Of Cold Medicine and High Fever
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Summary

God, they missed Taehyung so much and they'd do everything to make the younger's sickness go away. Taehyung was supposed to be smiling and laughing, not crying and vomiting. It was just not their Taehyung.

In which Taehyung gets sick, a little too sick, and the members try not to panic.

Notes

Let's talk more in the end notes. :>

See the end of the work for more notes.
Jin woke up to a sound that pierced the silence of the room. He raised his head an inch from his pillow and tried to hear the sound clearly. After a few seconds, the sound stopped and Jin let out a sigh of relief and burrowed his head further into the pillows. As he was about to sleep again, the sound came back again, only this time it was louder.

*Just what is that sound?*

*Oh right, it is my alarm.*

Jin groaned and blindly reached for his cell phone by his bedside drawer. Blearily, he opened his cell phone and immediately turned off his alarm. Jin sat up and looked around his room, specifically to his roommate, Yoongi. The rapper was still sleeping peacefully at his bed, which made Jin let out a sigh of relief. Jin shudders to think what will happen if Yoongi was disturbed from his sleeping by his alarm.

Jin opened his phone again to look at the time. Great, it’s only 6:15 in the morning. This is the first in the past weeks that they do not have any schedule for the whole day and were finally allowed to sleep in. But of course, Jin have to ruin by forgetting to turn off his alarm that he uses every day for their schedule. Jin moaned miserably and ruffled his hair out of frustration. With a last longing look at his bed, Jin stood up, fixed his bed as quietly as possible, and tiptoed his way out of the room.

*Might as well make breakfast*, Jin thought to himself.

Jimin was the first one to wake up.

It was no surprise to Jin seeing that the oldest of the maknae line was an early riser. There are numerous times when the younger would be the one to wake up first and be the one to wake up the whole band. He walked slowly to the kitchen and sat on one of the chairs in the dining room.

“Morning, hyung,” Jimin said, voice laced with sleepiness. “Morning too, Chimchim. Did I wake you up?” Jin said, ruffling his hair affectionately as he passed by him to set the table. Jimin smiled a little and shook his head. “No, Hyung. I’m okay. Why are you up so early though?”

Jimin stopped for a half a second on what he is doing and smiled embarrassedly at Jimin before continuing to finish cooking breakfast. As for his part, Jimin giggled and looked knowingly at Jin.
“Jin-hyung, you forgot to turn off your alarm again, didn’t you?” Jimin asked, teasingly.

“Shut up,” Jin retorted with mock anger, evoking giggles again from the younger.

Few minutes later, almost everyone was up. After Jimin, he was followed by the maknae, then Hobi and Yoongi. Namjoon was the last one up before Taehyung, which is not unusual.

What is unusual though, is the fact that Taehyung was the last to wake up.

Granted, it was still a little bit early than their usual wake-up time when they have no schedule, however, Taehyung was not usually one to wake up later than the others. He is not an early riser, per se, but he was also not one to sleep in. However, the last couple weeks, their second maknae was occupied with both his Hwarang duties and idol duties. More often than not, the younger would leave their dorm so early in the morning that by the time they all wake up, the younger was already gone. In the evening, despite their best efforts to stay up to wait the younger, they are resigned to go to bed without seeing the younger because the younger would only come home so late at night.

Leaving so early in the morning, then coming home so late at night, it was a cycle that Taehyung underwent the last few weeks that made them all worry for their second maknae’s health and welfare. With Taehyung’s constant filming for Hwarang, mandatory attendance to interviews and promotions not only for BTS but for the drama as well and his solo dance practice to their choreographies, all of them were worried that Taehyung would be caught with the whirlwind and the fast pace of his life.

“Taehyungie-hyung still sleeping?” Jungkook asked as he plopped on one of the bar stools in their kitchen counter. At Jin’s nod, he asked again, “Want me to wake him up, hyung?” Jin smiled softly and ruffled the younger’s hair just because, “No, let him sleep in. As far as I am concerned, he doesn’t have any schedule until later at 9,” Jin momentarily paused to glance at the wall clock in their kitchen, “It’s just 6:45 so let’s just let him sleep in. God knows how much that kid needs sleep.”

Jungkook nodded and smiled. “Right, hyung. I was playing Overwatch last night and I went to bed, I think almost midnight? But Taehyungie was still not here so he must come home so late last night,” Jungkook said, worry for his hyung apparent in his voice. “More reason why we should let him sleep in. Let’s just wake him up a little later. And ya, why are you still awake at 12 midnight? Didn’t I told you last night to go to sleep early?”

Jin heard Jungkook’s nervous chuckle and he can’t help but roll his eyes fondly, “Ahh, hyung, I forgot that I need to do something. Hehehe~ I’ll see you later, hyung,” he said before he all but dashed back to his room.
“Ya, Jungkookie, come here! I wasn’t done talking to you. Ya!”

By 7:10 am, the breakfast was ready and everyone was eagerly sitting by the dining table ready to eat Jin’s cooking. Nowadays, with their hectic and fast-paced schedule, they rarely ate Jin’s cooking as compared to before. They were now resigned in eating take-outs and or eating instant ramen so everyone is now excited to eat Jin’s cooking again.

Well, everyone but Taehyung, that is, seeing that the younger was still asleep.

“Should we wake him up now, hyungs?” Jimin asked after Jin finished setting the table. Jin was about to reply but he was cut-off when Yoongi suddenly spoke, “I know we should let him sleep but I doubt the younger had the time to eat last night seeing that he came home around 3 am. Breakfast would be good for him.”

Without prompting, Hoseok stood up and went inside the younger’s and Namjoon’s room. Like everybody else, he was worried that the younger was working himself off beyond his limits. It was just a Taehyung-thing to do, with the younger very eager to please the people around him. When he reached the younger’s room, he was greeted the sight of a human-lump shaped cocoon on the younger’s bed. Walking softly as to not surprise the younger (they had long figured out that Taehyung was a very light sleeper), Hoseok walked towards the direction of the younger’s bed and softly removed the stray hands of hair framing the younger’s face. However, Hoseok frowned when he saw Taehyung’s pale face. No, Hoseok said brushing it off. Maybe it's just because of the lack of light in the room.

Hoseok shook Taehyung’s frame lightly and smiled fondly when he heard the younger groaned cutely in annoyance at being woken up, “Taehyungie. Taehyungie,” Hoseok said softly by the younger’s ears, “Taehyungie, wake up. It’s time for breakfast.”

Taehyung burrowed even further and Hoseok resisted the urge to coo loudly, “Don’t wanna,” Taehyung replied, voice still rough and deeper than the usual due to unused. Hoseok played with the hair of the younger and replied, “How about this, you eat with us now, then go back to sleep again before you wake up again later for your shoot at Hwarang?”

Taehyung sighed and nodded, “Mm, ‘kay.” But within a few minutes, he was snoring softly again and Hoseok frowned in worry at how tired their Taehyung must be. Usually, their second youngest was very easy to wake-up (the problem though is making the younger leave the bed) except in days he was really exhausted. “Taehyungie, wake up. I promise after you eat breakfast, you will go back to sleep immediately. How does that sound? Common’ Taehyungie, that’s good. Wake up for hyung.”
After a few more minutes of prompting, Taehyung was up on his feet, albeit still a little bit laced with sleepiness. Supporting him by his waist, Hoseok half-carried, half-dragged Taehyung to the kitchen table and plopped him to one of the chairs. Seeing the younger’s state, everybody perked up and started to feel anxious. Now with the proper lightning, Hoseok realized that the younger was indeed pale and he was not hallucinating earlier back. Not only that, the younger was sporting deep bags under his eyes and his skin was slightly tinted gray accompanied by his pale skin. At seeing the state of their second youngest, everybody could feel their worries triple.

It was the first time in a few weeks that they were finally able to see Taehyung in the flesh and they were not expecting for the younger to be at this state.

“Taehyungie, are you okay?” Jimin asked worriedly, immediately raising his hand to clutch the younger’s hand. The younger nodded and smiled, albeit a little forced. “Just a little peachy I’m—” a couple coughs wrecked the younger’s figure and Jimin rubbed the younger’s back comfortingly, “—fine.”

Jin rolled his eyes and immediately walked to the younger’s direction. It’s just a very Taehyung-thing to do, to tell someone that he is okay even though he is not. But Jin suppose that that is something that all of them have in common. They are very good at taking at others but very bad at taking care of themselves. That’s why they all have an unsaid vow to protect and take care of each other. That’s just what families do and Bangtan is a family. However, Jin was quite angry at himself for letting it get this worse. “Taehyung, you are obviously not okay. Let me check your temperature,” Jin said. Ignoring the younger’s attempts to brush off his worries away, Jin put his hand on the younger’s forehead and hissed in anger at seeing how hot the younger is. “Taehyung, you’re burning!”

At that, the younger giggled and smiled cheekily, “Bulteroune.” The members all but scoffed at the younger’s poor attempt at joke and they can’t help but shook their head fondly. It’s just very Taehyung to find the light despite the gloominess of the situation. “Aish, this kid. Wait here, I’m getting the thermometer.”

Before Jin could go inside their bathroom and get the thermometer inside their emergency kit, Jungkook was already at his side, holding the thermometer at his hand. Smiling gratefully, Jin took the thermometer and put it in the younger’s mouth. “Stay still and wait, alright. I’m cooking a broth for you.”

“I’ll do it.”

All their gaze immediately went to Yoongi, who to all of their surprise, was already finished eating. “I already ate. Let me do it. All of you should eat as well, we don’t want anyone getting sick as
At that, Taehyung shouted indignantly, “Ya, I’m not sick!” He said before he was overcome by a coughing fit again. After the coughing fit was over, Jimin chastised him softly and put the thermometer back to his mouth. In response, Yoongi scowled, “Yeah, sure, and I’m from Busan. Stay still and quiet while I prepare your food. The rest of you, eat.”

Yoongi turned his back and went back inside the kitchen to prepare Taehyung’s broth. At that, Taehyung pouted before he leaned his head on Jimin’s shoulder. The rest of them tried (*but to no avail*) to eat their breakfast without glancing at Taehyung’s way out of worry. A few minutes later, they were taken by surprise when the thermometer started beeping, to which Taehyung was also roused off from his short nap. Jin hastily finished his breakfast and stood up and went to Taehyung’s direction. He grabbed the thermometer from Taehyung’s mouth and cursed softly when he saw the reading.

“38.2,” Jin said to inform the others. No wonder Taehyung is unable to stay awake for more than few minutes, his fever is really high.

“Hyung, the normal is 37, right? Should we rush Taehyung now to the hospital?” Jungkook asked worriedly. Hoseok tried to calm the younger down by rubbing the arms of the younger up and down. “It is high, Jungkook, but not so high. If Taehyung reaches 40 degrees, which he will not, that is the only time we’ll rush him to the hospital,” Hoseok said comfortingly.

Namjoon, who was quiet all this time, suddenly spoke and everyone looked at him, including Taehyung who was slightly delirious with his fever, “I already called Sejin-hyung and informed him that Taehyung would not be attending his shoot today. He said it was fine and that Taehyung should rest.”

At that, Taehyung immediately stood up, but was suddenly pinned to his seat again by both Jimin’s and Jin’s arms. “Ya, Taehyung! Sit down, you’ll make yourself dizzy,” Jin scolded the younger.

“Hyungie, I’m fine. It’s just a fever. I need to go the shoot later. I don’t want to make the director angry and the Hwarang hyungs disappointed with me,” Taehyung said hoarsely, “I can do it. I just need to take the medicine and I’m gonna be okay.”

Namjoon *tsked* loudly and flicked the younger’s forehead lightly, “No, you’re not going anywhere. You’re staying here and rest. I’m sure the director and the Hwarang hyungs will understand. In fact, I’m willing to bet that they will even get angry with you if you arrived at the set with a high fever.”
Taehyung sighed softly and was to speak again but was beaten by Jin’s, “No but’s, Taehyungie. Let us take care of you.” Sighing again, Taehyung averted his gaze and played his hands on his lap, “’kay. ‘m sorry,” he said, voice slightly cracking at the end.

All of them exchanged worried glances and looked at Taehyung. They knew how much Taehyung hates feeling like a burden, even though he is far from one. Wanting to relieve the younger’s feelings, Jungkook enveloped Taehyung in a hug and kissed the older’s temples, “It’s okay, hyungie, to not be okay. That’s why we’re here, to help each other out. Why don’t we go to your room while we wait for Yoongi-hyung to finish cooking? There’s this really cool game I’m playing right now in my phone and I really want to show it to you because Jiminie-hyung really sucks at videogames.”

Jimin scowled and scoffed but immediately softened when he saw Taehyung slightly smiling at Jungkook’s remarks. Wanting to alleviate the younger even more, Jimin exchanged glances with Jungkook and played along, “Ya, I’m gonna beat your ass, Jungkook. 95z are undefeatable, ‘y know. Just so you wait. Taehyungie, let’s go to your room, ‘kay?”

Supporting Taehyung on each side, Jimin and Jungkook supported Taehyung’s weight and helped him walked back to his room, the trio completely oblivious to the fond looks coming from Namjoon, Hoseok, and Jin.

The next few hours, Taehyung’s fever showed no signs of breaking, to his members panic and worry. Despite each member’s initial plan to laze off and sleep (perhaps all day) to catch up with the past days of late nights and hectic schedule, they don’t have the heart to sleep, not when one of their member is sick.

After Taehyung ate the broth Yoongi prepared and drinking Paracetamol, the younger immediately dozed off again. They made sure that the bottle of Paracetamol was within reach and that the towel on Taehyung’s forehead are changed every few minutes.

However, few hours later, Taehyung is showing no signs of getting well. In fact, he is starting to get even worse. Taehyung is currently laying on his bed, four blankets piled on top of him despite the air-conditioner inside the room being off, and a slow-growing mountain of tissues gathering near by his bedside table. Every once and a while Taehyung would sneeze violently, or erupt into a coughing fit, and a member would immediately be by his side before Taehyung could even reach for a tissue. The members could feel how the younger’s breath are getting more labored with his cold and his coughs.

“Taehyungie, why don’t you sleep again? So you can rest?” Hoseok asked as he changed the towel on Taehyung’s forehead, hissing softly when he realized that the towel is hot again despite being changed just a few minutes ago. Taehyung groaned and burrowed his head on his pillow, “Can’t.
Hurts,” he said in a low-whisper. At that, Hoseok’s worry tripled and he removed the stray strands of hair on the younger’s hair, “What hurts, Taehyungie?” At that, Taehyung’s eyes watered and Hoseok’s heart clenched painfully in his chest, “E—everything, hyungie. Hurts so much,” Taehyung replied, lips wobbling as he tried to prevent himself from crying.

“Oh, Taehyungie,” Hoseok said forlornly. It’s so unusual to see the normal and bright Taehyung so deathly pale and burning with fever. Taehyung was rarely to be one to get sick and has one of the strongest immune system among them seven. So to see the state of their second youngest, Hoseok can’t help but feel helpless to ease the pain Taehyung is experiencing. It just makes him wonder how much Taehyung pushed himself through his limits.

Hoseok lifted the covers of Taehyung’s duvet and climbed inside the bed. Taehyung, on the other hand, immediately curled to his side and muffled his whines and soft cries on Hoseok’s shirt, all the while grabbing the older’s shirt like a lifeline, “Hurts so much, hyungie.”

Hoseok knew, all of them knew, how much skin ship helps the younger calm down and as such, Hoseok inserted his hand inside the younger’s sweatshirt and rubbed his hand up and down the younger’s back. The younger curled even further to his side and even tangled one of his legs with Hoseok’s. “Taehyungie, do you want to eat something? Maybe you’ll sleep even better with something inside your stomach.”

Taehyung shook his head slightly and burrowed even further to the covers, “No—I’m sorry, I think I will… I think I will just throw it up…’m sorry, hyung,” Taehyung said in a broken and hoarse voice.

Immediately sensing the younger’s turmoil, Hoseok rubbed his hands on one of Taehyung’s arms and kissed the younger’s temples, to which he internally cursed upon feeling the younger’s hot skin, “Hey, hey, no need to be sorry, Taehyungie. We may be idols but we’re also humans. We’re allowed to be sick, you’re allowed to be sick. Don’t say sorry for something that is out of your control. Okay?”

“I’m kay,” Taehyung replied and Hoseok, feeling the younger close to dozing off, kissed one of Taehyung’s temples again and stroked the younger’s hair, “Go to sleep, Taehyung. I’ll be here when you wake up.” At that, Taehyung looked up to him and asked, “Promise?” And, oh god, Hoseok was not prepared for the younger’s brown and warm eyes to look up to him and ask him that in a soft, sweet and meek voice. His heart immediately clenched in fondness at seeing the younger so trusting and almost child-like.

“I promise, Taehyung.”

“How’s he?”
It has been almost half an hour since Taehyung dozed off and the younger showed no signs of getting better. He was searching the internet for ways to fasten the younger’s recovery when Namjoon entered the room, carrying a bucket of water. He silently walked to their direction and stroked Taehyung’s hair, wincing when he felt the heat radiating from the younger.

“Fever’s still high. I’m getting more worried, Namjoon. Do you think we should call an ambulance already?” Hoseok said, eyes shining with pure anxiety and worry. “It’s been hours already.” Namjoon sighed and changed the water on the bucket he brought earlier with the water he brought. After that, he grabbed the towel on Taehyung’s forehead and dipped it on the water. He squeezed the water out of the towel and put it back on Taehyung’s forehead. “Fevers do not go away overnight, Hobi. Taehyung would be fine,” Namjoon said reassuringly, although deep inside, he’s panicking. But he can’t show that panic, otherwise the other members would panic as well.

Hoseok huffed, “But—”

Namjoon grabbed one of Hoseok’s shoulder and he can feel some of the tension releasing off the dancer, “I know you’re worried for Taehyung, Hoseok-ah, we all are. But panicking will not help any of us. You have to stay calm. For Taehyung.”

Hoseok sighed defeatedly and ran his hand on his hair, “You’re right. I’m sorry. Thanks, Joonie.”

Namjoon flashed a dimpled-smile and waved his hand in a dismissing gesture, “Don’t even mention it. Do you wanna take a rest? I can watch over Taehyung now while you do your thing.” Hoseok shook his head softly and smiled, “Nah, I promised Taehyung I would be here when he wakes up.”

Bummer, Namjoon thought, he was hoping that he would get some alone time with Taehyung. After all, it has been weeks, months even, since they finally saw Taehyung again.

“I know what you’re thinking,” Hoseok said mischievously, “But you’re not getting rid of me easily. You’re not the only who missed Taehyung, ‘y know.”

Namjoon chuckled and grabbed one chairs, “Well then, I hope you don’t mind company because I ain’t leaving Taehyung until he gets better.”
He might not like the circumstance in which he would be able to spend time with Taehyung but he has no other choice. His dongsaeng is sick and needs him. Even though he hates colds and he hates getting sick. Even though he hates fevers and knows that by spending time with Taehyung there is a high chance of him also getting sick. Even though he may have to endure the pain of watching the younger in pain and being completely helpless and desperate to do anything just for him to able to relieve and comfort the younger. Even though he may have to experience getting vomited by the younger, he will stay by the Taehyung’s side.

And god forbid someone who make him depart from Taehyung now.

“Taehyungie.”

It has been two hours since Namjoon entered his and Taehyung’s room, a two and a half hour since Hoseok stayed with Taehyung, five hours since Taehyung ate the broth Yoongi fed and almost six hour since they all woke up and discovered that their Taehyung is sick.

And still no progress.

His fever is still high, his body is still weak and fragile, his skin still pale and too warm.

It has been a few minutes since Taehyung woke up shortly to pee. Upon seeing Taehyung wake up, Hoseok shortly left Tae to help Jin prepare another round of broth for Tae to eat. Namjoon, on the other hand, left with Yoongi to fetch Gatorade and cold medicine for their second youngest in the nearest convenience store.

Which leaves Jungkook and Jimin to watch after Taehyung.

Both entered their fellow maknae line member’s room upon hearing that all of their hyungs will be preoccupied. They all miss Taehyung, but maybe Jimin and Jungkook will be biased if they said they missed Taehyung the most. It was unusual and awkward to goof around without Taehyung by their side. They are the maknae line, the youngest, the pranksters, and perhaps the brats of their group. They are a team and they balance each other out. Jimin was mostly the one to know whether to stop the jokes or keep going, balancing between being the hyung to the two and being a youngster himself.

Jungkook, on the other hand, is an absolute brat. He pranks their co-members without remorse and sassily replies to their statements. He’s the fountain of knowledge for pranks and jokes and knows every button to push to annoy their hyungs. Though he knows his limits, of course, but then again,
all members are weak for him and his doe-eyes. Besides, all of them know that Jungkook is doing it out of fondness.

Taehyung, well Taehyung, is the one keeping the balance between the maknae line. He’s the one playing peacekeeper whenever Jimin and Jungkook have contrasting opinion (which is most of the time). He’s responsible for being the mood maker, lifting their spirits up despite the heaviness of the situation. He acts the most childish among them three but he knows when to act mature.

And without Taehyung, Jimin and Jungkook are a mess.

Their play time was mostly quiet now, with Taehyung being the most intense gamer out all of them three. There were no more weird and wild escapades at night prompted by Taehyung that mostly consist of breaking their diet regimen by trying all the flavors available of Slurpee available on the convenience store on the next block.

So yes, Jungkook and Jimin missed Taehyung terribly and both are willing to do anything to spend time with the second youngest.

They didn’t expect, though, that will indeed spend time with Taehyung by watching over him while he’s sick.

Both Jungkook and Jimin are flanking Taehyung’s side as the second youngest curled up on Jimin’s side. Jimin was threading his hand on Taehyung’s hair, while Jungkook would occasionally change the towel on Taehyung’s forehead or wipe Taehyung’s arms and face with a wet towel. Taehyung, on the other hand, would whine pitifully and grunt in pain, to which both Jungkook and Jimin will immediately try to comfort him.

“Taehyungie,” Jimin said softly, hand still caught in the younger’s hair, “You should eat again. It’s almost 1 now, you should eat again.” Taehyung grunted and tightened his grip on Jimin’s shirt, “’m not hungry.” Both Jungkook and Jimin sighed but it was Jungkook who spoke next, “You will sleep better, hyung, if you eat. It’s almost time for you to drink your meds again, anyways so you really need to eat.”

“Later, please.”

“But you said that 10 minutes ago.”
“’m not hungry. Too dizzy.”

“Taehyungie,” both Jimin and Jungkook said at the same time but as they peered to the second youngest, they discovered that Taehyung was already sleeping again, eyes scrunched shut and face painted with discomfort. Jungkook and Jimin could only look at each other and sigh in defeat.

“’m sorry.”

Yoongi scoffed and rolled his eyes as he rubbed his hand up and down Taehyung’s back as the younger threw up all his stomach’s contents on the toilet. Of course, Taehyung would apologize for vomiting. It’s just very Taehyung to apologize for everything even though it is not his fault.

“Stop that, don’t apologize. It’s not your fault,” Yoongi said, intentionally lowering his voice and letting his Daegu accent seep through his words, knowing fully well that the younger loves hearing the familiar accent in his voice. “Y’ alright?”

As Taehyung was about to nod, he suddenly gagged again and threw up on the toilet again, eyes watering and half-choked sobs coming from his mouth as his body tries to expel all of the contents of his stomach. After his vomiting fit is over, Taehyung all but sobbed on Yoongi’s shoulder and hug the older tightly. Not minding the traces of drool and vomit on the younger’s face, Yoongi hugged the younger just as fiercely and kissed the younger’s temples. Taehyung was crying so hard that his breaths were coming short and Yoongi, sensing an oncoming panic attack, rubbed his hand on the younger’s back all the while murmuring encouraging words on the younger’s ears.

“Shh, stop crying now, Taehyungie. It’s okay, hyung is here, ‘kay? I’m here, I’m here. Breathe, Taehyung. That’s it. It’s okay, everything is okay. Hyung is here,” Yoongi whispered over and over again to calm down the younger. Yoongi broke away from the hug to lock eyes with Taehyung. Despite his worry over the younger, Yoongi smiled softly and wiped the tears on the younger’s eyes and cheeks. “You okay now, Tae? Ready to go back to bed?”

At Taehyung’s weak nod, Yoongi did not hesitate to carry the younger in his arms and was not surprised to see that when he put Taehyung back to bed that the younger was already asleep again. Wiping the tracks of tears on the younger’s face, Yoongi kissed the younger’s forehead and adjusted the duvet over the younger’s body. Yoongi all but slumped on the nearby chair and ran his hand over his face.

God, he missed Taehyung so much and he’d do everything to make the younger’s sickness go away. He just can’t see any member of their band, _lest alone Taehyung_, bedridden and crying because of his sickness. Taehyung was supposed to be smiling and laughing, not crying and vomiting. It was just not their Taehyung.
Yoongi was not a religious person but right now, he prayed to whoever is Up There to make his dongsaeng feel okay.

The rest of the next hours was the same, with Taehyung occasionally throwing up and fever not showing a chance of going down. The members were all panicking, of course, cellphones all ready on speed dial to call an ambulance and their manager if the worst were to happen.

It was not minutes before 11 pm that Taehyung finally showed some improvement and the members finally being able to breathe a sigh of relief.

His fever, although still not completely gone, diminished in temperature. Taehyung was able to finish half the bowl of the light broth Yoongi prepared for him without throwing up in the bathroom. His groans and light complains about his aching body. His frequent coughing fit also reduced and the members could not be more relieved.

There’s still concern weighing them down still, like a heavy rock on their stomachs. They all knew that it would not go away unless they are sure that Taehyung is okay and is back to normal. They are relieved yes, but they also know that they can’t relax yet because Taehyung is still not okay.

They are all tired and wants to sleep. They did not expect for their free day to consist of taking care of Taehyung. But that’s okay. Sure, they have other plans, but screw their plans. Their brother needs them and they are going to be there. That’s just what they do. They are there for each other.

“How’re you feeling’?” Jin asked as he arranged the duvet on Taehyung’s body after changing the younger’s clothes.

“Better,” Taehyung replied in a raspy voice but all of them smiled in relief when they heard that, “thank you, hyungies. And Jungkook. ‘m sorry that you all have to take care of me…” Taehyung said but he was cut mid-speech by a cough and all members rushed to soothe him.

Jimin flicked the younger’s forehead and Taehyung groaned in mock-pain, “Ya, stop talking nonsense, you brat. Of course, we’ll be taking care of you, you stupid, air-brain. What are we, chopped liver?”

All of them laughed heartily, while Taehyung on the other pouted. Jin ruffled the younger’s hair and smiled, “Okay, that’s enough. Sleep now, Taehyung, ‘kay? You have to sleep now.” Taehyung nodded but said, “You guys too. You should all sleep now. You must be tired.”
Hoseok tsked and went to the younger’s side to plant a kiss on the younger’s cheek, “Yes, we are. But we will feel better watching you. We’ll not be okay and relaxed unless you’re okay. That’s why you need to get better, okay? Sleep,” Hoseok said as he grabbed one chair and sat on it.

Taehyung nodded and smiled softly. He just can’t understand how’d he get so lucky to have this people by his side. Maybe he saved a country before in his past life to deserve this. Screw that, perhaps he saved the whole world to have these six angels by his side. “Thank you, you guys. Promise you’ll sleep after I sleep?”

And who could say no to Taehyung when he look so soft and fragile and everything cute in this world despite his pale pallor and dark bags under his eyes.

“We promise, Tae. Now sleep,” Yoongi answered for all of them, voice filled with complete fondness for the boy.

Taehyung burrowed even further to the covers and slept but not before saying something. “Love you. So, so much. Thank you.”

And perhaps they teared up a little bit by that statement. Or cooed loudly. Or grabbed their hearts out of pure and utter adoration for the second youngest. Either way, they are whipped for their Taehyung and will fight everything, even sickness, to see their brother smile.

End Notes

HEY! So the UPCAT did not ended me, praise be to God but I just want to tell something to all of you.

These past days, I feel like I am succumbing to my depression. My family is always not proud of me. My used to be bestfriend hates me. My grades, which is the only I am currently proud of, is now dropping. I am at my lowest now and I can feel my depression relapse. I just realized that depression is not something you can get rid off, at least in my opinion, you can just have it under control. But now, with my life going down to shit, I feel like the control I have over my stupid depression is losing. It's okay, though. I'm still okay. I'm telling you these just so y'know, you won't be wondering why I am updating so much then suddenly I am AWOL the next. I'm still okay. I'm trying to be okay. Sorry for being dramatic, just wanted to get that off my chest now. Sorry 'bout that.

I love reading your comments and seeing you leave kudos!! Tell me your thoughts about this chapter and what are your expectations for the coming chapters. :)) Don't hesitate to point out
mistakes and give me criticisms because it helps me grow as a writer.

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