Bewitched

by putputpotato

Summary

Jeon Jungkook has never had an immensely adventurous life. However, all of this should change, when he starts his first year in Hogwarts and gets introduced to proud Slytherin - Park Jimin. Despite warnings from all sides, he can't help himself but be drawn to the mysterious boy and quickly develops feelings for Jimin.

But, with the time that passes, Jungkook starts to understand that there is a lot more to the boy than meets the eye and soon, he finds himself tangled in Jimin's darkest secrets.

Notes

This story plays in the Harry Potter universe, however, to accommodate the plot and kind of relationship between the characters, I have decided to alter the age at which students enter Hogwarts.

First years start their education at 18, instead of 11 and they have their regular 7 years from there.
Without further notes; Have fun with the story please!

PS: If you’re interested, go read the Russian translation of Bewitched by the sweetest bea @park_valeria95 (on IG) dear thanks again <3

See the end of the work for more notes.
"Ravenclaw!" With shaking hands, Jungkook raised from the chair in the front of the great hall.

Someone lifted the sorting hat off his head, as if they lifted an imaginary weight of his shoulders. It seemed like the ground was shaking beneath his unsteady feet and from around him, the people were clapping and the light sound echoed through the seemingly endless room. Trying not to stumble over his own feet, he managed to step down the few stairs and walk to the next best table, not bothering to even spare a second glance at the banner waving above it, or the colours of the students' uniforms. As soon as he sat down and there was a loud wave of laughter going through the crowd, he realized something was off. Did he sit on a whoopee-cushion or something?

Next to him, an older boy leaned over and mumbled; "Sorry mate but this is the Gryffindor-table."

Jungkook could feel a soft blush creep up his cheeks and he quickly rose from where he had been sitting again. After a slight bow to the former Gryffindor, he was quick to turn and automatically went for the table where people were gesturing to sit at their table, with an amused shimmer in their eyes. He could feel countless pairs of eyes on him, most of them amused, a few annoyed and some even nonchalant. As if this wasn't the very first time in years that a new student sat on the wrong table. At that very moment was the first time within the Hogwarts castle, in which Jungkook actually wanted to sink into the floor and disappear but most certainly not the last one.

A Ravenclaw, yeah right... The young boy could remember the conversations on the dinner table of his family's house the evening before. "I bet you would make an outstanding Gryffindor dear!" his mother had said, while she shovelled some fried potatoes onto his plate. His father on the other hand, seemed to have different plans for him, "don't be silly sweetheart, this boy is fairly obvious a born Hufflepuff, don't you think so, son?" Jungkook could only shrug barely visible, too occupied in pretending to be busy with his dinner.

On the other side of the table, his brother had snorted loudly (afterwards hissing from the pain of food in his nose, thanks Karma) and gave a sceptical look to their parents. "You don't know him the way I do." he said, "This boy right there is pure evil. I say, he'll get sorted into Slytherin." In the end they all ended up betting their last Christmas-presents on which house Jungkook would be put into. But there was never a word about Ravenclaw.

Pulling himself out of his thoughts again, Jungkook sat down at the Ravenclaw table and watched the ceremony go by. There were a lot of Hufflepuffs this year and Jungkook smiled whenever he saw the students with the yellow ties jump up excitedly to welcome a new part of their family. He himself had been addressed by a few other students already, but the conversations had never been very long, rather a sign of formal politeness.

After a few other people had been sorted, his eyes wandered back to the Gryffindor-table, to eye the guy that had kindly pointed out to Jungkook that he was actually sitting on the wrong table. On second glance, he was fairly beautiful; natural brown hair falling in perfect strands into a pair of bright, doe eyes. Looking at him now, it seemed like he was already a lot older than Jungkook himself, if he had to guess, probably even a sixth year. There was a girl clinging to his arm on one side and another boy, probably a bit younger than him opposite to him, every now and then leaning over the table to whisper something to him. Jungkook didn't notice he was staring, until the former boy met his eye and gave him a blinding smile, winking barely noticeable.

Shyly averting his gaze, Jungkook looked in the opposite direction, over at the Slytherin-table. Most of the students seemed to already be bored by the ceremony, but some still clapped whenever
a new student got sorted into a different house. Jungkook always thought that Slytherins would be impolite and grumpy all the time, as superficial as it sounded. But seeing them give warm smiles and bright gazes to their newcomers, some even opening their arms to start a comfortable hug, made Jungkook slowly but surely believe otherwise. To be honest, in the beginning he might have even been scared of the house but maybe they'd surprise him in the end.

Most of them had dark hair, maybe some dyed strands but there was only one person that seemed to stick out a little too much on the long table. He was sitting a bit further in the back, which made it hard for Jungkook to look at him but the bright, bubble-gum-pink hair was helpful in finding the boy in the middle of the Slytherin crowd. And it seemed like Jungkook wasn't the only one directing his attention to the bright boy, since he found a lot of other students pinning their gazes at him in an interested way. Something about him was just confusing. Not necessarily in a bad way, just in a rather... mysterious one.

Compared to the boy with black hair and a few blue strands, that sat next to him, the pink-haired boy seemed a little out of place on the Slytherin-table. Whenever there was a newcomer, he was the loudest to cheer, and his face never showed any nonchalance, like the other people on the Slytherin-table. Sure, he wasn't the only one that seemed a little brighter than the others but Jungkook found him to be especially bubbly, compared to his housemates.

Suddenly Jungkook felt a nudge in his side and he looked over to meet a young boy his age, with a pair of big, smiling eyes, "what are you looking at?"

At first, Jungkook was surprised by the sudden curiosity that came seemingly out of nowhere... until he remembered at which table he was sitting, "Uhm... I was just-"

"Did you hope you were getting into Slytherin?" the other rambled on, without giving Jungkook the chance to even attempt putting a bad excuse together.

"Honestly, I was just-"  

He should just give up, he realized as soon as the other started talking again; "I would've thought you to be a Slytherin rather than a Ravenclaw too... maybe also a Gryffindor." he smiled widely and Jungkook found himself subconsciously reflecting the motion, if only a little bit, "I, for myself think I'm in the right house, even though everyone thought I was bound to be Gryffindor."

For the first time it seemed like the other boy was done talking and Jungkook, without thinking twice, used his chance to contribute something to the conversation; "It was unexpected for me too, believe me. I'm Jungkook by the way."

"Yugyeom." the other responded fondly, "So what do you find so interesting about that Mister pink Slytherin over there?"

Jungkook felt his eyes widen comically. How could he have noticed? "Uhm I wasn't..."

"Please students calm down a little!" Thank the heavens for Professor Dumbledore.

All through the head's speech, Yugyeom remained quiet and gave Jungkook the chance to cast another look at the Slytherin with the pink hair. He didn't seem too interested in the speech, as if he had already heard it a few times too often and instead exchanged a few mumbled words with the raven haired next to him, who seemed ready to step right out the door, to the common room of the Slytherins and fall right into his bed. Jungkook gulped when he watched the pink haired a little more precise.
If the Gryffindor from before was beautiful, then this boy was stunning. Soft features, that would have made boys just as much as girls jealous, eyes that were curved like they had been sculptured into his face and lips, so full that Jungkook found himself wondering if they actually tasted the way his hair looked. The robe he was wearing, seemed to be a little oversized on him and his hands, although seeming strong looked like the one's of a baby. Just when Jungkook was about to avoid his gaze he met eyes with the other boy, next to the pink haired and he shivered.

Those feline eyes were literally burning holes into him and he had never turned around in his whole life so quickly. Every now and then he could still feel the raven's dark glance on his back and whenever he tried to turn around and get another glance at the pink boy again, he was only met with the same death glare from the previous times. After a while, he decided to give up and get himself together again, locking his eyes on Professor Dumbledore instead.

Soon enough the speech was finished and as if by magic, the plates and bowls on their tables filled with a delicious spectrum of meals. Not hesitating a second, Jungkook reached over to get himself a piece of pumpkin-cake and after only a few seconds had his mouth stuffed with white cream and delicious cake. A blissful feeling spread in his stomach and he closed his eyes for a second to enjoy the moment that the amazing meal caused inside his chest. But the moment should not last for too long, as he felt a slight jolt against his shoulder, causing him to drive his ribs against the edge of the table in a slightly painful manner.

Jungkook could have sworn his soul left the shell of his body, as soon as he turned around and made eye contact with the person that had shoved him. Standing in front of him, was the raven-haired boy from the Slytherin-table. He was towering over Jungkook like a hawk, cold eyes freezing Jungkook's body and forbidding him to move even a finger. Truth be told, if Jungkook would've stood up, he would have beat the other boy by size with ease, since he seemed to be almost half a head taller than the other. But that was only if he got up and the iron hand that had settled on his shoulder was more than convincing for him to stay down.

"Uhm, sorry can I-"

"Stop molesting Jimin or I get you killed."

Jungkook felt the grip on his shoulder tighten just the slightest bit and he did his best to refrain from hissing in pain. The burning eyes of the other boy were like spikes that split Jungkook's scalp and burned themselves into his brain, accompanied by an extremely unpleasant feeling of anguish. Around him, he could hear a part of the Ravenclaw-table fall silent and even a few Gryffindors were directing their attention to the unpleasant conversation. This was the second time in the Hogwarts castle in which Jungkook wanted nothing more than to disappear.

He flinched again, when the other shook his shoulder again to get an answer or another sort of reaction, "I- I'm sorry I'm not sure I understand."

The raven rolled his eyes, feline silhouettes flickering with pure annoyance, "I thought you were a Ravenclaw, you should be able to figure out what I'm talking about." but Jungkook stood silent, "listen if I ever find you staring at Jimin like a total creep again, you won't see the next sunlight, have I made myself clear enough for you?"

In Jungkook's mind, finally something clicked into place and at last the situation started to make some kind of sense. This was about the pink haired Slytherin. Finally seeming to be in the picture about what was going on, he gave a hurried nod, eyes pressed closed a little scared of a punch coming his way. But his fear seemed to be unnecessary, when the death grip on his shoulder finally disappeared and only left an insipid trace of pain behind on his body. However he still felt the other's presence behind him and didn't dare to look up just yet.
"You better put a leash on him Jaebum, I can't afford wasting my time with a pubertal, love-struck teenager." and just like that, he was gone, swiftly sliding between the tables of the two houses and slipping back onto his spot next to the pink haired boy.

Finally Jungkook allowed himself to breathe again, a thick wave of air leaving his body that he didn't even realize he had been holding. The Ravenclaw around him were staring at him in pure confusion, some even with a hint of sympathy or worry. And supposedly they were right to worry about their housemate, after all Jungkook had just been in the castle for about two hours and already seemed to have gotten himself into trouble. Just great, his family would be delighted.

"Don't take him too serious", Jungkook looked up to meet eyes with an older boy, which the Slytherin had addressed as 'Jaebum' before, "Yoongi is an asshole at first but he's really just caring a lot about his friends."

"Speaking of, what's your deal with Jimin?" Another Ravenclaw asked curiously around a mouth of rice.

Gulping down a thick lump in his throat, Jungkook moved his hand to stab at the remains of his cake, not really feeling all that hungry anymore, "It's nothing really... I don't even know him."

"But you must've done SOMETHING to him." Yugyeom tried to dig further, "Otherwise that Yoongi-guy wouldn't have acted like that."

"I really didn't-"

"I think that's enough of that Yugyeom." Jaebum interrupted and earned a thankful gaze from Jungkook, "let's enjoy dinner for now, the food isn't going to eat itself. Tell us about you Jungkook, what's your hometown like?"

They carried on with their conversation through the whole meal, Jungkook finding out a lot about Yugyeom and Jaebum, while the two were just as well firing questions at him all through. He was glad that the topic about the boy called Jimin seemed to have been forgotten and he tried to keep his mind from suggesting the idea to throw another curious look at the Slytherin. Successfully ignoring the Slytherin table until the end of dinner, he managed to enjoy his time, talking to other Ravenclaws on the table as well and starting to memorize a few names.

Nonetheless he could still feel a pair of eyes dig into the back of his neck, but strangely they didn't seem the feline ones from before but rather a pair of dark, curious eyes that he had tried to meet so much before.

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"I'm so late." Jungkook huffed to himself, wandering the empty hallways of the castle and trying to somehow follow the small map in his hand, "I'm so dead."

When everyone told Jungkook about how amazing the architecture of Hogwarts was, they all forgot to mention just one little detail; this place was a fucking labyrinth. He already knew that he'd have to spend a lot of time later on, trying to find his dorms and probably ending up sleeping in the courtyard anyways. Because that was the only place he had no trouble with finding, since he somehow always ended up there in the end, no matter which direction he took, as if the castle itself was moving it's walls and hallways to make him run in circles.

He turned around a corner again and once more found himself staring at the fresh green of a bunch of small trees and the waving motion of long blades of grass. A sigh escaped him and Jungkook
was about to scream to make at least SOMEONE notice him and maybe help him out, until he realized that he wasn't alone anyway;

Two smaller figures sat hidden in the crown of one of the huge trees, the thick layers of leaves almost hiding them completely. Maybe Jungkook would have just passed them by, if he hadn't gotten a glimpse of fluffy, pink hair, breaking through the poisonous green. Admittedly, he felt a little like a stalker when he abruptly stopped in his tracks, to hide behind a pillar that kept the roof above him and around the yard steady. They were facing away from him and the sounds of a still on-going conversation were seemingly a sign that they hadn't noticed his presence yet.

"I'm telling you, you don't have to worry Yoongi." Jungkook's ears perked up at the soft voice, speaking so calmly as if there was not a single problem in the world.

It was an endearing sound, compared to the rough voice that sounded next and made Jungkook subconsciously flinch in a bad memory, "Don't give me that shit Jimin. You haven't answered any of my owls throughout the whole summer. I was worried. And if you were with those people again-

"You always knew that I would be part of them one day Yoongi. We've had this discussion before. This could finally get me somewhere." Jimin interrupted and Jungkook felt impressed to say the least, that Jimin indeed managed to make Yoongi hold his breath in favour of letting him talk, "why can't you just leave it alone?"

A loud huff sounded through the yard and almost drowned in the rustling of the leaves around them, "You know things have changed within the game, Jimin. No one can be sure what their plan is. What if they hurt you? What if HE hurts you?"

"I doubt he would." a long pause followed, which gave Jungkook time to notice the slight insecurity in Jimin's previous words, "and even if he would... if it's the best for us, I'll accept the fate that is defined for me."

"Sometimes I really wonder what is going on inside your brain." Yoongi just answered and around the corner of the pillar, Jungkook could see a soft shake of black hair.

After a short moment of silence, a slight giggle interrupted the white noise around them. A light sound that could only be compared to a flower blooming at the first day of spring, "you really worry too much Hyung."

"Ah, now I'm your Hyung again?" suddenly Yoongi's voice seemed a little softer than usual and Jungkook could say that it somehow shocked him to hear the Slytherin talk like this.

Another giggle and Jungkook could feel his ribcage becoming strangely warm, "if you want me to, I can always drop the honorifics."

"That's not what I said, I'm just saying that you should stop-" THUMB.

Jungkook eyes went wide when the sound echoed through the yard and the two of them fell silent almost immediately. His gaze went down to find his heavy schoolbag, having dropped to the stone floor with an uneasy loud sound. There was a sound of leaves rustling and Jungkook could hear one of the boys jump down from the tree, spotting only a bunch of black hair down at the foot of the tree, slowly coming closer to his location.

Shit.

Holding his breath in panic, he looked around to search for any way to escape, but was left with no
other choice but to leave his hideout. The footsteps of the Slytherin were slowly creeping closer and he felt his eyes water slightly in fear. If he found him here, there'd be no one to protect Jungkook this time and his first day at Hogwarts would way too soon, as well be his last. Just when he even thought about standing up and facing Yoongi, he suddenly was pulled further down to the ground.

A short gasp escaped his lips, but before a sound could slip, a huge hand had covered his mouth tightly, not even letting a bit of air leave. All of a sudden, Jungkook was staring into huge, dark brown eyes and the scent of mint drops was surrounding him. There was another hand on his shoulder and the boy that was crouching down next to him, was now carefully looking over the edge of the small stonewall, that separated the yard from the hallway.

A growl sounded through the yard, when Yoongi suddenly found an intruder, "Yah! Kim Taehyung!!"

And before Jungkook could think, he was being pulled up, the hood of his robe covering his head like a huge blanket. They ran, like the devil himself was chasing them and admittedly, Yoongi wasn't all too far away from that image. They crossed several hallways, until suddenly the other boy stopped in front of a small door, quickly opening it and pushing Jungkook inside, his own body following close after, before he smashed the door shut again. It all left Jungkook panting heavily and he had to support himself, by putting his hands on his knees.

"You're actually a really good runner." the other suddenly broke the silence, "Wouldn't have thought. You Ravenclaws don't really seem like the sporty type."

Jungkook lifted his gaze to have a glance at the newcomer for the very first time. His hair was a pretty hazel colour and through their strands, he could see those friendly eyes again, well endowed with long, dark lashes. The tie around his neck had a pretty, golden colour, matching a little with his hair and his robe seemed to be old and a bit too small on his body. He was panting too, his deep voice not at all matching his appearance but somehow still nice to hear.

"You're not so bad yourself." Jungkook answered as soon as his breathing had calmed again, "although I wonder why you were actually running in the first place."

A silent laugh escaped the other boy's lips, "I just saw you eavesdropping on Jimin and Yoongi and I knew you were in trouble as soon as I saw Yoongi's face."

For a split second, Jungkook debated whether he should actually deny that he had listened to their conversation but soon remembered his reputation for being the worst liar that the earth had ever seen. "You know them?" he asked.

The Hufflepuff's eyebrow arched a little and he gave an unbelieving smile, "I'm surprised you don't. At least not well enough."

"If you ask me, I know them well enough to say I don't want to have anything to do with them." Jungkook mumbled, fiddling with his bag so that it wouldn't fall of his shoulder.

"Don't be too harsh on Yoongi." The Hufflepuff said softly and gave a uniquely shaped boxy-smile, "although I guess you're right about Jimin. Staying away from HIM might not even be a bad idea."

Jungkook felt his eyebrows furrow, "I had the impression that it was quite the opposite."

The other only lifted his eyebrow, as if he couldn't believe what he was hearing, "you must be a first year huh? I've never seen you around here but you seemed somewhat familiar, that's why I
thought you're already in second year." Jungkook shook his head no, "don't worry though, Yoongi won't find you here... and Jimin probably has bigger worries than to look for you now. We're safe here."

"Speaking of", Jungkook said and turned around to eye the room that they had entered, "where the hell are we?"

The hall was gigantic and given the distance between the wall and the next classroom, absolutely illogical to be placed in this location. It was just too big. The next wall was so far away that Jungkook couldn't even see it anymore and the ceiling was almost as high as the astronomy tower looked like from the outside. Thousands and thousands of random items were spread over the room, set on tables or in racks, some even just thrown onto piles that almost touched the ceiling. And the room was filled to the brim, although it seemed to be almost as big as Hogwarts itself.

"This is the room of requirements." The Hufflepuff answered and moved to sit down on a dusty, red chair, "one of my best friends in Hogwarts, since a long time now."

"Best friend?" Jungkook asked, sceptically raising a brow.

"Yep", the other nodded, with enough seriousness to make Jungkook arch his brow even higher, "you see, he only shows up if you really need it and it will always take the shape that you require. Now for example, there's enough space to hide, even if someone else manages to enter the room." Jungkook nodded slowly, gaze wandering over the insides of the huge room, "I often used to come here, when the teachers or some bullies were chasing me. I'd just sit in here for a few hours, finding a good book in one of those gigantic piles or just exploring a bit, until everything outside has cooled off."

"You used to run from teachers?" the younger asked in disbelief.

"Sometimes yeah... you know some of them aren't too fond of magical fireworks in the middle of the great hall, even though the students absolutely dig it." A small giggle escaped Jungkook and he saw how the stranger joined in shortly after, "by the way; the name's Taehyung."

"Jungkook." he answered and stretched his hand towards the other, "nice to meet you."

Taehyung just nodded and shook it fondly, before leaning back into the chair again, "so. Why were you stalking Jimin and Yoongi, hm?"

"I was not stalking." he saw the sceptical look on the Hufflepuff's face and decided that this conversation wasn't going anywhere, "I was just curious... Yoongi seems to hate me. He confronted me at the dinner table yesterday, after the sorting ceremony about molesting Jimin. Honestly... are they boyfriends or something?"

Taehyung chuckled loudly at that question, "god no, Jimin would never get together with Yoongi. He's more into younger guys and besides; Yoongi is like a brother to him so I suppose that would be kind of awkward." then he fell silent for a second, "wait a minute... you're that Ravenclaw that sat on the wrong table, aren't you?"

Jungkook could feel his cheeks heat up a little. Great, he already had an uncalled sort of fame, "I suppose."

"That was really funny to watch!" Taehyung laughed and pointed at Jungkook.

"I'm glad I was entertaining to you." the younger sighed and rolled his eyes a little in distress, "But anyways; why are you even out of class?"
"I could ask you the same question", Taehyung just responded and shrugged in his seat.

Thoughtfully looking down at the Hufflepuff, Jungkook bit his lip before answering a little sheepish; "Couldn't find my classroom."

"Ah... the first year problem. I know your struggle believe me." then he huffed, "as for me... I was actually planning on placing a small welcome firework in the yard for the first years but yeah... your situation kind of interrupted me."

"Sorry about that." Jungkook grinned a little shyly and rubbed the back of his head.

"Hey it happens", with a quick wave of Taehyung's hand, the topic was off the table, "we should get to class now though, otherwise you'll get a punishment on your first day already and we don't want that huh?"

With a quick nod, Jungkook followed Taehyung out of the room again, watching as the door they had stepped through a second ago slowly disappeared within the stonewalls of the castle. Together they walked down the hallway, by now a few more students were populating the corridors and they were soon drowned in wild chattering and the noise of several footsteps on the ground beneath them. While they were walking, Jungkook noticed how a lot of people were staring weirdly at them. Well actually not both of them, but rather Taehyung.

"Why are they all looking at us so strangely?" Jungkook mumbled a little confused.

Taehyung seemed to find the question rather amusing, "they think I'm crazy."

"You aren't?" the Ravenclaw asked jokingly.

"Not crazy enough to smuggle drugs into the school and sell my ass for homework." Taehyung stated and Jungkook had to stop in his tracks for a second, before he could continue following the elder further down the corridor, "those are just rumours though, about me being a drug addict or a sex addict or whatever else you hear around here."

Jungkook shook his head, "that sounds awful, who'd spread rumours like that?"

"Yeah... I had a hard time after they came out to everyone and they actually believed it. That was the worst time of my life." He looked over at Jungkook with a fond smile, "but honestly, I'm just a normal boy, like you."

Something inside Jungkook moved a little and he smiled fondly, "yeah, that's not hard to believe at all."

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The first few days of the school year passed comfortably and the Friday of the second week was slowly rolling closer. As soon as Taehyung had explained to Jungkook that the younger had in fact held the map incorrect, it was immediately easier for Jungkook to find his path around the huge school. And even though he hadn't necessarily made a very good first impression on Professor Sprout for coming an hour late, he managed to take back her first assumption of Jungkook being a good for nothing, when he managed to fulfil a task, including a huge, moving plant with poisonous thorns as the only one of the whole class.

All in all, it was easier to get used to the busy school life than Jungkook would have thought in the beginning. He was also starting to make some friends; while Yugyeom acquainted him with a bunch of his own friends, including a boy named Jackson from Gryffindor and another boy named
Youngjae from the Hufflepuff-house, Taehyung soon convinced Jungkook to meet up with his own friends Hoseok from Taehyung's own house and Bam bam, who surprisingly was part of the Gryffindor house. After only 12 days, Jungkook had already made more friends than he had in his whole life before Hogwarts and it was nothing but pleasant to say the least.

They all had told him everything that was necessary to know about Hogwarts and it's students, just as well as teachers. But most of all (and admittedly that kind of took him by surprise) they had warned him about Jimin. Especially Jackson, who apparently had a boyfriend in the Slytherin house and claimed to hold some inside information about the mysterious students of the snake's house. It seemed like Jimin was more disputed rather than completely odious. A lot of students claimed him to be the biggest sweetheart of the whole school, while others were firmly convinced that there was something dark lurking beneath that pretty, pink head.

It was surprising that no one ever mentioned Yoongi, although to him it seemed as if the raven was a way bigger threat. All in all, no one really knew Jimin personally. There were tons and tons of rumours but not even the Slytherins were aware of the complete truth, everything they could give were vague assumptions and shaky accusations. Nonetheless, Jungkook wasn't planning on becoming best friends with the two Slytherins, even though he had to admit there was still a thin layer of curiosity about Jimin, inside his mind.

However all through those days he didn't cross paths with neither Yoongi nor Jimin anymore in the first place and the two were almost a forgotten memory, by the end of the last class on Friday. At least until Yugyeom decided that Jungkook should definitely give himself a break and enjoy the nice weather outside. Yugyeom was probably right though, because Jungkook had been busy 24/7 the first two weeks, occupied with handling his social life and studies at the same time. It was new to him, since he was more used to only having to deal with the latter.

So, as soon as the last class was dismissed, he made his way outside towards the huge river that crossed Hogwarts. The sunlight of the noontime was glistening in the flowing water and Jungkook found the peaceful silence to be something that he didn't know he needed a lot. Settling down on a rock, at the edge of the river, he sighed heavily, rummaging through his bag to dig out a book.

While he was occupied with pushing different books and other items aside to find his desired volume, he didn't notice the movement, going on behind him. Not until suddenly there was a foot nudging him in his back. Shocked out of his mind, Jungkook gasped and turned around, just to find a pair of familiar eyes staring down at him. At first glance, Jungkook only saw the poisonous green tie around the person's neck and his first instinct was to run away from Yoongi. Until he realized that it wasn't Yoongi in the first place.

Staring down from above him was Jimin, pink hair perfectly in shape and his clothes tugged neatly into place like usual. There was something that seemed like amusement in the Slytherin's eyes as he reflected the younger's shocked gaze in a mocking manner. For a long time none of them said anything, Jungkook only trying to get on his feet within the small space that was left between Jimin and the river.

The silence was kind of uncomfortable, but Jimin was quick to fill it, "are you following me around?"

Jungkook could picture the bare confusion on his face, "Follow you?"

"Here I am, just enjoying my free time", Jimin carried on, pointing at a place to their right with a jerk of his chin. When Jungkook looked over, he could see Jimin's bag and robe thrown onto another stone nearby, "and then suddenly you appear out of nowhere."
"Isn't it a bit narcissistic to think someone was following you around?" Jungkook blurted out without thinking. Good start Jeon, good start.

Idiot.

"Oh, but is it a bad thing to be a bit narcissistic, when that someone stares at me, whenever he gets the chance?" the Slytherin laughed loudly at Jungkook's face taking a paler colour with every spoken word, "What's your name? I'd like to know what I should call my stalker."

After a short time of staring into Jimin's mocking eyes, Jungkook crossed his arms, "It's Jungkook."

"I'm Jimin, although I assume you already knew that." Jimin grinned and Jungkook felt a warm shiver, crawling up his spine like a spider, "say Jungkook, don't you know that it's dangerous to walk around outside of Hogwarts all on your own?"

Balling his hands into fists a little, Jungkook tried to swallow the lump in his throat for a second before he answered: "And what about you? Got Yoongi hiding in the bushes just in case I look at you for too long again?"

Jimin didn't seem fazed by the comment at all, "so you admit that you were looking at me." All that the younger could do was to mentally face palm, "you know, compared to you, I'm not the one that fears the danger outside the castle. I am the danger that is feared."

"...That's probably the dumbest thing, I've ever heard." the Ravenclaw stated bluntly, not even trying to control his words again.

"Oh, so you don't believe me?" Jimin asked, arching a brow mockingly and crossing his arms over his chest as well.

"Let's just say" Jungkook shrugged, "I'm more afraid of Yoongi than I am of you."

"And I thought all you Ravenclaws were smart." Jimin mumbled under his breath, shaking his head softly.

Jungkook frowned slightly, trying to straighten his back a little, so he'd tower over Jimin. That boy was even smaller than Yoongi, "and I thought all you Slytherins were actually intimidating."

"So you don't find me intimidating?" Jimin asked amused, honey covering his voice, "How about now?"

There wasn't even a second for Jungkook to react, before he felt a strong push against his chest and his balance slipping away. In the next moment, ice-cold wetness surrounded him everywhere, soaking his clothes and making them stick to his skin. The river wasn't deep, so close to the dry ground and as soon as Jungkook got up, only his knees and feet were in the water, the rest that still remained on his body was dripping down and made soft noises as it hit the water surface. He was to say the least furious.

Jimin on the other hand was just laughing his ass off, still standing on the same stone that Jungkook himself had populated a few moments ago. The pink haired boy was literally hunching down and holding his stomach because of his uncontrolled laughter, thumbs rubbing at his eyes to get rid of tears that leaked out. It all suddenly caught Jungkook off-guard, seeing Jimin so lively and not at all nonchalant, not calm, not even slightly conservative. The smaragd tie and the emblem with the silver snake suddenly seemed ridiculously out of place.
"Damn you look like shit!" Jimin continued to laugh and pointed his finger at Jungkook.

The young Ravenclaw narrowed his eyes, pulling his wand from his pocket and pointing it at Jimin's tie, mumbling a silent 'Accio'. Jimin's eyes went wide when suddenly, there was a strong pull at his tie and he stumbled over the edge of the stone, a loud splash sound the next thing to be heard. Now it was Jungkook's time to laugh, seeing Jimin's soaked frame slowly trying to stand on his feet again with a not amused expression.

"I'll make you pay for that." Jimin mumbled, running a hand through his hair.

The motion made his pink strands stick to his head and his usually covered forehead suddenly appeared in the sunlight. It was shocking because all of a sudden, Jimin seemed indeed a lot manlier than before and Jungkook had to bite down on his lip for a second and process the view in front of him. Jimin might have been attractive before already but this was... wow.

"Yeah?" he carried on and looked over at Jimin, trying not to look too affected by Jimin's current appearance, "what are you gonna do? Send your boyfriend to send me flying out the window of the astronomy tower?"

"He's not my boyfriend." Jimin shook his head, as if Jungkook had just said something so obviously stupid that the Ravenclaw himself should have picked up on it by now, "and I don't need someone else to my duels out for me."

With that and a quick mumble of 'stupefy' there was a harsh push at Jungkook's foot and he fell back down into the cold water, groaning at the sudden fall. With fury burning in his eyes, he looked up at Jimin and suddenly got up, reaching for the other's tie again. Fuck this; he wouldn't need any magic to settle this with Jimin. The elder seemed shocked for a second, when he was pulled down and pushed into the water, but quickly reacted and grabbed a tight hold of Jungkook's hair. He noticed though, that it wasn't tight enough to hurt.

They rolled around in the shallow water, trying to push each other's head beneath the surface of the river and attempting to get the other as soaked as possible. Carrying on like this for another few minutes until they were out of breath, the two of them laughed silently next to each other, slowly standing up. Jungkook didn't realize that suddenly Jimin's hand was running through his hair, pushing it out of his face and he startled at the motion.

But the Slytherin had already pulled his hand back again, "you should expose your forehead more often, it looks good on you." he mumbled and looked at Jungkook with a smile that even seemed to hold something like fondness.

Without thinking too hard about it, Jungkook smiled back shyly, "yeah, you too."

They looked at each other like this for a few seconds, before Jimin turned to the edge of the river again and dragged himself out of the water, "come on let's get out of the river before I drown and you have to give me mouth-to-mouth resuscitation."

Jungkook blushed wildly at the thought but followed Jimin's example anyways, since it didn't seem inviting at all, to spend another minute in the cold waves of the river. He also barely managed to not stare at the lines of Jimin's abs that were suddenly way too visible, thanks to the wet fabric of the Slytherin's clothes now sticking to his body. Thankfully the sun had heated up the stones on the edge of the river and when they both laid down to dry, the cold dripped out of them like the water was running down the stone and back into the river, where it came from.

"You're actually not that bad, you know?" Jimin said, after a short while of surprisingly
comfortable silence.

The Ravenclaw huffed a little indignant, "well thanks. I can't say the same about you."

Once more, Jimin didn't seem to mind the comment at all, although Jungkook had to admit that he probably didn't sound very convincing in the first place, "I mean it though... I honestly thought you were just some kind of creep, that was overflowing with hormones."

"Yeah I hear that often." they both laughed loudly, next to each other, Jimin patting Jungkook's shoulder in the motion. Right where Jimin had touched him, he could feel a slight warmth in the shape of a tiny hand.

"I guess I should apologize for Yoongi too... he's been a bit... how do I say it?"

"A bit of an asshole?" Jungkook suggested and Jimin gave another blinding smile.

"I suppose." He admitted but then turned his head, to look over at Jungkook, their shoulders touching, when he moved a little, "But don't be too hard on him. He's just a little overprotective."

Another huff escaped the younger's lips, "well you seem to be capable of protecting yourself just fine."

"Against a first year, yes" Jimin snorted, but this time it didn't sound as amused as the times before, "there are a lot of dark things out there Jungkookie, don't be mad at me if I say you're my smallest problem in the world."

How could he be mad at that? Jungkook thought and smiled sheepishly at the nickname. They fell into a soft silence again, Jungkook glancing over at Jimin, whose gaze was locked to the blue sky above them, lips parted slightly and breathing deep and slow. His hair seemed almost dry, falling back into his face to cover his forehead again and without thinking twice, Jungkook reached out curiously to see what it felt like. He was surprised to find it feeling just the same way it looked; soft and fluffy, especially now that it had been dried by the sun. Jimin's curious eyes were now directed at him, when he ran his fingers through the soft pink but the Slytherin didn't even make an attempt to stop Jungkook in his motion.

After a while, Jungkook removed his fingers again, leaving Jimin with a shy pink tone on his cheeks, "what makes you think you'll be confronted with those things?"

Jimin's next expression was to say the least shocking. He had a smile on his lips, yes that was nothing new. But the short glimpse of darkness and grief in his eyes was something that threw Jungkook completely off-guard. It took Jimin long to respond and in that time, Jungkook could see the elder tugging at his sleeves, as if to hide himself at all cost. A terrifying image of red lines grazed Jungkook's brain but he pushed it aside, when Jimin finally opened his mouth.

"I suppose you don't have anyone that dictates how your life is going to lapse, am I right?" he looked over at Jungkook again and the younger had to avoid his gaze, not able to deal with the expression in the soft eyes of the Slytherin and instead intently studied his own hands.

He thought carefully before he answered, "No... I think no one should. Because after all, we're our own monarchs."

That sentence seemed to strike something inside Jimin because suddenly, the small, honest smile from before was back in his eyes, "Yeah I think so too."

Giving himself a small jolt, Jungkook faced Jimin again, "Do you really have someone like that?"
Silence settled again, something unspoken waving in the air, as Jimin studied Jungkook's face, hushing over his eyes, lips, nose, cheeks and brows as if he was looking for something. Something evil that Jungkook hid. As if he doubted that Jungkook really was the person he claimed to be.

It seemed like Jimin couldn't find what he was looking for though, because he finally carried on; "I might just have lost control about telling apart what I want and what others want... Sometimes I wish-

A loud sound next to their heads interrupted Jimin's voice and they looked up towards the trees that were growing close to the river. Through the silence a soft sound waved over to them, something very similar to a 'meow'. Suddenly a completely black cat, with shining emerald eyes parted the green of a few brakes and stepped onto a rotten trunk. Jungkook only heard a silent 'shit' from Jimin, before the elder had already gotten up from where they had been laying.

He sheepishly bit down on his bottom lip, "that's Yoongi's cat."

A sudden wave of annoyance drifted through Jungkook's body, "and you're still sure I am the stalker here?"

He smiled lightly when Jimin just giggled in response and reached a hand out, to help the Ravenclaw get to his feet, then he directed his attention back to the cat; "tell him; at the forbidden forest in ten minutes, I'll be right there." The cat blinked once, twice and then turned around, disappearing in the green again.

"The forbidden forest?" Jungkook arched a brow, "are you nuts or something?"

"At daylight it's not that bad really, the trick is just to be out of it at sunset again." Jimin explained, walking over to his own stone to collect his stuff.

A little irritated by Jimin's honest nonchalance, all that Jungkook could manage was a small: "just take care, okay?"

"Aw Jungkookie, are you worried about me?" Jimin asked mockingly and smirked at him, cocking his head in the motion.

Rolling his eyes in annoyance, Jungkook shoved the Slytherin's shoulder softly, "you should be thankful I am."

A small smile spread over Jimin's lips and Jungkook pleasantly found it to be honest, "I am, believe me." When Jimin had collected his things and moved to leave, he stopped for a second and turned back around, to look at Jungkook, "Would you mind meeting up on Sunday or something? You know we could just sit down in the library and maybe do some homework and talk a little... get to know each other a bit better."

Jungkook felt his body flutter a little at the offer and then he presented a wide smile, teeth standing out and making him look like a bunny, "I'd like that."

Seemingly pleased with the answer, Jimin nodded his pink head and stuffed his hands into his pockets; "I'll see you at three?"

As soon as Jungkook had given a slight nod, Jimin smiled a last time and turned away a little slower than necessary, "Goodbye Jungkookie."

The Ravenclaw's eyes followed him, until Jimin disappeared between the trees next to them and he was once more left in a blissful loneliness that finally gave him the chance to process what had just
happened in front of his eyes. Maybe Jimin wasn't such a bad person after all and the others just had a completely wrong impression of the young Slytherin. And maybe they'd become good friends, he figured, finding himself anticipating the meeting.

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"Ah not again!!" Taehyung sighed loudly, when Hoseok put down his final card and rose to fulfil a dance of victory. Jungkook was just sitting in the chair next to them, laughing loudly at Hoseok’s movements, "I can't believe you're always winning!"

"Well, you're probably just not smart enough to play this game.", the older Hufflepuff answered mockingly but ruffled the others hair to show his affection nonetheless.

Taehyung only huffed but it was easy to see that he wasn't necessarily hurt or anything, "Next time I'll win for real."

"Yeah, yeah", Hoseok nodded, still chuckling, then his eyes went over to the huge clock at the wall of the Hufflepuff common room, "well you'll have to prove me different another time Taehyungie, Professor Slughorn is calling. I can hear his snoring over the whole castle already."

Jungkook and Taehyung laughed loudly, as they watched Hoseok gather his things and rise from his spot at the fireplace. The bright boy with the wildly coloured hair had spent the whole evening with them in the Hufflepuff common room, playing cards and debating whether the chocolate frog card of Dumbledore was worth two of McGonagall's or three. When he came back from the river meeting with Jimin, Taehyung had collected a very lost Jungkook in the midst of the courtyard and invited him to visit the Hufflepuffs for once. The Ravenclaw of course, had agreed right away and on their way they had met Hoseok and Youngjae as well, but the latter had already left for an evening class an hour ago.

"I'll miss you Hyung, please hurry back soon." Taehyung said sweetly and Jungkook couldn't hold back a knowing smirk at how the Hufflepuff was acting towards Hoseok.

"Of course Baby", he could see Taehyung's ears redden a little at the nickname, "I'll be back before you can count to three."

With that he was gone, Taehyung's gaze still fixed on the door, that the elder had left through. Jungkook watched Taehyung carefully now; the elder avoided his gaze as well as possible, as if nothing ever happened. The Hufflepuff merely stared into the fire with a fond smile and an unreadable expression in his eyes, reflecting the dancing flames of the fireplace.

"So what's going on between the two of you, huh?" Jungkook finally broke the silence.

Startling at the sudden voice, as if Jungkook had just woken him from a deep trance, he looked over at the Ravenclaw, "I don't know what you're talking about."

"Oh don't you even try to fool me Kim Taehyung!" Jungkook said, pointing an accusing finger at the elder, "You like him don't you?"

Taehyung could only look around with a distressed expression, "Say it a bit louder please, I think the two girls in the back didn't hear you yet."

"Sorry, Sorry!" the younger only giggled and leaned a bit closer to Taehyung, so that he could understand his silent whisper; "So is that a yes?"

Short silence. And then; "...I'll kill you, if you tell someone." the Hufflepuff finally mumbled
sheepishly, the blush on his ears now spread all over his cheeks.

Jungkook made a loud noise, that sounded like a puppy yelping excitedly, "oh my god that's the cutest thing ever. Since when? Did you guys kiss already?"

"Can't you stop?" Taehyung huffed in annoyance but there was still a warm smile on his lips, "I'm not sure when it started but I think I have feelings for him, since a pretty long time now. He's done a lot for me." when he noticed the dissatisfaction in Jungkook's gaze, he sighed again, "and no, we haven't kissed yet."

"I can imagine you too together really well." Jungkook admitted and leaned back in his chair again, playing with a loose strand on the armrest, "will you tell him?"

Scratching the back of his neck, Taehyung reflected Jungkook's motion, the chair beneath him giving a silent 'thump'-sound, "I planned on doing so a while ago but... I'm just not sure about it. I mean, what if I destroy our friendship?"

"Taehyung", Jungkook breathed deeply, as if he had to explain to a little kid that the earth was actually a sphere, "he just called you baby. You two are so way past the 'friend'-boundaries."

"Isn't that a normal thing to do between best friends?" As soon as Taehyung saw the look on Jungkook's face, he knew what an absolutely dumb question that actually was, "okay, maybe we're treating each other a little different, but-"

"No buts anymore Taehyung", Jungkook said and raised his hand, "I refuse to accept anything like that. It's so obvious that you like each other. You're just both too shy to make the first step."

Taehyung only giggled and shook his head, "alright, I heard you. I'll confess soon, alright?"

"Pinkie promise."

"Jungkook that's such a kindergarten-thing are you really." "Pinkie. Promise." the younger repeated again, his pinkie stretched out towards Taehyung.

After a short amount of disbelieving silence, Taehyung reached out and intertwined their pinkies, squeezing a bit harder than necessary and making Jungkook hiss silently in pain. A silent 'asshole' rolled over his lips and Taehyung could only laugh in response. After that they fell silent for a while, Jungkook listing all the homework he'd still have to get done through the evening, whereas Taehyung was just staring into the flames of the fireplace again.

"What about you?" Taehyung suddenly broke the silence again.

Jungkook looked up and smiled slightly, "what about me?"

The Hufflepuff turned a little in his chair, so that his legs were hanging over one armrest, and his back was placed on the other, "do you have a special interest in someone? I see you hanging around Yugyeom a lot lately."

At the image of him and Yugyeom that showed up in his head, Jungkook could only snort loudly, "yeah right. We're the perfect couple in a world that values awkwardness. Yugyeom only has eyes for that Gryffindor boy anyways."

"What Gryffindor boy?" Taehyung asked with his brows furrowed in confusion.
"Ah", the Ravenclaw shrugged lightly, "you know, that kid with the weird name and the weird hair and the weird everything. The small one."

A silent giggle echoed through the Hufflepuff common room, when Taehyung suddenly understood; "you're talking about Bam Bam?"

"Exactly!"

"You do realize, that's not his real name, right?" Taehyung asked jokingly.

"What?" Jungkook responded with mocking sarcasm "you're being serious right now?"

Taehyung only shook with laughter and left out a response, instead turning back to their old topic; "no but for real; do you have a crush or something?"

"What do you expect, it's not even been a month, since I actually came to Hogwarts." Jungkook responded, even though there was a warm memory of small hands and soft lips whispering a suggestion into his ear.

He ignored it though and watched Taehyung slump back into his chair, "you're so boring."

"That's okay." Jungkook said and giggled silently, before throwing a quick glance at the clock, "I should go too. There's still a lot of work to be done for me AND for you, if I might remind you."

The annoyance at the thought of homework was radiating from Taehyung but he responded warmly nonetheless; "yeah you're right... I'll go to my room and study and probably fall asleep on my notes again."

"Don't you dare Kim Taehyung. You'll study down here, where it's too uncomfortable to fall asleep." Jungkook said, as he got up and picked up his bag.

"Hah!" Taehyung gave him a knowing look, "you think that can stop me?"

"Worth a try." the other just said and hugged Taehyung at his spot on the chair as a good bye for the day, "I'll see you around tomorrow."

"Good night."

With that, Jungkook left the Hufflepuff common room and stepped out into the cool hallway. Even though it was still pretty warm from the summer, the nights started to significantly become colder and Jungkook had to pull his robe up to his neck a bit, so his teeth would stop chattering. By now he didn't need a map to reach his destination anymore and he moved with quick and confident steps towards the Ravenclaw common room.

On his way, he had to cross the yard though and the thought about the cold being able to bite into his skin without the thick walls around him wasn't very pleasant to say the least. Nonetheless he decided to take the way through it, since a different way would just cost him double the time. So he opened the doors that lead outside and stepped into the open. The sky was already a deep shade of black and only the moon made it possible to cross the small space without tripping over his own feet.

He was shocked however to find that he wasn't alone; there was another silhouette just standing in the middle of the yard, staring up into the star-filled sky. They were holding something soft in their arms that looked like a cat and the hood of their robe was pulled over one half of their head. Jungkook's heart skipped a beat when he recognized the deep, black hair and the pale skin, beneath
the fabric of the boy's hood. Suddenly Yoongi turned towards him, an unreadable expression on his face and Jungkook was immediately ready to make a run for it and look for the room of requirements to hide in.

But the Slytherin didn't even move a finger, just petting the cat in his arms with a calm expression, which Jungkook recognized to be the one that had interrupted him and Jimin a few hours ago. What shocked Jungkook the most though, was when Yoongi suddenly spoke up, not even a trace of anger left in his voice and said a simple 'good night', before turning around and heading in the direction of the Slytherin dorms.

It all seemed so strangely surreal, that when Jungkook woke up the next day, he wasn't sure if this had really happened or if he had just been dreaming.
"Jungkook, you should get up now." Yugyeom mumbled, shaking lightly on the other Ravenclaw's shoulder that was still covered by thick blankets.

"Get lost Yugyeom..." he mumbled, his words muffled by the pillow, he was pressing his face into, "It's Sunday... there's no classes..."

"But you said you have plans at around 3 p.m. I just thought you don't want to be late." the other stated, rummaging through his suitcase.

Jungkook only grumbled in response, "there's still enough time."

"But it's already 2.40. p.m." Jungkook felt his tired eyes suddenly shoot open, "you missed both, breakfast and lunch."

Never in his life had Jungkook been ready so fast. Brushing teeth, getting dressed, even a quick shower and all of it in the span of ten minutes. He'd still have to run though, since the library was a good ten minute-walk away. Too bad he couldn't just fly there on a broomstick. Yugyeom was already handing him his bag, speeding Jungkook on his way with a soft wave of his hand.

The castle was full of busy students, for once none of them really seeming to be on their way to class. Whenever Jungkook turned a corner, he'd occasionally bump shoulders with someone, sometimes even saying a short 'hello', if the person was familiar to him. Outside the slowly advancing fall was intensely perceptible and the castle started to become colder with the days that passed, making Jungkook regret that he left his jacket in his dorm. But running back now, would probably be the biggest mistake since he'd be even later.

Being distracted by his thoughts, he suddenly bumped into a tall figure, the muscular body not budging an inch and causing Jungkook to stumble backwards. When he looked up, a pair of doe eyes looked down at him, a small perky smile planted on plush lips. After short contemplation Jungkook quickly found an identity that he could give the pretty face in front of him; it was the Gryffindor that had send him to the Ravenclaw table on his first day.

"Still trouble finding the right house?" he asked mockingly, but there was just pure warmth playing with his voice.

Nervously scratching the back of his head, Jungkook gave a small chuckle, "Uh, no thank you I get my bearings."

"That's good to hear." the taller said and stretched his hand out to ruffle Jungkook's hair, "I'm Seokjin by the way. If you need anything, I'll gladly answer all the questions I can and help you out."

"Thanks a lot, that's really kind. But... Aren't you the prefect of Gryffindor?" Jungkook asked, trying not to sound too wary.

A soft chuckle sounded through the hallway and Seokjin ran a hand through his hair, "that might be true but for me the houses aren't a real boundary. Or do you have only Ravenclaw-friends?"
At the thought of all his newfound friends Jungkook smiled shyly and quickly shook his head, "I have friends from Hufflepuff and Gryffindor too."

"No Slytherins?" Seokjin seemed to be surprised, "I thought Ravenclaws and Slytherins would get along well."

"I'm..." At the mentioning of the emerald house, Jungkook's brain screamed alarmingly, reminding him that he should be somewhere completely else right now, "I haven't really met anyone from there yet."

"Is that so? But didn't Yoongi approach you on your first day?" The Gryffindor shifted a little to wrap his arms tighter around the books in his hold.

Yeah sure, it's just he threatened me with murder, "Ah... I guess we didn't get along too well. I think he doesn't like me a lot anyways."

"That's surprising." Seokjin tipped his index on his chin as if in deep thought, "He's grumpy sure, but actually a really nice person if you get to know him. That is if you don't mess around with his friends. Speaking of, maybe you're familiar with Jimin? Park Jimin? He's really popular around the school."

Biting his lip anxiously, Jungkook grabbed the strap of his bag a little tighter, "I'm sorry but I really have to go... I'm kinda in a hurry."

"Oh that's fine! Maybe we'll see each other around again, yes?" The taller smiled widely and couldn't stop himself from ruffling Jungkook's hair once more.

The younger smiled shyly and nodded, before he waved and passed Seokjin. Boy, he had to run now. A short glance at his wristwatch was enough to tell him that he was five minutes late already anyways. Nonetheless, he sped up his steps even more, almost tripping over his own two feet in the process. At one of the bridges he crossed, he could see Taehyung, sitting on the railing of the bridge together with Hoseok, waving at him and calling his name. He didn't give it much attention though and just waved back, leaving Taehyung and his crush on their own. It was probably better to leave them some time to themselves anyways.

Finally, ten minutes late, Jungkook stopped in front of the library-doors. He was panting and a thin sheen of sweat covered his forehead. A quick look into the glass of the doors, told him enough to know that he looked like a mess. But there was no changing it now and he pushed at the heavy doors to open them. The library was silent as always, the students only whispering to each other when they had to discuss something or exchanged questions. Walking past the endless rows of gigantic bookshelves, Jungkook looked around carefully to spot a certain pink head in the furthest corner of the library, sitting on the ledge of a huge window.

He was bent over a huge book that looked like it was dusty enough to not have been touched for at least three years. His hair was once more perfectly styled but this time purposefully moved out of his forehead. It made him look more mature and Jungkook immediately remembered the short conversation they had on Friday about how they should both expose their foreheads some more. Truth be told, Jungkook didn't expect Jimin to actually follow his advice. Nonetheless he was glad that Jimin did so anyways. The Slytherin didn't seem to have noticed him yet, which gave Jungkook some more time to admire him a little longer.

When he was sure that his breath had calmed and his sweat had dried, he dared to step out from behind the bookshelves and sat in front of Jimin on the windowsill. The Slytherin's head immediately rose when he noticed someone sitting down next to him and smiled widely as soon as
he recognized the person.

"I'm late." Jungkook apologized and looked down at Jimin's book.

"You are?" Jimin raised his eyes at the clock on the wall of the library, "oh, I didn't even realize."

A silent huff escaped the Ravenclaw, "I'm still sorry though."

"Hey", Before Jungkook could react, Jimin's hand was in his hair, ruffling it softly, "don't worry about it, seriously."

For a short moment none of them said anything, they only watched the other's face carefully, trying to remember everything there was to it. But way too soon Jimin pulled his hand away and leaned back against the wall behind him again. Jungkook had to admit that the loss of the warm touch was kind of unfortunate but he still smiled and opened his bag to pull out a few things he needed.

"What kind of book is that?" He asked sceptically, when Jimin turned to the next page with a sigh and started to cough as a cloud of dust hit him in the face.

The Slytherin only put on a bored expression, "Arithmancy. You can be glad, you still have two years without that crap."

Jungkook raised a brow at that, "what does it do?"

"Well apparently", Jimin stated, not seeming all too convinced in his own words, "I should be able to predict the future with the help of numbers."

"You don't sound too fond of that. Had any luck yet?" Jungkook asked and pulled his Textbook for History of magic out of his bag.

Jimin only snorted, "Great luck! The only thing I can predict perfectly by now is how bad I'm going to fail my Arithmancy-exam."

A loud laugh escaped Jungkook and he earned a few severe glances from the other students in the library, "You must really hate that Subject."

"It's less that I hate it", Jimin said and ran a hand through his hair, something that caused a slight tingle in Jungkook's stomach, "more likely it hates me. And the teacher does too."

Without thinking Jungkook blurted; "I can't imagine that someone does not like you."

When he realized what he had just said, he looked up with wide eyes. But Jimin wasn't even looking at him; instead had his eyes back down on his book. As Jungkook looked a bit closer though, he could definitely spot a soft tint of red on the Slytherin's cheeks. Still hoping that Jimin simply didn't hear him, Jungkook opened his own book and started to note down a few things. All through though he found himself 10% studying and 90% watching Jimin study. And while others would've described it as a waste of time, Jungkook thought that there was hardly anything else he could spend his time better with.

Jimin had a habit of licking his lips whenever he hesitated for a second and fell into some thoughts (which didn't necessarily help Jungkook's concentration but well, it couldn't be helped anyway), so Jungkook noted. He also sneezed sometimes when he turned a page and Jungkook had to admit that it was probably one of the most endearing sounds that the Slytherin ever made. His hardest task was probably the small blush that formed on his cheeks as soon as he started to compare Jimin to a baby-tiger and decided that, even though the baby-tiger was definitely adorable, it could never
reach Jimin's level.

All through the comfortable silence that they shared, Jungkook's mind didn't stop spinning and thoughts about taking those small hands into his own and staring into a pair of pretty chocolate-eyes kept showing up in front of his inner eye. He remembered the conversation, he had with Taehyung on Friday and suddenly a strange thought started to build in his brain; Did he actually like Jimin? Would that even be possible after only knowing him for about two hours? But something about Jimin was just so mesmerizing and he felt himself be drawn closer to Jimin with every second they spent together.

All of a sudden it just became his goal to know the other better. And not just that, he also wanted others to know him better. The rumours and things that his friends had revealed to Jungkook, concerning the young Slytherin were erased out of Jungkook's memory as soon as he and Jimin had started their first conversation. Sure, he had his cocky moments every now and then but in Jungkook's opinion that just made him even more irresistible and somehow more... human. He'd never had a crush before though (much less been in love), so he wasn't sure what to name this curious feeling he had.

As soon as the older sneezed again, Jungkook was pretty sure that his stomach fluttered for a second. Maybe he wasn't at the stage of really liking Jimin just yet.

But he was definitely getting there.

"Are you done with your homework already?" Jimin suddenly asked and pulled Jungkook out of his thoughts, smirking as soon as he met Jungkook's slightly pink face, "or am I just so beautiful that you had to stare at me?"

Calming down the small butterfly that tickled his fingertips, Jungkook managed a snort, "yeah of course. I just thought that smudge of eyeliner on your nose looked really attractive."

He saw Jimin's eyes widen and the pink haired quickly turned towards the window next to them, examining himself in the faint reflection. However when he didn't find anything in the self-made 'mirror', Jimin frowned and his eyes shot back to Jungkook, who was trying to hold in his laughter. Before he could react, the elder had raised his hand and punched him softly in the shoulder. It didn't hurt at all; it felt more like a warning nudge, which shouldn't be taken too seriously in the end though. Jungkook found that he even liked it when Jimin did this.

"Why are you even wearing make-up in the first place?" Jungkook asked, tilting his head in a questioning manner.

He wasn't sure if his mind betrayed him at that moment but he was almost sure that he spotted a slight glint of shame in Jimin's expression, "It gives me a bit of confidence... I'm honestly not that confident about my face... especially not my lips."

'But they look so soft and kissable!' what a relief, Jungkook didn't say that one out loud, "I never tried out make-up before, is it hard to do?"

They talked like this for a little longer, homework completely abandoned. At one point they even agreed that Jimin could do Jungkook's make-up for the next upcoming parties. Jungkook found that time passed unfairly fast when they talked and he didn't know if he should be happy that he managed to resist the urge to hold the other boy's hand the whole time, or if he should be sad.

When Jimin raised from his place on the window sill about an hour later, Jungkook almost felt like crying. Until the other spoke however: "We should take a walk Jungkookie. My ass feels like it's
going to disappear into nothing if I keep on sitting on it."

The Ravenclaw laughed at that and nodded, sliding down from their place as well, "got something special in mind?"

"Mhm." the other threw Jungkook a mischievous glance, "It'll be a surprise though." At the word 'Surprise' Jungkook's ears perked up curiously and he carefully eyed Jimin, as the Slytherin quickly stuffed a few books into his bag, "Let's go!" Jimin said and Jungkook followed suit after.

They crossed hallways after hallways and passed various students. A lot of them greeted Jimin as if he was a good friend of theirs but Jimin managed to always get rid of them quickly again, so that the two could arrive at their destination as quick as possible. Jungkook was amazed by how many people in fact seemed to like the Slytherin (well he could of course relate to it, but given all the opinions he had from his friends, it was rather unexpected).

Somewhere on the way, Jimin threw an arm around Jungkook's broad shoulders, the younger purposefully leaning down, so that Jimin didn't have to walk on his tiptoes, while the Slytherin rambled on about all kinds of school rules he had already broken with a bunch of his friends. He also mentioned how he would love to do a lot of those things with Jungkook, for example skip a few lessons and hide in the clock tower through the evening. The Ravenclaw had to admit that the image of that made him excited and calm at the same time and he decided to remind Jimin of the idea some time soon.

Soon enough Jungkook could guess where they were heading: the exit of the school. Jungkook firmly believed that Jimin would just turn around a corner again and head in a completely different direction all of a sudden, since it was almost time for the first years to head to their rooms by now. But Jimin kept on walking calmly down the corridors towards the entrance hall, as if it was the most normal thing in the world.

Suddenly Jungkook was pulled behind a corner by the Slytherin and Jimin pressed a finger against his lips, the touch leaving a prickling sensation on Jungkook's skin, "quiet." he whispered and the Ravenclaw immediately nodded to make clear he understood.

In front of the entrance hall stood a figure, blocking the way for all of the students that might've "accidently" headed outside. Jungkook didn't know the man but it seemed to be a teacher that just stood there as some kind of guard. His eyes widened when Jimin pulled out his wand from his robe's pocket and immediately gripped the elder's hand tightly. When his eyes met Jimin's however, the other's eyes were merely filled with amusement and he gently pushed Jungkook's hand off with his free one. Jungkook could only watch how Jimin pointed his wand into one of the corners of the entrance hall and mumbled a silent 'Oppugno'.

All of a sudden a cloud of feathers appeared out of Jimin's wand and a bunch of small birds appeared in the air. Jungkook watched with huge, fascinated eyes and felt Jimin's gaze on him for a short second. With a quick swing of his wand however, Jimin sent the birds flying at the speed of a lightning and they crashed into the wall. When they contacted with the wall, a silent cheep sounded through the hall and they turned back into feathers, causing Jungkook to wake up from his short haze.

The silent sound of the magical birds seemed to have caught the teacher's attention and he hurriedly turned towards the sound, stepping a bit closer. As soon as he was a bit further away and his back was still facing them, Jimin took a hold of Jungkook's hand and pulled him towards the entrance. Fazed by the sudden touch, Jungkook just let himself be pulled after Jimin like a ragdoll and silently they slipped through the entrance doors together, unseen and unheard.
Outside though, Jimin didn't stop running and he pulled Jungkook with him further down, closer and closer towards the forbidden woods. Close to Hagrid's they finally stopped running and Jimin eventually let go of Jungkook's hand again. They panted from the running for a second and grinned at each other, Jimin shaking his head as soon as Jungkook started laughing loudly and leaning his hands on his knees.

"I never did something like this before." Jungkook admitted as soon as he had calmed his adrenaline and they were comfortably walking next to each other again, "It's exciting."

"Something like this?" the other asked, questioningly raising a brow.

Jungkook's brown locks glinted in the light of the soon-to-be-setting sun as he nodded, "you know; breaking the rules."

"I see", Jimin responded mockingly, "a good boy, huh?"

"Turn off?" Jungkook asked, not really minding the way his own cheeks flushed a slight pink.

But Jimin only laughed, seemingly not sensing any awkwardness after the said sentence, "major."

Jungkook only found himself pouting and when Jimin saw his face he laughed again, a sunny sound that could only be described as perfect, "you should teach me how to be bad then."

Jimin raised a brow and Jungkook suddenly thought he had stepped over a very important line. But once more, Jimin only started to smirk, "watch and learn." he said and lead Jungkook closer to the forbidden woods.

The sun was already low enough that Jungkook could feel the night's wind blowing beneath his robe and he shivered. Walking down the hill beneath Hagrid's hut, the two boys kept on heading towards the forest, Jimin not seeming irritated by the close proximity of the forbidden place in any way. As if it was his second home, Jungkook thought and suddenly remembered their first real encounter at the lake and how the Slytherin had mentioned something about meeting Yoongi in the forbidden woods. His interest and heart rate picked up even the slightest, when Jimin didn't turn just before the forest, to head somewhere else but kept his path in a bullish manner.

But before they could take the first step into the forest, Jungkook stopped in his tracks, Jimin walking a few more, before he noticed that the Ravenclaw wasn't by his side anymore. He looked up at Jungkook a little confused, "what's wrong?"

Trying to gulp down the suddenly very present lump in his throat, Jungkook tightened his hands to fists, "I... I don't think we should-

"Jungkookie..." Jimin huffed and ran his hands through his styled hair, patience seemingly wearing a little thin "I've done this a million times. Come on, it'll be fun!"

"Don't you think there's a reason why it's forbidden to go in there?" the younger folded his arms in front of his chest, trying to forget how whipped he was for a second and stay rational instead.

But Jimin didn't have any of that and grabbed onto the younger's sleeve, "You have to trust me Jungkookie. Please?" then he leaned in closer with a devilish grin, "if you come with me, I swear it'll pay off."

There it was again; the butterflies in his fingertips, the turning of his stomach and the weird feeling that made Jungkook dizzy enough to forget his own opinion in the first place, "fine." he mumbled and Jimin took his hand once more to pull him down in between the trees.
In the sunlight (even if it was just the last hour of it), the forbidden woods didn't seem to have any harm hidden in them at all. It looked like every other forest, filled with green fern and the silent buzzing of the insects that lived between rotten wood and fresh, little plants. They walked straight towards the middle and soon arrived at a clearing with a huge, single tree in the middle. There was already a small scrunched footpath in between the tall blades of grass that covered the whole place, supposedly from other people that had visited the place a few times already.

"Yoongi-hyung and I often come here to talk about private stuff." Jimin gushed, while his tiny fingers continuously pulled on Jungkook's own big hand, "in the castle, you barely get any privacy, so this place is really good to just relax in silence or talk about secrets." he gave Jungkook a meaningful look over his shoulder.

Deciding to let his control slip a little and reflect the gaze, Jungkook let himself be dragged over to the tree, "and what in the world could be so confidential that you couldn't instead discuss it in the school's bathrooms?"

"Well for one, it's way prettier here and you can avoid having to deal with the moaning myrtle's bad flirt attempts and her drooling over you, when you just want to take a bath. It's really unsettling." Jungkook refrained from imagining the Slytherin stepping into a nice bubble bath just the way god had made him and instead decided to eye up the tree they would soon reach, "and secondly, you'll have to earn my whole trust before I tell you about that."

Despite understanding where Jimin was coming from, Jungkook couldn't help himself but to feel a little hurt inside. It seemed as though, his pouting was strong enough to be noticed and Jimin immediately turned around to him. It seemed as though the Slytherin was upset... maybe worried that he had actually hurt Jungkook's feelings and the Ravenclaw took a second to bathe in Jimin's undivided attention.

"But don't worry!" he hurried to add, "compared to others, you're getting there a lot quicker than expected." After that he turned around again and started to climb the low branches of the tree, soon sitting almost at the top, "you coming?"

Leaving out a vocal answer, Jungkook started to mimic the motions of the Slytherin boy and climbed the huge tree, while thinking about all the things Jimin had said. What in the world could be so arcane that Jimin couldn't even give him a hint? They obviously got along well but it still seemed like there was something that kept Jimin from being completely honest to Jungkook. The Slytherin remained a mystery but Jungkook knew that despite this, he couldn't even consider being mad at Jimin for it. Nonetheless, his undeniable Ravenclaw-curiosity was piqued and he envied Yoongi for being close enough to Jimin that he knew about this mysterious secret.

They reached a relatively high branch and Jimin determined them to be high enough. The Slytherin sat down and shuffled a little, to give Jungkook some space. He managed to slide on the space next to Jimin, their shoulders pressed together tightly and Jimin's scent tickling his nose. Jungkook couldn't help but notice that there was still plenty of space to Jimin's right, where he could have moved to and remain a little distance between them but the Slytherin didn't move a muscle and rather just kept his gaze ahead, with a peaceful expression on his face.

The sun was still relatively far up, it was only late afternoon after all and the bright light illuminated Jimin's eyes in the best way possible. His profile was filled with brilliant edges and soft curves that Jungkook desperately wished to trace with his fingertips. Before he could avert his eyes, Jimin had already caught him staring but somehow he didn't seem to be uncomfortable this time.

"Staring again?" Jimin smirked and Jungkook should have found his smugness to be annoying but
at that moment all he could feel was endearment.

"It's a habit."

The Slytherin raised a suspicious brow, "So you stare like that at everyone."

"No", Jungkook mumbled and looked down at Jimin's hand, that lay squeezed between their thighs on the branch and before he could help himself he had already grasped it in a mindless reflex, "Only tiny Slytherins with pink hair and a cute laugh."

"You need to take the 'tiny'-part back, or I'll have to deem myself as forced to kill you." Jimin responded and took Jungkook's hand in his own.

After that, Jimin leaned his head carefully against Jungkook's shoulder and he could only smile and try not to squirm in happiness. Jimin's hands were very pretty but Jungkook found them to be especially pretty when they were tangled with his own.

They sat in silence, filled with the warmth of the other and remained in the same position for what felt like almost a full hour, until Jimin filled the silence: "It's funny, really. I've never trusted someone so fast. Especially not someone from a different house."

Jungkook didn't quite know what to say to that, so he remained silent and only squeezed Jimin's hand softly to make him continue, "Maybe, it's because I'm not very good with people. Whenever I get to know someone, we don't get far past acquaintances. I suppose it's because others usually don't like me very much, when they get to know me."

Now Jungkook was even more surprised, "Not good with people? But you're so popular! Everyone knows you around school and-"

"They know a face." Jimin interrupted him and even though his words were only a whisper, Jungkook immediately fell silent, when he heard the slight wobble in the elder's voice, "They know a house colour and they know a name." The Ravenclaw's heart clenched a little at that and he couldn't tell why right away, "Only a handful of people actually know me beyond that and only one of them stood with me through it. It's my fault though, really, I always get others into danger."

"That's not true Jimin!" Jungkook pleaded and turned his body a little, so that Jimin could look up at him, just to see his honesty, "You're an amazing person! Gentle, friendly and so admirable!"

Before he could continue there was a soft brush against his lips, as Jimin pressed his index against them, gently to make him stop, "I wish I could believe you Jungkookie."

The nickname made Jungkook's heart inflame with wild affection and he grasped the hand on his mouth with his free one, "you can!"

"No Jungkook, you don't understand." Jimin answered and Jungkook could see a slight glint on the corner of the Slytherin's eyes although that same desperation was hidden perfectly in his voice, "I'm not a good person."

"Then please explain to me, I want to understand."

For a second Jimin seemed to contemplate and Jungkook thought he would really tell him what was playing in his mind but then Jimin only put his head back down against his shoulder and whispered: "Soon."

And that was enough for Jungkook to keep silent.
"And this dear students is why we never ever touch a phoenix baby, when we don't know where its' mother is."

Jungkook absent-mindedly directed his gaze to the window. His head was filled with puzzle-pieces that all seemed to belong to different pictures. After his talk with Jimin a week ago in the forbidden forest, he had his thoughts filled with content that made it hard to sleep sometimes. What was it that Jimin was hiding? And what did he mean when he said that people who knew him had started to hate him? And why in the hell would he think that he was a bad person?

So many questions, only few answered. He knew that the one friend that Jimin had talked about was Yoongi, after all they were obviously close and except Yoongi, Jungkook didn't know of any other very close friends that Jimin had. But he knew that there was still something or maybe... someone missing to complete the whole picture, to finally make sense of what Jungkook brooded over. Maybe, if Jimin wouldn't give him the missing piece, then someone else could...

After the lesson had ended, he did his best to pack all his things but still remained too slow to actually leave together with the other students and most of them were out the door, before the teacher had even finished her sentence. With a stress never felt before, Jungkook hurried for the classroom door as well. However, before he too could leave he was stopped by a hand on his shoulder and turned around to look into a familiar face.

"In a hurry?" Jackson asked with a small grin, not even waiting for an answer, "listen, there's a big party on Christmas evening in the Gryffindor tower. How about you join in and we'll just have a little fun?"

"Don't make it sound like you're planning something X-rated." Jungkook giggled.

Jackson shook his head hurriedly to make his intentions clearer, "Sorry, force of habit. So, what? You in?"

"I'm not usually the party type but", at Jackson's puppy-eyes a small cringe went through his body, "I'll drop by."

"Amazing dude!" the Gryffindor exclaimed and gave Jungkook's shoulder a gentle pat, "I'll see you there." and with that he was gone.

At first Jungkook only wandered out of the door, until he remembered what his initial intentions were and his eyes widened. He started running towards the great hall. It was lunchtime now and if he got lucky, he'd catch Yoongi on the way there. Colliding with a handful of students, Jungkook actually made it down a few staircases, without stumbling and dying and soon he spotted a raven mob of hair that quickly went down the halls in front of him. Giving it a last fast sprint, Jungkook managed to shout Yoongi's name and pique the other's attention.

His face was nonchalant but Yoongi obviously was confused about the fact that Jungkook had called for him, "what do YOU want?" he asked, sceptically eyeing a panting Jungkook from the side.

"Oh, I thought we could just, you know, eat together or something." Jungkook explained rather awkwardly.

Yoongi's arms crossed as if he had known Jungkook's true intentions before he was even born, "Listen, if you want to be friends with Jimin then you don't need to be my friend as well. He's his
own person and doesn't need my approval to hang out with someone."

"I'm-" wow okay, that wasn't quite what he had expected but okay, "I just uhm... you know everyone keeps telling positive things about you and I thought-"

He thought he had charmed his way a little through Yoongi's barricade but all he got was a sceptical raise of the Slytherin's eyebrow, "you talk about me to other people behind my back? Oh yeah, that's a good reason to be friends."

Defeated, Jungkook let his head hang and Yoongi almost turned away, before the Ravenclaw managed to mutter something: "They say you give everyone a chance." as he looked up, his hope rose as he saw Yoongi had stopped in his tracks and he looked at the Slytherin's back head with a little plead, knowing that even though Yoongi wasn't looking at him, he could hear the small change in his voice, "And that you're a loyal and precious friend to those who deserve it."

A short silence followed and Jungkook watched the boy in anticipation, fidgeting a little with his robe sleeves. Then finally, Yoongi jerked his head lightly, as if to tell Jungkook to follow. Without even a hint of hesitation, Jungkook adjusted his book-bag and caught up to the other boy. Up close he noticed how Yoongi's face seemed more likely tired than actually nonchalant and the slightly dark circles beneath his eyes told a story of very few sleep. Jungkook couldn't help but wonder what could be the cause that kept the Slytherin awake.

He didn't quite know what to say. His first instinct was to ask about his friendship with Jimin but that would only give a wrong picture, he thought, since Yoongi's first guess was that Jungkook only wanted his approval to be with Jimin and not actually get to know HIM.

"I like your cat, it's very pretty."

It might have been stupid but something inside Jungkook told him that this was exactly what he needed to say to get a connection to Yoongi, because the Slytherin's face suddenly seemed to be a lot more relaxed and friendly, "his name is Diego. He's a very sweet boy."

"When did you get him?" he continued, now sure that he was on the right path.

"About five years ago," Yoongi explained fondly, walking past a bunch of students, "he was a present from Jimin."

It took a moment for Jungkook to process said information but when he did, his eyes widened a little in surprise, "you know each other since five years already?"

Yoongi shook his head with a small breath, "we know each other since we were kids, he's like my little brother."

"That must be nice." Jungkook said and Yoongi hummed in agreement, "explains a lot as well."

Yoongi threw him a questioning glance, while they tapped the last few stairs down to the great hall, "explains what?"

"Why you were so protective over him on the first day." For a second he thought the Slytherin would hit him but he only gave a slight roll of the feline eyes.

After they had settled down at the Slytherin table together and both had loaded their plates with food, Yoongi finally gave him a vocal answer: "You know... Jimin has a lot of burdens to carry. I just want them to stay in a minimum amount. That's the least I can do for him after everything he's done for me."
At the very second, Yoongi had finished his sentence, Jungkook wanted to ask about those certain burdens. Something told him that those burdens were exactly the piece of the puzzle that he was missing. However, Yoongi wasn't stupid and Jungkook knew that as soon as he would have finished his question, Yoongi would pull up his walls again and send him away. He wasn't that type of person; Jungkook just knew that he would never talk about Jimin's secrets, even if his life were on the line.

Instead he decided to lead the conversation in a different direction; "What he's done for you?"

Even now, Yoongi seemed to be reluctant to answer but after taking a big bite from his food, he responded: "Saved my ass more often than I'd like. I have a habit of getting into trouble for others but Jimin made it his habit to get me out of that trouble."

"You really must be a dedicated friend." Jungkook said and he thought that Yoongi must have heard the slight envy in his voice. He knew that Yoongi was lucky to have Jimin but... now he realized that the same very much counted for the opposite.

"Like you said", Yoongi mumbled and took another bite, "only towards those that deserve it."

There was no anger or bitchiness in his voice, it was just a clear statement but Jungkook couldn't help and take it personal. Although they had collided rather unfriendly, Yoongi's intentions were never bad ones, all he wanted to do was protect his friend and even if he'd try he couldn't be angry with the Slytherin.

"Hey." Yoongi mumbled and carefully nudged Jungkook's shoulder, ripping him out of his daze, "eat. It'll get cold and you'll get a stomach-ache."

A small smile spread over Jungkook's lips at that and he felt comforted, "Yes, mom."

"Careful." Yoongi said, pointing his fork at the young Ravenclaw, "or I'll tell everyone that I don't even know you and you sat at the wrong table again."

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Although Jungkook wasn't a lot smarter after his conversation with Yoongi than he had been before, he didn't regret it in the slightest. Yoongi turned out to have a great sense of humour and a huge appetite, which surprisingly didn't show on his body at all, since he was thin as a stick but Yoongi blamed it on often forgetting to eat because he was so busy with other things. He also found out that they shared a few trades and Yoongi was the first person he had ever met that shared his choice of a good book and a fireplace over a party with loud music and alcohol. A comforting fact, considering that Jungkook had started to think that he was the only one with said opinion.

They also agreed on studying for Jungkook's upcoming potions-exam, since Yoongi was an expert on the topic and had already learned the same things years ago. All in all, their lunch had turned to be amazing and Jungkook was almost sad, when he found out there was only ten minutes until the next lesson. He had said his good-bye to Yoongi and made his way to his next class. On his way, he crossed a bathroom and decided that he had still a little time left and could take a refreshing, so he turned and stepped into the bathroom.

When he stepped inside, the room was absolutely deserted and silent. Even the fires on the walls were out and for a second Jungkook felt weird about the situation. The silent sound of wind squeezing through an open window-crack seemed to carry something baleful. But he quickly shook his head and told himself that he was just being paranoid after watching too many horror movies. So, he bent down at one of the sinks and filled his hands with icy water, to clean his face. The
refreshing was nice and he sighed, rubbing the skin around his nose.

A sound.

Jungkook froze in his motion and opened his eyes, ignoring the slight sting as the water dripped inside them. Carefully he rubbed his face dry with the sleeve of his robe. He had thought the bathroom to be empty but it seemed like he wasn't alone after all. As he looked into the mirror suspiciously though, there was nothing and no one to be found in the reflection. Slowly, he detached his hands from the edge of the sink and turned around, heartbeat loudly banging in his head. Just like the reflection in the mirror, he was met with an empty room and he almost brushed it off, when out of the dark in one of the corners, suddenly a small rustling sound echoed over to him.

Jungkook slowly slid his hand into his robe's pocket, gripping his wand tightly and pulling it out, "Hello? Is anybody there?"

No answer. He stretched his wand out towards the hidden opponent, gulping his rising fear down harshly as he started to step closer. The rustling sounded again and Jungkook already planned out his words in the back of his head, when all of a sudden another rustling sounded from the other end of the bathroom and he froze in his steps. The fear was gripping his heart tightly and making it hard to breathe properly. He didn't even know any proper spells for fighting, in his first two months he had just learned the basics.

He waited in the silence, with wobbling legs, listening for another sound. When it came from several steps behind him, he began to run for the door. Behind him he thought he could hear the rustling of footsteps and he didn't dare to look behind himself. With all the force he had, he pulled the door open, heart pounding strong enough to make it feel like it would break his ribcage. As soon as he had slipped through the door, he smashed it close again with a brutal force that he couldn't even control because of his overwhelming fear.

He closed the lock on the outside and leaned his back against the door, panting heavily. Around him, other students gave him questioning looks, as they passed by but Jungkook couldn't be bothered to feel offended. He closed his eyes, trying to control his breathing. What was that? He furrowed his brows, trying to remember whether he had seen anything but nothing came to mind. All that he had witnessed were the rustling sounds of fabric, as if someone's robe was moving with their motions and a shoving of shoes, that scraped lightly against the tiles as whoever they belonged to took steps closer towards Jungkook. Reluctantly righting himself, Jungkook pressed an ear to the wooden bathroom door and listened. Nothing. Not even something like a breath. He pulled himself up by the doorknob and after taking a deep breath, he opened it again and was greeted with an empty room.

Suddenly he felt stupid. Was this just his own paranoia playing games with him? Or maybe a ghost that found enjoyment in scaring students in deserted bathrooms. There were over a dozen ghosts to be found at the school after all.

He didn't get much time to further think about it, as the school bell suddenly screamed through the hallways and he was ripped from his thoughts. Surprisingly he managed to actually still get to class in time, even though it meant pushing a foot into the doorway, as the teacher was about to shut the door. His next class was about the history of magic and the only comfort he had was that he had his seat right next to Yugyeom. The young Ravenclaw always managed to somehow make the class a little more fun. Today however, Jungkook was especially glad to have the other boy with him.

"Hey Yug?" he whispered and leaned over to his friend a little.
Yugyeom averted his gaze from the blackboard in the front, seemingly also having difficulties with finding anything interesting about the topic they worked on. "What's up? Thought you decided to skip class."

"Not today bro", Jungkook mumbled back, "I wanted to ask you something." Yugyeom nodded his head shortly, to show that he listened, "Are there any ghosts in the school that... are invisible?"

This seemed to greatly amuse Yugyeom as he stifled a laughter before answering, "well duh, they're ghosts, they can all go invisible."

Jungkook sighed, "Okay let me ask something else; do any of them creep up on students out of the dark?"

"I mean, they all enjoy a good laugh when they play pranks on students but they often do that in a more childish way", he mustered Jungkook thoughtfully, "what you are talking about doesn't really sound like the type of jokes they're all into. Why are you asking? Did you see something?"

"More likely it saw me." Jungkook answered and the memory drove a slight shiver up his spine, "I could only hear some sounds but didn't see anything."

"That's weird, they usually don't hide when playing games." Yugyeom mumbled with his brows furrowed. It was the first time Jungkook saw such a serious expression on his friend's face and he couldn't say that it calmed him down.

Fidgeting with his quill, Jungkook drew a few squiggly-lines on the edge of his parchment, "I just feel like... like there's something watching me."

"Shit dude..." Yugyeom gave him a worried glance, "that sounds super terrifying." then a thought seemed to get to him, as his expression lightened a little, "hey! If you wanna find out something about ghosts, there's this guy I know, he's really tight with them."

"A guy?" Jungkook asked, he had not heard anything about a student who was friends with the ghosts and he didn't think that this was an everyday-thing, even considering they were in Hogwarts. But Yugyeom only nodded his head confidently, "his name is Baekhyun. He's a Gryffindor third-year, if anyone in school knows who or what is supposedly following you around, then he's the one."

"Worth a shot I guess." Jungkook shrugged, rubbing his neck, "where do I find that Baekhyun?"

As the classes went by, Jungkook was delighted to find that whatever he had crossed paths with in the bathroom didn't show up again. It seemed to be connected with the people he had around. As long as he wasn't alone it seemed that he was safe. Yugyeom had given him instructions how to find the Gryffindor and after his last class had come to an end and Jungkook had put his books down in the Ravenclaw common room, he was determined to find the student within the hundreds and hundreds of people in the castle.

Yugyeom had said that Baekhyun often stayed in the courtyard of the castle after classes, which was the way Jungkook headed now. As he rounded a corner however, someone called his name from behind him. When he turned, he was met with an angelic smile and a mob of pink hair. Immediately his heart reacted with a wide and happy smile, as Jimin approached him. He looked as blinding as ever. Today it had seemingly been too warm for the Slytherin to wear his robe and he
had settled for the pants and a dress-shirt with the green-silver tie around his neck. Somehow the way that those pants hugged Jimin's hips made it hard for Jungkook to form a full sentence. A word even.

"Where are you headed?" Jimin asked, while he slid his hand together with Jungkook's with an unnoticeable swiftness.

Grasping Jimin's hand gently, Jungkook looked down at the beautiful boy, "I'm looking for someone. You don't happen to know a Baekhyun?"

"Byun Baekhyun? The crazy Gryffindor-boy?" Jimin asked and Jungkook nodded, supposing that the description was pretty compatible with someone that was friends with ghosts, "I'm friends with Kim Jongin, he's a good friend of Baekhyun. They usually hang out at the great tree in the courtyard around afternoon. I'll lead you, come with me!"

Jungkook knew that he would have gotten there perfectly on his own, so did Jimin but nonetheless he let himself be pulled by the gentle, small hand in his and they walked side-to-side. As they passed a few students, Jungkook could feel several gazes on him but even more so on his companion. No surprise, even for people who didn't know him, Jimin was an eye-catcher with his bright hair and the strong presence that he possessed. Still, he couldn't help but feel a sting of protectiveness as everyone kept rudely staring at the Slytherin boy and he wondered if this was similar to what Yoongi always felt towards the pink-haired boy.

But Jimin seemed absolutely unfazed by the attention and just continued to lead Jungkook through the familiar hallways. Soon they reached the courtyard and Jimin pulled him over towards the huge tree in the corner. By it's roots sat a bunch of young students all of different houses. They were about a dozen people but Jungkook had absolutely no difficulty in finding Baekhyun. The boy wore the red tie of his house around his neck and contributed the loudest laugh. Something about his aura was just... strange. Not necessarily in a creepy way but in a way that other people probably took some time to get used to.

"Jimin!" One of them called the older Slytherin and Jungkook supposed it to be Jongin, the boy Jimin had talked about.

"Hey guys." Jimin greeted with a bright smile.

For a short moment, Jungkook stopped as wonder hit him. This wasn't the same gentle smile that he received from the young boy, whenever they met. Neither was the small hug that Jimin exchanged with Jongin the same soft touch that he had felt around his hand just moments ago. Jimin's actions seemed to have turned distant. Careful, as if he was building a wall to protect what breathed inside. It scared Jungkook at first but at the same time, something inside him grew into a small feeling of pride. Pride, that he had managed to earn Jimin's trust enough to get what Jimin really wanted to share.

"Baekhyun, there's someone who wants to meet you." Jimin explained to the boy that Jungkook had already guessed to be Baekhyun, as he sat down next to all the boys in the grass.

He pulled Jungkook along gently and he settled down on the ground as well, eyeing Baekhyun more intently now. He wore a bright smile and his hair was a crazy mess, even carrying a leaf or two. But overall, he seemed like a nice guy with his bright eyes and welcoming charisma.

"I feel like a celebrity!" Baekhyun exclaimed and stretched a hand towards Jungkook, "Byun Baekhyun, it's a pleasure."
"Jungkook." the boy mumbled shyly and shook the Gryffindor's hand.

Pleased, Baekhyun leaned against a boy next to him, who had to be at least a head taller. Maybe he would have been intimidating but with the dorky smile and the huge ears it was hard to feel fear towards the man. Jungkook also noticed that he too, wore a Ravenclaw uniform.

"So how may I assist you?"

Jungkook carefully cleared his throat and suddenly there was a gentle hand back in his, "I wanted to ask you if you were familiar with all the ghosts in school?"

"Name, age and cause of death." Baekhyun nodded happily and Jimin grinned lightly to himself, "you name it."

Jungkook nodded, carefully thinking over his words, "I... I've had an encounter with something in one of the bathrooms and I'm not quite sure what it is."

At that, the interest of everyone around seemed to be piqued because suddenly, silence settled above them and Baekhyun leaned in with wide eyes, "can you describe it?"

"Hardly", next to him, Jungkook could feel Jimin shuffle nervously, "I couldn't see it. I only heard it. Call me crazy but I'm absolutely sure that there was something or... someone."

Baekhyun seemed to think hard about said information and around them everyone held their breath, even Jimin, "I'm sorry but I really can't make any sense of your description. When ghosts turn invisible, usually they can't be heard anymore either, that goes hand-in-hand."

Jimin suddenly spoke up: "Couldn't it be some type of... you know, magical spell?"

However, it wasn't Baekhyun that answered the next question, it was the tall Ravenclaw next to him, "There is a spell that causes the wizard or the witch to turn invisible, but they can still be heard, so it's possible." he shrugged and Jungkook could feel Jimin stiffen next to him, "but I don't know who would use it to creep around empty bathrooms, that's kinda very strange, don't you think?"

So a ghost was out of the question. But a wizard? Was there someone who watched him? Maybe Yoongi still didn't trust him and kept an eye on him. But the thought seemed so unlikely that Jungkook quickly discarded it. The more possibilities he dismissed, the more his heartbeat started to pick up and his grip on Jimin's hand tightened a little in panic.

Suddenly Jungkook was yanked up by Jimin's hand and Jimin waved at them with a wide smile, "Thanks for helping us out you guys, we still got some stuff to sort out, so if you will excuse us.

Before he could even mutter an excuse himself, Jungkook was dragged through hallways after hallways, towards a destination that only Jimin knew of. The Slytherin, for the first time, wore something stressed on his face. It seemed that there was a lot going on in his mind and even though he thought about it, Jungkook didn't dare to interrupt him. So he blindly followed the young boy to wherever he was lead. As they passed a hallway, Jungkook even spotted Taehyung passing by but the boy didn't even notice as he was engrossed in a conversation with Hoseok.

After a while, Jungkook finally got an idea about where they were headed and his guess was confirmed, when Jimin got out his wand and muttered a spell at the wooden lock on the astronomy tower's entrance door. He quickly slid inside and pulled Jungkook along, meeting little to no resistance. He had gotten used to Jimin's habit of breaking every possible rule that the school offered, after hanging out with him so many times lately and it had lost the scary component that
usually came with doing something forbidden. When he was with Jimin, he didn't mind eventually being caught that much anymore.

When he closed the door behind them, Jimin seemed to have calmed down considerably and he gave a deep sigh, as he took Jungkook's hand once more, to pull him inside the room. They found a bunch of huge pillows and without giving it much thought, they lay down next to each other, shoulders not only touching, but pressing against each other.

A silent giggle escaped from Jimin's lips and Jungkook forgot his confusion over Jimin's reaction and merely threw him a questioning side-glance, "It's like the first time we met." Jimin explained and Jungkook immediately remembered what he meant, still he didn't interrupt as Jimin revived the memory; "We were fighting in the river and then we just rested on that rock. Back then you were the most joyful thing that had happened to me in a long time, you made me really happy. That's probably why you grew onto me so much."

He turned his head and with a blush Jungkook found their noses colliding in the dark of the silent room. Jimin didn't seem to mind though, cheeks tinting a little as he gently rubbed his nose against Jungkook's and the Ravenclaw decided that only an idiot would turn away now. And he wasn't an idiot. He couldn't be, he was a Ravenclaw.

"I want to always make you happy Jimin." Jungkook mumbled and somehow he thought he could feel Jimin's heartbeat pick up a little at that. They still had their hands intertwined but Jimin still felt the need to rest his free one on Jungkook's chest, which he didn't mind at all.

Rather, Jungkook found himself bravely placing his hand on Jimin's waist, as he turned his body and rested his head on the fluffy pillows, "this okay?"

It seemed to make Jimin even happier that Jungkook had asked and he nodded brightly, nose still brushing against Jungkook's with the motion. Their faces were so close and Jungkook couldn't find any other thought than Jimin, Jimin, and Jimin. Those deep and huge orbs had to be the prettiest thing that he had ever seen in his whole life and he was pretty sure that with the tint in Jimin's cheeks, his kissable lips had grown an even darker and plumper shade. His face felt warm with his own blood rushing through and Jimin's sweet breath that fanned against his skin. He wanted to kiss him. So bad. And damn him, if he wouldn't take his chance.

He moved closer, eyes closing with the motion but before he could even get the slightest idea of how Jimin's lips tasted, he was gently pushed away, "Jungkook..." he whispered shakily and Jungkook immediately stopped in his movement, "I- I can't."

His heart sank with disappointment, "I'm sorry Jimin, did I do something wrong? I shouldn't have-"

"No!" Jimin hurriedly responded and sent a warm rush through Jungkook's body, as he placed his hand on Jungkook's cheek, rubbing his thumb against the skin there, in a touch as light as a feather, "No Jungkook, you did everything right. I'm just-..."

Then, Jungkook understood, "Jimin, don't worry. It's okay if you don't want to... if you're not ready I won't push you into anything."

A short silence followed, in which their conversation only passed back and forth through their exchanged gazes. The burning desire to kiss Jimin was still present but knowing that the Slytherin hadn't sent him away or cursed at him for trying in the first place, made it easier for Jungkook to not give into the urge again. No doubt, his heart was heavy with the denied magic but nonetheless he felt content with the way Jimin still had his hand on his cheek, touching him with the utmost affection that Jungkook had ever felt.
"How can you be this perfect Jeon Jungkook?" Jimin mumbled after a while of silence.

The first response Jungkook gave, was a bright blush and a shy chuckle, "I could ask you the exact same question."

"I mean it." Jimin responded, dead serious, "I never had anything like this. Never felt anything like this."

"Me neither."

"I'm scared Jungkook." Jimin whispered and Jungkook couldn't overhear the pain in the Slytherin's voice that tore a huge hole into his own heart, "whenever I have someone that is important to me, they get hurt."

Immediately, Jungkook felt the need to hold Jimin tighter and found himself jumping internally with happiness, as he wasn't pushed away at all. Just to be sure that he didn't cross Jimin's comfort zone, Jungkook tugged the pink head beneath his chin and softly started to stroke the soft strands with his hands. Jimin seemed to be agitated but he pressed closer against Jungkook, until his nose brushed against his collarbone.

"You don't need to be scared, Hyung." Jungkook whispered, using the honorifics for the first time, just to give Jimin even more safety, "Nothing is going to happen to me, I'll be safe."

After a minute of silence, Jimin whispered: "yes." then suddenly, he gently escaped Jungkook's grip and sat up, looking down at the Ravenclaw with a soft glisten in his eyes, "I'll make sure of that."

He seemed incredibly determined and it scared Jungkook. Somehow, he had a feeling that whatever it was that Jimin planned in his head at that very moment, wasn't going to consider the Slytherin's own safety. With the fear clutching his heart, Jungkook tried to grab the others hand again, sighing slightly in relief, when he found Jimin doing the same. Their fingers intertwined and for a moment, Jungkook felt comforted.

"I'll be gone for a while." Jimin then murmured and Jungkook almost didn't hear him. Almost didn't WANT to hear him, "don't worry though, I'll see to your safety. No one will hurt you."

His mind was overwhelmed with so many questions, piling up into a huge avalanche that caused his breath to stutter. What did Jimin mean by being gone? Where would he go? And why now, all of a sudden? If Jimin really was serious about the whole thing, was there really truth to Jungkook being in danger? It was the hardest task to push away his doubts and questions at that moment, in favour of concentrating on the present. On Jimin.

He righted himself, so they were on the same eye-level again and drove his fingertips over Jimin's jawline, to cup his cheek gently, "Please stay." He pleaded, as Jimin's beautifully gentle face leaned into his touch.

He didn't need to know what Jimin planned. Neither did he have to know about his secrets but he had to know that the boy was safe. Jungkook knew that as soon as the other would be gone for too long, he couldn't handle it. His heart was so attached to Jimin, knowing that he wasn't there with him, made Jungkook's eyes sting and his heart squeeze in despair.

Jimin pressed his forehead against Jungkook's and they breathed in each other's scent for a few moments, "I need to go."

"Please..." just a mere whisper. A soft plead.
Jimin's eyes were filled with worry and remorse and Jungkook wanted to wipe those bad emotions away with a gentle kiss, "You need to understand that this is important Jungkook. I have to."

Sighing in defeat, Jungkook cast his eyes down, hand not leaving Jimin's cheek as his fingers carded lightly through the hair in the Slytherin's nape, "Where will you be? How can I reach you?"

"You can't." Jimin whispered and another pang struck through Jungkook's heart, filling his lungs with pain and making it hard to breathe, "but I will come back." After a short amount of silence, he added: "Do you trust me Jungkook?"

Without hesitation, Jungkook nodded his head and as he couldn't stop himself anymore and placed a gentle kiss against Jimin's forehead. This would have to be enough for the time being, even though god knew he had wished for so much more. Jimin would leave. Where to, he might not tell and Jungkook's chest clenched with worry, while his Ravenclaw-instincts searched for answers in every corner that its' greedy hands could find.

"I'll wait here for you." Jungkook mumbled and as he brushed his thumb over Jimin's cheek again, he could have sworn to feel a slight wetness in its' path.

Chapter End Notes

So, things are starting more and more mysterious!

Feel free to comment your opinion or just spread some love!!

Thank you so so much again for reading until here and the support that the story has gained so far, it’s truly incredible and I’m very happy and motivated!

Have an awesome day, sweetcheeks! XOXO
True to his word, Jimin was gone the very next day. There was no trace of him to be found. No sign that he was still around and just didn't want to get up and go to class. He had told Jungkook not to worry but even Jimin must have known that it was impossible for Jungkook not to. At night, his hours ended up sleepless and at day, he wandered the castle like a zombie. The interesting thing was that apart from him, no one seemed to greatly take note of Jimin's disappearance, neither students nor teachers. Everyone acted the same and the empty chair that Jimin had always been filling in the great hall, seemed to be absolutely unimportant to everyone else around him.

The only one who seemed at least a little affected was Yoongi. Jungkook noticed in the form of the Slytherin's eye bags that had grown just that significant bit darker and how he seemed to mostly keep to himself, although he usually had someone around every now and then.

Two weeks after Jimin's disappearance, Jungkook found Yoongi alone in the library, sitting at a window and staring outside thoughtfully, rather than into his book. On the table, curled into a ball, lay Diego, enjoying the soft stroke that Yoongi gave absentmindedly. For a few seconds, Jungkook contemplated to rather just leave the Slytherin alone with his thoughts and sit down on a different table but after he gave himself a slight shove, he went for the table in the farthest corner.

As he dropped his bag next to his chair and sat down, Yoongi seemed to be ripped out of his deep thoughts, as he jolted and interrupted the soft touches for his cat. Diego too, jolted a little as Yoongi got so shocked and Jungkook found himself smiling a little for the first time in the last days, as he noticed the resemblance between the two. It must be true, what people said about how the pets grow to be more and more similar to their owners.

"You look like shit." Yoongi perceived and Jungkook didn't even care to be mad about it.

"I feel like it." he responded and pulled a book, his quill and a piece of parchment out of his bag, "but luckily I don't smell like it."

This caused Yoongi to give a shy hint of a grin and he finally carried on petting Diego, who settled down more relaxed again as well, "what are you doing?"

"Homework." Jungkook answered, "At some point, I can't escape it anymore."

"Do you need help?"

Smiling at the offer, Jungkook shook his head, "no thank you. I think I can work it out."

"Then what are you doing here?" at that, Jungkook raised his eyes again in surprise to look at Yoongi.
Did he really not understand? "I'm, uh... I wanted to keep you a little company. You seemed a bit lonely and I enjoy being with you so I thought-"

"Because of Jimin?" Yoongi asked carefully.

For a moment, Jungkook had to think hard to come up with an answer: "Partly. I suppose he's the reason for your long face?"

"Talk about yourself." Yoongi threw back but there was no anger or defensiveness in his voice only a gentle undertone of worry, "ever since the night he disappeared, you look like a walking corpse."

"Haven't slept much."

Yoongi eyed him for a while, obviously having a bunch of thoughts running through his mind but all he ever came with was: "you really worry, don't you?" Jungkook only shrugged, "Jimin's a powerful wizard, you know?"

That piqued Jungkook's interest and he looked up from his parchment, as Yoongi continued: "he's more powerful than most of the students in the higher classes, even some teachers."

Jungkook gasped, "How is that possible?"

"He's a natural firstly", Yoongi explained, eyes somewhat distant, as if he was reliving a bunch of old memories, "and that adds to the fact that he had classes before Hogwarts already. He could have killed another wizard even before he had stepped foot into the castle for the first time."

The image of Jimin actually hurting someone somehow made less than no sense at all in Jungkook's head but this was Yoongi and he trusted Yoongi, "there's a lot of powerful people who have an interest in him, because of his abilities." The Slytherin continued, "some offer him to be part of their thing rather politely, others not so politely, so with the time Jimin got rather used to danger."

"Seems like he's capable of a lot." Jungkook admitted surprised that he still couldn't shake off the worry that had clung to his heart all the time.

"Including taking care of himself." Yoongi nodded, "Sadly it also drives him to purposefully jump into danger. But that changed since you guys got to know each other."

Pushing his homework aside, Jungkook folded his arms on the table, "what do you mean?"

"You must be aware that in the beginning, I couldn't stand you." Jungkook nodded with a sour expression, "I thought you were a stupid, thirsty, unknowing teenager who just wanted to fu-"

"Okay Yoongi, I got it."

"Anyways. As soon as I realized that your influence stopped Jimin from throwing himself into trouble, I wished for you two to get along well." Yoongi continued and warmth spread in Jungkook's body at that, "I trust him with taking care of himself, the only thing that worries me is that he's forgetting about it for the sake of taking care of you instead."

At that, the guilt took a huge bite at Jungkook's insides and his expression darkened a little, "He'd be the kind of person to do so, wouldn't he."

"Not at all." Jungkook looked at Yoongi with confusion, "it's because of what he feels for you."
Maybe Yoongi could have heard Jungkook's heart jump a little at that, if he had intently listened, "when he left that night, I talked to him about why he had to go. He didn't tell me much, only that it was important and that he did this for you."

Fidgeting nervously with the fibres of his quill's feather, Jungkook stared down at the table, "but what could it be, that had him leave so all of a sudden."

"I'm not sure. But you know what I know?" Yoongi asked and Jungkook looked up again to meet those serious eyes, "Whatever it is, it is pretty damn important to him."

They spent a few hours in the library, until Yoongi decided that it was too late to carry on studying and they gathered their things. Yoongi offered to take Jungkook to the Ravenclaw common room and Jungkook thankfully accepted the offer, as he still remembered the encounter with the mysterious something in the bathroom. He didn't want to be alone, even less at such a late hour, as childish as it might have sounded.

They didn't talk much, rather settled into a comfortable silence, as they strode through the deserted halls and staircases of the castle. They were about to round a corner, to a hallway that lead straight to the Ravenclaw common room, when Jungkook suddenly heard a bunch of voices shouting. He stopped Yoongi with a hand on his chest and Yoongi threw him a questioning look, before picking up on the voices as well.

Following the direction of the sounds, Jungkook silently pressed himself against the wall at a corner and peeked past the edge curiously. There were four people, three Gryffindors and a Hufflepuff. All of them were boys and they seemed to argue about something. The Hufflepuff was slumped against the wall and on his knees, seemingly trying to make himself small, while the others threw insults and even punches at him.

"You're such a cowardly slut, y'know that?" one of the Gryffindors snapped.

"When will you understand that no one wants your poor addict-ass around school anymore?" another added.

"It's a surprise that they still let you go to school, must've bent over for a bunch of people, huh?" they laughed cruelly, as the Hufflepuff whimpered when another punch was directed at his face and Jungkook shivered as a slight recognition stirred in his head at the pitch of voice, however, he still couldn't identify the person, since the Hufflepuff's head remained hung low, "Seriously, you should just kill yourself and this time you do it right."

And that was when the tear-stained face of the Hufflepuff finally came into view. If Jungkook had been furious before, he was now bursting at the sight of Kim Taehyung's beautiful face scrunched up in pain and painted with blood and teardrops. They would have to pay for this. Before Yoongi could even do as much as grasp his robe and pull him back, Jungkook was already around the corner, running towards the group of boys. They looked to be in the same year as Taehyung, all of them taller than Jungkook and the Ravenclaw knew that he was hopelessly short-handed but damn him if he didn't even try to defend his friend.

"Who the hell are you?" one of the bullies asked, but before he could even end his sentence, Jungkook screamed a 'stupefy' at him and the boy was tossed towards the wall that Taehyung leaned against.

The other two were quick to pull out their wands though and one had already thrown a spell at Jungkook, before he could even react. The bright blue, magical light was already close and he could only clench his teeth and squeeze his eyes shut but the pain he had expected, never came. He
opened his eyes again and in front of him stood Yoongi, with his wand grasped tightly in one hand and the last boy's collar in the other.

"Listen here, you pathetic bunch of rats." Yoongi murmured and Jungkook felt himself shiver at the control and icy coldness of Yoongi's voice, "if I find you laying a finger on either of these boys again, I'll personally find you, tear you appart, compress you into a metal can and feed you to my cat. Have I made myself clear?"

"Yes Yoongi." the Gryffindor whimpered, face scrunched up in fear.

"Good." he threw the Gryffindor in the direction of his friends, "now leave, before I change my mind and fulfil my promise right away."

And like a bolt, they were gone within a breath. Jungkook however, couldn't even spare a second to admire Yoongi at that moment, since he already fell down on his knees in front of Taehyung. He cupped the Hufflepuff's face gently in his hands and tilted it up, so that Taehyung could look at him, as he brushed a few strands out of his wet eyes. There was a huge gash on his bottom lip and another one on his eyebrow, blood flowed from his nose and on Taehyung's cheek Jungkook could see a dark bruise starting to form.

"Let me." Yoongi nudged Jungkook away and reluctantly, the Ravenclaw moved away as he watched Yoongi touching a few places in Taehyung's face and even opening his mouth to look inside. When he deemed his inspection over, he nodded pleased, "Nothing's broken, all teeth still there. Does it hurt anywhere else?"

"No." Taehyung sighed and Yoongi nodded as he got out his wand again.

With his mouth wide agape, Jungkook watched with fascination as Yoongi muttered a few spells and the gashes on Taehyung's face closed up, the bruise on his cheek slowly paling and finally disappearing. Then, without any hesitation, Yoongi took the fabric of his robe and wet it with his tongue, to rub off the remaining blood on the Hufflepuff's face. When he was done, Jungkook could have sworn he had just imagined the wounds on Taehyung's face a few minutes ago.

"He's good now. You take him." Yoongi said and practically threw Taehyung into Jungkook's arms.

Jungkook immediately took a hold of his friend and hoisted him up to envelope him into a tight hug, as Taehyung started to sob into his shoulder. The hotness of his tears made Jungkook fist the Hufflepuff's robe a little tighter. How could this have happened? What would have happened if they hadn't found Taehyung in time? And most importantly; how many times had this happened before?

However, he couldn't bring himself to ask, seeing Taehyung slowly calm down, eyes glazed and spirit broken, "Let him sleep in the Ravenclaw dorms tonight, I think it'd be better for him." Yoongi decided and Jungkook nodded his agreement.

They managed to position Taehyung on Jungkook's back and the Ravenclaw did his best not to stumble as he carried his friend to his common room. As they reached the doorway, he could already hear a gentle snoring sound from over his shoulder and a small affectionate smile settled on his lips. He turned to look at Yoongi, seeing that the Slytherin was carefully eyeing him, worry still present.

"Thank you Hyung." Jungkook mumbled, putting all the appreciation he could into his words.
Yoongi nodded, a small jolt of his head that made his raven hair dance with the soft light from the fire on the walls, "make him drink some water before he goes to sleep."

After said words, the Slytherin turned to leave. But Jungkook couldn't let him without getting a last thing off his heart: "Hyung?" Yoongi stopped to turn and face him again, "You're not the way people say you are at all." Jungkook mumbled and watched Yoongi's unreadable expression, "You're way better."

A gentle smile and then, just like a cat in the night, he was gone.

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The next morning, Jungkook was surprised to find himself on the floor, rather than on his bed. Beneath him was only a thin blanket and a pillow and he shivered a little as the cold of the stone floor seeped through the fabric and into his bones. He rubbed the sleep out of his eyes and with it also the light haze that had settled on his mind from sleep. Then he remembered why exactly he was sleeping on the floor and his eyes darted over to his own bed, where there was still a figure buried beneath his covers. Jungkook couldn't see much except a few strands of dark hair and he smiled affectionately.

Around him, he noticed that most of the other Ravenclaws were already out and he supposed that the early Saturday morning had been napped away by him and Taehyung. The only other figure he still saw around was Jaebum, buried into his pillow in a very weird sleeping position. So, he decided to wash up a little and put the blankets on the floor away, before he moved to join Taehyung in his own bed. As soon as he had managed to find a comfortable position within the little space that was still left on his small bed, Taehyung already stirred and his nose poked out from under the blankets. Jungkook smiled warmly in affection at his best friend's cute behaviour.

"Slept well?" he murmured and rubbed Taehyung's shoulder in a calming motion.

"Better than ever." the Hufflepuff replied and his voice was even deeper with the sleep still lingering to him, "I'm starting to question why everything is blue though. What happened?"

Jungkook was hesitant to answer for a second, wanting Taehyung to enjoy his naive unknowingness for a little longer, "You were attacked by some bullies. Yoongi saved you."

"And you."

Scratching the back of his neck, Jungkook shook his head, "I didn't do anything at all, he's the one who sent them away and healed the wounds."

"But you were the one who stood up for me." Taehyung replied and Jungkook could feel a pang of something that felt close to pride rising in his heart, "You must have known that they would have defeated you. No one except Hoseok has ever done that for me. Thank you."

Not able to find any words, Jungkook only nodded silently as an answer, carding his fingers through Taehyung's hair, "what was this about?"

"They thought I sold myself for some weird magical drug-stuff that's on the market lately. One thought I slept with his girl... one thought I stole his assignment." Taehyung's eyes were a little empty when he spoke, "When people fuck up they look for a scapegoat." he sighed, "and I'm the number one scapegoat in the whole school. It's natural that they come to me and get rid of their aggressions, happens a lot."

"You told me about the rumours but..." Jungkook clenched his fist tightly, anger and frustration
burning a hole into his brain, "you never mentioned it was that bad."

"I thought you had other worries, didn't want to bother you." Taehyung replied sheepishly.

His first instinct was to scold Taehyung for acting so stupid but he figured that that could wait until later, "does Hoseok know?"

"Not everything, but more than others." Biting his full lip, Taehyung seemed fond at the thought of the other boy, "he's taking good care of me."

They spent the rest of the morning in bed, playing cards and a round of magical chess, even inviting Jaebum to join when he finally rose from his bed an hour before lunch. Jungkook found that he had missed spending time with Taehyung like this. He had been so distracted by a certain pink haired Slytherin that there was barely anything else he had thought about. However, sharing laughs, jokes and little play fights with Taehyung, felt like a much needed vacation and for an hour or two, he even managed to forget all about his current complications. When the hour of lunch came up, Jungkook almost felt sad to leave the comfortable atmosphere that they had shared.

Together, they made their way to the great hall and sat at a table together with a few others, Jungkook purposefully leaving the seat next to Hoseok empty, so that Taehyung could take it. He couldn't suppress an affectionate grin, whenever he saw them interacting in a way that wasn't necessarily a friendship-standard. All through, the question when they would finally get together played in his mind and he hoped for it to be soon. They were a good match.

He was about to shovel a little more of the potato stew onto his plate, when Jungkook caught someone familiar out of the corner of his eye. As he turned he found Seokjin sitting on the Gryffindor table not far from him, right next to him another young man with a round face and dimples. They were seated tightly together and something about how closed-off into their own world they seemed made Jungkook's heart sting. He missed Jimin again. The whole morning had been a good distraction but now, the urge to hold Jimin in his arms was stronger than ever. He couldn't help but wonder when his feelings had developed to be so strong but he found that questioning was rather pointless. It didn't matter when it started, because right now he felt like he could run miles and climb mountains if it meant being close to the Slytherin, no matter what or who decided to stand in his way.

Shaking his head slightly, Jungkook tried to get rid of the feeling but only managed to push it down a little into the back of his mind. He turned his head back to look at Taehyung and Hoseok, their close proximity and the gentle touches not helpful at trying to ignore his desire at all. But when he looked at Taehyung, suddenly a thought developed in his mind and he stood from his seat at the table. The others were asking him where he went but Jungkook didn't pay them any mind and instead made his way over to Seokjin and the other Gryffindor boy.

Although it felt awkward to interrupt them in their little bubble, Seokjin eased his worries with a gentle smile as he recognized him, "Jungkook!"

"Hello Hyung." Jungkook answered politely, sitting down opposite of the two boys, after Seokjin motioned him to do so.

"Namjoon, this is Jungkook." Seokjin introduced and gave Jungkook another blinding smile, "He's a very sweet boy, maybe you remember him?"

Namjoon's eyebrows furrowed in concentration for a little while, then his eyes lit up with recognition, "ah! You're the student that sat at the wrong table on the first day at the sorting, right? Couldn't stop laughing the entire day!"
Jungkook huffed as his old reputation was once more pulled from its' old, dusty box, "Yes that's me." he answered and shook Namjoon's hand with a warm smile.

"So how can I help you Jungkook?" Seokjin offered.

Clearing his throat, Jungkook thought about how to formulate his question the best he could, "You said you'd help me out if I needed it and I... I wanted to ask if you have something for protection?"

"There's usually a bunch of condoms in the bathrooms", Seokjin said with a straight face, "they're pretty high quality, we use them as well."

Jungkook's face had never been as red as it grew in that very moment, "That's not actually what I meant."

"I mean, there are some charms that do the trick as well, but you need to remain concentration even through the orga-"

"That's not what I meant either!" Jungkook interrupted, so that things wouldn't escalate even further.

When Namjoon saw the desperate look on Jungkook's face, he giggled softly and then explained: "I think what our Ravenclaw is looking for, is a protection spell for danger, rather than... the protection you had in mind Seokjin."

"Oh!" Seokjin exclaimed, not even a hint of shame present on his face, "Well then I have a clearer idea of what you're trying to get at. What sort of danger do you want to prevent? Heartbreaks? Quidditch accidents? Slipping?"

Slipping...? "I have a friend who often... gets into fights." Jungkook explained carefully, as to not reveal too much, "and as I can't always take care of him, I'd like him to have something to carry around that could maybe protect him, even when he's alone."

Instead of Seokjin however, it was Namjoon that answered: "A familiar spirit maybe? They're pretty trendy right now and not that hard to purchase. They sell them in Hogsmeade."

Jungkook sighed in frustration and Seokjin asked him what was going on in his mind, "I'm in my first year", he mumbled low-spirited, "I can't go to Hogsmeade."

A short silence in which Seokjin and Namjoon exchanged an affectionate glance, "That's what you got us for, silly."

As Jungkook looked up he was met by two pairs of friendly eyes, "You- You'd do that?"

"Of course!" Seokjin exclaimed, "I'm not Gryffindor's charming prince for nothing!"

"And I'm not Gryffindor's charming prince's boyfriend for nothing." Namjoon added and Jungkook giggled at how the two could have equalled black and white and yet matched so very well.

"I owe you." Jungkook smiled happily and watched the other two coo at his warm bunny smile.

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The afternoon was still young, when they had all finished their lunch and outside, the sun shone with a new found energy. Jungkook knew that the winter was approaching and he had to use the opportunity of the beautiful weather. So without even thinking clearly about it, he said his good-
byes to the other students and made his way over to the exit on the side that would lead him to Hagrid's house. The more he distanced himself from the lively middle of the castle, the less students crossed his path and it didn't take long until he was the only soul wandering the empty hallways.

He was about to round the corner to pass the plant houses, when suddenly there was a small whistling sound in his ear. He stopped dead in his tracks, eyes hurriedly looking around himself. Nothing, again. This time, he had his wand out right away. There was no spell in his mind that could have been fitting for what he needed right now. God damnit, he didn't even know what he needed at this point. The only thing he knew was that this thing was back and he had been foolish enough to wander around alone again.

"Who's there?" he shouted with a tightness in his voice, he wished wouldn't have been so audible, "show yourself!"

Silence and then, another slide of feet against the stone floor. Jungkook pressed his back against the wall, heartbeat rising once more in fear, "I said, show yourself!"

And then, as if someone had lifted an invisible curtain from the person, a huge figure appeared in front of Jungkook, towering above him by more than a head. A huge, black cloth was wrapped around the figure and as he looked for a face, a mask only met him. The person stretched a hand out for him and Jungkook could feel himself shiver against the wall and not because of the cold. The figure's hand drew closer and closer, hungry fingers big enough to grab Jungkook's whole face and the boy was frozen with fear, unable to even move a muscle.

If only Jimin was there. Or Yoongi. Anyone that could help him. He closed his eyes tightly, waiting for the figures hands to grasp him and pull him into the darkness.

However, instead of darkness he was greeted with light. A huge, blue light from the plant house. His opponent seemed distracted by the light as well and Jungkook took the opportunity to raise his wand and without thinking, he merely stabbed it into the person's stomach. There was a small bolt coming from his wand and the person flew ten feet into the other direction. There wasn't much time for Jungkook to be surprised though, as his feet were so filled with fear that they carried him away as fast as possible. His first instinct was to run back into the castle but then his eyes caught on something in the plant house. There, through the dirty panes that had sheltered the bright light from before, he could definitely make out a pink mob of hair.

A short look back at the wizard from before, told Jungkook that his opponent had fled. Much to his delight but also surprise. With hesitant but fast steps, Jungkook made his way through the door and quickly closed it behind him. As he turned around, he almost expected there to be nothing. He expected it to be an image that his mind had succumbed because of his stupid longing that had bothered him at lunch.

But there he stood, glorious and beautiful as ever, wrapped into a dark robe that fitted even better onto him, than the Slytherin robe ever had, "Jungkook!"

"What the-" Jungkook couldn't even finish his sentence, since he was enveloped in a hug in an instant.

Immediately he wrapped his arms around the young Slytherin, breathing in his scent like it was oxygen and suddenly his worries were forgotten, "I don't have a lot of time." Jimin rambled, reluctantly detaching himself from Jungkook and locking eyes with him instead, "I need to give you something."
"How the hell did you get into the castle?" Jungkook asked, without processing what Jimin had just said, "I thought you can't apparate within the castle's walls."

"I'll explain another time." Jimin continued, rummaging through his pockets until he found what he was looking for, "There's something you need to do for me Jungkookie, okay?"

"Wha-"

"Here." Jimin pressed a small vial into his hand that contained a shimmering substance, "This is very important, you understand? I can't keep it with me, they'll know I have it."

"Who will- Jimin what the hell is going on?" Jungkook asked desperately.

Shaking his head with a glint of guilt in his eyes, Jimin grabbed Jungkook's shoulders to underline his serious tone, "Carry it with you at all times, you understand? All times. And don't tell anyone about it, not even Yoongi."

Jimin's eyes were darting back and forth with panic and Jungkook couldn't help the shiver that ran down his body at the sight. To see the Slytherin with an expression like this made him sure of the fact that something wicked was going on. What frustrated him greatly about the whole situation was that Jimin refused to even answer a single one of his (if also a little unintelligible) questions. All he got was a little vial with some weird liquid inside and a plead from Jimin to protect it. He was seventeen for god's sake, in his first year in Hogwarts. There was practically nothing he knew about defence magic at all, much less offense magic.

So, how in the world was he even supposed to protect that little thing? That trail of thoughts also lead to another important question: Who was it that the vial had to be protected from and if he ever encountered them, was there even a glint of a chance for his survival? The memory of the figure in the hallway slowly turned back to him and for a second he considered telling Jimin about it but witnessing another nervous glance on Jimin's face quickly distracted him.

"I have to go again." Jimin mumbled, taking Jungkook's hands in his own, "Stay safe."

He was about to turn away, when Jungkook pulled him back again, earning a surprised yelp from his friend, "Jimin wait up a second, please."

For a few moments, Jimin remained silent, looking at the Ravenclaw in question, "Jungkook, there isn't much time, I-"

"You show up out of nowhere", Jungkook mumbled, voice unsteady with fury, confusion and the desperate wish to keep Jimin by his side a little longer, "after almost a week in which I didn't know anything about your whereabouts and you give me a vial with a shot of trollsnout or whatever this is supposed to be and leave again?" Listening to his rant, Jimin seemed to feel rather guilty, "I just want some answers. That's all I'm asking for Jimin, please."

"Oh Jungkook", Jimin sighed deeply, taking Jungkook's face into his hands. For a short second his sleeve rid up and Jungkook could see the edge of something beneath the cloth, but the Slytherin quickly pulled at his sleeves and whatever it was that Jungkook had seen moved out of sight, "Listen, I know this is a lot to take in. But you have to trust me, you hear me?"

"Where will you go?"

Jungkook almost whined, when Jimin averted his gaze again, instead holding Jungkook's face a little tighter between his gentle fingers and once more bumping their foreheads together, "I promise I will tell you when I'm back. But there's no time right now."
And then he retrieved his hands from Jungkook's jaw again, leaving him lonely and only with a faint memory of what the Slytherin's touch had felt like. With his hurried motion, Jimin's dark robe moved in a fluid wave and Jungkook felt vaguely reminded of a dark angel. Pulling his wand out, Jimin mumbled a small spell and in front of him the same blue light returned that had lured Jungkook into the plant house. Before Jimin stepped through the portal that had taken form in front of him, he threw a short glance back at Jungkook. A glance that carried so much weight, so much responsibility that Jungkook felt regret in his chest, for doubting Jimin.

Then he was gone, like a ghost, leaving Jungkook back alone in the plant house with only his own thoughts and an unusually heavy vial in his palm.

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If Jungkook had been distressed after Jimin's first disappearance, then he was a walking piece of chaos after the second. People were staring whenever he passed them in the castle's hallways and even his friends had started to notice. Of course, it wasn't hard to notice that something was up, after Jungkook would always wince in panic whenever someone touched him out of nowhere and cast a few too many nervous looks over his shoulder, whenever he walked through an empty hallway. He couldn't help himself after his confrontation with the dark figure and his meeting with Jimin; he had been on edge whenever he was awake.

Briefly he had considered telling the headmaster about the happenings but he rather quickly dismissed the thought. If Jimin had gotten involved into something dangerous and the headmaster found out about it, the chances were high that Jungkook would probably never see the Slytherin again because he pretty surely would be expelled. Maybe, Jungkook thought and shivered with the idea, maybe they'd even send him to Azkaban.

"Earth to Jungkook?" Jungkook looked up from his haze, to meet Taehyung's bright eyes.

They were sat in the Hufflepuff common room, to study together. Of course Jungkook had barely been able to even write down a single word but Taehyung had been so engrossed in his paper that he didn't even seem to notice how distracted Jungkook was. Up until now, that was.

"Sorry, what?"

Taehyung shook his head and pushed his homework aside, "You've been so out of your mind lately. Is everything alright?"

Jungkook had considered telling Taehyung about everything but the memory of Jimin pleading him not to say a word quickly made him dismiss the thought, "I- I'm fine just..." he sighed, trying to come up with an excuse, "There's been so much going on lately, it's hard to keep an overview."

Nodding his head in understanding the Hufflepuff propped his chin up on a hand, "I've been wondering what you've been up to lately. I saw you hanging around Yoongi a lot. He's a cool guy, huh?"

"Yeah", Jungkook agreed silently, "cool guy."

"I gave him a bunch of candy and a 'thank-you' card for saving me the other day, he thanked me and we started talking a little." Taehyung continued to ramble, "he's really nice company and an amazing person. I honestly thought he'd be just like Jimin but he's really quite the opposite if you consider-"

"Why do you hate Jimin so much, Taehyung?" Jungkook blurted silently, surprising himself with
the question.

For a moment, Taehyung merely eyed him, considering his next move, "I have my reasons I guess. Why? You like him?"

"N-no, I mean", Jungkook coughed nervously, "I barely even know him."

Why he wasn't honest with Taehyung, he didn't know. There was something about the hate that Taehyung showed towards the Slytherin that had Jungkook hold back the truth. It was obvious that as soon as Taehyung got aware of how close he really was with Jimin, he'd be forced to choose one side and that was the worst scenario he could even imagine.

"Hm, I see" Taehyung nodded his head thoughtfully again, "well, all I can say is that you best stay away from that guy, he means trouble and all that he'll do is hurt you."

At that, Jungkook gulped down his rising anger. Taehyung was his best friend but listening to someone talk like that about his Jimin immediately made his fingers clench tightly into fists. Taehyung thankfully didn't seem to notice the small rage he had inflicted in Jungkook's chest and just continued his assignment.

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"You already know who you're taking to the party?" Taehyung asked, after they had left the common room, so that they could both go their separate ways, Jungkook to his own common room and Taehyung visiting a bunch of Gryffindors, he had recently met around the Quidditch field.

"Party?" Jungkook had almost forgot about the Christmas-party that he'd been invited to, "Oh the party. I'm not even sure I'm going."

"Whaat?" Taehyung asked in a disbelieving tone, eyes wide with surprise, "but it's the biggest party of the semester! You have to come!"

"Seriously Taehyung, parties are really not my thing."

Truth be told, Jungkook knew that he wouldn't show up at the party, because the one person he would have considered asking had disappeared a week ago again. All through, Jungkook had kept the vial safe within either his pocket or his book bag, never leaving it out of sight. He even pushed it beneath his pillow while sleeping and kept it on a desk, while showering. And true to his promise, Jungkook had kept his mouth shut just as well. No one except him knew about the vial, which also resulted in him keeping a great distance to other students. The only person he talked to, was Taehyung. Not even Yoongi had seen his face, since Jimin's last appearance and Jungkook found himself starting to question whether this was really the right thing to do.

"Alright whatever you say." Taehyung mumbled, defeatedly, "I'll see you around at dinner?"

Jungkook nodded and they separated. As Jungkook wandered the student-filled corridors, he found himself dropping back into his deep thoughts. In addition to considering the idea of getting rid of the vial, he had also considered trying to find out what exactly he held in his pocket. Some books in the library, showed similar images of a glowing white substance, which seemed to levitate in weightlessness. There were several results that could have been an option but after taking a closer look at the vial, Jungkook was sure of it.

Jimin had given him a memory.

They were used to be re-watched in a Pensive, a magical object that showed the given memory to
the viewer like a television. He wasn't sure if he had permission to open the vial but considering Jimin hadn't mentioned that Jungkook should refrain from watching the memory, he thought that maybe that was exactly what he had to do. Now the only problem was to find a Pensive.

Luckily he knew someone who could help him.

"A Pensive?" Seokjin eyed him over the edge of his book with curiosity, as Jungkook stood in front of him with the request just fifteen minutes later.

Jungkook nodded his head, "Now, why in the hell would you need a Pensive?"

Coughing at the question, Jungkook tried to conceal his process of trying to work out a fitting excuse, "I- uhm... My mom sent me a memory from my, uh- dead grandma and she wanted me to watch it in, eh... memory... of her...?"

Even though his explanation ended in kind of a questioning tone, Seokjin threw him a sympathetic look, "I see. Well, the only one in the castle is the one in the headmaster's office, as far as I know."

Jungkook felt himself deflate a little at the answer. The headmaster's office. Just great. He'd never get there, not even if he used the same excuse he used with Seokjin. Because to do so, he would have to prove that he was in need of the Pensive because of his grandmother, which was prove that he could not give. That left the headmasters office out of the question.

Thanking Seokjin for his help, Jungkook escaped the Gryffindor common room and made his way to the great hall, in hopes of maybe finding someone to help him out with the D.A.D.A.-assignment he had been avoiding to finish. Just when the huge doors of his aim came in side, Jungkook was pulled rather roughly into the darkness of a smaller corridor and his back was slammed painfully against the wall. Letting out a groan, Jungkook took a moment to identify his attacker with his distorted vision and for a second his heart skipped a beat at the idea of the mysterious wizard returning.

But the green-silver tie that he spotted and the raven-black hair quickly set him at ease, although the grip on his neck was still tight and painful, holding him in place against the wall of the corridor, "Where is he Jungkook?"

"Yoongi, what the hell?" Jungkook managed to squeeze out before the fingers around his neck pressed tight enough to stop him.

"You met Jimin, didn't you?" Yoongi asked, his voice tight and although it was meant to sound intimidating, Jungkook felt the worry overload the Slytherin's anger, "You know where he went."

Gasping for a gulp of air, Jungkook managed a small: "I swear, I- I don't know where he went."

Finally letting go, Yoongi let the Ravenclaw fall down to his feet and cough in desperate need for air, "But you met him." Yoongi mumbled darkly, and Jungkook's eyes widened in fear when he felt the tip of a wand press against his chin, to lift his head, "and don't even try to deny that."

"Okay, okay!" Jungkook answered, panic making his voice grow a little louder and he raised his hands in defeat, "I met him, yes I met him!" Yoongi mustered him for a second, there was something going on in his mind and suddenly Jungkook had a thought, "and you did too!"

Slowly nodding his head, Yoongi confirmed, remaining the tip of his wand pressed to Jungkook's neck, "I did. He visited around seven days ago and disappeared again without any explanation at all."
"Same for me."

"He did say something to me though", Yoongi carried on, without even listening to Jungkook, "He told me to protect you, no matter what."

A short silence passed between them, in which Jungkook searched for something in Yoongi's eyes, he didn't quite know what to name, "...then maybe it's a bit counterproductive to have that thing so close to my face."

Giving a small grunt, Yoongi pulled his wand back, shoving it into the pocket of his robe, "sorry about that, I figured I'd get more out of you if I scared you a little."

"Well scare me you did." Jungkook panted and managed to get back to his feet, "however, there isn't much to tell." he continued, grasping the small bottle in his pocket, "he came, told me to be careful and left again."

"That's a bit strange, why would he do such a thing?" Yoongi asked and Jungkook could hear the heavy bead of distrust in his voice, he'd have to be extremely convincing now.

So he opted for calmly shrugging his shoulders and giving a light smile, "maybe he missed me."

"Tch." Yoongi's eyes then glinted with something that looked to be amusement, "you're too full of yourself, kid."

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The night was still young, when Jungkook made his way through the castle to get to the Gryffindor common room. After another month without Jimin, the night of the party had finally come and in his worry about Jimin, Jungkook had almost forgotten about it. At first, the idea of spending his evening in a room full of people seemed rather opposing to his tastes but when his thoughts had started to drift back to Jimin and the vial, it was all the confirmation Jungkook needed to know that he needed to give himself a break.

As he neared the common room, he could already hear the loud music from afar and he was surprised that the headmaster even allowed something like this. He quickly forgot about the thought however, when he entered the room and was immediately greeted by a warm pair of arms that hugged him blustery to a broad chest. As he looked up, he was surprised to meet Seokjin's glowing orbs.

"Jungkook!" he yelled as he swayed a little and Jungkook immediately knew that the man had had a few too much, "almost thought you wouldn't show up!"

"I nearly didn't." Jungkook admitted with a gentle smile.

"Come, come, I got something for ya!" The bubbly Gryffindor continued and grabbed Jungkook's hand to pull him towards the stairs that led up into the dorms, "Joonie and I searched everywhere but we finally found it!"

With fascination, Jungkook watched as Seokjin rummaged through his things, curiously eyeing the dorm while waiting. It took the young man a few minutes and a lot of grumbling to himself, until he actually found the desired object and pulled it out with a happy 'aha!'. Tapping back to Jungkook, Seokjin took his hand to place a small item inside his palm. As he opened it again, it turned out to be a decent necklace. A blue gem in the middle that was tightly hugged by a small metal dragon, barely a little longer than his middle finger.
"When your friend needs help", Seokjin explained, "the dragon will come to life and protect him." Jungkook threw him a sceptical look and Seokjin immediately understood, "don't worry, he'll grow a lot too, that's just so you don't break your neck with the weight when you carry it. Be careful though, if the gem gets damaged, the spell is broken."

Jungkook nodded and stuffed the necklace into his pocket with a warm smile, "Thank you Seokjin-Hyung," he whispered, as he pulled the elder into a hug, "I owe you."

"Just want you to stay safe Kookie." Seokjin murmured softly and hugged him back tightly.

Then they separated again, as Seokjin felt the need to find Namjoon and 'dance his soul out'. Jungkook didn't stop him and rather followed him downstairs again. Too shy to actually join the dancing crowd and too scared to get himself a cup of butter beer, Jungkook settled down and watched the people around him from a soft and comfortable chair, joining in on conversations every now and then, when he felt like it. All in all the evening turned out to be a lot more comfortable than he had expected.

He even decided to get himself a cup of butter beer in the end and as he opted to stand up, his gaze strode over the entrance of the Gryffindor common room. He stopped in his tracks when he spotted a small movement by the foot of the doorway. Smooth and dark, like a flickering shadow, Diego sat there by the door, fixing Jungkook with his glowing, bright eyes. Furrowing his brows in question, Jungkook changed his direction and instead turned to walk to the cat. But as soon as he had reached it, the animal jumped on its' feet and turned to calmly strut down the hallways outside. Nervously looking around, Jungkook checked if anyone else was watching and then followed the cat outside. It ran through the hallways of the castle, leading Jungkook away from the music of the party and whenever the Ravenclaw was too slow to keep up, it sat down at a corner and waited for him to catch up.

The longer he followed Yoongi's cat, the more he got an idea of where they were going. And soon enough his guess was confirmed, when Diego finally lead him the stairway down to the dungeon, where the Slytherin common room was located. His heart picked up a beat at the realization. What could Yoongi want from him? He was obviously the one that had sent Diego to collect him. Maybe he was too lazy to actually go himself. Jungkook giggled at the thought and stepped inside the common room.

However, the one he was greeted with in the deserted room, standing in front of the warm chimney fire, wasn't Yoongi.

"Jimin." Jungkook breathed out, barely audible.

The young Slytherin still seemed to have heard him, because he turned his head to look over at Jungkook, "Hey."

Slowly stepping towards the other, Jungkook was hesitant to come closer. This had to be a dream, "You're back."

"Yes", Jimin breathed in response and met Jungkook halfway on his path, a lot less hesitant with his large steps than Jungkook had been, "I don't have much time, though."

"As always." Jungkook tried and managed not to sound bitter, "what are you doing here?"

"I wanted to see you." Their fingers intertwined and Jungkook felt the longing fire that had been carefully pushed to the ground of his stomach start to take over his whole body again.
He gulped down the small lump that started to build in his throat, "I was so worried."

"I know Jungkook, I know." Jimin muttered, quickly moving to hold Jungkook's face in his hands and press their foreheads together, "I'm so sorry... I wish I could tell you everything, but-"

"Then do it!" Jungkook burst out desperately, clutching the hands around his cheeks like a lifeline, "You know nothing in the world would change my feelings for you. I would never judge you."

Smiling a bitter smile Jimin's eyes started to glisten a little harsher in the light of the fire, "I wouldn't be so sure about that, baby."

The statement scared him for a second, but the nickname charmed all his worries away, "Jimin... please." he whispered, clutching the fabric of Jimin's robe, "please stay..."

"There's nothing in the world, I'd rather do Jungkookie, you have to believe me." the pink-haired boy answered, as he brushed his nose against Jungkook's and he was so, so close again.

It didn't take much to close the distance and once more, Jungkook leaned in desperately looking for a touch. Longing for something that he could only share with Jimin, something that could show the man at least a glimpse of what he felt. But as soon as he got into motion, Jimin tilted his head down, so that Jungkook's longing lips merely brushed the Slytherin's nose bridge. His grip on Jimin's robe tightened a little, as he felt another crack form in the surface of his heart, the feeling slowly suffocating him.

"Jungkook", Jimin mumbled and something about how his voice seemed so unstable told Jungkook that he was trying hard to hold back. He just wished he didn't. "Did you look after what I gave you?"

Softly nodding, Jungkook pulled out the small vial and handed it over to Jimin, "here."

Taking it in his hand to give it a quick glance against the chimney fire, Jimin quickly pressed the glass back into Jungkook's palm, "This is very important to me, so you have to keep it safe, okay?"

"What is it?" Jungkook asked, not expecting much of an answer, yet still trying.

"Something that will end all of this." Jimin explained, "All the disappearing and your worries. You just need to keep it safe for me a little longer and I promise you, everything will make sense to you soon. You only have to trust me. Can you do that Jungkook?"

Looking down with his eyes glazed, Jungkook stuffed the vial back into his pocket and chocked up a: "You know I can."

"I know." Jimin nodded his head, seeming at a dead end for his words, as Jungkook couldn't bear to look at him, "Did I really worry you so much?"

Jungkook tightened his fists a little, "I had sleepless nights, you idiot." he answered furiously, suddenly unable to hold himself back from lightly banging against Jimin's chest, "There were so many scenarios playing in my head. I was scared you were hurt! I was scared you-" he gulped, "...wouldn't come back."

"Jungkook", Jimin breathed out and there was a single trail of tears, suddenly painted on his cheek as the Ravenclaw directed his gaze back on the other boy.

"You-" there was a wave of pent-up emotion now pushing against Jungkook's heart, not leaving him any other choice but to make it room, "You mean so much to me. Living without you would
kill me."

Now Jimin seemed to be out of responses and Jungkook thought that maybe he had said too much. But even if he had, he didn't regret it at all. The slight glint of shame and guilt that wavered in Jimin's eyes were strangely satisfying and Jungkook hated himself for the feeling. Those deep orbs were filled to the brim with secrets and hidden feelings that Jungkook knew he might have been able to read, if he looked deep enough into those dark pools of life.

But there was no time for him to do so, as Jimin had grabbed his jaw gently, tilting it so he could fit his lips on Jungkook's. He almost didn't realize what had happened, the gesture was that faint. Just a brush of rosy skin against skin at first. Until Jungkook's thoughts and doubts finally died down into silence and he pressed closer again, feeling Jimin's plump lips against his more defined now. The touch sent sparks and shivers over his skin and beneath his robe the Goosebumps formed like mountains. He had waited so long for this and now, Jimin had finally kissed him.

The Slytherin had his jaw securely in one hand and the other hand gently lying on his hip to pull his entire body closer, while all Jungkook could do was to clutch Jimin's robe and hold on tight, in case his knees finally decided to give out. Jimin's mouth was like that of a lion devouring its prey, greedily taking everything Jungkook could offer him as they kissed desperately, the only sound in the room the silent cracking of the fire and the obscene sound of their lips smacking together. At one point, Jimin seemed to have had enough of their gentle rhythm and he pressed his tongue insistently against Jungkook's lips, the Ravenclaw opening up for him without any hesitation.

Never before had he kissed someone like this. The feeling was exhilarating; with Jimin's tongue rubbing against everything he could find and his hand possessively taking a careful hold on Jungkook's ass. The small whimpers that escaped Jungkook every now and then only seemed to further encourage Jimin's actions as he pressed even closer and dug his tongue even deeper. It felt like playing with a small flame, knowing that it could burn you at any time but in this case Jungkook didn't even mind burning that much.

For a second, Jimin seemed to plan to pull away but within the blink of an eye, he was back on Jungkook's lips, working their jaws together as if there was no tomorrow. Their desire, frustration, anger and love collided in a dance and as Jungkook curled his arms around Jimin's neck to pull him in even closer, the Slytherin dropped his hand from his jaw to join the other on his backside, gently squeezing whenever his tongue rubbed against Jungkook's. Within moments they were a panting mess, even as they separated and slowed down to a few feather light pecks.

"Wow..." Jimin sighed out and their foreheads pressed together naturally again, "I feel like I could do this for years and I would still yearn for more."

"Same here." Jungkook replied and he blushed faintly at how hard he was still panting.

"You know that I have to leave again, right?" Jimin then added after a soft, short silence.

Jungkook tried to get rid of the tightness in his chest through another kiss and found it pleasantly easing his pain, "I know but..." a soft sigh, which Jimin greedily breathed in, "please come back to me soon."

"I'd be a fool, not to." A last, gentle peck to Jungkook's forehead and he detached himself from Jungkook.

The Ravenclaw felt like a little child, holding onto his mother, as she got ready to leave. His fingers grasped Jimin's robe again, to hold him back but he knew it was useless, when Jimin started to take his hands into his own and pull them open to free the fabric between his fingers. Tears brimmed at
the corners of his eyes and blurred his vision but even in the distorted view, he could still make out the utter sadness in Jimin's eyes, as he stepped back and pulled out his wand to summon another portal.

"I love you Jungkook," he said and the words felt like arrows, stuck in his heart, "I won't make you wait."

And with that he was gone, leaving Jungkook to finally collapse on his knees and stare at the spot where Jimin had just stood moments ago. His ribcage squeezed tighter and tighter around his heart and his throat felt constricted of any breath, blocked up by the tears that threatened to escape.

And then he cried.

--*--

Three days passed again without any sign from Jimin and Jungkook spent the time that he wasn't in class in his dorm, doing his homework, thinking about his last meeting with the Slytherin or brooding over the mysterious vial in his safety. By now everyone in his circle of friends had caught up with his weird, insular behaviour but thankfully most of them seemed to leave him be. He guessed that they must think of his behaviour as a result of an existential crisis and as long as that meant they would leave him his space without questions, he was willing to let them believe it.

For the first time in his life he also felt essentially thankful for the storm of schoolwork that had started to build up with the upcoming exams. Of course, he had always been interested in a lot of the stuff that they learned at Hogwarts. Nonetheless, he preferred a nice and relaxed evening with his friends, to an assignment about the breeding methods of a niffler at any given time. Now, that his mind was always occupied with a seemingly irresolvable problem though, even an essay about the building process of the Hogwarts castle seemed welcome to him. So, he didn't refrain from diving right into his research, piles of books surrounding him on his bed and his mind finally filled with something else than Jimin, the vial, Jimin, Jimin's mysterious dis- and appearances, Jimin, the kiss and... Jimin.

Just when he was about finished with three quarters of the essay, he reached for a thick book to his right, knocking over a pile of books in his way. He groaned at the mess and got up to pick them up. As he kneeled down to collect the several doorstops, Jungkook's eyes travelled over an opened page of a book that had landed opened on the floor. For a second he thought about mindlessly closing it until a certain title stung into his sight, like a needle begging for attention.

"Room of Requirements." he read out silently to himself.

Thoughtlessly throwing the other books back onto his bed, Jungkook picked up the book and let his eyes wander the written lines of letters, finding a quote at the bottom that summarized its' use;

"It is a room that a person can only enter when they have real need of it. Sometimes it is there, and sometimes it is not, but when it appears, it is always equipped for the seeker's needs." - Dobby

Jungkook knew that the title of the room rung some bells in his brain and as he thought about it intently, he immediately remembered why; His and Taehyung's first meeting had been in this very room after all. Always equipped for anything the seeker needs. His eyes widened and suddenly he leaped out of his bed, as if bitten by a spider. The other Ravenclaws in the room threw him worried glances, as he practically raced out of the room. Down the stairs and a few hallways later, Jungkook quickly realized that he had no idea what he was looking for.

Sometimes it is there, sometimes it is not. The room of requirements only showed when in need,
like it had shown when him and Taehyung had to hide from Yoongi back then. Looking around, Jungkook found an empty hallway and stood in front of the wall. Okay, if this was going to work like he imagined it then this should be enough. He looked around to check if anyone was there, quickly realizing that the whole hallway was absolutely deserted and for the first time the silence was calming.

Okay, come on Hogwarts, he pleaded and squeezed his eyes shut. After a minute of silent pleading, Jungkook opened his eyes again, adamantly expecting an entrance to appear in front of him. However, as he looked ahead he was still greeted with a naked wall. His brows furrowed in confusion. Weird. He had thought that this was exactly the way this was supposed to work. Maybe he hadn't concentrated enough. He gave it another try. And another after that.

When he opened his eyes for what felt like the twentieth time, he let out a loud groan of frustration. Why couldn't things be easy for once? Sighing he turned around and kicked his frustration out on the wooden door.

Hold up.

The wooden door that hadn't been there before. Very funny, Hogwarts. Casting a last look around, Jungkook pulled at the door, finding it giving into his motion rather easily. As he stepped inside, he was greeted by a small room filled with mirror-walls and what he found in the middle made his heart speed up it's motions a little; A Pensive. Hurriedly, he closed the door and walked over to the magical object, hand already closing around the small vial in his pocket.

However, when he reached the edge of the round plate, Jungkook hesitated. Maybe this wasn't such a good idea after all. Maybe he shouldn't interfere with Jimin's plans and instead just stick with what the Slytherin had asked of him. Who knew what he'd see, once he watched the content of the vial. The possibility to find something dark, something that he really didn't want to see was so high that Jungkook almost thought about turning back and going back to his room.

On the other hand his curiosity was overwhelming. What could be important enough for Jimin to keep the secret so tight to his chest that he didn't even tell Yoongi about it? That he didn't tell Jungkook. And how great was the trust that the Slytherin had put in him to hand him the vial and believe that he would take care of it? Then again, didn't he have a right to find out what exactly he had carried around in his pocket for almost six weeks now?

Admittedly the guilt felt heavy in his chest, as Jungkook moved to open the vial, pouring about a third of the amount inside the small pool. Then, taking a deep breath of determination, Jungkook bent down to push his face beneath the surface. He opened his eyes and was surprised to find the water not sting in his eyes at all. Instead it spread pleasant warmth in his face and as the smoke that had built up around him cleared out, he suddenly found himself in an empty alleyway.

The street seemed vaguely familiar, as if he had crossed it once or twice in his previous years and he turned his head excitedly to take in all the details. It was a rather narrow alley, not enough space to fit a car but enough so that two people could walk side by side. He was about to start walking towards a more open part of the city, when he heard voices from somewhere close by. Craning his neck, he listened closely to find out the voices' whereabouts, succeeding as he walked towards the other direction and faintly heard the volume of the conversation rise, as he approached the darkness. Walking as slowly and silent as possible, Jungkook finally reached the end of the alley and peeked around the corner and what he witnessed made his heart skip a beat in utter shock.

There, hovering above another wizard, whose face Jungkook couldn't identify stood Jimin, with his wand out and his eyes fixed on his opponent. The sight was absolutely terrifying. Because this wasn't the gentle Jimin he knew, with his warm smiles and affectionate touches, calming words
and sweet kisses. This was a stranger. A stranger that merely had Jimin's appearance. His aura seemed to radiate pure darkness and all the warmth that usually accompanied him, whenever Jungkook crossed his path had disappeared.

"Traitor! We could have made the dark lord rise and yet you decided to betray us!" The wizard on the ground grunted and Jungkook gulped, as he saw the dark shade of blood glistening on the man's clothing.

Jimin tsked scornfully and the cold smirk he showed printed itself on Jungkook's eyelids, promising him to never leave his worst nightmares again. "Traitor..." he repeated, "You're the one to talk Marcus. After all, you're the one who turned your back on us."

"I would have been a fool, to stay with them. Go on", the man spat, wiggling around in pain, "take me with you. Turn me in and tell them the truth, like the obedient, brainless servant you are. In the end, he will come for you eventually. For everyone!"

"Turn you in?" Jimin asked, his brow arched in a sinister way, as he slid his fingertips along his wand in thought, "I think that's not quite the plan and you know it. If I let you live, I will get killed myself. THEY will get hurt. No one is safe."

"Wait- you can't-"

"Avada kedavra." a green bolt shot from the tip of Jimin's wand and suddenly the man by his feet froze, eyes wide and empty in shock.

And Jungkook could only scream. So loud he couldn't even hear anything else anymore. Stumbling backwards, Jungkook's back collided with the opposite wall, knocking the breath out of him and the last thing he saw before the dark smoke from before started to envelop him again, was Jimin's beautiful pair of orbs darting in his direction and fixing him with a shocked glance. Then everything went dark and Jungkook was shoved out of the water, gasping as he stumbled back until his back hit the wall once more and he dropped down on his ass.

This was a nightmare! It had to be! There was no way that what he had just witnessed had actually taken place in the real world. Jimin... what the hell was going on!? And did Jimin really kill someone? He couldn't... not his Jimin. Not the Jimin that had held him so softly. Not the Jimin that had kissed his worries away. Not the Jimin that had captured his heart with three simple words. Terrified out of his mind, Jungkook stared at the vial in his hand that was still filled almost completely. For a moment he motioned his arm to throw it away, watch it crash against the wall and get rid of this ugly dream he suddenly had in his head.

But this hadn't been a dream. It was a memory. Something real, that had happened and Jimin had actually killed someone. Everything turned and the fear, excitement and confusion turned to overwhelm Jungkook, as he leaned forward and puked on the floor. He panted heavily, frozen in place and too weak to move. This had to be a huge, weird misunderstanding! It just couldn't be. There was no way Jimin could actually hurt anyone, much less kill them. He had used the forbidden curse. The green bolt of death still flared up in front of his inner eye and Jungkook was forced to watch that very same, cold expression on Jimin's face over and over again like a broken record. No regret, no sadness as his angel, his whole world murdered a helpless man right there by a mere flick of his wrist.

When Jungkook managed to gain his senses back, he grasped the vial so tight in his palm that he thought he'd destroy it with his grip and ran. Out of the room of requirements and as far away from the ugly memory as he could.
After a total of two hours spent in the bathroom, Jungkook had finally pulled himself together enough to stand up and walk in a straight line again. The pictures of the memory still haunted him with every step he took and his brain still tried to work out a logical explanation that would deem Jimin innocent, only bringing him a headache in the process. He needed to talk to someone. Maybe Yoongi could help him out of this...? No, if he secretly knew about Jimin's plans and whereabouts, Jungkook would only expose himself and Jimin would find out he had watched the memory.

Taehyung. He was the one he could always rely on, that much was clear. So with a new kind of hope ahead, Jungkook made his way to the great hall, where he knew Taehyung would already wait for lunch to come. Just like he expected, Taehyung sat at a table with Jackson and Yugyeom on either of his side. Something about the situation though seemed off, because as soon as Jungkook had settled down across from the trio, he was only greeted with death glares.

"Uh... hey guys?" he mumbled, unsteady voice rising a little in the end and making it sound like a question.

Yugyeom was the first to lose his cool, "don't 'hey guys' us! How long did you plan on keeping this a secret?"

His eyes widened to their double size. It couldn't be! Did they know about the vial? About the murder?!

"We thought that you trusted us!" Jackson pouted, not in the slightest helping Jungkook's confusion.

"Guys, guys! Wait up a second!" he stopped them and raised his hands in defence, "what even are you talking about?"

Jackson huffed, "Stop acting! Mark said he saw you and Jimin kissing! In the Slytherin common room!"

Jungkook furrowed his brows, giving the three other boys a sceptical look. There was no denying it now it seemed, he was just glad they still seemed to be oblivious about the memory, "uhm yeah... so what?"

"Are you guys dating?" Taehyung asked, "Is that why you've been around Yoongi so much? To get closer to him?"

"I would never do such a thing! Yoongi is my friend, solemnly because I like him." the young Ravenclaw denied and gave Taehyung a disbelieving glance, "and why does it even bother you?"

"We're just worried Jungkook." Yugyeom admitted a little sheepish.

The boy only scowled in irritation, "well, there's no reason for you to be."

"Yes there is!" Taehyung interrupted a little louder than necessary, making the people around them, including Jungkook widen their eyes in surprise, "he's evil!"

"You don't know that Taehyung, stop shitting around!" Jungkook responded, voice rising a little together with the Hufflepuff's.

By now Taehyung was rubbing the bridge of his nose in frustration, "don't tell me you know him better than I do, after I spent years with him and you only months."
The more words left Taehyung's mouth, the more the anger inside Jungkook started to cook, "I don't know why you just want to hate him so bad for some odd reason. I just can't understand what kind of issue you have with him but honestly; you should stop because it makes me fucking angry."

"He's hiding something Jungkook." Taehyung tried to convince the Ravenclaw once more but Jungkook wouldn't have any of that.

He ran a hand through his hair, a frustrated sigh following the motion, "You're just jealous." he mumbled silently.

"What was that?" Jungkook could literally feel the disbelief on Taehyung's tongue.

"I said you're jealous!" the Ravenclaw said again, a little louder, shocking Jackson and Yugyeom just as well as himself, but he just couldn't stop himself anymore, the need to protect Jimin despite everything that had happened, suddenly a lot bigger than it should be, "because he's mature enough to not rely on spreading shitty rumours, opposite to you!"

Taehyung looked like Jungkook had just slapped him in the face and next to him Jackson groaned as if Jungkook had just said the dumbest thing in his entire life. The next second, Taehyung had gotten up and was already darting towards the entrance of the great hall. Jungkook bit his lips in frustration and groaned, before he stood up to run after Taehyung, leaving a confused Yugyeom and an obviously frustrated Jackson behind. Why was this such a big deal for Taehyung?

Suddenly, though, Jungkook remembered. The bullies, the insults, the wounds. All caused by a bunch of ugly rumours that had been spread and made Taehyung suffer. How could he have been so dumb?! Speeding up his steps, Jungkook ran after Taehyung and out of the great hall. The Hufflepuff was moving towards the castle's entrance, seemingly planning to take a walk just to cool off. But Jungkook just couldn't let him go.

"Taehyung!" he called and when the elder didn't stop he added; "Taehyung, please wait!"

Finally deciding to listen, Taehyung slowed his steps, until he turned around and faced Jungkook with glistening eyes, "what do you want Jungkook?"

"Listen, I'm sorry. I shouldn't have said something like this." when he came closer, he found Taehyung's expression to slowly become a little softer, "I just... I just don't understand what makes you worry so much. What happened between the two of you?"

Taehyung seemed to debate with himself for a few seconds, "I'm sure you remember the rumours that were spread about me?" he asked and Jungkook nodded, "it all started with one rumour. The only rumour that turned out to actually be true. And guess what;" a sour expression burned on Taehyung's face, "the one who started it was your beloved Slytherin."
Things get twisted, Jimin seems to be anything but who he was to Jungkook.

How will they manage to sort things out? Will Jimin let Jungkook in on the pitch black darkness that he carries within his heart?

The two were sitting on the cold floor, just outside of the entrance of the castle, knees touching as they sat cross-legged in front of each other. Taehyung played with the fringe of his old robe and Jungkook's fingers were just caressing the soft curve of the Hufflepuff's shin in an attempt to comfort him someway. They had been like this for almost ten minutes now, not a single word from Taehyung. Jungkook had lead them outside, when he noticed some students stopping in their tracks to listen to their conversation and now they were all alone outside, Taehyung pitifully sobbing to himself.

"At the beginning of my first year", Taehyung finally started, voice still a bit shaky, "Jimin and I were best friends."

Jungkook's brows arched in surprise, his hand stopping its' movement on Taehyung's shin, while his mind was too occupied in processing what just happened. Jimin and Taehyung? Best friends? After Taehyung hated the other boy so much, that seemed rather illogical. Unless, he supposed, Jimin had fucked up. A lot.

"We told each other about everything. Our darkest secrets and most embarrassing memories. Sometimes I think Jimin knew me better than I knew myself. We'd always be seen together, wherever we went, in the hallways, the classrooms, even the quidditch field. Before Hogwarts, we lived in the same village. He would stay at my house a lot of times, because he said he was lonely at home. Everyone called us the 95z and everyone envied our friendship."

Taehyung explained and strangely enough, Jungkook could perfectly imagine the two boys walking down the hallways next to each other, discussing whether the next D.A.D.A assignment was until tomorrow or next week. What shocked Jungkook the most though was that the beginning of Taehyung's first year was only a year and a half ago. There must've been a lot going on in that one year and Jungkook could only imagine how painful it probably was for the Hufflepuff to get through it.

"But one day Jimin didn't show up to class the whole day." the young boy sighed as if the memory was something that shouldn't have been awoken again, "I didn't think of it as a big deal and just brushed it off as nothing. But those days came more repeatedly and after a few times of just skipping one or two days, suddenly he was gone for a full week. I was worried, sending him owl after owl and asking if everything was all right. But no answer." he gulped and Jungkook took the other's hand to squeeze it as some sort of support, "As soon as Jimin was back, I decided to confront him and ask about everything."
Jungkook could only watch the Hufflepuff's hands ball into tight fists, "At that day, after I pushed him long enough, he was completely honest with me and told me something, I wish I hadn't gotten to know in the first place. I swore to keep it a secret and I still do." A shiver went through Jungkook's body, was he talking about the murder? Could it be true in the end? "Despite the terrible nature of the secret he had let me in on, I tried to help Jimin out with what was going on. But he suddenly started acting strange and distancing himself from me. And then", he looked up at Jungkook, tracks of tears glistening on his cheeks, "the rumours started."

A short silence fell and Jungkook felt the hair in his nape raise in a bad foreshadowing, "Well, to be exact one rumour started; One day I woke up and everybody in the whole school knew about my suicide attempt." Jungkook's eyes shot up to look at Taehyung, but he kept quiet, not wanting to interrupt Taehyung in his story, "It was the only true rumour ever spread and the only person I ever told about this was Jimin. Only him. Not even my parents knew, and of course no other student did."

The air around them felt heavy, "Out of that rumour, grew two, three, four. One more fucked up than the other. And the people loved it. They loved the thought of such a scandalous person going to their school and all of a sudden; I was an intruder. Someone that wasn't considered human anymore. I almost tried to kill myself a second time, if it hadn't been for Hoseok. I met him and he literally saved me, just by being there for me. For being a true friend."

He huffed a last time, "Jimin and I never talked again after that day. But I still kept that one secret, he told me about the day before. I can't tell you what it is but you just have to believe me when I tell you that it's something worse than anything you imagine." Jungkook looked down at the floor silently, if only Taehyung knew that he was already aware, "he's not a bad person Jungkook but... he's being made one."

Not a bad person... sounded funny, considering Jungkook had just watched Jimin kill a person. Now all his doubts that he had had about the memory being leaked or a misunderstanding had vanished into thin air and he felt his stomach turn again. He had held the hand of a murderer. He had kissed the lips of a murderer. He had kissed the lips of a murderer. He had sold his heart to a murderer. And strangely enough Jungkook knew that not even the murder was enough to make those feelings disappear. Not even the fact that Jimin had destroyed Taehyung's life with those rumours. Not even the fact that Jungkook now came to the realization that he seemed to barely know Jimin at all. Because there, in the back of his mind, those touches and bright smiles still lingered like a beautiful dream that one wanted to hold onto when they woke up. And Jungkook felt incredibly ashamed of it.

After a lot of silence passed, Jungkook finally managed to lift his gaze again, "I'm sorry Taehyung, I shouldn't have-" he couldn't continue, as thick tears were running down his cheeks and fell onto the soft fabric of his robe.

The Hufflepuff seemed just as churning as he felt but nonetheless, Taehyung leaned over and wrapped his arms tightly around the younger's shoulders, squeezing reassuringly, as if to wordlessly say 'I forgive you'. They stayed like this for a while, until Taehyung let go again and reached for Jungkook's hand to hold. The Ravenclaw squeezed it slightly, not caring about the cold that bit into his skin through the thick fabric of his clothes.

This seemed to be a perfect example of 'things aren't always as they seem.' Jungkook thought and let his bitter tears stain the fabric of Taehyung's robe. What was he supposed to do?! He couldn't stay with Jimin, that was out of the question. Even if his feelings still bound him to the beautiful Slytherin after everything that had happened, he knew that staying would be the wrong path. Having to bear with the fact that Jimin had spread the rumours and made Taehyung the biggest bullying victim that Jungkook ever knew was one thing. But bearing with a murder was a different
one. The evidence was there and considering Taehyung knowing about Jimin's 'secret', it wasn't manipulated either. Because honestly, what else could be important enough to keep secret.

What confused Jungkook however was that Taehyung still refused to tell anyone about it. He would have thought of the Hufflepuff to believe in justice. It was a murder, for god's sake! How could he not tell anyone yet?! But then again, the bond that the two had shared seemed to have been that of two soul mates and if someone could relate to that, it was Jungkook.

The question was: what was he going to do with the vial? He could destroy it and forget about it forever. He could hand it in and maybe get Jimin to Azkaban. A lump built in his throat. He knew he could never bring himself to do such a thing, after every time his eyes closed, he felt those warm eyes on him. Maybe he should have been disappointed in himself but something about his intuition told him that there was only one way to go with the whole situation:

He needed to talk to Jimin.

An undeniable shiver of fear climbed up his spine at the thought to talk to a killer, face-to-face. But then again, this was Jimin and if Jungkook's instincts were correct and Jimin hadn't just built up a very, very convincing façade, he would never hurt him.

"Jungkook...?" Jungkook's eyes shot up and he returned to the real world, meeting Taehyung's eyes in a bit of a haze, "what's up? You look like you just contemplated to kill someone."

Oh, the irony, "No Taehyung, I just-" he got up to his feet, pulling Taehyung along with him, "I need to settle something."

Taehyung furrowed his brows and gave him a distrusting look, "you're not going after Jimin, are you?"

"What makes you think that?" Even to himself, Jungkook didn't sound convincing one bit.

"If that's really your plan, leave it." with surprise Jungkook watched how Taehyung clutched his sleeves tightly as they stood face-to-face, "He's a powerful wizard Jungkook, and you have no chance of winning against him in a fight. It's not even worth it, now that you know, we can just-"

"I'm not going to fight him Taehyung." Jungkook answered and with a bitter sting in his voice he added: "and you know he couldn't hurt me. Now, I have to go."

"Wait! What are you-"

"I'm going to explain soon Taehyung." something about that vaguely reminded him of all those promises a certain other boy had given him, but opposite to him, Jungkook would fulfil them, "Now, don't follow me, you understand? I have to do this and then we'll both never have to be bothered by that snake again!"

The sting in his heart at his own words seemed illogical and Jungkook hated his own emotions for still trying to defend Jimin, "Jungkook, please take care. You're the best friend I have."

"What about Hoseok?" Jungkook asked with a grin.

At that, Taehyung's cheeks seemed to tint a little and his lips stretched into a smile, "we-... we're not just friends anymore."

"Finally." Jungkook said. Then a memory struck his mind and he rummaged through his pocket and got out the necklace that Seokjin had given him, "I forgot to give you this." he hung it around
Taehyung's neck and the boy seemed to be speechless, "It's going to protect you, next time I'm not there to defend you."

Giving him a long-lasting, warm glance, Taehyung finally jumped on him and wrapped his arms around Jungkook's neck, making him fall back into the past when they had just met and the world was a little less complicated, "Thank you."

After that Jungkook detached himself from Taehyung, giving him one last look that promised only to come back soon. He ran through the hallways, asking every student on their way if they had seen a certain Slytherin. Jimin probably wasn't in school anyways, so Jungkook had to find another way to communicate with him and there was only one person who could possibly help with that. Like a maniac, he ran through the hallways, bumping against students in his way and tripping one too many times. As soon as he reached the Slytherin common room, he could feel his heart pick up speed nervously. He had to go about this smartly. But damn him, if Hogwarts had put him into the wrong house!

As he entered the room, he was greeted with several pairs of questioning eyes and it took him a while to spot Yoongi between all the students. He was seated on one of the comfortable sofas in one of the corners, nose deep inside a book and expression as unbothered as ever. Luckily he didn't seem to be surrounded by any other friends or students, which would make the plan less difficult to be convincing. Yoongi had already closed his book and directed his eyes towards Jungkook, before the Ravenclaw had even stepped two feet into his direction. The stare that he gave him seemed way too familiar to Diego's feline eyes.

"What?" Yoongi asked simply but his tone was rather warm, opposite to his expectations.

It seemed like Yoongi didn't raise suspicion in the end, "Good afternoon to you too Yoongi."

"You never visit me", the Slytherin responded with a sly grin, "except if you need something. So, what is it?"

At the sting of guilt, Jungkook almost kicked the sofa in frustration, "it's about Jimin."

Now, Yoongi's interest was piqued, "go on."

"I might have found out something about his situation." Jungkook continued and the partial lie slowly started to form in his head, "there's a clue in the room of requirements. I'm just not sure what it is yet, so I wanted to ask for your help." then, as some hesitant silence had passed, he added: "after all, you promised to protect me."

That seemed to do the trick, as Yoongi gave him a last glance and then got up with a sigh, "how do you even know about the room?"

"Read it in one of the books I needed for an assignment." The partial lies seemed to work, since Jungkook managed to even convince Yoongi to walk a little faster than usual, "There's a tool there, that could give us a few answers."

At that however, Yoongi seemed to hesitate a little, "what if Jimin doesn't want us to sniff into his stuff?"

Crap. Time to get out the big guns, "then why would he have given me this."

At the sight of the small vial, Yoongi's eyes widened slightly in surprise. It seemed like he knew exactly what the content of the small glass bottle was. It also seemed enough of a prove that he remained silent, as they made their way into the hallways of the castle and Jungkook lead them to
the same place, where he had found the room of requirements the first time. For a moment, he
closed his eyes, trying to get into the same mind-set as back then and this time, the door
immediately appeared in front of him as if Hogwarts finally understood the serious nature of the
situation. As he pulled the door open and held it, for Yoongi to enter, Jungkook wrapped his hand
tightly around his wand, the blood pumping in his ears.

As soon as the door was closed, Jungkook pointed his wand at Yoongi and mumbled a silent
"Accio wand." and the wooden stick flew right into his free hand.

"What the-" Yoongi had turned around with a confused expression but his eyes immediately turned
into angry slits, as he was confronted with a wand in his face, "Jungkook, did you lose your mind?"

"You know how to call him, don't you?" Jungkook asked, trying to refrain his hand from shaking a
little.

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"Jimin." Jungkook spat and pressed the wand a little more insistent against the Slytherin's chin,
which caused him to raise his hands in careful defeat, "You know how to contact him."

A short silence followed in which the two only stared at each other with fury, "How do you
know?"

"Let's call it Ravenclaw intuition." Jungkook spat and stuffed Yoongi's wand securely into his
pocket, "now call him."

"I need a chimney, so we need to-"

"We're in the room of requirements Yoongi." the Slytherin once more narrowed his feline eyes,
"there will be a chimney around here somewhere."

The question was where to find the chimney. The room of requirements wasn't the same small
room from when Jungkook had needed his Pensive. It had turned into a huge hall, with ceilings
that seemed to be endless and piles and mountains of items around them. Furniture, magical items,
even a few living creatures that stole away into the dark, as soon as the two wizards approached
them too closely. Jungkook still had his wand in Yoongi's neck, as he pushed the wizard forward in
search of a light, earning a silent curse from him every now and then. It took them about five
minutes, until they round a corner and finally spotted a chimney with black stone and metallic,
silver ornaments. The wood inside was still fresh and there was no fire yet to be found.

"There you go." Jungkook coldly mumbled.

He thought that he caught Yoongi rolling his eyes and Jungkook thought he'd get a revilement or
something similar from the Slytherin but Yoongi merely stretched out his hand and mumbled a
small 'incendio', the chimney suddenly coming to life and breathing a huge breath of blue fire.
Jungkook's eyes widened as he watched the scene, fully aware that Yoongi's wand was still locked
away inside of his pocket. The wizard was able to use magic without a wand. Then why hadn't he
attacked Jungkook yet?

A question for a different time, Jungkook decided and pretended not to be fazed by the small
gesture, "call him."

"This is stupid." Yoongi mumbled but at the insistent bump of Jungkook's wand in his neck, he
quickly complied and raised his hands in defeat, "okay, okay!"
Carefully watching, as Yoongi stepped towards the fire, he waited with a loud heartbeat in anticipation. The Slytherin didn't even ask for his wand, merely kneeling down in front of the chimney and taking a bunch of deep breaths. Then he started to mumble a few words, unintelligible to Jungkook but they seemed to do the trick, as the flames in the chimney started to move in a calmer attitude, as if listening to the wizard in front of them. Silence settled back into the huge hall and Jungkook almost thought it didn't work, still pointing his wand at Yoongi just in case the boy tried to play tricks on him.

Then; "Jimin-ah."

The fire wildly dithered in response, "yes, I know, I know," slightly turning his head, Yoongi mumbled the next words a bit coldly: "it's your boyfriend."

For a few seconds the fire remained calm. Then, as if someone had added a bottle of oil, the fire burst to thrice its' size, as if wanting to escape the chimney-form. Jungkook quickly used the distraction and wrapped an arm tightly around Yoongi's neck, to press the tip of his wand back against the Slytherin's neck. With wide eyes and a hammering chest, he watched as out of the flame a figure started to evolve, limbs and torso and finally even a pair of eyes and a handsome face, clayed with ashes, coal and flames.

Out of the flames stepped Jimin, wrapped in dark clothes that made his figure seem even slimmer to the touch and his skin even paler to the eye. He looked tired, stressed and even slightly terrified and for a second Jungkook almost felt guilty. Until he remembered the tears that had wandered down Taehyung's cheeks and the strange man's eyes, filled with utmost terror seconds before Jimin had killed him and the anger extinguished every trace of remorse, leaving his eyes cold and the grip on his wand tight.

"Yoongi what happened here- Jungkook!?!" Jimin seemed to be rather disturbed by the sight in front of him and Jungkook couldn't deny the slight hint of satisfaction at the wizard's reaction.

"Drop your wand." Jungkook demanded, nodding his head at the beautifully curved piece of wood in Jimin's hand, while insistently poking his own deeper into Yoongi's skin, earning a distressed squirm.

Slowly raising his hands, Jimin moved to display the wand. A sign of surrender, as Jungkook noted pleased, which meant that he was taking him serious, "Jungkookie, what is going on? Are they still after you?"

After everything that happened, Jimin still had the audacity to sound genuinely worried and it pissed Jungkook off even more, "Drop the goddamn wand, Park!"

"Okay, okay! Calm down Jungkookie, no need to make a mess here, okay?" Jimin tried to convince the Ravenclaw and carefully laid his wand down on the floor, even going as far as kicking it out of his reach, "please don't hurt him."

"Oh come on, you think that little rat-"

"Shut it!" Jungkook interrupted Yoongi's words and the Slytherin immediately fell silent.

His anger was starting to eat him up from the inside, he knew it. But after everything that he had witnessed, he supposed it to be natural. In the end though, he knew that the main reason for his anger, the one thing that filled his lungs with tears and made it hard to breathe wasn't the murder or Taehyung. It was his own broken heart. The betrayal, after he had thought Jimin trusted him, after he thought he was someone special to the Slytherin.
The anger that intensified on his face seemed to be noticed by Jimin, as he hurried to talk: "Please Jungkookie, what should I do? I'll do everything, just please let him go."

"I want answers!" Jungkook managed to bark out through his chocked tears, "That's ALL I ever wanted."

For a moment Jimin seemed hesitant and Jungkook was surprised to find that the next person speaking wasn't him but Yoongi: "God damnit Jimin just tell him. You told Taehyung as well, just give him what he wants."

Another short moment of silence and then Jimin dropped his hands by his sides, giving Jungkook a defeated look: "I'll tell you everything you want, if you let him go."

Jungkook could hear Yoongi sigh in his grip, whether in frustration or in relief, he couldn't tell, "Why should I, just tell me what-"

"Let him go Jungkook, I don't want anyone to get hurt." Jimin mumbled and the words were like ice, "you have the wand okay? You've got the control." he kicked his wand a little further in Jungkook's direction, "you don't need him for my secrets. So, please let him go Jungkook, I'm begging you."

His last words were less insistent and suddenly his eyes seemed more open than before, no curtain of bravery anymore, to hide the deep despair that had settled in those beautiful orbs. He almost wanted to cry at the realization that he still wanted to believe in the good of Park Jimin.

"Please Jungkook."

Maybe it was the naked imploration in Jimin's words, together with those despair-flooded eyes. Maybe it was the memory of soft skin against his cheek and pink lips on his forehead. Maybe, the memory of a feeling that only Jimin had ever been able to give him. But with a defeated expression Jungkook moved to shove Yoongi away from him, instead shoving his wand in Jimin's direction, and collecting the Slytherin's wand in the motion. The relief in Jimin's eyes felt a little like a loss on his side but surprisingly he couldn't feel angry with Jimin for the reaction. He had just saved his best friend. Even after the murder, Jimin was still a human.

He shook his head, remembering that Jimin didn't deserve his pity at all.

"Go." Jimin told Yoongi, accompanied with a short nod of his head towards the exit of the room of requirements.

However, Yoongi seemed rather inert to move, "Jimin, I'm not gonna leave you alone with-"

"I said go."

The finality and insistency in Jimin's voice was heavy enough to even make Yoongi visibly shiver and with a quick but reluctant nod, he moved slowly towards the direction he and Jungkook had come from, leaving him and Jimin alone in the gigantic hall. Just seconds later, they could hear the door open and close again with a frustrated bang. Electricity passed back and forth between them and Jungkook could always hear it sizzling noises in his ears.

"I missed you."

Jungkook had no words to answer, only a single tear that finally managed to escape his eye, "I want answers Jimin. I want the truth."
"You let Yoongi go, so that's what you get." Jimin nodded, "Ask whatever you want."

"Who the hell are you?"

Chapter End Notes

So, who’s not one for sadistic cliffhangers :´D If you´ve read some of my other work, you might have noticed that I do have a strong tendency to use them.

Thank you for the support I´ve gotten on the story so far, it´s truly crazy and I´m really really happy people enjoy it so much!

Stay tuned for the next chapter! Love you guys!! <3
Chapter Summary

Finally, the truth will be uncovered.

After all this time.

Chapter Notes

So, for everyone who might have started getting really frustrated with Jimin’s secrets, this is the moment of your personal Epiphany. (haha).

I hope you’ll enjoy this chapter as well as the ones before and after! Thank you so much for reading my story! <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jimin's eyes seemed to glisten at the question, sparks of hurt dancing with the dark colour, "You know who I am Jungkook. You were the only one who ever truly knew."

"I witnessed the murder." Jungkook choked and pulled the vial out of his pocket, "I watched the memory."

With a careful gesture, Jimin lifted his hand, "please be careful with this, it's important."

"Then why give it to me?"

As if the answer was obvious, Jimin smiled a little smile, barely holding any warmth, "Because you're the only one I trust with keeping it."

"So it's really important, huh?" Jimin nodded, "then I'd definitely tell the truth because otherwise, you can make a new one."

He placed the vial on the floor and watched Jimin widening his eyes in terror, as Jungkook's wand was directed at the vial, not spelling a curse just yet, "Okay!"

He scrambled, seemingly trying to roll up one of his sleeves, "I'll show you Jungkookie but you have to promise you'll give me a chance to explain, okay?" Jungkook eyed him distrustfully as Jimin stopped with the motion, as his sleeve had reached the middle of his underarm, "Promise me."

"I don't have to promise you anything." Jungkook responded bitterly.

"That's true." The regret in Jimin's eyes seemed harsh enough to stab through the whole Slytherin, "but I'm still asking you to do so." Silence. "Please Jungkook, promise me."

It was the same kind of voice Jimin had used as he had said the words "I love you" for the first
time in the Slytherin common room and Jungkook felt a stab of pain ripping his heart apart all over again, "Okay."

"Thank you baby." Jimin mumbled softly, "I love you."

Instead of answering, Jungkook watched Jimin roll up the fabric a little more over his pale arm and suddenly a few pictures flashed in front of his inner eye. The first time they had hung out in the forbidden forest and he had had a small glimpse beneath the Slytherin's sleeve. There had been something, he had thought Jimin might have leaned into a patch of ink by accident and dismissed the memory rather quickly. Then again, when they had met in the plant house and Jimin's sleeve had loosened, only giving Jungkook a short glimpse of something dark. That memory too, had been dismissed after a mere second, Jungkook being way too consumed by the relief of seeing Jimin healthy in front of him. However, now that Jimin displayed his whole arm in front of him, palm facing up, Jungkook couldn't help the loud gasp and the pang of fear in his ears.

There on the perfect, fair skin, wickedly squirming beneath the surface, laid the dark mark.

The shock made him collapse, knees giving in and hands barely able to catch his fall. His wand fell to the floor together with him and he felt like throwing up all over again. The ache of fear, anger and betrayal had turned his body into a trembling mess, his broken heart crying out in pain. Out of the corner of his eye, he could see Jimin quickly hurrying over to support him with his arms. Those arms that still felt so gentle, warm and welcoming that Jungkook thought he would go insane. He barely managed to utter a warning for the Slytherin to stay away but Jimin didn't listen and instead wrapped his arms around Jungkook's waist to press him into his chest, head tugged beneath the Slytherin's sharp jaw.

As he shushed Jungkook, the fabric of his robe had slid down over the dark mark again and for a short second Jungkook felt like it all had just been a terrible nightmare, "Sh Jungkookie, it's okay, you're safe, no one will hurt you."

Those words seemed so strange and at the same time sounded so perfectly genuine that Jungkook had a hard time convincing himself that they were lies. He felt numb, body overwhelmed with the stress and his heart unable to sort out all of his individual emotions. He knew he would hate himself for it later or at least be scared of it right now but he couldn't help himself but to crawl deeper into Jimin's embrace.

Nonetheless he whispered a small, "don't hurt me please." and even though he doubted it, he thought he could feel Jimin trembling at those words.

"Jungkookie." he whispered, hand gently cupping Jungkook's face and tilting his head up to look at Jimin.

For a few seconds he refused to do so, keeping them shut, attempting to block out everything that unravelled in front of him. Never had he been so scared in his life before, much less felt so much longing and love burst his chest at the very same time. Jimin was a death eater. The one thing that Jungkook had learned to be the most scared of ever since he was a child. The protagonist of horror stories, in which the monster ate all the light and happiness away and Jimin was one of them. His dark side had eaten away the side that Jungkook had fallen in love with.

"Kookie, look at me." Jimin pleaded and Jungkook couldn't help himself but to open his eyes and stare back into Jimin's gaze, "Look at me and tell me that you're really scared of me. Tell me that you don't love me and I'll go. I'll see for your safety and never cross your path again."

But he couldn't. Those eyes had captured him in a warm embrace; taking him back to shared
warmth and bright laughs that mixed together under bright sunshine. Cold water that they had used to fight each other. The moment that they had built their bond and as the tears rolled down his cheeks, causing his vision to get blurry, Jungkook lifted his hand to slide his palm along Jimin's cheek. His heart pressed against his ribs, as it was pulled towards the beautiful Slytherin and in that moment Jungkook knew he couldn't let go. Despite everything he had done, he couldn't let Jimin go. Because nothing in the world could convince him that what they had wasn't real. That it had just been a facade.

Instead of giving an answer, Jungkook pulled gently and with a slight glint of surprise but no hesitation at all, Jimin gave in and leaned in closer. For moments, their lips were just brushing, curiously testing how close they could get without loosing the feeling of a feather, exactly the way they had met at the beginning. Hesitant, shy and unsure of what they were destined to be to each other. Then their eyes closed and in unison they leaned in, sharing a kiss that held more meaning than every move they ever made, every word they ever said. A close, gentle push as if they wanted to share a secret just by the touch of their lips. A secret that Jungkook felt too disbelieving and unsure to speak out loud;

I trust you.

As he pulled back, Jimin reluctant to leave more space than an inch between them, he mumbled: "You better give me a damn good explanation for this."

"Would you leave, if I couldn't?"

"We'll find out." Jungkook responded, brushing his hand against those round cheeks that he adored so much, "but you have a good chance."

With a newfound spirit, Jimin picked Jungkook up into his arms, the Ravenclaw letting out an embarrassing sound of surprise, and carried him over towards a wide sofa. Gently laying Jungkook down, Jimin sat next to him, checking Jungkook's hands and face if he had gotten hurt. Then after a short while, when Jungkook already thought Jimin had changed his mind and refused to tell him the truth once more, he opened his mouth to speak:

"When I was very young, people found out that I had a natural talent for magic. They kept telling me that I was going to have incredible powers, if I started to practice a lot and so that's exactly what I did." Jungkook was suddenly reminded of the time when Yoongi had told him about Jimin's classes even before his time in Hogwarts, "With the time I raised the attention of more and more people and soon I even received a letter from the ministry. They offered me a place at one of their departments to be trained and become an auror." His hands had started drawing mindless circles on Jungkook's hand and they played with each other's fingers, as Jimin carried on, "I finished my training one year before I entered Hogwarts."

"You became an auror with seventeen?!" Jungkook stared in awe.

Jimin nodded his head, a small and proud blush present on his cheeks, "At first all I did was take care of some important errands and escorting important people but when I entered Hogwarts and got sorted into Slytherin, things started to change."

"Did the ministry mind your house?" it was rather implausible to think that that was the case but nonetheless, if Jimin affirmed he wouldn't have been surprised.

"No, not at all!" Jimin quickly cleared, "But I piqued someone else's interest for the first time."

He gave Jungkook some silence to let the information settle in, then Jungkook's eyes widened in
realization: "the dark lord?"

Jimin's head seemed especially heavy as he nodded, "At first it was subtle and I thought I could escape the whole thing, just enjoy my school time and live through the everyday trouble of a normal student, together with Taehyung and Yoongi."

Jungkook gulped as Jimin mentioned the bubbly Hufflepuff, "but you weren't a normal student." he concluded.

"The ministry saw the perfect opportunity in the attention I got and offered me to work as a spy within the rows of the dark lord."

Widening his eyes in disbelief, Jungkook could feel his heart jump erratically. So, Jimin wasn't a death eater after all. Things were finally starting to make sense and with the heavy relief, Jungkook felt guilt approaching him. Guilt, that he hadn't trusted Jimin, although he had only done the right thing. Then again: what about the murder?

"Why would you say yes to something like this?"

"That's a good question." Jimin responded bitterly and Jungkook already knew that the next words would be a painful memory for the Slytherin: "I was very young and I can't quite remember her well, but as a child I had an elder sister. At that time, she was in her second year in Hogwarts and I had barely learned how to talk. She always took care of me. Even at the day she died." Squeezing Jimin's hand tightly, Jungkook left the boy the time he needed to collect himself, "Two death eaters had broke into the house and demanded if there were anymore people in the house. She didn't even wince, didn't tell them I was there, hiding in that small cupboard upstairs. After she finally convinced them, they cold-bloodedly murdered her." Jungkook had to sit up, felt the need to let Jimin feel that he was there, as he pressed their foreheads together like they had done so many times before, "Back then, if it hadn't been for her I wouldn't be alive anymore. She saved my life and with the mission, I wanted to give something back to her."

"I'm so sorry Jimin." Jungkook whispered and he was sure that Jimin knew that he did not only apologize because of his sister.

"Yoongi always told me that this wasn't what she would have wished for me but- I just couldn't-" Seeing as Jimin's eyes started to fill up and the boy started to choke on his words, Jungkook felt an arrow break through him and he held onto Jimin tightly.

"When I was gone these last months, I tried to figure out a way to finally get away from everything." Jimin confessed after having collected a bunch of deep breaths, "I didn't want you to see this side of me and I thought I could get rid of it before it would start to affect you, even after other death eaters had started to follow you around. I just got so scared that you would leave if you found out or worse... that something would happen to you."

Jungkook struggled to find words to respond and luckily he didn't even have to, "Maybe I shouldn't have given you the vial and maybe you wouldn't have gotten involved but-" suddenly his hands closed around Jungkook's face, holding it so gently as if it was a butterfly, yet so tightly as if he feared it would just disappear into thin air, "I had no one else I could give it to."

"Why is the vial so important? Who was the man, why would you k-" he collected his mind, the word difficult to say out loud, "kill him."

Jimin bit his bottom lip harshly, a sudden haze clouding his eyes, "His name was Marcus Ferid. He was one of the dark lord's most loyal followers and an ex-spy of the ministry. He wanted me to
switch sides, like him and threatened to betray me to the dark lord. If I hadn't killed him, I probably wouldn't be alive anymore myself. Neither would my parents be. Or Yoongi, or... you." he explained and Jungkook's mind had a hard time with finding out what to think, "I had to do it."

"Then why keep the vial?" Jungkook asked, brows furrowed, "Why keep the prove that you killed him? Wouldn't it be dangerous if the dark lord found out? How did you even get it in the first place."

"Another death eater witnessed the whole thing but I managed to extract the memory and obliviate him, before he could have become problematic." Jimin dropped his hands back into his lap, retreating to embracing Jungkook with his gaze instead, "As for destroying the memory; my first instinct was to just obliviate the man but my instincts told me that I could still use the memory and I was right. One month after the murder, supporters of Marcus movement had caused the ministry to doubt my loyalty."

"Why would they do that?"

A heavy sigh left Jimin's lips, "It's a simple and ugly human craving; Revenge. They want revenge for Marcus' death by getting me into Azkaban." The revelation left Jungkook shivering, this world truly seemed to be a lot darker than he had assumed. "The memory should be a proof that my loyalty is still with the ministry after all. That's why I had to hide it, they've been searching for it everywhere."

"That's bizarre." Jungkook mumbled.

"It is." Jimin's voice had gotten a bit raspy but Jungkook still felt like he could listen forever, "This is the world I've been wandering all my life. But now" his eyes locked with Jungkook's again, "I found someone I want to leave it for."

"Why me?"

"Did you ever ask yourself why I love you Jungkookie?" Jimin asked, fingertips softly brushing Jungkook's dark strands out of his eyes as the younger nodded, "It's because of how you make me feel. When I'm with you I'm safe Jungkookie. All the darkness and trouble seems to move far away from me and I feel absolutely invincible and yet the most vulnerable. You're the only person that can touch my heart, the only one who can cure me from my own darkness and bring me home."

There were no words to be spoken, Jungkook knew and yet he longed to find something to say. He searched for the answer in Jimin's eyes and lost himself inside, hands carefully writing a message into Jimin's skin, as they touched him to make sure he was really there. Not just a dream, that would turn into thin air, the moment that Jungkook grew weak enough to blink. Jimin still understood, silence and soft touches the only answer he needed and the love he felt morphed his lips into a gentle smile.

Cautiously pushing Jungkook down on his back to lay on the sofa, Jimin took a moment to watch the young Ravenclaw, before joining him on the yielding mattress. His hair brushed against Jungkook's forehead, as he pulled the younger closer in a tight embrace. Not able to help himself, Jungkook took one of Jimin's hands and intertwined their fingers, the touch more comforting than every word could have been. So many thoughts rummaged through his head and at the same time his mind seemed empty and deserted. A mere ten minutes ago, he had thought Jimin was a cold blooded murderer that had made his best friend's life turn into a hell, filled with hatred and sadness. Now though, things seemed to make a completely new kind of sense and Jimin... Jimin had been right.
There was only one thing left about the whole story that Jungkook needed to clear up: "What about Taehyung?"

"What about him?" Jimin's voice seemed to lose its' strength the more he said and Jungkook contemplated, whether he should really push even more.

However, this was about Taehyung and he just didn't want to live with the possibility of Jimin hurting him just because he wanted to, "You spread the rumours. His life became hell."

His words hadn't meant to sound as harsh as they did but Jimin took the accusation, as if he thought he deserved it. "Taehyung was more than my best friend. He was my brother." Jungkook craned his neck, to make eye contact, throwing a look at Jimin that was meant to say 'then why?', "At first, I thought it wouldn't be much of a problem, with my job and school at once. I was sure that Taehyung had never even been in the hazard zone but then one day I realized my mistake."

"What happened?"

Jimin's hand squeezed his a bit tighter, "Taehyung was part of the Quidditch team back then. It was Hufflepuff against Ravenclaw and I think I've never cheered so loud. He had just struck another point for his team, when suddenly as if by magic, he was shoved from his broom and dropped ten metres into the abyss." Jungkook's eyes widened in terror. Why had Taehyung never mentioned any of this? "I was terrified out of my mind and immediately raced down onto the field to help him. That was when I saw a death eater, just about to disappear behind the edge of the Quidditch field."

Jungkook could barely believe a word he heard, "Oh my god..."

"That's when I knew that as long as our bond was so tight, Taehyung was in danger no matter what I would do. I had to distance myself from him." Jimin continued.

"But was it really necessary?" almost sounding bitter, Jungkook questioned: "To spread the rumours? You could have just told him."

"I did." Jimin responded and he did not even carry a hint of defensiveness in his tone, "But he wouldn't listen. He said we could pull through this together and that he would fight as well if that was what it took." his words almost sounded chocked, as if he had a hard time speaking at all; "I knew he would die if this carried on. To distance myself from him... my only option left was for him to hate me. I never forgave myself for it but I made sure that Taehyung would never be alone at the very least."

"...Hobi." Jungkook concluded and Jimin nodded softly.

"I only knew Hoseok briefly but it was obvious that he had always had a soft spot for Taehyung, so I asked him for help." his eyes were now covered by a smoke screen of regret and loss that made Jungkook's heart cry out, "Taehyung's life might have been hell for the past years. But if he had stayed with me, he might have ended up not having a life at all."

The realization might have just as well been a punch to the face; Jungkook wouldn't have been able to tell the difference. Inside of his guts, he could feel the guilt eating him up, slowly and painfully biting away, until it reached his heart. All this time, through everything that he had witnessed, Jimin had only done what was best. Never a bad intention. He had taken the job to return at least something to his sister. He had killed the man to save his life and in addition that of Jungkook, Yoongi and his own family. And he had turned away from Taehyung to keep him safe, even going
as far as to make sure there was still someone who would take care of him.

"Jungkook, why are you crying?" Jimin asked softly, shock and worry displayed on his eyes.

"I'm sorry." he whispered, clutching the Slytherin's robe like a lifeline, "I should have trusted you. I didn't mean to- I-" the rest of his words was broken off by a heart shaking sob.

"No, Jungkook baby, no." Jimin hurried to pull him in closer, "you did what you thought was best. There's no way you could have known. I should have told you."

Once more, Jimin moved to press Jungkook closer, connecting their lips in a quick kiss that promised forgiveness. Forgiveness and a lot more than that. This time however, when Jimin pulled away again, to bring back a little space between them, Jungkook chased after him, rather than to let go. Their kiss intensified with a new kind of emotion that overshadowed the ones, they had felt in the night of their first kiss, by far. At first, Jimin seemed surprised but he quickly gave in, tilting his head just the slightest and made their lips connect perfectly with no more room for hesitation.

Jungkook almost felt overwhelmed with all the things he wanted to tell Jimin, all the things he needed the beautiful Slytherin to know and the racing pace of his heartbeat accompanying those thoughts. So, without giving Jimin any time to process the happenings, he let all those things he wanted to say without finding words, flow into the kiss and the intensity only rose with every passing second. Apologies, longing and a certain confession, all bottled up between Jungkook's lips, to give Jimin the chance to hear. To understand. Without being forced to say things that he didn't mean, because of the lack of words in the universe.

And Jimin did understand. Replied with his own apologies and new promises that he wanted to keep, as he dove deeper into Jungkook's emotion, brushing his tongue inside the younger's mouth just to wipe away even the tiniest bits of remorse or doubt that were left. Willingly opening his mouth, Jungkook closed his eyes and gave into the sensation of timelessness. A world only meant for the two of them. Unique electricity went jolting through his body, as he noticed Jimin's hand tightly on his waist, so strong he felt like the man could protect him from every danger in the world. In return to the tight security, Jungkook gave his trust to the Slytherin, righting himself to lean further above Jimin, instead of merely laying next to him.

Obviously welcoming the sensation of Jungkook sliding between his legs, Jimin pulled the other closer so that not even a breath could fit between their torsos and Jungkook could already feel a hot sensation, burning his heart with longing. They moved in waves together, starting from their jaws, over their chests, going as far as between their legs. Jimin was insistent, a protective manner taking over that Jungkook wanted to know every single thing about. In return, Jungkook gave everything he had benevolently to the Slytherin and he knew that the biggest encouragement that Jimin found was his trust.

When Jimin moved to his neck, Jungkook thought he could see stars. The feeling of Jimin's lips greedily devouring every inch of skin he could reach and leaving blooming violets there, was a completely new kind of feeling. He knew there would be marks left and Jungkook found an unexpected happiness in that knowledge. A little shift of his body earned him a silent moan from Jimin and he felt like he could listen to it over and over again.

"You're so beautiful." Jimin groaned against his neck and Jungkook couldn't help the deep blush entering his cheeks.

In return, he moved to nuzzle Jimin's neck and experimentally nipped at the skin there. Soon, he felt Jimin's fingers find their way back into his hair, settling there to push Jungkook a little closer. The further up, towards Jimin's jaw, he moved the more insistent the grip on his scalp became and
when Jungkook kissed behind Jimin's ear and the Slytherin's hips jolted a little beneath his own
Jungkook shared a knowing smirk.

"Daring." Jimin mumbled and the dilated pupils made his eyes look darker and deeper than ever
before, "You don't even know what you do to me."

For a second, Jungkook questioned how far they would go. There was no one with them and he
knew that there was hardly a chance that they would get interrupted between all those piles of
random stuff. The room of requirements was hardly a populated place after all and Jungkook
played with a thought for a second; How far would Jimin be willing to go? How far would
Jungkook himself go? A slight sting of panic bolted through his mind, when he felt Jimin's hand
sneak a little lower, over his chest and stomach down to his hip. Maybe he should-

Bang.

They both froze in their movement, Jimin's eyes suddenly wild with shock, "Did you hear that?"

Jungkook carefully nodded his head and detached himself from Jimin, slowly moving to stand on
his feet. Jimin followed his motion, immediately snaking an arm around the Ravenclaw to pull him
behind himself. Meanwhile Jungkook was scanning the area around them with a frantic heartbeat.
The sound they had heard was that of a heavy object hitting the ground, that much was clear.
However, there must have been something that had put the thing into motion. One of the small,
magical creatures, maybe? The footsteps that started to sound closer and closer seemed an adamant
proof against Jungkook's weak hope.

"Shit." Jimin mumbled lowly, reaching for his wand in Jungkook's pocket in lightning-speed, "we
need to get out of here."

Just as he was about to move in the direction of the entrance, three figures emerged from the
surrounding darkness of the item-piles. They all wore the same dark clothes that Jungkook had
witnessed on the death eater that had attacked him and suddenly he noticed how similar Jimin's
own clothes had looked that evening in the Slytherin common room. This time though, none of
them wore masks and Jungkook found them all to be a lot older than Jimin and himself. They
seemed dangerous, like experienced wizards that could end his life with a tremor of the wrist and
to his own surprise, the need to protect Jimin was suddenly greater than to protect himself.

They stepped closer around them, blocking them up inside a circle of their own. Jimin had his
wand out, the second they had appeared but Jungkook knew with a bitter security that he didn't
know who to point it at, since his movements seemed restless and hurried. Taking his own wand
out, Jungkook turned to push his back against Jimin's, pointing the tip of his wand bravely against
the death eater in front of him.

"You can put the wand down Park, there's no use." one of them spoke and Jungkook identified him
to be the leader.

Jimin's expression turned hard, "You know me better than to think I'd give up without a fight,
Thomas."

"That's true", the man named Thomas replied, not looking very impressed, "But I also know you
well enough that you wouldn't want your little Ravenclaw to get hurt." Jimin huffed, defeat
smothering his composure, "That's what I thought."

"If you want to kill me, do it. He has nothing to do with this, so leave him out." Jungkook wanted
to disagree with Jimin's statement as he heard the man's words in such an adamant manner but his
tongue was caught in the excitement and fear.

Thomas gave Jimin an estimating glance, as he slowly stepped closer, "If it was for me, believe me; you'd have been dead since thirty minutes ago at least." he sighed, "but the dark lord has other plans for you. You must be aware that you greatly pissed him off, yes?" no answer, "It's not enough for him to just kill you anymore, you see?" Leaning in with a smirk so full of poison, Thomas added: "He wants you to suffer. And your little boyfriend here will help us with that."

As soon as Thomas' eyes shifted over to Jungkook, he could feel the anger and possessiveness radiating from Jimin and within seconds, the Slytherin had his wand pressed against Thomas' cheek, "Back. Off."

"Give it up, Park. You're short-handed." Thomas replied, a more serious manner in his movements, as he too raised his wand in Jimin's direction.

"Won't stop me from getting you killed." Jimin growled and Jungkook could feel a shiver run through his body at the Slytherin's tone.

"And besides, Jimin is never short-handed."

All their heads turned over to a new voice and Jungkook's eyes widened, as he beheld Yoongi, leaning against an old cabinet, as if there was nothing more than a party happening in front of his eyes. There was a mischievous glint in his eyes, as he stared Thomas down. Jungkook's heart jumped in his chest. Yoongi had never left. Even though the moment might have been unfitting, Jungkook felt a blush creep up on his cheeks at the thought that Yoongi might have heard their whole conversation. Or worse: watched it.

"I thought that the Min family was above serving as a lap dog, to traitors." Thomas spat and Jungkook saw the fury burn in Yoongi's eyes.

"Don't ever underestimate a dog", Yoongi responded and Jungkook's eyes widened, as the Slytherin raised his wand, "They bite."

The next minute happened almost in a blur. Yoongi's voice echoed through the room of requirements, the word 'bombarda' sounding from his lips. Opposite to Jungkook's expectations, Yoongi's spell wasn't directed at one of the death eaters but much more at one of the huge piles of items. Like an avalanche, a flood of random objects crashed down onto the ground, burying two of the death eaters beneath. Thomas was about to raise his wand but Yoongi was already by their side and suddenly everything went blurry. Jungkook could feel his stomach in his head and his brain wobbling in his feet. Yoongi's and Jimin's faces appeared in front of his eye, contorted into bizarre forms.

Then suddenly he was slammed to the floor, a hard bump against his head as it crashed to the ground. Groaning loudly, he laid there for a few seconds, trying to regulate his breathing. Then, with another groan of pain he sat up and looked around frantically. He was surrounded by woods and beneath his palm wasn't the stone floor of the castle, but rather a thick layer of grass. His fascination was interrupted by another pain-filled groan next to him and he hurried over to help Jimin to sit up.

The Slytherin was cursing heavily and Jungkook's eyes widened in horror as his fingers felt something wet beneath them, "get out of the way."

Turning his head, Jungkook found Yoongi next to him, hair dishevelled and expression suddenly very stressed. He stumbled back, as Yoongi moved to rummage through his robe's pocket, finding
"What happened?!" Jungkook screeched, not having the nerve to feel embarrassed about the pitch of his voice.

Although Yoongi's eyes told a different story, he had his tone perfectly under control: "Jimin split in the apparation. It's nothing big, he'll survive."

"Always prepared Hyung." Jimin sighed heavily and Jungkook knew that he only tried to conceal his pain with the small smirk on his lips.

"Apparation?" Jungkook asked.

Nodding his head, Yoongi resumed dripping the liquid inside the vial onto Jimin's left peck, where a deep slash had appeared, "It's my fault. I never apparated with two other people before."

There was still something that didn't make sense though: "I thought apparation didn't work within Hogwarts?"

"I have the headmaster's permission." Yoongi replied, as if it didn't mean anything, "Plus; as you might have witnessed, there's always a way."

Jungkook knew what he meant: The death eaters. They had found a way into the room of requirements. His head was spinning with confusion. It seemed that Yoongi was in deeper than Jungkook had thought. Maybe, even deeper than Jimin. The more secrets revealed itself in front of Jungkook, the more new questions piled up inside his head; If those two were working for the ministry, were there more students that did the same? How did the headmaster deal with this? Obviously, he was privy to the situation, if he had openly allowed Yoongi to apparate within the school grounds.

His thoughts had distracted him enough, to not notice the way Jimin's wound had finally closed up beneath the thick coat of the liquid. Yoongi had helped him sit up and he slowly rolled his shoulder, to get back a feeling into the damaged pectoral. There was a huge rip in his clothes and Jungkook gulped at the glimpse of round muscle, covered by honey skin.

"That was great." Jimin sighed, righting himself more to stand up, "Let's never do it again."

He threw Jungkook a gentle smile and the Ravenclaw couldn't help himself but to reach for Jimin and press him gently against his chest. He could feel Jimin breath contently against his neck and his posture relax a little beneath his chest. It gave him a feeling of pride that he was able to calm Jimin down with a simple gesture like a hug and his heart started to beat loudly in his ribcage, making him wonder if Jimin could hear or feel it as well.

It almost felt like someone had stolen his breath, when Jimin pulled away again, "So, Yoongi, where the hell did you take us?"

"Not far from Hogwarts." Yoongi replied and threw the empty vial back into his pocket. He seemed a lot calmer now, that Jimin was safe and Jungkook felt a smile creep up on his lips, as he understood, "we're in the forbidden forest."

"Oh, that's a great idea." Jungkook mumbled, "to safe us from a dangerous place, you take us to an even more dangerous place."

"Hey, listen you unthankful brat, I just saved your goddamn-"
"Yoongi." Jimin had placed a soothing hand on Yoongi's chest, as soon as he realized that the Slytherin was about to attack Jungkook, "be patient with him. He's still overwhelmed."

A short silence remained between them and Jungkook and Yoongi exchanged a few electric glances. Then, the Slytherin averted his gaze again, grumbling a few words of disapproval that Jungkook couldn't quite decipher. Jimin seemed thankful and Jungkook felt as if he should try to be a bit friendlier to Yoongi. After all, he was right; The Slytherin had just saved his life. Of course he should feel thankful but the adrenaline made his mind speak out the very first things that came up. Yoongi had been part of everything too and Jungkook felt once more betrayed. Yet, he knew he had to spare his anger and accusations for later.

"What's the plan?" Jungkook asked, trying to get the attention of the group on a different topic.

Yoongi pointed his wand at him, "YOU are going back to the castle, while the two of us", he waved his wand between him and Jimin, "take care of the big bombs, got it?"

Jungkook was about to disagree, when Jimin forestalled him; "We'll take him with us." he earned a disapproving sound from Yoongi at that, "I can't leave him alone again."

After said words, Jimin threw Jungkook a short glance. His eyes looked deep enough to dive in and Jungkook felt an overwhelming wave of affection. He wanted to tell Jimin that he didn't have to keep the promise he had given but something told him that Jimin was going to be faithful to his words anyways.

"We need to get to the ministry." Yoongi mumbled, still obviously displeased with Jimin's decision, "The fastest way is through the portal."

"Portal?" Jungkook questioned and Jimin nodded his head.

"There's one in Hogwarts" Jimin explained, as he pulled Jungkook in the direction of the castle, "Only the headmaster, some teachers and the students that work for the ministry know about it."

Silent with awe, Jungkook followed the two men that had started a quick stride towards Hogwarts, "Aren't they going to follow us?"

For the first time, there was a small smirk playing with Yoongi's lips, "they need to wake up from their little slumber first."

"You used a sleeping spell?"

Yoongi tsked with amusement, "No, but I'd like to see you stay conscious when you have a chair crashing on your head."

They reached the castle with a quick walk and Jungkook felt a huge weight lift off his shoulders, as soon as his feet touched the ground outside of the forbidden forest. Jimin and Yoongi might have been comfortable with walking between those huge, watching trees but Jungkook still felt more content with having a safe distance between himself and the woods. The students that crossed their paths on the way were staring at them in confusion and Jungkook couldn't blame them. Jimin's clothes were still ripped in half above his chest and Yoongi wore a bloody gash on his forehead that didn't seem to bother him much but still looked painful enough to be worried about. He didn't want to know how scared out of his mind he himself looked.

He ignored their stares and kept his head low, following the other two through the castle. After a while he had a distinct guess where they were headed, as they slowly got closer to the headmaster's office. They crossed the courtyard and Jungkook met eyes with Baekhyun, who threw him a
worried glance. Damn, he really must look alarming if someone as foreign to him as Baekhyun gave him a look like this.

They made their way towards the staircase that would lead to their destination, when suddenly a voice called from behind them; "Jungkook?!

A slight sting of panic rose within Jungkook's chest, as he identified the deep voice, "hey Taehyung."

The Hufflepuff was slowly approaching the trio, who had stopped in their tracks to turn around and look at their caller. Jungkook gulped at the heavy layer of betrayal that flashed in Taehyung's eyes, when they fell upon Jimin, who stood closely next to Jungkook. He knew what this must have looked like and he immediately felt the urge to explain everything.

"What's going on?" Taehyung asked in a heavy voice and Jungkook wished he could envelope the man in a tight embrace.

Instead of the Ravenclaw however, Jimin stepped forward: "Taehyung, could we maybe have a chat for a moment?"

"Jimin, we don't have time right n-"

Yoongi was interrupted by Jimin's insistent eyes on him, "If I die today, I want to make sure that my brother knows why."

That was enough to silence Yoongi, apart from a silent huff. And with wide eyes, Jungkook watched as Jimin stretched his hand towards Taehyung in an attempt to earn his trust. Taehyung however, seemed hardly convinced and only threw a furious glance at Jimin, before he eyed Jungkook. The Ravenclaw knew that he was the only one that Taehyung trusted at that moment and he intertwined their gazes, like he would do with a nervous deer. As Taehyung eased into the exchange, Jungkook gave him the warmest smile he had and a confident little nod. The Hufflepuff seemed surprised but after a long while, he finally moved towards Jimin. He didn't take his hand but it was obvious that he was willing to listen.

With an excited feeling in his chest, Jungkook watched them retreat into a corner of the hallway, sitting down on one of the window shelves. For a short moment, he could almost see their past selves, smiling at each other and talking about how annoyed they were by the teachers. Just two brothers that sat next to each other and a bond that felt like it could last for a million years. Then, the magical moment disappeared and Jungkook was ripped out of his fantasy by Taehyung's dark gaze and Jimin's posture that dripped with remorse and sadness.

Next to him, Yoongi pulled Jungkook over to the opposite side of the hallway, where they both sat down at the window as well. The Slytherin was obviously annoyed by the situation but something about how he eyed the two on the opposite side had a different feeling than anger. It almost seemed as if Yoongi was relieved. Maybe even proud. Proud that Jimin finally had a chance to explain everything and maybe, just maybe, get his brother back. They watched in silence for a while, as Taehyung's expression changed the more Jimin spoke. It started with anger and hurt, going over doubt, through confusion and finally a simple form of sadness and regret.

"By now you must realize how much you mean to him." Yoongi suddenly mumbled next to him. Jungkook turned his head and threw him a confused look, "he was willing to let Taehyung go, for the sake of keeping him safe. Their bond is strong. Stronger than anything I've ever seen," he continued, "but for you he was willing to leave it all behind."
Their eyes locked and Jungkook felt something stir in his chest. Something that he couldn't quite name, "I wasn't lying when I said that he told me to protect you. And he wasn't lying when he said he would leave everything for you." Yoongi's eyes were deep with an emotion that Jungkook had never seen on his face before, "He loves you. Don't you ever doubt or forget about that."

Jungkook thought about the said words for a moment, gaze shifting back to Taehyung and Jimin. The two had their hands intertwined and he could see that both their eyes were glazed over. They seemed back in a world of their own and Jungkook felt a deep joy in his guts cause his head to go a bit dizzy.

He looked over to Yoongi again: "That's a mistake I won't repeat."

Seeming pleased with the answer, Yoongi nodded his head and turned his gaze out of the window, giving room to another wave of silence. Jungkook used the moment to go over everything once more. Just a week ago, he had been an ordinary student at Hogwarts, with normal friends and the normal life of a wizard. Now, suddenly he was surrounded by death eaters and blood, spies and secrets and so, so many emotions. And Jimin. The man he had fallen for, without knowing who he was and nonetheless his feelings remained strong. Stronger than ever, to be exact. Fate was a funny thing, he thought.

As he looked up again, Taehyung and Jimin were approaching him and he could make out tear tracks on Taehyung's face. Immediately he jumped up to wrap his arms tightly around them, earning two pairs of arms around him in return. He opened his arm towards Yoongi and after a silent huff, the Slytherin was by his side, joining the small group hug. Maybe it wasn't the time but god knew they all needed it.

As they separated, Taehyung still sniffed loudly, "So, you're going to the ministry, to end all of this?"

"No more darkness." Jimin mumbled and they locked eyes in a silent promise, "No more secrets."

Taehyung nodded in thought and gave them all a short glance, "then let me come with you."

"Taehyung, I don't think that-"

Jimin started carefully but was immediately interrupted by the Hufflepuff again; "You're my brother. After everything that happened, please don't ask me to let you face all the danger on your own again."

"Calm down softie, we're with him." Yoongi grumbled, obviously pissed at being ignored.

"If you go there, you'll face a lot of danger. Which means you could use every helping hand." Taehyung continued, "I mean come on, you're taking Jungkook with you too."

This earned him a not so gentle slap from the Ravenclaw and a giggle from Jimin, "Alright."

"Alright?!" Yoongi seemed to be indignant, "Jimin, Taehyung isn't even an auror, he's-"

"Taehyung is a powerful wizard, Yoongi." Jimin responded and turned to step towards the headmaster's office again, "and I trust him completely with keeping both, us and himself safe."

As Jungkook eyed Taehyung from next to him, he witnessed a small smile of pride on Taehyung's lips. He had to admit, just like Yoongi he didn't feel comfortable with taking Taehyung along but at the same time he was glad. Because this meant peace; the two brothers that had fought for so long were now back together, facing the enemy side by side. Nonetheless he worried greatly for
Taehyung. Although maybe, he should worry more about himself in the end. Quickly discarding the slight pang of fear, Jungkook followed the others towards the staircase.

Mumbling a short spell, Jimin caused the stony statue in front of them to turn and the path to the stairs cleared for them. When they entered the office, it was empty. Not even the legendary phoenix, Fawkes was anywhere to be found. The only moving things were the pictures of old wizards and witches that were splattered across the walls. With punctuated purposefulness, Jimin wandered towards one of the many cupboards in the room, fiddling with a little device at the door latch.

"Okay, this should do." he mumbled silently and pulled away from the device, making way for the huge doors to open.

When they did, a bright, white light that shone from within the furniture greeted Jungkook. Inside, he could vaguely decipher the inside of another office and his eyes widened when Jimin stretched his fingers towards the surface of the portal and his hand disappeared into nothing. The Slytherin shivered for a second, muttering something about 'it being really frigging cold', before he took a deep breath and stepped right through the surface of the portal. Yoongi and Taehyung followed suit, the Hufflepuff less hesitant than Jungkook would have thought.

Mimicking the same motion that he had watched on Jimin, Jungkook took a deep breath and pushed his foot through the surface of the portal. While the cold liquid enveloped him, he held his breath as if diving into water and soon enough he released his breath again, as his head broke through the surface on the other side. There, Yoongi, Taehyung and Jimin were already waiting and as Jungkook hurried towards the exit door with them, he realized a bit surprised that his clothes were still completely dry. Then again, this was magic.

The ministry of magic was to say the least pompous. The walls reached up far enough for its end to disappear out of sight and every step that he took echoed through the halls and corridors that they made their way through. So many wizards and witches in one place, each and every one of them obviously following a certain purpose with determined eyes and hurried paces. Jungkook almost felt overwhelmed with the loud emboss within every square metre of the huge building and he fumbled for Jimin's hand in search for support. Never before had he felt such a demanding aura of magic and even with the high ceiling and the amount of space, Jungkook felt crushed to death. As if he was about to be caught. Even the stone sculptures here and there, that changed their poses every now and then seemed to have their eyes locked on him and he soon understood why.

Jimin and Yoongi were used to the strange sensation that unfolded in front of them. They knew the hurried business of magic and had faced its' danger, so there was hardly anything that could break their calm by now. Even Taehyung seemed rather comfortable within the depressing, dark walls and Jungkook couldn't help but wonder whether the Hufflepuff himself had already visited the place. Then, there was him. If he could hear his heartbeat as loud as he did, he didn't want to know how loud it was to Jimin or Yoongi or even the wizard that had just bumped into his shoulder with a quick apology. His excitement, just as much as his fear were like a signal. An arrow, pointing at his head and screaming: 'intruder'.

Jimin seemed to note his nervousness, as he squeezed his hand gently, "We're there soon. Keep your gaze on the ground and refrain from making any eye contact." then with another squeeze he threw Jungkook a small nod, "And remember; I'll protect you, no matter what, okay? Nothing's gonna happen to you."

The words sent butterflies dancing in Jungkook's belly and he didn't even have the time to find own words, before Jimin's determined gaze was already locked back on their path. So, instead of
answering, Jungkook did as he was told and bowed his head slightly. He felt like a little kid that went through a haunted house on a carnival but refused to face the horrors inside and instead only held onto his big brother that led him through it. It felt calming and suddenly, Jungkook found himself at ease again.

The rest of their path went by rather quickly, now that Jungkook wasn't overwhelmed with their surroundings and his whole focus laid on Jimin's hand and not tripping. Soon they reached an elevator with decorated; golden doors and Jimin pushed them all inside, before entering himself. Before anyone else could join them, he had the elevator doors shut and pressed a certain button. As soon as the elevator was put into motion, Jimin sighed loudly and even Yoongi seemed to suddenly have gotten rid of a weight on his shoulders. Jungkook was to be mildly surprised. He hadn't even noticed the tension in their shoulders or their own hurried heartbeat until now but they honestly seemed relieved.

"Thank the heavens", Jimin mumbled and rubbed a palm over his face, "I almost thought the statues would grass us up."

"No lie", Yoongi added, "some of the people that we crossed paths with know my father. I almost had a heart attack because I thought one of them recognized me. If he found out I'm not in school..."

Taehyung still seemed rather bubbly and more excited about the situation than scared and suddenly Jungkook understood that Taehyung had only been able to stay this calm because of his naiveté, "Who's your dad anyways?"

Yoongi's brow rose at him, like the question was too obvious to deserve an answer, "You should have heard of him every now and then. He's the assistant Chief Warlock of the Wizengamot."

"No way!" Taehyung's eyes had widened to double their size, "Mr. Min is your father?!" his face twisted a little in realization, "explains why you're so strict all the time." he earned a hard slap from Yoongi, "I mean- exemplary of course!"

Jungkook overheard most of the conversation, as a dark thought crossed his mind and he looked at Yoongi, with an open distrust that he might have tried to conceal at least a little, "Is he a death eater?"

Yoongi didn't even seem offended, "Ex." he stated, keeping a straight face, "Hasn't been in the business since four years. Believe me, it was hard enough to escape the dark lords rows, I at least expect some credit for that."

A slight pang of guilt caused Jungkook to avert his eyes, "I'm sorry, I shouldn't have-"

"My mom's still in the business though." Yoongi continued and the smirk he wore seemed a little out of place.

A short silence of outrage laced over them and they remained staring at each other. Taehyung started to wiggle uncomfortably and Jimin had already placed a cautious hand on Yoongi's shoulder, in case the Slytherin had some funny ideas. Jungkook was fuming on the inside. Was Yoongi proud of having a family member within the rows of the dark lord?! Was he himself part of the organisation? On instinct, his eyes flicked to Yoongi's covered arm and the Slytherin clearly followed his gaze, eyebrows twitching in cognition. With a quick yank, Yoongi's sleeve was out of the way and Jungkook was met with a soft patch of pale skin. Empty of any secrets that Jungkook might have believed in.
"I must say I'm a bit disappointed." Yoongi said as he pulled the fabric of his robe back over his arm, "but not surprised. Let's go."

The Slytherin was out of the doors of the elevator, before Jungkook even had as much as a chance to apologize. He stayed behind for a moment, regret and guilt eating at his heart. Maybe, he should just trust Yoongi. But after everything that had happened it felt as if there were secrets wherever he put his hands and those secrets were harmful. It scared him, to trust someone. Even trusting Jimin felt like the biggest risk he had taken in a lifetime and although he knew that they might have been reasonable, he still felt dumb about his emotions. When it was clear that he wasn't going to move, Jimin grabbed his sleeve and pulled him out of the elevator, this time letting Yoongi and Taehyung lead the way.

"I knew about his mother." Jimin declared after a few moments and Jungkook's eyes darted towards him with slight shock.

"Then why didn't you-"

"I believe that a person is not defined by where they come from but where they go." the Slytherin mumbled and his words were softer than Jungkook thought he deserved, "Yoongi suffered enough from the path that his parents had chosen. Given the circumstances, he's more upright than any one of us."

That was enough to silence Jungkook completely and he turned his gaze back to the raven hair of Yoongi's head. His strides were confident and he radiated a kind of duty that Jungkook knew he himself would never be able to carry. There might have been a reason to not trust Yoongi but in the end, those reasons were just as unreasonable as the ones he might have had to not trust Jimin. They were in this together and they couldn't have a bratty Ravenclaw manipulate their teamwork, just because of his trust issues.

After approximately five minutes, the four wizards finally stopped in front of a huge door. Jungkook felt the tension radiate from Jimin and as he looked down he saw the boy squeezing his arm lightly, directly on the place where the dark mark must have been. It almost seemed as if he was in pain and as Jungkook attempted to soothingly caress the Slytherin's arm, he was swatted away hurriedly. A short glance from Jimin was enough to stop his attempts.

After taking a deep breath, Jimin pushed at the doors, revealing a huge, round room in front of him. There was barely any furniture, much less decoration. It was just an empty room with a single desk in the middle and naked walls surrounding it. At said desk sat an aged women, a quill in hand and her glasses low on her nose, as she seemed absolutely engrossed in her work. When the doors crashed open however, she raised her eyes, looking rather displeased by the interruption.

"Ah, Mr. Park." she mumbled and to Jungkook it almost sounded as if the woman hadn't necessarily wished for Jimin's return.

Jimin remained unfazed by the tone and merely stood in front of the woman, still clutching his arm tightly and wincing in pain every now and then, "I have the exhibit, Merelin."

Raising a brow, the woman named Merelin seemed to have found an interest in the conversation at last, "show me."

With shaking hands, Jungkook watched Jimin rummage through his pockets and finally pull the small, familiar vial out. At the sight of the glowing liquid inside, Merelin's eyes widened but Jungkook didn't feel like she was particularly joyful about the object in Jimin's hand. The longer Jungkook eyed her, the more it seemed like the witch was displeased rather than happy with the
discovery of the memory. A small feeling of uneasiness stirred inside his stomach and he carefully stepped forward to pull on Jimin's sleeve.

Jimin flinched slightly, as the fabric stroked his over sensitive mark and turned his eyes towards Jungkook, who couldn't do more than to lightly shake his head. It didn't take long for Jimin to understand and after just a mere breath of hesitation, he pulled his arm back, just as the woman was about to reach for the vial in his hand. For a moment, Merelin seemed caught off guard but she quickly fixed her expression and raised a brow.

"Where is Mr. Min?" Jimin asked warily, "I'd like to hand the vial to him in person."

"That's hardly necessary Mr. Park, I'm fully capable of giving it to him." Merelin responded and the calmness in her voice made Jungkook shiver.

Jimin and the witch remained silent for a few seconds, both staring at each other and out of the corner of his eye, Jungkook could make out how Taehyung's expression changed into distrust and Yoongi's hand dove inside his pocket to grasp his wand. He himself felt more and more tempted to pull out his wand, with every second that passed. The room just seemed to get colder and colder, the longer the two people in front of him warily eyed each other.

Then, Jimin took a small step back and muttered: "I'll come back later then."

They were about to turn around when Merelin responded with a dark voice: "Oh no you will not."

Jungkook's eyes widened when she pulled out her wand and pointed it at the door, "Colloportus!"

The door slammed shut, locking itself in place and the four students were trapped in the round room, alone with the powerful witch, who had risen dangerously calm from her chair. This time it was Taehyung that wrapped a careful arm around Jungkook to shield him and the Ravenclaw knew at once that even though Taehyung wasn't like Jimin and Yoongi, he was still a way more powerful wizard than Jungkook himself. He felt thankful that his friend wanted to protect him but the stubbornness in his brain was difficult to get rid of, as he wanted to protect his friends just the same.

"We can make this a lot easier for both of us." Merelin started, "Give me the damn memory."

Jimin seemed to burn up in anger, "after everything my family has done for you, you betray me. I trusted you Merelin!"

A short flash of something like guilt crossed Merelin's eyes, before she regained her posture, "You betrayed the whole ministry, Park. I'm just doing what an honest wizard should do."

"Rubbish." Jimin bit back and Jungkook felt the hurt of his betrayal radiate off Jimin's heart, "You knew I was never a real death eater."

"Then", she pointed her wand at Jimin with a regretful expression, "you should have died."

"Jimin!"

The shout was Taehyung's, as he was the first to notice the several figures emerging from the walls.
around them. This time they were even more but no death eaters, judging from the uniform they wore. Aurors. Jungkook gulped, they were in deep shit now. Yoongi had his wand pointed at the wizards behind Jimin and Taehyung still remained with his hand protectively on Jungkook's shoulder, wand clasped tightly in his hand. Jungkook himself didn't know what to do. His brain was emptied out with utter panic and the more he searched for a useful spell inside his mind, the less there seemed to be.

Even Jimin seemed to have accepted their defeat, as his shoulders slouched and he finally took his wand down with a desperate sigh. Yoongi seemed indignant with Jimin's action and he threw the other Slytherin a questioning gaze. However, when their eyes locked, Yoongi's eyes filled with defeat and he too lowered his wand next to his friend. Next up, Jimin stretched out his free hand and pushed down the tip of Taehyung's wand, watching the Hufflepuff plead with his eyes, for a little bit of faith. Jungkook met Jimin's eyes last and the utter love he received through the eye contact explained Jimin's decision clearly and incontrovertibly. He wouldn't let his friends get hurt in a fight if he could help it.

Merelin seemed almost relieved with Jimin's capitulation, "Take him to Azkaban and send the rest back to Hogwarts."

"No!" Jungkook's eyes filled with tears, as he stormed towards Jimin, who had been grabbed by two of the Aurors.

Yoongi was there to hold him back, shaking with hurt himself, as he held Jungkook back as well as he could. They pressed against Jimin's shoulder, until the Slytherin sank to his knees in defeat, eyes glazed over with despair. Jungkook pulled harder against his restraints and finally Yoongi let go of him, making Jungkook fall to his knees painfully hard, before he managed to get back on his feet and run over to Jimin. He saw the Aurors about to reach for him in an attempt to stop him but Merelin seemed to feel guilty enough to raise her hand and stop them.

Miserably sobbing, Jungkook fell to his knees and reached out for Jimin. The way his heart tried to hold onto the Slytherin was like a hot sting and in his eyes the tears welled up even stronger now. Jimin's eyes weren't glazed like before. They seemed calm and Jungkook knew that he was trying to stay strong for Jungkook more than himself. With trembling fingers, Jungkook clutched Jimin's clothes and whispered pleads and threads and everything that flooded his mind. Weakly, Jimin pushed his forehead against Jungkook's in an attempt to ground him, succeeding a little when Jungkook looked up and held his breath to find control about himself again.

"They can't take you away from me, I won't let the-"

"Jungkook." Jimin interrupted and Jungkook almost winced at the finality in the man's voice, "Please don't fight them. I can't let you get hurt."

Even Jimin seemed to be overwhelmed by despair now and for the first time, Jungkook felt sure that he heard a glint of fear in Jimin's tone. Just this was enough to fill his eyes with tears and his body with sobs again. He knew Jimin wanted to reach out for him too. Wanted to touch him and calm him. But the hands of the Aurors were adamant and Jimin couldn't budge a centimetre.

"Baby", Jimin whispered and Jungkook made a small noise, "Kiss me."

And Jungkook did. He placed his hands on either side of Jimin's face, tilting it lightly, as he pressed his lips tightly against Jimin's. It wasn't one of their heated kisses this time. No longing and no promises in their hearts. As they moved together with their eyes closed, the bid their good byes and Jungkook's heart broke into tiny slivers at the feeling that it gave him. When it got too painful and he was about to part from Jimin again, the Slytherin bit Jungkook's bottom lip painfully, to
keep him close and Jungkook remained nearby, their noses touching softly as Jimin gave him a meaningful look. Jungkook furrowed his brows until the realization hit him and he pressed closer towards the Slytherin, until his ear was pressed right to the spot next to those full lips.

"Take the vial Jungkookie." Jimin whispered and Jungkook's breath hitched, "Protect it. Keep it safe, you're the only one I trust."

With a racing heartbeat, Jungkook pushed his hand into Jimin's robe pocket and pulled out the small glass vial, before anyone would notice, "I'll come save you Jimin."

"I know baby."

"That should be enough." Merelin finally ordered and with an obviously painful yank, Jimin was pulled away and Jungkook remained desperately right there, in his kneeling position.

They pulled and pulled and even though Jimin put up a hell of a fight, they managed to take him through the door and out of sight. As soon as they closed, Jungkook started sobbing again, burying his face into his hands. Immediately he felt a warm presence next to him and an arm wrapped tightly around him. The sweet scent of home was enough to tell him that it was Taehyung, who had knelt next to him, to comfort him. Yoongi had fallen to his knees just a mere metre away from Jungkook and he saw the utter defeat in the Slytherin's eyes, looking absolutely out of place. Jungkook thought that he could even spot a slight gloss in Yoongi's eyes.

One of the Aurors produced a huge portal in the middle of the room and the next thing Jungkook knew was that Taehyung gently lifted him to his feet. The Hufflepuff lead him towards the portal, where Jungkook could make out the blurry lines of Hagrid's house. A last glance at the entrance door. A last pang to his heart.

"I'm sorry." Merelin muttered silently, as Jungkook passed her.

The Ravenclaw could only scoff, "I'm not the one you should apologize to."

After that, he was gently pushed through the portal and as soon as he, Yoongi and Taehyung had reached the other side and the portal disappeared, his tears came back to choke him into unconsciousness.

Chapter End Notes

So once more, I have made the characters suffer and I cried and yet I feel extremely fullfilled, is this sadistic or perhaps even psychotic behaviour? One might never know.

Anywho, I hope you like how the story is developing!

Thank you so much for reading this chapter and please leave a comment and Kudos if you liked it! Good night/day/apocalypse! <3
Chapter Summary

He’s mourning the part of his soul, which Jimin took with him.

But there’s always a sliver of light on the horizon.

Chapter Notes

HMMMMM I’m so sorry I make everyone suffer so much XD

Poor Jimin is going through hell y’all and no matter how much I tried sparing him, my sadistic-author-ass wouldn’t let me. I hope you can forgive me for that and enjoy the chapter nonetheless! <3

"Earth to Jungkook?" Jungkook's eyes shot at Professor sprout and he gave her a small, apologetic smile, asking her to repeat the question, "I wanted to know which two potions are the most significant use for Lavender?"

Clearing his throat Jungkook answered immediately: "Sleeping Draught and the Fire-breathing potion, Professor."

"Very well!" Professor Sprout clapped excitedly and Jungkook could feel a few envious eyes on his figure, "That's five points for Ravenclaw!"

As soon as Jungkook was sure that the woman's attention wasn't on him any longer, he allowed himself to dive back into his own thoughts, playing absentmindedly with the small blooms of Lavender in his hands. It had only been four days since Jimin had been sent to Azkaban but to Jungkook, it felt like ages had passed since he had last locked eyes with the beautiful Slytherin and felt his warm touch. He didn't even dare to imagine how long it must have felt for Jimin himself. The questions that darted around in Jungkook's head about how Jimin might be holding up in the magical prison made his heart ache and he quickly pushed them down before they could escalate too much.

He had barely talked to Yoongi and Taehyung after they had returned from the ministry of magic. Right after they had stepped through the portal, Jungkook had lost consciousness and only remembered that he woke up in the hospital wing next. Taehyung had sat by his bedside, asleep at first. But just when Jungkook had stirred awake, the Hufflepuff had done the same and immediately handed him a glass of water and some pills. Afterwards he had explained that Yoongi had carried Jungkook to the hospital wing and left right after. The Slytherin hadn't explained his sudden disappearance but Jungkook didn't care greatly for it anyways. Yoongi probably needed some time for himself, considering that his very best friend had just gotten a ticket to Azkaban. If there was someone who could relate perfectly, it was Jungkook.
The next days had been filled with heartaches, sleepless nights and tears that had stained his pillow. Instead of getting better, Jungkook felt the longing and pain that Jimin's absence caused inside of him, grow with every passing, lonely day. Whenever he had the chance, he would lock himself up in his dorm and cry his heart out or just sit around silently and conjure small pictures with his wand that displayed his own memories of Jimin's blinding eye-smile. He knew that he merely pressed salt into his wounds by doing so but he just couldn't help himself.

A gentle nudge against his elbow pulled Jungkook back out of his thoughts again and he looked next to himself to find Yugyeom throwing him a worried glance, "Hey man, you good? You've been absolutely out of it the last days. Even more than usually. I was surprised you could even answer the question."

"Thanks for your trust Yug.}" Jungkook replied, trying to sound amused but being fully aware that his tone was just bitter, "There's been a lot going on lately. I'm just a bit overwhelmed, I guess."

"Hm, I see. Well, if you ever feel like talking, you know I'm here." Yugyeom answered and Jungkook felt a thankful wave of warmth wash over his exhausted heart.

He thanked Yugyeom after class and then made his way towards the great hall, where he would meet Taehyung for lunch. All the while he kept his eyes open, in case he'd come to see Yoongi somewhere. After the time that had passed, Jungkook slowly but surely started to get worried. Sure, him and Yoongi had had a few misunderstandings but they were still friends and Jungkook owed his life to Yoongi one way or another. He could have sworn that the Slytherin had grown at least a little fond of him as well, so expecting as much as a meeting every now and then seemed arguably appropriate.

Heaving a loud sigh, Jungkook dropped himself down at one of the long tables in the great hall, waiting for Taehyung in patience. He wasn't feeling hungry at all but after two days without eating, he had been forced to promise Taehyung that he at least had some lunch with him every day. And promises were promises.

Next to Jungkook a few Gryffindors had gathered around a nice apple-pie and a newspaper. As Jungkook craned his neck, he could make out the headlines, saying 'Slytherin student discovered to be death eater. Azkaban's youngest inhabitant since years.' Jungkook gulped nervously. Luckily there wasn't a picture of Jimin beneath the headline but that didn't seem to stop the topic from being excitedly debated.

"A student?!!" One of the Gryffindors almost exclaimed as he read the headline that one of the others had shoved in his direction, "but how could that be?"

"The article states that he was caught in the ministry with the dark mark. What he did there, apparently he killed someone and they say the dark lord is fuming because of his recruit's imprisonment." another explained.

Jungkook froze at said words. Did that mean that the dark lord himself was now after Jimin? Maybe even trying to free him from Azkaban? After all there was still no proof to him that Jimin was a spy from the ministry. Except of course, if the movement Jimin had talked about had already exposed him to the wizard. Once more, Jungkook's heart started to ache in fear and worry for the Slytherin. He had fought faithfully for the ministry and in the end they had just run him over and put him into prison. No matter what he did, Jimin seemed to only suffer from the efforts he put into saving others, giving everything while he got nothing back.

"Man, I just hope he's prepared." one of the Gryffindors sighed, "I've heard bloodcurdling stories about Azkaban."
"Well dozens of inmates have gone crazy! They are said to bang their heads against the walls and scream like they were being attacked. It's like an asylum there. Some even cut their ears off or stuff like that out of despair." Jungkook shouldn't have listened. He knew because his blood grew colder with every word and he buried his nails painfully into his palm as one of the other Gryffindors asked why, "You must have heard of the Dementors! They're the guards of Azkaban. Evil beasts, I tell you. They have the ability to suck every happy memory and every feeling of joy out of your soul, until you're only left with your despair."

"And then?"

"Then the inmates kill themselves."

In the speed of his motion, Jungkook almost knocked over the bank he had sat on, as he stood up to rush out of the room. He noticed that the Gryffindors were throwing him disturbed glances but he didn't care and merely rushed past them in an attempt to escape before fresh tears started to fall. His heart had started to hurt once more, images of Jimin broken and hopeless in the darkness of a cell showing in front of his inner eye and making the pain unbearable. Jimin was there, in the worst place that the whole world had to offer and he was alone. The worst thing about it was that Jungkook was utterly and absolutely powerless. There was no way he could help Jimin, much less free him from the dark prison and it made the whole feeling even worse.

As his sight got blurrier by the second, he hardly noticed the figure approaching until it was too late and he had run right into them. About to utter a small apology and run to the next empty bathroom, Jungkook turned away but was stopped by a gentle hand on his arm. As he looked up, a pair of feline eyes looked at him and Jungkook took a few seconds to recognize who he had in front of him. Then, without thinking about it at all, Jungkook fell into Yoongi's arms, burying his face deep into the Slytherin's neck. Yoongi remained silent, merely petting Jungkook's head, while he let the Ravenclaw sob pitifully into his robe.

When Jungkook had calmed down a little, Yoongi pulled at his sleeve to lead him to an empty classroom. He sat the Ravenclaw down at one of the windowsills, sitting down next to him. Instead of hugging him, Yoongi made a small clicking noise and just seconds later, Diego jumped up into his lap and the Slytherin nudged Jungkook's hands away from his lap, to place the cat in his arms. Overwhelmed with gratitude, Jungkook's eyes produced another well of tears and he buried his nose deep into the cat's fur in an attempt to calm down. Meanwhile, Yoongi had his hand in Jungkook's hair, scratching his scalp a little awkward but still lovingly.

"Taehyung will be here in a second with some food." Yoongi mumbled gently, "he said he'd take Hoseok with him. Said the guy is a happy virus, I tell you that's probably just his pair of stupid rose-coloured glass."

"Do you think he's suffering?" Jungkook asked with a small voice, although he knew the answer already.

The other seemed uncomfortable but Jungkook knew that Yoongi wouldn't lie to him just to make him feel better, "Yes. I think he's suffering."

"D-do you think he'll-" Jungkook's voice broke for a moment and he squeezed his eyes shut, "kill himself?"

Yoongi seemed rather shocked by the statement, because he was on his feet within a second,
settling in front of Jungkook, to lift his face from Diego's fur, "Where the hell did you get that idea from, Jungkook?"

Even though Yoongi's voice was scolding, his eyes held all the comfort that Jungkook could ask for, "I- I heard some students talk about Azkaban and about the inmates and the Dementors, Yoongi what if he can't stand them anymore? What if he gives u-"

"Hey, don't you ever think that." The Slytherin's voice was a little unstable as he interrupted Jungkook's rambling, "Jimin is a man strong at magic but invincible at heart, you hear me? There's no way he would kill himself."

"What makes you so sure?"

Shaking his head with the same scolding manner that he wore in his voice, Yoongi moved to wipe Jungkook's eyes and nose with his own sleeve, "I've seen the way he looks at you Jungkook."

At that, Jungkook tilted his head questioningly, "what do you mean?"

"You know how much Jimin fights for his family and friends right?" Jungkook nodded softly, "He'd fight for Taehyung. He'd die for me. But for you, he'd live."

Silence settled for a second and Jungkook's eyes were wide, as they stared at Yoongi. The Slytherin's eyes were tilted in a soft gaze and it almost felt like having a big brother comfort him after he had tripped and hurt himself. Was it true what Yoongi said? That Jimin would survive with his name in mind? For the first time Jungkook found himself questioning, whether he could do the same for Jimin. Surprisingly he knew the answer was yes without having to think about it. There had never been someone like Jimin in his life and the feelings he shared with him weren't just a crush. They were home. Wherever Jimin was, Jungkook knew as long as he could be with him it would be home. Soft touches, lingering gazes that never lost the longing and love that Jimin felt for him, no matter how long or how many times they locked eyes. Because this wasn't just a swift feeling, nor was it an instinct.

This was pure, naive and childish love.

The sort of love that could move mountains and empty out oceans. Instead of another heartache, for the first time Jungkook felt a little hope blossom in his chest. He would find a way to save Jimin and bring him back into his arms and meanwhile, Jimin would wait. He'd last within the darkness, protecting himself with the faith in Jungkook and survive.

"You seem to know him really well." Jungkook mumbled, when he came back from his thoughts.

Yoongi seemed surprised by the sudden statement and as he looked up at Jungkook his eyebrows were raised, "I guess. I mean, I've known him for a lifetime."

"Yeah you told me but it still takes a lot to know someone as good as you know Jimin." a thread in Jungkook's head started to lead to a certain idea, brooding in his head, "To be so close to someone and give your all for that person it's almost like with me and J-"

He fell silent and then fixed his gaze on Yoongi, as the thought finally took a certain form. The Slytherin wasn't looking at him, rather avoiding his eye, as he ran his fingers through Diego's fur thoughtfully. Jungkook noticed how Yoongi's shoulders were pulled up just the slightest bit and how he had his pink bottom lip between his teeth. For a moment, he contemplated directly asking Yoongi how exactly his feelings for Jimin looked but then he felt the insecurity that Yoongi radiated. The vulnerability that seemed barely there. Jungkook knew Yoongi though, even if the
Slytherin wouldn't like to admit it, he was sure that said vulnerability was in fact unbearable and the man had just grown incredibly good at hiding it.

So, instead he decided to lead the conversation in a more gentle direction; "Why did you not tell him...?"

For a short moment, it almost seemed like Yoongi would turn away or throw a nasty spell at him in anger but then his shoulders dropped and a gentle, yet sad smile spread over his lips; "I just didn't feel like I'd be fitting for him."

"But you're Min Yoongi!" Jungkook responded, a searing wave of condolence washing over him, "You're an incredible wizard and a loyal friend! You've got everything that someone could ask for."

He didn't know what he tried to reach with the conversation but seeing Yoongi doubt himself so heavily felt like someone threw a rock into the pool of his heart and made the small waves bounce against his ribcage. Yoongi seemed at a loss of words but Jungkook knew better than to think it was because of constant flattery. He had no idea how long Yoongi's feelings for Jimin had stood in the room but he couldn't imagine it to be easy for the Slytherin. Because just like Jungkook, Yoongi wasn't the type to have a new crush every second week.

Then there came the small and soft answer that dropped Jungkook's heart into his stomach where it shattered into a million pieces: "I'm not you."

Thinking about it now, Jungkook contemplated whether it would have been better if he had not asked. It felt wrong, having Yoongi in front of him and knowing that he had feelings for the man who had promised Jungkook his heart. Yoongi had known Jimin for years, while Jungkook had only been in his life for half a year. Yet they both knew that Jungkook couldn't give up on Jimin for the sake of Yoongi. It was a selfish, human trait, Jungkook knew as much. But he wouldn't give Jimin to anyone else without a fight and he liked to think that Jimin felt the same. However, the guilt that was eating him alive seemed inevitable and somehow Jungkook couldn't help but feel like he deserved the emotion.

"Hey kid", Yoongi's rough voice sounded again and when Jungkook met his eyes again, the vulnerability had softened up to something that felt vaguely like peace, "don't worry about it okay?"

"How can you just say that?" Jungkook huffed.

"It's easier to find peace with the fact, when I know he's in good hands." Yoongi continued and Jungkook's eyes widened in shock, small tears welling in their corners, "This is a part of life too, isn't it? Who knows maybe if I had told him sometime we'd be a thing now. Maybe he'd hate me for it and break my heart. Maybe we'd have adopted a child. Maybe, maybe, maybe." he gestured with his hands lazily, "What I'm trying to say is that now it can't be changed anymore anyways. I'm content with knowing he's with you and not some weird-ass jerk. You make him smile. That makes me happy."

"But Hyung-"

"Honestly Jungkook." the Slytherin interrupted again, when Jungkook attempted an objection and somehow, even though his eyes were laced with a soft sadness, Jungkook could identify small patches of affectionate joy mixed into the bright brown pools, "I'm young, I can still meet my soul mate. Who knows, maybe I'll marry an auror and we'll fight the dark side together as the most epic couple in magic's history." At the soft shrug of Yoongi's shoulders, Jungkook couldn't help but let out a small giggle, "it'll take some time to get rid of the feeling but you make it a lot easier for me."
"Easier?" Jungkook tilted his head and Yoongi smiled fondly at him, "How so?"

He knew that Yoongi didn't have to think about the answer, yet it took him a while to actually speak out the words on his mind: "Before you came, I had always fought with myself, not able to cut off that last string of hope because Jimin's heart was still open, you know? But now that you took the step and caught his love, I think I'm finally out of excuses to hold onto that almost transparent piece of hope for longer. I can finally perorate with the whole situation. It was obvious that the more I'd wait, the sooner that special someone would come to him. I'm just glad that it's you."

Jungkook felt his cheeks redden a little, "Thank you Hyung... I really don't know what to say."

"Just promise me that you'll cherish him endlessly and treat him like a king." Yoongi stated and Jungkook had absolutely no problem with complying, "Or else I'll have to beat your ass."

Just as Jungkook was about to answer with a heart-filled promise, the doors of the classroom slammed open rather roughly and revealed an excited Taehyung with a calmer but still beaming Hoseok in tow. They had their hands intertwined and as Jungkook looked a little closer, he was sure that he spotted a few hickeys beneath Hoseok's collar. He wasn't able to hide a small smile, just as much as holding back the slight sting in his chest, as he touched his own neck, remembering the fading rosy spots Jimin had left there as well. They had almost disappeared and with every day that Jungkook mustered them in the mirror, he could feel his desire for new ones grow.

"Sorry we took so long." Taehyung apologized with a smile. He had a small package in his free hand, that he handed over to Jungkook, the second he reached him and Yoongi. Hoseok just stood by rather shyly, giving Yoongi a few curious looks. Jungkook smiled into the bag Taehyung had given him, as he rummaged through the various sorts of food that it was filled with. If only Hoseok knew how gentle Yoongi really was. It reminded him of his very first day, when Yoongi had been everything but a sunshine. Funny, how things sometimes turned out to be quite opposite from what you expect.

"I hope to god you took something for me too." Yoongi grumbled and Taehyung gave him a bright grin, as he pulled a package of cake from Jungkook's bag, "That's not a meal, you idiot!"

Jungkook watched them fondly, as they argued over how carrot cake was almost as healthy as vegetable stew ("after all, there's vegetables"). His heartache seemed to get bearable for the first time since forever and he managed a bright smile, as he dug into his lunch, finally feeling hungry again, and watched his friends with shining eyes.

Still, all the while he couldn't stop thinking about how it would feel if Jimin could share this moment with him.

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Somehow the time had managed to pass quick enough for them to forget about the whole afternoon. From noon, till sunset they spent their day in the empty classroom, talking and laughing about all kinds of nonsense. Yoongi turned out to be very fond of Hoseok and the two got along well, after surpassing the first stage of heavy awkwardness. Taehyung was as bubbly as ever and Jungkook was thankful that the Hufflepuff still did his best to cheer him up, despite Jimin's situation. It was relieving, to not have to worry for a few hours and although Jungkook knew that it might have been selfish to forget about Jimin for a little, he was also sure that the Slytherin wouldn't want it any other way.
When the sun finally changed its colours to a deep orange, that almost edged on red and the dust on the windows started to become a little less visible, Yoongi finally declared that he'd go back to his common room and catch up on some sleep. They all agreed with his idea and packed up their things to go back to their common room. While Hoseok headed right for the Hufflepuff common room, Taehyung decided to accompany Jungkook a little and take a short walk before going to bed.

It was nice just being with Taehyung as well. He was still energized but Jungkook felt as if Taehyung suddenly felt a little more comfortable. As if he suddenly felt less constrained to be as hyperactive as usual. Hoping that Jungkook didn't interpret Taehyung's behaviour the wrong way, he was happy to know that he could have such an effect on the elder. Who knew, maybe they really could figure out a way to make everything work and get Jimin back.

Jimin... he had adamantly tried to keep his heart clear for at least a few hours but unsurprisingly, the Slytherin had found a way to sneak back into his mind once more. Perhaps, if they really managed to figure everything out, Jimin and Taehyung could go completely back to normal as well. Jungkook could hardly find anything else he would love to see more than those two long lost brothers together. They would sit with him at dinner and joke around, whine about assignments and brag about their Quidditch records. Maybe, Taehyung would even start playing again.

It sounded like a utopian kind of fantasy.

"And when I asked him what he did to-" the two boys stopped in their paths, as suddenly two Gryffindor boys and a Hufflepuff turned the corner and almost bumped into them.

Jungkook immediately felt Taehyung tense next to him and it wasn't hard to tell that the Hufflepuff was familiar with the trio, "Shit-"

"Oh my, if that isn't our little psycho-slut." one of the Gryffindor's roared with a mean grin on his face that caused Jungkook's blood to boil.

"What a scum", the Hufflepuff continued, "I'm honestly ashamed that he's part of our house."

Unable to hold himself back anymore, Jungkook took a step forward, "Leave him alone, you rats. He's done no harm."

"Oh look, he made a friend!" the second Gryffindor stated with genuine surprise.

"Can't imagine that", the Hufflepuff disagreed with a disgusted expression, "Probably let's himself get fucked sideways, so he's got a protector."

Before he could even realize what his body did, Jungkook had his wand pressed tightly to the Hufflepuff's chin, "I'd take that back right. Now. If I were you."

"And I'd get that thing down, if I were you." the first Gryffindor interrupted and with a shiver of frustration, Jungkook felt the tip of a different wand press against his temple, "come on."

Gnashing his teeth in anger, Jungkook lowered his wand carefully, not even daring to take a step back, "You're gonna get into trouble for this."

"Yeah sure", the Hufflepuff crossed his arms smugly, "But first, you surely don't mind if we kindly beat the living hell out of you and your little slut."

"Stop!" Taehyung interrupted sheepishly and Jungkook saw in his eyes how much bravery it took for the boy to speak up, "Or I'll use this!"
The trio laughed loudly at Taehyung, the young boy's hand shaking a little with the thing it held in the air. It was the dragon necklace that Jungkook had gifted him. In the low light of the torches that adorned the castle's stonewalls, the gem gleamed almost wickedly. As if it was just waiting to be released. Perhaps, that wasn't even so far from the truth.

"Hope you guys like the view from the hospital wing," the first Gryffindor was about to throw a nasty spell at Jungkook, when behind him, suddenly a deafening roar sounded.

It was loud enough to make the ground beneath Jungkook's feet shake dangerously and he almost did not dare turn around. However, when he did, he couldn't help the smug grin that took over his features, at the sight. As promised by Seokjin, the very same metal-dragon stood proudly and probably thrice Jungkook's size in front of him. He could hear the trio of troublemakers gasp loudly, and a few small 'holy shit's and 'let's get out of here's. Within the blink of an eye, they stormed off, as if Lucifer himself had shown up inside the castle. Jungkook chuckled. To them it must have felt really damn similar.

As soon as the bullies were out of sight, the dragon roared another time and turned his attention to Taehyung. The boy stood, still stunned and with big eyes, in the same spot as before. In his eyes, a strange mix of disbelief and relief mixed together to look up at the dragon. Carefully, he stretched out a hand and the dragon cumbrously moved to nuzzle his palm gently. Then, with a silent huff, that had little clouds smoulder from its' nostrils, the dragon grew back to its' original size, jumping just in time, to hold on the gem that still hung at the necklace. It all happened so fast, at first Jungkook thought it to be a dream.

"That was..." Taehyung's face burst into a wide smile, "That was awesome! Jungkook, did you see that?"

The Ravenclaw chuckled gently at the question, "it was hard not to."

In the next moment, he was overwhelmed with a pair of arms around his neck and a body pressed tightly onto his own. He gently wrapped his arms around Taehyung's waist, to reciprocate the hug and inhaled his friend's familiar and comforting scent. Now, he was certain Taehyung would be just fine, wherever he went.

"Thank you." the boy whispered and Jungkook instantly knew that he had done the right thing for once.

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"At least eat a slice of toast, man. You've already lost so much weight."

With a heavy sigh, Jungkook gently dropped his fork on the plate of untouched food. He knew that Hoseok was right and the expression of his and Taehyung's gazes made the guilt of worrying them rise in his chest. He just couldn't help himself. Jimin had clung to his brain for the last two weeks now and all he could think about was whether the Slytherin would be suffering. They had sent him to Azkaban. He was in danger and even though Yoongi had reassured him that Jimin would pull through, the anxiety Jungkook felt in the pit of his stomach was enough to make every kind of food taste like ashes. Every day felt like another grain of sand slipped through the tiny middle of Jimin's hourglass.

He just couldn't keep this up anymore. Something needed to happen and it needed to happen NOW.

"Look", Taehyung mumbled carefully, when Jungkook didn't react to Hoseok's plead, "we know that you're scared for him but... he wouldn't want you to fall apart like this. You know that."
Running a hand through his hair, Jungkook felt a betraying sting in his skull, right behind his eyes, "I just... I miss him. I don't know what to do. I feel so toothless."

"I know." Taehyung answered gently and gathered Jungkook's hand in his own.

Something in the Hufflepuff's gaze told Jungkook that Taehyung truly knew exactly what he felt like. After all, Jungkook wasn't so selfish to think he was the only one suffering because of Jimin's absence. Taehyung and Hoseok managed to hold onto each other at least. But he felt like half of his heart had been ripped out and taken far, far away from him. And Yoongi... Yoongi had grown even more silent than ever before.

Sometimes, they would meet in the hallways but only fleetingly and Jungkook barely found a chance to seek a conversation beyond greeting. Taehyung had explained that Yoongi tended to close in on himself when he felt sad. That he dove into his work, to distract himself and cut off every connection he might have to other people and Jungkook found himself understanding that craving very well. He would have done the same, had Taehyung and Hoseok not managed to lure him out of the Ravenclaw-common room once in a while.

If only Jimin were here, everything would be all right.

With the beautiful Slytherin's smile in his mind, he managed to choke some food down, earning a relieved and satisfied reaction from his friends. Truth be told, he was thankful for them but at the same time, being with them just made Jungkook feel worse sometimes. The way they held each other's hand, discreetly but still obvious or exchanged short, intimate glances that spoke hidden words. It only made Jungkook think back to having these things as well and the fear of losing them forever was enough to make him feel like he was trapped in a room without oxygen.

"It's on Friday, it's on Friday!" With wide eyes, Jungkook looked up to locate the source of the familiar, raspy voice.

Yoongi was panting slightly, as if he had been running through the whole castle. In his bony hand, he clutched a newspaper and his hair was an absolute mess. Jungkook felt his heart cave into itself, when he saw Yoongi's sharp cheekbones, constant frown and those dark circles underlining his tired eyes. He must have been just as unable to find sleep as Jungkook.

Before Jungkook could analyse his friend even more, Yoongi had thrown himself next to Jungkook on the bench and pushed the food aside, to spread the newspaper in its' place, "there."

His index laid on a small headline, whichs article did not hold any pictures and only occupied a slim column of the page. Jungkook furrowed his brows a bit, as he read the headline: 'Hogwarts' young death eater goes to court.'. The article spat a whole bunch of hateful nonsense that Jungkook quickly skipped to filter out the important details. Apparently, Jimin really did face a trial, before he would have to go to Azkaban long term. Could that mean... Could that mean a chance for them to get him out of the trial?

"Friday, three p.m." Yoongi mumbled, when he was sure everyone had read the article, "They don't mention his name, but it MUST be Jimin. There's no other case like that."

"What do we do?" Taehyung whisper-shouted in panic, "he needs the memory, otherwise he has nothing to prove his innocence. That's why he gave it to Jungkook, right? It's important."

Nodding his head, Yoongi bit his bottom lip nervously, "We need to get it to him, otherwise he's never going to be avowed to be innocent."
"Then, we need to visit the ministry again." Jungkook suggested, without hesitation.

"Without Jimin? You nuts?" Yoongi let out a frustrated huff, hands tugging harshly at his strands, "No, they're gonna know that we'll come and stop us, before we can even cross the entrance hall."

Jungkook felt his eyes widen, "You think they're looking for us?"

"At least for the vial", the Slytherin confirmed, "Unfortunately, there are a lot of powerful people who would love to see Jimin loose his trial."

Hoseok leaned over the table, "What do you mean by that?"

For a second, it seemed as if Yoongi didn't want the boy in their conversation, but then he took a deep breath and explained: "there's a lot of people who want to see Jimin rot in Azkaban. And I'm not just talking death eaters. I'm talking Aurors and ministry workers."

"Why would they...?" Jungkook's anger bubbled hotly in his guts. After everything Jimin had done for these people, they still had the audacity to punish him.

"Thanks to a lot of influence from his enemies, not everyone believes Jimin's story." Yoongi admitted weakly, "Loads of people died in the last years and a lot of people blame Jimin for that. Together with a bunch of other spies but now that Jimin had a weak point, he's the main target."

"Damnit." he couldn't help himself but roughly slam his fist on the table.

Yoongi didn't seem fazed by it, more likely as if he wanted to copy the action, "We need to get the memory to Jimin and my father, otherwise that train has left."

For a few seconds, a painful silence spread across the four boys, each deeply buried into their minds. As much as Jungkook tried to find a different solution, his thoughts were dominated by all the emotions that this new information had triggered in his chest. So much anger and worry. The world was truly unfair. Especially to those, who always did their best. Especially to those who never wanted to harm anyone. Especially to those, that were a shining light in the dark universe of others.

Especially to Jimin.

"What if you conceal your true appearance?" Hoseok asked then.

Yoongi's brow rose sceptically, "Like a spell? No way, the ministry has enough security measures to blast spells within three seconds max."

"Okay, but if you don't use a spell?" Hoseok continued and for the first time, it seemed like Yoongi was considering the possibility, "If you use a potion?"

Taehyung's eyebrows rose, "You mean a Polyjuice potion?"

Hoseok nodded his head confidently, Yoongi however, seemed a bit more sceptical, "We're all too young to know how to make one though. That's advanced stuff."

Now, it was Taehyung's time to puff his chest with pride, "Don't you know that Hoseok's a potion ace?"

"You're shitting me", Yoongi responded, as if he thought that was too good to be true, while Jungkook could only stare at them and hear their conversation, "You mean, you know how to
Hoseok scratched the back of his head in a rather shy manner now, "With a bit of help, I should be able to mix something together, yeah. But like I mentioned, I need a third hand for this."

Motivated to participate in the action now, Jungkook raised his chin, "I can help!"

"Not to be an ass, kid." the Hufflepuff answered carefully and Jungkook already deflated, "but I need someone who has an actual idea of what they're doing. If we mess up a single thing with this potion, y'all are gonna be deformed into naked rats or turn into stones."

"Doesn't sound like fun." Taehyung pouted a little.

Yoongi nodded in Hoseok's direction, "Should I help?"

"Hm..." the boy still seemed rather hesitant, "I think I'd need a fifth year."

Yoongi scoffed bitterly; "and how are we ever gonna get a FIFTH YEAR to join our suicide mission?"

"Actually", Jungkook interrupted, "I might know someone, who would be willing to help."

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"In my four years, I've honestly never met someone with requests as odd as yours Jeon Jungkook." Seokjin stated calmly, as Jungkook accompanied him to the library.

He had managed to catch the Gryffindor on the way and immediately spoke out his request, without a hint of hesitation. Obviously, Seokjin was quite confused with the request but Jungkook didn't have the time to beat around the bush. Not if Jimin's time was on the line.

"I believe you that." he responded, "Listen, I know I've asked a whole bunch of things from you and technically, I really don't have any right to ask for anything more but..." he huffed heavily, "I really, really need your help."

"Come on Jungkookie, you know I'd help you out a million times if I can." Seokjin answered and a handsome smile grazed his features, "and I can tell that this has to be pretty damn important to you, to be so straight forward about it."

"You have no idea." Jungkook mumbled shakily.

If Seokjin had noticed the slight wobble in his walk or the shining of his eyes, he didn't mention it, "You know, I can't help but wonder what you need a Polyjuice potion for."

For a few seconds, Jungkook contemplated the whole thing. Then, with a bite to his bottom lip, he pulled Seokjin by his sleeve, in the direction of the next restroom. The tall Gryffindor reacted with a surprised squeak but didn't fight the action, rather just throw Jungkook a questioning gaze. Soon, they were out of sight and hearing of the other students and Jungkook quickly checked the cubicles of the restroom, before he started to explain the whole story to Seokjin. He figured, if the boy was willing to help them with the potion, then he definitely had a right to know why in the first place.

When he was done, Seokjin's eyebrows were pulled up far enough, to disappear behind his fringe and his lips were shaped in a small 'o', "Wait, hold up a second. You mean... Jimin, THE Park Jimin, is a death eater?"
A little bit frustrated with the fact that that was the only information, Seokjin had filtered from Jungkook's story, the boy tried to clear everything up once more: "Not voluntarily. He got the mark to get the dark lord's trust and protect his true identity. His family!"

"I see, I see." then he huffed heavily, "Well, damn. Your Slytherin definitely got himself into a bit of a hairy situation, huh?"

"I'm afraid, that's the case. That's why he needs our help. We need to get into the ministry and bring the memory to him in time!" Jungkook repeated.

For a few silent seconds, Seokjin merely mustered him with a thoughtful gaze, "You really like him, don't you?"

The question took Jungkook aback, but nonetheless he responded without a second of hesitation, "Yes."

Nodding with a gentle smile, Seokjin then straightened himself and puffed his chest out, "Consider it done, my friend."

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The following days passed in a blur, Jungkook neither remembering anything a teacher had not said to him throughout any class, nor remembering what he himself did throughout the times he didn't have classes. All that had stuck around in his head was the Polyjuice potion and Jimin. True to his words, Seokjin had started preparing the potion with the help of Hoseok in an abandoned corner of the astronomy tower and in addition even brought Namjoon along, who turned out to be clumsy but still extremely helpful with the process that they made on the potion.

Once more though, Jungkook found himself feeling pitifully powerless with the fact that he wasn't able to help them make the potion in any ways. Yoongi kept telling him to stay out of their way, since that was really the only helpful thing he could do. He knew that the Slytherin didn't have bad intentions but the statement and with it connected acknowledgement hurt a little nonetheless.

So, he merely kept dragging himself through the school schedule every day, until finally, Thursday afternoon came around. They were all sitting around the potion pot in the astronomy tower, Hoseok carefully filling three small bottles with the liquid that smouldered in their Mids. Everyone's eyes kept following his moves nervously but the Hufflepuff was in perfect control. Soon, the potion was finished and Jungkook, Yoongi and Taehyung, each got their own small bottle.

"Remember, the hair you're using should be fresh, so you know who it's from." Hoseok explained and Jungkook furrowed his brows.

Yoongi only nodded his head, "Got it."

"Uh", he raised his hand a little, "I- I don't get it."

"You don't know how it works?" Taehyung asked and Jungkook gave him a shy shrug, "Well, it's not that complicated, you'll figure it out fast."

Not very comforting, but Jungkook nonetheless rolled with it, watching Yoongi pack up the potions one by one in his bag. At the thought of tomorrow, Jungkook could feel his stomach turn upside-down. He knew from the very beginning that he would feel nervous about infiltrating the ministry a second time. But right now, nervous was a very mild definition of what went on in his brain at that moment. Because as much as he wanted to deny it, Jungkook felt terrified out of his mind.
The first time they went to the ministry, Jungkook had not necessarily felt threatened by the place. Much rather overwhelmed, yet safe, having Jimin as an auror at his side and the ministry in its' right mind. But now, they were being expected and not in a very friendly matter. Nothing may go wrong, just one wrong step could get them all killed, or worse: sent to Azkaban themselves. He had to constantly remind himself why he was doing the whole thing in the first place, since Jimin was really the only thing that gave him hope. Jimin, with his sweet smiles and small hands. With his warm touch and soft lips. Damn him, if he did not get the boy out of this alive. That would be the same feeling as dying anyways.

Nonetheless, his excitement was not able to calm down enough to go to sleep right away, as his friends suggested as soon as they separated. Yoongi was the last one to split ways with him and he gave Jungkook a reassuring squeeze, before telling him to be careful and turning away. But Jungkook knew, even if he tried, he couldn't have closed his eyes just yet. So, instead of spending his time rolling around on his dusty mattress, he figured he could get some fresh air as well and instead of the Ravenclaw common room, made his way to the courtyard.

It was deserted, drenched in a full moon light that made everything look white. Feeling the cool breeze on his skin, Jungkook settled down on a bench, leaning his head back to watch the stars carefully. He hoped Jimin would see them right now too. That he at least would get a glimpse of something beautiful like this, while he had to suffer the tremendous anguish of the Dementors. It was the only thing that Jungkook could hope for that seemed at least a little realistic.

"It's way past your bed time, dude." Jungkook's eyes widened in surprise at the familiar voice.

"And not yours, Baekhyun?" he responded with a small grin, as the boy settled down next to him.

Shrugging his shoulders softly, Baekhyun followed Jungkook's gaze up in the sky, "I don't sleep much, so my bed time doesn't count."

"Why's that?"

Bitterly chuckling, Baekhyun mustered his knees, "You get a bit paranoid when you make friends with too many ghosts."

Instead of answering, Jungkook only nodded shortly and they sat in silence for a while. Surprisingly, Baekhyun's presence wasn't unsettling or annoying him, as he would have expected. Much rather, it calmed him. Grounded him, even. It was a comfortable sort of silence and every now and then, the wind would rush through the leaves of the trees in the courtyard and Jungkook almost felt like someone was whispering his name. If he strained his ears a little, he could have imagined it to be Jimin's gentle voice.

"Would you tell me, if I asked?" Baekhyun finally broke the silence.

Giving him a confused look, Jungkook finally averted his gaze from the sky, "Tell you what?"

"You look like you're about to do something really bad." the Gryffindor carefully mumbled, "It's like watching a suicidal person just before they plan on jumping."

He almost wanted to ask how Baekhyun would possibly know what such a person looked like but quickly figured out that he would probably end up crossing a few too many lines with that, "I don't know if that's comparable. But you're right, I am about to do something rather... perilous."

"No doubt", Baekhyun nodded his head with a chuckle, "I had a feeling you were a trouble-magnet from the first time we met."
Almost offended, Jungkook furrowed his brows, "Gee, thanks."

"Now, now, I'm not trying to be mean," the Gryffindor quickly corrected, "It's just... you know some people got that aura. Like some of your friends! Like Yoongi or that Taehyung-guy!" then after thinking about it for a second, "Oh, and Jimin. Jimin has a very intense troublemaker-aura."

It was meant to be a joke but after everything that Jimin had had to go through, Jungkook just could not bring himself to laugh, "You might be right, after all, he's the one I'm doing this for."

"'S that so?" Baekhyun asked gently, his head propped up on a palm, as he turned his boy to the Ravenclaw, "He must mean a lot to you then, huh?"

"Is it that easy to tell?" Surprisingly, Jungkook had heard the question often enough that he almost felt used to it by now. It didn't even embarrass him anymore.

Another short shrug made Baekhyun's messy hair dishevel a little more, "Call it instinct. I just put two and two together. After all, you're obviously shitting yourself because of whatever you're bout to do, yet you don't seem to contemplate backing down."

Thoughtfully, the boy eyed Baekhyun a little, as he analysed his words, "I would die for him..." He then whispered genuinely.

"Naah", righting himself, Baekhyun seemed rather sceptical, "I think you'd do a lot more than that."

"What more is there than being willing to give one's life up for another?" Jungkook asked dryly.

"You're right, life is a high and precious possession that we can exchange for someone else." then he huffed gently, "but there's more to life than dying Jungkook."

Softly tilting his head, Jungkook silently questioned Baekhyun's statement, as the latter continued: "While you can give your life for someone and leave them behind in this world, there's one thing, I believe, that is much braver and more valuable; Living in itself."

"Living...?" Jungkook repeated in a breath.

"Living," there was a certain glint in Baekhyun's eyes, something warm and vulnerable that Jungkook respected and cherished to be let into, "Life can be hard as shit. It can beat your ass and fuck you over, just because. Doesn't matter, if you did anything wrong. Therefore, if you choose to live through such a life, in favour of not letting the other person alone. THAT'S when you're a hero. Because then, you don't give up the only thing that the person you fight for actually needs. You don't just pay the price and run away. You pay the price...

...And you stay."

Chapter End Notes

Baekhyun is the only wise part of my brain that I managed to accomplish in my entire life-span, so please give him a good hug XD

Anyways, I hope you liked this chapter. Don't forget to tell me what you think in the comments and leave kudos, if you haven't yet!

Have an awesome day, I love you! <3<3


**Chapter Summary**

He will save him, Jungkook knows.

Because, if he doesn't save him, he will fall too.

**Chapter Notes**

The Finale is here everyone! Sorry it took so long this time, I kinda forgot to update :`D

(There will be an added Chapter afterwards but it's not super necessary for the story it's just... dirt (°_−°) )

I've had a blast with this so I hope you enjoy it! Till later! <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"I need you two to be absolutely calm, you understand?" Yoongi breathed, almost inaudible through the blaring sweep of the wind.

Jungkook bit his inner cheek a bit fretful and tried to calm his heartbeat, while mustering their surroundings. They had brought a respectable distance between themselves and the castle and for the first time, the forbidden forest felt like a shielding safe space. Without even letting them finish breakfast properly, Yoongi had pulled Jungkook and Taehyung by their robes and hurriedly yanked them out of the castle. Luckily, no one seemed to have noticed their disappearance through the great entrance hall.

"Jimin's trial starts in an hour." the Slytherin continued, as he played around with his wand and Jungkook believed to notice a bit of nervousness on the elder as well, "The portal in the headmaster's office has been shut down, so I'll have to take us to one of the other entrance portals of the ministry. There, we'll have to use the Polyjuice potion."

Taehyung nodded surprisingly confident, his gaze also fixed on Yoongi's wand, "and then we got the easiest part done."

Yoongi scoffed as if Taehyung had just promised him that the N.E.W.T.s would be like a walk in the park, "Oh boy, that's when the real challenge begins." he said, "There are gonna be loads of magical unmasking spells around the place and if we get caught, Jimin's lost. And I'm speaking no turning things around."

"We have to do this", Jungkook threw in, Jimin's face in his mind the entire time, "he doesn't have anyone else that fights for him."

Shoving his shoulder gently, Taehyung attempted a smile, "No one talked about chickening out
For a few seconds, they merely breathed in silence, each giving in to their nervous habits and trying to get the horse race in their heart under control, "Okay, hold onto me and whatever you... don't let go."

Jungkook and Taehyung did as they were told and placed their hands on either of Yoongi's shoulders. Had Jungkook not felt like his head was going to explode, he might have felt a bit of remorse for crushing Yoongi with his tight grip. But, of course, the Slytherin barely shifted in his expression and only took a deep breath to steady himself. Seemed like the always laid-back Min Yoongi wasn't so laid back right now. It made sense of course, Jungkook realized, because it showed how important this was to Yoongi as well.

Suddenly, an incredible nausea overcame him and he had to close his eyes for a moment, which was why he wasn't prepared for the hard collision of his feet with the ground that followed. He bumped his head on a not so soft space of concrete and a low groan followed. It was painful enough to make Jungkook freeze in his position for a second, until he turned onto his back and looked around.

What the hell. Where were- His heart made a slight jump, high enough to feel like it was about to break out through his throat. Wait.. That wasn't his heart. In the next second he leaned onto his chest again, puking onto the concrete. When he found his stomach empty enough to stay calm, he righted himself on wobbly legs, which almost gave out at the first step. He anxiously mustered the empty, dark alley in front of him. No trace of Taehyung or Yoongi. He was freaking alone in this dark-ass alleyway. With a stressed bite onto his bottom lip, he turned and turned and finally found a stripe of light, breaking through the end of the alley. In the distance, the penetrant ringing of bells signalled him that another fifteen minutes had passed. They were running out of time.

Should he wait where he was until Yoongi and Taehyung would find him? That could take forever though... maybe he would have better chances if he went looking for them. Or at least found out where he was. With that thought in mind, Jungkook jogged towards the exit of the alley. The closer he came to the light, the louder a strange kind of music sounded in his ear. As he broke out of the alley and onto a wider street, his mouth fell open and his body froze in its' spot. This had to be a joke.

India?!

Taking a few hesitant steps forwards, Jungkook ran a hand through his hair. People that passed were giving him strange looks and children pointed their little, chubby fingers at him, as if he was a dinosaur. But he couldn't be bothered by the fact that his robe and overall appearance seemed especially out of place and instead only fell deeper and deeper into a suffocating panic. This wasn't good. What if he had dropped off the transport and Yoongi and Taehyung didn't know where he was? What if they were looking for him now and wasting the precious little bit of time they had left over to save Jimin? He knew, he would never be able to forgive himself for that, even though it technically wasn't really his fault. What had happened anyways?!

He passed through the streets, still staggering a lot, thanks to the adrenaline and nauseous panic mixing together in his entire form. Every now and then, he would bump someone's shoulder and they would throw random words at him, which he didn't understand. The sun was agonizingly hot, the stone beneath Jungkook's feet already heated from the whole day. He threw a hurried glimpse at the clock that loomed above street, attached to one of the taller buildings. 7.30.pm. Despite knowing that in England, Jimin still had another half an hour, Jungkook already felt defeated with the time that the big clock on one of the buildings showed.
Maybe he should-

"If you ever disappear like that again, I'm going to cut you in half and there'll be nothing for Jimin to salivate over anymore."

with wide eyes, Jungkook turned his head, suddenly hearing a familiar language break through the white noise around him.

Never in his life, had he been so happy to see someone, "Yoongi!"

"Come on, we need to hurry", he responded, grabbing Jungkook's sleeve without hesitation, to pull him through the endless crowds of people, "Taehyung's already waiting for us."

"How did you find me?" Jungkook questioned, struggling to keep up with Yoongi's fast pace.

"Well, kid", a short glimpse over his shoulder showed Yoongi's eyes to be unimpressed, "you stick out like a sore thumb."

Feeling a light redness creep onto his cheeks, Jungkook looked down on his figure for an agonizing second, before something else came into his mind: "What happened? And why the hell are we in India?!"

"Long story short: You fell unconscious and let go." Yoongi said with a neutral expression, as he shoved himself further in a certain direction, "And as to answer your second question: I've been here with my parents a few times and my dad sometimes used the portal to the ministry."

"There's one here?" he asked astonished.

The Slytherin nodded, "There's several ones all over the world."

Raising his eyebrows at the information, Jungkook hurriedly continued to follow Yoongi through the crowd. Soon enough, they reached a carpet shop arranged inside of a small tent. A man stood outside, shouting things that Jungkook didn't understand and didn't even spare a glance at the two students, as they passed him, to get into the tent behind the outer shelves. Jungkook could feel his jaw drop, as soon as they stepped inside. Gigantic carpets hung from white marble walls, so high Jungkook barely saw the end of them and the amount of different colours that the fabrics displayed made his vision slightly dizzy. It must have been an undetectable extension charm of some sort. Pretty surely, every muggle that stepped a foot inside the small tent, would have gotten a small heart attack.

"Finally!" he looked up to find Taehyung hurrying to get up from where he'd been waiting, "I almost thought you wouldn't come back in time."

"Don't worry, if I had thought that we don't have enough time, I would have left Jungkook here." Yoongi responded, already starting to fidget with one of the carpets on the wall.

Jungkook couldn't even feel offended by the statement, knowing that he would have done the exact same, if he were in the Slytherin's shoes. So, he kept silent and curiously watched, how Yoongi tugged at the carpet for a split second and shortly after, pulled it aside. Right there, was a conversant white liquid, leading to a slightly familiar place. Just when Yoongi dropped the curtain back in place, Jungkook recognized the cold, black tiles and the green fires of the ministry building.

"Do you have the hair?" Yoongi asked Taehyung and the Hufflepuff quickly nodded and started to rummage for his pocket.

He pulled out a tissue, that showcased three single black hairs, "I got them, when you were out."
"Very good", Yoongi mumbled and carefully picked them up, after collecting the three Polyjuice potions, "this only works for a certain amount of time, but I think if we're fast, it'll work out perfectly fine."

When every potion had a hair and every boy held a potion, they all took a deep breath in unison and immediately cringed at the smell. Truth be told, had Jungkook not thrown up his guts earlier, he wouldn't be sure he could have been able to chug the brew down at that moment. They threw each other a nervous glance, until Yoongi nodded and lifted the vial to his lips, as a sign for the others to follow. Follow they did and Jungkook downed the thing in one go. It tasted terrible enough to make his taste buds die away but it was all worth it for Jimin. Just seconds later, he felt his body start to feel strange and in front of him, his friends started to morph into disturbing versions of themselves and finally into a completely different person. Their eyes became sharper, their noses bigger and suddenly-

"Y-you look exactly the same." Jungkook stuttered.

Yoongi furrowed his brows, "You two as well."

Jungkook and Yoongi slowly turned their heads towards the third party, Taehyung ridiculously raising his hands protectively, in his new state, "Did you use the SAME person?!" Yoongi whisper-shouted and Jungkook saw how Taehyung flinched slightly.

"I-I thought that it didn't matt-"

"Taehyung, the potion turns you into the person that you have the DNA from." Yoongi took a frustrated grip on Taehyung's collar, "Of freaking course, we would look the same if you give us the hair of the same person!"

Jungkook ran a hand through his, by now white and very sparse hair in frustration, "what are we gonna do now?"

For a moment, Yoongi contemplated the question and then moved for the door behind the carpet, "I'm going alone. You two stay here and wait till I pick you up."

No. Anything but that. Jungkook couldn't just wait and hope that Jimin was going to be safe. He needed to be there and reassure himself. He had to see the boy alive and well with his own pair of eyes. After all, he promised. He promised, god damnit!

"Wait!" without realizing, Jungkook had already taken a tight hold of Yoongi's shoulder, "y-you can't- I need to help him. I promised, Yoongi... I promised."

It seemed like the slight sheen of tears in Jungkook's eyes at that moment did the trick, as Yoongi heaved a long sigh, "Okay... okay, okay. We'll split up."

"Are you nuts?" Taehyung screeched.

"Do you have a better idea?" Yoongi snubbed, "Didn't think so. I'll go first, then Taehyung and Jungkook goes last. If we time this right, hopefully no one will notice that they're being passed by the same guy three times."

Reluctantly nodding their agreement, Jungkook and Taehyung waited until Yoongi had slipped through the carpet and disappeared in the sea of wizards that wandered through the ministry building. Allthrough, they didn't exchange one word, too excited and fidgety to even form a normal sentence, until Taehyung licked his lips briefly and threw Jungkook a meaningful look. In the next second, he had followed Yoongi's steps through the passage and dropped the carpet behind him,
leaving Jungkook all by himself.

A billion thoughts and voices were whirling through his mind at that moment, making him feel a bit dizzy. He was scared out of his mind; after all he was about to break every law that he had ever heard off within the wizarding world at once. What if everything went wrong? What if they all got caught and came too late to save Jimin from his fatal future? He couldn't bear the thought of Taehyung, the ever-bright angel, who had already experienced so much pain and trouble to be put into Azkaban and robbed of every light he remained to possess. Not even Yoongi, who Jungkook had rarely ever seen truly vulnerable, would be able to take a stand against the dark side of the law. They would find out how to break him. They would find out how to break all of them.

But there was no way, Jungkook would turn around now. If they wouldn't save Jimin that meant Jungkook would have to live without the Slytherin. Live with the knowledge that he had let him down. He believed that a fate such as this one would be just as bad, if not worse, as being imprisoned on the darkest place that the world had to offer.

That thought was enough to make him take the first step through the portal and let the carpet fall shut behind him. His heartbeat immediately sped up, when he met eyes with a witch passing by, but she just averted her eyes as quickly as she met his. Keeping his head low, Jungkook moved in the same direction, he had seen Yoongi and Taehyung disappear to. The people around him, moved with him, like a swarm of fishes in a stream and it felt almost too easy to just keep his head low and follow the signs that told him how to get to the court area.

Until- "Darwin!"

Stopping in his tracks for a moment, Jungkook raised his eyes and watched a sturdy, little woman clump towards him. Her eyes told him enough to know that she was talking to HIM and not someone else around the area. Which wasn't very comforting. Hell, he didn't even know whom he had turned into. Then Jungkook spotted the other person that the lady pulled along with her. Taehyung looked to be in an awful pain, as her grip lay tight on his ear.

"Darwin, good to see you." the woman said with a shrill tune of voice and Jungkook merely gave her a slight nod, "This boy, I believe he's from Hogwarts. Found him strolling around the ministry, looking like you! Then he got into one of our traps, that's how I found him."

"I swear, I didn't do anything!" Taehyung whaled and the lady pulled a little harder on his earlobe, causing Jungkook to wince.

"Anyways, since he had the audacity to abuse your appearance" the woman continued, "I thought it would be suitable for YOU, to lead him to the office and have a fitting punishment settled with the ministry and his parents."

Unsure of what to say, Jungkook managed a slight grunt and a hurried nod of the head, before he reached out to grab Taehyung's arm. He murmured a small 'thank you' and hurried to pull Taehyung away from the witch. She threw him a wary look and Jungkook almost feared she would have caught up with the trick, but she remained silent, as they continued their way towards their aim.

"Uff", Taehyung murmured, "that was close."

"What happened?" Jungkook whispered back, without even lifting his gaze.

Pouting with obvious frustration, Taehyung said: "They caught me. Got into one of the traps and it uncovered the potion."
"Do you know where we need to go?"

Taehyung nodded and took a gentle hold of Jungkook's sleeve. He guided them both through several corridors in and out of an elevator and through a darker and more deserted area of the building, all the while informing Jungkook of the spots he had to avoid as to not be uncovered. Apparently, when Taehyung had stepped into the trap, he had been shoved into it by accident. Bad luck, it seemed. On the other hand though, Jungkook wouldn't be sure he would have come very far without Taehyung guiding him in the first place.

Jungkook warily looked around the dark corridor they entered now. Here and there, he could hear faint whispers through the big doors that Taehyung explained, all led to several, individual courtrooms. It was overwhelming and hadn't Jungkook been so scared, he might have found it fascinating to see everything that the ministry had to offer. Right now though, the closer they came, the more his heart started to pump in his chest. It hammered and hammered, pressing against Jungkook's front, wanting to break out and seek its' other half.

Seek Jimin.

"There!" Taehyung suddenly said, pointing his finger at a figure, leaning against the wall, next to one of the doors.

Just like Taehyung, Yoongi had retrieved his own appearance again and Jungkook thought he saw the Slytherin's raven black hair dripping with water. He must have fallen into one of the traps too, but not a dry one, like Taehyung. However, compared to the latter, Yoongi seemed to have gotten through the ministry building nonetheless.

"God bless." Yoongi whispered, when he saw them arriving, "The trial has already started but we're not too late yet."

"What's the plan?" Jungkook breathed.

The Slytherin's hand had already closed around the doorknob, but he halted and huffed a tired laugh, "Too late for a plan, Kook."

In the next second, he had the door pushed open and the three boys slipped inside. They were greeted by a long hallway, that wore a light at its' end and Jungkook could hear faint voices bleed through to where they stood. Cautiously, he followed Yoongi through the darkness. The elder was calm, almost confident in his steps but Jungkook did not miss the way Yoongi clutched at the small, familiar vial that contained the memory, like his life depended on it. Understandable, considering that, in fact, Jimin's life really did depend on that little thing. He almost wanted to reach out and take it from Yoongi, just to keep it safe himself.

Within seconds, they reached the end of the hallway and it opened up into a gigantic hall. It was built in a circle form, with seats adorning the edges. Some of them were taken by witches and wizards with tight faces and strict eyes, all focusing on the middle of the room. There, stood a chair, all alone and separate from every other being in the entire room. As soon as he spotted Jimin on that chair, Jungkook would have run right towards it, had it not been for Taehyung, who grabbed him just in time.

When their eyes met, Jungkook felt a shudder run over his spine. Jimin's soft features had grown uncomfortably sharp, as if he had lost too much weight and he looked downright sick. The shadow beneath his eyes had never looked this dark, his lips were chapped and his eyes empty. Jungkook felt the tears well up in his own pair of eyes, as Jimin stared at him for a moment and carried nothing but emptiness inside his beautiful orbs. Had it not been for Taehyung once more, the sight
would have been enough to bring Jungkook to his knees. But just a second later, Jimin pulled his eyes away from Jungkook again, as fast as they met. The confusion hit Jungkook full force. Why was he not looking at him?

Then he remembered that he still looked like a greasy, old wizard that Jimin probably didn't even know. Taehyung pulled at his arm urgently and Jungkook ripped his gaze off the pink-haired Slytherin to focus on the task at hand. It seemed like the surrounding people didn't care much for the two boys and the cranky wizard that had joined the trial and the three decided to sit down in the closest set of seats.

"Mr. Park" when Jungkook heard the voice speak, he shuddered in recognition and looked up to see Merelin, "You are accused of betrayal towards the ministry, murder of a fellow wizard, support towards the dark lord and his allies and the use of the worst one of the unforgivable curses."

The judge, a young man with a stern face, straightened up, "Alleger, please bring forward your proof."

With a proud strut, Merelin made her way down, towards Jimin's space and motioned with her wand for him, to expose his underarm, "He wears the dark mark, a clear proof, worn by everyone of the dark lord's most loyal allies." She gestured at the mark, splayed across Jimin's arm, so prominent that it almost made Jungkook feel nauseous.

"Objection! The defendant did this for his very own protection and that of the ministry." Jungkook stretched his head, to find a man with feline like features and a dark robe to have spoken through the room.

Somehow, he seemed oddly familiar, "who is that...?" he whispered.

Yoongi caught Jungkook's eyes with his own, "My father."

Then, his gaze was back on the court, leaving Jungkook speechless. So, this was the infamous Mr. Min. And he was defending Jimin. Suddenly, Jungkook felt very guilty for the things he had once said and thought about Yoongi and his family. Truly, despite everything, this man stood up for Jimin, believing that he deserved a chance.

"Do you have any other proof, besides the defendant's statement?" The judge asked wearily.

"No, but-"

"Declined." with a defeated expression, Mr. Min balled his fists and Jungkook watched Jimin's eyes go glassy, "Please Mrs. Collins, proceed."

Merelin nodded confidently and started to walk around Jimin's chair in slow, calculated circles, "I have brought an attester with me today, who has witnessed the murder of Marcus Willigan point-blank. I call the witness Thomas Corrol to the stand."

Just like Jimin's, Jungkook's eyes widened at the familiar sight of the wizard that they had fought in the room of requirements, emerging from the crowd of wizards. He wore a faint but big bruise on his forehead, probably a souvenir from Yoongi's attack in their fight. At the sight, Jungkook felt his blood start to boil and even more so, when he spotted the shit-eating grin that he threw Jimin, as he passed.

"Please", the judge requested, "tell us what you saw."

"I couldn't believe my eyes at first." A tight lump built in Jungkook's throat at the sound of that
venomous voice, "Marcus was unarmed! He begged Jimin to let him live. To consider his family and yet he murdered him. So cold-bloodedly murdered his own friend, his own colle-"

"YOU BASTARD!" Jungkook's winced in shock and Jimin's pained and weak voice screaming through the hall, "I trusted you! I trusted you, you honourless maggot!"

His fury was radiating off his figure and Jungkook had to helplessly watch as the magical shackles around his wrists, started to burn into his flesh at the force Jimin put against it. He didn't cry, didn't even wince at the pain. Only his eyes were almost burning holes through Thomas head. 'Please', Jungkook thought, 'Please. For the love of god, Jimin. Stop pulling.' From the looks, it wouldn't take much fighting against the shackles, to amputate his whole hands.

"Mr. Park!" the judge shouted and slammed his hammer against the table in front of him, "I ask you to calm down immediately, or we will have to take measures."

With that, he pointed his wand towards the ceiling and Jungkook followed the direction, just to be greeted by a view that made his heart stop for a second. Dementors. They were sealed away by a spell but hungrily pressed against the magical wall. Immediately, Jimin had shrunk into himself again, eyes defeated and lips trembling slightly. But Jungkook knew better than to think that Jimin would allow himself to cry right now.

"Now, Mr. Corrol, have I understood right", the judge repeated, "You saw Mr. Park murder the victim with the use of magic?"

"Yes, Sir." Thomas confirmed with a nod, "He used the Avada Kedavra curse."

"Now, Mr. Park, do you deny that statement?" this time, the judge eyed Jimin a little calmer than before.

For a few seconds, it seemed like Jimin had to gather his leftover energy to even speak a word: "No, Sir. But I didn't do it out of hatred. He was the traitor, not me! He would have exposed every single one of our spies and their families, to the dark lord, had I not stopped him. Years of-"

"Objection, your honour" Merelin interrupted, "He uses such a statement, to distract from his own crimes."

Huffing softly, the judge directed his gaze back to Jimin's defender, "Mr. Min, do you have any proof, to validate Mr. Park's statement?"

Jungkook saw how Yoongi's father had his jaw clenched tightly, "No, your honour."

"Then, this statement is dec-"

"Objection!"

Jungkook didn't know what was happening, but suddenly he found everyone's eyes on him. They were burning, calculating gazes, that made him feel too hot under his clothes and it was then that he realized, the word had been shouted by none other than himself. Taehyung and Yoongi were watching him with big, worried eyes and Jimin's own gaze locked onto his frame a little more interested this time. When he met the Slytherin's eyes again, he knew there was no chickening out now. Might as well give all he had.

"Your honour, Mr. Park is indeed able to provide prove for the validation of his statement." he spoke, his voice only shaking a little.
Distrustfully, the judge's eyes strolled over Jungkook, "Mr. Min, I can only assume, the presence of this respectable wizard is your doing?"

With a slight sting of panic, Jungkook met the eyes of Yoongi's father, whose gaze was filled with confusion but very well concealed by the strictest pokerface. Then, as if it was naturally from the very beginning, he showed a small smile of politeness towards the judge.

"Of course, your honour." Jungkook felt the air finally leave his lungs again, "Please allow him to present our source of proof."

With that, the wizard moved for Jungkook to step forward. His eyes were fixated on Jungkook's frame, as if he could be the one to blow up the entire court room in the next second and at the same time... at the same time it seemed like Mr. Min was hoping for something and Jungkook knew that he couldn't disappoint him. He couldn't disappoint Taehyung, who had retrieved his long lost brother after all this time. Nor Yoongi, whose sole will to live on was built on top of Jimin's smiles and his safety. And least of all, Jungkook could disappoint Jimin. The smart and loving Slytherin that had always given his best and fought for those he loved.

"Your honour", Jungkook breathed, "I would like to present a memory, extracted from Thomas Corrol, witness of the murder."

Leaning slightly over his desk, the judge eyed him carefully, "and what benefits exactly, would you gain from that?"

"It shall serve as proof that Park Jimin has indeed committed the murder in favour of protecting the ministry and also to prove his loyalty towards it." Holding his hand out to Yoongi, Jungkook viewed the boy confidently placing the vial in his hand.

At first, Jungkook hadn't understood how the memory would bring any justification to Jimin's actions but now he did. Because, in his shock Jungkook hadn't understood the conversation. He hadn't understood, how any of the things Jimin did could have had a good intention behind them. But now he did. Back, then none of it had made any sense to him, since he hadn't known Jimin's secrets. He had thought of Jimin as a cold-blooded murderer, just like everyone else in this room. The blood and death had been too present to focus on the details that lay within.

With surprisingly steady steps, Jungkook walked over, to a small bowl at the back of Jimin's chair. Without hesitation, he poured the entire content of the vial into the stone and watched the liquid moonlight swirl inside. Within a mere second, it started to turn and levitate further and further upwards, until it swayed far above their heads. Once there, it expanded across the whole ceiling, hiding the Dementors behind its' surface.

Then, the memory started playing and all the wizards and witches watched how the truth unfolded in front of them.

"Traitor! We could have made the dark lord rise and yet you decided to betray us!" The crowd's eyes were wide with recognition at the voice and the realization of the meaning that his words held.

"Traitor... You're the one to talk Marcus. After all, you're the one who turned your back on us."

It never held much meaning to Jungkook but 'us' hadn't been Jimin and the dark lord. It had been Jimin and the ministry. And the judge, Mr. Min and all of the jurors would know that. With a satisfied smirk, he threw Merelin a dark glance. She looked a bit paler by now. Meanwhile Thomas looked about ready to run out of the ministry within a heartbeat.
"I would have been a fool, to stay with them. Go on, take me with you. Turn me in and tell them the truth, like the obedient, brainless servant you are. In the end, he will come for you eventually. For everyone!"

"Turn you in? I think that's not quite the plan and you know it. If I let you live, I will get killed myself. THEY will get hurt. No one is safe."

"Jungkook..." Jungkook turned his head, to see Jimin's eyes suddenly wide with recognition.

He looked down at himself, his hands, his feet, his chest. He had turned back. The Polyjuice potion had expired. But it didn't matter, the memory was safe and so was Jimin. Even if they would punish him for breaking into the ministry now, it would be worth it with the knowledge that he succeeded. Carefully, he stepped over, towards the Slytherin. No one seemed to notice, all of the people too engrossed in the memory above them.

Gently, he reached out to cup Jimin's cheeks with his hands but Jimin only whispered: "Please... please don't look. Cover your ears baby, please."

It took a moment for Jungkook to understand, but when he heard Marcus' hurried 'Wait- you can't-', he slammed his palms on his ears, tightly enough that it almost hurt. And he didn't look up. Every sound was blocked out, his vision completely consumed by Jimin. He seemed so relieved, so glad that Jungkook had followed his plead that the Ravenclaw could only guess how ashamed the other boy felt for his actions. Jungkook didn't want him to feel ashamed. Therefore, he only looked at Jimin right in front of him. So weak and yet still so beautiful that Jungkook wanted nothing more than to cradle him in his arms and never let him go again. The comforting silence enveloped him and all he saw, was a green light reflecting in Jimin's big, dark eyes.

Then it was over.

When Jungkook had his ears uncovered again and looked up at the judge, he seemed fazed by the sight at first.

But just as fast, he turned his head towards Jimin, "Do you confirm that this was you, Mr. Park?"

"Yes."

Nodding along, the man threw another brief glance up at the memory, where Jungkook could still see the frozen image of Jimin's surprised eyes, directed towards the viewer, "And do you confirm that it was you, who used the unforgivable curse?"

This time, Jimin's voice was a little less stable, "Yes, your honour."

"You mentioned that 'they' would get hurt, if you were to take Marcus alive. Would you care to define?" Jungkook bit on his lip nervously.

"My loved ones your honour." Jimin spoke and this time, he seemed confident, "YOUR loved ones. Everyone in the ministry would have been in danger. Marcus would have found a way for his words to find out of Azkaban. To find ears on the other side. He would have revealed every single spy that we managed to integrate in the rows of the dark lord so far, all the effort would have been for nothing and an unthinkable amount of innocent people would have died. We all have families, your honour. I decided to protect mine."

Silence drowned the entire court and Jungkook felt his heart crash against his ribs, almost HEARD it beat. Next to him, Jimin shook in his chair, so tired, so weak and holding onto the last string of hope that he still held in his unstable fingers. Yoongi and Taehyung were on the edge of their seats,
their gaze fixated on the judge, waiting for something. For anything.

"After hearing everyone out I have decided", the judge slowly nodded to himself.

"Park Jimin is found innocent. There will be no severe punishment needed and the charges against him are to be removed. Case close."

It felt like waking up from a nightmare that had been going on for an eternity. Jungkook's hands started shaking, as though he stood in a mountain of snow and ice. His eyes became wet, causing his vision to blur into a confusing mess and his heart fluttered in his chest like the wings of a dragonfly. As if the darkness had just been waiting on his doorstep, the relief was overwhelming and he felt like he had just slammed the door shut and thrown away the key forever. The fact that he had succeeded did not even quite make his way through, when he had already reached Jimin's side, wrists finally free from magic to wrap his arms around Jungkook's neck.

He was too weak to get up, legs shaking and thin arms barely able to fully hold onto Jungkook's frame and even though it broke his heart to see his loved one like this, it wasn't enough to bring the boy's spirit down. Because now, Jimin would get better again. He could heal, be safe. He could stay with Jungkook and never have to face the ugly grimace of danger and murder ever again. Jimin had paid his part, now Jungkook would make sure he would never have to pay more.

With a swift move, Jungkook had Jimin scooped up into his arms and the Slytherin's familiar, sweet breath was grazing his skin like a feather. Teasing and yet so addicting. His cheeks became wet with tear tracks and he pressed Jimin tighter against himself, wanting to keep him as close as possible. So close that they would morph into one.

Jimin was sobbing into his neck and Jungkook knew that now, finally, all of his lover's worries were searching their way out, to finally leave him alone, "Thank you..."

It was nothing but a mere breath but Jungkook had never felt this warm.

Chapter End Notes

Finally Finally Jimin gets his piece of peace with Junggoo UWU
(Sorry)

I Hope you liked the story! If so, feel free to tell me or leave some Kudos down below! Thank you so much for reading until here!

PS: The Sequel-Porn Chapter will be uploaded soon...

PPS: ...hopefully.
submerged (smut)

Chapter Summary

The battles have been fought, the war has been won.
It becomes the day when the two lovers’ hearts intertwine.

Chapter Notes

(°_°)

Y’know what I promised, here you go.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"It's still surreal, don't you think?" Taehyung asked, his eyes roaming the great hall and all the other students that enjoyed their lunch.

Yoongi raised his eyes from the book, he had set next to him, "Agreed. Sometimes, it feels like we just performed a theatre-piece."

Next to Taehyung, Hoseok giggled slightly, "You guys are heroes. I, at least, will not forget that so soon." Then, he gave Taehyung's cheek a gentle and loving squeeze that made Jungkook's lips stretch into a smile.

"He's right though." Jimin agreed softly, his thumb drawing gentle circles into Jungkook's skin, as their hands lay intertwined on the table, "You guys saved my life. Earned yourself the right to be narcissistic about it."

A row of chuckles went through the people at their table, "Jimin, you should take some credit as well." Everyone turned their heads towards Seokjin, who was eagerly digging into his noodles, "You managed to fight off the Dementors for long enough. That's true strength."

"I agree", Namjoon said, "even the strongest witches and wizards have difficulties with them. That's why Dementors are used in Azkaban after all."

"You guys are too kind." Jimin answered, obviously unsure how to handle the said words.

Somehow he seemed a bit pressed and Jungkook hurried to squeeze his hand reassuringly. Surely, it must have had something to do with the memory of those dark creatures once more. Jimin only gave him a thankful smile, and briefly buried his nose into Jungkook's shoulder.

"What's going to happen now though?" Hoseok asked carefully, his tone a bit more serious now, "The dark lord is still out there and the ministry surely won't let you go just like that, would they?"

"I don't care what they would do." Jimin said, his voice tight and his grip on Jungkook's hand shaky, "I've served them long enough, the least they can do, is leave me alone now. I'll never go
Hoseok's shoulder slumped apologetically, "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to-

"It's okay." Jimin interrupted, a little calmer than before, "I just... I'm the one that should be sorry. Everything is still a bit... fresh."

"Take your time." Yoongi stated, his hand comfortably rubbing patterns in Jimin's back, "We're here to support you."

Scooting more potatoes on his plate, Taehyung gave everyone a gentle smile, "Let's switch topic, yes? Do you guys have to catch up to all the learning matters, that you missed?"

His eyes were directed at Jungkook and Jimin but it was Namjoon that answered: "I don't think the headmaster would actually expect that from you at this point, would he?"

Jungkook shyly poked his food with his fork, "he didn't explicitly say we had to catch up to everything but-

"We're still gonna do it." Jimin finished his sentence and Jungkook felt himself blush at the pride in the Slytherin's voice, "It'll do us no good, if we miss all that stuff and never get to actually learn it. So, we agreed to catch up together."

"Just don't study together, in a room where you're alone." Hoseok snorted into his food and earned himself a disapproving slap on the head from Taehyung.

Jungkook furrowed his brows, "What do you m-"

"We should go, Jungkook." Jimin suddenly rose from his spot and Jungkook followed his motions with big eyes.

Yoongi seemed just as confused as Jungkook felt at that moment, "where are you going?"

A knowing smirk grazed Jimin's lips, as he grabbed Jungkook's hand to pull him along and merely shouted over his shoulder: "To study together, in a room where we're alone."

--*--

With a sigh, Jungkook put down the book in his hands and dropped his head on Jimin's shoulder. The Slytherin remained engrossed in his own book. The title read something about plant eating plants but Jungkook felt too tired to care. After everything that had happened two weeks ago, they had finally found their way back into the regular school days. Both of them were still eager to catch up to everything they had missed, especially Jimin, who seemed more than happy to finally be a regular student rather than an undercover ministry spy.

Thoughtfully, Jungkook mustered Jimin's face. He had gained back most of the weight he had lost during his time in Azkaban and his health had turned back to normal. Sometimes, Jungkook would catch the boy drifting off, into a space of mind that frightened Jungkook more than he could say. Jimin had admitted that sometimes, the lasting damage that the Dementors had caused in his mind and heart still made it hard for him to function normally. However, they both quickly figured out that a gentle kiss or a hand in his own, brought Jimin back to reality within the glimpse of an eye. It was comforting to know that Jungkook could help the other somehow and be what Jimin wanted to hold onto.

"How's the mark?" Jungkook asked carefully into the silence of the Ravenclaw bedchamber.
Averting his eyes from the book, to look at Jungkook, Jimin put the volume aside, "Still hurts sometimes but I think it's getting better."

The ministry hadn't succeeded in removing the dark mark completely and merely managed to neutralise it, so that it couldn't seriously injure Jimin. Jungkook remembered that in the beginning Jimin had often fought agonizing pangs in the area of the mark at the most random times. Taehyung had told him that sometimes, in the middle of class, Jimin would screech and stumble out the door, Taehyung close behind him. Thanks to this, Jimin was still not allowed to participate in Quidditch or flying-classes. Even sometimes, when Jungkook had cuddled with the boy, suddenly Jimin would have grabbed his arm in pain and they had to wait it out, until it would end. Sometimes, that took a solid total of thirty minutes.

"Don't worry so much, you'll get wrinkles." Jimin said with a gentle smile.

Mirroring the expression, Jungkook adjusted himself to be at eye-level with Jimin, "I missed you so much."

The Slytherin ran a hand through Jungkook's hair with utter affection, "I missed you too. All that kept me alive was you." Then, after a short silence he added: "Thank you for never doubting me, Kookie."

He didn't know how to respond. Didn't know how to voice how much those words meant to him and he felt that he didn't have to. Instead, Jungkook shuffled a little closer, pressing his lips onto Jimin's in the tenderest kiss they had ever shared. Out of instinct, Jimin's hand found its' way to cup Jungkook's jaw, keeping him close and brushing his fingers against Jungkook's skin. It sent electric sparks flying through Jungkook's body and he immediately pressed closer, in search for more. Their lips parted, tongues touching and teeth clumsily bumping and it was perfect.

A wave of longing overcame every inch of Jungkook's being and he closed his eyes to solemnly focus on the affection and all the emotions that he wanted to pour into their kiss. He had dreamt of this moment for months now. Had longed for it. Craved it. And it almost seemed like Jimin had done the very same, since he made no effort to neither stop Jungkook's insistent actions, nor hold himself back. They pulled at each other, tugging limbs closer and taking more and more, while they gave without hesitation. A game of fire and ice, mixing together to create the most fascinating explosions – an avalanche. The heat that radiated off Jimin's body was enough to make Jungkook feel like an addict, craving only Jimin, so bad that he could certainly say he would loose his mind if he didn't get what he wanted.

Suddenly, the world turned and Jimin was on top of him, strong and beautiful frame looming over Jungkook's. It felt so comforting, so protective and safe and Jungkook couldn't help himself but to stretch out his fingers and pull Jimin closer and back into a kiss. The Slytherin complied and eagerly moved his jaw in sync with Jungkook's own.

When they parted, Jungkook's eyes were glossed, "Never leave again." he breathed.

Jimin's eyes widened with worry and his lips formed a tight line, "Not even the dark lord himself could pull me away from you. I'll never leave you alone, I promise."

"Good..." furiously wiping away his tears, Jungkook inhaled deeply and cupped Jimin's face in his hands, "I-I love you."

"God, I love you too." The Slytherin barely managed to finish his sentence, before his desire crashed down onto Jungkook again.
He felt tingling sensations against his neck, not even a second later and the satisfaction of finally earning himself fresh love bites was enough to make Jungkook pull his boyfriend in for more, just to feed his own greed. His legs followed an insistent tug, wrapping tightly around Jimin's hips and squeezing them together as a result of his arousal. Never had he known heat quite like this. So consuming and addicting, making him feel like he was able to fly above a mountain. Jimin's touch was lethal to his weakening defence, breaking down wall after wall of hesitation that he could have possibly had. All the doubts and fears that Jungkook had kept in his chest back then, in the room of requirements was gone now and he found himself being almost more eager than Jimin himself. Roughly, he pulled at Jimin's tie, the dark green giving him a strange kind of comfort and Jimin gave him a slightly surprised look. Then, as if he had been challenged, Jimin's expression turned into one of determination and he started to open the buttons of his school uniform.

Just then, a terrifying thought overcame Jungkook: "Wait- Jimin, we can't- what if someone comes in?!

Releasing a deep huff of breath that almost sounded like a predatory growl, Jimin raised his hand in the direction of the sleeping chamber's entrance door and mumbled a silent 'Colloportus' and as if someone had used all his force, the wood slammed shut and locked in place. Jungkook felt his eyes widen, momentarily distracted from the way that Jimin nibbled at his earlobe. Seemed like Yoongi wasn't the only one that could use magic without a wand. Somehow, that knowledge, the knowledge of how powerful Jimin really was, caused something to stir inside Jungkook. Something hungry.

He breathed an unintelligible 'oh my god' and hurriedly replaced Jimin's fingers with his own, almost ripping Jimin's shirt open, instead of opening the buttons one by one. Obviously pleased with himself, the Slytherin gave him a shit-eating grin and watched impatiently as Jungkook pulled the shirt off his shoulders, to expose his torso. Without even a hint of hesitation or shame, Jungkook's lips attached to Jimin's collarbone, leaving his own fair share of dark blossoms on the lawn of smooth skin. Jimin's body was built, not muscular but lean and strong from his years of training and Jungkook felt himself salivate at the sight. His mind was overwhelmed with how he could have ever deserved someone this beautiful by his side. In the end, he almost felt self-conscious about himself, as soon as Jimin moved to pull on his own Ravenclaw-tie.

Nonetheless, he didn't fight it and soon, Jimin's hands had fulfilled their task of opening his shirt as well. He felt vulnerable in the best and most exciting way possible, both, literally and metaphorically naked beneath Jimin. The Slytherin must have sensed the insecurity, because after just a mere moment of appreciatively scanning Jungkook's body, he dove down to worship every inch of it, letting small praises slip through his thick lips that caused Jungkook's cheeks to darken. Clumsily, Jimin tugged at his waist and Jungkook understood the signal right away, submissively lifting his hips up, so the other could tug his pants down. The exposure was sweet, so warm and confident that Jungkook almost surprised himself with his own emotions and he allowed himself to dive into the sensation of Jimin's fascinated hands flowing above every inch of his naked skin.

"You too..." he whispered and his own voice seemed deafening in the otherwise empty room.

Nodding his head softly, Jimin leaned down and placed a longing kiss on Jungkook's lips, as he simultaneously moved to pull down his own pants, exposing thick, desirable flesh that stretched beautifully underneath Jungkook's hands, with every move made. Their naked bodies were pressed against each other, heat causing them to slick with sweat but they were too engrossed in the fire of their actions to mind. With every new sensation, Jungkook felt his control slip a little more and his mind spin further towards cloud 9. And it seemed to be the same for Jimin, seeing as he moaned and eagerly moved in unison with Jungkook, his hips settling between Jungkook's legs.
They started to move in a sweet rhythm, getting used to the incredible feeling that the friction they gained through the fabric of their underwear, brought them. Jimin's motions were confident and fluid and Jungkook found himself barely able to keep up with the pleasure taking his breath away. With every thrust, Jimin applied more pressure, eliciting louder sounds from both of them, their pitch and breathing becoming more desperate with every second. Jungkook found himself close to the edge in less than no time, his hands desperately holding onto Jimin's bulging biceps, when suddenly the movements stopped.

With a small whine, Jungkook moved in search for more friction but he found his hips forcefully pinned down by Jimin's strong grip, "Jungkook, I need to ask you before I do something stupid." then he gulped, still panting and Jungkook finally looked up at him, to find a clouded seriousness in his dark eyes, "We can just... you know- keep on doing this, that's absolutely fine. Or we..." If Jungkook hadn't been so turned on out of his mind at that moment he might have giggled at Jimin's sudden shyness, "Or we can go through. You know, the whole deal."

"I trust you", Jungkook whispered, legs closing a little tighter around Jimin's waist, "If you want to, we can go all the way."

"I might not be able to keep myself on a string."

Determination flamed in Jungkook's chest, as he pulled Jimin down to meet his ear with his lips and whisper: "Then don't even try."

For a short moment, Jimin only panted in his ear. Then, as if stung by a bee, he jerked up into a kneeling position, so tall above Jungkook that it made him shiver in anticipation. In no time, Jungkook felt cool air hit his member and Jimin threw his underwear out of sight, soon following with his own. The lewd picture of Jimin's naked figure and his proudly standing length caused Jungkook's insides to burn and his mouth to water. His eyes were sucking at every detail he found on Jimin's body, His heart taking in all the imperfections that Jimin didn't have.

Quickly, Jimin moved to shove three of his fingers into his mouth, prying Jungkook's legs open in the progress and Jungkook was almost too distracted by the picture of Jimin's lips stretching so deliciously, to react. However, as much as he enjoyed watching the sight, as fast as Jimin's fingers had entered his mouth, they left again to move towards a place that seemed a lot less safe to Jungkook. With a tight bite onto his bottom lip, Jungkook watched Jimin's slicked up fingers disappear between his legs and he subconsciously drew them together in a reaction.

Jimin, however, pushed them open mercilessly, leaving Jungkook to only submit to his movements and claw at the mattress beneath his fingers. He knew that if he would have opened his mouth and told Jimin that he had changed his mind, the Slytherin would be by his side in an instant, not even attempting to lay a single finger on him, until Jungkook gave him the permission to do so. But somehow, the determined and greedy manner with which Jimin took control had Jungkook twitch in an unfamiliar but pleasant reaction. It felt good to hand his lover the control, let him decide the path this moment would take. It excited him, scared him and gave him a feeling of such an utter amount of trust that he almost felt himself explode with affection for his boyfriend.

When Jimin had pried Jungkook's legs open wide enough, he started to gently stretch him. In all his years of living, Jungkook had never felt something this weird and at first he had great doubts about what they were doing. Did Jimin even have any idea of what he did? Because Jungkook certainly didn't. But as soon as they had reached a third finger and Jungkook was about to speak up about the issue, his head suddenly turned, muscles contracting and his lips opened to release a disbelieving and embarrassingly loud moan.

Jimin stuttered in his movements, looking about ready to come undone just by the mere sound
Jungkook had released. Then, without hesitation, he pulled out his fingers and stretched his hand out towards his discarded pair of pants on the floor. He didn't even voice a spell, yet a small, square package soon whizzed towards him and right into his hand. A condom package, Jungkook realized, as he watched the Slytherin rip it open with one hand and his teeth. Just the mere revelation of the fact that Jimin had been prepared all along elicited a lewd whine from his lips. There wasn't much more to view after that, as Jimin finally leaned down, to connect their lips again. His heartbeat burst against his throat, excitement and Jimin's kisses stealing every bit of control he had left.

Then, as Jimin slowly pushed inside, Jungkook felt the breath he had held in anticipation being knocked out of his lungs. He whined at the slight sting, pathetically writhing beneath Jimin, who held himself up on shaky elbows. His arms caged Jungkook's head in, giving him a small feeling of security and his lips were trying to soothe the pain and kiss the little frown between Jungkook's eyebrows away. It took ages to get used to the feeling but when he did, he nodded weakly to signal Jimin he was ready.

Next to his head, Jimin had buried his fingers into the linen beneath their sweaty bodies, searching for something to hold onto as he kept himself from mercilessly pounding into his boyfriend right away. They moved carefully slow at first, barely even separating, before they returned into their original position again. As soon as Jungkook found himself actually enjoying the sensation though, he started to meet Jimin's thrusts, the pleasure causing him to roughly claw at the Slytherin's back.

The latter didn't protest and merely let his skin be marked up with scratches, as he dove in and out of Jungkook's tight heat.

Suddenly, when Jimin's thrusts grew a bit more insistent, Jungkook startled as the bed started to rattle. Not just with the force of their movements but with something more powerful. Something that caused Jungkook's inside to inflame, every time Jimin hit that certain spot inside of him, which shot sparks through his back and up into his chest. Random items started to levitate around them, books, clothes and even chairs drifting in a kind of tension around them and as Jungkook moaned loudly upon another thrust, a small earthquake-like sensation rattled through the whole room. It caused some of the curtains to drop, items to fall from their cupboards and Jungkook's own body shook with the force, changing the angle of Jimin's thrusts into an even more perfect angle.

He knew his screams had grown pathetic, so loud that anyone outside the door could have easily heard him but he couldn't get himself to care. Not with this immense amount of pleasure coursing through his body, too much to all be taken in and piling up inside of his stomach. Jimin's gaze was wild and his lips agape, his brows furrowed in concentration, as he thrusted roughly into Jungkook and added force in every single one of his movements. He didn't even seem to be aware of his own magic, coursing through the room and leaving chaos in its' trail. His whole attention consumed only by Jungkook, Jungkook, Jungkook. And the Ravenclaw revelled in the attention, doing his very best to meet every thrust delivered his way and leave his mouth open for praises and moans to escape. Just to let Jimin know how damn good he was. How this was beyond any magic and only Jimin could make him feel this way.

Soon, Jungkook felt the warmth in his stomach burn to an extend where he knew he wouldn't be able to control it anymore and his stomach muscles started to flex, tightening on top of him and making his ass lift even a little bit higher for Jimin. Silently whimpering 'I'm coming' in between his moans, Jungkook stretched his hands out, to wrap his arms tightly around his lover and pull him in. Jimin held him, pressing him so close, it seemed like he was scared Jungkook would just vanish into thin air, if he didn't hold on tight enough.

They came together, white spurts of cum painting Jungkook's chest and the syllables of their names
painting both of their tongues. Around them, the content that filled the room dropped from where it had levitated in the air, as soon as Jimin's own climax overcame him. They hit the ground with a collection of loud bangs, as Jimin rode out his orgasm and Jungkook sighed tightly as the Slytherin buried himself as deeply inside as he could at the last thrust. There, he remained frozen, both of them panting heavily into each other's mouths and occasionally exchanging a gentle kiss. The world stopped – the sand in their hourglasses suddenly immune to any gravity and refusing to fall for just a moment.

"I told you I wouldn't be able to keep myself together." Jimin murmured apologetically and cast a short glance around the room, eyeing the chaos a bit embarrassed.

Jungkook cupped his cheek to pull Jimin's eyes back on him, "Major turn-on."

They chuckled softly and met for another kiss, "Let's spend the afternoon here." Jimin proposed, "Just you and me in bed."

"What about the other Ravenclaws?" the younger asked with a smirk that exposed how much he really cared.

"They'll have to find somewhere else to go." Jimin murmured, his hands softly cupping Jungkook's face and his eyes lovingly grazing his every feature, "Cause there's no one in the world that I would allow to take this moment away from me, right now."

Chapter End Notes

So yeah, ending my fanfictions with some filth seems to always have been the way to go.

Thank you so so endlessly much on the support that I´ve gotten on this story. Knowing that people actually enjoy what I write, truly means the world to me. Thanks also to those who read until the end and cheered me on to continue the story, it has been a blast!

I hope I’ll see you around on some of my other stories and if you´ve already read those, don´t worry, there´s always more to come!

I love you all so much thank you again for everything!! <3 <3 <3

End Notes

Thank you so much for reading till here!

Comments and constructive criticism are very much appreciated and Kudos likewise of course!

I hope you liked it so far and have an amazing day! <3<3 XOXO
Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!