#25

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Category: M/M  
Fandom: _ | Bangtan Boys | BTS  
Relationship: Jeon Jungkook & Min Yoongi | Suga  
Character: Kim Taehyung | V, Min Yoongi | Suga, Jeon Jungkook, Park Jimin (BTS)  
Additional Tags: Alternate Universe - High School, One-Sided Attraction, Self-Esteem Issues, Closeted Character, Bullying, Swearing, Racist Language, Min Yoongi | Suga Is Whipped, Fluff and Angst, Angst and Humor, Tae is a gay icon, Min Yoongi is constantly suffering, Grumpy Min Yoongi | Suga, Min Yoongi | Suga Swears a Lot, A lot of feels, Seriously tho, there's a lot of feels, Bad Boy Min Yoongi | Suga, Kim Taehyung | V Is a Sweetheart, taehyung is the only reason yoongi sees the sun, not slow burn, this was VERY SPUR OF THE MOMENT so slow burn will be saved for more thought out aus, uwu, jimin and tae are kinda boyfriends, its complicated  
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#25

by livinantisocial66

Summary

Bad boy Yoongi falls in love with the star quarterback that is way out of his league.

Notes

Welcome to my first fic! First things first:

I'm not planning on updating this until people show interest. If you really want to see how the story progresses, please leave some comments and kudos. I want to make it interactive and have the readers choose how the story progresses. The story polls can be found on my twitter  

Second of all:

I hope you enjoy the story! Let me know what you love and what I could do better!
See the end of the work for more notes.
I've got you

Blue and gold littered the stands as teenagers screamed and shouted. Cheerleaders were down in front, performing tumbling tricks and stunts that encouraged the screams to a steady roar. The cold air was chilly, but it had no power over stopping the dedication of a high school student section to their beloved football team during the big homecoming game. In the midst of all the color and noise sat Yoongi, glaring down at the players with his hands stuffed in the pockets of his leather jacket. Beside him was his best friend Taehyung who matched the students section; face painted with blue and gold stars, school spirit apparel on, and a large smile on his face as he jumped up and down. This was certainly Taehyung’s scene, but Yoongi wished to be far, far from his classmates.

“Why the fuck did you bring me here again? I want to go home,” Yoongi was far too annoyed to have any sort of good time, especially in a place filled to the brim with hicks, whites, and your basic bitches.

It was one of the things he hated most about his school. He would much rather prefer to be enrolled in one of the bigger schools just one town over, but his mother refused. The thing is, is that Taehyung and Yoongi’s moms have been best friends for years. They have been stuck like glue since high school. They graduated the same year, attended the same college with the same degree and presto! They got two job offers within the same city, so they picked both of their families up and moved to the small, shitty town right next door. Because their mothers were so obsessed about giving Yoongi and Taehyung the same childhood experience they had, they put them in a small town school to grow up together. That meant being the only Asians in town. Taehyung and Yoongi stuck together, their combined strength being enough to deflect the hateful comments thrown their way by the local hicks that still strapped confederate flags to their rusty, farm trucks.

Taehyung and Yoongi struggled through middle school, running home together to avoid the bullies that would stretch the skin near their eyes to mock them. They’d eat lunch in the choir room, hide behind trees during recess, or come home with bruises after a day of dodgeball during gym. As they grew older, the comments and threats became more irrelevant. Taehyung fought the fire with cheery smiles, earning the trust of multiple teachers, and forcing his status all the way to the top. He was untouchable, but whoever talked behind his back, Yoongi would take care of. Yoongi fought the fire with fire. He’d spit insults back, come home with bruises and blood in his mouth. He’d rather see one of the hicks piss themselves than get a head nod of respect in the hallway. He’d lost fights, he’d lose fights, but whatever the case, people stayed away and that’s how Yoongi wanted it.

“I wanted to go to the homecoming game, and our moms told me to either take you here, or take my car keys for a week,” Taehyung shouted over the noise, wrapping a blue and gold blanket around Yoongi’s shaking shoulders. “Try to have some fun, it’s not so bad! At least we get to see the new quarterback’s ass all night,” Taehyung giggled, pointing to number 25 out on the field. Yoongi rolled his eyes, sneaking a glance or two over at the kid. The kid was pretty built, thick thighs bulging every time he took position. He couldn’t help but smirk in amusement at Taehyung.

It was almost relieving for Yoongi when Taehyung had been super open about his sexuality. Taehyung never allowed it to be his weakness, so no one could make him feel ashamed for it. Because of his openness, he won Homecoming King and earned a top spot on the student council. As Taehyung shouted his sexuality from the rooftops, Yoongi kept himself stowed away in the closet where he hid his Chris Hemsworth and Scarlett Johanssen posters. He got shit for everything he did, whether he wear jeans that were a little too tight or dyed his hair a cool mint. People would find a weak spot and stab at it till he gave up. He wouldn’t give them another vantage point. Yoongi was fragile like that. Build enough walls that no one will come knocking, put on a mask so no one will
Is that the only reason you decided to come to the game?” Yoongi asked, smirking as Taehyung tried to repress a smile. He chuckled, clutching tightly to the blanket wrapped around his small frame. He watched as their team, the panthers, lined up to make another play. Yoongi knew the basics of football, but not enough to fully understand what’s happening. The players get four tries to get the ball at least 10 yards. The goal is to get it into the touchdown zone. They have a chance to get an extra point with a field goal. That’s all he really needed to know as he watched number 25 whizz the ball to an open player. Even in the cold, his tan, muscular arms were exposed to the biting October chill. Yoongi understood why Taehyung was practically drooling all over himself.

The student section began to stomp their feet as the refs called out 1st and goal. The rumbling in the bleachers crescendoed as screams from the teens echoed into the night. The football players seemed to thrive off it as number 25 waved his arms to get the crowd to scream louder. The opposing team was getting in play position as their small traveling entourage screeched the team cheers, barely heard over the roar of the panthers’ student section. Calls were made and the boys swarmed together in a chaotic fury. The golden number 25 gleamed as he backed away from the mess, looking for an open player. Just as the ball slipped past his fingertips, a purple jersey emerged from the dog pile. He grabbed 25’s jersey and swung his entire body to the turf. Before the student section could even scream in rage, the purple jersey threw his entire weight onto number 25’s whole body. The refs blew the whistles, as the play came to a standstill. The purple jersey quickly backed away from 25, acting as if he did everything right.

The student section went ballistic. Hicks screaming profanities at the refs as other jocks rampaged about flagging the other team. Yoongi watched in shock as number 25 lay still on the ground. A sports med doctor ran out to the field with two coaches falling in right behind her. The student section fell silent and sat down in their seats as they waited for any word of their beloved quarterback. Taehyung, as well as multiple girls, looked to be in near tears as a crowd of panther players gathered around number 25. Yoongi felt Taehyung slip his hand under Yoongi’s arm and squeeze tightly, one of his habits when he gets nervous.

“Goddammit, get up,” Yoongi muttered, feeling his own heart come to a stop.

Slowly but surely, number 25 was helped to his feet. He wrapped his arms around a coach and the sports med doctor, letting them do the work as he slowly limped off the field. Students watched in rage as the opposing team high fived their teammate that successfully took down the panther’s star quarterback.

“What the fuck just happened,” Taehyung muttered, looking at Yoongi in shock.

The game continued on as students watched number 25 in worry, no longer watching their team slowly unravel from their loss of the quarterback. The doctor ripped off number 25’s helmet, Yoongi unexpectedly feeling a surge of anticipation. Despite the worrying thought of his injury, he couldn’t help but desperately want to see the guy’s face. His neck and ears were red from the cold, his head hung low as the doctor checked his leg. Her mouth moved wildly, presumably barking orders at the frantic coaches who began to clear off a water table in a rush. The crowd stayed in a tense silence, watching as coaches lifted the kid up onto the table. The coach stepped aside and revealed one of the most beautiful faces Yoongi had ever seen.

The kid’s face was glowing under the field lights, sweat glistening on his forehead and neck. His brown hair was plastered to his forehead, slightly covering his eyes. He had big, round nose and perfectly pink lips. His eyes entranced Yoongi. His big, round eyes stared in shock up at the night sky, adrenaline pumping through his veins. Yoongi knew it was only a matter of time until it slowly
wore away and he felt a nauseating amount of pain. He couldn’t bear the thought of seeing that beautiful face twist and tighten in pain.

Yoongi was in awe yet his heart shattered as the boy’s eyes squeezed shut when a coach grasped his leg. Yoongi watched as the sports med doctor climbed on top of him, cut the tight leggings around his leg and tear away the padding. Everyone gasped at the sight of his kneecap sitting oddly at the side of his knee. A few students gagged and looked away. Taehyung hid his face in Yoongi’s neck. The doctor quickly stuffed number 25’s mouth with a towel so he’d have something to bite onto for the pain. Yoongi and Taehyung watched in horror as the doctor used all her weight and strength to pop it back into place. The sickening pop carried to the stands, students gasping or groaning with disgust. Number 25 writhed on the table, his head arched back as his eyes squeezed shut.

Yoongi’s mind went blank. He had no control over his body as he dropped the blanket, broke through the crowd and ran down the bleachers. Maybe it was destiny, urging him to go because it knew Yoongi wouldn’t do it himself. Yoongi knew he shouldn’t be doing this. Not only would he embarrass himself and attract unwanted attention, but he’d also be risking his self security. Was this exposing himself? The kids in the crowd would want to know why their local, emo kid was racing towards the beautiful jock. Yet, it didn’t stop Yoongi as he hopped the bleacher guardrails and the fence as if it were nothing. He sprinted across the field and toward number 25’s side. He was out of breath and he swear he heard Taehyung’s distant shouts, but he didn’t care. He looked down into those tearful, brown eyes and grasped number 25’s hand as tightly as he could.

“I’ve got you, kid.”

Number 25 squeezed Yoongi’s hand as hard as he could.

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“Taehyung, for the last time, I said I’m fine,” Yoongi grumbled, rubbing his hands over his face in annoyance. Taehyung had facetime Monday, worried about Yoongi’s most recent fight at school. During lunch, some hick threw a water bottle at Yoongi and sneered faggot under his breath. Yoongi calmly grabbed the water bottle, walked over to the smug kid and dumped all of it out onto him. He smirked when the hick stumbled over his untied boot laces trying to throw a punch at Yoongi. It was a fight Yoongi easily won despite the few hits the farm kid threw at him.

“Ever since the whole homecoming incident, people have been saying a lot things. I don’t want you to get hurt,” Taehyung muttered, shuffling homework around nervously. Another small tick of Taehyung’s whenever he was worried or nervous.

The homecoming incident. That’s what people were calling it now. Because of the severity of the injury, Yoongi was allowed to stay be number 25’s side for the rest of the game. The kid was really out of it for the rest of the time, but his grip on Yoongi’s hand never eased until they had to pry him away. The other football players were either confused or annoyed with Yoongi’s presence on the field. After the game, Taehyung had come bounding up, asking multiple questions about how the quarterback was doing. Yoongi didn’t answer till they were alone in Tae’s car, driving the short distance back home. He only talked about the kid’s eyes.

“People always say things. I only care if its about you,” Yoongi muttered, looking out the small window in his room that was conveniently covered up by a bush outside. Perks of having a room in the basement.

Taehyung sighed heavily, resting his cheek on his hand as he stared at Yoongi. “Have you told mom yet?” Yoongi almost missed Taehyung’s little whisper. He felt his jaw tighten and his arms instinctively wrap around himself. He trusted Taehyung with his life, but he still felt scared to talk
about his sexuality with him. He hadn’t fully come to terms with it himself yet.

He never truly realized his attraction to both men and women until Taehyung pointed it out when they were 13. Their mothers had taken them out to the big city for school shopping. They sat in one of the stores, waiting for their mothers to finish trying on clothes. Yoongi was staring at one of the male workers at the front desk. Taehyung had giggled and asked if he found the worker cute. Taehyung said he liked his pokemon bracelet. Taehyung lightly teased Yoongi as he had a mental breakdown inside his head. He’d never seen or heard of any boy liking another boy before. He hid his crushes away, only finding safety to reveal them to Taehyung when he came out as gay to their families two years later. Even then, he limited himself when he shared his crushes with Taehyung.

“No...I haven’t found the right time,” Yoongi whispered back, flipping up the hood of his sweatshirt to hide some of the fear within his eyes. The last thing he needed was for Taehyung to think his tough, macho Yoongi was scared to tell his mom he liked girls and boys. He had no doubt his mother would support him, but he wasn’t ready for it to be told to the entire world. Knowing his mother, she’d be proud to announce it to everyone she knew. Yoongi wanted to wait till he started college at least. He wanted to be far from this town when he told her.

“You can’t hide your Chris Hemsworth poster forever,” Taehyung giggled, finding success when Yoongi couldn’t help but smile widely.

“She still thinks I bought that poster for you,” Yoongi laughed, turning down the volume of the facetime when he heard shuffling upstairs.

“I’m more of a Noah Centineo kind of guy,” Taehyung sighed dreamily, flipping the camera to show Yoongi the little collage of the man on his desk. Yoongi groaned and gagged in fake disgust just as his mother walked in.

“Yoongi, there’s a boy at the door for you who’s crippled. Who the fuck did you beat up now? If we get sued, it’s your turn to sell a kidney,” Yoongi sighed and slowly pulled himself out of bed. He put on some slippers and left Taehyung on his desk, telling him he’ll be back in five minutes. Yoongi slowly trudged up the stairs and made his way to the kid waiting for him in the entryway.

Yoongi’s mind rattled with confusion as he wondered what kid he beat up to a pulp. He didn’t remember breaking any bones in any of his fights. Yoongi groaned, hoping that some kid was cruel enough to fake an injury to pry some money off his family out of spite. Yoongi slowly walked toward the entryway. His feet paused when the kid turned around, hands tightly holding onto a pair of crutches.

“Number 25?” Yoongi asked in shock. He really wished he wasn’t wearing a hoodie, sweatpants, and cat slippers right now. The kid smiled widely, baring his cute, white teeth. Yoongi was about to faint when he spotted a small sprinkle of freckles on the kid’s face. The kid’s brown hair was fluffier than he thought.

“Hey. Call me Jungkook.”
Chapter Summary

Taehyung didn't think Yoongi had the guts.

Chapter Notes

On the twitter poll, 'Jungkook asks Yoongi to hang' got the most votes.

I'm a little worried that this was too short, but once i reached this ending, it felt like a good place to stop.

*Just a note, this probably won't be a very long fic since it's my first one, We'll have to see how far I can drag it out*

Remember to check my twitter for the polls and when updates are coming! I'm not going to have a set update time for this fic because of my hectic schedule. Once I get into more fic writing, I'll set up official update times.

Thank you to all who left kudos and bookmarked this fic! It really means a lot. <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“So...Jungkook. How’d you break your leg?”

Yoongi grunted in annoyance as he glared toward his mother. It was her fault Jungkook was here, at their dining table with Taehyung bustling around the kitchen making them cookies. She saw Yoongi staring at Jungkook in some sort of trance and thought she could save the day by inviting the football star into their home. Yoongi wanted nothing and everything to do with Jungkook. He despised how drawn he was to him and how uncomfortable he made him. Jungkook was everything Yoongi wanted to avoid. Big muscles, letter jacket with football patches, perfect hair, straight white teeth, big, brown eyes he could swim in-

Yoongi was getting off track. The point is, is that Yoongi hates Jungkook’s guts. His dumb, perfect face completely threw Yoongi’s system out of balance. He didn’t know whether to fight Jungkook or poke his stupid cheeks. Yoongi couldn’t stand the sight of Jungkook happily stuffing his cheeks with cup ramen his mother microwaved for them. He wanted nothing more than to pepper them with kisses. Yoongi was raging.

“Football. I dislocated my knee too. My brace is on underneath my jeans,” Jungkook explained, disappointment coating his words thick. Yoongi’s mom with her crazy mother’s intuition immediately gave him a big hug, muttering some nonsense about how he’d be walking without crutches in no time. Jungkook seemed to perk up from her motherly pep talk. Yoongi’s anger was simmering after seeing Jungkook’s smile.

“Actually, it’s kind of the reason why I came over. Yoongi comforted me on the side of the field the
rest of the game after I got hit. I wanted to thank him for staying by my side. I was being a bit of a
cry baby…” Jungkook smiled at Yoongi shyly, his eyes sparkling with gratitude. Yoongi’s mother’s
eyes bulged in surprise as she looked to her son. Yoongi desperately wanted to disappear, have the
Earth swallow him whole, or maybe hide his face in Jungkook’s chest.

turned him soft,” Yoongi’s mother tsked, smirking as she walked away to fetch some juice for the
boys. Taehyung took this chance to chide in on the conversation, shuffling over while wearing a too
small apron that said ‘Grandma’s #1 Baker’.

“You should’ve seen him, Mrs. Min! I’ve never seen him run so fast in my life! He hopped the fence
like it was nothing!” Taehyung popped up right beside Yoongi, smiling cheekily toward the boy
with cheeks as red as cherries.

“He’s been the talk of the school since!” Taehyung chirped, with far too much enthusiasm according
to Yoongi, and swiped some melted chocolate on to Yoongi’s nose. He left with a pep in his step, a
small hum drifting away with him. Jungkook smiled, revealing his beautiful, pearly teeth.

“He’s right. The football guys were joking around about having you as a running back on the team.
You flew across the field,” Jungkook giggled, watching Yoongi’s mom and Taehyung bark with
laughter at the thought of Yoongi being on the football team. Yoongi didn’t think his cheeks could
burn anymore.

“You’ve ruined my pride, Jungkook,” Yoongi spoke, giving Jungkook one of his softest glares.
Jungkook’s smile only grew, an immense amount of giggles pushing past his pink lips. Yoongi was
definitely not staring at his lips.

“You’re a senior right?” Jungkook asked, slurping another big bite of ramen. He looked up through
his lashes at Yoongi, sniffing as steam rose up into his face. Yoongi bit the inside of his cheek to
keep himself from launching across the table to kiss his nose.

“Yeah, what’s it to you?” Yoongi cocked an eyebrow and stuffed his hands into the pockets of his
leather jacket. His words came out far less passive aggressive than he wished them to be. His failed
attempt at being moody sparked more stars in Jungkook’s eyes. Yoongi gazed into them as if they
held the entire night sky.

“Would you want to hang out sometime? Not that this doesn’t count as hanging out, but… maybe
Monday after school? I didn’t want to bug you because you’re a senior and all…” Jungkook seemed
to shrink in the chair as he stared at Yoongi nervously, a hopeful smile stretched across his lips.
Yoongi’s mind screeched to say no, tell Jungkook he wasn’t looking for new friends, and to kick
him out and never look for his face in a crowd again. His stomach twisted, instincts telling him that
nothing good would come out of this. It would leave him broken, shattered, and torn.

“Sure. Mind if Taehyung tags along?”

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“Dude.”

“Don’t call me dude. I deserve a better title after being your best friend for your entire existence.”

“Fine. Broski.”

“Jesus Christ, I’ll take dude.”
Taehyung rolled his eyes dramatically, throwing himself on to Yoongi’s bed, curling into the navy blue comforter. Yoongi plopped himself onto his desk chair, huffing and puffing in exaggerated annoyance. Jungkook had left a few hours ago; his mom had come to pick him up in her red mini van. She waved excitedly to Yoongi and Taehyung who stood awkwardly on the small porch of the house. Jungkook was quick to stop her, his cheeks flushed pink as he sheepishly waved goodbye to the boys. Immediately after Jungkook and his mom pulled out of the driveway, Taehyung had squealed so loud that dogs began to bark in the distance.

Taehyung had dragged Yoongi into the house, down the stairs to Yoongi’s room that was tucked in the far corner of the finished basement. He slammed the door shut and tackled Yoongi to the floor in pure excitement. Taehyung rambled about how cute Yoongi looked when he got lost in Jungkook’s eyes whenever he talked. Something else about Yoongi giving Jungkook the last cookie. Or maybe when Yoongi sent Jungkook home with a thermos of his favorite tea.

“I can’t believe you like the quarterback of our school’s football team. This is like a dream come true. Someone call Netflix, this is the spark for their new hit original series,” Taehyung rolled onto his stomach, dreamly gazing at Yoongi who looked far from happy. Yoongi had a reason why he kept his crushes a secret. He truly loved Taehyung with all of his being, but the kid would get too involved in it. He’d be the one daydreaming about Yoongi and said crush holding hands or doing something else disgustingly cute. Taehyung would use his power as president of every club in school to find a way to put Yoongi in oddly arranged situations with said crush. Yoongi found it annoying when Taehyung tried to take matters into his own hands.

“You don’t need to go tell the whole Yearbook committee about it. I don’t want to be featured on that stupid crush confession page,” Yoongi muttered, burrowing himself deeper into his sweatshirt. He really didn’t need this to bite him in the ass. He knew crushing on a guy was dangerous territory, but the guy being a football player made the whole situation worse.

“Youngi, I wouldn’t out you like that. You gotta give me more credit,” Taehyung whined, hurt trickling into his words. Yoongi sighed and walked over to him, pressing his small body up close to Taehyung’s, snuggling into the warmth.

“I didn’t mean to accuse. I’m just… scared. I’m not used to confronting the focus point of all of my daydreams. It’s kind of crazy that he wants to hang out with us-”

Taehyung went stiff and slowly focused his gaze toward Yoongi. His eyes were wide with something menacing. A look Yoongi rarely saw from sweet, sweet Taehyung. “Did you just say… us?”

Yoongi nodded, confusion filling his features as his eyebrows furrowed, peaking past his black bangs. Taehyung tackled Yoongi down onto the bed, his hands gripping his shoulders tightly. Yoongi shrunk underneath Tae’s raging stare.

“The boy you are madly in love with asked to hang out, and you fucking invited me along? Yoongi, what the ever loving fuck is wrong with you!!” Taehyung screamed, practically wailing in agony. He let go of Yoongi, leaving him stunned on his bed. Taehyung frantically paced his room, rambling about having to come up with an excuse not to come. Yoongi groaned and slowly sat up.

“What did you expect me to do? It was already getting a little too gay. I had to cover my tracks,” Yoongi tried to explain himself, but Taehyung only exploded into another frantic rambling about his presence only heightening the already gay atmosphere.

Touché.
Yoongi yawned, the bell ringing slowly rising him from his cat nap on his open text book. Students were cramming the gigantic psychology books into their bags as they ran out the door. Yoongi blinked slowly, taking his sweet time tucking his notebook and textbook into his bag. It was finally the end of the day, the moment Yoongi had been dreading and waiting for.

He walked out of the classroom in a post sleep daze, looking down the hall directly towards Taehyung’s locker out of habit. Tae was frantically shoving books into his silver backpack, motioning and gesturing wildly toward Yoongi about running to a Glee club meeting. Yoongi couldn’t help but smirk as Taehyung whisked down the hallway. Glee club only meets on Wednesdays.

Yoongi kept his head down as he made his way out of the front doors of the school, shouldering past a bunch of farm kids in his path. He drowned out their crude comments with music. He put in his earbuds and blasted deep, rhythmic tunes as he walked down the sidewalk, spotting a beautiful head of light brown hair sitting on a bench nearby. Yoongi let one of his earbuds slip from his ear.

“Did I keep you long?”

Jungkook looked up with wide eyes. “I’ve been out here for ten minutes. I get to leave class early because of the leg. It gets me some sweet perks. Everybody always offers me rides now.”

Jungkook’s bright smile knocked Yoongi out. The kid was fucking beaming on a Monday afternoon, yet Yoongi’s Monday blues seemed to disappear out of thin air. This kid was a goddamn miracle worker.

“Do you want to get a ride? I can swipe Tae’s car keys off him,” Yoongi pointed back at the school, knowing full well Tae was probably off cheering on the cross country team during their practice. It was his favorite past time when he had nothing to do after school. He only did it because of the short shorts the boys wear for their uniform. Swiping his precious car keys would be nothing but simple.

“No, I’ll be fine walking with you. Your house wasn’t too far from the school,” Jungkook slowly got up, bracing himself on his crutches. The two slowly walked towards Yoongi’s house, chatting casually about their day and how stupid their shared Economics teacher was. Jungkook ranted about watching the guys practice on the field while he sat on the bleachers and did nothing. Yoongi understood his pain. It sucked watching from the sidelines when other people do what you love. Yoongi promised Jungkook that he’d be back up and throwing weights around like a fool in no time. Surprisingly, Yoongi was rather enjoying himself instead of nervously fidgeting.

Until those dumb farm kids drove past in their beat up truck.

“Hey, fags! Nice, gay weather we’re having!”

The boys cackled and hollered out the truck windows, blasting some generic country song as they sped away. Yoongi rolled his eyes, disgusted with their lack of creative insults. Instead of hurting his feelings, he felt the bland insults only lowered his IQ. He turned to Jungkook to carry on conversation but came to a screeching halt. Jungkook’s cheeks were bright red and his eyes were filled with anger and a heart wrenching sadness.

“Hey, don’t let their words affect you. Their dumb as shi-”

“You let them say that shit to you?” Jungkook asked, his voice quivering as he stared at Yoongi in disbelief. Yoongi was completely caught off guard. He’d expected Jungkook to feel ashamed or...
maybe act as if Yoongi were some disgusting, vile creature he no longer wanted to be seen with. Perhaps even disregard their comments completely. But this… this was different.

“I mean, I’ve dealt with it since middle school. I’ve learned to shut it out completely,” Yoongi shrugged, feeling completely unaffected by the boys’ words. Jungkook seemed to look even more distraught. Yoongi felt lost. He had no idea what to do.

“One of those guys was on the football team. He called me Golden Guk all the time and said I was going to make it big someday. I thought of him as a good friend but after what just happened, I can never look at him the same,” Jungkook shook his head, his hands squeezing the handles of his crutches. His whole body seemed to tense with anger.

“Let’s just get to the house. Would playing Overwatch make you feel better?”

Jungkook paused, keeping his gaze ahead as he contemplated Yoongi’s words. A small smile curled the ends of his lips ever so slightly. He released a deep sigh and looked back up at Yoongi.

“Fuck yes.”

There was that bright smile.

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“Honey, I’m home! I bring a special delivery for the one and only Jeon Jungkook!” Taehyung screamed as he burst into Yoongi’s room, holding a giant plate filled with chocolate chip cookies that were decorated with frosting messages. The cheerleaders had bombarded Taehyung’s cross country adventure, drilling him with questions about Jungkook’s whereabouts. Apparently, ‘Golden Guk’ stole all the cheerleaders hearts. They felt so sad that Jungkook couldn’t play for the rest of the season, so they thought a fresh batch of chocolate chip cookies would lift his spirits. Taehyung nearly choked when he saw one of the messages on the chocolate chip cookies. Lift his spirits indeed.

On his way home, he quickly stuffed his mouth with the cookies that had some very ‘lifting’ messages so neither Jungkook or Yoongi had to see. He raced across his driveway and Yoongi’s front yard to his house with cookie stuffed in his cheeks. Not bothering to knock, he burst into the house without as much as a wave to Yoongi’s mom in the living room. He bolted downstairs to Yoongi’s room to find it completely empty.

Taehyung looked around in confusion, only spotting little remnants of the two. Jungkook’s letter jacket lay askew on the floor amongst Yoongi’s fluffy blankets, his crutches leaning against Yoongi’s messy desk. Peaking just beneath the jacket, Taehyung spotted one of Yoongi’s notebooks. Taehyung slowly crouched down, shocked to see it was Yoongi’s lyric book lying open. Had he shown them to Jungkook? Taehyung knew Yoongi was already severely whipped for Jungkook, but he never thought he’d be comfortable enough with him to show one of his most secret possessions. It took Yoongi a lot of courage to show Tae. As Taehyung scanned the words, a sudden thought popped into his head. A dangerous one. Taehyung didn’t think it would be true. Yoongi wouldn’t reveal so much of himself to a guy like Jungkook. It just wasn’t possible.

Nevertheless, he had to be sure. Taehyung quickly ran to Yoongi’s closet, finding it already wide open. He gasped in shock as he looked to the floor. It seemed to be a silly sight, but it was so much more for him and for Yoongi.

There on the floor was Yoongi’s Scarlett Johansson and Chris Hemsworth posters.
So... Yoongles really did that

Tae is quaking in his boots.
Yoongi didn’t see it coming. He didn’t think the night would end like this, a heavy weight off his shoulders as he lay in the damp grass to stare at the stars. Jungkook was right beside him, snuggling into the blanket Yoongi had brought out for them to share. It was fairly cold out, but Yoongi didn’t dare complain about the loss of heat when Jungkook snuggled his nose into the blanket’s warmth. His chest radiated with a tingling warmth that replaced the blanket’s heat tenfold. Yoongi smiled as his gaze traveled across the stars.

Earlier, the two had played Overwatch till Jungkook no longer looked ready to snap the controller in half. Jungkook was still fuming and closed off after the stunt the farm kids pulled. Yoongi wasn’t majorly concerned about it, so he assumed a few rounds of Overwatch would appease the kid. Mid-game, Yoongi’s cat, Manhoosh, had climbed onto the back of the couch, scaring the shit out of Jungkook. Yoongi teasingly scolded Mahnoosh’s little trick, but let her crawl into his lap, completely covering his controller with her long fur and outstretched body. Jungkook had completely abandoned the game, his big eyes transfixed on the silver, Persian cat. He gently held out his hand for her to sniff, but she backed away quickly, pressing herself against Yoongi’s tummy.

“Mahnoosh is a little shy, but if you feed her goldfish, she’ll love you forever-”

“Where do you keep the goldfish?” Jungkook interrupted quickly, his wide eyes looking around frantically. Yoongi pointed to the tin jar next to the tv, watching as Jungkook practically threw himself toward it. He fumbled with his crutches, cursing under his breath as he hobbled towards it. He grabbed a handful of the goldfish crackers, slowly approaching Mahnoosh with his hand outstretched. She inspected the goldfish carefully, sniffing them thoroughly. After a few minutes of Jungkook waiting in anticipation, she slowly began to nibble on the goldfish he had for her. A tiny mewl of excitement escaped Jungkook’s pressed lips. Yoongi smiled in amusement.

“What do you like cats?”

Jungkook’s fond smile grew as Mahnoosh became more confident with her bites. “I’ve always had a soft spot for animals; I’ve always found them to be much better companions than some people. I didn’t even notice you had a cat. She’s gorgeous,” Jungkook sighed in satisfaction, resting his head.
on his fist while he watched Mahnoosh munch happily. “How’d you come up with her name? I’ve never heard of anything like it.”

“Something Taehyung came up with. He scoured all of Google to try and find the most beautiful, and unique name he could come up with. He came up with Mahnoosh which sticks to her roots very well. It’s a Persian name which he apparently found lots of different translations for. Some sites said it meant beautiful girl, moon, or sweeter than the sun. Honestly, Mahnoosh fits perfectly into any of those translations,” Yoongi smiled fondly down at his precious kitten, watching her slowly retract from Jungkook and throw herself back onto his lap. Instinctively, his hand came down to her chest and gently scratched her.

“How long have you had her?” Jungkook’s voice was distinctly quieter as he watched Yoongi and Mahnoosh interact. The kitten was so calm and content with Yoongi which made Jungkook’s heart sing. It was a precious sight to see.

“I got her when I was twelve so I’ve had her about six years now. She’s probably my closest friend alongside Taehyung,” Yoongi confessed, uttering a stream of curses in his head for saying something stupidly pathetic. He really sounded like a total loser.

“You two must trust each other a lot…” Jungkook’s sentence slowly trailed away as his eyes made contact with Mahnoosh’s. He held her steady gaze, a crestfallen look taking over his smile when the kitten seemed to edge herself away from Jungkook even more.

“Don’t worry, Jungkook. She’ll get used to you soon. It only took a couple weeks for her to warm up to Tae,” Yoongi smiled when Jungkook groaned in frustration and fell onto the floor in exaggerated exasperation.

Soon enough, Yoongi’s mom came home, bearing gifts of endless takeout. The two teens piled their plates high as their mouths watered. Yoongi helped Jungkook with his dishes, walking toward the stairs that led down to his room when he noticed Jungkook wasn’t behind him. He peeked his head back into the kitchen, confused as he watched Jungkook hobble towards the dining room table. After Jungkook successfully managed to seat himself, he looked over to Yoongi with an expectant smile. Normally, Yoongi would quietly thank his mom for dinner and quickly take his helping down to his room. He liked being alone, but Jungkook seems to enjoy pushing him out of his comfort zone.

Yoongi’s mother watched in shock as her son sat himself at the dinner table, happily stuffing food in his mouth. Jungkook was really working miracles in this house.

After their stomachs settled, the two eventually migrated down to Yoongi’s room for peace and quiet. Yoongi and Jungkook were in the midst of conversation when Jungkook slowly began to drift. The warmth of the steamy noodles and hearty soups seemed to ease Jungkook into the perfect slumber. Yoongi felt entirely content as he watched Jungkook curl in on himself on top of Yoongi’s comforter.

It felt strange at first, but Yoongi took this time to take a really good look at Jungkook. He was sitting amongst the pillows at the head of his bed, giving him the perfect view of Jungkook’s sleeping form. He watched as Jungkook’s chest slowly rose and fell, his lips parting as he breathed. If Yoongi looked hard enough, he could see the faintest dusting of freckles on the kid’s cheeks. His light brown hair was extremely fluffy; just the sight of it made Yoongi’s fingers itch with the need to run them through Jungkook’s hair. Jungkook’s round nose delighted Yoongi and his precious puffy cheeks had his heart quenching.

Yoongi quickly reached into the drawer of his nightstand, his hand blindly searching for his leatherbound notebook. He pulled it out and opened it to the previous page he was working on. He violently scribbled away the unfinished words on the page, and began to write.
It had nearly been an hour when Jungkook began to stir, slowly rising from sleep. His eyes fluttered open slowly and his hands rubbed at his face. His fingers got tangled in his hair, forcing a few clumps to stick up in a disastrous mess. Yoongi hid a smile as Jungkook slowly came to his senses. He found the sight incredibly endearing, especially appreciating the small mewls that escaped Jungkook’s lips.

“How long was I out?” Jungkook asked, looking around for his phone to check the time.

“Don’t worry about it, you didn’t sleep long at all. You needed some rest,” Yoongi closed his notebook, keeping it close to his chest. Jungkook rubbed at his eyes as he yawned, a sleepy smile spreading across his face. Yoongi grabbed Jungkook’s phone off of the nightstand and handed it to him. “Your mom has been spamming you with texts and calls. I didn’t know if I should have answered her or not.”

Jungkook rolled his eyes and quickly texted his mother back. “She goes a little crazy whenever I’m at someone’s house and I don’t check in every two hours. She’s one of those crazy, white suburban moms that hover too much,” Jungkook grumbled as his thumbs tapped rapidly on his phone screen. Yoongi nodded in understanding, asking softly, “Does she want you home?”

He really hoped Jungkook could stay.

Jungkook threw his phone to the side of Yoongi’s bed, groaning in exasperation. “No, I can stay for another two hours if it’s okay with your mom. She just freaks out sometimes. It’s like she thinks that I’m more susceptible to drugs or some other bad shit because I’m her adoptive son. It’s like she doesn’t trust me no matter what I’m doing or where I’m at,” Jungkook muttered, a bite to each of his words. As if to avoid the conversation, he rolled himself deeper into Yoongi’s covers. Yoongi folded his legs close to his body, inching himself closer to Jungkook’s side.

“I didn’t know you were adopted,” Yoongi responded, testing the waters with his words. He had no idea Jungkook was adopted. Yoongi was nervous to press for more information, not wanting Jungkook to think he was being an ignorant asshole. He knew life sucked with overprotective parents, but adoptive overprotective parents sounded like a new kind of hell to him. Yoongi didn’t want to press any buttons that Jungkook didn’t want prying hands on. He kept his mouth shut as Jungkook finally spoke up.

“I am, but it’s not a big deal to me. Mom and dad adopted me because mom is infertile and she was desperate to have a kid of her own. They adopted me specifically because of my troubled past I guess. Mom is a specialized children’s therapist, so she thought she would be able to give me a safer childhood,” Jungkook paused and looked toward the ceiling. His eyes fluttered close as he took deep, heavy breaths. His jaw tightened and his fingers found their way back into his hair. Yoongi wasn’t sure if he was trying to stop himself from crying or lashing out in anger.

“It’s kind of a bullshit reason to adopt me… but I kind of get it. She wanted to ‘fix’ some broken kid,” Jungkook chuckled humorlessly, releasing his fingers from his hair to rest behind his head. A wave of calm washed over Jungkook, his entire body relaxing, sinking down into the blankets.

Yoongi frowned, watching Jungkook’s brightness completely diminish. He dared to press further. “Do you sometimes wish they didn’t adopt you?”

The room became completely silent, but instead of Jungkook’s features hardening or blowing up in
anger, Jungkook looked oddly reminiscent. It was a weighted question, but Jungkook looked ready to answer. “Not as much as when I was younger. When I was in middle school I tried to run away multiple times. Now, I normally feel like that whenever Mom and I get into a big fight. She’ll try to fix all my problems with her PhD in Children’s Psychology when I just want to handle them on my own or eat enough ice cream till I forget about them. It’s mostly only hate for raising me in this shithole of a town,” Jungkook muttered the last sentence, his gaze drifting to anywhere but Yoongi.

Yoongi reached out, his hand gently holding on to Jungkook’s bicep. His grip was firm but gentle. “You ever need a break, call me, kid,” Yoongi released a soft chuckle, fondness creeping across his smile and into his heart, “I know Taehyung already gave you my number. Bug me whenever you want to or need to. I’ll always respond.”

Jungkook’s frown slowly curled into a smile. “Thank you,” Jungkook released his breath, his brilliant smile shining in all of its glory, “Sorry if that was a lot. I kind of just threw all my shit out there and this was our first official hang out day too, I just-” Jungkook paused, opening and closing his mouth as he debated his next words. Yoongi felt his heart rate increase rapidly as he waited, watching Jungkook as he struggled to find the words he wanted to say. Once Jungkook’s eyes landed on him, it felt like he was hit by a bus. His heart felt like it stopped beating completely once he looked into Jungkook’s wide, brown eyes.

“I trust you,” Jungkook smiled warmly, keeping his soft gaze on Yoongi. He looked completely calm as Yoongi’s brain felt dizzy from thought. His mind was working a mile a minute, his worries whizzing around his head as he struggled to respond. This was territory Yoongi didn’t know how to work in.

Luckily for Yoongi, his door slowly creaked open, drawing Jungkook’s attention away from his shaking form. Yoongi felt instant relief as his precious Mahnoosh slowly sauntered into the room, her big eyes dragging over the two boys. Yoongi wanted to outstretch his arms for Mahnoosh to jump into. He wanted to feel her soft fur against his skin, find comfort in her gentle heart. Mahnoosh gracefully jumped up onto the bed, gently pawing up to Yoongi, nuzzling her cheek against his knee. Before Yoongi had the chance to scoop her up into his arms, she cautiously walked toward Jungkook’s face, sniffing him before nuzzling her head against Jungkook’s chubby cheek. Yoongi watched in shock as she made herself at home on top of Jungkook’s chest. A quiet, excited squeal squeaked out of Jungkook, his bottom lip caught between his teeth as he gently pet Mahnoosh, her purrs filling the room.

Yoongi had a hard time comprehending how open and extroverted his usually shy kitten was being. Mahnoosh must have felt rather fond of Jungkook for her to trust him so fully. Jungkook was happily scratching at her belly that she gratefully exposed to him. Yoongi felt his chest ache at the sight, perhaps even a small sting of jealousy somewhere deep in his mind. A content sigh blew past Yoongi’s lips as he relaxed his tense shoulders, leaning back against the wall. Watching Jungkook and Mahnoosh put Yoongi’s heart at ease. If Mahnoosh trusted Jungkook, maybe he could too.

“Jungkook?”

Jungkook hummed in response, lifting his head up to Yoongi, an ecstatic smile spread across his glowing face. Yoongi nearly had another heart attack before responding.

“I trust you too. C’mere, I’ve got something to show you.”

After taking a leap of faith, Yoongi let his heart lead and trust Jungkook with some of his secrets. He exposed parts of himself he only trusted Taehyung with and honestly, it was less scary than he thought it would be. Jungkook listened wholeheartedly, his smile never leaving his face. Jungkook continually showered Yoongi with praise for his bravery, his beautiful heart, and other compliments.
that turned Yoongi red.

“Yoongi, can we go outside and talk? I need some fresh air,” Jungkook asked, slowly standing to his feet, one of Yoongi’s lyric books in hand. Before Yoongi could respond, Jungkook was already off, hobbling out the door, ditching his crutches without a second thought. Desperate to stay by Jungkook’s side, Yoongi quickly followed, snatching a blanket from his bed. Dumb kid, left his letter jacket somewhere. He’d get cold.

Yoongi carefully led Jungkook out to the backyard, both of them lying down in the grass, snuggling under the blankets warmth. Jungkook read through Yoongi’s lyrics with him, complimenting his handiwork numerous times till Yoongi felt his heart might explode with adoration and fullness. What Yoongi liked about Jungkook was that he didn’t push. Jungkook didn’t ask about why he wrote, what he wrote for, how he used his words. Yoongi felt he spoke enough to him tonight. He knew Jungkook would let him speak on his own time and share when he felt comfortable. It put Yoongi to ease.

Under the stars they stayed, small giggles and whispers drifting across the breeze, through the kitchen window for Taehyung and Yoongi’s mom to hear. Small smiles etched across their faces as they watched their Yoongi begin to bloom under the delicate light of the galaxy spread across the sky.

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Three weeks past by in a flurry, leaves beginning to fall from the trees as the winds grow colder. A day of sun can look deceiving as cold fronts fly through, frosting over shriveling grass and dying flowers. Reds, yellows, and oranges paint the streets and sidewalks, contrasting with the black and blue of a leather jacket and a varsity sports jacket walking in the midst of the sea of color.

Yoongi and Jungkook have started a tradition of walking to school together despite Taehyung’s insisting of going to school with him in his shitty PT Cruiser. Yoongi wouldn’t have turned down Taehyung if it weren’t for Jungkook’s pout, claiming the fresh air would be good for him. Taehyung watched with a smirk, finding satisfaction from Yoongi caving almost immediately when Jungkook’s bottom lip began to tremble.

It was nice, though. Yoongi found himself waking to the new day without a heavy heart. He doesn’t feel such burden in the blinding rays that peek through his curtains and shine in his eyes. He gets ready quicker than ever and always ignores his mother when she attempts to confront him about the sparkle in his eye and the smile on his face. He races out the door with a burnt slice of toast between his teeth, his backpack unzipped and barely on his arms when he finds a smiling Jungkook waiting on the front porch, still leaning heavily on his crutches. Even though the walk is barely ten minutes, Yoongi finds it to be the best part of his day. Though, once the two step into the school, Jungkook gets pulled away by the football guys. He knows it isn’t Jungkook’s fault, but he loses his smile once Jungkook leaves. It isn’t until lunch when Yoongi can see Taehyung or Jungkook again.

“Why can’t he come sit with us?” Yoongi grumbles, his eyes glued to the football players’ table, Jungkook in the midst of the rowdy boys with a huge, mischievous grin on his face. He doesn’t miss the way Jungkook eyes the soccer boys’ table, spoon full of applesauce in one hand and grapes in the other.

“Because all you do during lunch is brood and slowly eat a peanut butter and jelly sandwich,” Taehyung mutters as he sifts through multiple homework sheets, going back and forth between his own work and his friends’.

Yoongi hated lunch the most. He hated sitting with Taehyung’s student council and artsy friends. He hates how whenever Taehyung is too busy to notice, his ‘choir friends’ throw disgusted looks his
way. He glares just as hard, if not more deadly. He’d rather be by himself, reading a book, listening
to music, or sitting in one of the practice rooms with Taehyung. Or…

Yoongi looks back over to Jungkook. The principal was currently scolding the boys for their
applesauce brawl with the soccer boys. Yoongi chuckled, noticing how Jungkook looked the least
bit sorry for it.

“Are you going to the game tonight?” Taehyung’s deep voice brushed against Yoongi’s ear, sending
chills down his spine. He cursed, shoving Taehyung away from his side. Yoongi pretended to not
notice the smirk on Tae’s face. He pretended his heart didn’t race at the thought of seeing Jungkook
in his football uniform again. Yoongi’s been pretending not to notice a lot of his odd behavior
recently.

“No, I have homework,” Yoongi muttered, his eyes drifting back to Jungkook who was basically
inhaling two pathetic looking hamburgers at once, the football guys laughing hysterically. Taehyung
barked a laugh, letting himself completely lean on Yoongi’s side as he eyed Jungkook’s lunch table.

“That is total bullshit and you know it, Yoon. You need to go, it’s Guk’s last game of the season,”
Taehyung whined, jutting out his bottom lip in a furious pout. Yoongi was immune to it after he
began pulling that shit when they were both young. Also, when did Taehyung and Jungkook get to
cute nickname basis? When Taehyung realized Yoongi wasn’t even considering it, he went for a low
blow.

“Ya know, Gukkie has been asking about you after all his games. He always comes up to me with
his big eyes and he looks so happy, but then when he realizes you’re not there… he frowns and
looks like he’s about to cry,” Taehyung mumbled, casually glancing over his nails, acting as if his
statement wouldn’t throw a jab at Yoongi’s heart at all.

Yoongi, of course,

felt immediately washed over with guilt. His conscience couldn’t stand the pain
of being the reason for Jungkook frowning. Even if it was about something as minute as not showing
up to games Jungkook didn’t even get to play in.

“If I go, you better by me a whole fucking pizza from concessions,” Yoongi rolled his eyes, looking
down at Taehyung with the nastiest glare he could muster. Taehyung only giggled at him.

“I’ll buy you a pizza if you let me dress you up. There’s no way in hell I’m letting you go to the
game looking like a washed out teenage vampire,” Taehyung batted at Yoongi’s bangs, and poked at
his cheeks. Yoongi scoffed in disgust.

“A pizza and two ice cream sandwiches.”

“Done. I’ll be over around 5:30 with blue and yellow glitter and lots of facepaint.”

Yoongi groaned, throwing his face into his hands as he wondered why he was only doing this in the
hopes of capturing Jungkook’s attention.

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Yoongi’s eyes startled back toward the microwave, slowly coming down from his thoughts as he
reached for his steaming bowl of ramen. Handling it with a hot pad, he took the bowl out with
cautions, slamming the microwave door with his wrist. His stomach rumbled as he stirred his noodles,
carefully blowing at a bite he picked up with his chopsticks. Before he could start his dinner, the
doorbell rang. Yoongi’s mother’s humming stopped as she slowly rose from the couch to look out
the window to see who it was. Yoongi glanced at the time on the microwave and his eyes widened.

The neon green 5:30 taunted him as Taehyung began to kick at the front door, demanding to be let in. Yoongi was still hoping he’d get away with staying home, texting Jungkook a good luck and great job before and after the game. Of course, the universe wasn’t one to let Yoongi get away easy with anything.

“Thank you, Mrs. Min, Yoongi would have let me freeze to death out there. I brought pizza and cinnamon rolls as a peace offering for what I’m about to do to your son.”

“Please Taehyung, for the last time, call me Carol.”

Yoongi quickly tried to retreat down to his room before Taehyung spotted him, but his mother quickly caught the hood of his sweatshirt. He sighed in defeat, looking up to his mother with pleading eyes. When she returned his pitiful expression with a hard glare, he rolled his eyes and turned to Taehyung. He raised an unamused eyebrow at Taehyung’s extremely over the top ensemble.

Taehyung’s silver hair was tied up into space buns, blue and gold glitter seemed to be woven in to the strands of his hair. Blue and gold streaks of face paint colored his cheeks with even more blue and gold glitter designs framing his eyes. He was cozily dressed, wearing a pair of blue and gold striped overalls with a fuzzy black sweater underneath. What shocked Yoongi most was the six duffel bags he was currently struggling to keep a good grip on.

“Stop staring and start helping. I have a lot to do to you in thirty minutes,” Taehyung lost his grip on two duffel bags, whining when they tumbled to the floor. Yoongi quickly scooped them up and ushered Taehyung down the stairs before his mother forced her unimportant input into Taehyung’s work. He didn’t need his mother giving him any more insane ideas he would regret later.

“Please, for the love of Satan, please don’t put glitter in my hair,” Yoongi pleaded, dropping the duffel bags onto his messy bed. Taehyung only giggled in response.

“What’s the fun in that?” he nearly doubled over in laughter after seeing Yoongi’s horrified expression when he pulled out a curling iron from one of the bags.

After thirty minutes of constant outfit changes, frantic hair curling, glitter spillings, and face paint smearing, Taehyung and Yoongi were out the door, packing everything they needed back into Taehyung’s ugly PT Cruiser. Yoongi wanted the Earth to swallow him whole when his mother ran out of the house, demanding the boys stay for a few pictures. Yoongi forced a smile when Carol shouted across the lawn at him, spewing meaningless threats if he didn’t act decently excited in the picture.

Once they boys got into the car and sped off toward the football field, Yoongi’s phone lit up with messages from his mother. He scrolled through the pictures that she sent, carefully evaluating how he looked. For once, he looked like he seemed alive to the world. Taehyung had dressed him in black jeans that had subtle hints of gold glitter on them. His body seemed to drown in a large baby blue sweatshirt that hung from his shoulders sweetly. A black beanie topped his head, his curly bangs sticking out the front, strategically placed in front of his eyes by Taehyung. Blue and gold face paint streaked across his cheeks and blue and yellow glow stick necklaces hung from his neck. The makeup Taehyung forced onto his face seemed to liven up his usual ghostly pale complexion. Taehyung had made him wear their high school’s most iconic merch which was their blue and gold fingerless gloves. Yoongi hated to say it, but he looked hot as hell despite all the facepaint.

“Told you I’d make you fucking hot. I’m a goddamn miracle worker,” Taehyung retorted, a bright
smile on his face as he pulled into the school parking lot, blasting some pre-game hype music. Yoongi chuckled, and let his eyes fall shut. Maybe this wouldn’t be as bad as he thought. He could handle being surrounded by people he hated for the sake of Jungkook.

Taehyung and Yoongi got out of the car, blue and gold blankets in hand and a few signs Taehyung made for the student section tonight. Yoongi didn’t find it important to mention the sign for Jungkook that Taehyung seemed to keep hiding behind the rest of the obnoxiously glittery posters.

As they finally neared the field, Yoongi began to hear it. The low rumbling of the stands, and the heavy beats of some Queen song blaring through the field speakers. Cheers began to erupt from the stands as cheerleaders screamed their chants over the noise. Yoongi tried not to wince, but he was already dreading the night awaiting him. The noise from the entrance to the field and bleachers was already giving him a headache. Taehyung seemed entirely captivated by it as he quickly led Yoongi to the stands and to the front of the student section.

Taehyung shoved his way through, muttering meaningless apologies as he pulled Yoongi into the empty bleacher spaces his student council friends left open for him. Yoongi immediately felt out of place, fumbling with the poster Taehyung shoved in his hand, and glancing around in confusion when the student section chanted memorized cheers. He wasn’t used to being surrounded by Taehyung and other student council kids who seemed buzzed with energy. Freshmen far behind them were growing restless.

The noise seemed unbearable. Once the game started, the student section was on and off their feet, screaming chants and doing actions Yoongi had no idea how to do do. Yoongi tried to fake it as best as he could, but any kid there could see that he had never done this before. Yoongi felt like he was drowning, feeling too many confused or angry glances sent his way. He knew he wasn’t the best at the cheers and being pumped up, but he still felt like disappearing when someone glared at him. He wasn’t in the fighting mood. Yoongi was about to push his way back through the stands until he heard his name being screeched from across the field. He snapped his head toward the game, looking directly at Jungkook who waved his arms wildly from the bench he sat on.

Yoongi glued his eyes to Jungkook like a lifeline, slowly feeling his panic and uncomfortableness slowly wash away as Jungkook continued to smile at him from all the way across the field. From what Yoongi could tell, his hair was a mess, multiple players ruffled his hair affectionately as they walked past. Despite being out of the game he dominated, Jungkook still gleamed with pride. Yoongi raised the sign Taehyung had made for Jungkook up high, reaching up to the sky on his tiptoes to ensure Jungkook saw it.

Yoongi felt his chest engulf in flames when he saw Jungkook throw his head back from laughter. He had no idea what the sign said, but Yoongi didn’t care what it was. All that mattered was that Jungkook found it endearing or hilarious. Yoongi felt pride and contentment swell in his chest as the game continued. He let his gaze linger on Jungkook, watching him whenever he stumbled up onto his crutches, cheering for his team whenever they made an excellent play. Jungkook would scream and shout from the sidelines, hobbling up to the players to high five them or quick whisper a play in their ears.

As halftime quickly rolled around and ended, Yoongi began to feel much more relaxed. He was screaming Jungkook’s name and number, acting as if he was running the whole damn show. Yoongi stomped with the student section, screamed when he couldn’t remember cheer lyrics, and enjoyed the game more than he thought he ever would. Maybe it was the nice ego boost he got from multiple girls coming up to him, casually asking to blow him under the bleachers. Maybe it was the tipsy compliments Taehyung gave him after drinking two beers smuggled in by the soccer boys behind them. Whatever it was, Yoongi never wanted this feeling to fade away.
Yoongi's happy but not for LOOONNGGGGG

:(
I want to help you

Chapter Summary

Yoongi’s not sure who to blame.

Chapter Notes

I’M SORRY THIS TOOK SO LONG FORGIVE ME
this chapter has been troublesome for me...I was having a hard time finding a story
progression I liked. I kept deleting multiple chapters I had written and just couldn't find
satisfaction, but now....

IT’S HERE.

I'm more prepared for story progression in these next couple chapters so it will be more
frequent updates. thank you for reading :') i love you guys

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It was another win in the books for the Panthers, earning the highest honorable title of State Champs.
And Jungkook missed it.

Coach sent him in early, giving him a head start to the locker rooms due to his leg. Only 5 more
weeks Jungkook would chant over and over in his head, counting down days and hours till he had
his freedom again. He wanted to sprint across the field with his teammates in practice, and
relentlessly pound through multiple drills. Instead, he sat and watched, shouting some teasing
remarks or words of encouragement when someone looked ready to vomit their entire lunch on the
side of the field. Jungkook hated being benched, but he didn’t want to whine. He didn’t want to be
that little sophomore that complained every minute he didn’t get playing time. Earning the spot as
quarterback completely caught him by surprise, so he treasured his position. He wouldn’t make any
mistake that would let doubt slowly creep in to the coaches minds. He couldn’t risk it.

Yet, here he is, holding in his tears in the locker room as he heard the muffled screams and shouts of
victory from the stands and no doubt his teammates. All because of his damn leg. The one time
Jungkook didn’t check his sides, and he was taken out like a weak little flower. Damaged so easily.
He thought #81 had his back, but Jungkook thought just maybe that player didn’t hear the play called
out. Maybe the play didn’t have his side covered.

Jungkook wasn’t looking to blame anyone anymore. He no longer felt angry about what happened,
but he still felt unbearably sad. He missed being the golden component of the team that everyone
cheered for. No one really gave him special attention after breaking his leg. Except...

The football team came barrelling into the locker room, whooping and hollering about their triumph
in the game. They shoved each other teasingly, huge smiles on their faces as they congratulated each
other. Jungkook smiled painfully, reaching for his crutches so he could get to his feet. Before he
could get himself upright, his locker buddy, Brandon (also known as #46), shoved him back down
“Hey kid, why’d coach send you in early?” Brandon sat right beside him, stripping off his jersey and shedding his padding. He ruffled Jungkook’s hair out of affection, looking mildly concerned about Jungkook’s crestfallen expression.

“He said he didn’t want me to get trampled on my way back to the locker room,” Jungkook muttered, picking at a loose thread from his football pants. Brandon sighed, wrapping an arm around Jungkook’s hunched shoulders. Jungkook didn’t lean in. Brandon was nice and all, but he never felt comfortable sharing too much with him.

“We ran back to the benches looking for you, but we had to lift Tiny up onto our shoulders instead,” Brandon huffed a laugh, causing Jungkook to break into a small grin. Tiny was their smallest team member despite being a senior. He got so much shit for being a solid 5’6” when Jungkook, being a sophomore, towered over him by at least five more inches.

“Bet he liked that,” Jungkook snickered when he heard Tiny’s voice across the locker room scream profanities at Tyler, their stand in quarterback.

“You comin’ to the celebration party over at Andrews? Heard the cheerleaders were looking forward to see you coming,” Brandon nudged Jungkook’s side, smirking wildly. Jungkook felt his insides twist. He absolutely hated the football parties. He loves the fun shit the guys pull at lunch or during practice but once alcohol is in their systems and a cheerleader is on their side, they reach a level of idiotic that he doesn’t know how to handle. Jungkook can’t stand the smell of alcohol on people’s breaths, hates the booming music, and doesn’t like the wandering hands.

“Can’t. Mom says I gotta go home and spend time with her and Dad,” Jungkook huffed, acting as if not going to the party would be the worst thing in the world. Brandon groaned in frustration, trading his gear for a clean set of clothes and shower supplies from his duffel bag.

“You can’t just sneak out later? Carly’s parents aren’t home so we’ll be partying later than usual,” Brandon leaned against his locker, eyeing Jungkook with a raised eyebrow. Jungkook shifted uneasily under his gaze, letting his eyes fall to the floor.

“No way, man. Mom’s a light sleeper and I got this thing on,” Jungkook knocked his knuckles against his leg boot,”I’d make too much noise,” Jungkook forced a laugh, opening his locker to grab his duffel bag. He didn’t bother to change. He felt pathetic when the guys watched him struggle to put his pants on over his boot. Brandon rolled his eyes and stalked off to the showers.

“What ever, Golden Boy. Call us when you’re no longer pussy to sneak out!”

Jungkook heaved a sigh, grabbing the rest of his things as well as his varsity jacket before slowly making his way out of the locker rooms. He wanted to cry, to hide under his blankets so this horrible sinking feeling in his chest would go away. He loved playing football, but his teammates were blind and selfish. They didn’t care to comfort when someone was obviously upset. No weakness, more manly. They released their pent up emotions it out in the game instead of talking it out, confiding in one another. Jungkook was taught to talk his feelings out.

Out of the locker rooms, the chilly fall air slapped Jungkook in the face. The sky was pitch black and clouds hung low in the sky. Leaves skittered across the ground in the wind, only adding to the doom and gloom swirling in his head. Jungkook shivered as he swung on his crutches toward the parking lot, stopping to check his phone to see if his mom had texted she was there. He scanned the emptying lot, looking for the familiar white mini van in the midst of the few cars left when a pair of arms wrapped around his torso. Jungkook yelped, turning frantically to try and hit the person with his
“Woah, Gukkie! Calm down, it’s just me!” Taehyung giggled, latching himself back onto Jungkook, squeezing him tightly. Jungkook sighed in relief, letting his tense shoulders drop. He let himself swim in Taehyung’s warmth.

“Congrats on the win! That was the best game ever!” Taehyung released Jungkook from his tight hold, pulling his blue and gold bomber jacket tighter around his small frame. Tae’s hair was wild, his space buns a complete disaster, somehow still managing to stay on top of his head. The blue and gold face paint was smeared around his cheeks and forehead, glitter practically coating him from head to toe. Taehyung’s lips were puffy and swollen, not to mention the presence of a new purple mark that lay on the base of his neck.

“Thanks, Tae. It seemed like...a lot of fun.”

“Jungkook, if this is you smoothly trying to ask if I had sex under the bleachers then yes, as a matter of fact, I did,” Taehyung lifted his head proudly, smiling in satisfaction when Jungkook flushed and stuttered from his unrelenting bluntness.

“Oh my god- wait who- who the fuck did you do it with?” Jungkook stammered, eyes widening.

“Wait did you do it with Yoongi?” Jungkook whispered, looking around the parking lot to make sure no one was listening.

Taehyung choked out a laugh, nearly tumbling to the ground from the intensity. Jungkook felt slightly ashamed for assuming, but Tae seemed to get a kick out of it if his loud, belly laughs were anything to go by.

“Why the fuck would I have sex with Yoongi? You see a guy’s dick twelve times and everyone thinks you’re fuckin’”

“You’ve seen Yoongi’s dick twelve times?” Jungkook interrupted, his entire body still in disbelief.

“That’s not the point, Jungkook. I’m trying to say-”

“Is it big?” Jungkook was looking up at Tae with wide eyes that he just couldn’t deny.

“...yes,”

“What’s big?”

Jungkook nearly tripped over his own crutch, startled by Yoongi’s sudden appearance. Yoongi only chuckled, reaching out his hands to help Jungkook steady himself back onto his crutches. Jungkook felt his cheeks flush as he situated himself with Yoongi’s guiding hands. He cleared his throat and quickly muttered, “Don’t worry about it,”

Yoongi shrugged, ignoring the pointed smirks from Taehyung.

“Congrats on the win, Jungkook. I didn’t see you out on the field once your kicker got the winning field goal though. Where did you go?” Yoongi questioned, his eyebrows creasing in confusion when Jungkook’s face erupted in brilliance, his smile blinding.

“You stayed for the whole game?” Jungkook eyes sparkled, even in the dark. His words were whispered delicately into the wind, filled with unrepressed joy and hope.
“Well, of course,” Yoongi huffed a small laugh, “why else do you think I’m wearing blue and gold face paint?” Jungkook cutely hiccuped a few giggles, making Yoongi’s heart stop.

“Thanks for coming to my game,” Jungkook muttered fondly, shining eyes looking brightly up at Yoongi. He felt caught off guard with Jungkook staring at him like he’s his inspiration, his role model. An unsure smile spread across Yoongi’s face. Before he knew it, Jungkook was pulling him into a tight hug, his crutches clattering to the pavement. Yoongi allowed himself, just this once, to sink into Jungkook’s strong arms and embrace the admiration. He allowed himself to welcome his warmth instead of run from it.

“Thank you, hyung,” Jungkook muttered into Yoongi’s shoulder, letting his head bury further into Yoongi’s neck. Taehyung’s sickly sweet smile drops off his face, a look of shock taking its place. Yoongi’s eyes widened at the honorific, looking toward Tae with a lost glance. Neither one of them has heard or used the title in years.

It was strange to hear, but Yoongi felt his stomach squeeze and a sickening sweetness clog his brain. Hearing the word from Jungkook’s mouth brought back a tidal wave of past emotions he wasn’t ready to deal with, but Jungkook’s tight hold seemed to push those to the back of Yoongi’s mind. He’d think about them later. As of now, Yoongi lowered his head onto Jungkook’s shoulder, smiling fondly when he felt Jungkook’s body shift to comfortably fit against Yoongi. Yoongi closed his eyes and inhaled, savoring this moment for however long he had it.

“Uh, sorry to ruin the moment but Yoongi, our curfew is in two minutes,” Taehyung looked at his phone, showing the time to Yoongi with mildly terrified eyes. Yoongi cursed under his breath and reluctantly pulled himself away from Jungkook.

“Shit, you guys better go,” Jungkook cleared his throat, awkwardly looking away from Yoongi. He struggled to get back on his crutches, his duffel bag slipping off his shoulder. Both Taehyung and Yoongi shared a look.

“You’re coming with us, Golden Boy. Fuck curfews anyway. Oh! And text your mom about having a sleepover at Yoongi’s,” Taehyung chirped, quickly leading Jungkook and Yoongi towards his car, helping Jungkook stuff his bag into the trunk. Jungkook tried to protest, but Taehyung wasn’t having it. They weren’t about to leave the poor boy out in the cold waiting for his mom to come pick him up.

As Tae pulled out of the parking lot, Yoongi spoke up from the passenger seat, “Hey, care to share who gave you that hickey, Tae? Looks like you had fun after you ditched me.”

Jungkook and Yoongi snickered when a pink flush spread across Taehyung’s face paint covered cheeks and down his neck.

“Save it for the sleepover, you two,” Taehyung couldn’t resist the urge to smile at the two boys currently lighting his car up with their smiles.

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After Jungkook got permission from his mom, the boys stumbled into Yoongi’s house with a new buzz of excitement over their first sleepover together. With a light scolding from Carol, the boys hushed their excited voices as they made their way into the basement. Taehyung and Jungkook threw their bags into Yoongi’s room and decided shower rotations by a quick game of rock, paper, scissors.

Once Jungkook stepped into the bathroom and shut the door, Taehyung nearly tackled Yoongi on
“Did you see that? The kid fucking beamed like the sun when he figured out you were there for the whole game. Min Yoongi, that kid is whipped as hell,” Taehyung slapped Yoongi’s arm excitedly, his wet hair dripping onto Yoongi’s face.

“He called me hyung, Tae. No one has called me that in years,” Yoongi whispered, letting his gaze drift to the side to stare at his lyric book that lay open on his desk. He let a small smile quirk his lips.

“I know… it was almost weird to hear,” Taehyung whispered back, falling to Yoongi’s side. He let his fingers dance across Yoongi’s stomach. Both the boys felt themselves drift into distant memories of when they lived back home in Daegu where they weren’t outcasts. Back home where being in high school may have been a little easier.

“I never realized how much I missed hearing it until he said it,” Yoongi muttered, turning his head back to Taehyung. He gauged Tae’s reaction, watching his best friend steal his emotions behind a mask. Taehyung never really liked talking about their lives in Daegu, but Yoongi still wished he would open himself up and let Yoongi in. Yoongi wanted to urge him to reveal his feelings, but now wasn’t the time. Both of them could hear Jungkook’s singing through the wall.

After a few moments of silence, Taehyung spoke up again, “Jungkook’s been good to you. I like having him around all the time here or at school. He makes you a lot happier, makes you smile, almost more than I can,” Taehyung huffed a small, humorless laugh. Yoongi let Taehyung’s words sink in. He knows Taehyung is true. He’s been a lot happier at school, and he doesn’t feel like a thousand pairs of eyes were staring at him at all times of the day. He felt less cornered. Yoongi felt like he could breathe easier at school with Jungkook around.

“I don’t want to lose him, Tae,” Yoongi cringed at the way his voice shook and how his hands seemed to tremble at the thought. He was worried he was latching onto Jungkook too fast. He didn’t want to drive Jungkook away with his problems or even worse, his not-so-tiny crush.

Before Taehyung could reply, they heard the shower turn off. They both steeled away their emotions, quickly taking their conversation to a lighter tone as they waited for Jungkook. In only a few minutes, he waltzed into Yoongi’s bedroom, wet hair dripping onto his bare chest.

“Sorry, I uh forgot to take a shirt into the bathroom with me,” Jungkook’s cheeks were bright pink as he quickly rummaged through his duffel bag for a clean shirt he stashed for after practices and games. Taehyung whistled, making teasing remarks to ease Jungkook’s uncomfortableness. As Taehyung and Jungkook laughed together, Yoongi let his eyes wander.

For a sophomore, Jungkook was jacked as hell. The kid was built but still lacked in full body maturity; it was evident he was getting there. His back muscles were beautifully defined for his age, and his abs were softly carved, no sharp definition to them yet. His chest was firm and biceps weren’t far from bulging. Still damp from the shower, his chest shone in the light of the lamp on Yoongi’s desk. Yoongi watched as droplets of water slowly slipped down Jungkook’s pecs, and into the small divots defining his abs. Yoongi nearly whined in protest when Jungkook slipped a black t-shirt over his body.

“Alright, boys, find a pillow pile. It’s gossip time,” Taehyung rubbed his hands together in delight, his eyes gleaming with mischievousness. Jungkook happily flopped onto a mound of pillows on the floor of Yoongi’s room, digging his hand into the giant bowl of popcorn in the middle of the sea of blankets. Yoongi followed suit, getting himself comfortable as he snatched a couple pieces of popcorn from Jungkook’s handful. Taehyung rested on his stomach, holding his head up with his hands. He let Yoongi feed him a few pieces of popcorn.
“Tell us about the kid who gave you the hickey,” Yoongi spoke, chewing popcorn obnoxiously loud as he continued to shovel it into his mouth. Yoongi’s eyebrows raised in amusement when Taehyung’s cheeks flushed bright red and when he sucked his bottom lip between his teeth. He looked… oddly fond about a boy who went to town on him underneath the bleachers.

“First of all, Gukkie, don’t hate me but he was a player on the team you played tonight-”

“Oh shit, really? Was it Pete? He’s an asshole though… what about Jake? Luke?” Jungkook interrupted quickly, his eyes widening in curiosity as he rambled off a list of players on the opposing team.

“No no, Gukk. Calm down, it was Jimin,” Taehyung’s voice nearly quieted to a whisper when he finally spoke the boy’s name. Yoongi noted that Tae’s smile grew significantly bigger and was brighter than normal.

“Wait, Jimin as in quarterback, star-player of the team, Park Jimin? Really hot, really bisexual, really cocky Park Jimin?” Jungkook asked as his eyes grew impossibly wider. Taehyung’s whole body seemed to flush red and shiver in excitement.

“Yeah… that’s him,” Jungkook squealed, jumping up from his position to continuously slap Taehyung’s back. Yoongi laughed, popcorn pieces falling out of his mouth as the two screamed at Taehyung.

“No fucking way, dude. I thought Jimin was having an internet relationship with somebody in a different district,” Jungkook abruptly stopped his attack on Tae’s back, letting his hands fall to his sides. He looked caught up in his thoughts as he tried to figure things out in his head.

“Gukkie, I’m the internet relationship he’s having. This wasn’t the first time we messed around, but this was the first time it was in person,” Taehyung let his eyes fall the ground, one of his hands falling to the blankets to fidget with one of the corners. Jungkook’s eyes sparkled with excitement.

“No way, oh my God! Taetae! This is so exciting! Was he good? Was his dick everything you’ve imagined?” Jungkook rambled an onslaught of questions, making Taehyung more flustered by the minute. Meanwhile, Yoongi took to the time to sit back and let himself process.

Immediately, he felt overjoyed that Tae was having some fun with this Jimin guy, but when he thought about it more, he began to question. When did this start? Where were they being safe? Why didn’t Tae tell him when it started? Yoongi felt a mix of worry and hurt swirl in his chest. He knew it shouldn’t be a big deal that Tae kept this from him, but what if they started this a long time ago. Why wouldn’t Tae trust him with this? Did he not find Yoongi to be someone who would accept it or support them? Yoongi knew he couldn’t answer any of these questions on his own.

“Yoongi-hyung?” Jungkook’s sweet voice drifted into his ears, slowly bringing Yoongi back from the swirling mess in his head. He let his eyes focus on a worried looking Jungkook. He crept across the blankets and snuggled up to Yoongi’s side, cooing and teasing him for being a baby and wanting attention on him. Yoongi couldn’t deny the summersaults his heart was doing, but he looked up to Tae and saw a look of regret.

So it had been a long time.

Wanting Jungkook to have a good time with them at their first sleepover, Yoongi brushed his hurt aside and summoned all his energy to act cheery once again. The subject of Park Jimin was dropped, seemingly gone unnoticed by Jungkook as they carried conversation elsewhere.
“Yoongi?”

A soft voice called out to him in the pitch black of the room. It echoed in his head, reverberating in his chest. At first, it felt as if the voice was a figment of his imagination. Like a voice in his dream that seemed distant, yet fairly close. A comforting whisper that came in the dead of night to caress your cheek until you fell back into a deep sleep. Yoongi ignored the whisper, letting his mind fall back through the pillow into a land of dreams.

“Hyung?”

Yoongi’s eyes slowly peeled open, looking into the vast darkness in front of him. He shifted his body in response, feeling slow breaths hit his neck once he found comfort again. Despite being pulled from sleep at some early hour, he didn’t seem to mind at all. His eyes slowly adjusted to the dark, the outline of Jungkook’s head slowly coming into view.

“Hmm, what is it, Kookie?” Yoongi’s voice seemed breathless as he spoke, sleep and grogginess drowning his words. Jungkook released the breath he was holding when Yoongi finally responded back.

“M sorry if I woke you up, but I want-”

“Don’t be sorry, bun. What’s on your mind?”

Jungkook went still for a moment, caught in surprise.

“I… I know that it’s really late but… can I ask for some advice?”

Yoongi wanted to laugh. He was probably the least desirable person to get advice from. After all the fights, bloody noses, and bruises, he thought Jungkook would try to figure it out on his own before coming to him.

“Depends, Guk. What is it?”

“The guys- the football guys keep texting me cause they’re drunk at the victory party. They keep making fun of me for being a loser or some shit, so I kinda lied and said I was too busy getting laid to sneak out and go to the party…”

This time, Yoongi really almost laughed. He stuffed his face into the pillow, muffling his shrieks of delight. Of all things, Yoongi never expected Jungkook to be caught up in this kind of situation. Honestly, he had no idea why Jungkook would think he had any knowledge on how to deal with something like…this.

“Oh God, Jungkook. Well, what did they say about it?”

Jungkook shifted uncomfortably in the pile of blankets they had on the floor, his hands fidgeting with the corners of the blanket and his locked phone. Yoongi was nervous when he didn’t feel Jungkook’s eyes on him.

“They… want evidence that I’m with a girl. Want me to prove I’m not just lying to cover up that I don’t want to sneak out,” Jungkook muttered, seemingly ashamed of the entire situation. In reality, Yoongi thought it was hilarious.

“Oh…well, you’re out of luck. I’m fresh out of my panty stash,” Yoongi whispered, covering his
mouth to muffle the small giggles leaking past his lips. Despite the joke meaning to ease Jungkook’s anxiousness, it only seemed to heighten it when he released a small groan of frustration.

“Fuck, I’m such an idiot,” Jungkook ran his hands over his face, tossing and turning under the covers. His foot accidentally hit Yoongi’s leg, sparking a horrible idea in Yoongi’s head. He really didn’t want to do it but because it was to help Jungkook, he knew he had to go through with it. He’d probably combust of guilt if he didn’t at least try.

“Well, uh I have small legs that Taehyung says lots of girls are jealous of. If I put my leg on you or something, you could take a picture and send it,” Yoongi tried to speak casually of it, but he quickly felt Jungkook’s growing anxiety. As if on cue, Jungkook’s phone once again buzzed with a new notification from Jungkook’s football friends. That seemed to give Jungkook the motivation to carry on with Yoongi’s plan.

“Well, yeah let’s do it- I mean if you’re comfortable with it but hang on, shouldn’t it be a a little sexy? Maybe I should take my pants and shirt off?”

“Yes, makes sense. The picture is supposed to insinuate that you and the girl had sex,” Yoongi spoke, stripping off his pants to show Jungkook his leg.

“....right…”

Yoongi snorted and gave Jungkook the go ahead. He stripped himself of both his shirt and pants, leaving him in only his boxers. Yoongi kept his black hoodie on, discreetly pulling it over his boxers. Awkwardly getting his phone’s camera ready, Jungkook shifted his body closer to Yoongi. With a quick breath, Yoongi draped his bare leg over Jungkook’s, his thigh resting far too close to Jungkook’s crotch. Yoongi began to quickly regret his idea, cursing himself for bringing it up in the first place.

After two horribly blurry pictures, Jungkook seemed to relax under the weight of Yoongi’s leg. Once he felt more confident, he took the liberty to start moving Yoongi’s leg around to find the perfect angle, telling him to drape one of his arms across his chest to add more to the photo. Yoongi slightly frustrated in the most amused way. It looked like Jungkook was more focused than anything.

“Maybe even dig your nails into my skin or something,” Jungkook muttered as he focused on maneuvering the camera, cursing when his cheap phone’s camera kept refocusing. Yoongi nearly moaned at the thought, keeping his nails well to himself. Jungkook didn’t seem to notice Yoongi’s reluctance.

After all of Jungkook’s fussing, they finally took a picture worthy enough in Jungkook’s eyes. They sent the picture of Yoongi’s bare leg draped across Jungkook, his hand tightly grabbing Yoongi’s bare thigh to the football group chat. Yoongi had to admit that his mouth was watering at the thought of Jungkook showing him off to his friends. Technically, they didn’t know it was him, but he still got a little kick out of it. It was getting hard to stay still with Jungkook’s hand still resting on his thigh.

“Jungkook, don’t worry about it. Hyung will always help you out,” Yoongi responded, his last words distorted by a loud yawn. Jungkook giggled and turned his body onto his side, his eyes sleepy staring at Yoongi.
“You’re the best, Yoongi hyung,” Jungkook muttered, letting his eyes close and his head fall onto his hands that were resting on the pillow. It was a nice sight to fall asleep to.

It didn’t take long for Yoongi to drift back into sleep once he heard Jungkook’s soft, even breaths. With a smile, he let his head fall a little deeper into the pillow. He shifted his body slightly, freezing when he thought Jungkook was stirring. A shiver went down his spine and to his leg where Yoongi felt an icy touch. He looked down and nearly lost his breath when he saw Jungkook’s hand gently loosen on his thigh, his hand becoming a heavy reminder of what he and Jungkook just did. Yoongi hoped Jungkook didn’t regret it. It wasn’t anything crazy, but Yoongi couldn’t fight the doubt in his head.

He really hoped Jungkook would think about it as much as he did.

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Saturday morning rolled around quickly, smells of a big breakfast drifting down into Yoongi’s room. He stirred in his sleep, slowly rising from the depths of blankets to meet two empty beds and his precious Mahnoosh curled up on Jungkook’s pillow. Confused and still bleary from sleep, Yoongi patted the ground for his phone hidden underneath the massive amounts of blankets and pillows on the floor. After moments of searching, he looked at his screen, void of notifications, and checked the time. The clock read 9:37, an unusual time to see after a Friday sleepover with Taehyung. Yoongi knew it was from their early bedtime, but it also served as a painful reminder of what Taehyung and him had to discuss once Jungkook left.

Pushing those thoughts aside, Yoongi gently picked Mahnoosh up into his arms, cradling her gently as he slowly shuffled up the stairs, toward the kitchen. The counter was set up with plates of the breakfast necessities: eggs, toast, cereals, yogurts, really anything you could name. Yoongi let Mahnoosh out of his arms to go search the ground for scraps on the floor. Turning to the dining room, Yoongi was surprised to see Jungkook seated alone, slurping fruit loops and shoving forkfuls of eggs into his stuffed mouth.

“What’s Tae?”

Jungkook lurched in surprise, turning to face Yoongi. Quickly swallowing his bites of eggs, he responded, “Tae went home. Said his mom needed him to help her and his siblings with some family thing?”

Yoongi scoffed, rolling his eyes before turning to the breakfast buffet. He knew Tae realized his mistake, but he didn’t think he would run from it. It wasn’t like him. Yoongi knew something was off, but his anger and sense of betrayal was the only thing he could focus on. It clouded his vision and agenda of being the best friend he could be for Taehyung. His chest throbbed with betrayal, his hands shaking as he dished himself some breakfast. He stomped toward the dining table and sat beside Jungkook with a thump. Jungkook’s big, confused eyes bore a hole into the side of Yoongi’s head.

“If you have something to say, Guk, go ahead and say it,” Yoongi’s voice came out softer than expected, Jungkook’s tense shoulders relaxing slightly.

“Somethings wrong… did something happen last night? Was it that Jimin guy? Oh no, Yoongi, did you like him too? I didn’t think-”

“You ramble when you’re nervous,” Yoongi cut Jungkook off, his eyes drifting toward Jungkook’s frozen stance. The egg on his fork slipped off and fell back onto his plate. Jungkook seemed to be at a loss of words.
“I- yeah. I do,” Jungkook muttered, shame dripping from his words. His head turned away from Yoongi as if to hide his embarrassingly pink cheeks. He tugged at the edges of his shirt with his thumb, his eyes frantically bouncing from object to object, trying to find something to ground himself on. Yoongi gently pressed his hand to Jungkook’s quivering one.

“Don’t worry about it, Jungkook. It’s not your fight, it’s not your problem to sort through,” Yoongi spoke gently, trying to relax Jungkook’s racing pulse. He wanted to ease him back into the usually happy, giggly Jungkook. It didn’t seem to work as his expression turned from nervous to distressed.

“But you guys are my friends. I want to help you or apologize if I’m the one that said something wrong,” Jungkook’s eyes finally reached Yoongi’s, searching for something Yoongi couldn’t name. He only partly understood what Jungkook wanted.

“Jungkook, this has nothing to do with you. This is something that’s between Taehyung and I. You did absolutely nothing to start this.”

Yoongi’s words seemed to breakthrough Jungkook’s anxiety, calming his body. His frantic breaths slowed to a normal pace and his shoulders sagged into a more relaxed position. His whole body seemed to take new form as it rid of all its tension. Jungkook slowly nodded in understanding. He still seemed to be a little somber, but Yoongi could tell he was accepting his role of neutralization.

“Okay. If you guys need me or something, just let me know. You two are my friends and I... and I really care about you,” Jungkook looked at Yoongi with a small smile, twisting his fingers to gently squeeze Yoongi’s hand that still rest on his. Yoongi wore a bright smile on his face for the rest of breakfast.

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After cleaning up breakfast, playtime with Mahnoosh, and a few rounds of Overwatch, Jungkook’s mom texted, telling him she was on her way to pick him up. With a pout, Jungkook reluctantly packed his things away into his duffel bag and helped Yoongi fold blankets and throw pillow cases into the wash. They still had their fun, but Jungkook seemed overly grumpy about leaving Yoongi’s house.

“I swear, I had so much fun. Nights with the football team are never as fun as this,” Jungkook whined, grumpily tossing pillow cases into the washer.

“Don’t worry, Guk,” Yoongi couldn’t help the chuckles that escaped his mouth, “I promise we will have another sleepover again. This wasn’t just a one time thing,” Yoongi slammed the washer door shut, turning the knobs to the right cycles.

The two walked back to Yoongi’s room, grabbing Jungkook’s stuff and taking it upstairs for the two to wait for Jungkook’s mom to arrive. Yoongi felt overly content being pressed against Jungkook on the couch, talking about little things like a paper Yoongi was in the middle of writing, or the presentation Jungkook didn’t want to do next week. It was a small token of serenity that Yoongi was desperate to have and share with Jungkook. They continued to talk while they waited for Jungkook’s mom, despite being interrupted by Jungkook’s phone going off multiple times.

“I swear to God if my mom is spamming me with texts,” Jungkook grumbled, quickly going into his phone to check his texts. Yoongi laughed and looked out the window, slowly getting up when he saw Jungkook’s white mini van in the driveway.

“Okay, Guk. Your mom is- Jungkook?” Yoongi looked towards the boy, seeing his body completely still as he stared at his phone. The only movement was his thumb, frantically swiping and tapping his screen. His face looked a little pale, almost out of fear.
“Jungkook? Guk, tell hyung what’s wrong,” Yoongi came up to Jungkook, kneeling down in front of him so he could try to make eye contact with him. He rubbed small circles on Jungkook’s kneecaps with his thumbs, watching Jungkook’s entire form go completely rigid. Jungkook’s eyes slowly met his after a few more moments of waiting. Yoongi leaned against Jungkook’s legs, preparing himself for what made Jungkook so scared in a matter of seconds.

“They think I slept with Taehyung.”

Chapter End Notes

......come yell at me on my twitter

thanks for the bookmarks, kudos, and comments <3

End Notes

Yoongi’s fucked...

Feel free to come at me on Twitter!! Make sure to leave some nice things to motivate me to write more chapters. Keep an eye out for those polls!

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