth in his shoulder, and Yoongi doubles down, grinding in little circles that make himself whine, little ratcheting gasps as his free hand clenches down on Namjoon’s chest, leaving little semi-circle marks in the skin.

“Not yet,” Yoongi bites out. Namjoon whines, high and unhappy, and Yoongi comes, marking white all over Namjoon’s trembling stomach.

He pauses a moment, still leaning forward over Namjoon’s torso, looks at his sweaty face, his closed eyes and bitten lip, and smiles.

“You can touch me.”

Namjoon jolts up, hands coming to Yoongi’s hips as his own slam upwards, and Yoongi rides the movement, lets Namjoon set the pace- uneven and frantic, close to the edge- leans in and gets a handful of his hair, pulls him up and close and whispers in his ear.

“You can come now,” he breathes, and Namjoon freezes. Yoongi’s not sure if it’s the hair pulling that sets him off, the way he bites his earlobe, or if Namjoon’s just right on the edge when he acts, but Namjoon lets go with a loud moan, sinking back into the mattress.

After a moment, Yoongi pulls off, falling onto the plastic cover next to Namjoon. It crinkles, sticking to his sweaty back uncomfortably, and Yoongi wrinkles his nose.

“C’mon. We aren’t staying here. It’s gross.”

“You’re gross,” Namjoon says, turning over and sticking his nose in Yoongi’s shoulder, flopping an arm across his waist.
“I am, and I think it’s gross here, so get up,” Yoongi says, pinching Namjoon’s hip.

Namjoon only grumbles a little bit, following Yoongi out and up the stairs to their cabin, where a rainfall-style shower luxurious enough to make a Hilton en-suite feel inferior waits for them.

“I thought you wanted to talk,” Namjoon says sleepily as they shower, Namjoon only just upright and mostly draped over Yoongi as the shorter man scrubs them both with some expensive body wash that smells like jasmine.

“We’re still going to talk,” Yoongi says, groping Namjoon under the excuse of washing him, “I wanted to fuck you, is all. I’m inscrutable. A mystery. Don’t question me.”

“Oh, all right,” Namjoon agrees, still soft and pliant, and Yoongi smiles, something soft and warm trying to make a home in his chest. “You can question me, though. I’ll answer.”

“I know, baby. No questions right now, though,” Yoongi says, and they stand silently under the shower, letting the water rinse them. It wouldn’t be fair to ask Namjoon right now, when he’s not thinking properly, so Yoongi makes a mental list for later, instead.

1. Why are you associating with criminals, if you’re in law enforcement?
2. Why were you so broke, if your family is supportive?
3. Why the fuck do you know how to fake someone’s death so well?
4. No, seriously, why are you hanging out with a bunch of criminals?

First, though- a nap, Yoongi decides, steering a damp Namjoon out and over to the bed, where he collapses in a starfish of naked skin. Yoongi slips on boxers and a tee-shirt before joining him, and Namjoon hums happily, curling up so he can rest his head on Yoongi’s stomach, leaving enough space for a laptop if Yoongi wants one. It’s thoughtlessly thoughtful, and Yoongi’s heart clenches weirdly.

“All good, Joon-ah?”

“Great, hyung,” Namjoon says, eyes already closed. “Really, really great.”

“Good. That’s good.”

5. Why are you making me have all these goddamn emotions?

Chapter End Notes

ha ha ha you thought it was gonna be all action now didn't you?
Well it is just not all the same kind of action...
Anyway if you enjoyed the chapter, please leave a comment and let know! I love reading your thoughts and reactions to the story, it really inspires me to write more! If you prefer, you can come talk to me on twitter @runchrandom, where I write silly AU's and cry about how good Namjoon looks in glasses.

Thank you for reading!!
Namjoon doesn’t really want to make this phone call. He will, because he needs to, but it’s not a phone call he’s looking forward to. First of all, his uncle— not that they’re actually related, but, you know, Namjoon’s always called him uncle— is a busy man, and Namjoon hates to interrupt. Secondly, his uncle is...a little weird, and Namjoon doesn’t really want to know what he’ll expect in return for the favour Namjoon is asking him for. Still, without help, there’s no way his plan will work.

So he has to call.

Yoongi is sitting at the table, typing rapidly as he manages the various moving parts Namjoon has outlined, and Namjoon is sitting, staring at the burner phone in front of him like he’ll get it to catch on fire with his eyes.

“It’s not going to call on its own,” Yoongi says absently, not looking up from the computer, and Namjoon hums.

He knows.

With a sigh, he picks up the phone and dials— it’s a number he has memorised, like Hobi’s, like Jimin’s, like his mother’s— and listens to it ring.

“Hello?”

“Hi, Uncle Heechul, it’s Namjoon. Is now a good time to talk?” Namjoon asks, and there’s an immediate snort from the other side of the line.

“Uncle? Ya! How old am I, huh? You’re calling me uncle?”

“Hyungnim,” Heechul corrects, “Oppa if you’re asking for a big favour. Is it a big favour, Namjoon-ah?”

Namjoon cradles his head in his hands, looking out the window at the beautiful background, and tries to take deep breaths. To think peaceful thoughts.

Fucking Kim Heechul.

“Hyungnim, oppa. Is now a good time to talk?”

“Oppa always has time for you, Namjoonie,” Heechul coos, as Yoongi looks up from his laptop, a little concerned.

“Wait, did you say ‘oppa’? Who else are you calling ‘oppa’?”

Namjoon waves a hand at him, and Yoongi subsides with a glare.

“Thank you, oppa,” he says, as cutely as he can, and Heechul laughs. Fucking Heechul. If he
wasn’t so good at what he did, Namjoon would only talk to him at reunions and Chuseok. He likes embarrassing Namjoon way too much for it to be worth it, otherwise.

“How can oppa help, hm? What do you need from him this time?” Heechul asks sweetly, and Namjoon sighs.

“I’m organising a death,” Namjoon says, “Have you got any contacts in Dubai?”

“I have one, but he won’t be there for about twenty four hours,” Heechul says, and Namjoon can hear rustling from his end of the phone line, “what stage are you at?”

“Three.”

“Hm, that should work out,” Heechul says, “Oppa will be with you tomorrow, okay?”

“Hyun… ah, oppa, you don’t need to come in person.”

“It’s your first big crime, you’re a baby. Oppa will come take care of everything,” Heechul says dismissively, and yells away from the headset, noise leaking loudly enough to make Namjoon wince. “Jang-hoon! Book me a flight to Dubai!”

“Aren’t you busy?”

“Oh, we’re just on a honeymoon in the Riviera,” Heechul says dismissively, “it’s practically pedestrian, really.”

“How many honeymoons does that make this year?”

“Five, but I really mean it this time,” Heechul says sweetly, “now, make sure you’ve got a gin and tonic ready for me when I get in, okay?”

“Okay. Thank you, Heechul-”

“Ah!”


“Bye bye! Say bye bye to oppa!”

“Bye bye, oppa.” Namjoon says, knuckling at his forehead, and Yoongi raises an eyebrow at him.

“Ha!”

And Heechul hangs up.

“So. Who was that?” Yoongi asks casually, as Namjoon drops his head to the table and whimpers.

“Uncle Heechul.”

“He makes you call him oppa?”

“He makes everyone call him oppa, unless he’s feeling nice.”

“And then?”

“He makes us all call him hyungnim,” Namjoon admits, and Yoongi rolls his eyes.
“What a strange man.”

“Oh, you’ll see,” Namjoon says grimly. “He’s stranger than you think.”

“I can think of pretty strange things,” Yoongi says, and Namjoon shakes his head.

“Stranger.” Namjoon says, raising a hand and turning it in circles like he’s winding something up. “No, keep going. Stranger.”

“Things are getting really strange, Joon-ah,” Yoongi says, coming round and putting his hand on Namjoon’s head, petting him softly.

“Are they non-Euclidean yet?”

“I’m considering Cthulhu.”

“That’s strange enough,” Namjoon allows, “Uncle Heechul is probably one of the Great Old Ones. He’s the physical manifestation of every sin I committed in a past life, come back to haunt me.”

“Oh, like Seokjin for me,” Yoongi says sympathetically. “I know how that works.”

“He’s a trial.”

“Just like Seokjin,” Yoongi agrees, nodding, and Namjoon nudges his hand with the back of his head. Yoongi had stopped petting, but he starts again, fingers rubbing at Namjoon’s scalp with just the right pressure to make him melt over the table.

“Speaking of Seokjin,” Namjoon murmurs into the polished wood, “we should probably check on him. And the others. I don’t want Hobi to blow anything else up.”

“Mm, probably,” Yoongi agrees, hopping up to sit on the desk, his thigh warm against Namjoon’s side. “But before we do that, I want to ask you a few questions.”

Namjoon blinks, but hums in agreement.

“What kind of questions?”

“Questions about you,” Yoongi says, “because you gave some good explanations, but not everything adds up, and if I’m meant to trust you- if I’m meant to trust you with Seokjin—”

“I thought you just said he was a divine punishment?”

“Yeah, well. He’s my divine punishment,” Yoongi says, colouring slightly, “only I get to mess with him, okay?”


“Ah. Well.”

“What?”

“I expected you to be more reluctant, honestly,” Yoongi says, scratching his cheek, “I had some good arguments lined up.”

“You don’t need them,” Namjoon says, “I’m happy to explain my actions to you, if it will help you
feel more secure. I’m asking for a lot of trust here.”

Yoongi blinks, and Namjoon thinks he knows why he looks taken aback.

It’s the same wording Namjoon used to explain how he felt about their relationship, after all. The phrasing has stuck with Yoongi, from the way he’s been talking for the last few days.

“Will it help you?” Namjoon checks, and Yoongi pulls a face.

“Yeah, I think it will. Are you sure you don’t want to hear my argument?”

‘I mean. If you really want to, hyung?”

“No, it’s fine. It doesn’t work if you’re already convinced,” Yoongi says, flapping a hand at Namjoon, who smiles. Yoongi murmurs something, looking away- Namjoon probably heard wrong, because he doesn’t know why Yoongi would be muttering about how it’s unfair that Namjoon is simple- but turns back after a moment, leaning down to press a kiss to his lips.

It’s practically chaste, just lips to lips, Yoongi’s hand on his jaw tilting him so their noses don’t collide, and Namjoon hums happily.

“Oh, first question,” Yoongi says, pulling back and eyeing him seriously. Namjoon can’t help posing just a little- Yoongi’s eyes are always appreciative, and angling his legs just slightly makes them look even longer, tilting up his face makes the bruises at the join of his jaw more obvious, and Yoongi had put time into picking out a second outfit, after the first had been discarded. So Namjoon stretches out his legs, in their dark green shorts, lifts a hand to run along the low neckline of the ridiculous Versace tank top Yoongi had bought in the airport, and watches Yoongi lick his lips appreciatively.

“First question,” Yoongi repeats. “Why are you associating with criminals, if so much of your family is law enforcement?”

“So much of my Dad’s family is law enforcement,” Namjoon corrects, holding up a finger. “My mother’s side is, uh...less moral. And it’s not like my parents are really cops.”

“You mother’s in internal affairs. They’re like cops. For cops.” Yoongi squints at him, “Like some kind of double cop.”

“You’re spending too much time with Hobi,” Namjoon says absently, “but yeah, she’s been in the force for years. It makes it easier when someone the family cares about gets in trouble.”

“You mum’s a dirty cop?”

“She’s not dirty!” Namjoon says hotly, “She just...prioritises her family over her job!”

“Does your dad know?”

“The whole family’s a mess, really,” Namjoon says, spreading his hands. “There are some lines that are just law enforcement, that give the rest of us the reputation. Then, there are lines that are distinctly not. People like Uncle Heechul, or Hyun-ah. And then, there are lines like mine. Where those two kind of mix.”

“How does that work?” Yoongi presses, “Are you in law enforcement, or in crime? You can’t do both.”

“Well, I’m very confused all the time, so I’d say not particularly well,” Namjoon says ruefully, “I
know Mum considers the police her cover, but I’m pretty sure Dad is legitimate about his NIS posting.”

“I’m really lost.” Yoongi says, rubbing at his eyes. “Just answer the question. Are you a law abiding citizen?”

“Ah. Well, is anyone really a law abiding citizen?” Namjoon asks philosophically. “We all have our own priorities, our own reasons for our actions. Maybe we’ve faked a couple of deaths, or hotwired a car, but if you’re doing it for moral reasons, is it still a crime?”

“Yes.”

“Then no.” Namjoon says, rubbing a thumb over his mouth, “I guess I’m not a law abiding citizen. There’s too much to do, and the laws are sometimes a little… restrictive.”

“Wait, are you saying you know how to hotwire a car?”

“Uncle Heechul taught me when I turned twelve,” Namjoon says, smiling fondly. “Then he stole my wallet and told me I should have been on guard and I shouldn’t trust anyone, and then Dad arrested him.”

“...Right,” Yoongi says, looking even more confused than he had at the start of the conversation. “So basically, you hang around criminals because half your family is made up of criminals, so it doesn’t bother you?”

“I guess?” Namjoon shrugs, “I mean, breaking the law is bad, and if you were doing something horrific, I’d turn you in.”

Yoongi chills, hearing Namjoon say that so easily. It’s like looking at one of those optical illusions, where a vase is a couple kissing, or an old lady is also a young woman. There is Kim Namjoon, pretty and smart and entirely Yoongi’s, somehow okay with crime despite his parents’ occupations, and then there is Kim Namjoon, sharp and definite in his categories, ready to drop Yoongi on a second’s notice, if he crosses whatever self made line Namjoon has decided makes him a ‘real criminal’.

“But you’re not. From what I can tell, you all mostly target rich assholes, and I’m no big fan of the one percent.”

“Eat the rich,” Yoongi says on reflex, and Namjoon smiles at him again.

“Right. So, you know. As long as it’s harmless, I don’t feel like I need to act.”

“What happens if one day, you do need to act?”

“If one day, you make me feel like you are no longer a good person, but instead the kind of person who harms others?” Namjoon clarifies, and Yoongi nodded. “Then I’ll turn you in. And that will have been the right thing to do.”

“That worries me,” Yoongi admits.

“Then don’t murder anyone, and don’t get into trafficking. It’s not like it’s a high bar.” Namjoon says dryly, “the fact that it worries you, worries me.”
“Right. Really? That’s all?” Yoongi checks, and Namjoon shrugs.

“Yoongi-hyung, one of my best friends is Park Jimin. When I met him, he hadn’t turned over his new leaf yet. He was a murderer.”

“He still is, you know,” Yoongi says, “he takes contracts.”

“For bad people,” Namjoon says, lacing their fingers together absently, “he promised me, and Jimin doesn’t break his promises.”

“You’re naive.”

“Trusting doesn’t mean naive, Yoongi-hyung,” Namjoon admonishes. “Jimin has never let me down, and I believe that he’d rather die than do it.”

Yoongi thinks back to the bright and fervent affection in Jimin’s eyes, when he’d broken into the cabin.

“Maybe so.”

“Definitely so,” Namjoon says, “Did you have more questions?”

“A lot more,” Yoongi says, still trying to parse Namjoon’s first answer. If anything, it feels like he’s more confused now than he had been before. “But let me think, first. You wanted to check up on the others?”

Namjoon nods, hopping to his feet, and uses their linked hands to pull Yoongi down from his perch.

He hopes that isn’t foreshadowing.

Chapter End Notes

apparently i upset a few people with my last chapter. That's okay, not every story is for everyone, and it's very valid to have a differing opinion. Nevertheless, if you don't like something, don't read it. Don't leave rude comments.
But that's fine! Let's keep such conversations in the past, and not jump down anyone's throat in the comments, okay? Instead, leave me a comment telling me what you like!
I hope you enjoy this chapter, and I'd love to hear from you. We're about to hit the turning point, after all, and I can't wait to see everything I've set up come to fruition.
If you prefer, you can come talk to me on twitter, @runchrandom. Right now, I'm writing a haunted house CYOA on there where you get to pick what Namjoon does... it's getting a little creepy.
Thank you for reading!
Jungkook does not feel as though he is living his best life. He feels as though he is watching other people live their best lives, from the sheer size of the smirk on Yoongi’s face all the time, and the way Seokjin disappeared into a spa hours ago and Jungkook is still waiting for him. He’s gone through all the games shops in this mall, bought four new black shirts, and got a haircut. He doesn’t know what else to do, really. He went back to the salon, after that, but Seokjin is apparently having an entire new body fitted, from the amount of time he’s taking.

They have outlines from Namjoon, who is apparently hiding a genius brain under all the hot mostly naked sugar baby outer layer, but he and Seokjin are basically being targets- subtle targets, so that the Drangs don’t catch on that they are meant to find them, but still targets- while Hoseok, Jimin, Yoongi, and Namjoon scramble around constantly buying strange items, making surreptitious phone calls, and measuring Jungkook’s thigh size.

He’s not sure what that last one is for, but Namjoon said it was very important to the plan.

Jungkook sighs, kicking his feet against the tile, and checks his phone.

It’s almost six o’clock, and Seokjin went into the spa at two.

Jungkook has memorised this entire lobby, from the artisanal pebble floor, designed to stimulate blood flow in bare feet, to the tasteful live tree in the centre of the room, to the splish-splash of the waterfall wall behind the receptionist’s blond wood desk.

“Sir, are you sure you don’t want service?” the receptionist asks, and Jungkook sighs again. There’s some gentle sounds being piped into the lobby, too. Bird calls, but last hour, it had been whale noises. They cycle. If Jungkook is here much longer, he’ll memorise the cycle, too. “Some service? Your friend is not due to leave for another hour.”

Jungkook thinks for a second- another hour? What is Seokjin doing in there- and stands up, coming up to the counter. There’s a discreet pamphlet tucked under a leaf shaped placemat, and he pulls it out, flicking past massages and facials, waxing and mud baths. There must be something that he can do without having to reveal the four guns he has tucked into his clothes, that won’t take longer than an hour.

“You guys do manicure-pedicure?” he asks eventually, putting the pamphlet back.

“Of course, sir!”

“You do nail art?”
“Of course, sir!” The receptionist beams, and Jungkook smiles back at her.

Maybe he’s not living his best life.

But it’s not like he’s living his worst life, either.
While Jungkook is getting his nails done, Jung Hoseok is getting a crash course in SCUBA diving.

“And we’re sure this has to be me?” he whines at Namjoon, grabbing his leg tightly. Namjoon detaches him, giving him a pat on the back.

“Jimin needs to kill Seokjin, I have to be uninvolved so that I can be a witness to the law enforcement side of things, and Yoongi is doing a doctored feed for Jiminie’s Go-Pro. Which I still find crazy, by the way.”

“What, that he films all his contracts? A lot of people pay a lot of extra money for footage like that,” Hobi says, distracting himself from the idea of waiting underwater for Seokjin, alone, in an area of deep water, where there could be anything waiting for him. Like sharks. Or giant squid. Or evil mermaids.

It’s probably evil mermaids.

“Humans are disgusting,” Namjoon says, shaking his head.

“You’ve been spending a lot of time with Yoongi-hyung,” Hobi says, laughing, and Namjoon scratches an ear, blushing slightly.

“Ah, well. Can’t avoid it, really.”

“Not that you want to.”

“Not that I want to,” Namjoon agrees, grinning, and Hoseok sticks a finger in his dimple.

“Proof of happiness! Namjoonie’s happy!”

“So?” Namjoon squawks, pulling away and flailing ineffectually, falling onto the deck and glaring up at Hoseok, who’s followed him down, straddling his middle easily. “Stop that!”

“So, it’s good,” Hobi says, pulling his finger out of Namjoon’s cheek and slapping his chest, “you’re a sad person. It’s good to see you happy! Happy and appreciated, it’s what I want for my best friend-”

“Don’t let Jimin hear you say that I’m your best friend,” Namjoon warns, and as if by magic, the third part of their group appears, dressed in a wetsuit and flippers, pulling himself out of the water.

“Are you hugging? Are you hugging without me?” Jimin asks, sounding despondent, and Hobi grins. He’s already damp from his first dive, dressed in a similar wetsuit that he’s unzipped to his hips, but Namjoon is dry. Namjoon is dry, wearing jeans and a too small tee-shirt that rides up and shows the V of his hips, the light lines of his abdomen (honestly, Yoongi is such a horny old man, Hobi thinks fondly) and he looks panicked as Jimin squelches across the deck towards them.

“We were,” Hobi sings out, “you should join us.”

“Hobi, no! No, Jiminie, we’re not-”

“Hugs!” Jimin carols, kicking off his flippers, and drops to his knees to grab Namjoon in a soaking
Namjoon struggles for a section of a second so small, Hobi’s not even sure it can be quantified as time, before giving in and hugging Jimin back. From his perch on Namjoon’s stomach, Hobi has a good view of the two of them, Jimin with his wet, blond hair, Namjoon slowly getting wetter as the hug goes on, so that when Jimin pulls away, his white tee-shirt is almost entirely see-through.

“I’m a grown adult—”

“They are, aren’t they?” Hobi grins, and Namjoon flushes, pushing him off and standing up. Jimin immediately catches him in a back hug, which Namjoon submits to gracefully, well aware that he won’t be able to get rid of Jimin until he feels like he’s had enough attention.

“You two are shameless,” Hoseok shakes his head, “Fucking in the middle of a job, giving love bites—”

“You two were loud, too,” Jimin laments, sticking his chin to Namjoon’s bicep as the taller man goes even more red. “Like, at least use a gag. It’s the thoughtful thing to do when you’re sharing space.”

“I’m not sharing space with you,” Namjoon says, chin sticking out, “you’re freeloaders on my yacht.”

“What, you’d kick us out?”

“Money has changed you, hyung,” Jimin says, “I thought you said you’d remember us, when you hit the jackpot.”

“You owe us so many dinners, Namjoonie. You better not have forgotten us.”

“Who are you, again?” Namjoon asks, sliding a pair of sunglasses down from his hair to sit over his eyes. “Have we met?”

“Sir, sir please,” Jimin starts bowing, hands outstretched, “a steak dinner, please, hyungnim!”

“I don’t know you,” Namjoon says, looking away, arms crossed.

“I am your best friend, Kim Namjoon,” Hoseok says, “I have cleaned your vomit off too many bathrooms for you to even pretend this way.”

“But who’s this, then? If you’re my best friend, who could he be?” Namjoon asks jokingly, gesturing to Jimin, who straightens and runs a hand through his hair.

“I’m Namjoonie-hyung’s second husband, of course.” He frames his chin with one hand, in a move that looks like one of Seokjin’s cheesy poses.

“What?” Namjoon blinks, “Wait, what happened to my first husband?”

“Nothing you can prove.” Jimin says, sounding very satisfied, and Hobi and Namjoon make disturbed eye contact.
It’s one of their hobbies, making disturbed eye contact about the things Jimin says.

“What about me, huh?” Hobi says, after a moment, and slaps Jimin’s shoulder. “Where am I in this scenario?”

“You can be our boyfriend, of course.” Jimin allows magnanimously, and Hobi shrieks, pinching his chin.

“I’m not good enough for marriage?”

“Between you and hyung?” Jimin slaps at his hand, but Hoseok closes the distance, wedging Namjoon between them as he pulls at Jimin’s face. “Look, I have to have my priorities straight, and I’m not letting Namjoon-hyung be the one who got away.”

“Well, maybe I’ll marry Namjoon-ah, and you can be our boyfriend,” Hoseok says, as Jimin finally frees himself.

“I already have a boyfriend?” Namjoon says mildly, “I’m not marrying either of you,”

His friends snort.

“We know exactly how much you have a boyfriend,” Jimin says, “It’s been made really clear.”

“Thoroughly.” Hoseok agrees, nodding.

“Repeatedly.” Jimin adds.

“All through the night.” Hoseok grins wickedly. “We’re a whole floor away, and we know.”

“I have to go now,” Namjoon says, trying to sound dignified, and Hoseok laughs at him. “I have things to organise.”

“Sure, sure.” Hoseok waves him off, and goes back to sitting on the bench, looking at his equipment. “Jimin-ah, run over this with me again?”

Jimin nods and takes a seat next to him, so they’re pressed together, leg to leg and side to side. “Okay, hyung. Let’s start with the rebreather, okay?”

Yoongi is in the conference room when Namjoon finds him. He’s got two laptops set up, and is switching between them easily, reading on one screen and clicking on the other, rattling on one keyboard, then the other. He’s intent, brow furrowed slightly, bottom lip between his teeth, and he’s actually taken his cap off, abandoning it on the table next to him, leaving slightly sweaty hair to stick to his forehead, messy from running his hands through it.

Namjoon takes a moment to appreciate him from a distance. He’s a beautiful man, with his downtilted mouth, fine bone structure, and smiling eyes - just the way he holds his face makes him arresting to look at, just the way his eyes turn up at the corner makes Namjoon feel content, and even now, in his skinny jeans and oversized black tee-shirt, he looks like he could have stepped off a very strange catwalk. Namjoon slides into the room quietly, and Yoongi looks up, confirming it’s
him, before going back to work. Namjoon has his own work to do, but most of it can be done over the phone, so instead, he goes over to the chair in the corner of the room and takes the cushion off it, bringing it back over to Yoongi.

“There are plenty of chairs,” Yoongi says, not looking away from his computers.

“I know. Is this okay?”

Yoongi looks at him for a second, an assessing gaze that makes Namjoon feel like he’s being evaluated, ready to be torn apart and reassembled just like Yoongi’s coding.

“Yeah, it’s okay, baby,” Yoongi says, and nods towards the floor next to his chair. “Down. When I say, you’re getting up and stretching, okay?”

“Okay,” Namjoon agrees, nodding, and puts the cushion down, dropping to sit on the floor. He leans against Yoongi’s thigh, phone out, and starts going through his emails.

Every so often, Yoongi’s hand drops to scratch through his hair, a soft scratch against his scalp that makes Namjoon feel warm and welcome, and by the time Yoongi decides it’s time to get up and stretch, Namjoon’s has had a very productive couple of hours, propped half on Yoongi’s leg as he tells his mother’s friends in the police force exactly what he needs tomorrow.

Heechul is on his flight, too. He’s sent a selca of himself, his husband of the moment, and a small dog, outlined against the window of his private jet. It’s got the caption ‘DON’T WORRY, KIDDO-OPPA’S COMING TO HELP!!’ with eight different emojis, including the dancing woman.

Namjoon is slightly concerned that letting Heechul meet Seokjin will actually cause the apocalypse, as their two egos battle for space within the limits of the known universe. A black hole might form. It’s not a concept he’s looking forward to.

Yoongi is humming softly to himself as he works, and Namjoon finishes his email, settling more comfortably against his leg and thinking about all the things he needs to do.

“Joon-ah?”

Namjoon blinks, suddenly aware of the world around him again. He’s not sure how long he’s been sitting next to Yoongi, legs folded neatly under him, sitting seiza, but he’s still pretty comfortable, so it can’t have been too long. After finishing his work, he’d let himself drift- lists of what he needs to do, absent thoughts about how this could all go wrong, just staring into the middle distance and enjoying the scratch of Yoongi’s fingers against his scalp. That’s… strange. Namjoon tends to find that he’s the kind of person who gets bored quickly. He needs multiple sources of information—music and reading, walking and listening to the radio— and finds it difficult to sit and pay attention to one thing at once. It’s scattered, but it means he gets a lot done- an essay written while he listens to another lecture, music recorded while he practices English conjugations under his breath- to the point that the amount he can get done often has people wondering how he accomplishes it all in just a twenty four hour day.

But he’s spent the last… ten minutes? Twenty? Just sitting, and listening to Yoongi work. He feels a little wrung out, comfortable, in a way he’s not used to outside of aftercare.

“Namjoon,” Yoongi repeats, and Namjoon blinks again.

“Hm?” He licks his lips, and looks up at Yoongi. He’s smiling a little, eyes crinkling, and he’s
watching Namjoon with unhideable fondness.

“Get up and stretch,” Yoongi says, tugging at his hair lightly, and Namjoon wrinkles his nose. He doesn’t want to.

He says as much: “I don’t want to.”

“Don’t be a brat,” Yoongi drawls, and pinches his ear, pulling him up. When Namjoon stands, his legs are suddenly on fire with pins and needles, and he stumbles, landing in Yoongi’s lap. “Yah! You’re heavy, what is this?”

“I don’t-” Namjoon looks at his legs like they’re traitors, and Yoongi snickers, looping his hands around his waist.

“You’ve been sitting like that for an hour, Namjoon-ah. Why are you surprised?”

“An hour?” Namjoon rubs a hand over his face, “It can’t have been an hour, surely?”

Yoongi swivels so they’re facing his computers, and taps the corner of the screen with a blunt nail. “You came in at two thirty three, and it’s almost three forty five now,” he explains.

“I swear, it’s been like twenty minutes,” Namjoon says, and Yoongi pulls him in closer, ignoring the way Namjoon is slowly crushing him under his long, noodly body.

“Did you fall asleep sitting up, you dumbass?”

“No! I would have fallen over,” Namjoon says, biting his lip. “That’s really weird.”

Yoongi shrugs, “I guess you were just comfortable with me. Everyone needs to turn their brain off sometimes.”

“Usually it’s not so literal, though. I actually lost time there,” Namjoon frowns, and Yoongi reaches past him, opening naver and typing a few keywords.

“Hm,” Yoongi says, and Namjoon squirms around so he’s facing the laptop as well, reading the page Yoongi has open. “It’s not that uncommon, apparently. Some people just get in their heads when they relax.”

“Yeah, but usually you have to try to do that,” Namjoon says, “like meditation. It takes effort.”

“I’m just that good, I guess,” Yoongi says smugly, and Namjoon rolls his eyes. “Do you feel better, baby?”

He does, actually. Despite the pins and needles in his legs, he feels loose and lazy, comfortable and a little sleepy, but not tired. His brain feels comfortably empty, even as all his thoughts slowly pour back in.

He nods, and Yoongi smiles, pressing a kiss to the side of his neck.

“That’s good, then. Now, get up and stretch. You’re heavy, for somebody made entirely of legs.”

“Are you saying I’m fat?” Namjoon jokes, standing up and bouncing on his his toes. Once his legs loosen up a little, he switches to deliberate heel raises, walking in small circles next to the table. He tries lifting his knee to his chest, but he hasn’t got the balance, and almost falls over.

“I’m saying you’re about 120% leg and 30% everything else. You’re a person and a half worth of
body, that’s how long you are. It’s unnecessary,” Yoongi complains, watching Namjoon as he bends over to stretch out his thighs.

“Sounds like sour grapes to me,” he says, and Yoongi scoffs.

“I’m exactly the right height, thank you. What would I even do with that much leg?”

“Get things off tall shelves? Be dominating? See over crowds?” Namjoon suggests, and Yoongi leans over closer so that he can smack him lightly.

“Are you saying I’m not dominating?” Yoongi asks, raising an eyebrow. “It doesn’t matter how tall I am when you’re on your knees in front of me, does it, baby?”

Namjoon swallows and shakes his head. “No, Yoongi-hyung.”

“No,” Yoongi agrees, and jerks his head towards the pillow next to him again. “You can sit down again.”

“Thank you, hyung.”

“So polite now,” Yoongi shakes his head, and goes back to work. “If you’re good today, I’ll give you something good tonight, okay?”

Namjoon nods, and Yoongi smooths a hand over his hair, down the back of his neck, settling between his shoulder blades.

“Good boy. Now, let hyung work. He has a lot to do if we’re going to complete this plan you’ve made.”

“Yes, hyung,” Namjoon says quietly, and Yoongi smiles, turning back to his computers.

Chapter End Notes

"Oh I don't write on weekends" -me, a liar
Look at that, we have a general end date expected... crazy...
If you've enjoyed the story so far, please leave a comment and let me know! If you like horror stories, come hang out with me @runchrandom and take part in the CYOA Namjoon-centric story I'm writing! If you like Namjoon and BTS in general, excellent job, keep up the good work! Thank you for reading, and have a lovely week everybody. Don't forget to stream mono!
From the top deck, Jimin standing on the lower deck looks small- Namjoon's yacht, as yet unnamed outside of the generic name it had been issued with, is five decks in height, and Jimin is perched on the edge of the swimming dock Namjoon had spent the first day lounging around on. Yoongi preferred that view, although he can't be sour about seeing Jimin and Hobi down there, doing SCUBA runs into the area that Seokjin is going to 'die' in. It's a fairly simple plan, but it requires exact timing, careful preparation, and for nobody to fuck up, or else Seokjin will actually die. Yoongi sighs, leaning a little more fully on the railing, and watches Jimin pick up another few air canisters, and fall backward over the deck, diving again. Namjoon is crouched next to the stack of air canisters, passing another three over Hoseok, who gives him a thumbs up before flipping over the edge of the boat into the sea.

Yoongi isn't worried about Seokjin and Jungkook, who have a limitless credit card and instructions to make themselves unobtrusively obvious, taking up rooms in one of the Marina Dubai rather than Seokjin's preferred Shangri-La, and generally acting as though they were buying time, having lost their trail, rather than burning the small lead they'd got over the Drangs. They're wandering around Dubai Mall, looking as though they are trying to find another route out of Dubai, slow and careful, while Yoongi keeps up the farce that he is still working his hardest to keep the Drangs cyber security away from them. That he's getting exhausted, unable to protect them properly, letting the hawks get closer and closer.

Yoongi is worried about Seokjin and Jungkook.

He lets out a heavy sigh, and adjusts the brim of his cap. He has to take a break, so that the Drang hacker can realistically get into his system- a dummy, cordoned off area that looks like his laptop, but is in fact a tiny LP he picked up from the mall and made up to do exactly that. It's about fifteen centimetres across, and has less RAM than an iPad, but nobody else needs to know that. Yoongi darts a look down at his current phone, which is linked to the fake laptop. The hacker is nosing at the second set of firewalls. They're probably going to be another twenty minutes finding the 'fatigue error' that Yoongi planted, not nearly as good as the one who was pushing at Yoongi's system back in Korea. It's slightly disappointing, pretending to let this guy take him down. The idea that he'd be able to get through Yoongi's systems is actually kind of insulting.

He watches the deplorably slow progress of the hacker- whoever they are, they're missing really obvious holes in Yoongi’s security, and Yoongi almost wants to send them a hint, but he feels a pair of arms hook around his waist and is startled out of his backseat coding.

“Hey, hyung,” Namjoon says, hooking his chin over Yoongi’s shoulder, “how’s it coming?”

“Slowly,” Yoongi says, leaning back into Namjoon’s arms.

Namjoon is sun warm, all skin against his back, save for a pair of swimming trunks. He’s thrown on a white shirt, but hasn’t bothered buttoning it up, nuzzling close against Yoongi comfortably instead of getting dressed properly, and he smells like salt water and coconut sun lotion. Yoongi turns in his arms, leaning back against the railing, and looks Namjoon up and down, from his damp hair, which has washed out to a kind of colourless blond from his constant dips in the ocean, to his bare feet. He’s wearing a pair of brightly patterned trunks that make his tan even deeper, and the
crisp white linen of his shirt frames the lines of his torso, making him look particularly edible.

Despite Yoongi’s words the day before, that evening had been far too busy with planning and coordination for Namjoon to get his reward, despite his good behaviour earlier, and looking at Namjoon now, Yoongi thinks about pulling him away to do just that.

He knows that Namjoon makes great noises when he’s spanked, and Yoongi kind of wants to see how far he can drive him, whether he can make Namjoon cry properly, get him soaring in a more frantic situation than just kneeling next to Yoongi while he works. And, considering Namjoon had actually begged for it when he was drunk, Yoongi thinks that it’s about time to fuck him properly.

Namjoon licks his lips nervously, and Yoongi blinks, tuning back in to find his fingers hooked in the elastic of Namjoon’s swimsuit, pulling him close.

“We don’t have time right now, do we?” Yoongi says, full of regret, and Namjoon makes a face.

“I mean… If we were fast?”

“I don’t want to be fast,” Yoongi says, palming Namjoon through the front of his trunks. “But maybe just enough to hold us over…”

“Whatsoever you want, hyung,” Namjoon says, sounding a little wobbly, and brings his hands up to brace on the railing behind Yoongi. It’s a simple matter to kiss him wordless, leave him panting and pushing closer, needy, as Yoongi pulls his hair with one hand, groping him thoroughly with the other. Yoongi kicks his feet apart, slots his leg in between, and moves from palming Namjoon’s dick through his swimsuit to encouraging him into a grind, rubbing at the bruises he’s already left on Namjoon’s ass. Namjoon’s hips move easily, following Yoongi’s direction as he whines into Yoongi’s mouth, and Yoongi pulls him away by the hair, tilting his head back so he can leave some new marks on his neck.

He takes his time, painting new bruises along the skin in pink and purple, layering over fading blue as Namjoon squirms and moans and rides his thigh with Yoongi’s grip setting the pace. His movements grow more frantic, and Yoongi slows him down, leaning back up to kiss him quiet, waiting for Namjoon to go liquid and easy in his grip. He licks into Namjoon’s mouth, breath measured as Namjoon whines, moves in strong, simple movements that leave him leaning in and going from loud moans to low, punched out noises that go straight to Yoongi’s ego.

“You okay?” Yoongi murmurs, pulling away a little, and Namjoon’s eyes are dark and large. He licks his lips, pink and bruised, and Yoongi looks at him expectantly. “You have to answer, baby.”

“Yeah,” Namjoon breathes, “I’m. I’m good.”

“Good boy,” Yoongi says, and maneuvers Namjoon so he’s riding his thigh again, slow and dirty, then turns back to bruising him up with lips and teeth.

Namjoon’s arms, still on the railing, are wobbling, just holding him up, and Yoongi hums around a mouthful of Namjoon’s skin. Namjoon whines, hips kicking forward against Yoongi’s thigh- more his lower stomach, really, thanks to height differences-and Yoongi bites him harshly, an unspoken warning to behave.

Namjoon freezes against him with a cut off noise, and Yoongi feels something warm soaking through Namjoon’s shorts, against Yoongi’s jeans.

“Really?”
“I- don’t look at me,” Namjoon says, going bright red. “I didn’t- it wasn’t on purpose -”

Yoongi laughs lowly, and Namjoon leans down, hiding his face in Yoongi’s shoulder.

“Do you- I mean, can I?”

“I’m good,” Yoongi says, shrugging. Honestly, he’s never had so much sex in such a small period of time, and while it’s been pleasant, he’s not really aching for it. It’s nice to get Namjoon off- he’ll get his own later tonight.

He has plans.

As Yoongi leans in to kiss him again, Namjoon relaxes against him, and a car blows its horn from the dock.

"Are we expecting anyone?" Yoongi murmurs against his lips, and Namjoon shakes his head.

"Taehyung is meeting Seokjin and Jungkook, not coming here."

Yoongi nods, and bends back to kissing him, angling Namjoon's jaw so he can get the angle he wants, his other hand cool on the small of Namjoon's back. Namjoon bends into him easily, letting Yoongi set the pace, and he's just getting into it again, Namjoon's lips slick and red where Yoongi nips at him, when the car honks again.

"Honestly," Yoongi says, pulling away, and Namjoon clings a little, hands grabbing at Yoongi's waist as he turns towards the dock, where a bright red stretch Hummer sits, right next to the gangplank that leads up onto deck.

"...Are you sure we aren't expecting anyone?"

Namjoon stops pressing kisses to Yoongi's jaw, following his gaze, and goes pale.

"Oh no. Heechul."

He steps away, "Uh. See if you can delay him. I can't talk to Heechul like this. I need to- I need pants. I need new pants. I'm not strong enough to deal with this."

"I'm not sure if I'm strong enough to deal with guests if you are wearing pants," Yoongi says, sticking his hands in his pockets and heading towards the stairs.

"You'll be fine. I believe in you!" Namjoon calls after him, running into the cabin, and Yoongi sighs.

Hobi and Jimin are still underwater, so he's the only one on deck, and he lazily strolls over to the gangplank, aiming an unimpressed look at the car.

"Namjoon will be down in a minute," he calls, loud enough for the occupants to hear, and leans against the side of the boat. "You can wait in the car, or you can wait on the yacht, where the mixed drinks are."

The car door opens, and a long leg, clad in fuchsia velour track pants, slides out. He's wearing Gucci slides, and as he climbs out entirely, Yoongi slightly nonplussed.
Heechul is rather short, but he's slim, and fuchsia velour track pants are teamed with a matching fuchsia velour athletic jacket and a bright red snapback with 'UNIVERSAL STAR' embroidered on it in Korean. He's wearing reflective holographic sunglasses with... small pictures of his own face in the lenses, and he's carrying a small dog under one arm. His hair is long, around jaw length, and as he steps out, he turns around and holds up a hand to whoever is in the car, stopping them from following.

"No, no. Wait in the car. I'll be back. I've left the AC on for you."

On the butt of his sweatpants, it also says 'UNIVERSAL STAR'.

Yoongi is concerned.

Heechul- this has to be Heechul, from Namjoon's description- walks up the gangplank like it's a runway, and deposits the small dog in Yoongi's arms.

Yoongi would be upset, but honestly, it's hard to be upset when you've just been handed a very excited dog who wants to lick your face.

"Now, where's my gin and tonic?" Heechul asks, as Namjoon runs down the stairs, now wearing jeans, still buttoning his shirt.

"Heechul-hyung!"

"Hyungnim," Heechul corrects him, adjusting his hat, and Namjoon nods, skidding to a stop in front of him and bowing politely.

Yoongi lets the dog lick his face, scratching at the back of its neck. Around its neck, a diamante collars declares 'HEECHUL', but a little tag names him as 'Zorro'. Zorro squirms into a different hold with a happy pant, and Yoongi wonders how Heechul got a dog into a Muslim country with absolutely no quarantine.

Probably in a similar way to the way that Yoongi gets Jungkook into countries with no passport.

"Heechul-hyungnim, how was your flight?" Namjoon asks, and Heechul lowers his sunglasses, looking at Namjoon closely.

“Now, Namjoon-ah, have you been doing something naughty?”

“What? No? Why would you say that?”

“Mm,” Heechul looks him up and down again, and Namjoon fidgets. “Sure. So, where’s my gin and tonic? Hyung told you, when he gets off the plane, there better be a gin and tonic waiting for him.”

“Ah, yes, hyungnim, please, come with me- I really do appreciate everything you’re doing to help-” Namjoon bows again, and Heechul wraps an arm around his shoulder and heads over towards the bar under the staircase like he’s a guided missile, attracted to Yoongi’s very expensive liquor supply. Yoongi frowns down at Zorro, and the dog barks, then licks Yoongi’s nose.

“Yes, keep talking,” Heechul says, “maybe I should hang out with younger men more often. I like cute boys telling me I’m amazing.”
“Hyungnim!” Namjoon denies, flapping his hands.

“What? Hyung is just telling the truth! You’re a cute boy,” Heechul reaches up and pinches Namjoon’s cheek, shaking the skin, “A sweet baby boy. Don’t worry, sweet baby boy, hyungnim is here, he’ll make everything better,” he coos, and Yoongi feels his brow crease into a glare without intending it.

“I don’t like him,” he tells the dog, and Zorro yips, trying to lick Yoongi again. Yoongi accepts the kisses, and then puts him down. The dog scurries across the polished boards towards Heechul and Namjoon, who crouches down to pet the puppy.

“Aw, hyungnim! He’s cute! Is he new?”

“Mm. My latest bought him for me, but he, Cherry and Heebum feud so he’s not welcome in the house right now,” Heechul says, sipping his drink. “It’s tragic. So, what mess have you got yourself into, Namjoon-ah?”

“Well,” Namjoon bites his lip without thinking, and startles as he accidentally bites down on the tender section Yoongi had bitten, “Uh, that is. I’m organising a pseudocide, and I need a Marilyn to deal with the cops.”

“A Marilyn?” Heechul sounds delighted, “I haven’t been a Marilyn in years! That actually sounds fun. I’ll get Jang Hoon to buy us a new yacht. Where are we staging?”

“Just over there,” Namjoon says, and points to the wild part of the shore, just outside the lip of the marina.

Heechul looks it over. “The universal star can make anything work,” he decides after a moment, and slips his sunglasses back up his nose.

“Wait, when you say you’ll get Jang Hoon to buy you a yacht- did you bring him with you?”

“He’s waiting in the car.” Heechul says, waving a hand back at the Hummer.

“Hyungnim! It’s forty degrees!”

“I left the AC on!” Heechul excuses, and Namjoon’s jaw actually drops.

Yoongi is starting to understand why Namjoon hadn’t been at all thrown by Seokjin’s behaviour. Apparently, he’s used to worse.

“Hyungnim!”

“This is not cute boy behaviour,” Heechul says, waving his drink at Namjoon, “Your gracious hyungnim doesn’t help boys who aren’t cute.”

Namjoon winces, and Heechul takes a pointed sip of his gin and tonic.

“Ah, hyungnim, no, I didn’t mean to be rude. How can I make it up to you?”

Heechul looks him up and down, and shrugs.

“I’ll decide later. If I’m going to be playing a Marilyn, I should probably go get to work, shouldn’t I?”

“Thank you, we really appreciate it,” Namjoon says, bowing politely, and Heechul scruff his hair.
“You better,” he says, and leans down to pick up Zorro. “Say bye bye, Zorro!”

The dog barks, and Heechul waves its paw at Namjoon cutely.

“And say bye bye, Namjoon!”

“...hyungnim…”

“Say bye bye, Namjoon-ah!”

“...Bye bye, hyungnim.”

“No, you know that’s not what oppa wants to hear!”

“...” Namjoon sighs heavily, “Bye bye, oppa!”

“Try again, and mean it this time,” Heechul says, looking at Namjoon with a cold expression.

“Bye bye, oppa!” Namjoon says sweetly, framing his face with his hands, and Heechul laughs.

“Yeah, yeah, okay. Oppa will see you in a few days, Namjoon-ah. Try not to be so obvious about your sex life next time.”

“I didn’t-”

“Sure, sure,” Heechul waves a hand, and walks past Yoongi, heading back towards the car.

“...I feel a bit like we just got hit by a really bougie tornado,” Yoongi says, blinking, as Namjoon waves goodbye to Heechul.

“Yeah. You can imagine how strange my family reunions are. I'm just glad Seokjin isn't here right now.”

Yoongi imagines that meeting, and shudders.

"So am I, Joon-ah. So am I."

Chapter End Notes

yooo, kim heechul, universal star! Heechul in this is based very heavily off his current variety show persona, because incredibly bougie and patronising Heechul is amazing. He's like everybody's rich and creepy uncle.

If you enjoyed the chapter, leave a comment! I love reading your opinions and ideas, and they really motivate me to write more! If you prefer, come talk to me on twitter @runchrandom, where I'm having heart palpitations about Kim Namjoon and his gothic finery from the recent award show.
“So, what do we have to do now?” Yoongi asks, as Namjoon’s phone alarm goes off. It’s far too early in the morning, as it has been for the last four days of careful planning and preparation, but, for once, Namjoon isn’t getting up. Instead, he fumbles at his phone- ‘his’, really one of Yoongi’s many burners, although this one has been outfitted with a cute frog themed case, and Yoongi has somehow managed to install a perfect copy of Namjoon’s lost phone’s set up- until the noise stops, and rolls over, tucking his nose between Yoongi’s shoulder blades with a sleepy whine. “Oi. Joon-ah. Wake up.”

“No,” Namjoon says, burrowing closer, arms tight around Yoongi’s waist. “Don’t wanna.”

“Joon-ah!” Yoongi snaps, turning around in Namjoon’s arms so they’re face to face, “We’ve got two days before the Drangs turn up here to murder Seokjin. What do we have to do today?”

Namjoon rubs sleep from his eyes, yawning, and Yoongi wants to fold. He does. Sleepy Namjoon is a vision, too damn cute with his half closed eyes and open expressions. He’s pouting a little right now as he pulls his brain up from the depths of sleep, and Yoongi gets it. He really does. He loves sleep so much, and he wishes he could go back to sleep now too, but panic has woken him up, and there’s too much on the line to be drowsy.

“Things to do?” Namjoon asks, blinking, and Yoongi nods, catching Namjoon by the back of the neck and shaking him gently.

“What do we have to do today?”

“We gotta…” Namjoon yawns, “We gotta break the trail. Pretend to be on holiday. Same thing Heechul’s doing on his boat. Taehyung arrived four hours ago, and the Drangs’ hacker should have that info in… twelve hours?”

“Seventeen,” Yoongi says, “any shorter wouldn’t be believable, considering their skill level.”

“Right. So, in seventeen hours, the Drangs will know Kim Seokjin is on the move, and in another seven, they’ll have broken your encryptions and hire Jimin while they’re making their own to Dubai. That’s at least twenty four hours, and then we’ll be well and truly in progress. Kim Seokjin dies on… this Wednesday. But before that, we have to be visibly on holiday, for law reasons.”

Namjoon says all this as his eyes clear, voice going from a mumble to a clear, if rumbly explanation.

“So, we don’t have to get up?” Yoongi confirms, and Namjoon nods, closing his eyes and jamming his face into the space between Yoongi’s neck and shoulder, pressing sleepy lips against his collarbone.

“M tired,” Namjoon whines, and Yoongi moves the hand on the back of his neck up to finger comb through his hair.

“I know,” Yoongi says. If Yoongi has been busy laying his fake trails online, Namjoon has been frantic coordinating all the different people involved in this operation- he’s called family members,
friends, organisations and venues. He’s put Seokjin on an itinerary- which takes guts, because Seokjin does not take kindly to being Organised- and has managed to get Hoseok and Jimin off the yacht and booked into a serviced apartment in a different part of Dubai- which also takes guts, but only because Yoongi has never seen a man whine quite so much as Park Jimin at the thought of being more than a room away from Namjoon- and has been coordinating with Taehyung, internationally, to make his ID leak look natural. It’s been a lot of work, across a lot of timezones, and Yoongi’s fairly certain that the most rest he’s had was that one afternoon kneeling at Yoongi’s side, and that had only been a couple of hours.

Not that Yoongi has been in a place to comment on Namjoon’s sleeping habits. He’s been up all hours working his own side of the plan, making switchbacks and fake trails, dropping breadcrumbs across multiple sites and databases to make sure that everyone ends up in the right places at the right times. He hasn’t seen much sleep either, other than a few quick cat naps on the couch in the state room, and a couple of snatched hours curled up against Namjoon’s broad back in the early hours, when the sky is navy blue and a thin orange line trembles on the horizon, Namjoon’s deep breaths lulling Yoongi to sleep, slow but sure.

“Can I sleep in?” Namjoon asks, and Yoongi combs through his fringe, running a finger down his forehead, between his brows and along the small slope of his nose.

“You can sleep in,” Yoongi says. He wants to sleep too, but the sound of the alarm had been like a shock straight to the heart. He’s been forcing himself up at this godforsaken hour for the past few days, and at this point, the chorus of Namjoon’s weird pop song alarm is like a shot of adrenaline in his system.

Namjoon makes a happy sound, and hides his face in Yoongi’s shoulder again, kissing his neck absently.

“Best boyfriend,” he murmurs, and passes out.

Yoongi’s eyes widen, and he looks nervously at the man now mostly splayed over his body. Namjoon has a leg hitched up over Yoongi’s thigh, his arm tossed over his waist, his torso half on top of Yoongi’s side. There’s no way to gently move him so that Yoongi can go have a panic attack in the bathroom, so instead, he takes a deep, steadying breath.

Boyfriend.

Namjoon hasn’t actually said the word aloud before, and Yoongi has been keeping the thought carefully fenced off so that his brain doesn’t wander anywhere dangerous, but it’s the obvious progression, isn’t it?

They like each other, they have sex regularly, Namjoon occasionally talks about his emotions and Yoongi rarely makes fun of him for them. Yoongi genuinely likes Namjoon, likes his quick wit and his strong opinions and the way he sometimes comes out with incredibly thoughtful, genuine statements that sound like they should be cheesy. He likes Namjoon’s smile, and the way his nose crinkles sometimes when he laughs, and the way he pouts a little when he gets something wrong, or is given something he doesn’t like. He likes the stubborn set of his chin when he gets serious, and he really likes the way Namjoon thinks. He thinks so much, all of the time, and he’s always trying to be good to the other people in his life, even those he only passes by for a few minutes.

Yoongi’s been trying to avoid the thought for a while, but, really, why wouldn’t he want to be Namjoon’s boyfriend?

He tries to make a pro-con list, as Namjoon nuzzles into him happily.
It’s a more permanent title than whatever arrangement they have right now.

That’s a pro.

He would get to spend more time with Namjoon, under legitimate reasoning.

That’s a pro.

His mother will finally stop nagging him about settling down.

That’s definitely a pro.

Probably more sex, because Namjoon will be around him more.

Pro.

It would make Namjoon happy.

Probably the biggest pro.

But…

He would have to give up some independence, maybe?

That would be a con, if he thought it would actually happen. Which he doubts, considering how fiercely independent Namjoon himself is. This is the man who ran himself into hundreds of thousands in debt rather than asking his family for money. Yoongi doubts he’d be the kind of boyfriend who would obtrusively clingy. Yoongi kind of likes spending all his time with him anyway, so would it even be a con?

Namjoon would be at his place a lot.

Again, Yoongi kind of likes spending all his time with Namjoon, if the last month or so of dedicated monitoring and constant communication says anything.

Namjoon is technically involved in law enforcement.

That. That is a very big con.

It is also, however, not something Yoongi really wants to think about right now, and even if he doesn’t date Namjoon by name, it’s still something he needs to consider, so it’s not really an argument regarding being Namjoon’s boyfriend so much as it is knowing Namjoon in general, and Yoongi isn’t willing to consider completely cutting ties, so does it matter? You’re just as dead if you drown in a lake as if you drown in a kiddie pool, after all.

Not relevant, therefore not a con.

Yoongi is having difficulty keeping this argument up, honestly.

If he arches his neck, he can press a kiss to the crown of Namjoon’s head, where he smells like salt and shampoo- something rose scented, provided for them by the very discreet staff Yoongi employs from the marina- and he can’t think of a reason not to do that, either.

He takes a deep breath, and thinks about being Namjoon’s boyfriend.

Imagines it, properly.
Yoongi imagines holding Namjoon’s hand in winter and pulling him into a cafe because it’s cold, and he’s been waiting outside for too long, but Namjoon is red cheeked and smiling and wearing a scarf that Yoongi bought him, so he can’t complain too much.

Yoongi imagines coming home from one of his fishing trips to find Namjoon napping in his bed, all warm and soft and sleepy, having let himself in after class, leaning down to kiss him awake and hearing his name be the first thing on Namjoon’s lips.

Yoongi imagines going out on a date - a proper one, where they leave the house - and Namjoon looking slim and attractive in his suit, holding his hand over the table as they order together and talk about their days.

Yoongi imagines Namjoon in bed, legs slung up and open and Yoongi sliding in, deep and hot - Namjoon gasping and clinging to him, nails digging into his shoulders as he whines for more, insistent and pushy because Yoongi hasn’t let him come in days.

(He’s never claimed to have a pure and innocent mind, and there are plenty of things that require a longer kind of commitment than Yoongi has ever bothered to put in. Things that he can imagine trying with Namjoon)

Fuck.

Maybe I’m actually going to agree to this, Yoongi thinks, slightly shocked.

Maybe, in that he wants it. He actually, definitely does want it. He wants Namjoon.

...He probably shouldn’t be surprised by this revelation, but he is.

He’s lying half under Namjoon, naked except for his boxers, and he’s just now realising that he really, actually, romantically… likes him.

Somewhere, in his ridiculous five star hotel room, Seokjin is laughing, and he doesn’t know why.

Yoongi freezes, not even breathing, and after a second, Namjoon rouses sleepily, blinking at him.

“Y’okay?”

“Yeah, baby, go back to sleep,” Yoongi says distantly, and Namjoon hums happily.

“’M your baby.”

“You are,” Yoongi agrees, and Namjoon wiggles happily and closes his eyes, breathing evenly out almost immediately.

The obvious thing to do, the best thing to do, would be to have a conversation with Namjoon, talk about their relationship, what they want and how it should proceed, and, well…

Yoongi will do that. Eventually. He totally will. He’s an adult, and he can have awkward conversations - he and Namjoon have already had the sex conversation, and that was way more awkward, right? Namjoon had pulled up a checklist on his phone and asked, in a perfectly even and measured tone, if Yoongi wanted to pee on him. Asking to be his boyfriend had to be easier than that.

But maybe, before he did that, he could try an experiment.

They’re meant to be on holiday for the next day, playing the role of oblivious honeymooners in
Dubai.

Why not lean into that, and see what it would be like to really be Namjoon’s boyfriend? All he has to do is outline as an extra security measure, and Namjoon will be sure to play the role to his best extent. It’s like practice, to see if Yoongi’s itchy brain can actually deal with a relationship.

Yoongi is a genius. There’s no way this can go wrong.

Chapter End Notes

Next Chapter Title: Everything Goes Wrong
But Ran, I hear you say, you're on holiday, why the fuck are you updating? And why are you updating with 2000 word of yoongi basically having a gay panic 25 chapters into a relationship?
well, the grind never stops my guys- my namgi brain didn't go on holiday so my regular brain can't either
If you enjoyed the chapter, please leave a comment letting me know! I love reading your thoughts, and they really motivate me to write- obviously, while I'm away, I'll be writing more slowly and less regularly, but knowing you're enjoying the fic really makes me motivated to find the time to write!
“It’s Jimin!”

“Mr. Park?” Melina asks, and the sweet, happy tone in the assassin’s voice cools slightly.

“Ah, my customer! You want to take out another commission?”

Jimin is always a little too happy, and Melina doesn’t appreciate it. A man who works in death should be serious. Death is a serious business, and Jimin’s carefree tone has always rubbed her the wrong way. She appreciates his business sense, his reliable results, everything except his cheerfulness, though, so she keeps coming back to him, especially when the job is important.

This job is very important.

“I do, I do,” Melina says, walking through the cabin to head over to the pilot’s seat, where Jan is frowning down at the ocean thoughtfully, “I heard that you’re in Dubai?”

“Yeah, I’m just finishing up a little project for a customer,” Jimin says brightly, and Melina hears the familiar sound of a silenced gunshot, a heavy *thwip* sound, and a kind of wet, organic rattle echoes through the phone, “but that’s all wrapped up! What can I help you with today, Ms. Customer?”

“I have a job in Dubai. Name of Kim Seokjin.”

“Kim Seokjin…” Jimin hums, and Melina waits, running a hand through her husband’s hair affectionately as he flips a few switches. Their jet is due to land in Dubai in eight hours, but if her sources are correct- and they always are- Kim is planning on moving quickly. Kim Taehyung touched down only a few hours ago, and she’s sent him a hefty bribe to move Seokjin’s new identity through the system as slowly as possible, but he won’t be able to hold off for too long. Not when Seokjin is paying through the nose for a clean identity and a good exit from the UAE. Taehyung does good work, too. It would probably take the Drangs a while to find him again, once he went under, so she needs to move quickly. Get Kim Seokjin before he can run down another rabbit hole, and she can clean this all up and be back in Stuttgart before the end of the week, rather than following the shitty little conman further across Asia.


“You’re associates with Kim Taehyung, aren’t you?”

“Yeah, Taehyungie and I are close,” Jimin says, and his tone is a little colder. “I wouldn’t be interfering with his work, would I?”

“No, no, nothing like that. In fact, Mr. Kim and I have an agreement about his work with Kim Seokjin. He’ll be very happy to step aside and let you work.”

“Oh! Well, in that case, it won’t be a problem,” Jimin says, cheerful again. “Have you got a location, or a timeline?”

“I land in Dubai tomorrow at six. Upon arrival, I want a body.”
“I don’t keep bodies,” Jimin says immediately, “I can provide video proof, but I don’t keep corpses. Especially not in places with courts like Emirati courts.”

Melina frowns, but he has a point. It’s not a safe place to work, Dubai. Sure, the police are easy to bribe, but the gangs are very territorial, and usually have better bribes in place. It’s hard to get the result you want without making a bigger sacrifice than you would want.

“Video proof is… acceptable,” Melina says, and Jimin’s smile is audible.

“Great! Do you have a location?”

“Yeah,” Melina nods, and rattles off the address of the hotel he’s meeting Taehyung at. “Your usual rate?”

“Plus danger fees,” Jimin says, “I don’t usually like working in places like this.”

He names a figure, and she winces.

“...Sure. Half upon delivery.”

“Half on delivery,” Jimin agrees, “I’ll contact you with your video!”

Melina sinks into the co-pilot seat, and Jan turns to look at her.

“Is everything okay, dearest?”

“I don’t know. I have a weird feeling about this,” she says, tapping her phone against her lip. “Have you heard back from Atticus?”

“He says that he should be through Suga’s shields in the next few hours,” Jan confirms, and she sighs.

“I’ll feel better when we have that information,” she admits. “I don’t trust all these Korean kids. They’re too tightly knit, that circle. How do we know that Park doesn’t know Kim?”

“Which Kim?”

“Seokjin,” she clarifies, “God, it’s difficult. They all have the same names, too.”

“I’m sure they think the same about us, darling,” Jan says, leaning over to kiss her on the cheek. “But don’t worry so. Park has always been very efficient, and he won’t let us down. And if he does, well. We have his name, and we have his face. He won’t be able to run far.”

She nods, and Jan smiles, squeezing her hand in his, then turns back to the work of piloting. Once they land, everything will be too busy to think, really, and she takes a deep breath, getting ready for the desperate sprint that will be the end of Kim Seokjin’s involvement with the Drang corporation.

They’re somewhere over Egypt when she gets the email from Atticus- Suga is in Dubai, too, providing support on the ground for Seokjin and his unnamed accomplice- she hates that man. Her shoulder still hurts from his stupid arm lock when they’d actually closed on Seokjin in Angola, and she keeps seeing his face when she sleeps, smeared with black mud, a feral slash of white teeth breaking the camouflage as he dropped from the trees, knife in hand. Melina doesn’t know where Seokjin found his rabid little bodyguard, but she’ll take a special joy in seeing him unable to protect his foppish boss. Maybe she should offer Park a bonus if he takes out the bodyguard on camera too? Seeing him limp and dead would go a long way to stopping those nightmares, she
thinks.

Anyway, Suga is in Dubai, which is unusual. He’s famously xenophobic, and hates leaving Korea—whatever Seokjin is planning, it must be truly intense, if he needs the kind of tech support that Suga provides. Some kind of identity swap, combined with a long period of false identity support, she would guess. Some body that looks a little like Kim Seokjin will turn up in the morgue soon, and Kim Seokjin will go live quietly somewhere in the Russian islands north of Japan for eight months before folding himself back into the Korean underground.

Well, too bad.

Melina Drang is too smart to outwit so easily. She’s got her own agents in place, keeping an eye on Seokjin, and Kim Taehyung is already on her payroll. Park is on his way to solving the Seokjin problem, and if he fails, well, she’s on her way too. She nods, and scrolls through what Atticus has managed to get from Suga’s servers.

Apparently, the other hacker had been overconfident, had let Atticus in through a dummy loop, but hadn’t realised that the German had pushed past his little aquarium set-up to root through his real files. She giggles to herself, scrolling through them. And what files they are. Suga has taken up with a civilian. He’s here on holiday, Seokjin is just the excuse he’s using to get away. He’s been doing bare bones tech support, but by all appearances, he’s busy plying his sugar baby with fruity cocktails and Gucci shirts, not actually watching Seokjin—and, oh, looks like his bodyguard is one Jeon Jungkook. A name to remember, if Park doesn’t kill him—or his trail.

She scoops a few other useful pieces of information, too. Names of enemies, information about their movements and accounts that will get Suga in a hell of a lot of trouble with quite a lot of people.

It looks like he’s still got a few enemies in St. Petersburg, so she’ll be passing on some of that information herself. Suga will learn, soon, that when the Drangs make an enemy, you shouldn’t try and stop them from getting their revenge. A few weeks of Russian hospitality will make that clear.

Most interesting, though, is a series of emails she finds, between Suga and another contact, one J-Hope.

A familiar name. Not one that Melina uses herself, but familiar nonetheless.

Park Jimin, after all, doesn’t work alone. He has a trusted supplier. A man who gets him his gear, who runs all his contracts, cleans all his money.

J-Hope.

Melina frowns, looking at the screen. Suga’s been moving a lot of money through J-Hope’s accounts. Money, supplies, gems and antiquities. He’s liquifying his assets, and J-Hope is the one cleaning it all for him.

It looks unconnected to the current situation—the emails are old, at least a year ago, but they’re there. Which means that J-Hope and Suga know each other. And J-Hope and Park definitely know each other. Melina has sat at Park’s table, while J-Hope served tea—they know each other the same way she knows Jan. Which means that Park probably knows Suga too.

If J-Hope is a connection between Seokjin and Park, via Suga, she needs to check it out. If Park tries to fake his contract…

Melina takes another deep breath.
Well.

He’ll find out why Seokjin is so desperate to leave his old life behind, first hand.

Chapter End Notes

owo what's this???

Leave a comment if you liked the chapter, or the work at all! I'm curious to know what you think is going on, and how it's going to resolve. I hope you like it! If you prefer, you can come talk to me on twitter @runchrandom, where I talk about Kim Namjoon and how pretty his eyes are.
“Park Jimin?”

The look on Seokjin’s face is worth taking a photo. He’s startled, betrayed, confused, with just a dash of outrage and a soupcon of acceptance- like he knew this was coming, like it was inevitable. The camera on Park’s chest isn’t quite HD, so Melina knows she won’t actually be able to get a good photo, but in the moment, oh.

Oh, it’s good.

“That’s me!” Park says cheerily, pulling a pistol and storming deeper into the room, “Where’s Jungkookie? Did you send him out today?”

“He’s- look, it’s not relevant,” Seokjin says, hands raised, “I thought you said that you weren’t going to take a contract on me. You promised!”

“I didn’t plan to, but the money-” Park whistles through his teeth, and Melina smiles. “The money, Kim Seokjin! It’s island buying money!”

“I really should have known not to trust anyone vouched for by that guy,” Seokjin spits, and Park waves his pistol chidingly.

“Hey! No bad words about my friends. It’s not his fault I’m a ruthless killing machine with no conscience. It’s not his moral failing, it’s mine. I’d say don’t hold a grudge, but you’re not going to have the chance to.”

Who’s he talking about, Melina wonders. A friend? It could be J-Hope, but she’s pretty sure that their relationship isn’t a secret, so he would use partner rather than friend there. It’s worth remembering.

Park lifts the pistol, fires two neat shots- the first misses, shattering the window behind Seokjin, but the second hits, and the conman is pushed out of the high window by the impact. Blood flies from where the bullet impacts, a deep red trail in the air as Seokjin falls, and Park rushes to the window just in time to see a body hit the water.

He watches carefully, counting three minutes before pulling away.

“There you go, Ms. Customer,” Park says jauntily, and the recording ends.

Melina takes it back to the beginning, angling the screen so Jan can see more clearly, and starts it again.

“Why is Seokjin wearing a three piece suit in his own hotel room?” Jan asks, puzzled, and Melina frowns.

“He’s always been a little fancy, but you’re right. That’s strange.”

“And Park missed his first shot.”

“Also strange,” Melina admits, and Jan reaches forward to the computer, scrolling through the
“I think that Atticus was right. There’s a second layer to this. Something we’re missing.”

“Something that Park is missing too? Or is he trying to fool us?”

“He’s never fucked with us before,” Jan says slowly, “but that doesn’t mean he wouldn’t fuck with us now, if the money was good.”

“But I don’t think he’s acting,” Melina says, starting the video again. “I think that Seokjin is acting- look at his face, he’s a little too emphatic.”

Jan frowns, “Are you sure? Seokjin was good enough to get you last time. How can you be sure he’s acting?”

“Because he got me last time,” Melina says. “I’ve spent days looking at every recording of him we have. And not just us, but recordings from allies, bought from every source I could find. When Seokjin is acting, he’s smoother than he is usually. More well-spoken, more graceful. Look at the way he stood when Park entered the room.”

She rolls it back again: Park uses a cloned key to open the door, closes the door quietly behind him and uses the security chain, then pads into the main room to confront Seokjin. Seokjin, in a three piece suit, tie undone around his throat, rises and turns to face him, takes a few steps back, as though the distance will make Park less dangerous. Foolish.

He backs up, towards the window, and then stops.

“That seems like a specific place to stop,” Melina says, and zooms in blurrily on the floor. “Does it look like there’s a piece of tape there?”

“...That would be a hell of an amateur mistake,” Jan says slowly, and leans forward to peer at the screen. Melina is itching to move on this. She just wants this resolved. She wants it resolved, so she can go home and see her family and kiss her daughter goodnight and go back to work, rather than chasing some little shit of a conman all over Africa and Asia. Why couldn’t Seokjin have gone to ground in Europe, anyway? It would have been far more pleasant.

“It’s not tape,” Jan disagrees, shaking his head, and she hums, looking again.

On the screen, there is a tiny glint on the carpet where Seokjin stands, but when he shifts, it’s gone. It may have been a marker, it may not, but she can’t tell.

“If it is faked, though, how would Park not have been in on it?” Jan asks, and Melina hums thoughtfully.

“All his gear is provided by J-Hope, right?”

“Right.”

“Hm.” she closes the laptop screen. “I think we need to go examine the site, when we land.”

“Of course, my love,” Jan says, pressing a kiss to her temple, “what do we do about Park?”

“...I think he’s actually blameless in this one,” Melina admits. “He’s been scammed by someone- probably J-Hope. I don’t want to be that man when Park figures it out.”

Jan nods, and she closes the laptop and steps out of the office, looking over to where Park is
standing, using a knife to clean under his nails.

“It’s adequate,” she says, and nods to Jan, who pulls a roll of American dollars from his trouser pocket and throws it over. Park catches it easily, and nods.

“As always, it was a pleasure, Mr. and Ms. Customer. If you need anything, don’t hesitate to call.”

“Park!” Jan calls, as he turns towards the door out of their hotel room.

“Yes, Mr. Customer?” Park pauses, and looks over his shoulder to Jan. “Another commission already?”

“No, just… watch your back,” Jan says. He’s soft like that. He likes Park. Melina tosses her hair back, and puts a hand on Jan’s shoulder.

“You can go, Mr. Park. We won’t require any further services from you today.”

He nods warily, and lets himself out.

“So, the site?” Jan suggests, and Melina nods sharply.

The harbour beneath the hotel is deep and dark, and Jan uses an application on his phone to trace the trajectory of Seokjin’s fall as Melina stands by, dark and stormy in a floppy sun hat.

“If he hit the water from that height, he could survive,” Jan admits, after a few minutes of hurried typing. “But where would he go?”

Melina looks out across the water, squinting against the glare, and her gaze catches on a trio of yachts on the bay. They’re far away, a long swim, but if you were desperate…

“Who do those belong to?”

Jan types on his phone again, and looks up with a frown, “The catamaran is listed under Kang Ho-Dong, a real estate tycoon from Seoul. The schooner is Ahmed Al-Khareni’s, the sheikh’s nephew. The largest one is under Kim Namjoon.”

“I recognise the other two names,” Melina says, tapping a finger to her lip, “who’s Kim Namjoon?”

Jan types a little more, and huffs out a laugh.

“Remember how I said that Suga has picked up a boyfriend?”

“Kim Namjoon?”

“Looks like it,” Jan says, “so, shall we pay them a visit too?”

“It would be thoughtless not to,” she says, pressing her hat more firmly to her head. “Let’s pass along the sad news. I understand they were friends.”

The boat is gorgeous, if ostentatious, and Melina rolls her eyes as their smaller boat pulls up
alongside. They aren’t alone anymore, moving with the cover of a few bribed detectives from the police. It had been easy to explain that they were looking for a fugitive, and a few hundreds had greased the wheels easily enough.

“Ahoy the captain!” Jan calls out from behind the wheel, and a Korean man leans over the side and looks at them. He would be handsome, Melina thinks, but he looks nervous, a little stressed, gripping the stem of his glass a little tightly. He’s only half dressed, a beautiful sky blue shirt open over a pair of pastel floral trunks that leave almost nothing to the imagination, and a silver chain around his neck that sits neatly in the dip of his collarbones.

“Ah, hi!” he calls down, in passable American English, and Melina breathes out a sigh of relief. Suga is famously monolingual, and she had half expected his pet boy to be the same. “Can I help you?”

“Oh, I hope so,” Melina calls up sweetly. “We’re from the police- we have some questions to ask.”

“The- the police?” Kim Namjoon- it must be, he looks mostly like the photo, except for a new haircut and a deep tan- bites his lip, “Have you got any ID?”

One of the detectives lifts his wallet, and Melina flashes her ID- legitimate enough, but only valid in Europe. Namjoon doesn’t seem to notice, and he nods, gesturing to the access dock at the side of the boat. “Sure, come alongside.”

They pull in easily enough, and Jan helps Melina onto the larger boat. She gets her balance just in time to meet Namjoon, who is paused at the bottom of the stairs, looking at their entourage with wide eyes. He’s pretty enough, she supposes, in a vacant kind of way, and from the way he’s moving, and the bruises that dot his mostly bare skin, Suga must be into that. Weird. Give her someone smart enough to be supportive, any day, no matter their looks. She shoots an appreciative look at her husband, smiling as he darts a look around the boat, and Namjoon bites his plush lower lip again.

“Would you like to come upstairs? It’s hot out here, I was just about to go into the air conditioning…”

“Is that where your camera footage is, too?” Melina asks, as they climb the stairs, “we’re looking for an escaped criminal, and we believe he may have come this way.”

“A criminal?”

“He would have come through around… seven in the morning, shortly after sunrise,” Jan qualifies, and Namjoon hums, looking away. He’s clearly hiding something, and he’s not a great actor. He’s certainly no Kim Seokjin.

“I was up at six thirty, I don’t remember anything like that,” Namjoon says, as they break onto the main deck. There’s another man on the deck, short and slim in all black, mixing a drink at the bar. Melina’s never actually seen Suga, but she doubts that there’s another sullen looking Korean with a laptop on this boat, so it’s a safe bet that it’s him.

“Namjoon,” he snaps, not looking up from his screen, and then says something in rapid Korean. Namjoon, looking a little wary, treads over to his boyfriend, and Melina tilts her head curiously. It’s not an abuse wary, it’s an ‘I pissed you off’ kind of wary, an ‘I disappointed you’ wary, and that’s interesting, considering she’s fairly certain they’re concealing Kim Seokjin somewhere on this monster of a yacht.
“Yoongi-hyung,” Namjoon says, not quite whining, looking from Melina and her men to Suga and back, but Suga just waves a hand.

“It’s okay, Namjoon,” Melina says kindly, “you are Namjoon Kim, the owner?”

“Oh, yes ma’am,” Namjoon nods.

“My men can wait here, why don’t you take me to your security room?”

Namjoon nods, looking at Suga one more time, but he doesn’t look up from his computer, flapping a sharp hand at him instead.

“...Right,” he says. “That’s fine.”

Once they’re alone, Melina considers her options. Namjoon doesn’t seem very tough, and he clearly knows what’s going on here. She could try and sweet talk him, use the raw information of the tapes, do something to get what she wants easily, or...

Melina keeps a neat little four inch blade tucked into a garter, and her pretty white sundress provides easy access. Namjoon flails a little- the beginnings of some kind of actual form, even, although he’s clearly not fully trained- before she has him up against the wall, the blade to his throat.

“Now, Namjoon,” she says sweetly, “what are you not telling me?”

“N-nothing!” he sputters, eyes wide and round with shock, and she digs the knife in a little, just enough to pierce the skin, to send a single fat drop of red rolling down his chest, in the dip between his pectorals, and he whimpers.

“Come on, Namjoon,” she coaxes, “I’m going to see the tapes anyway, right? Why not just tell me?”

“You’re making a mistake,” Namjoon says earnestly, trying to get his cool back, “Yoongi-hyung will kill me if I say anything, you know. And that’s not even getting into my family.”

“You want to talk about dangerous families?” Melina asks, “Have you ever heard of the Drangs?”

Namjoon pales a little, under his tan, but tilts his chin up stubbornly, “Have you ever heard of the Kims? Kim Minseo, specifically?”

She has, actually. Detective Kim has been a pain in their side for literal years. She looks down the knife at Namjoon’s face, set and determined, and, yeah. There’s a resemblance.

“Oh, what a fun coincidence,” she says, “did you even know about Kim Seokjin before this morning?”

Namjoon swallows, and she grins.

“Tell me what happened, Namjoon. I can make this all go away, get you home. You can pretend you never even met that man out there. Wouldn’t that be easier?”

“It...would,” Namjoon admits, biting his lip.

She pulls back the knife.

“Talk to me.”
“I just… I knew he was meant to be coming here,” Namjoon says, and the words spill out of him like cold, fresh water—just as refreshing, too. “But he got here earlier than I thought he would, and he surprised me— and—”

“What did you do?” Melina asks sympathetically, and Namjoon swallows, looking down and away.

“I shot him.”

Ooh. Oh, that is lovely.

“What happened?”

“I was on the deck, and I knew that he was meant to be coming here, and that there were dangerous people around, and, well—”

“You were nervous,” Melina fills in, nodding. “And armed.”

Namjoon nods. “I had a gun. I mean, I didn’t think I’d need it, I was just checking it, I was going to put it away before hyung got up.”

“But then Seokjin came onto the deck.”

“I’m trained,” Namjoon says, almost pleading, “I’m meant to fire at threats. It’s what they teach us!”

“Of course,” Melina agrees.

“But I’m… a really good shot,” Namjoon says miserably, “and I caught him in the shoulder. He fell off the boat. I… I don’t think hyung is ever going to forgive me.”

“Show me the tapes,” Melina says, and reaches up to wipe the bead of blood away from Namjoon’s throat. “It’s okay.” She has a great idea. Two birds, one stone. She can confirm that Seokjin is dead, and deal with Minseo Kim and her little grudge in one fell swoop.

After all, if she saves Minseo’s son from an Arab jail sentence, the policewoman will owe her.

“I can help this all go away,” she says. “All you have to do is trust me.”

Namjoon nods, eyes teary, and takes her to the security room.

“So, is it true?” Jan asks, as they surf the waves, skimming back to the shore.

“Verified on their cameras, and we even checked with the next boat over. Ho-Dong and his wife, Heemi, both agreed. They heard a gunshot, although they thought it was an engine backfiring,” Melina says. “Seokjin Kim is dead.”

“By accident,” Jan shakes his head, “what a bitch. He must have thought he’d gotten away with it, too.”

“Even better,” Melina says, smiling. “Killed by his own accomplice. By accident! That’s perfect. I’d say we should wait for a body, but…”
“The tides in this area are cruel,” Jan agrees, “Seokjin probably thought he could use that to his advantage, lose our pursuit that way.”

“He probably drowned,” Melina says, viciously happy, “a shot to the shoulder would stop him swimming, but it would take a while.”

“So, my darling,” Jan says, smiling, “what now?”

“Let’s go home,” she says, linking their fingers, and smiles back.

“Let’s go home,” he agrees, and turns back to piloting.

Chapter End Notes

man wouldn't it be funny if this was the last chapter? Anyway, I hope you liked the chapter! Leave me a comment with what you think is actually happening. I love hearing from you, it really motivates me to write quickly! If you like, you can come talk to me on twitter @runchrandom, I really like meeting new people :)}
"Okay," Namjoon says, tapping on the map of the bay with the end of his marker, "everyone listen closely. This is what we're going to do. This job requires three main layers- firstly, a kill attempt by a trusted source, set up by someone the Drangs will believe."

"Hello, am I speaking with Park Jimin?"

Namjoon shivers, hearing the accented voice in his headphones. Jan Drang's Korean is passable, a little clipped, but comprehensible, and he nods to Jimin to talk.

"Ah, Mr. Customer," Jimin says, and he sounds light and happy. If Namjoon couldn't see the way he's clinging to Hobi's hand, their knuckles knit white, he'd almost think this was a normal phone call. "You just caught me. I'm about to leave my current location."

"I'm glad that I caught you, then," Jan says, and his voice is warm, almost friendly. Namjoon can imagine meeting him in a bar and having a conversation- his photo is genial as well, from what Namjoon remembers, with his short clipped blond beard and kind grey eyes- and it's disturbing. It's disturbing to think that a man who does the kind of things that the Drangs do could look so friendly, that Namjoon could have met him and never known that he was the kind of man that he is.

"I have a job for you."

"You're in luck, Mr. Customer," Jimin says, "I just had a commission slot open up. What are you looking for?"

"Let me pass the phone over to my wife," Jan says diplomatically, and there's a rustling noise.

"It's Jimin!" Jimin says, when they hear a different set of lungs breathe down the line.

"Mr. Park?"

"Ah, my customer," Jimin says, and Hobi pulls a face, pulling Jimin's hand up and kissing his knuckles gently. "You want to take out another commission?"

Namjoon holds his breath, and feels Yoongi, next to him, stop breathing too. This is it. If the Drangs don't go for it, their plan is ruined. Seokjin is dead.

"I do, I do," Melina Drang says lazily, and Namjoon falls against Yoongi, relieved, and hides in his shoulder. Yoongi puts a hand on the back of his neck, squeezes lightly, and Namjoon feels himself go loose and boneless.

"Thank fuck," Yoongi hisses in his ear, and Namjoon nods.
"Second, a credible attempted pseudocide for the Drangs to uncover, so they can try to find Seokjin-hyung."

"Taehyung-ah!" Jimin says brightly, "Do you want to do some crime with your favourite same-age friend?"

"I'm already doing crime, Jiminie. Why?" Taehyung says, "what kind of crime do you want me to do?"

"We need you to pretend to pretend to make a fake ID for Kim Seokjin," Namjoon says, "blatantly."

"...Namjoon-hyung?"

"Hey, Taehyung," Namjoon says, "I know this is confusing, but listen to me closely. You need to make an ID for Seokjin, and the Drang Corporation needs to find out that it's you who's making it."

"Hm... Well, it's more interesting than what I'm doing right now," Taehyung says, sounding tempted. "Then what?"

"That's all. You'll get a free trip to Dubai out of it," Namjoon says.

"Hm..."

"Jungkookie's here," Jimin says sweetly. Namjoon puts his face in his hands, but the expectant silence changes tone, and Taehyung sighs lightly.

"...You're going to pay for my flight," Taehyung says, "And my expenses!"

"Done," Namjoon says. "Thanks, Taehyung-ah. We'll see you soon."

"And finally, an unexpected death."

"Okay, so, Seokjin-hyung, you need to come up onto the deck..." Namjoon stands at his mark, and turns a careful thirty two degrees, "there." He points, and Yoongi's voice comes through the speaker.

"No good, his profile will be too obvious."

Namjoon nods, biting his lip, and takes a half step to the left.

"Here?"
"Better. Jin-hyung, try that."

Seokjin nods, and jumps off into the water, taking a few strokes out into the bay, then turning and swimming back, pulling himself onto the deck at the marked spot.

"Namjoon, shoot," Yoongi says, voice crackling over the line, and Namjoon shoots finger guns at Seokjin, who stumbles back, once, twice, and drops over the side. After a few seconds, he surfaces, and Yoongi hums.

"I can see him on the monitor as he falls, see him hit the water, but then it gets opaque."

"Perfect," Namjoon says grimly, and gestures to Hobi, who runs over with a little bit of tape, marking the deck where Namjoon has to stand, then the rail, where Seokjin needs to come up.

"You remember where you go, right?"

"Down, and wait for the rendez-vous," Seokjin says, pushing wet hair out of his face.

"How long can you hold your breath?" Hoseok asks, smiling innocently.

"Then, we have to be flexible, smart, and reactive. No plan survives contact with the enemy," Namjoon says, looking from person to person. "So be ready to adjust on the fly."

They nod solemnly, and Namjoon looks back down at the map.

"If we do this perfectly- and I do mean perfectly- By this time on Friday, Kim Seokjin will be dead."

When Jimin fires, Seokjin is pushed back by the shock of the squib exploding under his shirt, triggered by the click of the trigger and Hoseok’s neat little remote device. He stumbles back and out the window, and the last thing he sees is Jimin’s smiling face. It’s planned, he knows the fall is coming, but there’s something far more shocking about it being a fall, rather than a dive, the air pushed out of his lungs as he sinks below the surface of the ocean. It’s dark, and cold, and for a moment, Seokjin wonders if they’ve miscalculated. If the weights strung under his shirt will pull him down, and down, too deep to get back to the surface. If he’s going to drown, and this really will be the end of Kim Seokjin.

Then, emerging from the darkness, he sees a diver. A wetsuit-clad Jungkook, bearing the welcome weight of a rebreather tank and a DPV, who swims up, eyes creasing with relief behind his mask as Seokjin reorients himself, treading water deep beneath the surface. There’s a little fuss as Jungkook passes over the tank, and Seokjin drops his waistcoat, with its sewn in weights, passing it to Jungkook. Before he can float too high, though, Jungkook passes him the DPV, turning it on. The
motor kicks on with a hum, and Jungkook manoeuvres them so they’re both holding onto its handles, directing them out towards the edge of the bay. They have four hours to get there-swimming, he would just make it in time, but with the DPV, Seokjin will get there in about an hour and a half. Once he’s got a solid hold on the DPV, Jungkook pats him on the shoulder, gives him a thumbs up, and swims away. Seokjin takes a deep breath from the rebreather tank, and drives the DPV deeper into the bay.

“The important thing is that the Drangs walk away feeling like they’ve outwitted Seokjin. That way, they won’t want to look closer. A con is selling a fantasy, remember? What the Drangs want is for their problem to be solved, and for Seokjin to have met a grisly end. We give them that, and they’ll leave without examining the circumstances.”

Under the water, Seokjin stays as still as he can, waiting for the watch on his wrist to vibrate and cue him in. Outside the bay, the water beneath him is dark and deep, and he’s not even sure where the bottom is. There’s something deeply unnerving about that, and he’s struggling to keep his breathing even, even knowing how important it is that he doesn’t panic while his air is a limited supply. Still, the only things he can see are the side of the yacht, with it’s subtle grey cue mark, and the fading black of the open sea beneath him, and he runs through the plan again, looking for flaws.

There are a lot of flaws.

After a moment that feels like an eternity, his watch buzzes, and he lets the air tank fall away, kicking up towards the surface. He’d taken a rest at the boat owned by Namjoon’s… uncle? Brother? Friend?... and left the DPV there, taking a chance to get out of the water, eat, drink, and rest. The next day is going to be gruelling, and after this, they cannot slip up. The entire con, Seokjin’s life, rests on the Drangs not seeing Seokjin again. Ever.

His watch buzzes a second time, and he rises tiredly out of the water, flopping onto the deck. As he pulls himself upright, he sees Namjoon. The younger man is round-eyed with surprise, a pistol in his hands- he has perfect form, Seokjin notices absently- that he lifts and fires easily. The squib under Seokjin’s shirt doesn’t fire immediately, and he stumbles back, lifting his head to stare at Namjoon, already starting to panic. Namjoon takes a fluid step forward, firing again, and this time, the squib catches, and the force pushes Seokjin back another step onto the wet sea deck. He slips, arms windmilling, and falls over the side. Again, the last thing he sees is a face, although Namjoon’s surprised look is less disturbing than Jimin’s ‘mission accomplished’ satisfied grin, and when he fits the water, he hits it shoulders first, pushing all the air from his lungs.

He sinks, and sinks, the light growing dim above him. Something wraps around his arm, cold and firm, and Seokjin thrashes around. It’s a hand, and Hobi grins at him from around his SCUBA
gear, waving brightly with his free hand. He can’t lie and say he’s unhappy to see the other man, but really, after today, Seokjin thinks he’s about done with diving. Seokjin draws a question mark in the water, and Hobi passes him the respirator, letting him catch his breath, before directing him towards the side of the bay.

In the rock, there’s a pile of breathing cylinders, enough to last longer than they would ever need, and Hobi moves them up the cliffside, finding perches only a few feet below the water’s surface where they can cling and breathe. This, as boring as it seems, is the important part. Seokjin strips down, shirt, pants, even his boxers and socks, and passes them to Hobi, who mimes a wolf whistle. He leaves Jin with the pile of tanks, swimming back out into the bay to discard Seokjin’s clothes in the current, torn as though they had been ripped free from the body by rocks and scavengers. They’ll wash up on the coast over the next few weeks, and Namjoon’s friend in the morgue will advise the police that the body must have been devoured. In the meantime, he’s naked and alone on a rockface, and he digs through the cylinders until he finds a replacement- a tiny swimsuit that Seokjin highly suspects came from Namjoon’s collection. It’s striped, baby pink and white, the kind of trunk that could be described as ‘cheeky’ quite literally. In fact, Seokjin is fairly sure that Namjoon picked to get rid of this particular swimsuit, if he’s read anything about the baby cop correctly. He embarrasses easily. These are what a lot of people would call embarrassing. Seokjin shrugs and slides them on- they’ll look good on him. Hobi returns after a while, smiling, and helps Seokjin gear up, sliding on the harness, the rebreather, the heavy oxygen tank. They’ve got a long swim ahead of them, after all. Jimin and Hoseok have spent the last three days seeding this mountainside with replacement air, and they’re going to need to round the horn before Seokjin will be free to leave the water. Hoseok flashes a thumbs up, and Seokjin returns it.

He’ll manage.

He’s alive to manage.

That’s good enough.

Chapter End Notes

i mean, you didn't actually think i’d kill jin, did you?
Happy New Year, everyone! This story should be finished before the end of the week, and I'm very excited to finally tie everything (and Namjoon) up! Leave a comment if you enjoyed the chapter- they motivate me to write more, and I love reading your reactions to what's happened in the story!!
When Yoongi’s hack confirms that Jan and Melina Drang are on a plane back to Berlin, they decide, unanimously, that it’s time to celebrate- by which Yoongi means, the rest of them flee to the deck and its fully stocked bar while he double checks that their cyber security protocols are properly repaired after his little experiment in letting someone hack him.

Seokjin and Hoseok are still out, crossing the border between the UAE and Oman, where Seokjin is going to have to lie low for a couple of months before returning to Seoul, but Jungkook, Taehyung, and Jimin all appear to have decided that they’re allowed on Yoongi’s yacht without his permission, and are lounging on the deck with Namjoon. It’s not that it’s a hardship, having four attractive, mostly naked men lounging on the deck, but Yoongi has plans for Namjoon- he’s been good, and patient, and Yoongi has come to learn that Namjoon is really hot when he’s strategising- and having company would really put a cramp in those plans. Even so, there’s a nice feeling in the air, success, and accomplishment, and Yoongi isn’t so crass that he’s going to kick his friends out just so he can fuck his… Namjoon.

(God, he really is going to have to think about the boyfriend thing, isn’t he? The past two days, the trail break, has been something of a revelation, but he’s not ready to examine them properly. He isn’t ready for that revelation, yet)

The computers are safe, the last hole in his virtual wall patched, and he hears Jimin laugh brightly from on deck- the kind of dazzling, carefree laugh that makes Yoongi think of nights drinking with Seokjin and Jungkook, talking shit and not giving a single fuck about anyone. He could use some of that, today.

So he brings out two magnums of expensive champagne, kicks off his slides, and joins them in the jacuzzi. Namjoon looks more alive than he has in days, returning to the sun-kissed glow of a well rested, holidaying Namjoon, wearing the same tiny black trunks he’d worn when Jungkook and Seokjin had arrived, teamed with a pair of black Valentino sunglasses that make him look like some kind of indolent playboy- a Korean Tony Stark, all expensive whiskey and brilliant brain. Jimin has stripped down to his boxers- blue and white striped- rather than borrowing a swimsuit, and he’s half in Namjoon’s lap, laughing in his ear. Like Namjoon, he’s also wearing sunglasses. Unlike Namjoon, his are a pair of five dollar Ray Ban rip offs patterned with brightly coloured parakeets- clearly Hobi’s. Jungkook is the first to look up when Yoongi comes down the stairs- unlike the others, he’s wearing a shirt. It’s a plain black rash guard, to go with his plain black boardshorts, and he looks surprisingly at ease, considering he doesn’t really know Namjoon or Jimin beyond the last week and a half. Maybe this is because Taehyung is sitting in his lap, all bright smiles and striped trunks, a diamond bracelet Yoongi knows costs a cool half million (he’s bought Namjoon three, he’s just waiting for an occasion) on his wrist, carefully held outside the bubbly tub.

“Hyung,” Jungkook says, and Namjoon turns gratifyingly quickly, a smile breaking onto his face.

“Yoongi-hyung!” he calls, and his grin is a little loose, alcohol sloppy. It’s cute, and Yoongi pads over easily as Namjoon makes grabby hands at him, “Hyung, are you here to celebrate?”

“No, I’m taking the champagne for a walk,” Yoongi says, setting the two bottles down on the edge of the tub. “Move over, Joon-ah. Make space for hyung.”
Namjoon slides over, watching him, and Yoongi strips off his shirt, climbing over the edge to sit in the jacuzzi next to Namjoon, whose ears have gone pink. Yoongi smirks, leaning back on his elbows, and watches Namjoon swallow harshly. He knows he doesn’t get undressed often. It’s a bit of a treat for Namjoon, honestly, to see this much of Yoongi’s skin, even in the bedroom, and he seems a bit at sea by the sudden swathe of pale skin, the obvious pink and red marks on Yoongi’s shoulders that his nails had left yesterday.

“Champagne?” Yoongi asks coolly, grabbing one of the bottles and lifting it, “We did excellent work, after all. Why not enjoy ourselves?”

Namjoon slides closer on the bench, pressing side to side with Yoongi. He’s warm, a little tipsy, and Yoongi slides his free arm around his shoulders, resting his hand on the back of Namjoon’s neck.

“Champagne!” Taehyung cheers, taking the other bottle and cracking it open. He’s a deft hand, avoiding spewing bubbles or a flying cork, but takes a deep swing straight from the bottle before passing it to Jungkook. “To our success!”

“And our very capable leader,” Yoongi says, pulling back from Namjoon to open his bottle. He doesn’t pull so far away that he doesn’t notice the way Namjoon shivers, though, and he smiles again.

“To Namjoonie-hyung!” Jimin agrees, taking the bottle from Jungkook and toasting. “And to poor, deceased, Kim Seokjin. May he rest in peace.”

“His memory is a blessing,” Jungkook adds solemnly, as Jimin chugs expensive champagne. “I’ll never forget the way he screamed when I dropped a camel spider in his bedroll.”

“You’re kind of evil, aren’t you?” Jimin asks, looking thoughtful, “I think we’re going to be great friends.”

“I fear for my safety,” Yoongi says, and Namjoon floats into his lap, hugging him around the neck. Under the water, Namjoon seems smaller, able to be easily moved around despite his size, and Yoongi takes the chance to have him sit properly in Yoongi’s lap, rather than just being draped over it.

“Don’t worry, hyung,” Namjoon says, grinning cheekily as he settles in his new seat, “I’ll protect you.”

“My hero.” Yoongi says, flexing his fingers on Namjoon’s hips, and the younger man laughs, squirming in his grip.

“You know that we’re all friends now, right, Yoongi-hyung?” Taehyung says suddenly, “You’re not going to be able to get rid of us. You can’t just hide in your apartment forever. It’s not just Seokjin-hyung and Jungkookie you’re escaping.”

“I can try,” Yoongi says, and Namjoon clicks his tongue, pushing down his sunglasses a little to meet Yoongi’s gaze. “I hate it outside.”

“I like it outside,” Namjoon says, and his eyes are big and dark and expectant. “You don’t want to go outside with me?”

“...I guess I can go outside occasionally,” Yoongi amends, and Namjoon grins, large enough that his dimples show.
“Oh my god, you’re already so whipped,” Jungkook says, rolling his eyes, and Yoongi raises an eyebrow.

“Sorry, Jungkook-ah, I couldn’t quite hear that. Did you say you wanted to lose your luggage and be subject to six different ‘random’ security checks on the way home?”

“...No, hyung.”

“Hm, that’s funny,” Yoongi says, leaning back again, “I could have sworn you said you wanted to get flagged as needing a cavity search.”

“That’s kind of hot,” Namjoon blurts, ears pink, and everyone turns to look at him.

“...The cavity search?” Jimin asks, horrified, and Namjoon’s eyes widen, suddenly aware he’s said that out loud.

“No! I mean- just, that Yoongi-hyung can do things like that,” he says, trailing off and mumbling into Yoongi’s shoulder, “it’s... kind of hot that he... can do that.”

There’s a moment of silence, and Yoongi’s smile gets even more satisfied as he sees them all draw a delightful and accurate assessment of his and Namjoon’s relationship. He pats Namjoon’s ass, under the water, and Namjoon colours even more, reaching for the champagne and taking a deep drink.

Taehyung hums thoughtfully, “I guess as like, a power thing? I could kind of see that.”

“I have power,” Jungkook says poutily. “I once kicked a guy so hard he actually hit his own-”

“Hush, Kookie, not right now,” Taehyung pats him on the head, and Jungkook subsides, still pouting.

“Well, I guess I always said I wanted to know more about your sex life,” Jimin says to Namjoon, “but I didn’t think I’d learn this much.”

“You gave me so much rum, though,” Namjoon says, “how did you not think this would end in me talking about my sex life?”

“Because we’re meant to be celebrating a plan well planned?” Yoongi breaks in, and Namjoon blinks.

“Ah, right. Well, we need more champagne, then. This bottle is empty.”

“I can arrange that,” Yoongi says smoothly, and reaches over the edge of the tub to grab his phone, “Another eight bottles?”

Taehyung laughs, nodding, and Yoongi smirks.

“Hyung, my head hurts,” Namjoon says in a grumbly, early morning kind of voice. It’s almost three o’clock, and under duress, Yoongi has agreed to go to the airport with Namjoon to see of Hoseok, Jimin, Taehyung and Jungkook, who are all going back to Korea.

“That’s because you drank four bottles of champagne on your own,” Yoongi says, “as well as whatever Jimin gave you before I came out.”
Namjoon just groans, low and pained, and the car they’re in- a bright red Audi- comes to a stop outside the departure lounge. He can already see the huddled crowd of hungover disasters he calls his friends through the glass, and he hops out of the car first, pulling Yoongi up when he goes limp and reluctant, unwilling to leave the quiet, air-conditioned interior for the busy heat of the airport entrance. Their driver nods to Yoongi, and the car pulls away to do a few circles of the parking garage before returning, giving them time to say their goodbyes.

Namjoon has already moved into the cool of the lounge, catching Jimin and Hobi in a hug. They’re dressed like students, big hiking backpacks on their shoulders, matching tourist tee-shirts on their bodies, and when Namjoon folds into them, Hobi strokes his hair comfortingly, cupping the back of his head.

“It’s okay, Namjoon-ah,” he murmurs, and Namjoon nods, skin feeling too tight. “We’ll talk about it all when you come home, okay?”

“Oh, Namjoon,” Namjoon says, a little wobbly, “thank you for coming.”

“We’ll always come when you call,” Jimin says, “unless it’s for something weird.”

“Weirder than pseudocide?” Namjoon asks, and Jimin shrugs.

“It could be weirder.”

He squeezes Namjoon tightly, and takes a step back to let him and Hoseok speak privately, going over to harass Yoongi instead.

“What are you going to do?” Hobi asks, voice hushed, and presses their foreheads together. Namjoon can’t look anywhere but his eyes, can feel his breath against his cheek, and there’s nowhere to hide.

“I.. I don’t know,” he admits, “I know it can work. Mum and Dad make it work.”

“Do you want it that badly?” Hobi asks, and Namjoon cuts his gaze aside, to where Yoongi is laughing, charmed by the force of Jimin’s personality. He’s cute, all pink cheeks and white teeth, gums showing above his smile in a way that makes Namjoon’s heart stutter. Cute, and smart, and more than that- Yoongi is the kind of person that Namjoon rarely comes across- someone genuinely interesting. The last time he’d met someone interesting, he’d ended up breaking an awful lot of laws, smuggling a series of gems under the cover of night, and perjuring himself. He smiles at Hoseok, who smiles back.

His best friend.

It was worth it.


“Then I’ll help you make it work,” Hobi says, nodding back. “I love you, man.”

“I love you too,” Namjoon says, and hugs him again, tighter.

“When are we expecting you home?” Hobi checks, and Namjoon shrugs.

“I emailed my tutors, they’re fine with me attending remotely indefinitely, as long as all my work gets in on time.”
“Indefinitely?” Hobi checks, frowning, “Why indefinitely?”

“Well,” Namjoon says, grinning, “I’m not sure how long it takes to sail a yacht from Dubai to Korea.”

Hoseok laughs, ringing out over the fuzzy background of hundreds of people saying goodbye, and Namjoon smiles right back at him.

“Well, that’s one way to get hyung to talk about his emotions. Literally hold him captive at sea until he speaks.”

“Oh, I have ways of making him talk,” Namjoon says confidently, pulling off his sunglasses and hooking the earpiece through the collar of his shirt. “I’m not concerned about that. I’m more concerned about how you and Jimin are going to manage without me. I’m like ninety percent of your self-control.”

“And forty percent of our food expenses,” Hobi agrees, “don’t worry. I’ll call you if we need some sage wisdom about whether Jimin’s allowed to set anything on fire.”

“General rule of thumb is no.”

“Killjoy,” Hoseok says, and Namjoon knocks their heads together gently. “Have a good trip, Joon-ah.”

“Fly safe,” Namjoon agrees, and steps away.

Once he’s outside the circle of Hoseok’s arms, he can hear Yoongi fussing over Jungkook and pretending that he isn’t. Does he have his passport? Idiot. Always check for your passport. What about your motion sickness pills? Well, by coincidence, Yoongi has some. You can take them, if you have to, he guesses.

It's cute.

Stupid, but cute.

Namjoon slides over, putting an arm around Yoongi’s waist, and Yoongi automatically moves to hold him, and arm settling in the back pocket of Namjoon’s jeans without him even losing steam on his lecture about air travel safety.

“Yoongi-hyung,” he murmurs into Yoongi’s ear, and the hacker straightens up. “They’re going to miss their flight.”

“Travel safely,” Yoongi says, more order than wish, and Jungkook nods, picking up his duffle bag. He makes a funny pair with Taehyung, who has monogrammed Louis Vuitton luggage and is wearing a shirt Namjoon recognises from his own new wardrobe- which means it’s ridiculously overpriced. Jungkook, by contrast, is wearing a plain white tee-shirt, the same hard wearing jeans Yoongi had given him the day he arrived, and scuffed Timberland boots. They look like they shouldn’t even be breathing the same air, but Taehyung is holding Jungkook’s hand like he’s going to run away to Angola again if he lets go, and Jungkook’s gaze is locked on Taehyung, absolutely besotted.

“We’ll see you later,” Namjoon agrees, and the four other men head off towards the gates. Namjoon waves, and Yoongi uses the hand in Namjoon’s pocket to grope him a little, making him jump just as Jimin turns back for one last goodbye wave.
“Ah, hyung?” Namjoon asks, as they head back towards the car.

“Yeah, Joon-ah?”

“Do you still think of me as a fish?”

Yoongi looks him over from his Givenchy sneakers to his Valentino sunglasses, and smiles.

“The fish was a metaphor for an investment, Namjoon-ah.”

“Is that a yes, hyung?” Namjoon frowns, pulling at his hand, “Am I still a fish to you?”

“A very cute fish.”

“Hyung!”

“Best fish I’ve ever had.”

“Hyung! That’s not okay!” Namjoon whines, and Yoongi grins.

“I’m not throwing this one back. You’re a keeper, for sure.”

Namjoon goes a little pink, and Yoongi leans in, putting a finger under Namjoon’s chin and tilting his head so they meet gazes.

“Hyung…” Namjoon says softly, voice scratchy, and Yoongi smiles at him, tender.

“Namjoon.” Yoongi says, matching his tone.

“Please stop calling me a fish.”

“That’s not going to happen.”

Namjoon pouts, and Yoongi winks at him, turning away towards the car.

“Don’t worry, Namjoon-ah. I’ll take good care of you from now on. I promise.”

“Then I’ll take good care of you too.” Namjoon says suddenly, and Yoongi pauses, reaching out to take his hand.

“Promise?”

“Promise.”

Chapter End Notes

And that's it! It's over! Thank you for coming along on this ridiculous trip with me. I hope you enjoyed the story, and it came to a satisfying finish for you. There is going to be an epilogue, which will come out next week, but basically, the Heavens Roll Away is finished.

If you enjoyed the story, please leave a comment and let me know! I love reading your thoughts, and I don't care if it's been literal years since this story finished, please, still leave a comment. It's the coolest thing, getting to know what my readers think of my
work.
I loved writing this, and it was really fun to read everyone's theories as we went along-
I hope you stick with me for my next project, too! Thank you for reading!

End Notes

The working title of this fic was 'Damn Bitch, You Live Like This?'

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!